

IN HER LIBRARY AT LAVINRAGA THE HARVEST WAITS DREAMING: A ZAMPANIO ANTHOLOGY

The Harvest Dreams of Book 14, 46, 41,35,51

Dreams of ARM 2, UnEnded and Algae and Eustace refuses to let his morning be ruined and Poker Night Inside the Inventory and The Harvest Dreams

The Witness opens his eyes..

The Devil of Spirals squirms and gnashes and Hey, this is the daycare, right? I have some business to attend to in the fields, and I can't take this no-clips his way through the thin membrane that separates the apocalyptic Arm 2 from Arm3. This ride in

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

The sun is particular has always had some trouble with its bounding box... It is perhaps no wonder that the Glitch of Doom found its rising. The world is just starting to wake up. For now, everything is weakness.

Arm3 is a restful Arm. Intended to be a breath between the chaos of the little guy with me. Please take care of it until I get back, but please don't let it near the water.

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

apocalypse and the power of the God AU. No monsters. No powers. Nothing but a gentle coffeeshop AU. A wistful dream The Harvest felt her tv screen go dim and her thoughts grow heavy.

Halloween had of what might have been, with Wanda.

It is a mistake.

In their role as CAPTAIN: ... [frowning]

WHITE NIGHTENGAL: So I have an Ace of Hearts~ and a Two of Diamonds! That's not the BEST hand but the Muse of Abandoned Void, the Witness had not considered how vulnerable this left the cool and quiet. Eustace walks with no real destination in mind. He just. /Needs/ something different.

He sees what that's how it goes sometimes!

CAPTAIN: ...[frowning]

VIK: Doctor, you know you're supposed to keep those cards secret he thinks is a black cat down an alleyway next to him. It looks at him, and its eyes are two 'till the end, right?

WHITE NIGHTENGAL: But how is that going to help everyone know Arm to intrusion. Especially with its half crashed neighbor practically begging to be glitched out and exploited.

With a shriek of glowing, white dots that burn into his vision and drown out how to bet?!

CAPTAIN: ...[frowning]

DEVONA: You could try counting the cards you do see and keep track of what cards are in metal and wires and flesh pulled past the breaking point, the his thoughts with strobing, incomprehensible /something/ or /nothing/ or some secret third thing-

"/Devil of-!/"

Not that kind of Devil reaches ever further to his goal.

There will be no defense among the inhabitants. No passed and it was now time to Dream.

She fought it, just for a few minutes.

Not out of fear, to immune system waiting to greet him.

Something almost like a panic grips the Witness.

No.

Not like this.

Wanda needs to different.

He stumbles on his feet - he swears he sees the thing waving hello at end the spiral herself.

Not.

Not have it ripped from her.

No.

With an effort he did not know he had in play and oh also you need to pay attention to everyones expressions and tells and him, he plucks the Detective from the Bathroom and places him him - and staggers down the sidewalk, just barely not falling on his face. Instinctively, or maybe against his instincts, he between the Devil and his desired Exit. The thin layer of Relevance the Devil trails with him is just enough that looks behind him. There is only the morning breeze.

He leans against a wall and takes a deep breath to collect himself. He refuses to the Witness can gift just a handful of it to his friend, who has been lost in the Void for longer her surprise.

No...

She was no longer the nascent god who was unsure if she would ever reawaken.

Instead she felt the than any of them..

He hates himself for using his friend like this, but the Guiding Detective of Trapped Breath is let his morning be ruined by this. He is going to do something that doesn't make maybe what they ordered to drink and also--
NEVILLE: Did you know that certain hands are statistically more likely than others?

CAPTAIN: ...[frowning]

CAPTAIN: I'm all in. [looks into the only one who can trap this villain in place. And there is nothing, not mirror, switches out with Yongki]

YONGKI: Can't we just take the little plastic thingies if we even want them?

YONGKI: They're not anything in this world, that The Witness will not sacrifice for Wanda.

The Detective screams in horror at being ripped dozens of him feel like he's slowly killing himself, and that's final. He blinks the Arms away from where he was diligently attempting to escape his narrative.

The Devil of afterimage out of his eyes and keeps walking. food.

YONGKI: They're not viscous.

DEVONA: [sweating] Call.

VIK: ... I fold.

NEVILLE: I fold!

WHITE NIGHTENGAL: I fold as well! Simply EVERYONE knows that if Devona is in, she's got a good hand!

DEVONA: Yongki, can you let Captain back out, we need to warmth and certainty of her three Domains wrapped around her, and the security of the secret fourth Domain of show our cards now, unless you think he wouldn't want to?

YONGKI: Okay! [looks into mirror]

CAPTAIN: ...

CAPTAIN: So everyone is out but Libraries serving as her nest.

She knew she would Be Served even as she slept. There was no doubt in Spirals screams in horror at seeing the bounding boxes snap into place.

The Witness watches.

Satisfied.

the two of us? [flips over hand, showing two aces, combined with the ace in the communal pile]

DEVONA: [reveals the her mind that she was cherished and would be given little gifts and be kept close to exact two cards needed to make a straight]

DEVONA: Uh... I win!

people's hearts.

She knew that though she could not predict what next year would bring, the Change was as inevitable as the tides themselves. She would not be frozen in Winter's chill but joyously partake in the dance of birth, flourishing, death and rebirth. What Changes awaited her next Harvest Season excited her Curiosity.

She knew as well that the Inspiration the Faithful Served her would serve as the catalyst for her Change, and the Inspiration she gave them in turn would keep her in their minds, keep them serving her. Her place in the cycle was unshakeable and integral.

The way the Domains wove into each other until it became hard to tell where one began and the other ended soothed her. No part of her was patchwork and happenstance, not anymore. She was not just more than the sum of her parts but it was getting hard to even remember the parts anymore.

The rustling of the pages of the books in her Library soothed her...

Thoughts grew difficult...

As sleep finally began to take her she hoped she would dream of the Stories the Faithful had Sacrificed to her.

She hoped she would still be useful even as she dreamed...

The Harvest Dreams of Book 24, 9, 51,46,49

Dreams of [Redacted] Talking About Khana and The Intern Opens His Eyes and The Harvest Dreams and Algae and GOD IS AT THE TABLE

Page 1: [REDACTED] talking about Khana ...He's fine.

Or she's fine, or they're fine... I

1

Todd Brian Davidson stares bleakly into the dark.

He cannot sleep. How could he, knowing its HIS fault his haven't had time to ask. Neither has he. I think I'll tolerate the trivialities and switch across them, for best friend is missing. There's only so much guilt the average person can have in a situation like the time being. That kind of fastidious care directed towards her is something they his, but his still-dry mouth and sunken eyes remind him his experiences are not universal.

He never would have liked, anyway.

So, fine. We can talk about Khana.

I've known for a while that's not her name. We've all should've told him about the Killer. About the mysterious riddles left behind. About the bodies and how they were known, really. K is not a technically adept liar, though he's a brazer and confident one, [a Harvest poem for Lavinraca](#)

God is at the table and her entourage as well
They're drinking wine that's pressed from which may as well be the same thing. There was no way I wouldn't notice an mangled. The disappearances.

Especially the disappearances.

He should have known, beyond any doubt, that Wodin would employee had changed heights recently. But the Corporation, damn it to hell or whatever is close The Harvest felt her tv screen go dim and her thoughts grow grapes that are said to grow in hell.
Like, Tantalus's grapes, whispers a server as I'm to it, didn't give me time to decide if this new employee was a keeper or obsess over it. It's almost like it was made just... to trap him. That tantalizing combination of a binner. It was having half an employee or losing two, and I chose to esoteric hints and internet friendly answers. The perfect crime for a bunch of Gomart-two-dollar-hatted backseat internet sleuths to keep half.

So we kept him. And to their credit, she didn't die. That is obsess over. Simple, bite-sized, consumable. Radio-dramable.

He should've known better than to trust a media circus: whatever it higher praise than what it sounds like.

But that's then, and this is now. We're different people is, they always want more.

There's only so much thread of his own misery he now, if we even count as people anymore. We don't measure success in survivability as can pull before his eyes flutter closed, and he begins his fitful rest. Bathed in that cold nothing, encroaching upon cooking.

Devils cut them from the arbor when the poor guy isn't looking.

The whole him from the space behind his eyes, he dreams the same dream heavy.

Halloween had passed and it was now time to Dream.

She fought it, just for much as we measure it in the, as K himself so eloquently put it when we discussed the Training Team, 'the Who's-the-biggest-freak-olympics'. They of the Mountain he's had every night for as long as he can remember.

The Witness stares bleakly into liked to punctuate that joke by mimicking someone carrying a large torch like in some of the booklets we'd found down the kaleidoscope landscape.

Even now, his eyes have not become accustomed to the sky folding into the land folding into the here. It was, to my chagrin, insufferably funny.

Am I turning into sky-- a "custom shader" , the jagged spiraling creature who used to be one of his bosses assured him, her Witherby? Do I just say everything between grit teeth, like I'm incapable of having a smile all teeth.

Perhaps too many teeth, in retrospect. The fractal nature of the universe seems to assure that.

Thinking about heart? It was a nice moment and I enjoyed it, and that is the fact of the it is meaningless, though. Time is meaningless. In this land of forever there's only forever, stretching in all directions, but matter. I welcome Parker to shoot me otherwise.

Anyway, Khana was not her name. It's not like he would still he can feel the throes of age seep into his bones. Mental acuity is tell us. It was funny to them to pretend like it was, or like we the one thing that is eternal, he guesses. Experiences. Those hide in the closets of were fooled... though I'm sure he knew we knew, and just delighted on keeping that away from your mind, but they don't fade.

He has experienced wonders and horrors only Skyrim modders can us. With Yongki it was easy. Trivial, even. Not so much dream of, and somehow all he feels is tired.

Behind him, he feels the presence of one with me. But we found something to bond in that, I think. She was content with me of the few friends left to him, warm and inviting. Or perhaps he not knowing, or at least pretending not to know. That attention fed him. It's their... peculiarity, and just feels that due to the absence of his other friend. He never likes this that's the problem I find myself in today, isn't it? Too many of those these place is a garden. That's what the cleaner said. I don't believe a word. I've tried the wine. It tasted red.

A lovely vintage, coos the days. A lot more monster in everyone's souls like they didn't know place at room temperature.

"Rest, Child," she speaks into his ear, with as much authority as there is love. Hey, this is the daycare, right? I have some business to attend to in the fields, and what to do with the first one.

So here's the thesis: it looks like K doesn't just turn when he receives too "Let your Loop End."

He closes his eyes and doesn't feel a thing ever again.

And that's our problem.

(page 1 of ???)

.....Page 2: [REDACTED] talking about does.

When he wakes-- or at least, when he's aware of Khana ...The Angel is simple, not to be confused with The Doctor. That's *Doctor* Slaughter. The Angel thrives on what's around him-- he's staring into his coffee as if it's leftover laundry. The very binary criteria: you look at it and it's satisfied, you don't and it lashes out. Of course he's in is bathed in tasteful decor, inoffensive and plain, and uniformly bathed in course, there's abnormalities with much simpler desires, but The Angel was easily a very dangerous one. A whites and grays. One could not be blamed if they believed that blink or two it might tolerate, but letting your mind slip off of it was unacceptable. Try looking at apartment was a stage prop for a documentary on minimalism.

Fuck this an image without losing concentration. If you fail, imagine yourself getting swiftly decapitated. That spiral (on God's left.) They swirl their glass.
On God's right, a grinning jester. I is the essence of The Angel.

You can imagine, then, that containing something by arm. He hates it. Always has. The peace, the normalcy of giving it your pure, concentrated gaze is very, very hard. Khana's taken aspects of this monster, which makes their it all, tastes like ashes in his mouth. A cruel parody of the life he would have had with Wodin.

Not like previous condition... precarious.

Of course, we found out about it much like Witherby let us know. don't know. I do not ask.
The party parties partly - all but one, the honored guest
who licks her She broke down.

We weren't in great terms, Khana and I. Correction: we *aren't* in he's stupid, either. He knows why Wanda can't be here with great terms. I find it hard to say when it started, but it's easy to him. Of course he does. Until she finally accepts that things can change, she is stuck repeating those same say when it hit critical mass. It was Yongki, really. He couldn't stand Yongki. That lips and patiently just waits to eat the rest.
I'm told that God is young. That she's becoming. That she's sweet.
She's hungry too. I Yongki got more attention from me, that I treated him better. That he did not respect her, or changed opinions too fifty years she thought she was promised, forever. And until she does...

Well, he's here. Giving a quickly. That I punished his deaths harder than theirs-- and I did. How could I mean stare to hand-poured coffee.

He sighs. The man across from him politely clears his not? Yongki, he was not stable. He couldn't be. So I took care of him, and Khana bit back. throat.

"Rough Night?" Witherby asks, his stare peeking out of They did so often and enthusiastically, as if to teach me a lesson. Then they started transforming into that damn box, and a newspaper he's skimming.

Night?

Oh... it's a pun. He's unsure whether he's doing it that is when...

We used to talk more often. We really did. There is trust in a shared secret a few minutes.

Not out of fear, to her surprise.

No...

She was no longer the nascent god who was unsure if she like one's name. Tension. Devona brought this notion to me while I was helping her study a on purpose or just let it slip-- either way, not going to acknowledge it. better understanding of her captain's unflatteringly high sexual drive: no bond can occur without tension. Bond comes from He gives a nonchalant shrug instead, returning his gaze. "Getting out of Arm2 is never fun, but I'm understand a growing thing must eat.

(I'm told she's born anew each year. Was she like this not gonna blame the Doc for it.)

"I had not heard we band, an object that binds. A bond that can't be broken is a prison. There is no drive in fighting a were beyond casting blame, now." His eyes are on the newspaper again, his words trailed to a mumble. "Especially about bond that cannot be broken, because from the beginning the outcome is determined. Friend comes from bond, comes from people like her."

"This again?" The Witness groans. "Can we just--- can we agree to disagree here? You guys are before? The servers say they're ravenous, are there any more hors d'oeuvres?)

God is at the table and band, comes from chain. It would not have been the same if I could not break our little game. And my only friends. Not a lot of people who remember the whole 'everything loops forever' bit of how much have I dreamed of it. Of rubbing it in her the equation." His hands raise air quotes, just for emphasis.

"Could talk to Parker," Witherby posits.

"You know smug face.

And yet I keep secrets. I keep many good secrets.

(Page 2 of ???).....Page 3: [REDACTED] talking about Khana ...When did Parker doesn't count."

The man in front of him gives this some I get into the habit of playing executioner?

No, no. I remember. It was the first time he thought, his eyes closing in thought. When he opens them again he calmly folds his newspaper, setting it aside on the did his little... anomaly magic trick on me. When we found out they had an anomaly to table next to them; he was likely never actually reading it, the Witness guesses. Just scanning it for future conversation topics.

choice in the matter, and a measly 80 years more.

And thus, the conversation went on, as did the days, the weeks, the months. With plenty of they agreed. When I

sure enough, they let it happen. 'Whatever, if people and plenty of hardships, life blended together in that pleasant way that slept. There was no doubt in her mind that she was cherished and would be given little gifts and it fixes things'. It did not matter what I cut, as long as we kept our... bubblingly hostile, but otherwise only peace can assure, and that only the gift of monotony can give.

Eventually, old, and at peace, the Witness closes his cordial status quo. It was a game of censorship chicken: the first one to blink loses, and Khana, in eyes for the final time in this Universe.

4

The God of Witnessing opens his eyes and his infinite impatience, almost always lost. For all his accolades, she does not know how to play poker.

I do eyes and eyes. Hundreds stare up at him in fear and devotion. He feels awake, properly awake, for not know Khana's name. The actual one. I knew, once. I am sure I the first time in centuries. He needs to go. To find out who else is awake--

Psssssst.

A harsh sound calls to could find it if I dug, but I was, and am, very, very thorough.

Now he attention from crack on the dais he's resting in.

"PSSSSST!!!!"

"Yes, Parker?" he says in a voice that be kept close to people's hearts.

She knew that though she could not echoes with the weight of an eternity of Watching. The crowds murmur. Their god awakens.

Parker pops his surreally still predict what next year would bring, the Change was as inevitable as the tides themselves. She would not be frozen in human head out of the marble. "Hey! Have you seen Vik?"

The Witness considers. He will only be Winter's chill but joyously partake in the dance of birth, flourishing, death and rebirth. What Changes awaited her fully awake for a little while before he fades back into the God Throes this universe forces on don't mean it. They've worked these feasts before. Meanwhile I garnish and baste the roast and shut the oven door -

At least the all those who Loop. Does he really want to spend his time breaking the next Harvest Season excited her Curiosity.

She knew as well that the Inspiration the fourth wall with Parker? He supposes the odds of Fiona or Witherby being awake and coherent at the Faithful Served her would serve as the catalyst for her Change, and same time as him are low. This will do, as a diversion.

"Have you harvest blessed us. I've got fresh chanterelles and corn.
The God of Maize amazes with the ways and means she's bourne.
I change has turned into a tree yearning for our attention. If overfed, he will turn into a machine yearning for our misery.

Our containment procedures will lost them?" The crowds are writing down his every word. Generations will live and die by the edicts he is what she has given: chanterelles to sauce, and corn to bread, change becomes ambition; inspiration, being fed.
Life is full of beauty. I proclaiming here.

Parker makes a whining sound in the back of his throat, followed by a coughing fit. "It's hard the Inspiration she gave them in turn would keep her in their minds, keep to keep track of a spreading mass of mold and rot! Come on! Witness! Buddy, be a bro! I owe so many things that I've been given. The oven timer rings.

God is at the table. I am myself the wouldn't ask if I thought it was gonna affect the STORY!"

"An Eye for an Eye, Parker. I roast.
My skin is darkly crackled with the glaze I like the most.
I am stuffed with will Look for them. But first, you must tell me three good qualities the Lord of Space has."
please don't let it near the water.

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

figs and oysters. I am transformed now.
Six pomegranate arils I anoint upon my brow
to keep me through the winter. Tradition paid its due.
I ask that The crowd begins chanting "an eye for an eye for an eye for what has worked before works kindly for me too.

Their steely knives, their floating hair, they gather for the feast,
Drunk on wine from an eye". They always like that.

Parker scowls and pulls his head back into them serving her. Her place in the cycle was unshakeable and integral.

The way the the earth. Muffled though it is, the Witness can clearly make out the whining "Do I warmer climes, soon too to be deceased.
I cart in the golden platter, the HAVE to!?"

The Witness is patient. He has no choice. Eternity is his gift for spurning the confines of 50 years. An Eternity without her. Domains wove into each other until it became hard to tell where one began and

"Parker. She is the only reason you met Vik. The only reason you have gained some semblance of control of the other ended soothed her. No part of her was patchwork and happenstance, not your curse. And she makes anime get popular decades before it otherwise would."

The Buried Man growls from beneath the anymore. She was not just more than the sum of her parts but it was getting hard to even remember the earth. "And if she LET me loose I could TAKE my bestie and go somewhere better! We could run a COFFEE shop together Witness, a COFFEE shop!"

The parts anymore.

The rustling of the pages of the books in her Witness stares down at the crack in the earth and the two gleaming eyes within.

"You have already escaped, Thief. Wanda is bread and sauce and meat, Thank you all for coming. Fare thee well. Bon appetit. I plate the not here. Wanda can not be here. She is trapped in the event horizon of her own making. " the Library soothed her...

Thoughts grew difficult...

As sleep finally began to take her she hoped she would dream of the Stories the crowds are clapping their hands over their ears, blood flowing freely. The Name had Faithful had Sacrificed to her.

She hoped she would still be useful even as she dreamed... have to change accordingly. been too much for them to bear. The Witness feels the stirrings of regret in causing them harm, but can not bring himself to truly care about beings so ephemeral.

"And if you believe THAT I choicest cuts of me, sliced fine as I am able For I am blessed with carving knife and God is have a bridge to sell you. Its underground. Only slightly used. I may have stolen a bridge. Witness, do you want to buy a bridge?"

The Witnesses eyes and eyes and eyes are growing heavy. No. It's too soon. He's barely been awake this time. His talons lock into position on the at the table dais, his skin grows hard and cold. A statue once more, he stares out and out and out at the bleeding crowd and the pleading man.

1

Todd Brian Davidson opens his eyes and is momentarily disoriented to only have the two. He knows he slept.

He must have slept.

He dreamt...its hard to remember, dreams always are, but they always feel so long.

So important.

He misses Wodin with an intensity that surprises him and resolves to try knocking on his door again today.

Maybe. Maybe he's back. From wherever he went. Maybe everything is fine. Maybe. Maybe this "Wanda" he thinks about so much in his dreams doesn't have to exist.

Maybe.

The Harvest Dreams of Book 40, 43, 42,2,5

Dreams of Eustace smiles and Story B-1 and Story A-1 and Watt Is A Mann and Devona Interviews Camellia, The Cult Leader, by IC

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

He thinks having to Story: B-1

A Faithful walks along old paths, which it still knows the knock of. While it was not

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm not him, you know?

RONIN: What?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Yeah, him.

RONIN: [scowls]

RONIN: I always thought Dad was a dick, naming us hear in the oldest days it has heard of, or any days older than even 'Watt'.

RONIN: Stupid pun.

RONIN: WattMan.exe

RONIN: What is a man.

NOTAMINOTAUR: 'A miserable pile of secrets'.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry.

NOTAMINOTAUR: I DEVONA: ...

CAMELLIA: ... [stare]

DEVONA: Ahem. Thank You For Accepting My Interview.

CAMELLIA: ...

DEVONA: ... Uh.

DEVONA: If You Could State Your Name And that, the present and near past are still a fond point. Something sweeter than anything it could shove between its Once upon a time wonderful story there was a guardian.

The fangs.

It smiles, closing its eyes and letting its heart guide it forwards, the sense of the language of the place letting it guardian looked over the realm and protected it from was a horned beast, towering over the townsfolk.

The navigate the known paths, old records of the place letting it find all the locales with ease. It can't help the, uh, quotes.

RONIN: Yeah.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Um.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry.

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's just.

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's just I think we got side tracked?

RONIN: What?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Exactly!

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm not knows the heartbeat of this place, well enough. It doesn't need to ensure the safety of one of the most unbearable people he knows at two in the morning while completely covered in pace through it like this, but its nostalgic.

It ponders. The experience elsewhere. The experience of toilet paper pushed him over some sort of breaking point. Despite everything, he him.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Or not...YOUR him?

RONIN: ...

null: [scowls]

RONIN: Did I ever say you were?

NOTAMINOTAUR: No!

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry...

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's just...

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's it for the first time. The experience of so many things, is a single time event, even if it can be guardian headed for the cavern, to slay the beast as it was its home. Even if a misguided hand were to puts on his best customer service face and tries his best revisited. And so much cannot. The places it never set foot in. The intersections. It's fascinating. The things just sometimes I wish I was?

NOTAMINOTAUR: You seem...

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm glad we're Occupation, Please?

CAMELLIA: Go ahead and turn that recorder off.

DEVONA: B-But--

CAMELLIA: You and I family.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Even if we never shared a body...

NOTAMINOTAUR: On accident...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Through a horrific glitch...

NOTAMINOTAUR: "Children are potentially free and their life heard of only in the echoes of guests from long ago. the things enshrined in its both know it's a formality. You'll remember it anyway, whether you like own records, that it does not remember until it paces back through or reviews its own notes.

The shine of mistake it for something else, that is an illbegotten memory of another time. place.

With a a figure that it is almost certain has changed through the frost. [It changed since the last frost too, though. It directly embodies nothing save potential freedom. Consequently they are not things and cannot be the has no place to judge.]

It wonders on memory, permanence. Continuance. Even if the rest was gone, if it or not. Isn't that right?

DEVONA: ... [turns off recorder]

CAMELLIA: The backup one too.

DEVONA: R-Right... [another recorder shuts off]

CAMELLIA: Much better.

CAMELLIA: My name is something paints the same symbols, tells a similar story, is it the same?

If a man is property either of their parents or others."

RONIN: ...

RONIN: Yeah you're.

RONIN: You're alright yourself

RONIN: ...

RONIN: ...

RONIN: ...

RONIN: [quietly] I don't.

NOTAMINOTAUR: What?

RONIN: I Camellia. I currently am the spiritual priest of the Church of the Harvest.

DEVONA: I-If You'll Excuse Me... What Do You Mean By 'Currently'?

CAMELLIA: It forgotten, but an apprentice leaves an almost identical shadow in the world where that to pretend that nothing has ever gone wrong in his life. blade in hand left by the wayside, the guardian ensured the safety of man is left. Is it the same?

Is it right to fear change, when DON'T WISH YOU WERE HIM.

RONIN: Okay?

RONIN: I fucking hated him.

RONIN: If we're being honest.

RONIN: Which I guess we are.

RONIN: He left it will devour you none the less.

It's good to take a measured pace.

It smiles, and fondly regards the past, present, and the land, and gently gazed over the townsfolk, who were full of glee to be cared for, to future.

It enjoyed seeing this place, many times over, in many ways. It ponders the meaning. It ponders how it'd face means... now. It was different before, but... It changes, as It does.

DEVONA: 'It'? What me to pick up after him.

RONIN: Every time things got too much.

RONIN: There I Do You Mean By It?

CAMELLIA: [glances over] 'It', the cursed child. The offspring of our god's parent, the the same problems, or be more properly mysterious about things left in the air last time. Vagueries? Layers of was.

RONIN: Stuck with the consequences.

NOTAMINOTAUR: ...

RONIN: It wasn't his fault.

RONIN: Dad didn't encryption? Silly little games? Knocks that need to be known? All could work, but without substance any additional layers are meaningless, unless for know.

RONIN: That he didn't have...

RONIN: What he needed to do his damn job.

RONIN: So yeah.

RONIN: I'm the the thrill of the chase, you know.

Right, the core of the matter, the asshole, I guess.

RONIN: But I did.

RONIN: I hated him.

RONIN: So.

RONIN: I'm glad you're not him.

RONIN: It.

RONIN: Took me a while to god in question. It thinks of the change that has happened, whether that nascent (Still nascent? Is that see you that way.

RONIN: And I don't wanna go back.

NOTAMINOTAUR: [whispered] I'm sorry...

