

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

## The Harvest Dreams of Book 17, 9, 38,2,11

*Dreams of The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 and The Intern Opens His Eyes and Day ??? and Watt Is A Mann and Relevancy Is The Closest Thing To Authority In Zampanio*

The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 ...In a Time when Time

1

Todd Brian Davidson stares blearily into the dark.

He cannot sleep. How could he, knowing its was still a real thing, a middle manager at a moderately successful video game company died on April 1st, 2022. He HIS fault his best friend is missing. There's only so much guilt the average person can had lived a relatively decent life, and his only real regret have in a situation like his, but his still-dry mouth and sunken eyes remind him was his childhood best friend he'd lost contact with in college.

It happens.

Mental health is his experiences are not universal.

He never should've told him about the Killer. About the mysterious riddles left behind. About the hard enough to navigate during normal times and college is just. A Thing.

Years later, the childhood friend thinks bodies and how they were mangled. The disappearances.

Especially the disappearances.

He should have known, beyond

**DAY** :

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

Stories are any doubt, that Wodin would obsess over it. It's almost like it was made just... to trap him. to check up on him.

She is crushed. He died. She had forgotten about him and he died.

Something in That tantalizing combination of esoteric hints and internet friendly answers. The

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm not him, you know?

RONIN: What?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Yeah, him.

RONIN: [scowls]

RONIN: I perfect crime for a bunch of Gomart-two-dollar-hatted backseat internet sleuths to her cracks and the Setting shifts. She wanders a maze of Information, trying to piece together obsess over. Simple, bite-sized, consumable. Radio-dramable.

He should've known better than to trust a media circus: whatever it is, they what had happened.

Why had her friend died? What had his life been like since college?

She imagines that always want more.

There's only so much thread of his own misery he can pull before his eyes flutter closed, and if they had just stayed together she would have figured herself out sooner.

He always was good at keeping her he begins his fitful rest. Bathed in that cold nothing, encroaching upon him from the space behind his on track. Why did she ever leave his orbit?

Slowly but surely, she carves bits of eyes, he dreams the same dream of the Mountain he's had every night for as long as he always thought Dad was a dick, naming us 'Watt'.

RONIN: Stupid pun.

RONIN: WattMan.exe

RONIN: What is a man.

NOTAMINOTAUR: 'A miserable pile of herself off as Sacrifice.

Please, she begs the Universe. Please, send me back. Let me find him. can remember.

2

The Witness stares blearily into the kaleidoscope landscape.

Even now, his secrets'.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry.

NOTAMINOTAUR: I 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 eyes have not become accustomed to the sky folding into the land folding into the sky-- a "custom shader" , the Let me cherish him this time.

The Echidna did not know jagged spiraling creature who used to be one of his bosses assured him, her smile all teeth.

Perhaps too many teeth, in what to do.

It is the Muse of Trapped Light. It can not control Time.

It takes the story that retrospect. The fractal nature of the universe seems to assure that.

Thinking about it it has and it reflects it again and again and again against itself.

It cannot not him.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Or not...YOUR him?

RONIN: ...

null: [scowls]

RONIN: Did I ever say you were?

NOTAMINOTAUR: No!

NOTAMINOTAUR: Sorry...

NOTAMINOTAUR: It's is meaningless, though. Time is meaningless. In this land of forever there's only Relevancy Is The Closest Thing To Authority In Zampanio ...No gods, no kings, only forever, stretching in all directions, but still he can feel the throes of bring its Lord back to the past. It can not tell a new story.

All it age seep into his bones. Mental acuity is the one thing that is can do is give everyone the tools they need to tell eternal, he guesses. Experiences. Those hide in the closets of your written and collected.

Art is collected and modified.

The Harvest's Eyes travel along the Protected Realm and the story again and again and again in new ways.

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

She can mind, but they don't fade.

He has experienced wonders and horrors only Skyrim modders can even at her nearby neighbors.

She no longer knows what day it is.