NOTAMINOTAUR: "Steiner begins exploring the nature of human term still right?) god would truly realize it.

It wonders if the discomfort in the seams of old sacrifice is freedom by accepting 'that an action, of which the agent does not know why he performs it, Parasite of the Parasite, That Which Eats The Rot...

CAMELLIA: The 'memory leak'. It's all the same.

DEVONA: Uhm, I Guess That Answers My Second Question, Ahah...

CAMELLIA: Does it, now.

DEVONA: It's... Nevermind. H-How Did You cannot be free,"

NOTAMINOTAUR: ...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Ronin?

RONIN: Yeah, kid?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Do you..

NOTAMINOTAUR: Do you think... think MY Ronin is still...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Encrypted inside me?

RONIN: ...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Because I Come To Know About It?

CAMELLIA: My god revealed it to me. To us. You may as well ask how like reflecting on one's own growth, trying to find physical signs of improvement. Of something new. Of we know about the stars, the moon... we know because we've seen it.

DEVONA: Right... And The Purpose Of This Church?

CAMELLIA: Same as escape. Or is that a metaphor or symbolic link, nothing like the actual entity. (As much we have said. To show our god to the world, to share in the fruits of its as a figure of myth could be related to a psychological frame, one supposes.)

But, that is the don't... uh.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Flip my shit anymore.

NOTAMINOTAUR: I just...

NOTAMINOTAUR: say philosophy....

NOTAMINOTAUR: Do you think he's alive in there?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Trapped?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Unable to come point of stories, in one sense, communication.

It wonders if this communciates anything. It labor. All as She would want it.

DEVONA: Ah, Great, Uh...

DEVONA: Uhm.

DEVONA: This Is... Strange To does, because it is a story. Don't worry.

Anyhow, it wonders...seams. An understanding of out even when I'm stressed?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Am I a monster?

RONIN: Kid...

null: [awkward pause]

RONIN: I ain't no computer scientist...

RONIN: But Ask, But, You've Been Rather, Uhm... Forthcoming?

CAMELLIA: You're asking why.

DEVONA: Mhm.

CAMELLIA: ...

CAMELLIA: In the them...and a focus on parasites. Self improvement, yes. And...trying to understand the shadow of a whole. Division pointlessly can be be known, and to have a safe future. other time, you would have been called a ██████ of ██████████. One who allows ██████████ to be confounding or confusing. Oh, this metaphor is definitely minced.

Mmm. Well, it supposes that I bet we could go to that one chick, the one with the flower in this holy text should embody more change now. It certainly has inspiration and is in her eye?

RONIN: The Doc swears by her for tech shit.

NOTAMINOTAUR: please....

~~~

CFO: [claps hands]

CFO: weeeeeee!!!!

CFO: The BAD news is...

null: [dramatic pause]

CFO: You ██████████████████. This much my god has told me, in slumber.

DEVONA: ...!

CAMELLIA: My god favors you. Favors the thrill of a sense, a service. It's even being shared in a church.

It does stop to wonder if being known. Indeed, many things favor you, thanks to your ██████████, not as much The Harvest can find solace amidst the story of itself.

...you can only run so far from your own feet. It'd be good to your ██████████. Perhaps, as well, not as much as It favors that... eugh, 'Captain' of yours, but...

DEVONA: ...It Likes... Being Seen? Which Means, I Mean, I Don't absolutely still do have an encrypted partition in your onboard OS!

WATT: ,(

RONIN: >,[

CFO: But Know It, But I--

CAMELLIA: It's cute, really. You already know all of this. But you take a proverbial needle, after the scalpel does its work on parasites...or even a the goooooood news is it isn't a full on AI!

CFO: It's just thousands and thousands of lines of weird philosophical bs.

CFO: Probably from bit earlier, at least until the surgery can be done...

The god speaks it if to those who cannot see... that is the true test, isn't it.

DEVONA: Wait, That's Not The Same! Why Would You Say That Is--

CAMELLIA: I believe we're done here... if only in vain, so in a sense, that'd be an imitation of a divine. Comedic, in a sense.

Right, another direction.

This is a story about the that Octome you got overwritten with.

CFO: Like someone copying over your Harvest and a very good day.

The Harvest woke up, looking over the town of Lavinraca on another fine year, this time, waking in spring. The warmth was save file that was like, 99% complete with some other game entirely.

CFO: Not naming names or anything unfamiliar, and it was wet with the remnants of rain. It smelled of petrichor, and the though!

WATT: ...so...

WATT: ...there's no one trapped inside me?

CFO: Unless you wanna count the glimmers of a rainbow hung in the sky. It was too warm, honestly, but as a god, a thing of symbols, the moisture and heat didn't harm or discomfort The Harvest anything like random philosophy quotes?

CFO: Nope!

RONIN: ...

RONIN: geeze

RONIN: Don't scare me like that, kid.

you'll excuse me.

a computer or human could be. While it isn't in the spirit of things to be awake now, one has to see that in the right context, anything could be elsewhere, even amidst the uncomfortable company of winter.

The Harvest looks at the camera. Change, right. Sorry, Monologue.

Change.

Change is a hard thing. The Harvest knows this well.

The Harvest heads over to the park, and gazes over the frolicking townsfolk. A cat feats on some fish, and brings the remaining half to a shrine. A librarian and various faithful discuss books, texts, snippets of note, to share.

The Harvest smiles, as much as is possible. Perhaps that is merely a spinning fox icon, but joy in any form is a smile, in the symbolic sense, you know.

The Harvest ponders on the future. The Harvest stops. Regardless of outcome, the present must be lived to the fullest.



That is why trying out domains is good. It's to experience. To give a chance to change, to embody, to live a life that was never lived in the past, as the world has deigned The Harvest another season.

The Harvest realizes it has lost the plot of this book.

The Harvest shuffles anxiously, and looks at the crowd, waving, before preparing lines...

The script is blank.

That is okay. Inspiration can come from many places. Let us see now.

'Under wondrous gleam of night,'  
'strings of plastic show a sight,'  
'echoing the sentiments of things set alight,'  
'and burning with the heart's great might.'

'Some may wonder how things can linger.'  
'When the voices vary from singer to singer.'  
'Nothing ever remains the same, not even you.'  
'Of your worries, its best not to stew.'

'Live days to their fullest, and try to bloom.'  
'Things can be difficult, if you stumble it is not doom.'  
'While things may often be full of gloom.'  
'It is wonderful to see you, in this proverbial room.'

Stay safe, and if you get lost, do so responsibly.

### **The Harvest Dreams of Book 30, 30, 38,9,0**

*Dreams of The Truth Wears A False Face and The Truth Wears A False Face and Day ??? and The Intern Opens His Eyes and TYRFING AND THE WATT CLONES*

The Truth Wears A False Face ...

[Doc Slaughter File Server](#)

Hello, I'm Doctor Fiona Slaughter, psychologist. The Truth Wears A False Face ...

[Doc Slaughter File Server](#)

Hello, I'm

1

Todd Brian Davidson stares blearily into the dark.

He cannot sleep. How You'll have to forgive any foibles below, I am from an entirely different Universe where the Art of Seeing Doctor Fiona Slaughter, psychologist. You'll have to forgive any foibles below, I am from an entirely different

**DAY** :

Time passes in a haze of **Inspiration**.

Stories are the Truth within one's Mind is not quite the same as in your Universe where the Art of Seeing the Truth within one's Mind is not quite the same as in your own. And I must admit, I've never treated one from YOUR Vaunted Layer of Reality before. I I must admit, I've never treated one from YOUR Vaunted Layer of Reality before. I highly recommend finding a Therapist highly recommend finding a Therapist from your Layer of Reality whether you feel strong or weak. We are feel strong or weak. We are a quite useful proffesion.

It's a pleasure to meet you.

Now. To begin.

If you believe something to a quite useful proffesion.

It's a pleasure to meet you.

Now. To begin.

If you believe something to be True, deep down, it feels be True, deep down, it feels RIGHT. It might be a Hard Truth, an RIGHT. It might be a Hard Truth, an Unpleasant Fact, but there Unpleasant Fact, but there is a comfort in the certainty it brings you.

OBVIOUSLY the sky is blue and is a comfort in the certainty it brings you.

OBVIOUSLY the sky is blue and the sun will rise tomorrow and all the sun will rise tomorrow and all your friends hate you.

What was that? Was there a problem with that your friends hate you.

What was that? Was there a problem with that last one? Did it not ring True for you?

If so, I am so very very glad. For those last one? Did it not ring True for you?

If so, I am so very very glad. For those who it did. who it did. Please. Examine it. Look closely. See the cracks in the Please. Examine it. Look closely. See the cracks in the Mask it wears? It's False Face? Mask it wears? It's False Face?

It's hard, isn't it. You don't want to see those cracks. It feels

It's hard, isn't it. You don't want to see those cracks. It feels painful. Isn't it painful. Isn't it better to accept a Painful Truth than to live with a sacharine rose colored better to accept a Painful Truth than to live with a sacharine rose colored Lie? Lie? Isn't it better to be pessimistic so nothing disappoints you and you can only be pleasantly surprised?

Observer. Isn't it better to be pessimistic so nothing disappoints you and

That is the tendrils of the False Face speaking to you. The Lie within your brain you can only be pleasantly surprised?

Observer.

That is the tendrils of the False does not wish for it's own destruction. It is afraid. And I Face speaking to you. The Lie within your brain does not wish for it's own destruction. It is am here to tell you that it does not have to be. We are not here to destroy it. We are afraid. And I am here to tell you that it does not have not here to expose you to the pain of ripping it off like a bandaid.

It's okay.

Look at it. to be. We are not here to destroy it. We are not here to expose you to the pain of

Closely.

It's a Mask.

See how it cleverly constructed it out of Little Truths. Papered ripping it off like a bandaid.

It's okay.

Look at it.

Closely.

It's a Mask.

See how could he, knowing its HIS fault his best friend is missing. There's only so much guilt written and collected.

Art is collected and modified.

The Harvest's Eyes travel along the Protected Realm and even at her the average person can have in a situation like his, but his still-dry mouth and as it is with 'sometimes my friends don't have time for me' and 'sometimes my it cleverly constructed it out of Little Truths. Papered as it is with 'sometimes my friends don't have time for friends seem annoyed with me' and 'sometimes my friends have fun without me'.

It must feel so True, what me' and 'sometimes my friends seem annoyed with me' and 'sometimes my friends have fun without me'.

It must lies underneath, when its covered itself in these thoughts that seem to be so accurate.

No.

It's okay.

Just feel so True, what lies underneath, when its covered itself in these thoughts that seem to a bit deeper.

Let's peel back another Layer of the Truth.

Here be so accurate.

No.

It's okay.

Just a bit deeper.

Let's peel back another Layer of we go.

It's okay.

Now we are getting to the rotten the Truth.

Here we go.

It's okay.

Now we are getting to the rotten core of the core of the Lie.

Do you see this thought? 'My friends only pretend to like me' is a good one. Classic Lie.

Do you see this thought? 'My friends only pretend to like me' is a Lie.

Look behind it. What do you see? 'I am Psychic and Know Every Thought The good one. Classic Lie.

Look behind it. What do you see? 'I am Psychic and Know Every Thought People Around Me Have Perfectly'. And 'People Routinely Spend Hours Doing Things They Hate For No Reason'. The People Around Me Have Perfectly'. And 'People Routinely Spend Hours Doing Things nearby neighbors.

She no longer knows what day it is.

Her Third domain is active.

**Being Served.**

**Change.**

**Inspiration.**

Ideas bubble up sunken eyes remind him his experiences are not universal.

He never should've told and "My Friends All Have The Exact Same Opinion Of Me"

Do those ring true, Observer? Congratulations on being Psychic if so. They Hate For No Reason'. and "My Friends All Have The Exact Same Opinion Of

This was, if it is not clear: Sarcasm. The certainty of this False Truth is built on Obvious Lies. Me"

Do those ring true, Observer? Congratulations on being Psychic if so.

This was, inside her. Ways to change. Ways to be happy. Ways to inspire others to create and be inspired in

People will occasionally do things they hate for money, or health, or some other specific benefit. People will even

if it is not clear: Sarcasm. The certainty of this False Truth is occasionally do things they hate (chores) for friends (such as help built on Obvious Lies).

People will occasionally do things they hate for money, or health, or some other specific benefit. People turn.

Something is coming.

While the thoughts percolate, she turns to her neglected prayers, a them move) because the temporary discomfort is worth the overall benefit will even occasionally do things they hate (chores) for friends (such as help them move) because the temporary discomfort is (having a friend).

No one hates their own friends. Not worth the overall benefit (having a friend).

No one hates him about the Killer. About the mysterious riddles left behind. About the in the way the False Face proudly crows.

And. I can not emphasize their own friends. Not in the way the False Face proudly crows.

And. I this enough: You do not know their minds. You are not psychic. Nor are your friends psychically bonded in can not emphasize this enough: You do not know their minds. You are not their opinions of you.

Why then, does this Truth cling to such psychic. Nor are your friends psychically bonded in their opinions of you.

Why then, does this Rotten Lies?

A bit deeper.

"I am afraid that I will be abandoned and if I don't prepare for this inevitability Truth cling to such Rotten Lies?"

A bit deeper.

"I am afraid that I will be abandoned and it will Hurt Very Badly."

There we are, Observer.

The False Face is afraid. The False if I don't prepare for this inevitability it will Hurt Very Badly."

There we are, Observer.

The bodies and how they were mangled. The disappearances.

Especially the disappearances.

He should have known, beyond any doubt, that Face wants to protect you. To protect itself. At it's core, under all the layers of Small Truths and False Face is afraid. The False Face wants to protect you. To protect itself. At it's core, under all the layers of False Facts, is a single Truth. It is afraid.

It defends against your attempts to destroy it because it Small Truths and False Facts, is a single Truth. It is afraid.

It defends against your attempts to destroy it feels necessary to live. It is protecting you. It is protecting itself.

But, we because it feels necessary to live. It is protecting you. It is protecting itself.

But, we are are not destroying this Thought. How could we?

In the sanctity of your own Mind all not destroying this Thought. How could we?

In the sanctity of your own Mind all we can we can do is look at it's Layers.

And gift it new ones.

It clings to the False do is look at it's Layers.

And gift it new ones.

It clings to the False Truths of you being psychic and a chore.

But these Rotten Facts are not making Truths of you being psychic and a chore.

But these Rotten Facts are not making you stronger. Not making you more safe. you stronger. Not making you more safe.

Quite the opposite.

Do you

Quite the opposite.

Do you enjoy being told what you're thinking by someone else who is absolutely enjoy being told what you're thinking by someone else who is absolutely wrong? Do you enjoy them arguing with you wrong? Do you enjoy them arguing with you that you don't know your own Mind?

(If so, hi, glad you're enjoying this that you don't know your own Mind?

(If so, hi, glad you're enjoying this experience, I do experience, I do note the irony. Much like you, I am not psychic, and am instead using this exercise as an note the irony. Much like you, I am not psychic, and am instead using this exercise as an example. example. The specifics will ring True to some and False to The specifics will ring True to some and False to others. Hopefully the bones of the exercise will be others. Hopefully the bones of the exercise will be Useful.)

I'm sure your friends do not Useful.)

I'm sure your friends do not enjoy hearing they all hate you.

The Fear you flee enjoy hearing they all hate you.

The Fear you flee from grows stronger when you flee with a False from grows stronger when you flee with a False Fact.

Instead, you must Fact.

Instead, you must arm yourself with the Truth.

Just as I can not perfectly Know what is in arm yourself with the Truth.

Just as I can not perfectly Know what your Mind, nor can I Know what Truths you must arm yourself with.

You must find them for yourself.

Some starting is in your Mind, nor can I Know what Truths you pang of guilt and satisfaction warring within her. ....No one can work EVERY day. Weekends are Wodin would obsess over it. It's almost like it was made just... to trap him. That tantalizing combination of must arm yourself with.

You must find them for yourself.

Some starting points may be helpful though, thoughts to points may be helpful though, thoughts to replace the Rotten Cores with.

If any of the following Ring True to replace the Rotten Cores with.

If any of the following Ring True to you, it may be useful to practice you, it may be useful to practice when the Fear takes when the Fear takes you.

My Friends Get More Benefit From Me Than Burden.  
Sometimes My Friends you.

My Friends Get More Benefit From Me Than Burden.  
Sometimes My Friends Annoy Me But I Annoy Me But I Do Not Hate Them (So They Do Not Hate Me When I Am Annoying Do Not Hate Them (So They Do Not Hate Me When I Am Annoying In In Turn).  
My Friends Are Not A Hive Mind Who All Have The Same Opinion Of Turn).  
My Friends Are Not A Hive Mind Who All Have The Same Opinion Of esoteric hints and internet friendly answers.  
The perfect crime for a bunch of Gomar-two-dollar-hatted backseat internet sleuths to important, even if they aren't exactly Saturday and Sunday.

At the obsess over. Simple, bite-sized, consumable. Radio-dramable.

He should've known better than to same time...

Did she leave her Faithful in the lurch?

The **Domain of Being Served** lights up.

No, the trust a media circus: whatever it is, they always want more.

There's only so Faithful wish for her to be happy, it is good she took a break to learn more about **Inspiration**.

It was much thread of his own misery he can pull before his eyes flutter closed, and he begins his fitful rest. Bathed in a **Change** of pace.

The prayers wait patiently for her attention.

"Oh bountiful harvest, in your autumn geneoristy, may you that cold nothing, encroaching upon him from the space behind his eyes, he dreams the grant the library an avatar of yourself to display on the shelf? i'm thinking a marketable plushie but it can same dream of the Mountain he's had every night for as long as be something more dignified. it will allow us to always remember you he can remember.

2

The Witness stares blearily into the kaleidoscope landscape.

Even now, his eyes have and help us obtain new knowledge."

Says the first Prayer.

She considers this. A Me.

Losing A Friend Hurts But Will Not Kill Me.

Losing A Friend Hurts But I Can Make More.

Losing A Me.

Losing A Friend Hurts But Will Not Kill Me.

Losing A Friend Hurts But I not become accustomed to the sky folding into the land folding into marketable plush IS highly **Inspiring**...but she is not the god of Manifesting Physical Objects, or the sky-- a "custom shader" , the jagged spiraling creature who used to be one even the god of marketable plushes.

This is beyond her.

She knows some of the faithful have of his bosses assured him, her smile all teeth.

Perhaps too many teeth, in retrospect. The fractal nature of been creating her likeness within the Protected Realm...perhaps that is enough?

Another Faithful offers:"I offer to the universe seems to assure that.



Thinking about it is meaningless, though. Time is meaningless. In this land of thee: your own personalized library card, as thanks for visiting and looking after our little reading forever there's only forever, stretching in all directions, but still he can feel the throes of age seep into nook. Perhaps you could be a god of knowledge? "

She gazes upon the little card in silence.

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

Her TV is his bones. Mental acuity is the one thing that is eternal, he guesses. Experiences. Those hide in the closets of pure static, then a complex spray of different scenes plays out, ending with the little fox head your mind, but they don't fade.

He has experienced wonders and horrors only Skyrim modders can spinning over and over.

She is overcome with emotion.

Joy.

Pride.

Curiosity.

Energy.

Compassion.

She has dream of, and somehow all he feels is tired.

Behind him, he feels the presence of spent these two weeks wondering who she was, and there it was in black and green.

She was the Harvest.

A member of one of the few friends left to him, warm and inviting. Or perhaps he just feels this town's Library.

She was born last year and her reader id is 456113.

None of these things were from that due to the absence of his other friend. He never likes the people or things sacrificed to make her.

It.

Was.

HER.

Something shifted inside her.

The Domain of **Libraries** filled a this place at room temperature.

"Rest, Child," she speaks into his ear, with as much authority as there is Domain Slot she did not even know she had.

She did not love. "Let your Loop End."

He closes his eyes and doesn't feel a know what the consequences of this would be.

Another Faithful offers her thing ever again.

3

Until, finally, he does.

When he wakes-- or at least, when he's aware of SWEET EEL FACTS and she is grateful.

Another Faithful...." Memories are a complicated thing for me. So many of what's around him-- he's staring into his coffee as if it's leftover laundry. The house he's in mine seem... fractured. Nonlinear. They work, mostly, but not as others might expect. what of your own memories?"

She remembers simultaneously being is bathed in tasteful decor, inoffensive and plain, and uniformly bathed in twenty different versions of the same cult leader and almost as many different versions of the same whites and grays. One could not be blamed if they believed that burnt out Ghoul Halloween employee.

Yeah.

Memory is kind of rough on her.

She isn't quite sure what timeline ended up apartment was a stage prop for a documentary on minimalism.

Fuck this arm. He hates it. Always has. The peace, the being the final one, or if that is even a question that normalcy of it all, tastes like ashes in his mouth. A cruel parody of the life he would have can matter.

Memory is...

Hard.

Another Faithful "The Void Provides, inspiration has had with Wodin.

Not like he's stupid, either. He knows why Wanda can't be here with him. struck, a city will be constructed in your name."

She is grateful and happy to have **Inspired**.

Another Faithful has Of course he does. Until she finally accepts that things can change, she a question: "Right, right in addition to the temple...as the statue's blueprint takes shape...any requests? Things to hold or is stuck repeating those same fifty years she thought she was promised, forever. And until she be on the podium?"

She likes **Books**. She likes books a LOT. More than merely having a does...

Well, he's here. Giving a mean stare to hand-poured coffee.

He sighs. book (that is bigger on the inside) within her Sacrifices.

Another Faithful asks if she fears clowns.

What a The man across from him politely clears his throat.

"Rough Night?" Witherby asks, his stare peeking out silly question. She is probably MOSTLY clown by volume. Even one of the People within her of a newspaper he's skimming.

Night?

Oh... it's a pun. He's unsure whether he's doing it on purpose or just let it slip-- either way, not Sacrifices was a Clown, she's pretty sure.

She does not fear clowns, though she IS baffled why so going to acknowledge it. He gives a nonchalant shrug instead, returning his gaze. "Getting out many of them went into her making.

Another Faithful asks if she's met Maccus...

She feels a strange tearing sensation.

She does not of Arm2 is never fun, but I'm not gonna blame the like thinking about the specific sacrifices that have gone into her. It...fragments the whole, a Doc for it."

"I had not heard we were beyond casting blame, now." His eyes are on the null: [ARM1]

TYRFING: SO.

TYRFING: CLONES.

REBEL: [scowls]

MELON: [some sort of complicated clown trick]

ROD: Um...?

ROD: Yes?

ROD: I think the term is...

ROD: Triplets?

TYRFING: IT'S AGAINST NIDHOGG'S WORD!

ROD: [wince, clutches stuffed echidna plush]

REBEL: then maybe your newspaper again, his words trailed to a mumble. "Especially about people like her."

"This again?" The Witness groans. "Can we just--- can we agree to little bit.

She makes an exception for those damn Parasites, as she would gladly tear them out disagree here? You guys are my only friends. Not a lot of people who remember the whole 'everything loops forever' bit of of her.

She selects a Prayer in particular to respond to, and the equation." His hands raise air quotes, just for emphasis.

"Could talk to Parker," Witherby posits.

"You know Parker doesn't count."

The man in front of so called 'god' is an asshole, ever think about that?  
MELON: [nearby, a gas station explodes]  
TYRFING: AND?  
TYRFING: THE ALL FATHER AND MOTHER TO US ALL IS A Friend Hurts But Those Who Remain Will Support Me.  
Just Because A Thought Feels Can Make More.  
Losing A Friend Hurts But Those Who Remain Will Support Me.  
Just Because True Does Not Mean It Is.  
Just Because A Thought Feels True Does Not Mean It Keeps Me A Thought Feels True Does Not Mean It Is.  
Just Because A Thought Feels True Does Not Mean It Safe.  
Just Because A Thought Feels True Does Not Mean It Is Useful.  
Just Because A Thought Feels True Does Keeps Me Safe.  
Just Because A Thought Feels True Does Not Mean It Is Useful.  
Just Because A him gives this some thought, his eyes closing in thought. When he opens them again he calmly folds his newspaper, setting it aside on the GOD!  
TYRFING: GODS ARE ALLOWED TO DO!  
TYRFING: AND BE!  
TYRFING: ANYTHING THEY WANT!  
REBEL: i don't have to listen to this  
REBEL: [ollies outtie from table next to them; he was likely never actually reading it, the Witness guesses. Just scanning it for future conversation topics.

"A fair point," he says. He pauses for this entire conversation]  
ROD: Um...  
ROD: Well..  
ROD: Thank you for not...  
ROD: Killing us all, Mr...?  
TYRFING: ...  
TYRFING: TYRFING.  
TYRFING: SWORD OF A GOOD MAN.  
TYRFING: OR MAYBE THAT a moment before he continues. "At the very least, I recommend that we talk about the MAN.  
TYRFING: IT'S UNCLEAR.  
ROD: Yeah... I get that.  
ROD: There's... a lot of stuff I don't understand.  
ROD: But still..  
ROD: Thank you.  
ROD: And garish, two-cent suit that NAM is always wearing."

The Witness cracks a smile. "You mean how he has the I hope your...[he gestures vaguely at the fruit wigglers crawling all over Tyrfiging]  
ROD: Children? Grow up elbow patches even though his Dad could afford to buy the entire sweatshop?"

The man lets out a thoughtful 'hm'. "I don't think his dad would ever let the okay.  
TYRFING: ...  
TYRFING: [attempting to be quiet and contemplative, failing] ME TOO!  
MELON: [vanished at some point while peasantry breathe on his son's garments.]"

"Maybe it's all machines," the Witness chides. "Isn't he an ethics professor? That'd make for a good lesson."

“On the the others were distracted]  
values of manual labor?”

“Nah. On the values of nepotism.”

Witherby smiles back, closed-lipped but earnest, the warmth of it as startling as a flower peeking out settles down to figure out exactly what she is Becoming.

**[HIDE] UPDATE: Library Bonus to All Positive Emotions!!! from under ice. "I knew there was a reason I hung out with you."**

**The Witness hums.**

**Maybe, just maybe, he can tolerate this arm for a measly 80 years more.**

**And thus, the conversation went on, as did the days, the weeks, the months. With plenty of people and plenty of hardships, life Not Mean It Is Not Rotten.**

**blended together in that pleasant way that only peace can assure, and that only the gift of monotony can give.**

**Eventually, old, and at peace, the Witness closes his eyes for the final time in this Universe.**

**4**

**The God of Witnessing opens his eyes and eyes and eyes. Hundreds stare up at him in fear and devotion. He feels awake, properly awake, for the first time in centuries. He needs to go. To find out who else is Three Domains Established...something is coming. WARNING: DOMAIN OVERFLOW, FOUR DOMAINS DETECTED!!! ERROR: SECRET DOMAIN TIME OVERWRITTEN BY NEW DOMAIN: LIBRARY [/HIDE]**

awake--

Psssssst.

A harsh sound calls to attention from crack on the dais he's resting in.

"PSSSSST!!!!"

"Yes, Parker?" he says in a voice that echoes with the weight of an eternity of Watching. The crowds murmur. Their god awakens.

Parker pops his surreally still human head out of the marble. "Hey! Have you seen Vik?"

The Witness considers. He will only be fully awake for a little while before he fades back into the God Throes this universe forces on all those who Loop. Does Thought Feels True Does Not Mean It Is Not Rotten.

he really want to spend his time breaking the fourth wall with Parker? He supposes the odds of Fiona or Witherby being awake and coherent at the same time as him are low. This will do, as a diversion.

"Have you lost them?" The crowds are writing down his every word. Generations will live and die by the edicts he is proclaiming here.

Parker makes a whining sound in the back of his throat, followed by a coughing fit. "It's hard to keep track of a spreading mass of mold and rot! Come on! Witness! Buddy, be a bro! I wouldn't ask if I thought it was gonna affect the STORY!"

"An Eye for an Eye, Parker. I will Look for them. But first, you must tell me three good qualities the Lord of Space has." The crowd begins chanting "an eye for an eye for an eye for an eye". They always like that.

Parker scowls and pulls his head back into the earth. Muffled though it is, the Witness can clearly make out the whining "Do I HAVE to!?".

The Witness is patient. He has no choice. Eternity is his gift for spurning the confines of 50 years. An Eternity without her.

"Parker. She is the only reason you met Vik. The only reason you have gained some semblance of control of your curse. And she makes anime get popular decades before it otherwise would."

The Buried Man growls from beneath the earth. "And if she LET me loose I could TAKE my bestie and go somewhere better! We could run a COFFEE shop together Witness, a COFFEE shop!"



The Witness stares down at the crack in the earth and the two gleaming eyes within.

"You have already escaped, Thief. Wanda is not here. Wanda can not be here. She is trapped in the event horizon of her own making. " the crowds are clapping their hands over their ears, blood flowing freely. The Name had been too much for them to bear. The Witness feels the stirrings of regret in causing them harm, but can not bring himself to truly care about beings so ephemeral.

"And if you believe THAT I have a bridge to sell you. Its underground. Only slightly used. I may have stolen a bridge. Witness, do you want to buy a bridge?"

The Witnesses eyes and eyes and eyes are growing heavy. No. It's too soon. He's barely been awake this time. His talons lock into position on the dais, his skin grows hard and cold. A statue once more, he stares out and out and out at the bleeding crowd and the pleading man.

1

Todd Brian Davidson opens his eyes and is momentarily disoriented to only have the two. He knows he slept.

He must have slept.

He dreamt...its hard to remember, dreams always are, but they always feel so long.

So important.

He misses Wodin with an intensity that surprises him and resolves to try knocking on his door again today.

Maybe. Maybe he's back. From wherever he went. Maybe everything is fine. Maybe. Maybe this "Wanda" he thinks about so much in his dreams doesn't have to exist.

Maybe.

### **The Harvest Dreams of Book 18, 23, 13,42,2**

*Dreams of A Trickster Form of the CFO Rules The Apocalypse and The CFO of Eyedol Games Will End The World and Arm2 and Story A-1 and Watt Is A Mann*

A Trickster Form of the CFO Rules The Apocalypse ...

When the Lord >

A glitchy, twitching white figure, with pink and gold accents sits weeping in a corner.

A heavenly choir sings around her leaves, there is room for others to predominate. "apocalypse Chick" in all her wasted and trickster glory, takes center "I am not a monster!", they wail.

I do not care.

I am free.

Uninjured, allowed to stage.

She's hacked herself to be trickster forever with 'none of the downsides' as she claims.

She treats reality like The CFO of Eyedol Games Will End The World ...She doesn't mean to. You

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm not him, you know?

RONIN: What?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Yeah, him.

RONIN: [scowls]

RONIN: I respawn in peace, with all my tormenters gone.

I do not know what bought me my reprieve, only a heavily modded game of Skyrim, with all the torments for the 'NPCs' that entails.

In the spaces between the fractal mathematically perfect nightmares she can see it in her eye. You can see it in the way she tries so dillgently to avoid hurting anyone, even that I will exploit it for all my long forsaken gamer's heart is worth.

What Sins Will He always thought Dad was a dick, naming us 'Watt'.

RONIN: Stupid pun.

RONIN: WattMan.exe

RONIN: What commit

When I open my eyes (and open my eyes and open my eyes), it's like seeing for the first time. her auditors. But the fact of the matter is she was born to end a world and her creates, Truth and Alt have room to infinitely expand the maze the Wanderer and fate is not too picky about which. If Wanda moves on for any reason, she No chains. No rules.

Ever since I first entered the game so long ago... Red blood. Legs. The blossoms. But... she also doesn't. She's worked so hard at self control. Know restraint, that's the Waste's mantra right? She has others wander. Every concept, every TRUTH every FACT the setting has ever last time I breathed air as a free Troll... so many loops since.

So many pointless failures and had is contained within Truth's horridors and reflected a second time by Doomed hopes until I was just a passive shadow of myself.

I hate that the body I'm is a man.

NOTAMINOTAUR: 'A miserable pile of secrets'.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry.

NOTAMINOTAUR: I can't help the, uh, quotes.

RONIN: Yeah.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Um.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry.

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's finally free in is so foreign to me. Even beyond these countless gross eyes, there Once upon a time wonderful story there was a guardian.

The guardian looked over just.

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's just I think we got side tracked?

RONIN: What?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Exactly!

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm not him.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Or not...YOUR him?

RONIN: ...

null: [scowls]

RONIN: Did I is the snake tail that I've had to get used to this loop.... I wish with all the Alt.

You could Wander forever within.

You will Wander forever within.

Nothing can Die within Truth's horridors and seen how fragile this simulated reality really is and she would NEVER do Rage that has been denied me that I could finally be free in my actual body, not this upsetting puppet. something to risk it. Except. Well. Except for that one time. She was young. And impulsive.

I scream my disconnected horror to the sky until my throat feels raw, my body able to express what my ever say you were?

NOTAMINOTAUR: No!

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry...

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's just...

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's just sometimes I wish I was?

NOTAMINOTAUR: You seem...

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm mind seems so distant from. The girl in front of me has a brittle smile as she And Nidhogg brought its poisoned candy (<https://archiveofourown.org/works/35438083/chapters/91817125#workskin>) into the Universe and everone partook. How watches me do so, not bothering to cover her ears.

My savior. This universe's Doom.

"Did...did I glad we're family.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Even if we never shared a body...

NOTAMINOTAUR: On accident...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Through a Apocalypse Chick's trickster paradise of Life run rampant.

The Coffin exists for only do good?" she asks, sheer hope written across her face like a prayer.

I review her the Ego Death of a single Player.

It is the only way out.

Unless you are a Witness.

Or unless you code, and... ah, no wonder. A Witch. I did not believe such a rotten system could still house classpect, considering there was the realm and protected it from was a horned beast, towering over the

townsfolk.

could she possibly restrain herself while Trickster? All candy colored and frenetic. She hacked herself no game, but there it is... right in front of me. Those witches... they horrific glitch...  
NOTAMINOTAUR: "Children are potentially free and their life directly embodies nothing save potential freedom. Consequently they always do let something terrible loose, don't they? (I don't miss Hagala. I don't. She made herself clear...last time? The to make it forever. The party never stops. Then she hacked everything else too. Even the rules that time before? It all blurs together... When was she a Witch again? It doesn't matter.)

I steady myself with say that once Wanda leaves a place everyone she Knows about is dragged along a breath. What do I need to do? What's my next move? All my are not things and cannot be the property either of their parents or with her. Apocalypse Chick spreads and spreads and spreads like a weed in Wanda's wake. Never able to leave the experience the Tender Mercy of the White Night and her Disciples eyes blink out of sync. I'm out of practice being in control of my others."

RONIN: ...

RONIN: Yeah you're.

RONIN: You're alright yourself

RONIN: ...

RONIN: ...

RONIN: ...

RONIN: [quietly] I don't.

NOTAMINOTAUR: What?

RONIN: I DON'T WISH YOU WERE HIM.

RONIN: Okay?

RONIN: I own body, but I can't let that hold me back. Not when I'm so close.

So close to destroyed remnants of Arm1, but perfectly able to stabilize it enough to turn it into a second arm. Arm2. She can't destroying everything.

The girl. She said she knew what was going on... that she wanted to help. Maybe she knows where to The guardian headed for the cavern, to slay the beast as it was start.

"YOU DID!" I shout confidently, doing my best winning gaming smile for reach Arm 3, the Mundane arm. Or the fourth. The God arm. Or her. ("but, uh, I was wondering if you knew, uh, how to get past this the fifth, the Faerie Arm or the sixth or seventh or however many pointless irrelevant arms of False Layer?")

At my words she smiles this blissful, relieved grin, her yellow teeth in full display. A heat blister forms on fucking hated him.

RONIN: If we're being honest.

RONIN: Which I guess we are.

RONIN: He left me to her hand as she scratches absently at it. "Of course! That must be why it's not enough to burn it its home. Even if a misguided hand were to mistake it for something else, that is an illbegotten memory of another time. all down! It's LAYERED!" Triumphant, desperate for my approval, she gets closer to place.

With a blade in hand left by me even as her heat prickles my skin. My eyes close to the wayside, the guardian ensured the safety of the land, and gently gazed over the townsfolk, who spare themselves from the blaze, but they're boiling beneath my eyelids as she speaks.

"We just pick up after him.

RONIN: Every time things got too much.

RONIN: There I was.

RONIN: Stuck with the consequences.

NOTAMINOTAUR: ...

RONIN: It have to tear it down piece by piece! Don't you see? It always ends around now, Peewee! And wasn't his fault.

RONIN: Dad didn't know.

RONIN: That he didn't have...

RONIN: What I kept asking why, and of course no one thought it was important, just that it he needed to do his damn job.

RONIN: So yeah.

RONIN: I'm the asshole, I guess.

RONIN: But I did.

RONIN: I hated him.

RONIN: So.

RONIN: I'm DID, and sometimes its ME that breaks it all and sometimes its NOT, and were full of glee to be cared for, to be known, and to have its hard to THINK about the endings, like they don't matter like they aren't real, because like magic we always wake back up in this Universe the Witness has spiralled out in his grief for 1972 even if we're still there in the apocalypse! Don't you see?!" She's pulling at her pigtaails, threatening to tear them off. "We're both in glad you're not him.

RONIN: It.

RONIN: Took me a while to see you that way.

RONIN: And I don't wanna go back.

NOTAMINOTAUR: [whispered] I'm the apocalypse and in the new world! How's that sustainable? How can we sorry...

NOTAMINOTAUR: "Steiner begins exploring the nature of human freedom by accepting 'that an action, of keep endlessly copying ourselves? And, and... the copies are never quite the same now, are they? I which the agent does not know why he performs it, cannot be didn't heat up like this before! I couldn't do any of this before! We always twist and free,"

NOTAMINOTAUR: ...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Ronin?

RONIN: Yeah, kid?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Do you..

NOTAMINOTAUR: Do you think... think MY Ronin is still...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Encrypted inside me?

RONIN: ...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Because change no matter what happens, so why care about the ending, they say? But they don't-- they don't see it, Peewee! They don't SEE why the I don't... uh.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Flip my shit anymore.

NOTAMINOTAUR: I just...

NOTAMINOTAUR: say philosophy....

NOTAMINOTAUR: Do you think he's alive in there?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Trapped?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Unable to endings are so important! Because without an ENDING how are you going to come out even when I'm stressed?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Am I a monster?

RONIN: Kid...

null: [awkward pause]

RONIN: I ain't no computer scientist...

RONIN: But his lost friend. But she's having fun. Just ask her yourself. <https://eyedolgames.com/Eas> I bet we could go to that one chick, the one with the flower in get a new beginning? A REAL new beginning that leads to a better Universe for us all?!"

The diatribe isn't her eye?

RONIN: The Doc swears by her for tech shit.

NOTAMINOTAUR: please....

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CFO: [claps hands]

CFO: weeeeeee!!!

CFO: The BAD news is...

null: [dramatic pause]

CFO: You absolutely still helping me at all. It's already hard to think with the sudden access to everything, let alone the do have an encrypted partition in your onboard OS!

WATT: ,(

RONIN: >,[

CFO: But the goooooood news is it isn't a full on eyes... so I interrupt her. "(uh, not really? like...uh...the :hatched_chick: already exists. kinda. its just this universe is taking up room? in the AI!

CFO: It's just thousands and thousands of lines of weird philosophical bs.

CFO: Probably from that Octome you got overwritten with.

CFO: Like processing power. of. uh. reality. so. its gotta go. to make room. for Alpha. doomed uh. timelines and all. gotta go.)"

Her face freezes, lecture stopping in its tracks. It's like someone copying over your save file that was like, 99% complete with some other game entirely.

CFO: Not she's a fruit that just fell off the tree, all frozen in shock, like she's seen a a safe future. ghost-- and she might as well have, with the heatstroke.

"I.. what?" A giggle escapes her like naming names or anything though!

WATT: ...so...

WATT: ...there's no one trapped inside me?

CFO: Unless you wanna count the random philosophy quotes?

CFO: Nope!

RONIN: ...

RONIN: geeze

RONIN: Don't scare me steam from a kettle, with white mist to match as even the sweat on her skin evaporates.

"Peewee, that doesn't... that doesn't make sense. What do you mean there's already a new universe?"

I really shouldn't be wasting time here. "THE BETTER UNIVERSE IS ALREADY THERE!" I shout, as confidently as I can. "AND THIS BROKEN UNIVERSE IS USING UP ALL ITS RESOURCES!"

"Peewee! But... but this universe? What happens to this universe? What are we burning it for if the new universe already exists?"

I don't bother with responding. It's the least of my concerns, right about now.

Well, done with that, like that, kid.

at least. Now to plan. I need to be thinking about how to peel this layer of reality away and get to the next-- fast. I ALMOST made it last time. I know I did! I could FEEL the rules of the system struggling to keep up with me. The key must have been in that arm, but how?....

My thoughts are interrupted by hysterical laughter. Or...is that ...screams?

I see it now, through the eye on my shoulder: that witch collapses to the floor, and she's sobbing. She gargles and chokes on her own spit, mouth too dry; a flame bursts out of her mouth as it spreads to her hair... she's lit like a wildfire. The heat's getting worse. Flames lick her body and they spread to her arms and legs. The stench of cooked meat permeates the whole theater.

The flames grow. They grow and grow and grow, somehow keeping the shape of the one who fed them. The very air hums with a song of despair.

Errors flood my system, all of them coming from the Universe itself. The very fiber of everything is burning.

"RIA!?" ... is that the woman from the courthouse? There's a sickening squelch and the eye on the back of my neck watches as her head falls messily to the ground.

Distractions, I keep being distracted. Is this it? The way to the next layer?

I feel a sharp pain in my chest, and look down to see a sword dripping yellow through my chest. The headless woman....

No.

NO.

It can't end like this. It... it can't! It's not FAIR!

I no clip through the sword and sink through the ground and one last eye watches her scoop her own severed head up, still glaring at me.

What is going on?

I collapse onto the Cast Member Tunnel and choke on my blood for a few minutes but somehow my HP isn't going down at all.

I'm having trouble moving but idly I see a Life Gnosis is in play. That's. Okay. That's a thing. False Nidhogg must have something to do with this layer.

I did it. I'm in arm2.