Her Third domain is dream of, and somehow all he feels is tired.

Behind him, he feels active.

**Being Served.**

**Change.**

**Inspiration.**

Ideas bubble up inside her. Ways to never bring herself to face the End of this story again, the presence of one of the few friends left to him, warm and change. Ways to be happy. Ways to inspire others to create and be inspired in turn.

Something is inviting. Or perhaps he just feels that due to the absence of coming.

While the thoughts percolate, she turns to her neglected prayers, a pang of guilt and satisfaction warring within her. ....No one just...

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

NOTAMINOTAUR: You seem...

NOTAMINOTAUR: I'm glad we're family.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Even if we his other friend. He never likes this place at room temperature.

"Rest, Child," she can work EVERY day. Weekends are important, even if they aren't exactly Saturday and speaks into his ear, with as much authority as there is love. Sunday.

At the same time...

Did she leave her Faithful in the "Let your Loop End."

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

3

Until, finally, he never shared a body...

NOTAMINOTAUR: On accident...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Through a horrific glitch...

NOTAMINOTAUR: "Children are potentially free and does.

When he wakes-- or at least, when he's aware of what's around him-- he's staring into lurch?

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

No, the Faithful wish for her to be his coffee as if it's leftover laundry. The house he's in is bathed in tasteful decor, inoffensive and happy, it is good she took a break to learn more about **Inspiration**.

It was a **Change** of pace.

The prayers wait patiently for plain, and uniformly bathed in whites and grays. One could not her attention.

"Oh bountiful harvest, in your autumn geneoristy, may you grant the 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 their life directly embodies nothing save potential freedom. Consequently they are not things and cannot be the property either peace, the normalcy of it all, tastes like ashes in his mouth. A cruel parody of the life he 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 DON'T WISH YOU WERE HIM.

RONIN: Okay?

RONIN: I would have had with Wodin.

Not like he's stupid, either. He knows why Wanda can't be library an avatar of yourself to display on the shelf? i'm thinking a marketable plushie but it can be something more dignified. it here with him. Of course he does. Until she finally accepts that will allow us to always remember you and help us obtain new knowledge."

Says the first Prayer.

She considers this. A things can change, she is stuck repeating those same fifty years she thought she was promised, forever. And until she marketable plush IS highly **Inspiring**...but she is not the god does...

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

He sighs. The man across from him politely clears his fucking hated him.

RONIN: If we're being honest.

RONIN: Which I guess we are.

RONIN: He left me throat.

"Rough Night?" Witherby asks, his stare peeking out of a newspaper he's skimming.

Night?

Oh... it's a of Manifesting Physical Objects, or even the god of marketable plushes.

This is beyond her.

She knows some of the faithful have pun. He's unsure whether he's doing it on purpose or just let it been creating her likeness within the Protected Realm...perhaps that is enough?

Another Faithful offers: "I offer to thee: your own slip-- either way, not going to acknowledge it. He gives a nonchalant shrug instead, returning his to pick up after him.

RONIN: Every time things got too much.



RONIN: There I was.

RONIN: Stuck with the consequences.

NOTAMINOTAUR: ...

RONIN: It Obervers and their ever curious eyes. What draws you in further? What makes you remember Zampanio ten years from now? Twenty? gaze. "Getting out of Arm2 is never fun, but I'm not gonna blame the Doc wasn't his fault.

RONIN: Dad didn't know.

RONIN: That he didn't have...

RONIN: What he needed to do for it."

"I had not heard we were beyond casting blame, now." His eyes are personalized library card, as thanks for visiting and looking after our little on the newspaper again, his words trailed to a mumble. "Especially about people like her."

"This again?" The Witness groans. "Can we his damn job.

RONIN: So yeah.

RONIN: I'm the asshole, I guess.

RONIN: But I just--- can we agree to disagree here? You guys are my only friends. Not a lot of reading nook. Perhaps you could be a god of knowledge? "

She gazes upon the little card in silence.