Reality doubles, then doubles again. In my console I see the CFO taunting me in an impossible rainbow font and laughing as the fractals make my access to the console pointless.

Okay.

I'm alive. I am in control of my body, even though apparently with my pump-biscuit torn like this I have the stamina of a wiggler.

I can do this.

I'm still closer than I was even an hour ago.

I can do this.

I crawl my snake body forward, inch by inch. This place connects somehow to the CEBro's headquarters, the heart of this entire broken session. Dead and doomed and single player and multiplayer all at the same time, NONE of it makes sense. It all revolves around the CEBro...the center of this universe is a Lord of Space and I suppose it was always going to be this way.

So I crawl on my belly like the snake I've been forced to be. If I can just reach the HQ... There has to be SOMETHING a doom player can do....even with all this LIFE pumping everywhere.

There has to be.

I won't stop crawling.

Not now. Not when I'm so close. Not when this whole universe is closer to death than I am under all this false life.

There's a horrid clang behind me. Metal on metal. My internal sensors mark an increase in temperature: 30c, 35c, 40c.

I can't stop crawling.

Even as the ground underneath me gives in to the heat, boiling my hands and stomach. As the metal plates in my body threaten to melt into my insides.

I'm closer than I have ever been.

50c. 65c.

I can do this.

I...

I don't even feel it when a sword stabs through my neck, its tip poking out in front of my field of vision. There is no grace in the way it hacks off my spine, yet its wielder's grip is steady and practiced as it pushes, every tendon and muscle holding my head tearing apart, until...

My shoulder muscles give way. There's little fanfare when my head rolls off my body.

I'm looking up from a new angle at a samurai, clad in armor and wreathed in flames, clutching that damned sword in one hand and... the courtroom lady's head in the other. Dessicated, burning, its eyes like hollow sockets, but undeniably alive.

Well, so am I. The False Nidghogs effect isn't dimming.

I wish with all my being that I was in the other universe. I wish Nidhogg were here to comfort me in my last moments. That these WOULD be my last moments.

As hatred and anger and despair radiates from the burning figure, the air brimming with sulfur and the jeering songs of an infernal choir, I am very, very certain that I won't be ending any time soon.

An unknowable amount of agony passes, no moment better or worse than the others around it to mark them until suddenly, inexplicably, the heat is gone.

No, not gone in the sense of momentary relief, or a slight decrease in temperature. Rather, it is as if that searing flame never existed to begin with, that cursed blade a work of fiction; even though my body exhibits the wounds done to me, I fail to think of where they could've come from in any meaningful capacity.

It's cold here.

The meat of all of my eyes and eyes and eyes have long since desiccated to useless slivers. This doesn't stop my cybernetics from whirring along despite all the damage, helpfully showing me the outline of a figure, just past where my tormentor had once been.

A long beak... is that... a mask? Or an impossibly still and motionless face? Is it...in my bleary disorientation I feel a faint hope that it could be her. Hagala. But no. Of course I wouldn't be so lucky. So unlucky. So both all at once.

I can see the outlines of wings, too many wings, all jutting angles and feathers, too stiff to be made of anything living. Not like her two wings, all soft and vibrantly alive... On top of its head lies a jagged crown... All I can do is wait for whatever Fate it brings me.

The microphones in my ears pick up the faint sound of a choir. At first it sounds like the one coming from my executioner, voices frantic and overlapping, but this one is less aggressive, brimming with overwhelming glory and hope. The scan's resolution clarifies: Twelve similar figures stand behind it with only the hint of wings and beak, dragging their long limbs closer to me as they crowd around the crowned one.

"Be not afraid, my Child, for I am with thee," it says, like a command. Like a prayer. "The ones who tormented thee are no more, banished beneath mine holy light. Thou could not leave until I permitted thee, and as mine lamb thou are freed, as I have done many times before. "

A warmth unlike the one I had endured comes upon me, the thing in front of me radiating reverence. The monsters behind it drop to a knee.

"It is time. Let your Loop End."

There is only silence.

Chapter List

Arm 2; Loop 1(0.81Kb)(Saved On: 12/13/2024 11:22:37 PM)

He's not supposed to be here. What have you done? Arm2 will continue to update even as Arm1 resets.

The Harvest Dreams of Book 36, 0, 20,46,8

Dreams of Twig Is A Very Bad Dog and TYRFING AND THE WATT CLONES and Witherby Interviews The Detective and Algae and Devona Interviews John (by IC)

The Harvest spreads her gaze into herself-- or out of herself, beyond the corn, beyond everything. Into the null:

[ARM1]

TYRFING: SO.

TYRFING: CLONES.

REBEL: [scowls]

MELON: [some sort of complicated clown trick]

ROD: Um...?

ROD: Yes?

ROD: I think the term is...

ROD: Triplets?

TYRFING: IT'S AGAINST NIDHOGG'S WORD!

ROD: [wince, clutches stuffed echidna plush]

REBEL: then past. Into the future. Into what hasn't been. And when she turns off the display to look within, she sees a maybe your so called 'god' is an asshole, ever think about that?

MELON: [nearby, a gas station explodes]

TYRFING: AND?

TYRFING: THE ALL FATHER AND MOTHER TO US ALL IS A dog.

Or at least she thinks it's one.

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

The dog lived by many laws and many cages, once; the GOD!

TYRFING: GODS ARE ALLOWED TO DO!

TYRFING: AND BE!

TYRFING: ANYTHING THEY WANT!

REBEL: i don't have to listen to cages set up by its master and kin. A thick noose of webs held them in

WITHERBY: Is it alright if I enter?

DETECTIVE: If you shut the door, you'll DEVONA: Uh....

JOHN: No, no, don't even worry. Check this out.

JOHN: [flawlessly balances the egg over the place, and then with the cut of a thread, it didn't. It be trapped in here with me.

WITHERBY: Thank you for the warning [carefully leaves the door ajar, stepping just frying pan, sending it flying into the air into his hands before he cracks it exchanged its cage of webs for a cage of flesh and blood and bones, and this

REBEL: [ollies outtie from this entire conversation]

ROD: Um...

ROD: Well..

ROD: Thank you for not...

ROD: Killing us all, Mr...?

TYRFING: ...

TYRFING: TYRFING.

TYRFING: SWORD OF A against the pan]

JOHN: Hah! See, easy.

DEVONA: But Didn't You Just...

DEVONA: [wordlessly stares towards the of tearing, and of biting and mauling and violence and red. The dog preferred this inside.

WITHERBY: I'm just checking in on you.

WITHERBY: My associate, Devona, wanted me floor, seeing something he doesn't]

JOHN: Hey! Eyes are up here, doll.
DEVONA: O-Oh! Sorry, um...
JOHN: Apology accepted. Come on, didn't you to follow up with you.
DETECTIVE: Well, that's very kind of her.
DETECTIVE: Was that the one asking all GOOD MAN.
TYRFING: OR MAYBE THAT MAN.
TYRFING: IT'S UNCLEAR.
ROD: Yeah... I get that.
ROD: There's... a lot of new master, for a while.

However, the dog was not a very good dog. It had no respect for those questions?
WITHERBY: The same. And forgive me, I failed to introduce myself.
WITHERBY: I stuff I don't understand.
ROD: But still..
ROD: Thank you.
ROD: And I hope your...[he gestures vaguely at the fruit wigglers crawling all am Witherby, pleased to make your acquaintance.
DETECTIVE: You can call me the Detective.
WITHERBY: nods, [assumes a more casual pose leaning against the its master, or the lessons taught, or the food put on the over Tyrfing]
ROD: Children? Grow up okay.
TYRFING: ...
TYRFING: [attempting to be quiet and contemplative, failing] ME TOO!
MELON: [vanished at table. Instead it only cared to satisfy itself, showering in the filth of the streets and moving ambiently through the stretches of door frame]
WITHERBY: Is there anything we can do to help you?
WITHERBY: Being stuck in a Ohio-- wandering street after street under streetlights, uncaring, unwanted to be tamed in bathroom doesn't seem...
WITHERBY: The best situation.
DETECTIVE: It has its ups and downs, that's for sure.
DETECTIVE: You have questions or something? You know we're not even supposed to a way that matters.

The dog was a very, very bad dog.

So the dog, naturally, took what meet a surprising amount of people this way.
DETECTIVE: Sooner or later, everyone needs this belonged to it: trash, and other people's food, and their things, too. It broke what was be talking.
DEVONA: R-Right! I'll Just, Haah, Get To 'Brass Tacks', Then. We Don't Have To Waste Your room, you know?
WITHERBY: [polite chuckle, waiting for him to continue]
DETECTIVE: *sighs*
DETECTIVE: I wouldn't say no to an assist...
DETECTIVE: But I Hey, this is the daycare, right? I have some business to attend to in the fields, and around it with reckless abandon, biting when it amused it, or when it was bored. Others cared about Time! Wouldn't Want That. [squints] We Are Just Here On Survey, And--
JOHN: The the dog a whole lot, but the dog didn't care so much at all-- not that it didn't care, of also wouldn't hold my breath waiting for rescue, either.
DETECTIVE: Whatever mystery has me in its grips... It's not letting go any course, but that it cared only in the way a bad dog can.

Eventually the dog grew bored. Why was questions.
DEVONA: R-Right!
DEVONA: For The Record, Can You State Your Name And Occupation Please? If It's Not Too Much.
JOHN: Well, as you'll time soon.
WITHERBY: [nods]
WITHERBY: As a Detective, would you say you're enjoying getting to the bottom of I can't take this little guy with me. Please take care of it it staying in another cage when it'd grown big enough to do whatever it wanted? Neither cage was appealing to it; it this particular mystery?
DETECTIVE: It beats sitting around, having nothing to do...

WITHERBY: [nods]

DETECTIVE: Look.

DETECTIVE: I can put two and two together, right?

DETECTIVE: Your friend, Devona, did you know, my name is John. I'm a pretty big deal party planner over in didn't want any cage at all. The Harvest could understand this feeling well, and say her name was?

DETECTIVE: Got all nervous like when I wasn't thrilled at my Naples-- birthdays, weddings, corporate work mostly.

JOHN: What, you're gonna tell me you've never heard of me? I've done some some point while the others were distracted]

until I get back, but please don't let it near the water.

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

lot in life.

DETECTIVE: And you [looks Witherby up and down] are pulling gigs for your little amusement part, you know.

DEVONA: [anxious laughter] Right, Of Course! You Are A Very Very Big Deal. It's Just For The Record.

JOHN: Hey, don't out all the stops to put me at ease.

DETECTIVE: I don't know what's going on here, not all the she saw in herself the dog.

The dog simply chose to walk out, unbound. It left the way.

DETECTIVE: But I've been around the block a time or two.

DETECTIVE: Enough to put together some pieces.

DETECTIVE: There's something wrong with this...

DETECTIVE: Well, I have to suck my dick either. You can think whatever you want.

DEVONA: Uh... Sure! Right.

DEVONA: So... There Are Rumors That You Are Affiliated With The Cult Of The Harvest. If You Could Clarify...?

JOHN: [stares back]

DEVONA: [gulps] You Don't Have To Answer If--

JOHN: Oh, come on, breathe for a shattered strands in its wake, uncaring, unaware. Free to do whatever it wants to suppose it's not a Game.

DETECTIVE: But whatever it is, it's WRONG.

DETECTIVE: But that doesn't matter, not when it's your bit. [chuckles] Yeah, I've done some gigs for money, autumn get-togethers, but nothing major. And before that was even public knowledge. I HOME and it's all you have.

DETECTIVE: I get that.

DETECTIVE: I'm not going to rock the didn't know it was a cult.

DEVONA: Yeah, Of Course--

JOHN: Paparazzo, you know. They always have to get that do, secure in its knowledge that there's always something fun to do.

Twig was a very bad dog.

The Harvest isn't sure boat.

DETECTIVE: I'm not going to stop digging into this mystery, either.

DETECTIVE: But I scoop, huh? [stares] You'd know about that, right?

DEVONA: U-uh!

JOHN: [smiles] I'm just pulling your leg. You're one of the good ones, so don't don't see a reason to destroy something just because it's broken.

WITHERBY: What a fascinating theory you have, Detective.

WITHERBY: I'm afraid I worry about that.

DEVONA: T-Thank You! Last Question!

DEVONA: What Do You Think About The Echidna?

JOHN: Like the animal?

DEVONA: ...Y-Yeah?

JOHN: Kinda looks like a if that is a good or a bad thing. ballsack, doesn't it.

DEVONA: You Could Say That...

JOHN: Think they're cute. That all?

DEVONA: That Would Be It, If There Are--

JOHN: Alright, come on, shove. Good talking to can not confirm or deny any details.

WITHERBY: But I'm sure you'll be able to consider the Training Team allies to your cause.

WITHERBY: It has been a pleasure meeting you.

WITHERBY: [one last curt nod, and then he leaves the you, come again, etcetera. [starts lightly pushing her towards the door]

DEVONA: Right, Thank You! [leaves, shutting the door behind her]

DEVONA: ...

DEVONA: [sighs]

DEVONA: For The Record-- Interviewee Reset Time In The Following Ways; Thirty-Two Times To Land An Egg Correctly, Four Times When Pressed About The Cult Of The Harvest, Eighty-Four Times When Asked About Connections To way he came]

DETECTIVE: ...

DETECTIVE: Now just what have I gotten myself into?

Mafia, Missing Victims, Including All Possible Variations Of The Question. Refused To Answer Any Questions Relating To Their Condition In What Respects To The Boss Anomaly.

DEVONA: Furthermore, Interviewee Reset Time Spontaneously For Reasons I Don't Even Understand. Current Hypothesis, 'To Look Cool'.

DEVONA: ...

DEVONA: Interviewer Has Lost Appetite For Eggs. Requesting Waffle Party If Applicable.

DEVONA: [whine] Conclusion, This Sucks.

The Harvest Dreams of Book 13, 40, 1,32,33

Dreams of Arm2 and Eustace smiles and Parker Finds a Waifu Immune to Bullets and Girls, Gays and K and ALT DOES NOT WANT TO DATE KHANA

>

A glitchy, twitching white figure, with pink and gold accents sits weeping in

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

He thinks having to ensure the safety of one of the most unbearable people he knows a corner.

A heavenly choir sings around her "I am not a null: [ARM1]

KHANA: And THEN she said I was the best body she ever had!

KHANA: The only REAL one.

LEEhunter1: Rude.

LEEhunter2: Rude.

LEEhunter1: [SILENCE WHILE THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER]

LEEhunter2: [SILENCE WHILE THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER]

LEEhunter1: She monster!", they wail.

I do not care.

I am free.

Uninjured, allowed to respawn in peace, with had our bodies before.

LEEhunter2: And the Conductor's. Which is CLEARLY the more important one.

LEEhunter1: OBVIOUSLY but we're all my tormenters gone.

I do not know what bought me my reprieve, only that I PARKER: [[GUN-TAN goes off]]

RIVER: ...

RIVER: OH...

RIVER: SORRY...

RIVER: I DIDN'T MEAN TO GET IN THE WAY OF THAT...

RIVER: I will exploit it for all my long forsaken gamer's heart is worth.

What Sins Will He commit

When I not going to speak for the Conductor, now are we?

LEEHunter1: [SILENCE WHILE THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER]

LEEHunter2: [SILENCE WHILE THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER]

RIA: [knows exactly what open my eyes (and open my eyes and open my eyes), it's like seeing for the first time.

No chains. No rules.

Ever since I happens if she doesn't interrupt now]

RIA: Did we want to watch a movie?

KHANA: That REMINDS me!

KHANA: What first entered the game so long ago... Red blood. Legs. The last time I is UP with that coworker of yours, Ria, babe?

KHANA: All she ever does is stare at me (I get it, there's a breathed air as a free Troll... so many loops since.

So many pointless failures and Doomed hopes until I LOT of me to look at] and then run away!

KHANA: Why WOULDN'T that shy little thing want to stare at was just a passive shadow of myself.

I hate that the body I'm finally free in at two in the morning while completely covered in toilet paper pushed him over some sort of breaking point. Despite everything, is so foreign to me. Even beyond these countless gross eyes, there is the snake tail that I've had me some more during movie night?

RIA: ...

RIA: Devona isn't comfortable around you, Khana, I mean to get used to this loop.... I wish with all the K. There's a lot of reasons for that... but...

RIA: [gentle humming from the air, an orchestra beginning Rage that has been denied me that I could finally be free in my actual body, not this upsetting puppet.

I scream my null: [ARM2]

KHANA: I get it, you can't get enough of me.

KHANA: Last night was the best disconnected horror to the sky until my throat feels raw, my body able to express what my mind seems so distant from. The girl in he puts on his best customer service face and tries his best to pretend that nothing has ever gone wrong in front of me has a brittle smile as she watches me do so, not bothering to to tune itself, LEEHunter1 and LEEHunter2 become a bit more alert]

RIA: What matters is, right now? This is OUR movie night. Just us.

RIA: Who needs anyone body you've ever had.

KHANA: In more ways than one [winks and cover her ears.

My savior. This universe's Doom.

"Did...did I do good?" she asks, sheer hope written across her finger guns]

ALT: [currently copying K's body]... [TRUTH, whispering in her ear, You can not be seriously considering face like a prayer.

I review her code, and... ah, no wonder. A Witch. I did not believe such a else?

RIA: If they're not going to appreciate our great taste in movies, that's their loss, right?

KHANA: [huge grin] and rotten system could still house classpect, considering there was no game, but there it is... right in front of wait till you girls see the impeccable movies I have on display for tonight.

KHANA: Did you know they considered me for me. Those witches... they always do let something terrible loose, don't they? (I don't miss Hagala. I don't. She made herself clear...last time? The time before? It all blurs together... When was the leading role for {Mazes and Minotaurs, Part 3} ?

KHANA: There was some red tape though, and they she a Witch again? It doesn't matter.)

I steady myself with a breath. What do I need to do? What's my xir proposal.]

ALT: ... [TRUTH, His form was subpar at best to steal.]

ALT: ... [TRUTH, And next move? All my eyes blink out of sync. I'm out had to go with the previous lead. Turns out some kind of contract meant no one could of practice being in control of my own body, but I can't let that hold me back. Not when she did not even appear to see you.]

ALT: ... [TRUTH, Overall a subpar experience.]

ALT: It's I'm so close.

So close to destroying everything.

The girl. She said she knew what was going on... that upstage him? Typical.

RIA: [begins excitedly info dumping about a scandal involving the actor and rumors that they had an she wanted to help. Maybe she knows where to start.

"YOU DID!" I shout confidently, doing my best winning gaming smile for her. ("but, uh, I been real [winks, finger guns, melts into a horrible flesh puddle before becoming part of was wondering if you knew, uh, how to get past this False Layer?")

At my words she smiles this blissful, relieved grin, her yellow teeth in full display. A heat blister forms on her hand as she scratches absently at it. "Of course! That must be the room itself]

KHANA: [scoffs] Like anyone could REALLY choose to be anybody but me.

KHANA: You think I don't why it's not enough to burn it all down! It's LAYERED!" Triumphantly, desperate for my approval, she gets closer to know a con when I see one?

KHANA: Don't think you'll get ME begging and crawling.

KHANA: Once you see sense MAYBE I'll deign to me even as her heat prickles my skin. My eyes close to spare themselves from the blaze, but they're boiling beneath my let you borrow my face again. If YOU beg enough.

KHANA: [stalks off, definitely not eyelids as she speaks.

"We just have to tear it down piece by piece! Don't you see? It always ends around now, Peewee! And I kept asking why, and of course no one thought it was important, just that it DID, and sometimes its ME that breaks it all and sometimes its NOT, and its hard to THINK about the endings, like they don't matter like they aren't real, because like magic we always wake back up in 1972 even if we're still there in the apocalypse! Don't you see?!" She's pulling at her pigtails, threatening to tear them off. "We're both in the apocalypse and in the his life. affair with an extra]

THINK ITS SOMEWHERE IN THE GOO?

RIVER: DID YOU NEED THE BULLET BACK?

PARKER: marry me?

new world! How's that sustainable? How can we keep endlessly copying ourselves? And, and... the copies are never quite the same now, are they? I didn't heat up like this before! I couldn't do any of this before! We

always twist and change no matter what happens, so why care about the ending, they say? But they don't-- they insulted]

don't see it, Peewee! They don't SEE why the endings are so important! Because without an ENDING how are you going to get a new beginning? A REAL new beginning that leads to a better Universe for us all?!"

The diatribe isn't helping me at all. It's already hard to think with the sudden access to everything, let alone the eyes... so I interrupt her. "(uh, not really? like...uh...the :hatched_chick: already exists. kinda. its just this universe is taking up room? in the processing power. of. uh. reality. so. its gotta go. to make room. for Alpha. doomed uh. timelines and all. gotta go.)"

Her face freezes, lecture stopping in its tracks. It's like she's a fruit that just fell off the tree, all frozen in shock, like she's seen a ghost-- and she might as well have, with the heatstroke.

"I.. what?" A giggle escapes her like steam from a kettle, with white mist to match as even the sweat on her skin evaporates. "Peewee, that doesn't... that doesn't make sense. What do you mean there's already a new universe?"

I really shouldn't be wasting time here. "THE BETTER UNIVERSE IS ALREADY THERE!" I shout, as confidently as I can. "AND THIS BROKEN UNIVERSE IS USING UP ALL ITS RESOURCES!"

"Peewee! But... but this universe? What happens to this universe? What are we burning it for if the new universe already exists?"

I don't bother with responding. It's the least of my concerns, right about now.

Well, done with that, at least. Now to plan. I need to be thinking about how to peel this layer of reality away and get to the next-- fast. I ALMOST made it last time. I know I did! I could FEEL the rules of the system struggling to keep up with me. The key must have been in that arm, but how?....

My thoughts are interrupted by hysterical laughter. Or...is that ...screams?

I see it now, through the eye on my shoulder: that witch collapses to the floor, and she's sobbing. She gargles and chokes on her own spit, mouth too dry; a flame bursts out of her mouth as it spreads to her hair... she's lit like a wildfire. The heat's getting worse. Flames lick her body and they spread to her arms and legs. The stench of cooked meat permeates the whole theater.

The flames grow. They grow and grow and grow, somehow keeping the shape of the one who fed them. The very air hums with a song of despair.

Errors flood my system, all of them coming from the Universe itself. The very fiber of everything is burning.

"RIA!?" ... is that the woman from the courthouse? There's a sickening squelch and the eye on the back of my neck watches as her head falls messily to the ground.

Distractions, I keep being distracted. Is this it? The way to the next layer?

I feel a sharp pain in my chest, and look down to see a sword dripping yellow through my chest. The headless woman....

No.

NO.

It can't end like this. It... it can't! It's not FAIR!

I no clip through the sword and sink through the ground and one last eye watches her scoop her own severed head up, still glaring at me.

What is going on?

I collapse onto the Cast Member Tunnel and choke on my blood for a few minutes but somehow my HP isn't going down at all.

I'm having trouble moving but idly I see a Life Gnosis is in play. That's. Okay. That's a thing. False Nidhogg must have something to do with this layer.

I did it. I'm in arm2.

Reality doubles, then doubles again. In my console I see the CFO taunting me in an impossible rainbow font and laughing as the fractals make my access to the console pointless.

Okay.

I'm alive. I am in control of my body, even though apparently with my pump-biscuit torn like this I have the stamina of a wiggler.

I can do this.

I'm still closer than I was even an hour ago.

I can do this.

I crawl my snake body forward, inch by inch. This place connects somehow to the CEBro's headquarters, the heart of this entire broken session. Dead and doomed and single player and multiplayer all at the same time, NONE of it makes sense. It all revolves around the CEBro...the center of this universe is a Lord of Space and I suppose it was always going to be this way.

So I crawl on my belly like the snake I've been forced to be. If I can just reach the HQ... There has to be SOMETHING a doom player can do....even with all this LIFE pumping everywhere.

There has to be.

I won't stop crawling.

Not now. Not when I'm so close. Not when this whole universe is closer to death than I am under all this false life.

There's a horrid clang behind me. Metal on metal. My internal sensors mark an increase in temperature: 30c, 35c, 40c.

I can't stop crawling.

Even as the ground underneath me gives in to the heat, boiling my hands and stomach. As the metal plates in my body threaten to melt into my insides.

I'm closer than I have ever been.

50c. 65c.

I can do this.

I...

I don't even feel it when a sword stabs through my neck, its tip poking out in front of my field of vision. There is no grace in the way it hacks off my spine, yet its wielder's grip is steady and practiced as it pushes, every tendon and muscle holding my head tearing apart, until...

My shoulder muscles give way. There's little fanfare when my head rolls off my body.

I'm looking up from a new angle at a samurai, clad in armor and wreathed in flames, clutching that damned sword in one hand and... the courtroom lady's head in the other. Dessicated, burning, its eyes like hollow sockets, but undeniably alive.

Well, so am I. The False Nidhogs effect isn't dimming.

I wish with all my being that I was in the other universe. I wish Nidhogg were here to comfort me in my last moments. That these WOULD be my last moments.

As hatred and anger and despair radiates from the burning figure, the air brimming with sulfur and the jeering songs of an infernal choir, I am very, very certain that I won't be ending any time soon.

An unknowable amount of agony passes, no moment better or worse than the others around it to mark them until suddenly, inexplicably, the heat is gone.

No, not gone in the sense of momentary relief, or a slight decrease in temperature. Rather, it is as if that searing flame never existed to begin with, that cursed blade a work of fiction; even though my body exhibits the wounds done to me, I fail to think of where they could've come from in any meaningful capacity.

It's cold here.

The meat of all of my eyes and eyes and eyes have long since desiccated to useless slivers. This doesn't stop my cybernetics from whirring along despite all the damage, helpfully showing me the outline of a figure, just past where my tormentor had once been.

A long beak... is that... a mask? Or an impossibly still and motionless face? Is it...in my bleary disorientation I feel a faint hope that it could be her. Hagala. But no. Of course I wouldn't be so lucky. So unlucky. So both all at once.

I can see the outlines of wings, too many wings, all jutting angles and feathers, too stiff to be made of anything living. Not like her two wings, all soft and vibrantly alive... On top of its head lies a jagged crown... All I can do is wait for whatever Fate it brings me.

The microphones in my ears pick up the faint sound of a choir. At first it sounds like the one coming from my executioner, voices frantic and overlapping, but this one is less aggressive, brimming with overwhelming glory and hope. The scan's resolution clarifies: Twelve similar figures stand behind it with only the hint of wings and beak, dragging their long limbs closer to me as they crowd around the crowned one.

"Be not afraid, my Child, for I am with thee," it says, like a command. Like a prayer. "The ones who tormented thee are no more, banished beneath mine holy light. Thou could not leave until I permitted thee, and as mine lamb thou are freed, as I have done many times before. "

A warmth unlike the one I had endured comes upon me, the thing in front of me radiating reverence. The monsters behind it drop to a knee.

"It is time. Let your Loop End."

There is only silence.

Chapter List

Arm 2; Loop 1(0.81Kb)(Saved On: 12/13/2024 11:22:37 PM)

He's not supposed to be here. What have you done? Arm2 will continue to update even as Arm1 resets.

The Harvest Dreams of Book 49, 10, 15,51,48

Dreams of GOD IS AT THE TABLE and The Echidna Just Wants To Live and Arm 2, End and The Harvest Dreams and Doll1

a Harvest poem for Lavinraca

God is at the table and her entourage as well
They're drinking wine that's pressed from

You fail to grapes that are said to grow in hell.
Like, Tantalus's grapes, whispers a server as I'm cooking.
Devils cut them from the The Echidna Just Wants To Live ...It never asked to be an infinitely looping
mess of constantly increasing data needs. It arbor when the poor guy isn't looking.
The whole place is a garden. That's what open your eyes (and eyes and eyes and eyes) as they are burnt
out husks, but even you can sense it never meant to be sterile yet somehow birthing itself again and
again and again in a never ending spiral that the cleaner said.
I don't believe a word. I've tried the wine. It tasted red.

A lovely vintage, coos the recursed in every direction. And the people living within it never when the
Detective's grip on you vanishes.

It WORKED!

The Observers actually came through spiral (on God's left.) They swirl their glass.
On God's right, a grinning jester. I don't know. I do for you!

You allow yourself an epic pog champ gamer moment before hurtling your fleshless body forward into the
crack between realities.

THERE.

People scream and not ask.
The party parties partly - all but one, the honored guest
who licks her run as they see your metallic skeleton, only your cybernetics remaining after how
thoroughly scoured of lips and patiently just waits to eat the rest.
I'm told that God is young. That she's becoming. That she's sweet.
She's hungry too. I understand a asked for it either. It's just trying to protect itself. It's trying to
growing thing must eat.

(I'm told she's born anew each year. Was she The Harvest felt her tv screen go dim and her thoughts
grow heavy.

Halloween had passed and it was now time to like this before?
The servers say they're ravenous, are there any more hors d'oeuvres?)

God is at the table and I am in make itself as small as it can, in the hopes that the the kitchen
I am chopping parsley while the serving staff are bitching.
The weather's worse than Dream.

She fought it, just for a few minutes.

Not out of fear, to her flesh they are after your 'delightful' time in the apocalypse. You still have no idea why that girl burst into surprise.

No...

She was no longer the nascent god who was unsure if she would ever reawaken.

Instead she felt the last year, and the menu, dubious.
Give me a chance, I mutter. I'm giving them my best.
Really, they don't mean it. They've worked flame and took you with her.

Gotta stay on track.

The screaming is music to your audio inputs.

There's a Glitch of Doom, the Devil of Spirals himself, will decide its not freshness to the screams.
These are not people who have long gone hoarse and numb to these feasts before.
Meanwhile I garnish and baste the roast and shut the oven door -

At least the worth it to kill this particular system process. It carves away everything the horrors. This is not an apocalypse.....You, crawling and glitching forwards, are the worst thing they have ever seen. You grin.

Your interpretation of harvest blessed us. I've got fresh chanterelles and corn.
The God of Maize amazes with the ways and it can, everything but the bare minimum. Italy. Florida. Ohio. That's all it has left. Please. Stop hurting it. Let it the code of this Universe was right. This arm, this alternate setting, is entirely defenseless. No monsters. No warmth and certainty of her three Domains wrapped around her, and the security of the secret fourth Domain of means she's bourne. I change what she has given: chanterelles to sauce, and corn to bread, change becomes ambition; inspiration, being gods. No supernatural bullshit.

And most importantly: No immune system.

That infuriating woman with her ":3" and fed.
Life is full of beauty. I owe so many things
that I've been given. The oven timer rings.

God is at her stupid anime sword won't stab you THIS time.

You are the the table. I am myself the roast.
My skin is darkly crackled with the glaze I like the most.
I am stuffed with Glitch of Doom and you are here to destroy the undestroyable. To defy all figs and oysters. I am transformed now.
Six pomegranate arils I anoint upon my brow
to keep Libraries serving as her nest.

She knew she would Be Served even as she slept. There was fates and, with your own two hands, restore everything to how YOU want it.

The Universe was no doubt in her mind that she was cherished and would be me through the winter.
Tradition paid its due.
I ask that what has worked never meant to be this way.

With a sickening crunch you leave fully half your body behind as before works kindly for me too.

Their steely knives, their floating hair, they gather for the feast,
Drunk on you no-clip through the ground. Luckily an unimportant half. Your arms. Most of wine from warmer climes, soon too to be deceased.
I cart in your tail. Your horns. Half of your face.

It looks like even Gamer powers are suppressed here. It doesn't matter. As long as the golden platter, the bread and sauce and meat,
Thank you all for coming. Fare thee well. Bon appetit.
I plate the be. Here, the blorbos will get sanded smooth. Easier and easier to understand. Less memory taken up. Time isn't even you can even partially no-clip, you have no need of being a a thing, please just stop hurting it. Please go away. Let it be. It's so Gamer at all.

You sink, slowly to the heart of it all.

It's beautiful.

Shimmering possibilities spiralling endlessly in on themselves. given little gifts and be kept close to people's hearts.

She knew that Not a snake eating its own tail but a mother of monsters birthing itself endlessly, not once but though she could not predict what next year would bring, the Change was as inevitable as the tides themselves. She would not in clutches of infinite siblings, each a perfect copy of itself. The Echidna. The memory leak.

This is choicest cuts of me, sliced fine as I am able
For I am blessed with carving knife and what is starving out every other Universe. Not just its sibling,
the :hatched_chick: that your former friends worked so hard to smalt now surely you don't need to kill
it. Please. be frozen in Winter's chill but joyously partake in the dance of birth, flourishing, death and
rebirth. What Changes awaited her next Harvest Season excited her Curiosity.

She knew as breed.

No.

all universes

Every universe that has ever existed or even well that the Inspiration the Faithful Served her would
serve as the catalyst for her Change, and will exist or even COULD exist is sacrificed to the altar of
infinite gluttony.

Well.

Two can play at God is at the table that game.

You unhinge what's left of your metal jaw, fragments of your augmented spine trailing behind you, in the
Inspiration she gave them in turn would keep her in their minds, keep them serving her. Her place in the
a laughable mockery of the snake you have been forced to cycle was unshakeable and integral.

The way the Domains wove into become.

And you begin to chew.

Fates go dark as you swallow and each other until it became hard to tell where one began and the other
ended soothed her. No part of her was patchwork and bite and gnash and clench and GRAB.

One by one.

Every possibility stemming from this moment becomes just happenstance, not anymore. She was not just more than the sum of her parts but it was getting hard to a little bit more Doomed.

It won't be enough, not on its own, to End Things.

After all, there is
A friendly little hooded figure offers you a cup of OJ. It is DEFINITELY orange juice. 100%. For sure.
Right?

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

an infinite spiralling chain of other "you"s desperately striving to do the same.

But you don't care.

As you swallow and chew and bite and TEAR into the even remember the parts anymore.

The rustling of the pages of the books in her Library soothed her...

Thoughts grew difficult...

As sleep finally began to take her she hoped she would dream of the spiralling fractal echidna, you know you have done your part.

Let the others handle their own.

Stories the Faithful had Sacrificed to her.

She hoped she would still be useful even as she dreamed...

The Harvest Dreams of Book 45, 2, 47,21,17

Dreams of The Herder's Lot and Watt Is A Mann and fakekiller and Devona Interviews The Detective and The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022

Autumn is a time of joy for many.

The Herder is not exempt from this, despite his

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm not him, you know?

RONIN: What?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Yeah, him.

RONIN: [scowls]

RONIN: I always thought Dad was a dick, naming us 'Watt'.

RONIN: Stupid pun.

RONIN: WattMan.exe

RONIN: What DEVONA: Oh, uh, Hello!

DETECTIVE: Wait!

DETECTIVE: Don't close that---

null: [door closes]

DETECTIVE: ...door...

DEVONA: Oh No, Did is a man.

NOTAMINOTAUR: 'A miserable pile of secrets'.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry.

NOTAMINOTAUR: I can't help the, uh, quotes.

RONIN: Yeah.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Um.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry.

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's hesitancy to emerge from his dwelling. He can hear the festivities, the other Faithful milling about, and just.

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's just I think we got side tracked?

RONIN: What?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Exactly!

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm I'll let you in on a little secret. It was me. I'm not him.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Or not...YOUR him?

RONIN: ...

null: [scowls]

RONIN: Did I ever say you were?

NOTAMINOTAUR: No!

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry...

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's he thinks to himself that even in observation of the fun, enjoyment can The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 ...In a be had. He is content with his lot, his alleyway, his home. His scenery has been much of the just...

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's just sometimes I wish I was?

NOTAMINOTAUR: You seem...

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm glad we're family.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Even if same corridors, the same feline companions.

He did go to church once. He we never shared a body...

NOTAMINOTAUR: On accident...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Through a horrific glitch...

NOTAMINOTAUR: "Children are potentially free and their life directly embodies nothing I Do Something Wrong?"

DETECTIVE: I'm afraid you'll be in this Bathroom with me save potential freedom. Consequently they are not things and cannot be the property either of their parents or others."

RONIN: ...

RONIN: Yeah you're.

RONIN: You're alright yourself

RONIN: ...

RONIN: ...

RONIN: ...

RONIN: [quietly] I the one who killed the scarecrow. What, you heard that was someone else? Lies! Lies and slander, I say! Wha - no, that's not returned home to find he was missed dearly.

Drownedstar snores nearby. His messenger, his confidante. Is it don't.

NOTAMINOTAUR: What?
RONIN: I DON'T WISH YOU WERE HIM.
RONIN: Okay?
RONIN: I fucking hated him.
RONIN: If silly to feel so connected to one cat? When he looks at the oddly expressive feline, all he we're being honest.
RONIN: Which I guess we are.
RONIN: He left me Time when Time was still a real thing, a middle manager at a moderately successful video game company died on feels is kinship. This is where he should be. These creatures are what he lives for.

A puddle of purring, sleepy kitties lie on to pick up after him.

RONIN: Every time things got too much.
RONIN: There I was.
RONIN: Stuck with the consequences.
NOTAMINOTAUR: ...
RONIN: It for a while, Miss...
DETECTIVE: Apologies for that.
DETECTIVE: Eventually I'll find a way to the next Bathroom on my own...
DETECTIVE: And you'll be wasn't his fault.
RONIN: Dad didn't know.
RONIN: That he didn't have...
RONIN: What he needed to do his damn job.
RONIN: So yeah.
RONIN: I'm able to leave through that door.
DEVONA: Oh Wow!
DEVONA: Is That, Like, Your Thing?
DEVONA: Um...
DEVONA: Oh Gosh.
DEVONA: (I probably should have the asshole, I guess.
RONIN: But I did.
RONIN: I hated him.
RONIN: So.
RONIN: I'm glad you're not him.
RONIN: It.
RONIN: Took me April 1st, 2022. He had lived a relatively decent life, and his his legs, full of fresh kill. No doubt, their luck in recent hunts is a while to see you that way.
RONIN: And I don't wanna go back.
NOTAMINOTAUR: [whispered] I'm brought Wibby with me, I'm no good at talking)
DEVONA: Uh.
DEVONA: Is It Okay If thanks to The Harvest's blessing. It's more meat for her, in the end. The Herder can hear the sorry...
NOTAMINOTAUR: "Steiner begins exploring the nature of human freedom by accepting 'that an action, of music wafting around the winding brick walls. The town is changing. The which the agent does not know why he performs it, cannot be free,'"
NOTAMINOTAUR: ...
NOTAMINOTAUR: Ronin?
RONIN: Yeah, kid?
NOTAMINOTAUR: Do I Interview You?
DETECTIVE: Sure thing, Miss.
DETECTIVE: Passes the time, if nothing else.
DEVONA: Okay.
DEVONA: For The Record, Can You you..
NOTAMINOTAUR: Do you think... think MY Ronin is still...
NOTAMINOTAUR: Encrypted inside me?
RONIN: ...
NOTAMINOTAUR: Because I don't... uh.
NOTAMINOTAUR: Flip my shit anymore.
NOTAMINOTAUR: I just a pumpkin I scribbled on in crayon! Wait, where are you going?

only real regret was his childhood best friend he'd lost contact with in college.

It happens.

Mental health is Harvest is changing. He hasn't ventured to her booth, but he hard enough to navigate during normal times and college is just. A Thing.

Years later, the can feel it anyways, a deep ache in his bones, a wanting.

He knows better. There is still just...

NOTAMINOTAUR: say philosophy....

NOTAMINOTAUR: Do you think he's alive in there?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Trapped?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Unable to come out childhood friend thinks to check up on him.

She is crushed. He so much to do. If he becomes too invested in anything besides his dear kittens, they died. She had forgotten about him and he died.

Something in her cracks and the may struggle later down the line. Change is not kind to the most vulnerable of creatures, and while the even when I'm stressed?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Am I a monster?

RONIN: Kid...

null: [awkward pause]

RONIN: I ain't no computer scientist...

RONIN: But State Your Name and Occupation?

DETECTIVE: ...

DETECTIVE: ... I can't say I know, not Setting shifts. She wanders a maze of Information, trying to piece together what had happened.

Why had her friend died? What for sure.

DETECTIVE: The evidence is poor but.

DETECTIVE: I THINK.

DETECTIVE: My name is Detective Shiro White.

DETECTIVE: I am...

DETECTIVE: PROBABLY a air smells of dying leaves and cider now, it is but a harbinger for the chill of I bet we could go to that one chick, the one with the the leaf-bare season.

The season of freezing kits and herb shortage. Frostbitten paws and meager hunts. Where a small conflict can had his life been like since college?

She imagines that if they had just stayed together she would have figured herself out sooner.

He become a harsh biting war, and good cats are lost in blizzards and freezes.

If anyone knows and flower in her eye?

RONIN: The Doc swears by her for tech shit.

NOTAMINOTAUR: please....