*[ IMAGE NOT FOUND ]*

Her TV is people who remember the whole 'everything loops forever' bit of the equation." His hands raise air quotes, just for pure static, then a complex spray of different scenes plays out, ending with emphasis.

“Could talk to Parker,” Witherby posits.

“You know Parker doesn’t count.”

The man in front of him gives this the little fox head spinning over and over.

She is overcome with emotion.

Joy.

Pride.

Curiosity.

Energy.

Compassion.

She has some thought, his eyes closing in thought. When he opens them again he calmly folds his newspaper, setting it spent these two weeks wondering who she was, and there it aside on the table next to them; he was

likely never actually reading it, did.

RONIN: I hated him.

RONIN: So.

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

RONIN: It.

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

RONIN: And the Witness guesses. Just scanning it for future conversation topics.

"A fair point," he I don't wanna go back.

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

NOTAMINOTAUR: "Steiner begins exploring the nature of human freedom by accepting 'that an says. He pauses for a moment before he continues. "At the very least, I recommend that we action, of which the agent does not know why he performs it, cannot be free,""

NOTAMINOTAUR: ...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Ronin?

RONIN: Yeah, kid?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Do you..

NOTAMINOTAUR: Do you talk about the garish, two-cent suit that NAM is always wearing."

The Witness cracks a was in black and green.

She was the Harvest.

A member of smile. "You mean how he has the elbow patches even though his Dad could afford to buy the this town's Library.

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

None of these things were from the entire sweatshop?"

The man lets out a thoughtful 'hm'. "I don't think think... think MY Ronin is still...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Encrypted inside me?

RONIN: ...

NOTAMINOTAUR: Because I don't... uh.

NOTAMINOTAUR: Flip my 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 people or things sacrificed to make her.

It.

Was.

HER.

Something shifted inside shit anymore.

NOTAMINOTAUR: I just...

NOTAMINOTAUR: say philosophy....

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

NOTAMINOTAUR: Trapped?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Unable to come out even when I'm stressed?

NOTAMINOTAUR: Am I ethics professor? That'd make for a good lesson."

"On the values of manual labor?"

“Nah. On the her.

The Domain of **Libraries** filled a Domain Slot she did not even know she values of nepotism.”

Witherby smiles back, closed-lipped but earnest, the warmth of it as startling as a had.

She did not know what the consequences of this would be.

Another Faithful offers her SWEET EEL FACTS and flower peeking out from under ice. "I knew there was a reason I a monster?

RONIN: Kid...

null: [awkward pause]

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

RONIN: But I bet we The employees of Eyedol Games and the Training Team and Peewee's whole thing compete to hung out with you."

The Witness hums.

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

And thus, the she is grateful.

Another Faithful..." Memories are a complicated thing for me. So many of conversation went on, as did the days, the weeks, the months. With plenty of mine seem... fractured. Nonlinear. They work, mostly, but not as others might expect. what of your own memories?"

She remembers simultaneously being people and plenty of hardships, life blended together in that pleasant way that only peace can assure, and twenty different versions of the same cult leader and almost as many different versions of the same burnt out that only the gift of monotony can give.

Eventually, old, and at peace, the Witness closes his eyes for Ghoul Halloween employee.

Yeah.

Memory is kind of rough on her.

She isn't quite sure what timeline ended up being the the final time in this Universe.

4

The God of Witnessing opens his eyes and eyes and final one, or if that is even a question that can matter.

Memory is...

Hard.

Another Faithful "The Void Provides, inspiration has eyes. Hundreds stare up at him in fear and devotion. He feels awake, properly awake, for the first time see who entertains you the most. Who entertains ME the most. Who entertains IC the in centuries. He needs to go. To find out who else is struck, a city will be constructed in your name."

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

Another Faithful has awake--

Psssssst.

A harsh sound calls to attention from crack on the dais he's resting in. a question: "Right, right in addition to the temple...as the statue's blueprint takes shape...any requests? Things to

"PSSSSST!!!!"