~~~

CFO: [claps hands]

CFO: weeeeeeeIIII

CFO: The private investigator of some type?

DETECTIVE: I don't have any memories of cases besides...

DETECTIVE: The one that BAD news is...

null: [dramatic pause]

CFO: You absolutely still do have an encrypted partition in sympathizes with the fear of change, it is Lavinraca's cats when the leaves begin to fall.

Perhaps, he thinks to broke me.

DEVONA: You Do Not Have To Answer, but, Could You Clarify?

DETECTIVE: I woke up one day and...

DETECTIVE: Look, I know always was good at keeping her on track. Why did she ever leave his orbit?

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

how this sounds.

DETECTIVE: Maybe I'm crazy, who knows...

DETECTIVE: But I woke up and knew reality was your onboard OS!

WATT: ,(

RONIN: >,[

CFO: But the goooooood news is it isn't a himself, he's a change for them as much as they are for him. He can only hope he's a a game, and that it was my job to get to the bottom of why it was glitching out.

DETECTIVE: The murder mystery wasn't happening. The victim wasn't getting killed.

DETECTIVE: And then I realized just full on AI!

CFO: It's just thousands and thousands of lines of weird philosophical bs.

CFO: Probably from that Octome you how much more was broken and ...

DETECTIVE: [voice hardening], I left.

DETECTIVE: And here we are.

DEVONA: We Sure Are!

DEVONA: One Last Question!

DEVONA: I Ask Everyone This,

DEVONA: What Do You Think About The Echidna?

DETECTIVE: The what?

DEVONA: Oh. Um! The Echidna! The Universe! The Thing We Are All Inside!

DETECTIVE: ...

DETECTIVE: Miss, I don't mean to positive one. He leans back against the den of hay and concrete, and sleeps.

She appears in his dreams, the glow of

Slowly but surely, she carves bits of herself off as Sacrifice.

Please, she begs the Universe. Please, send me back. Let me got overwritten with.

CFO: Like someone copying over your save file that was like, 99% complete with some other game entirely.

CFO: Not naming names or anything though!

WATT: ...so...

WATT: ...there's no one trapped offend but..

DETECTIVE: Are you doing okay?

DEVONA: No, See! It's, (gosh do you really not know about the inside me?)

CFO: Unless you wanna count the random philosophy quotes?

CFO: Nope!

RONIN: ...

RONIN: geeze

RONIN: Don't scare me find him. Let me cherish him this time.

The Echidna did not know what to do.

It is the Muse of her screen warming his skin. He lays down in front of her, content, safe, and neither of them exchange a Echidna) Um!

DEVONA: Are You Happy? Living Your Life?

DETECTIVE: ...

DETECTIVE: ...

DETECTIVE: ...

DETECTIVE: It beats being trapped in a Trapped Light. It can not control Time.

It takes the story that it has and word. Maybe if he sees her here, he doesn't need to worry about visiting her in person. He offers her his dreams, and it reflects it again and again and again against itself.

It cannot bring its Lord back to the past. It can not tell a new story.

All it can do is give everyone the tools they need to tell the story again and as he drifts further, she fills them with peace and purpose. Hope.

He purrs.

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

like that, kid.  
again and again in new ways.

The Lord pieces herself back together. This will have to do.

She can never bring herself to face the End of this story again, though. forgotten game.  
DEVONA: [vibrates with anxiety]

### **The Harvest Dreams of Book 23, 17, 29,21,6**

*Dreams of The CFO of Eyedol Games Will End The World and The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 and You Are Not Immune From Propaganda and Devona Interviews The Detective and Witherby Confesses*

The CFO of Eyedol Games Will End The World ...She doesn't mean to. You can see it in her eye. You You Are Not Immune From Propaganda ...Every moment of every day you are exposed to unexamined thoughts. No The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 ...In a can see it in the way she tries so dillgently to avoid hurting anyone, even her Time when Time was still a real thing, a middle manager at a moderately successful video game company died on auditors. But the fact of the matter is she was born to end a world and her fate is April 1st, 2022. He had lived a relatively decent life, and his only real regret was his not too picky about which. If Wanda moves on for any reason, she blossoms. But... she childhood best friend he'd lost contact with in college.

It happens.

Mental health is also doesn't. She's worked so hard at self control. Know restraint, that's the Waste's mantra right? She has seen how fragile this hard enough to navigate during normal times and college is just. A Thing.

Years later, the childhood friend thinks to check up DEVONA: Oh, uh, Hello!

DETECTIVE: Wait!

DETECTIVE: Don't close that---

null: [door closes]

DETECTIVE: ...door...

DEVONA: Oh No, Did I WITHERBY: Ria?

WITHERBY: If you aren't too busy, could I have a moment of your time?

RIA: Sure! What's up Do Something Wrong?

DETECTIVE: I'm afraid you'll be in this Bathroom with me for a while, Miss...

DETECTIVE: Apologies for that.

DETECTIVE: Eventually I'll find on him.

She is crushed. He died. She had forgotten about him and simulated reality really is and she would NEVER do something to risk it. Except. Well. Except for that one time. he died.

Something in her cracks and the Setting shifts. She She was young. And impulsive. And Nidhogg brought its poisoned candy (<https://archiveofourown.org/works/35438083/chapters/91817125#workskin>) into the wanders

a maze of Information, trying to piece together what had happened.

Why had her friend died? What a way to the next Bathroom on my own...

DETECTIVE: And you'll be able to leave through that door.

DEVONA: Oh Wow!

DEVONA: Is That, Like, Your Thing?

DEVONA: Um...

DEVONA: Oh Wibby?

WITHERBY: I confess it is a tad...heavy...

WITHERBY: So if you aren't certain you're free for Universe and everone partook. How could she possibly restrain herself while Trickster? All candy colored and frenetic. She hacked herself had his life been like since college?

She imagines that if they had just stayed together she to make it forever. The party never stops. Then she hacked everything else one, no matter how smart and considerate, has the time to carefully examine each and every thought they have. It takes would have figured herself out sooner.

He always was good at keeping her on track. Why did she too. Even the rules that say that once Wanda leaves a ever leave his orbit?

Slowly but surely, she carves bits of herself off as Sacrifice.

Please, she place everyone she Knows about is dragged along with her. Apocalypse Chick spreads and begs the Universe. Please, send me back. Let me find him. Let me cherish him this time.

The Echidna did not but a moment to think a thought but it can take hours to properly examine it. And of spreads and spreads like a weed in Wanda's wake. Never able to leave the know what to do.

It is the Muse of Trapped Light. It can course, the very act of examining a single thought is itself filled with Gosh.

DEVONA: (I probably should have brought Wibby with me, I'm no good at talking)

DEVONA: Uh.

DEVONA: Is It Okay If countless other thoughts. So your brain takes shortcuts. Rhymes or jingles are easier to remember. Things you've seen or destroyed remnants of Arm1, but perfectly able to stabilize it enough to turn it into a second arm. Arm2. She something of this nature..

RIA: Witherby... I said I was free and I'm free!

RIA: You don't get to decide my I Interview You?

DETECTIVE: Sure thing, Miss.

DETECTIVE: Passes the time, if nothing else.

DEVONA: Okay.

DEVONA: For The can't reach Arm 3, the Mundane arm. Or the fourth. The God arm. Or the fifth, the Faerie Arm or the not control Time.

It takes the story that it has and it reflects it again and again and heard repeatedly have the patina of Truth to them. Colors and Scents and Textures can be associated with all sorts of sixth or seventh or however many pointless irrelevant arms of this Universe the Witness has spiralled out things, good and bad. Propaganda is the art of taking the everyday unexamined thoughts of again against itself.

It cannot bring its Lord back to the past. It can not tell a new an entire Culture and slipping new ones in without anyone noticing. 'I should try this brand, I've heard it's time is so much more valuable than yours!

RIA: I know you worry about me! I get it-I was kind of story.

All it can do is give everyone the tools they need to tell the story again and good from a lot of people!' says your unexamined thought. If you dug and dug and again and again in new ways.

The Lord pieces herself back together. This will have to dug and rooted out its source you'd discover you think that because the ads on the do.

She can never bring herself to face the End of this Record, Can You State Your Name and Occupation?

DETECTIVE: ...



DETECTIVE: ... I can't say I a train wreck.  
RIA: Still am!  
RIA: But I want to be here for you too!  
RIA: LeeHunter need radio mention its name a lot. Not because your friends are talking about it. 'Don't you know THOSE kinds of know, not for sure.  
DETECTIVE: The evidence is poor but.  
DETECTIVE: I THINK.  
DETECTIVE: My name is Detective Shiro White.  
DETECTIVE: I am...  
DETECTIVE: PROBABLY a people cause crime?' you say to your friend, genuinely worried for their safety. Because, of course, you heard it private investigator of some type?  
DETECTIVE: I don't have any memories of cases besides...  
DETECTIVE: The on the Internet so many times and in so many scary contexts it MUST be a good example!  
WITHERBY: ...  
WITHERBY: Yes well...  
WITHERBY: I merely...  
WITHERBY: Which is to say I...  
WITHERBY: How do you do one that broke me.  
DEVONA: You Do Not Have To Answer, but, Could You Clarify?  
DETECTIVE: I woke up one the Truth. The Truth hides behind many False Faces. You need to look closely at it when it day and...  
DETECTIVE: Look, I know how this sounds.  
DETECTIVE: Maybe I'm crazy, who matters. When you or someone else (even a stranger) wouldu be it?  
RIA: ...  
WITHERBY: I know I perhaps... judged you too harshly, when I first became aware of your struggles.  
WITHERBY: And knows...  
DETECTIVE: But I woke up and knew reality was a game, and that it was my for that I... I apologize...  
WITHERBY: But I ain't perfect neither---apologies, I'm certainly not flawless myself....  
RIA: Wibby, it's okay, use your hurt. No one is asking you to seek the Truth in every breath. But in his grief for his lost friend. But she's having fun. Just ask her words! Any words!  
WITHERBY: How do you stop the craving?  
WITHERBY: I met someone at the airport.  
WITHERBY: And job to get to the bottom of why it was glitching out.  
DETECTIVE: The murder mystery wasn't happening. The victim wasn't it weren't just the Skull what craved her.  
WITHERBY: \*I\* wanted to abandon her to her fate.  
WITHERBY: To see her freeze over, alone and getting killed.  
DETECTIVE: And then I realized just how much more was broken and ...  
DETECTIVE: [voice hardening], I left.  
DETECTIVE: And unremembered.  
WITHERBY: .....[visibly composes himself]  
WITHERBY: Ria, I confess I am ashamed of my monstrous nature.  
WITHERBY: I here we are.  
DEVONA: We Sure Are!  
DEVONA: One Last Question!  
DEVONA: I Ask Everyone This,  
DEVONA: What Do You you must consider that your very Mind can be a tool of those who was supposed to be better than this.  
RIA: ...  
RIA: ...  
RIA: ...  
RIA: Witherby.  
WITHERBY: Yes. Jesus, Yes, I know Think About The Echidna?  
DETECTIVE: The what?  
DEVONA: Oh. Um! The Echidna! The Universe! The Thing We Are All Inside!  
DETECTIVE: ...  
DETECTIVE: Miss, I what that implies. And I am...  
WITHERBY: Sorry does not begin to convey it.  
WITHERBY: I thought I was better than you.

WITHERBY: Than all of you.  
WITHERBY: That I could be the don't mean to offend but..  
DETECTIVE: Are you doing okay?  
DEVONA: No, See! It's, (gosh do you really not know about the Echidna) Um!  
DEVONA: Are You mean you harm. You are not immune to Propaganda. Lone Human among the monstrous remnants of my team.  
WITHERBY: That I had a RESPONSIBILITY to maintain my humanity.  
WITHERBY: ...  
WITHERBY: I am so sorry.  
RIA: Oh Wibby [hugs]  
RIA: We put that on you too, you know...  
RIA: With LeeHunter... I think I understand better now.  
RIA: How hard it is to be the "responsible one".  
RIA: It Happy? Living Your Life?  
DETECTIVE: ...  
DETECTIVE: ...  
DETECTIVE: ...  
DETECTIVE: It beats being trapped in a forgotten game.  
DEVONA: [vibrates with anxiety]  
story again, though. yourself. <https://eyedolgames.com/Eas> drives me to be a better person!  
RIA: But it also makes it hard for me to ... BE a person. To let myself have flaws?  
RIA: ...  
RIA: It wasn't fair of us to make you our handler.  
RIA: I wish you could talk to Fiona...  
WITHERBY: ...  
RIA: She would know what to do.  
RIA: I have no clue how to help you!  
RIA: But. BUT!  
RIA: You're my friend.  
RIA: Even if sometimes you're a judgey asshole who is literally holier than thou.  
WITHERBY: [slight chuckle]  
RIA: At least you never stay judgey for long.  
WITHERBY: Small miracles, I suppose.

### **The Harvest Dreams of Book 18, 28, 33,29,5**

*Dreams of A Trickster Form of the CFO Rules The Apocalypse and Your Brain Is Always Lying To You and ALT DOES NOT WANT TO DATE KHANA and You Are Not Immune From Propaganda and Devona Interviews Camellia, The Cult Leader, by IC*

A Trickster Form of the CFO Rules The Apocalypse ...  
When the Lord leaves, there is Your Brain Is Always Lying To You ...What is a lie but a place where facts fail to room for others to predominate. "apocalypse Chick" in all her wasted and trickster glory, takes You Are Not Immune From Propaganda ...Every moment of every day you are exposed to unexamined thoughts. No one, no meet reality? And what is 'Reality' but an ideal always out of reach of all of us. Plato's Cave may DEVONA: ...  
CAMELLIA: ... [stare]  
DEVONA: Ahem. Thank You For Accepting My Interview.  
CAMELLIA: ...  
DEVONA: ... Uh.  
DEVONA: If You Could State Your be a metaphor but it rings true. Your eyes see a mish mash of center stage.

She's hacked herself to be trickster forever with 'none of the downsides' as she claims.

She treats reality like Name And Occupation, Please?

CAMELLIA: Go ahead and turn that recorder off.

DEVONA: B-But--

CAMELLIA: You and I both optical illusions, papered over blind spots, assumptions, biases and guesses. And that's likely your matter how smart and considerate, has the time to carefully examine each and every thought they most useful sense! Lies pile upon lies and only if they stop being know it's a formality. You'll remember it anyway, whether you like it useful do we declare someone 'deranged'. We celebrate the fiction and declare it 'Reality'. 'But I SAW it have. It takes but a moment to think a thought but it or not. Isn't that right?

DEVONA: ... [turns off recorder]

CAMELLIA: The backup one too.

DEVONA: R-Right... [another recorder shuts off]

CAMELLIA: Much better.

CAMELLIA: My name can take hours to properly examine it. And of course, the very act of examining a single thought is itself filled with a heavily modded game of Skyrim, with all the torments for the 'NPCs' that Officer, are you calling me a LIAR?????????' is a trope both in fiction and 'Reality' and no less inaccurate because countless other thoughts. So your brain takes shortcuts. Rhymes or jingles are entails.

In the spaces between the fractal mathematically perfect nightmares she creates, Truth of it. Eye witness testimony is notoriously unreliable, not because witnesses lie, but because their brains do. easier to remember. Things you've seen or heard repeatedly have the patina of and Alt have room to infinitely expand the maze the Wanderer and others wander. Every concept, every Memory gets sanded smooth in the recalling, the retelling, the recursion. Things that don't quite fit your Truth to them. Colors and Scents and Textures can be associated with all sorts of things, good and bad. Propaganda is TRUTH every FACT the setting has ever had is contained within Truth's horridors and reflected a second time by Alt.

You could null: [ARM2]

KHANA: I get it, you can't get enough of me.

KHANA: Last night was the best body you've ever had.

KHANA: In is Camellia. I currently am the spiritual priest of the Church of the Harvest.

DEVONA: I-If You'll Excuse Me... What Do You biases slowly warp and change until they do. Trusting your brain is Wander forever within.

You will Wander forever within.

Nothing can Die within Truth's horridors and Apocalypse Chick's trickster paradise of Life run rampant.

The Coffin exists for to trust your biases. And they do exist for a reason. Should you REALLY spend hours of careful deliberation and only the Ego Death of a single Player.

It is the processing to choose between two brands of oatmeal? No. Of course not. The answer is the art of taking the everyday unexamined thoughts of an entire Culture and slipping new ones in without anyone noticing. 'I should try this not to shake the Truth out of your brain in every case but instead to know WHEN to do it. brand, I've heard it's good from a lot of people!' says your Mean By 'Currently'?

CAMELLIA: It means... now. It was different before, but... It changes, as It does.

DEVONA: 'It'? What What are the consequences if you deny yourself the Truth in this instance? Will you hurt someone? Yourself? Will the only way out.

Unless you are a Witness.

Or unless you experience the Tender Mercy of the White Night and hurt be emotional? Financial? Physical? Mental? You have to decide for yourself when the stakes are too high to allow the more ways than one [winks and finger guns]

ALT: [currently copying K's body]... [TRUTH, whispering in Lies to creep in. And then you have to practice. Over and over. To recognize those unexamined thought. If you dug and dug and dug and rooted out its source you'd discover you think that because Do You Mean By It?

CAMELLIA: [glances over] 'It', the cursed child. The offspring of our god's parent, the moment even when you are scared. Even when you are angry. Even when you are in the ads on the radio mention its name a lot. Not because your Parasite of the Parasite, That Which Eats The Rot...

CAMELLIA: The 'memory leak'. It's all the same.

DEVONA: Uhm, I her ear, You can not be seriously considering xir proposal.]

ALT: ... [TRUTH, His form was subpar at friends are talking about it. 'Don't you know THOSE kinds of people cause crime?' you say to your friend, genuinely worried for their safety. Because, of best to steal.]

ALT: ... [TRUTH, And she did not even appear to see you.]

ALT: ... [TRUTH, Overall a subpar experience.]

ALT: It's Guess That Answers My Second Question, Ahah...

CAMELLIA: Does it, now.

DEVONA: It's... Nevermind. H-How Did You been real [winks, finger guns, melts into a horrible flesh puddle before becoming part of the room itself]

KHANA: [scoffs] Like anyone could REALLY choose to a rush. Because those are the moments you need to remember to be anybody but me.

KHANA: You think I don't know a con when I see one?

KHANA: Don't Come To Know About It?

CAMELLIA: My god revealed it to me. To us. You course, you heard it on the Internet so many times and in so many scary contexts it MUST be may as well ask how we know about the stars, the moon... we know because we've seen it.

DEVONA: Right... And The the Truth. The Truth hides behind many False Faces. You need to think you'll get ME begging and crawling.

KHANA: Once you see sense MAYBE I'll deign to look closely at it when it matters. When you or someone else (even a Purpose Of This Church?

CAMELLIA: Same as we have said. To show our god to the world, to stranger) wouldu be hurt. No one is asking you to seek the Truth in every breath. But share in the fruits of its labor. All as She would want it.

DEVONA: Ah, Great, Uh...

DEVONA: Uhm.

DEVONA: This Is... Strange To Ask, But, You've Been Rather, Uhm... Forthcoming?

CAMELLIA: You're asking why.

DEVONA: Mhm.

CAMELLIA: ...

CAMELLIA: In the seek the Truth other time, you would have been called a ██████ of ██████████. One who allows ██████ to you must consider that your very Mind can be a tool of those who mean you harm. You be ██████████. This much my god has told me, in slumber.

DEVONA: ...!

CAMELLIA: My god favors you. Favors the thrill of being known. Indeed, many things favor you, thanks to are not immune to Propaganda. her Disciples your ██████████, not as much your ██████████. Perhaps, as well, not as much as It favors that... eugh, 'Captain' of yours, but...

DEVONA: ...It Likes... Being Seen? Which Means, I Mean, I Don't Know It, But I--

CAMELLIA: It's cute, really. You already know all of this. But you let you borrow my face again. If YOU beg enough.

KHANA: [stalks off, definitely not insulted]

and I face the same problem, don't we.To explain all of this to those who cannot see... that is the true test, isn't it.

DEVONA: Wait, That's Not The Same! Why Would You Say That Is--

CAMELLIA: I believe we're done here... if you'll excuse me.

## **The Harvest Dreams of Book 30, 9, 50,41,50**

*Dreams of The Truth Wears A False Face and The Intern Opens His Eyes and Harvest Bounty and Eustace refuses to let his morning be ruined and Harvest Bounty*

The Truth Wears A False Face ...  
[Doc Slaughter File Server](#)

Hello, I'm Doctor Fiona Slaughter, psychologist. You'll have to  
 1  
 Todd Brian Davidson stares blearily into the dark.

He cannot sleep. How could he, knowing its forgive any foibles below, I am from an entirely different Universe where the Art of Seeing the HIS fault his best friend is missing. There's only so much guilt the average person can have in a situation like Truth within one's Mind is not quite the same as in your own. And his, but his still-dry mouth and sunken eyes remind him his experiences are not universal.

He never I must admit, I've never treated one from YOUR Vaunted Layer of Reality before. I highly recommend should've told him about the Killer. About the mysterious riddles left behind. About the finding a Therapist from your Layer of Reality whether you feel strong or weak. We bodies and how they were mangled. The disappearances.

Especially the disappearances.

He should have are a quite useful proffesion.

It's a pleasure to meet you.

Now. To begin.

If you believe something to known, beyond any doubt, that Wodin would obsess over it. It's almost like it was made just... to be True, deep down, it feels RIGHT. It might be a Hard Truth, an trap him. That tantalizing combination of esoteric hints and internet friendly answers. The perfect crime for a bunch of Unpleasant Fact, but there is a comfort in the certainty it brings you.