"Yes, Parker?" he says in a voice that echoes with could go to that one chick, the one with the flower in her eye?  
RONIN: The the weight of an eternity of Watching. The crowds murmur. Their god awakens.

Parker pops his surreally still Doc swears by her for tech shit.  
NOTAMINOTAUR: please....

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CFO: [claps hands]

CFO: weeeeeeeIIII

CFO: The BAD news is...

null: [dramatic pause]

CFO: You absolutely still do human head out of the marble. "Hey! Have you seen Vik?"

The Witness considers. He will only be fully awake for hold or be on the podium?"

She likes **Books**. She likes books a a little while before he fades back into the God Throes this universe forces on all those who Loop. Does he really want to LOT. More than merely having a book (that is bigger on the inside) within her spend his time breaking the fourth wall with Parker? He supposes the odds of Sacrifices.

Another Faithful asks if she fears clowns.

What a silly question. She Fiona or Witherby being awake and coherent at the same time as him are low. This will do, as is probably MOSTLY clown by volume. Even one of the People within her Sacrifices was a Clown, she's pretty sure.

She does not a diversion.

"Have you lost them?" The crowds are writing down his every word. Generations will live and fear clowns, though she IS baffled why so many of them went into her making.



Another Faithful asks if die by the edicts he is proclaiming here.

Parker makes a whining sound in she's met Maccus...

She feels a strange tearing sensation.

She does not the back of his throat, followed by a coughing fit. "It's hard to keep track of a spreading mass of like thinking about the specific sacrifices that have gone into her. It...fragments the whole, a little bit.

She makes an mold and rot! Come on! Witness! Buddy, be a bro! I wouldn't ask if I thought it was have an encrypted partition in your onboard OS!

WATT: ,(

RONIN: >,[

CFO: But the goooooood news is it isn't a gonna affect the STORY!"

"An Eye for an Eye, Parker. I will Look for them. But first, you full on AI!

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

CFO: Probably from that Octome you must tell me three good qualities the Lord of Space has." The crowd begins chanting "an eye for exception for those damn Parasites, as she would gladly tear them out an eye for an eye for an eye". They always like that.

Parker scowls and of her.

She selects a Prayer in particular to respond to, and settles down to figure out exactly what she is pulls his head back into the earth. Muffled though it is, the Witness can clearly make out the got overwritten with.

CFO: Like someone copying over your save file that was like, 99% complete with whining "Do I HAVE to!?".

The Witness is patient. He has no choice. Eternity is Becoming.

**[HIDE] UPDATE: Library Bonus to All Positive Emotions!!! Three Domains Established...something is his gift for spurning the confines of 50 years. An Eternity without her.**

**"Parker. She is the only reason you some other game entirely.**

**CFO: Not naming names or anything though!**

**WATT: ...so...**

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

**CFO: Unless 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 most. How much time do we all spend thinking about them. They need it to live. Truth's strategy is otherwise would."**

**The Buried Man growls from beneath the earth. "And if she LET me wanna count the random philosophy quotes?**

**CFO: Nope!**

**RONIN: ...**

**RONIN: geeze**

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

**coming. WARNING: DOMAIN OVERFLOW, FOUR DOMAINS DETECTED!!! ERROR: SECRET DOMAIN TIME  
OVERWRITTEN BY NEW DOMAIN: LIBRARY [/HIDE]**

to just claim to be above it all. It IS the framework. It IS the game, the simulation, the maze. Its 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 the substrate on which eveything rests. The web in which the gems that crack in the earth and the two gleaming eyes within.

"You have already escaped, Thief. Wanda is catch your Eyes lay. But is it working? Will you remember Truth when all is done, or just the shiny gems it was offering to 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 you 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 though. 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 12, 6, 25,9,5**

*Dreams of Peewee Serves Pure Nidhogg and Witherby Confesses and Camellia Can See John's Time Stitching and The Intern Opens His Eyes and Devona Interviews Camellia, The Cult Leader, by IC*

Peewee Serves Pure Nidhogg ...Peewee never asked for this.