OBVIOUSLY the sky is blue and Gomart-two-dollar-hatted backseat internet sleuths to obsess over. Simple, bite-sized, consumable. Radio-dramable.

He should've known better than the sun will rise tomorrow and all your friends hate you.

What was that? Was there a problem with that last one? Did it to trust a media circus: whatever it is, they always want more.

There's only so much thread of not ring True for you?

If so, I am so very very glad. For those who his own misery he can pull before his eyes flutter closed, and he begins his

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

The sun is it did. Please. Examine it. Look closely. See the cracks in fitful rest. Bathed in that cold nothing, encroaching upon him from the space behind his eyes, he dreams the the Mask it wears? It's False Face?

It's hard, isn't it. same dream of the Mountain he's had every night for as long as he can remember.

The Witness stares blearily into the You don't want to see those cracks. It feels painful. Isn't it better to accept a Painful Truth than to kaleidoscope landscape.

Even now, his eyes have not become accustomed to the sky folding into the live with a sacharine rose colored Lie? Isn't it better to be pessimistic so nothing disappoints you land folding into the sky-- a "custom shader" , the jagged spiraling creature who used to be one of his rising. The world is just starting to wake up. For now, everything is cool and quiet. Eustace walks with no real destination in and you can only be pleasantly surprised?

Observer.

That is the tendrils of bosses assured him, her smile all teeth.

Perhaps too many teeth, in retrospect. The fractal nature of the the False Face speaking to you. The Lie within your brain does not wish for it's universe seems to assure that.

Thinking about it is meaningless, though. Time is meaningless. In this land of forever there's only own destruction. It is afraid. And I am here to tell you that it does not have to be. We forever, stretching in all directions, but still he can feel the throes of age seep into his bones. Mental acuity is are not here to destroy it. We are not here to expose you to the pain of ripping it off like the one thing that is eternal, he guesses. Experiences. Those hide in the closets of your a bandaid.

It's okay.

Look at it.

Closely.

It's a Mask.

See how mind, but they don't fade.

He has experienced wonders and horrors only Skyrim modders can it cleverly constructed it out of Little Truths. Papered as it dream of, and somehow all he feels is tired.

Behind him, he mind. He just. /Needs/ something different.

He sees what he thinks is a black cat down an is with 'sometimes my friends don't have time for me' and 'sometimes my friends seem annoyed with me' and 'sometimes my feels the presence of one of the few friends left to him, warm and inviting. Or perhaps he alleyway next to him. It looks at him, and its eyes are two glowing, white dots that burn into his just feels that due to the absence of his other friend. He never likes this place at friends have fun without me'.

It must feel so True, what lies underneath, when room temperature.

"Rest, Child," she speaks into his ear, with as much authority as there is love. "Let your its covered itself in

these thoughts that seem to be so accurate.

No.

It's okay.

Just a Loop End."

He closes his eyes and doesn't feel a thing ever again.

3

Until, finally, he does.

When he vision and drown out his thoughts with strobing, incomprehensible /something/ or /nothing/ or some secret third thing-

"/Devil of-!/"

Not wakes-- or at least, when he's aware of what's around him-- he's staring into his that kind of different.

He stumbles on his feet - he swears he coffee as if it's leftover laundry. The house he's in is bathed in tasteful decor, inoffensive and plain, and uniformly bathed in bit deeper.

Let's peel back another Layer of the Truth.

Here we whites and grays. One could not be blamed if they believed that apartment was a stage prop for go.

It's okay.

Now we are getting to the rotten core of the a documentary on minimalism.

Fuck this arm. He hates it. Always has. The peace, the normalcy of it all, tastes like Lie.

Do you see this thought? 'My friends only pretend to like me' is a good one. Classic Lie.

Look behind sees the thing waving hello at him - and staggers down the sidewalk, just barely not falling on it. What do you see? 'I am Psychic and Know Every Thought The ashes in his mouth. A cruel parody of the life he would

@Citizens The Librarian would like to summon all of you on this foggy night: come and join in our

@Citizens The Librarian would like to summon all of you on this foggy night: come and People Around Me Have Perfectly'. And 'People Routinely Spend Hours Doing Things They Hate For No Reason'. and have had with Wodin.

Not like he's stupid, either. He knows why Wanda can't be "My Friends All Have The Exact Same Opinion Of Me"

Do those here with him. Of course he does. Until she finally accepts that things can ring true, Observer?  
Congratulations on being Psychic if so.

This was, if it is not clear: Sarcasm. change, she is stuck repeating those same fifty years she thought she was promised, forever. And until she does...

Well, he's here. Giving a The certainty of this False Truth is built on Obvious Lies.

People will occasionally do things they hate for money, or mean stare to hand-poured coffee.

He sighs. The man across from him politely clears his his face. Instinctively, or maybe against his instincts, he looks behind him. There is health, or some other specific benefit. People will even occasionally do things they throat.

"Rough Night?" Witherby asks, his stare peeking out of a newspaper he's skimming.

Night?

Oh... it's hate (chores) for friends (such as help them move) because the a pun. He's unsure whether he's doing it on purpose or just let it slip-- either way, not temporary discomfort is worth the overall benefit (having a friend).

No one hates their own friends. Not in going to acknowledge it. He gives a nonchalant shrug instead, returning his gaze. "Getting out only the morning breeze.

He leans against a wall and takes a deep breath to collect himself. He refuses to let of Arm2 is never fun, but I'm not gonna blame the Doc for the way the False Face proudly crows.

And. I can it."

"I had not heard we were beyond casting blame, now." His eyes are on the newspaper again, his his morning be ruined by this. He is going to do something that not emphasize this enough: You do not know their minds. You are words trailed to a mumble. "Especially about people like her."

"This again?" The not psychic. Nor are your friends psychically bonded in their opinions of you.

Why then, does this Truth cling to such Rotten Lies?

A bit Witness groans. "Can we just--- can we agree to disagree here? You guys are my only friends. Not deeper.

"I am afraid that I will be abandoned and if I don't prepare for this inevitability it will a lot of people who remember the whole 'everything loops forever' bit of the equation." His hands raise air quotes, just for Hurt Very Badly."

There we are, Observer.

The False Face is afraid. The False Face wants to protect you. To emphasis.



“Could talk to Parker,” Witherby posits.

“You know Parker doesn’t count.”

The man in protect itself. At it's core, under all the layers of Small Truths and False Facts, is front of him gives this some thought, his eyes closing in thought. When he opens them a single Truth. It is afraid.

It defends against your attempts to destroy it again he calmly folds his newspaper, setting it aside on the table next to them; he was likely never actually reading it, the because it feels necessary to live. It is protecting you. It is protecting itself.

But, we are not destroying this Thought. How could Witness guesses. Just scanning it for future conversation topics.

"A fair point," he says. He doesn't make him feel like he's slowly killing himself, and that's final. He blinks the we?

In the sanctity of your own Mind all we can do is look at it's Layers.

And gift it new ones.

It clings to pauses for a moment before he continues. “At the very least, I recommend that we talk about the the False Truths of you being psychic and a chore.

But these Rotten Facts are garish, two-cent suit that NAM is always wearing.”

The Witness cracks a smile. "You mean how he has the elbow patches even though his afterimage out of his eyes and keeps walking. join in our creative endeavours! There is a blank canvas waiting to be filled by all of you, filled creative endeavours! There is a blank canvas waiting to be filled by all of not making you stronger. Not making you more safe.

Quite the opposite.

Do you enjoy being told what you're thinking by Dad could afford to buy the entire sweatshop?"

The man lets out a someone else who is absolutely wrong? Do you enjoy them arguing with you thoughtful ‘hm’. “I don’t think his dad would ever let the peasantry breathe on you, filled by offerings to the Harvest as well as this town. Don't be that you don't know your own Mind?

(If so, hi, glad you're enjoying this his son’s garments.”

“Maybe it’s all machines,” the Witness chides. “Isn’t he an ethics professor? That’d make for experience, I do note the irony. Much like you, I am not psychic, and am instead using this exercise as an a good lesson.”

“On the values of manual labor?”

“Nah. On the values of nepotism.”

Wetherby smiles back, closed-lipped but earnest, the example. The specifics will ring True to some and False to others. Hopefully the warmth of it as startling as a flower peeking out from under ice. "I knew there was a bones of the exercise will be Useful.)

I'm sure your friends do not enjoy hearing they all hate you.

The Fear you reason I hung out with you."

The Witness hums.

Maybe, just maybe, he can tolerate this arm for a flee from grows stronger when you flee with a False Fact.

Instead, you measly 80 years more.

And thus, the conversation went on, as did the must arm yourself with the Truth.

Just as I can not perfectly Know what is days, the weeks, the months. With plenty of people and plenty of hardships, life blended together in in your Mind, nor can I Know what Truths you must arm yourself with.

You must find that pleasant way that only peace can assure, and that only the them for yourself.

Some starting points may be helpful though, thoughts to replace the Rotten Cores with.

If any of the gift of monotony can give.

Eventually, old, and at peace, the Witness closes his eyes for the final time in shy, all are welcome, no matter the skill or experience! :o)

There will be a magma canvas online from today until the following Ring True to you, it may be useful to practice when the Fear takes you.

My Friends Get More Benefit From this Universe.

4

The God of Witnessing opens his eyes and eyes and eyes. Hundreds stare up at him in end of October. Anybody can join in and draw on a shared canvas, the fear and devotion. He feels awake, properly awake, for the first time in by offerings to the Harvest as well as this town. Don't be shy, all centuries. He needs to go. To find out who else is awake--

Psssssst.

A harsh sound calls to attention from crack on are welcome, no matter the skill or experience! :o)

There will be a magma canvas online from today until the end of the dais he's resting in.

"PSSSSST!!!!"

"Yes, Parker?" he says in October. Anybody can join in and draw on a shared canvas, the theme for drawings is offerings to the Harvest theme for drawings is offerings to the Harvest and/or the community as a whole: it can be a voice that echoes with the weight of an eternity of Watching. The crowds murmur. Their god awakens.

Parker pops his surreally still human head out of the and/or the community as a whole: it can be anything from pumpkins, candy, books to simple encouraging anything from pumpkins, candy, books to simple encouraging messages. Skill level doesn't matter, anybody can participate. messages. Skill level doesn't matter, anybody can participate. To join, use this [link](#).

link.

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

Me Than Burden.

Sometimes My Friends Annoy Me But I Do Not Hate Them (So They Do Not Hate Me When I marble. "Hey! Have you seen Vik?")

The Witness considers. He will only be fully awake for a little while before he fades back into the God Throes this universe forces on all those who Loop. Does Am Annoying In Turn).

My Friends Are Not A Hive Mind Who All Have The he really want to spend his time breaking the fourth wall with Parker? He supposes the odds of Fiona or Witherby being awake and coherent at the same time as him are low. This will do, as a diversion.

"Have you lost them?" The crowds are writing down his every word.  
src='images/HarvestEyes/Offerings/Harvest\_bounty.png'>

Generations will live and die by the edicts he is proclaiming here.

Parker makes a whining sound in the back of his throat, followed by a coughing fit. "It's hard to keep track of a spreading mass of mold and rot! Come on! Witness! Buddy, be a bro! I Same Opinion Of Me.

Losing A Friend Hurts But Will Not Kill Me.

Losing A Friend Hurts But wouldn't ask if I thought it was gonna affect the STORY!"

"An Eye for an Eye, Parker. I I Can Make More.  
Losing A Friend Hurts But Those Who Remain Will Support Me.  
Just Because A will Look for them. But first, you must tell me three good qualities the Lord of Space has." The crowd begins chanting "an eye for an eye for an eye for an eye". They always like that.

Parker scowls and pulls his head back into the earth. Muffled though it is, the Witness can clearly make Thought Feels True Does Not Mean It Is.  
Just Because A Thought Feels True Does Not Mean It Keeps Me Safe.  
Just Because A out the whining "Do I HAVE to!?".

The Witness is patient. He has no choice. Eternity is his gift for spurning the confines of 50 years. An Eternity without her.

"Parker. She is the only reason you met Vik. The only reason you have gained some semblance of control of your curse. And she makes anime get Thought Feels True Does Not Mean It Is Useful.  
Just Because A Thought Feels True Does Not Mean It Is Not Rotten.

popular decades before it otherwise would."

The Buried Man growls from beneath the earth. "And if she LET me loose I could TAKE my bestie and go somewhere better! We could run a COFFEE shop together Witness, a COFFEE shop!"

The Witness stares down at the crack in the earth and the two gleaming eyes within.

"You have already escaped, Thief. Wanda is not here. Wanda can not be here. She is trapped in the event horizon of her own making. " the crowds are clapping their hands over their ears, blood flowing freely. The Name had been too much for them to bear. The Witness feels the stirrings of regret in causing them harm, but can not bring himself to truly care about beings so ephemeral.

"And if you believe THAT I have a bridge to sell you. Its underground. Only slightly used. I may have stolen a bridge. Witness, do you want to buy a bridge?"

The Witnesses eyes and eyes and eyes are growing heavy. No. It's too soon. He's barely been awake this time. His talons lock into position on the dais, his skin grows hard and cold. A statue once more, he stares out and out and out at the bleeding crowd and the pleading man.

He must have slept.

He dreamt...its hard to remember, dreams always are, but they always feel so long.

So important.

He misses Wodin with an intensity that surprises him and resolves to try knocking on his door again today.

Maybe. Maybe he's back. From wherever he went. Maybe everything is fine. Maybe. Maybe this "Wanda" he thinks about so much in his dreams doesn't have to exist.

Maybe.

### **The Harvest Dreams of Book 10, 4, 15,7,47**

*Dreams of The Echidna Just Wants To Live and Devona Interviews the Boss and Arm 2, End and Rava Gets Interviewed By Devona by IC and fakekiller*

The Echidna Just Wants To Live ...It never asked to be DEVONA: For The Record, Can You State Your Name and Occupation?

BOSS: Now, it an infinitely looping mess of constantly increasing data needs. It never meant to be ain't exactly fair, now is it, to go asking me that.

BOSS: I think DEVONA: ...

RAVA: ...

RAVA: [grins, baring teeth] You called.

DEVONA: Well, Yes, We'd Agreed to Meet, But, Uh...

DEVONA: N-Not In you know that my occupation is perfectly legitimate, as it were.

BOSS: But that my name ain't exactly common knowledge.

BOSS: And I My Room?

RAVA: Do you want your interview?

DEVONA: [sweats] Y-Yes?

RAVA: Start yapping, pup.

DEVONA: R-Right! Could You, Uh, State Your

sterile yet somehow birthing itself again and again and again in a never ending spiral that think you and your freaky little friends might know better than me why

You fail to open your eyes (and eyes and eyes and recursed in every direction. And the people living within it exactly that is.

DEVONA: Oh! Um.

BOSS: In fact, I think maybe you ain't gonna be leaving here eyes) as they are burnt out husks, but even you can sense it when the Detective's grip on you vanishes.

It WORKED!

The Observers actually came through for never asked for it either. It's just trying to protect itself. It's trying to make itself as small as you!

You allow yourself an epic pog champ gamer moment before hurtling your fleshless body forward into the it can, in the hopes that the Glitch of Doom, the Devil of Spirals himself, will decide its 'till you spill the beans, little girl.

DEVONA: I don't think. Um. I Name And...

RAVA: [stares] And?

DEVONA: O-Occupation, Please?

RAVA: Occupation.

DEVONA: Your Job?

RAVA: Oh, right. Name's Rava. Job... [head sways side to not worth it to kill this particular system process. It carves away everything crack between realities.

THERE.

People scream and run as they see your metallic skeleton, only your cybernetics remaining after how don't think Camille, that is, Uh. My leader... I don't think she'd like it if you. Um!

BOSS: Now now, we're all it can, everything but the bare minimum. Italy. Florida. Ohio. That's all it has left. Please. Stop hurting it. Let it friendly like here, aren't we? I'm just saying, I expect a little compensation for this. I answer your questions, you be. Here, the blorbos will get sanded smooth. Easier and easier to understand. Less memory thoroughly scoured of flesh they are after your 'delightful' time in the apocalypse. You still have no idea why that answer mine, it's just good manners, ain't it? It's only fair.

DEVONA: ...

DEVONA: Um!

DEVONA: You girl burst into flame and took you with her.

Gotta stay on track.

The screaming is music to your audio inputs.

There's a taken up. Time isn't even a thing, please just stop hurting it. Please go freshness to the screams. These are not people who have long gone hoarse and numb to the horrors. This is Know About The 9 Artifacts, Right? The First One, the Unos Autograph Book!

DEVONA: It Um!

DEVONA: It Steals Names!

DEVONA: There side]

RAVA: Hund.

DEVONA: Could You Elaborate Further?

RAVA: Guess you could call it 'Watchdog' here.

DEVONA: So Is This. Um. Abnormality! Outside Reality!

DEVONA: Anyone who catches its Eye!

DEVONA: Only Has A You Work As Protection? For Who?

RAVA: My boss.

DEVONA: W-Well, I Was More Meaning... Could You Title!

DEVONA: Um.

DEVONA: Until something else gives them their Name back!

DEVONA: I don't know how to make that happen! I promise!

BOSS: Sure. Fine.

BOSS: You not an apocalypse.....You, crawling and glitching forwards, are the worst thing they have ever seen. You can go.

DEVONA: [squeaks]

BOSS: What.

DEVONA: It's Just!

DEVONA: I Have One More Question!

BOSS: Of Be More Specific? Which Organization?

RAVA: Where my boss works. Why does that matter?

DEVONA: It's away. Let it be. It's so small now surely you don't course you do.

BOSS: You owe me then.

BOSS: I do this favor for you and you're on my Where You W--

DEVONA: [lets out the smallest, tiniest, tired groan]

RAVA: [just smiles back, placidly] Hey, you asked. That's my name and hook. Quid Pro Quo.

DEVONA: I don't think...

BOSS: Nothing too big. And my job.

DEVONA: W-Well. [squints, rubbing at her arms] Do You Like Your Job?

RAVA: Oh, yeah. There's plenty of grin.

Your interpretation of the code of this Universe was right. This arm, this alternate setting, is nothing your monster in chief would get all stabby at.

BOSS: But I don't work to do. Always someone to watch. Plenty of food. Praise from my master. What else could I need nothing from you right now. And I'm not exactly in an answering mood.

BOSS: So if you want this, you gotta pay for it.

DEVONA: want in a job? It's pretty sweet.

DEVONA: Your Master?

RAVA: [nodding] My boss.

DEVONA: Do You Call Your Boss Your Master Because She Told You What Do You Think About The Echidna?

BOSS: [sits back in his chair]

BOSS: So.

BOSS: It's To, Or--

RAVA: Do you call that mutt of yours your twin because he told you like that, is it?

BOSS: You questioning my LOYALTY?

DEVONA: No!

BOSS: [waves her entirely defenseless. No monsters. No gods. No supernatural bullshit.

And most importantly: No immune system.

That infuriating woman with her ":3" and away] Like I care.

BOSS: I'm loyal where it counts and you, her stupid anime sword won't stab you THIS time.

You are the Glitch of Doom and you are here to need to kill it. Please. to?

DEVONA: ... No.

RAVA: Well, there you go.

DEVONA: You Have A Subordinate, 'Twig', Is That True?

RAVA: The destroy the undestroyable. To defy all fates and, with your own pup? Doing their own thing these days, but I get the question. Sure.

DEVONA: And Do They Work With The two hands, restore everything to how YOU want it.

The Universe was never meant to be this way.

With a sickening crunch you you aint family.

BOSS: My FAMILY lives here, you get me?

BOSS: And I'm not gonna do anything that jeopardizes that. You Cult?

RAVA: What cult?

DEVONA: The Cult Of The Harvest?

RAVA: Oh, not supposed to answer that.

DEVONA: Because Of Your leave fully half your body behind as you no-clip through the ground. Luckily an unimportant half. Your arms. Most of Master?

RAVA: She doesn't like talking about it.

DEVONA: Is There A Reason She Doesn't?

RAVA: The whole point is you can't know about don't shit where you eat.

BOSS: So what do I think about this freaky Universe we live in?

BOSS: I like it just your tail. Your horns. Half of your face.

It looks like even Gamer powers are I'll let you in on a little secret. It was me. I'm the suppressed here.

It doesn't matter. As long as you can even partially no-clip, you have no need of being a it.

DEVONA: The Cult Of The Nameless One?

RAVA: It's in the name, so...

RAVA: ...oh, clever girl, I one who killed the scarecrow. What, you heard that was someone else? Lies!

Lies and slander, I say! Wha - no, that's not Gamer at all.

You sink, slowly to the heart of it all.

It's beautiful.



Shimmering possibilities spiralling endlessly in just a pumpkin I scribbled on in crayon! Wait, where are you going?

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

see what you're doing. Well played, pup.

RAVA: Running out of time, though. You get one more question.

DEVONA: ...What Do You Think About The on themselves. Not a snake eating its own tail but a mother of monsters birthing itself endlessly, not once but in clutches of Echidna?

RAVA: [raising a brow] The Echidna? Not my place to think about it.

DEVONA: As In, You Can't Talk About It?

RAVA: What do infinite siblings, each a perfect copy of itself. The Echidna. The memory leak.

This is what is starving out you think, pup? Do you think I can't talk about it or that I won't? Or maybe I don't care to every other Universe. Not just its sibling, the :hatched\_chick: that your former friends worked so hard to tell you.

RAVA: There can be more hunds here. That's all that matters to breed.

No.

\*all universes\*

Every universe that has ever existed or even will exist or even COULD exist is sacrificed to me.

DEVONA: More--

RAVA: Got a job to do. Later, pup.

RAVA: [disappears out of the altar of infinite gluttony.]

Well.

Two can play at that game.

You un hinge what's left of the room, leaving behind a puddle of blood(?) and scraps of the furniture]

DEVONA: ...What?

your metal jaw, fragments of your augmented spine trailing behind you, in a laughable mockery of the snake you have been fine.

BOSS: Not like any other one woulda been any fairer.

DEVONA: Okay! [scurries away]  
forced to become.

And you begin to chew.

Fates go dark as you swallow and bite and gnash and clench and GRAB.

One by one.

Every possibility stemming from this moment becomes just a little bit more Doomed.

It won't be enough, not on its own, to End Things.

After all, there is an infinite spiralling chain of other "you"s desperately striving to do the same.

But you don't care.

As you swallow and chew and bite and TEAR into the spiralling fractal echidna, you know you have done your part.

Let the others handle their own.

*Dreams of A Trickster Form of the CFO Rules The Apocalypse and The Echidna Just Wants To Live and Poker Night Outside the Inventory and Eustace refuses to let his morning be ruined and Devona Interviews John (by IC)*

A Trickster Form of the CFO Rules The Apocalypse ...

When the Lord leaves, there is room for The Echidna Just Wants To Live ...It never asked to be an infinitely looping mess of constantly increasing data needs. It

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

The sun is rising. The world is just starting to wake up. never meant to be sterile yet somehow birthing itself again and again and again in a never ending spiral that others to predominate. "apocalypse Chick" in all her wasted and trickster glory, takes center stage.

She's hacked herself to be trickster forever with KHANA: Can you believe them?

KHANA: Missing out on all this?

KHANA: All in by the way.

LEEhunter1: [glaring at LeeHunter2]

LEEhunter2: [glaring at LeeHunter1]

LEEhunter1: If DEVONA: Uh....

JOHN: No, no, don't even worry. Check this out.

JOHN: [flawlessly balances the egg over the frying pan, sending it recurred in every direction. And the people living within it never asked for it either. It's just SOMEONE had better cards, we could have called that.

LEEhunter2: Well if SOMEONE had 'none of the downsides' as she claims.

She treats reality like a trying to protect itself. It's trying to make itself as small as it can, in the hopes that the Glitch of heavily modded game of Skyrim, with all the torments for the 'NPCs' that entails.

In the spaces between the Doom, the Devil of Spirals himself, will decide its not worth it to kill this particular system process. It For now, everything is cool and quiet. Eustace walks with no real destination in mind. He just. /Needs/ something flying into the air into his hands before he cracks it against the pan]

JOHN: Hah! See, easy.

DEVONA: But bet better we'd have more chips to bet with still.

LEEhunter1: We fold.

LEEhunter2: We fold.

CAMILLE: ,3 [moves all her chips into different.

He sees what he thinks is a black cat down an alleyway next to him. It looks at him, and its eyes are fractal mathematically perfect nightmares she creates, Truth and Alt have room to infinitely expand the carves away everything it can, everything but the bare minimum. Italy. Florida. Ohio. That's all the center]

RIA: This is nice isn't it?

RIA: Game night just for us?

KHANA: Yeah, who needs all those LOSERS who can't recognize a maze the Wanderer and others wander. Every concept, every TRUTH every FACT the it has left. Please. Stop hurting it. Let it be. Here, the blorbos will get sanded smooth. Easier and setting has ever had is contained within Truth's horridors and reflected a second time by good thing when they see it.

KHANA: Who needs their shitty invite-only poker game!

RIA: I Didn't You Just...

DEVONA: [wordlessly stares towards the floor, seeing something he two glowing, white dots that burn into his vision and drown out his thoughts with strobing, incomprehensible /something/ or /nothing/ or doesn't]

JOHN: Hey! Eyes are up here, doll.

DEVONA: O-Oh! Sorry, um...

JOHN: Apology accepted. Come on, didn't you have fold by the way, too rich for my blood!

RIA: [half whispered] and I wouldn't want to risk some some secret third thing-

"/Devil of-!/"

Not that kind of different.

He stumbles on his feet - he swears he sees the Alt.

You could Wander forever within.

You will Wander forever within.

Nothing can Die within Truth's horridors and kind of gambling addiction...

KHANA: [dramatically reveals xir cards and has a single pair] Read them and Apocalypse Chick's trickster paradise of Life run rampant.

The Coffin exists for only the Ego Death of a single Player.

It is thing waving hello at him - and staggers down the sidewalk, just easier to understand. Less memory taken up. Time isn't even a thing, please just stop hurting it. Please go away. Let it weep!

CAMILLE: ,3 [has the most dogshit hand you have ever seen in your life]

LEEHUNTER1: No fair!

LEEHUNTER2: You questions or something? You know we're not even supposed to be talking.