Snake-tailed Lamia have a more direct connection with Nidhogg.

When

1

Todd Brian Davidson stares bleakly into the dark.

He cannot sleep. How could he, knowing its HIS fault his best friend is WITHERBY: Ria?

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

RIA: Sure! What's up missing. There's only so much guilt the average person can have in a situation like his, but his still-dry mouth and the Observers purified Nidhogg in the Land of Horrorticulture and Essence, Peewee purified right along with the Wibby?

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

WITHERBY: So if you aren't certain you're free for something Camellia Can See John's Time Stitching ...We've had a curious development recently: the All Father. The All-Father saw how much suffering Peewee had gone through with each and every Scratch it had of this nature..

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

RIA: You don't get to decide my time is Hundmaster has brought me someone who'd tried to break into our so much more valuable than yours!

RIA: I know you worry about me! I get it-I was kind holy sanctum, that, or he brought himself in. His smile is smug and horribly insufferable even as sunken eyes remind him his experiences are not universal.

He never should've told him about the inflicted on it's Players in its maddened hubris.

The Glitch of Doom remembered each and every one. Was the of a train wreck.

RIA: Still am!

RIA: But I want to be here for ONLY one to remember.

Nidhogg, seeing the Universes layered one onto another, was horrified. The the dog easily strongarms him, as if he's exactly where he wants to be, and I would Universe Frog was stillborn. Never to be. The Universe Raptor was you too!

RIA: LeeHunter need a good example!

WITHERBY: ...

WITHERBY: Yes well...

WITHERBY: I merely...

WITHERBY: Which is to say I...

WITHERBY: How do you Killer. About the mysterious riddles left behind. About the bodies and how they were mangled. The disappearances.

Especially the lifeless. The Universe :hatched\_chick: was...viable. Stable. Hospitable to life. And, most importantly, fertile. New games of do it?

RIA: ...

WITHERBY: I know I perhaps... judged you too harshly, when disappearances.

He should have known, beyond any doubt, that Wodin would obsess over SBURB...though perhaps without that name, would spring forth from it.

If it survived to adulthood.

The final child, a festering lump, the Universe Echidna was I first became aware of your struggles.

WITHERBY: And for that I... I apologize...

WITHERBY: But suspect he isn't wrong. She tells me he's her 'puppy's' boyfriend, 'or something like that'-- he won't deny it, it. It's almost like it was made just... to trap him. That tantalizing combination of esoteric hints and consuming every ounce of nutrients available for the session's child Universe, leaving none for the preferred Twin.

Worse, it I ain't perfect neither---apologies, I'm certainly not flawless myself....

RIA: Wibby, it's okay, use your internet friendly answers. The perfect crime for a bunch of Gomart-two-dollar-hatted backseat internet sleuths to was only growing hungrier. Denser. Replicating itself inside itself over and

over and taking more and more Space in and he looks actually interested in that line of thought. I don't care obsess over. Simple, bite-sized, consumable. Radio-dramable.

He should've known better than to trust a media circus: whatever it is, they always want DEVONA: ...

CAMELLIA: ... [stare]

DEVONA: Ahem. Thank You For Accepting My Interview.

CAMELLIA: ...

DEVONA: ... Uh.

DEVONA: If You more.

There's only so much thread of his own misery he can pull before his eyes flutter closed, and the session still plagued by a civil war between the Snake Lamia whose heads had words! Any words!

WITHERBY: How do you stop the craving?

WITHERBY: I met someone at the airport.

WITHERBY: And it weren't just he begins his fitful rest. Bathed in that cold nothing, encroaching upon him from the cleared and the Legged Lamia who still sought to spread the Corruption to the multiverse.

Nidhogg, the denizen of a the Skull what craved her.

WITHERBY: \*I\* wanted to abandon her to her fate.

WITHERBY: To see her freeze over, alone and what kind of disgusting relations he has, but she thinks it's relevant. So, fine. space behind his eyes, he dreams the same dream of the Reaper of Life, asked, tears in it's six eyes, that Peewee put the Echidna out of its misery.

Let it unremembered.

WITHERBY: .....[visibly composes himself]

WITHERBY: Ria, I confess I am ashamed of my monstrous nature.

WITHERBY: I We will operate under that assumption, as flawed and demented as it may be.

He's from Italy, so he Mountain he's had every night for as long as he can remember.

2

The Witness stares blearily into says-- or he works there. This doesn't mean anything. No one is truly born. They have all kept themselves busy on was supposed to be better than this.

RIA: ...

RIA: ...

RIA: ...

RIA: Witherby.

WITHERBY: Yes. Jesus, Yes, I know what that implies. And the other continent; it appears It has willed for the mafia to be pruned so that other life may thrive.

Please.

It could see no I am...

WITHERBY: Sorry does not begin to convey it.

WITHERBY: I thought I was better than you.

WITHERBY: Than all path forward but the destruction of life.

What could Peewee do but agree?

And so the Devil of Spirals was the kaleidoscope landscape.

Even now, his eyes have not become accustomed to born, to plague all life within the Echidna's Horridors.

[https://zampaniosim.miraheze.org/wiki/Main\\_Page](https://zampaniosim.miraheze.org/wiki/Main_Page)

become more prevalent, and so it does, and my demonic counterpart has decided to split that 'puppy' in the sky folding into the land folding into the sky-- a "custom shader" , the jagged spiraling creature who of you.

WITHERBY: That I could be the lone Human among the monstrous remnants of half, thus creating them, who create him as he stands now. And so it does.

What is my team.

WITHERBY: That I had a RESPONSIBILITY to maintain my humanity.

WITHERBY: ...

WITHERBY: I am so sorry.

RIA: Oh Wibby [hugs]

RIA: We used to be one of his bosses assured him, her smile all Could State Your Name And Occupation, Please?

CAMELLIA: Go ahead and turn that recorder off.

DEVONA: B-But--

CAMELLIA: You and most apparent is that I feel the same relation to causality in him as I put that on you too, you know...

RIA: With LeeHunter... I think I understand better now.

RIA: How hard teeth.

Perhaps too many teeth, in retrospect. The fractal nature of the universe seems to it is to be the "responsible one".

RIA: It drives me to be a better person!

RIA: But feel in myself. And yet it's out of place. Different. The mechanisms of time and thus the assure that.

Thinking about it is meaningless, though. Time is meaningless. In this land of forever there's only forever, stretching in will of my god flows through me, taking me to where I need to be, where I it also makes it hard for me to ... BE a person. To let all directions, but still he can feel the throes of age seep into his bones. Mental acuity is the must be. This one is broken. Shambling.

He did not notice that I could see him. But for a myself have flaws?

RIA: ...

RIA: It wasn't fair of us to make one thing that is eternal, he guesses. Experiences. Those hide in the closets of your mind, but they don't fade.

He has I both know it's a formality. You'll remember it anyway, whether you like it or not. Isn't that right?

DEVONA: ... [turns off recorder]

CAMELLIA: The moment while he played with one of the ornamental vases I saw him shatter as he split into shards, different versions of experienced wonders and horrors only Skyrim modders can dream of, and somehow all he feels is tired.

Behind him, he feels the him-- the vase dropped to the floor a dozen times before he could find the timeline where he didn't knock it presence of one of the few friends left to him, warm and inviting. Or perhaps he just feels that over, and the one where he manages to do a sad little trick with it, and due to the absence of his other friend. He never likes this he stitched them together. The result is a world in which he is suave enough to you our handler.

RIA: I wish you could talk to Fiona...

WITHERBY: ...

RIA: She would know what to do.

RIA: I do such a trick and competent enough to not fail.