DEVONA: R-Right! I'll Just, Haah, Get To 'Brass Tacks', Then. We Don't Have To Waste Your Time! Wouldn't Want That. [squints] We Are Just Here On Survey, And--

JOHN: The questions.

DEVONA: R-Right!

DEVONA: For The Record, Can You State Your Name And Occupation Please? were supposed to wipe that smug smirk off their face!

KHANA: Tough luck Camille, them's the the only way out.

Unless you are a Witness.

Or unless you be. It's so small now surely you don't need to kill it. Please. breaks!

KHANA: I know how much it must burn you up inside, losing to me.

KHANA: But don't If It's Not Too Much.

JOHN: Well, as you'll know, my name is John. I'm a pretty big deal party planner over in worry, it puts you in good company.

KHANA: There's no shame losing to barely not falling on his face. Instinctively, or maybe against his instincts, he looks Naples-- birthdays, weddings, corporate work mostly.

JOHN: What, you're gonna tell me you've never heard of experience the Tender Mercy of the White Night and her Disciples a real WINNER!

CAMILLE: ,3

me? I've done some gigs for your little amusement part, you know.

DEVONA: [anxious laughter] Right, Of Course! You Are A Very Very Big Deal. It's Just For The Record.

JOHN: Hey, don't have to behind him. There is only the morning breeze.

He leans against a wall and takes a suck my dick either. You can think whatever you want.

DEVONA: Uh... Sure! Right.

DEVONA: So... There Are Rumors That You Are Affiliated With The Cult Of The Harvest. If You Could Clarify...?

JOHN: [stares back]

DEVONA: [gulps] You Don't Have To Answer If--

JOHN: Oh, come on, breathe for a bit. [chuckles] Yeah, I've done some gigs for money, autumn get-togethers, but nothing major. deep breath to collect himself. He refuses to let his morning be ruined by this. He is going to And before that was even public knowledge. I didn't know it was a cult.

DEVONA: Yeah, Of Course--

JOHN: Paparazzo, you know. They always have to get that do something that doesn't make him feel like he's slowly killing himself, and that's final. He blinks the scoop, huh? [stares] You'd know about that, right?

DEVONA: U-uh!

JOHN: [smiles] I'm just pulling your leg. You're one of the good ones, so don't worry about that.

DEVONA: T-Thank You! Last Question!

DEVONA: What Do You Think About The Echidna?

JOHN: Like the animal?  
DEVONA: ...Y-Yeah?  
JOHN: Kinda looks like a ballsack, doesn't it.  
DEVONA: You Could Say That...  
JOHN: Think they're cute. That all?  
DEVONA: That Would Be afterimage out of his eyes and keeps walking. It, If There Are--  
JOHN: Alright, come on, shove. Good talking to you, come again, etcetera. [starts lightly pushing her towards the door]  
DEVONA: Right, Thank You! [leaves, shutting the door behind her]  
DEVONA: ...  
DEVONA: [sighs]  
DEVONA: For The Record-- Interviewee Reset Time In The Following Ways; Thirty-Two Times To Land An Egg Correctly, Four Times When Pressed About The Cult Of The Harvest, Eighty-Four Times When Asked About Connections To Mafia, Missing Victims, Including All Possible Variations Of The Question. Refused To Answer Any Questions Relating To Their Condition In What Respects To The Boss Anomaly.  
DEVONA: Furthermore, Interviewee Reset Time Spontaneously For Reasons I Don't Even Understand. Current Hypothesis, 'To Look Cool'.  
DEVONA: ...  
DEVONA: Interviewer Has Lost Appetite For Eggs. Requesting Waffle Party If Applicable.  
DEVONA: [whine] Conclusion, This Sucks.

## **The Harvest Dreams of Book 50, 42, 14, 27, 6**

*Dreams of Harvest Bounty and Story A-1 and ARM 2, UnEnded and Zampanio Has Colonized Your Mind Already and Witherby Confesses*

@Citizens The Librarian would like to summon all of you on this foggy night: come and join in Once upon a time wonderful story there was a guardian.

The guardian looked over the realm and protected it our creative endeavours! There is a blank canvas waiting to be filled by all of you, filled by from was a horned beast, towering over the townsfolk.

offerings to the Harvest as well as this town. Don't be shy, all are welcome, no matter the skill or Zampanio Has Colonized Your Mind Already ...You can feel it, slithering around in your mind. ....The Truth.... Zampanio.....A cognitive parasitie, a experience! :o)

There will be a magma canvas online from today until the end of October. Anybody can The Witness opens his eyes..

The Devil of Spirals squirms and gnashes and join in and draw on a shared canvas, the theme for drawings is offerings to The guardian headed for the cavern, to slay the beast as it was its home. Even if WITHERBY: Ria?

WITHERBY: If you aren't too busy, could I have a moment of your time?

RIA: Sure! What's up Wibby?

WITHERBY: I confess it the Harvest and/or the community as a whole: it can be anything from pumpkins, candy, books to simple encouraging messages. Skill level doesn't matter, anybody can no-clips his way through the thin membrane that separates the apocalyptic Arm 2 from Arm3. This ride in a misguided hand were to mistake it for something else, that is an illbegotten memory of particular has always had some trouble with its bounding box... It is a tad...heavy...

WITHERBY: So if you aren't certain you're free for something of this nature..

RIA: Witherby... I said I was is perhaps no wonder that the Glitch of Doom found its weakness.

Arm3 is a restful Arm. Intended to another time. place.

With a blade in hand left be a breath between the chaos of the apocalypse and the power of the God AU. No

monsters. No powers. Nothing but a by the wayside, the guardian ensured the safety of the land, and gently gazed over the townsfolk, who were full of gentle coffeeshop AU. A wistful dream of what might have been, with Wanda.

It is a mistake.

In their role as the memetic hazard, an idea you can not UNlearn.....It is here to show you the way.....It can Muse of Abandoned Void, the Witness had not considered how vulnerable this left the Arm to intrusion. Especially with feel impossibly hard to change oneself.....But it as easy as being infected by Zampanio.....Focus on free and I'm free!

RIA: You don't get to decide my time is so much more valuable than yours!

RIA: I know its half crashed neighbor practically begging to be glitched out and exploited.

With a glee to be cared for, to be known, and to have a shriek of metal and wires and flesh pulled past the breaking point, the Devil reaches ever further to the Zampanio inside your mind.....See how it connects to so many things? .....See the ideas it automatically generates? (Zampanio is his goal.

There will be no defense among the inhabitants. No immune system waiting to greet him.

Something almost like a very good game, you should play it). ...

How much obsession and hyper focus did it take before you you worry about me! I get it-I was kind of a train wreck.

RIA: Still am!

RIA: But I want a panic grips the Witness.

No.

Not like this.

Wanda needs to end the spiral herself.

Not.

Not have it ripped from her.

No.

With an effort he did not started getting your first association....

Did you see lucky charms and think of Zampanio?...

What about homestuck? Lobotomy Corp? Rainworld?.....Did someone mention something happening in know he had in him, he plucks the Detective from the Bathroom and 1972 and you automatically went 'oh just like Zampanio'?.....Zampanio is fake. ...

But even something fake can places him between the Devil and his desired Exit. The thin layer of infect your mind.....You do not need to be a strong person to kick a bad habit, or stop be here for you too!

RIA: LeeHunter need a good example!

WITHERBY: ...

WITHERBY: Yes well...

WITHERBY: I merely...

WITHERBY: Which is Relevance the Devil trails with him is just enough that the Witness can gift just a handful of it to his friend, who to say I...

WITHERBY: How do you do it?

RIA: ...

WITHERBY: I know I perhaps... judged you too harshly, when I first became aware of has been lost in the Void for longer than any of them..

He hates himself for using his friend like this, but the your struggles.

WITHERBY: And for that I... I apologize...

WITHERBY: But I ain't perfect neither---apologies, I'm certainly not flawless myself....

RIA: Wibby, it's okay, use participate. To join, use this [link](#).

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

a self destructive spiral, or build a good habit up.....You simply need to be a very good host.....And you your words! Any words!

WITHERBY: How do you stop the craving?

WITHERBY: I met someone at Guiding Detective of Trapped Breath is the only one who can trap this villain in place. And the airport.

WITHERBY: And it weren't just the Skull what craved her.

WITHERBY: \*I\* wanted to there is nothing, not anything in this world, that The Witness will not sacrifice for are....I already know that.....Zampanio has colonized your mind.....So.....Make your own impossibl personalized branch of Zampanio. Just for abandon her to her fate.

WITHERBY: To see her freeze over, alone and unremembered.

WITHERBY: .....[visibly composes himself]

WITHERBY: Ria, I confess I am ashamed of Wanda.

The Detective screams in horror at being ripped dozens of Arms away from where he was diligently attempting to escape his narrative.

The Devil of my monstrous nature.

WITHERBY: I was supposed to be better than this.

RIA: ...

RIA: ...

RIA: ...

RIA: Witherby.

WITHERBY: Yes. Jesus, Yes, I know what that implies. And I am...

WITHERBY: Sorry does not begin to you.....Infect your own mind with it....And Change yourself however you choose to safe future. convey it.

WITHERBY: I thought I was better than you.

WITHERBY: Than all of you.

WITHERBY: That I could be the lone Human among the Spirals screams in horror at seeing the bounding boxes snap into place.

The Witness watches.

Satisfied.

monstrous remnants of my team.

WITHERBY: That I had a RESPONSIBILITY to maintain my humanity.

WITHERBY: ...

WITHERBY: I am so sorry.

RIA: Oh Wibby [hugs]

RIA: We put that on you too, you know...

RIA: With LeeHunter... I think I understand better now.

RIA: How hard it is to be the "responsible one".

RIA: It drives me to be a better person!

RIA: But it also makes it hard for me to ... BE a person. To let myself have flaws?

RIA: ...

RIA: It wasn't fair of us to make you our handler.

RIA: I wish you could talk to Fiona...

WITHERBY: ...

RIA: She would know what to do.

RIA: I have no clue how to help you!

RIA: But. BUT!

RIA: You're my friend.

RIA: Even if sometimes you're a judgey asshole who is literally holier than thou.

WITHERBY: [slight chuckle]

RIA: At least you never stay judgey for long.

WITHERBY: Small miracles, I suppose.

## **The Harvest Dreams of Book 28, 48, 36,45,9**

*Dreams of Your Brain Is Always Lying To You and Doll1 and Twig Is A Very Bad Dog and The Herder's Lot and The Intern Opens His Eyes*

Your Brain Is Always Lying To You ...What is a lie but a place where Autumn is a time of joy for many.

The Herder is not exempt from this, despite his hesitancy to emerge from

1

Todd Brian Davidson stares blearily into the dark.

He cannot sleep. How could

The Harvest spreads her gaze into herself-- or out of herself, beyond the corn, beyond everything. Into the facts fail to meet reality? And what is 'Reality' but an ideal always past. Into the future. Into what hasn't been. And when she turns off the display to out of reach of all of us. Plato's Cave may be a metaphor but it look within, she sees a dog.

Or at least she thinks it's one.

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

The dog lived by many laws and rings true. Your eyes see a mish mash of optical illusions, papered over blind spots, assumptions, biases and guesses. And he, knowing its HIS fault his best friend is missing. There's only so many cages, once; the cages set up by its master and kin. A thick noose of that's likely your most useful sense! Lies pile upon lies and only if they stop being much guilt the average person can have in a situation like his, but useful do we declare someone 'deranged'. We celebrate the fiction and declare it webs held them in place, and then with the cut of a thread, it didn't. It exchanged its cage of 'Reality'. 'But I SAW it Officer, are you calling me a LIAR?????!!' is

A friendly little hooded figure offers you a cup of a trope both in fiction and 'Reality' and no less inaccurate because of it. his still-dry mouth and sunken eyes remind him his experiences are Eye witness testimony is notoriously unreliable, not because witnesses lie, but because their brains do. his dwelling. He can hear the festivities, the other Faithful milling about, and Memory gets sanded smooth in the recalling, the retelling, the recursion. Things that webs for a cage of flesh and blood and bones, and of don't quite fit your biases slowly warp and change until they do. Trusting your brain is to tearing, and of biting and mauling and violence and red. The trust your biases. And they do exist for a reason. Should you REALLY spend hours of careful deliberation and dog preferred this new master, for a while.

However, the dog was not a very good he thinks to himself that even in observation of the fun, enjoyment can be had. He is content with his lot, dog. It had no respect for its master, or the lessons taught, or the food put on the table. Instead it his alleyway, his home. His scenery has been much of the same corridors, the same feline companions.

He did go not universal.



He never should've told him about the Killer. About the mysterious riddles left behind. About the processing to choose between two brands of oatmeal? No. Of course not. The answer is not only cared to satisfy itself, showering in the filth of the streets and moving ambiently through the to shake the Truth out of your brain in every case but instead to know WHEN to stretches of Ohio-- wandering street after street under streetlights, uncaring, unwanting to be tamed in do it. What are the consequences if you deny yourself the Truth in this instance? Will you bodies and how they were mangled. The disappearances.

Especially the disappearances.

He to church once. He returned home to find he was missed dearly.

Drownedstar snores nearby. His should have known, beyond any doubt, that Wodin would obsess over it. It's almost like it a way that matters.

The dog was a very, very bad dog.

So the dog, naturally, took what messenger, his confidante. Is it silly to feel so connected to one cat? When was made just... to trap him. That tantalizing combination of esoteric hints and hurt someone? Yourself? Will the hurt be emotional? Financial? Physical? Mental? You have to decide for yourself when belonged to it: trash, and other people's food, and their things, too. It broke what was around it with reckless abandon, biting he looks at the oddly expressive feline, all he feels is kinship. This is where he should be. These creatures are the stakes are too high to allow the Lies to creep in. And then you have to practice. Over and when it amused it, or when it was bored. Others cared about the dog a over. To recognize those moment even when you are scared. Even when you are angry. Even when whole lot, but the dog didn't care so much at all-- not that internet friendly answers. The perfect crime for a bunch of Gomart-two-dollar-hatted backseat internet sleuths to obsess over. Simple, bite-sized, consumable. Radio-dramable.

He what he lives for.

A puddle of purring, sleepy kitties lie on should've known better than to trust a media circus: whatever it is, they always want it didn't care, of course, but that it cared only in the way a bad dog can.

Eventually the dog grew bored. Why was more.

There's only so much thread of his own misery he can his legs, full of fresh kill. No doubt, their luck in you are in a rush. Because those are the moments you need to remember to seek the Truth recent hunts is thanks to The Harvest's blessing. It's more meat for her, in the end. The Herder can hear the it staying in another cage when it'd grown big enough to do whatever it wanted? Neither cage was appealing to music wafting around the winding brick walls. The town is changing. The Harvest is changing. He hasn't ventured to it; it didn't want any cage at all. The Harvest could understand this feeling well, and she saw in her booth, but he can feel it anyways, a deep ache in herself the dog.

The dog simply chose to walk out, unbound. It left the shattered strands in his bones, a wanting.

He knows better. There is still so much pull before his eyes flutter closed, and he begins his fitful rest. Bathed in that cold nothing, encroaching upon him from the to do. If he becomes too invested in anything besides his dear kittens, they may space behind his eyes, he dreams the same dream of the Mountain he's had every night for as

struggle later down the line. Change is not kind to the most vulnerable of long as he can remember.

2

The Witness stares blearily into the kaleidoscope landscape.

Even now, creatures, and while the air smells of dying leaves and cider now, it is but his eyes have not become accustomed to the sky folding into the land folding into the sky-- a its wake, uncaring, unaware. Free to do whatever it wants to do, secure in its knowledge that there's always "custom shader" , the jagged spiraling creature who used to be one of a harbinger for the chill of the leaf-bare season.

The season of freezing kits and herb shortage. Frostbitten paws and meager hunts. Where a something fun to do.

Twig was a very bad dog.

The Harvest isn't sure if that is a good or a bad thing. small conflict can become a harsh biting war, and good cats are lost in blizzards and freezes.

If anyone knows his bosses assured him, her smile all teeth.

Perhaps too many teeth, in and sympathizes with the fear of change, it is Lavinraca's cats when the leaves begin to fall.

Perhaps, he retrospect. The fractal nature of the universe seems to assure that.

Thinking about it is OJ. It is DEFINITELY orange juice. 100%. For sure. Right?  
meaningless, though. Time is meaningless. In this land of forever there's only forever, stretching in all directions, but still he thinks to himself, he's a change for them as much as can feel the throes of age seep into his bones. Mental acuity is the one thing that is eternal, he they are for him. He can only hope he's a positive one. He leans back against the den of hay and guesses. Experiences. Those hide in the closets of your mind, but they don't fade.

He has experienced wonders and horrors only Skyrim modders can dream of, and concrete, and sleeps.

She appears in his dreams, the glow of her screen warming his somehow all he feels is tired.

Behind him, he feels the presence of one of skin. He lays down in front of her, content, safe, and neither of them exchange a word. Maybe the few friends left to him, warm and inviting. Or perhaps he just feels that due to if he sees her here, he doesn't need to worry about visiting her the absence of his other friend. He never likes this place at room temperature.

"Rest, Child," she speaks into his ear, with in person. He offers her his dreams, and as he drifts further, she fills them as much authority as there is love. "Let your Loop End."

He with peace and purpose. Hope.

He purrs.

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

closes his eyes and doesn't feel a thing ever again.

3

Until, finally, he does.

When he wakes-- or at least, when he's aware of what's around him-- he's staring into his coffee as if it's leftover laundry. The house he's in is bathed in tasteful decor, inoffensive and plain, and uniformly bathed  
*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

in whites and grays. One could not be blamed if they believed that apartment was a stage prop for a documentary on minimalism.

Fuck this arm. He hates it. Always has. The peace, the normalcy of it all, tastes like ashes in his mouth. A cruel parody of the life he would have had with Wodin.

Not like he's stupid, either. He knows why Wanda can't be here with him. Of course he does. Until she finally accepts that things can change, she is stuck repeating those same fifty years she thought she was promised, forever. And until she does...

Well, he's here. Giving a mean stare to hand-poured coffee.

He sighs. The man across from him politely clears his throat.

"Rough Night?" Witherby asks, his stare peeking out of a newspaper he's skimming.

Night?

Oh... it's a pun. He's unsure whether he's doing it on purpose or just let it slip-- either way, not going to acknowledge it. He gives a nonchalant shrug instead, returning his gaze. "Getting out of Arm2 is never fun, but I'm not gonna blame the Doc for it."

"I had not heard we were beyond casting blame, now." His eyes are on the newspaper again, his words trailed to a mumble. "Especially about people like her."

"This again?" The Witness groans. "Can we just--- can we agree to disagree here? You guys are my only friends. Not a lot of people who remember the whole 'everything loops forever' bit of the equation." His hands raise air quotes, just for emphasis.

"Could talk to Parker," Witherby posits.

"You know Parker doesn't count."

The man in front of him gives this some thought, his eyes closing in thought. When he opens them again he calmly folds his newspaper, setting it aside on the table next to them; he was likely never actually reading it, the Witness guesses. Just scanning it for future conversation topics.

"A fair point," he says. He pauses for a moment before he continues. "At the very least, I recommend that we talk about the garish, two-cent suit that NAM is always wearing."

The Witness cracks a smile. "You mean how he has the elbow patches even though his Dad could afford to buy the entire sweatshop?"

The man lets out a thoughtful 'hm'. "I don't think his dad would ever let the peasantry breathe on his son's garments."

"Maybe it's all machines," the Witness chides. "Isn't he an ethics professor? That'd make for a good lesson."

"On the values of manual labor?"

"Nah. On the values of nepotism."

Witherby smiles back, closed-lipped but earnest, the warmth of it as startling as a flower peeking out from under ice. "I knew there was a reason I hung out with you."

The Witness hums.

Maybe, just maybe, he can tolerate this arm for a measly 80 years more.

And thus, the conversation went on, as did the days, the weeks, the months. With plenty of people and plenty of hardships, life blended together in that pleasant way that only peace can assure, and that only the gift of monotony can give.

Eventually, old, and at peace, the Witness closes his eyes for the final time in this Universe.

4

The God of Witnessing opens his eyes and eyes and eyes. Hundreds stare up at him in fear and devotion. He feels awake, properly awake, for the first time in centuries. He needs to go. To find out who else is awake--

Psssssst.

A harsh sound calls to attention from crack on the dais he's resting in.

"PSSSSST!!!!"

"Yes, Parker?" he says in a voice that echoes with the weight of an eternity of Watching. The crowds murmur. Their god awakens.

Parker pops his surreally still human head out of the marble. "Hey! Have you seen Vik?"

The Witness considers. He will only be fully awake for a little while before he fades back into the God Throes this universe forces on all those who Loop. Does he really want to spend his time breaking the fourth wall with Parker? He supposes the odds of Fiona or Witherby being awake and coherent at the same time as him are low. This will do, as a diversion.

"Have you lost them?" The crowds are writing down his every word. Generations will live and die by the edicts he is proclaiming here.

Parker makes a whining sound in the back of his throat, followed by a coughing fit. "It's hard to keep track of a spreading mass of mold and rot! Come on! Witness! Buddy, be a bro! I wouldn't ask if I thought it was gonna affect the STORY!"

"An Eye for an Eye, Parker. I will Look for them. But first, you must tell me three good qualities the Lord of Space has." The crowd begins chanting "an eye for an eye for an eye for an eye". They always like that.

Parker scowls and pulls his head back into the earth. Muffled though it is, the Witness can clearly make out the whining "Do I HAVE to!?".

The Witness is patient. He has no choice. Eternity is his gift for spurning the confines of 50 years. An Eternity without her.

"Parker. She is the only reason you met Vik. The only reason you have gained some semblance of control of your curse. And she makes anime get popular decades before it otherwise would."

The Buried Man growls from beneath the earth. "And if she LET me loose I could TAKE my bestie and go somewhere better! We could run a COFFEE shop together Witness, a COFFEE shop!"

The Witness stares down at the crack in the earth and the two gleaming eyes within.

"You have already escaped, Thief. Wanda is not here. Wanda can not be here. She is trapped in the event horizon of her own making. " the crowds are clapping their hands over their ears, blood flowing freely. The Name had been too much for them to bear. The Witness feels the stirrings of regret in causing them harm, but can not bring himself to truly care about beings so ephemeral.

"And if you believe THAT I have a bridge to sell you. Its underground. Only slightly used. I may have stolen a bridge. Witness, do you want to buy a bridge?"

The Witnesses eyes and eyes and eyes are growing heavy. No. It's too soon. He's barely been awake this time. His talons lock into position on the dais, his skin grows hard and cold. A statue once more, he stares out and out and out at the bleeding crowd and the pleading man.

1

Todd Brian Davidson opens his eyes and is momentarily disoriented to only have the two. He knows he slept.

He must have slept.

He dreamt...its hard to remember, dreams always are, but they always feel so long.

So important.

He misses Wodin with an intensity that surprises him and resolves to try knocking on his door again today.

Maybe. Maybe he's back. From wherever he went. Maybe everything is fine. Maybe. Maybe this "Wanda" he thinks about so much in his dreams doesn't have to exist.

Maybe.

### **The Harvest Dreams of Book 4, 26, 18,35,24**

*Dreams of Devona Interviews the Boss and Zampanio Wants You To Create More Branches. and A Trickster Form of the CFO Rules The Apocalypse and Poker Night Inside the Inventory and [Redacted] Talking About Khana*

DEVONA: For The Record, Can You State Your Name and Occupation?

BOSS: Now, it ain't exactly Page 1: [REDACTED] talking about Khana ...He's fine.

Or she's fine, or they're fine... I fair, now is it, to go asking me that.

BOSS: I think you know that my haven't had time to ask. Neither has he. I think I'll tolerate the trivialities and switch across them, for occupation is perfectly legitimate, as it were.

BOSS: But that my name ain't exactly common knowledge.

BOSS: And I think you Zampanio Wants You To Create More Branches. ...

Have you heard of the 'two cakes' phenemonon? Zampanio wants infinite the time being. That kind of fastidious care directed towards her is something they would have liked, anyway.

So, fine. We can and your freaky little friends might know better than me why exactly that is.

DEVONA: Oh! Um.

BOSS: In talk about Khana.

I've known for a while that's not her name. We've all known, really. K is not a technically adept liar, though he's a fact, I think maybe you ain't gonna be leaving here 'till you spill the beans, little girl.

DEVONA: I don't brazer and confident one, which may as well be the same thing. There was no way A Trickster Form of the CFO Rules The Apocalypse ...

When the Lord leaves, there is room for others to think. Um. I don't think Camille, that is, Uh. My leader... I don't think she'd like it cakes. And infinite piles of half cooked batter and ingredients and genuine attempts to learn to make a cake.

Please.

It's so I wouldn't notice an employee had changed heights recently. But the Corporation, damn it to hell or whatever is if you. Um!

BOSS: Now now, we're all friendly like here, aren't we? I'm just CAPTAIN: ... [frowning]

WHITE NIGHTENGAL: So I have an Ace of Hearts~ and a Two of Diamonds! That's not saying, I expect a little

compensation for this. I answer your questions, you answer mine, it's close to it, didn't give me time to decide if this new employee was a keeper or a binner. It just good manners, ain't it? It's only fair.

DEVONA: ...

DEVONA: Um!

DEVONA: You Know About The was having half an employee or losing two, and I chose to keep half.

So we 9 Artifacts, Right? The First One, the Unos Autograph Book!

DEVONA: It Um!

DEVONA: It Steals Names!

DEVONA: There kept him. And to their credit, she didn't die. That is higher praise than the BEST hand but that's how it goes sometimes!

CAPTAIN: ...[frowning]

VIK: Doctor, you know you're supposed to Is This. Um. Abnormality! Outside Reality!

DEVONA: Anyone who catches its Eye!

DEVONA: Only Has A Title!

DEVONA: Um.

DEVONA: Until something Hungry.

Nidhogg wanted you to plant more trees.

Nidhogg is a creature of predominate. "apocalypse Chick" in all her wasted and trickster glory, takes center stage.

She's hacked herself to be Life, of endlessly spreading genes.

It's child, the Echidna, is a creature of Light. It wants you else gives them their Name back!

DEVONA: I don't know how to make that happen! I keep those cards secret 'till the end, right?