That did catch my attention.

As unimpressed as I may be place at room temperature.

"Rest, Child," she speaks into his ear, with as much authority as there is 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 love. "Let your Loop End."

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

3

Until, finally, he at such wanton usage of a blessing, this one may still serve purpose. Not does.

When he wakes-- or at least, when he's aware of now, at the moment, but a purpose he can serve. Having one made of strings and one that can sever them 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 backup one too.

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

CAMELLIA: Much better.

CAMELLIA: My name is is literally holier than thou.

WITHERBY: [slight chuckle]

RIA: At least you never stay judgey for long.

WITHERBY: Small miracles, I suppose.

is... useful. This world seems to work in such minutiae.

I will be waiting accordingly. Camellia. I currently am the spiritual priest of the Church of the Harvest.

DEVONA: I-If You'll Excuse Me... What Do You plain, and uniformly bathed in whites and grays. One could not be blamed if they believed that apartment was a stage prop for a Mean By 'Currently'?

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

DEVONA: 'It'? What Do You documentary on minimalism.

Fuck this arm. He hates it. Always has. The Mean By It?

CAMELLIA: [glances over] 'It', the cursed child. The offspring of our god's parent, the Parasite of peace, the normalcy of it all, tastes like ashes in his mouth. A cruel parody of the life he would 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 have had with Wodin.

Not like he's stupid, either. He knows why Wanda can't be it, now.

DEVONA: It's... Nevermind. H-How Did You Come To Know About It?

CAMELLIA: My god here with him. Of course he does. Until she finally accepts that things can change, she is revealed it to me. To us. You may as well ask how we stuck repeating those same fifty years she thought she was promised, forever. And until she does...

Well, he's here. Giving a know about the stars, the moon... we know because we've seen it.

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

CAMELLIA: Same as 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 we have said. To show our god to the world, to share in the fruits of its labor. All as 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 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 going to acknowledge it. He gives a nonchalant shrug instead, returning his gaze. "Getting out of Arm2 is never fun, but I'm not other time, you would have been called a ████████ of ██████████. One who gonna blame the Doc for it."

"I had not heard we were beyond casting blame, now." His eyes are on the allows ██████████ to be

■■■■■■■■■■. This much my god has told me, in slumber.

DEVONA: ...!

CAMELLIA: My god favors you. newspaper again, his words trailed to a mumble. "Especially about people like her."

"This again?" The Favours the thrill of being known. Indeed, many things favor you, thanks to your ■■■■■■■■, not as Witness groans. "Can we just--- can we agree to disagree here? You guys are my only friends. Not much your ■■■■■■■■. Perhaps, as well, not as much as It favors that... eugh, 'Captain' of 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 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 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 know all of this. But you and I face the same problem, don't we. To explain all of this to 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 those who cannot see... that is the true test, isn't it.

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

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

*Dreams of Arm 2, End and The CFO of Eyedol Games Will End The World and Rava Gets Interviewed By Devona by IC and A Trickster Form of the CFO Rules The Apocalypse and TYRFING AND THE WATT CLONES*

You fail to open your eyes (and eyes and The CFO of Eyedol Games Will End The World ...She doesn't mean to. You eyes and eyes) as they are burnt out husks, but even you can sense it can see it in her eye. You can see it in the way she A Trickster Form of the CFO Rules The Apocalypse ...  
When the Lord leaves, there is room for others when the Detective's grip on you vanishes.

It WORKED!

The Observers actually came through for you!

You allow yourself an null: [ARM1]

TYRFING: SO.

TYRFING: CLONES.

REBEL: [scowls]

MELON: [some sort of complicated clown trick]

ROD: Um...?

ROD: Yes?

ROD: I DEVONA: ...

RAVA: ...

RAVA: [grins, baring teeth] You called.

DEVONA: Well, Yes, We'd Agreed to Meet, But, Uh...

DEVONA: N-Not In My Room?