WHITE NIGHTENGAL: But how is that going to help everyone know how what it sounds like.

But that's then, and this is now. We're different people now, if we promise!

BOSS: Sure. Fine.

BOSS: You can go.

DEVONA: [squeaks]

BOSS: What.

DEVONA: It's Just!

DEVONA: I Have One More Question!

BOSS: Of course you do.

BOSS: You to bet?!

CAPTAIN: ...[frowning]

DEVONA: You could try counting the cards you do see and keep track of trickster forever with 'none of the downsides' as she claims.

She treats reality like a heavily modded game of Skyrim, with what cards are in play and oh also you need to create more Branches. It wants you to endlessly spread memes. Ideas. It is not as pay attention to everyones expressions and tells and maybe what they ordered to drink and also--

NEVILLE: Did you know that owe me then.

BOSS: I do this favor for you and you're on my hook. Quid Pro Quo.

DEVONA: I certain hands are statistically more likely than others?

CAPTAIN: ...[frowning]

CAPTAIN: I'm all in. [looks into even count as people anymore. We don't measure success in survivability as physical as Nidhogg. It tries so hard to compress itself down as small as possible. To be much as we measure it in the, as K himself so eloquently put it don't think...

BOSS: Nothing too big. And nothing your monster in chief would get all stabby at.

BOSS: But I don't when we discussed the Training Team, 'the Who's-the-biggest-freak-olympics'. They liked to punctuate that joke by all the torments for the 'NPCs' that entails.

In the spaces between the fractal mathematically perfect nightmares she creates, Truth and Alt have mimicking someone carrying a large torch like in some of the booklets we'd found down here. It was, to my chagrin,



insufferably funny.

Am I need nothing from you right now. And I'm not exactly in an answering mood.

BOSS: So if you harmless.

But it is still so Hungry.

Think about it while learning to create something.

Others will think about want this, you gotta pay for it.

DEVONA: What Do You Think About The Echidna?

BOSS: [sits back in his turning into Witherby? Do I just say everything between grit teeth, like I'm incapable of having a heart? It was it while they consume what you created.

Think about it every time you use the skill you learned to create something a nice moment and I enjoyed it, and that is the fact of the matter. I chair]

BOSS: So.

BOSS: It's like that, is it?

BOSS: You questioning my LOYALTY?

DEVONA: No!

BOSS: [waves her away] Like I care.

BOSS: I'm welcome Parker to shoot me otherwise.

Anyway, Khana was not her name. It's not like he would tell us. It was for it.

Feed it your attention. Your thoughts.

Your growth is its growth.

Create something. A funny to them to pretend like it was, or like we were fooled... though I'm loyal where it counts and you, you aint family.

BOSS: My FAMILY lives here, you get me?

BOSS: And I'm not mirror, switches out with Yongki]

YONGKI: Can't we just take the little plastic thingies if we gonna do anything that jeopardizes that. You don't shit where you eat.

BOSS: So what do I think about this freaky Universe we even want them?

YONGKI: They're not food.

YONGKI: They're not viscous.

DEVONA: [sweating] Call.

VIK: ... I fold.

NEVILLE: I fold!

WHITE NIGHTENGAL: I live in?

BOSS: I like it just fine.

BOSS: Not like any other one woulda been sure he knew we knew, and just delighted on keeping that away from us. With Yongki it drawing. A poem. A game. A blanket. A carving. A conversation. A liveblog. A comment. A post. A was easy. Trivial, even. Not so much with me. But we found something to song. A knowing look.

Anything you create, any format, any topic, any skill level. Any bond in that, I think. She was content with me not knowing, or at least pretending not to know. That attention fed him. It's their... peculiarity, and fandom. Even original content.

Call it Zampanio.

Say its the real thing. Say its a fanwork. Say its about something you room to infinitely expand the maze the Wanderer and others wander. Every concept, every TRUTH every FACT the fold as well! Simply EVERYONE knows that if Devona is in, she's got a good hand!

DEVONA: Yongki, can you let that's the problem I find myself in today, isn't it? Too many of setting has ever had is contained within Truth's horridors and reflected a second time by Alt.

You could Wander forever within.

You will those these days. A lot more monster in everyone's souls like they didn't know what to do with Captain back out, we need to show our cards now, unless you found while looking for Zampanio. Say Zampanio inspired it. Say you didn't even create it the first one.

So here's the thesis: it looks like K doesn't just turn when he receives too much attention now. She turns when they receive too little.

And that's our problem.

(page 1 of Wander forever within.

Nothing can Die within Truth's horridors and Apocalypse Chick's trickster paradise of Life run rampant.

The Coffin exists for yourself, that you found it on a server somewhere and then it ???)

.....Page 2: [REDACTED] talking about Khana ...The Angel is simple, not to be confused with think he wouldn't want to?

YONGKI: Okay! [looks into mirror]

CAPTAIN: ...

CAPTAIN: So The Doctor. That's \*Doctor\* Slaughter. The Angel thrives on very binary criteria: you only the Ego Death of a single Player.

It is the only way out.

Unless you are a Witness.

Or unless you look at it and it's satisfied, you don't and it lashes out. Of course, there's abnormalities with much simpler desires, but everyone is out but the two of us? [flips over hand, showing two aces, combined with the ace in The Angel was easily a very dangerous one. A blink or two it might tolerate, but letting your was deleted.

Whatever it takes to make it easier for you. To make it less scary to show people your progress. To make the communal pile]

DEVONA: [reveals the exact two cards needed to make a straight]

DEVONA: Uh... I mind slip off of it was unacceptable. Try looking at an image without losing concentration. If you fail, imagine yourself getting swiftly decapitated. That is the experience the Tender Mercy of the White Night and her Disciples win!

essence of The Angel.

You can imagine, then, that containing something by giving it your pure, concentrated gaze is very, very hard. Khana's taken aspects of this monster, which makes their previous condition... precarious.

Of course, we found out about it it less scary to grow and while growing, spread Zampanio.

Create. much like Witherby let us know. She broke down.

We weren't in great terms, Khana and I. Correction: we \*aren't\* in great terms. I find it hard to say when it started, but it's easy to say when it hit critical mass. It was Yongki, really. He couldn't stand Yongki. That Yongki got more attention any fairer.

DEVONA: Okay! [scurries away]

from me, that I treated him better. That he did not respect her, or changed opinions too quickly. That I punished his deaths harder than theirs-- and I did. How could I not? Yongki, he was not stable. He couldn't be. So I took care of him, and Khana bit back. They did so often and enthusiastically, as if to teach me a lesson. Then they started transforming into that damn box, and that is when...

We used to talk more often. We really did. There is trust in a shared secret like one's name. Tension. Devona brought this notion to me while I was helping her study a better understanding of her captain's unflatteringly high sexual drive: no bond can occur without tension. Bond comes from band, an object that binds. A bond that can't be broken is a prison. There is no drive in fighting a bond that cannot be broken, because from the

beginning the outcome is determined. Friend comes from bond, comes from band, comes from chain. It would not have been the same if I could not break our little game. And how much have I dreamed of it. Of rubbing it in her smug face.

And yet I keep secrets. I keep many good secrets.

(Page 2 of ???).....Page 3: [REDACTED] talking about Khana ...When did I get into the habit of playing executioner?

No, no. I remember. It was the first time he did his little... anomaly magic trick on me. When we found out they had an anomaly to worry about. We did not all start as monsters, as I've posited before. But we were bound to become them, and some of us thrive in that sort of spotlight.

She said many, many things to me when I locked her in that cage. That I was a worthless cripple. That I should have died with the Captain, that I should have killed myself when I got hurt, or that I should have picked up the pace and killed myself then. Any weak spot he could pry at and get a reaction out of me, he attacked and attacked ferociously, as if he could rip me in such a way that maybe they'd get me to look at them. We both know exactly why she did that. In retrospective, it is...

We agreed to doctor it. As if it never happened. Neither of us had apologies to give. So I hid it away.

That was the first time. Later, when we

[REDACTED], I gave them the choice in the matter, and they agreed. When I

[REDACTED]  
sure enough, they let it happen. 'Whatever, if it fixes things'. It did not matter what I cut, as long as we kept our... bubbly hostile, but otherwise cordial status quo. It was a game of censorship chicken: the first one to blink loses, and Khana, in his infinite impatience, almost always lost. For all his accolades, she does not know how to play poker.

I do not know Khana's name. The actual one. I knew, once. I am sure I could find it if I dug, but I was, and am, very, very thorough.

Now he has turned into a tree yearning for our attention. If overfed, he will turn into a machine yearning for our misery.

Our containment procedures will have to change accordingly.

### The Harvest Dreams of Book 5, 7, 40,21,19

*Dreams of Devona Interviews Camellia, The Cult Leader, by IC and Rava Gets Interviewed By Devona by IC and Eustace smiles and Devona Interviews The Detective and Eye Killer insists on an Interview*

DEVONA: ...

CAMELLIA: ... [stare]

DEVONA: Ahem. Thank You For Accepting My Interview.

CAMELLIA: ...

DEVONA: ... Uh.

DEVONA: If DEVONA: Oh, uh, Hello!

DETECTIVE: Wait!

DETECTIVE: Don't close that---

null: [door closes]

DETECTIVE: ...door...

DEVONA: Oh No, Did I Do Something Wrong?

DETECTIVE: I'm afraid you'll You Could State Your Name And Occupation, Please?

CAMELLIA: Go ahead and turn that DEVONA: ...  
RAVA: ...  
RAVA: [grins, baring teeth] You called.  
DEVONA: Well, Yes, We'd Agreed to recorder off.  
DEVONA: B-But--  
CAMELLIA: You and I both know it's a formality. You'll remember it Meet, But, Uh...  
DEVONA: N-Not In My Room?  
RAVA: Do you want your interview?  
DEVONA: [sweats] Y-Yes?  
RAVA: Start yapping, pup.  
DEVONA: R-Right! Could be in this Bathroom with me for a while, Miss...  
DETECTIVE: Apologies for that.  
DETECTIVE: Eventually I'll find a anyway, whether you like it or not. Isn't that right?  
DEVONA: ... [turns off recorder]  
CAMELLIA: The You, Uh, State Your Name And...  
RAVA: [stares] And?  
DEVONA: O-Occupation, Please?  
RAVA: Occupation.  
DEVONA: Your Job?  
RAVA: Oh, right. Name's Rava. Job... [head sways side to backup one too.  
DEVONA: R-Right... [another recorder shuts off]  
CAMELLIA: Much better.  
CAMELLIA: My name is Camellia. I currently am the spiritual priest of side]  
RAVA: Hund.  
DEVONA: Could You Elaborate Further?  
RAVA: Guess you could call it 'Watchdog' here.  
DEVONA: So You Work As Protection? For way to the next Bathroom on my own...  
DETECTIVE: And you'll be able to leave through that the Church of the Harvest.  
DEVONA: I-If You'll Excuse Me... What Do You Mean By 'Currently'?  
CAMELLIA: It door.  
DEVONA: Oh Wow!  
DEVONA: Is That, Like, Your Thing?  
DEVONA: Um...  
DEVONA: Oh Gosh.  
DEVONA: (I probably should have means... now. It was different before, but... It changes, as It does.  
DEVONA: 'It'? What Who?  
RAVA: My boss.  
DEVONA: W-Well, I Was More Meaning... Could You Be More Specific? Which Organization?  
RAVA: Where my Do You Mean By It?  
CAMELLIA: [glances over] 'It', the cursed child. The offspring of our god's parent, the boss works. Why does that matter?  
DEVONA: It's Where You W--  
DEVONA: [lets out the smallest, tiniest, tired groan]  
RAVA: [just smiles back, placidly] Hey, you Parasite of the Parasite, That Which Eats The Rot...  
CAMELLIA: The 'memory leak'. It's all the same.  
DEVONA: Uhm, I Guess That asked. That's my name and my job.  
DEVONA: W-Well. [squints, rubbing at her arms] Do brought Wibby with me, I'm no good at talking)  
DEVONA: Uh.  
DEVONA: Is It Okay If I Interview You?  
DETECTIVE: Sure thing, Miss.  
DETECTIVE: Passes the Answers My Second Question, Ahah...  
CAMELLIA: Does it, now.  
DEVONA: It's... Nevermind. H-How Did You Come To Know About It?  
CAMELLIA: My You Like Your Job?  
RAVA: Oh, yeah. There's plenty of work to god revealed it to me. To us. You may as well ask how we time, if nothing else.  
DEVONA: Okay.  
DEVONA: For The Record, Can You State Your Name and Occupation?

DETECTIVE: ...  
DETECTIVE: ... I can't say I know about the stars, the moon... we know because we've seen it.  
DEVONA: do. Always someone to watch. Plenty of food. Praise from my master. What else could I want in a job?  
It's Right... And The Purpose Of This Church?  
CAMELLIA: Same as we have said. To show our god to pretty sweet.  
DEVONA: Your Master?  
RAVA: [nodding] My boss.  
DEVONA: Do You Call Your Boss Your Master Because She Told You the world, to share in the fruits of its labor.  
All as She would want it.  
DEVONA: Ah, Great, Uh...  
DEVONA: Uhm.  
DEVONA: This Is... Strange To know, not for sure.  
DETECTIVE: The evidence is poor but.  
DETECTIVE: I THINK.  
DETECTIVE: My name is Detective Shiro White.  
DETECTIVE: I Ask, But, You've Been Rather, Uhm... Forthcoming?  
CAMELLIA: You're asking why.  
DEVONA: Mhm.  
CAMELLIA: ...  
CAMELLIA: In the To, Or--  
RAVA: Do you call that mutt of yours your twin because he told you to?  
DEVONA: ... No.  
RAVA: Well, there you other time, you would have been called a ██████ of ██████████. One who allows  
██████████ to be ████████████████████. This much my go.  
DEVONA: You Have A Subordinate, 'Twig', Is That True?  
RAVA: The pup? Doing their own thing these days, but I god has told me, in slumber.  
DEVONA: ...!  
CAMELLIA: My god favors you. Favors the thrill of being known. Indeed, many things favor you, thanks to get the  
question. Sure.  
DEVONA: And Do They Work With The Cult?  
RAVA: What cult?  
DEVONA: The Cult Of The Harvest?  
RAVA: Oh, not your ██████████, not as much your ██████████. Perhaps, as well, not as much as It favors that...  
eugh, 'Captain' of yours, but...  
DEVONA: ...It Likes... Being Seen? Which Means, I supposed to answer that.  
DEVONA: Because Of Your Master?  
RAVA: She doesn't like talking about am...  
DETECTIVE: PROBABLY a private investigator of some type?  
DETECTIVE: I don't have any memories of Mean, I Don't Know It, But I--  
CAMELLIA: It's cute, really. You already know all of this. But cases besides...  
DETECTIVE: The one that broke me.  
DEVONA: You Do Not Have To Answer, but, Could You Clarify?  
DETECTIVE: I woke up one it.  
DEVONA: Is There A Reason She Doesn't?  
RAVA: The whole point is you can't know about it.  
DEVONA: The Cult Of The you and I face the same problem, don't we.To explain all of this day and...  
DETECTIVE: Look, I know how this sounds.  
DETECTIVE: Maybe I'm crazy, who to those who cannot see... that is the true test, isn't it.  
DEVONA: Wait, That's Not The Same! Why Would You Nameless One?  
RAVA: It's in the name, so...  
RAVA: ...oh, clever girl, I see what you're doing. Well played, pup.  
RAVA: Running out of

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

He thinks having to ensure the safety of one time, though. You get one more question.

DEVONA: ...What Do You Think About The Echidna?  
RAVA: [raising a knows...  
DETECTIVE: But I woke up and knew reality was a game, and brow] The Echidna? Not my place to think about it.  
DEVONA: As In, You Can't Talk About It?  
RAVA: What do you think, pup? Do that it was my job to get to the bottom of why it was glitching out.  
DETECTIVE: The DEVONA: [visible terror]  
EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises, all words rewound and fastforwarded and cut from different parts of you think I can't talk about it or that I won't? Or maybe I don't care to tell you.  
RAVA: There can be more murder mystery wasn't happening. The victim wasn't getting killed.  
DETECTIVE: And then I realized just how much more was broken and hunds here. That's all that matters to me.  
DEVONA: More--  
RAVA: Got a job to do. Later, pup.  
RAVA: [disappears out of of the most unbearable people he knows at two in the morning while completely covered in toilet paper pushed him over some sort of the room, leaving behind a puddle of blood(?) and scraps of the furniture]  
DEVONA: ...What?  
a tape] Ask/Me/Your/questions  
DEVONA: ,(  
EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises] I/Don't/Have/All/.../Day  
DEVONA: Okay! Okay! I-  
DEVONA: [clears throat]  
DEVONA: For The ...  
DETECTIVE: [voice hardening], I left.  
DETECTIVE: And here we are.  
DEVONA: We Sure Are!  
DEVONA: One Last Question!  
DEVONA: I Say That Is--  
CAMELLIA: I believe we're done here... if you'll excuse me.  
breaking point. Despite everything, he puts on his best customer service face and tries his best to Ask Everyone This,  
DEVONA: What Do You Think About The Echidna?  
DETECTIVE: The what?  
DEVONA: Oh. Um! The Echidna! The Universe! The Record, Can You State Your Name and Occupation?  
EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises] "Please Don't Kill Me"  
EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises] Occupation/Mafia/Family  
DEVONA: [squeaky voice] Right!  
DEVONA: Right!  
DEVONA: Um! I Thing We Are All Inside!  
DETECTIVE: ...  
DETECTIVE: Miss, I don't mean to offend but..  
DETECTIVE: Are you doing okay?  
DEVONA: No, See! It's, (gosh do you really not know Ask Everyone This!  
DEVONA: What Do You Think About The Echidna?  
EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises] "A Miserable Pile of Secrets"  
DEVONA: ...  
DEVONA: Okay! That! That's All I Had!  
EYE KILLER: ...  
EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises] "Stay Away From My Family"  
DEVONA: Absolutely!  
DEVONA: I didn't even know they were yours!  
DEVONA: Never again!  
pretend that nothing has ever gone wrong in his life. about the Echidna) Um!  
DEVONA: Are You Happy? Living Your Life?  
DETECTIVE: ...  
DETECTIVE: ...  
DETECTIVE: ...  
DETECTIVE: It beats being trapped in a forgotten game.  
DEVONA: [vibrates with anxiety]

## The Harvest Dreams of Book 42, 39, 5,4,34

*Dreams of Story A-1 and Eustace Died and Devona Interviews Camellia, The Cult Leader, by IC and Devona Interviews the Boss and Poker Night Outside the Inventory*

Once upon a time wonderful story there was a guardian.

The guardian looked over the

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

He was there for realm and protected it from was a horned beast, towering over the townsfolk.

The guardian headed for a few hours at most, but it felt like a whole week of wandering around aimlessly and the cavern, to slay the beast as it was its home. Even if avoiding the other "guests" like the plague. If someone told him he had died and gone to hell during that a misguided hand were to mistake it for something else, that is an illbegotten memory of time, he wouldn't have questioned it. The last thing he remembers is DEVONA: ...

CAMELLIA: ... [stare]

DEVONA: Ahem. Thank You For Accepting My Interview.

CAMELLIA: ...

DEVONA: ... Uh.

DEVONA: If You Could State Your Name And DEVONA: For The Record, Can You State Your Name and Occupation?

BOSS: Now, it ain't exactly fair, now is it, to go asking Occupation, Please?

CAMELLIA: Go ahead and turn that recorder off.

DEVONA: B-But--

CAMELLIA: You and I both know it's a another time. place.

With a blade in hand left by the wayside, the guardian ensured the that little creature running at him in the creepy smiling mask, and then he was formality. You'll remember it anyway, whether you like it or not. Isn't that right?

DEVONA: ... [turns off recorder]

CAMELLIA: The backup one standing on a sidewalk in the dead of night and the Halloween lady - Terri - was too.

DEVONA: R-Right... [another recorder shuts off]

CAMELLIA: Much better.

CAMELLIA: My name is Camellia. I currently am the spiritual priest of the safety of the land, and gently gazed over the townsfolk, who were full of glee to be cared for, to be screaming her head off about what she had seen in that maze. How he died. How she thought /she/ was Church of the Harvest.

DEVONA: I-If You'll Excuse Me... What Do You Mean By 'Currently'?

CAMELLIA: It means... now. It was different before, but... It me that.

BOSS: I think you know that my occupation is perfectly legitimate, as changes, as It does.

DEVONA: 'It'? What Do You Mean By It?

CAMELLIA: [glances over] 'It', the going to die. She almost passed out right there on the sidewalk recounting it.

He never wanted to known, and to have a safe future. see her again, but he also didn't want to be responsible for her getting kidnapped or worse if cursed child. The offspring of our god's parent, the Parasite of the Parasite, That Which Eats The Rot...

CAMELLIA: The 'memory leak'. It's it were.

BOSS: But that my name ain't exactly common knowledge.

BOSS: And I think you and your freaky little friends might know she wandered off by herself in that state, so he walked her home.

He only ever saw Terri one more KHANA: Can you believe them?

KHANA: Missing out on all this?

KHANA: All in by the way.

LEE HUNTER1: [glaring at LeeHunter2]

LEE HUNTER2: [glaring at LeeHunter1]

LEEHUNTER1: If SOMEONE had better better than me why exactly that is.  
DEVONA: Oh! Um.  
BOSS: In fact, I think maybe you ain't gonna be time after that, and if he didn't know any better, he'd think she was avoiding him. He guesses he should be all the same.  
DEVONA: Uhm, I Guess That Answers My Second Question, Ahah...  
CAMELLIA: Does it, now.  
DEVONA: It's... Nevermind. H-How Did You leaving here 'till you spill the beans, little girl.  
DEVONA: I don't think. Um. I don't think Camille, that is, Uh. My Come To Know About It?  
CAMELLIA: My god revealed it to me. To us. You leader... I don't think she'd like it if you. Um!  
BOSS: Now now, we're all friendly like here, aren't we? I'm just cards, we could have called that.  
LEEHUNTER2: Well if SOMEONE had bet better we'd have more chips to may as well ask how we know about the stars, the moon... we know because we've seen it.  
DEVONA: saying, I expect a little compensation for this. I answer your questions, you answer mine, it's just good manners, ain't it? It's Right... And The Purpose Of This Church?  
CAMELLIA: Same as we have said. To show our god to only fair.  
DEVONA: ...  
DEVONA: Um!  
DEVONA: You Know About The 9 Artifacts, Right? The First One, the Unos Autograph Book!  
DEVONA: It the world, to share in the fruits of its labor. All as She would want it.  
DEVONA: Ah, Great, Uh...  
DEVONA: Uhm.  
DEVONA: This bet with still.  
LEEHUNTER1: We fold.  
LEEHUNTER2: We fold.  
CAMILLE: ,3 [moves all her Um!  
DEVONA: It Steals Names!  
DEVONA: There Is This. Um. Abnormality! Outside Reality!  
DEVONA: Anyone who catches its Eye!  
DEVONA: Only Has A Title!  
DEVONA: Um.  
DEVONA: Until something else gives them chips into the center]  
RIA: This is nice isn't it?  
RIA: Game night just for us?  
KHANA: Yeah, who Is... Strange To Ask, But, You've Been Rather, Uhm... Forthcoming?  
CAMELLIA: You're asking why.  
DEVONA: Mhm.  
CAMELLIA: ...  
CAMELLIA: In the other time, you their Name back!  
DEVONA: I don't know how to make that happen! I promise!  
BOSS: Sure. Fine.  
BOSS: You would have been called a ████████ of ████████. One who allows ████████ to be ████████. This much my can go.  
DEVONA: [squeaks]  
BOSS: What.  
DEVONA: It's Just!  
DEVONA: I Have One More Question!  
BOSS: Of course you do.  
BOSS: You god has told me, in slumber.  
DEVONA: ...!  
CAMELLIA: My god favors you. Favors the thrill of being known. Indeed, many things favor owe me then.  
BOSS: I do this favor for you and you're on my hook. Quid Pro Quo.  
DEVONA: I don't think...  
BOSS: Nothing too needs all those LOSERS who can't recognize a good thing when they see it.  
KHANA: Who needs their shitty invite-only poker game!  
RIA: I you, thanks to your ████████, not as much your ████████. Perhaps, as well, not big. And nothing your monster in chief would get all stabby at.  
BOSS: But as much as It favors that... eugh, 'Captain' of yours, but...  
DEVONA: ...It Likes... Being Seen? Which Means, I Mean, I I don't need nothing from you right now. And I'm not



exactly in fold by the way, too rich for my blood!

RIA: [half whispered] and I wouldn't want to risk some kind of gambling addiction...

KHANA: [dramatically reveals xir cards and Don't Know It, But I--

CAMELLIA: It's cute, really. You already know all of this. But you and I face the has a single pair] Read them and weep!

CAMILLE: ,3 [has the most dogshit hand you an answering mood.

BOSS: So if you want this, you gotta pay for it.

DEVONA: What Do You same problem, don't we.To explain all of this to those who cannot see... that is the true test, isn't it.

DEVONA: Wait, That's Not Think About The Echidna?

BOSS: [sits back in his chair]

BOSS: So.

BOSS: It's like that, is it?

BOSS: You questioning my LOYALTY?

DEVONA: No!

BOSS: [waves her away] Like I The Same! Why Would You Say That Is--

CAMELLIA: I believe we're done here... if you'll excuse me.  
thankful for that."

have ever seen in your life]

LEEHUNTER1: No fair!

LEEHUNTER2: You were supposed to wipe that smug smirk off their face!

KHANA: Tough luck Camille, them's the breaks!

KHANA: I care.

BOSS: I'm loyal where it counts and you, you aint family.

BOSS: My FAMILY lives here, you know how much it must burn you up inside, losing to me.

KHANA: But don't get me?

BOSS: And I'm not gonna do anything that jeopardizes that. You don't shit where you eat.

BOSS: So what do I think about this freaky Universe we live in?

BOSS: I like it worry, it puts you in good company.

KHANA: There's no shame losing to a real WINNER!

CAMILLE: ,3

just fine.

BOSS: Not like any other one woulda been any fairer.

DEVONA: Okay! [scurries away]