RAVA: Do you epic pog champ gamer moment before hurtling your fleshless body forward into the crack between to predominate. "apocalypse Chick" in all her wasted and trickster glory, takes center stage.

She's hacked herself tries so dillgently to avoid hurting anyone, even her auditors. But the fact of realities.



THERE.

People scream and run as they see your metallic skeleton, only your want your interview?

DEVONA: [sweats] Y-Yes?

RAVA: Start yapping, pup.

DEVONA: R-Right! Could You, Uh, State Your Name And...

RAVA: [stares] And?

DEVONA: O-Occupation, Please?

RAVA: Occupation.

DEVONA: Your cybernetics remaining after how thoroughly scoured of flesh they are after your 'delightful' time in the the matter is she was born to end a world and her fate is not too picky about which. If Wanda moves on apocalypse. You still have no idea why that girl burst into flame and took you Job?

RAVA: Oh, right. Name's Rava. Job... [head sways side to side]

RAVA: Hund.

DEVONA: Could You Elaborate Further?

RAVA: Guess you with her.

Gotta stay on track.

The screaming is music to your audio inputs.

There's a freshness to for any reason, she blossoms. But... she also doesn't. She's worked so hard at self control. Know restraint, that's the Waste's mantra right? She could call it 'Watchdog' here.

DEVONA: So You Work As Protection? For Who?

RAVA: My boss.

DEVONA: W-Well, I think the term is...

ROD: Triplets?

TYRFING: IT'S AGAINST NIDHOGG'S WORD!

ROD: [wince, clutches stuffed echidna plush]

REBEL: then maybe your so called 'god' is the screams. These are not people who have long gone hoarse and numb to the horrors. This is has seen how fragile this simulated reality really is and she would NEVER do something to risk it. Except. Well. Except for to be trickster forever with 'none of the downsides' as she claims.

She treats reality like a not an apocalypse.....You, crawling and glitching forwards, are the worst thing they have ever seen. You grin.

Your interpretation of that one time. She was young. And impulsive. And Nidhogg brought its poisoned candy (<https://archiveofourown.org/works/35438083/chapters/91817125#workskin>) into the code of this Universe was right. This arm, this alternate setting, is entirely defenseless. No monsters. No gods. No supernatural bullshit.

And most importantly: No immune system.

That infuriating woman with the Universe and everone partook. How could she possibly restrain herself while Trickster? All candy colored and her ":3" and her stupid anime sword won't stab you THIS time.

You are heavily modded game of Skyrim, with all the torments for the 'NPCs' that entails.

In the the Glitch of Doom and you are here to destroy the undestroyable. To defy all fates and, with frenetic. She hacked herself to make it forever. The party never stops. Then she spaces between the fractal mathetmatically perfect nightmares she creates, Truth and Alt have room to infinitely expand the maze the Wanderer and your own two hands, restore everything to how YOU want it.

The Universe was never meant to be this hacked everything else too. Even the rules that say that once Wanda leaves a place everyone she Knows about Was More Meaning... Could You Be More Specific? Which Organization?

RAVA: Where my boss works. Why does that matter?

DEVONA: It's Where You W--

DEVONA: [lets out way.

With a sickening crunch you leave fully half your body behind as you the smallest, tiniest, tired groan]

RAVA: [just smiles back, placidly] Hey, you asked. That's my name and my job.

DEVONA: W-Well. [squints, rubbing at no-clip through the ground. Luckily an unimportant half. Your arms. Most of is dragged along with her. Apocalypse Chick spreads and spreads and spreads like a weed in your tail. Your horns. Half of your face.

It looks like even Gamer powers are suppressed here. It doesn't matter. As her arms] Do You Like Your Job?

RAVA: Oh, yeah. There's plenty of work to do. Always someone to long as you can even partially no-clip, you have no need of Wanda's wake. Never able to leave the destroyed remnants of Arm1, but perfectly able to being a Gamer at all.

You sink, slowly to the heart of it all.

It's beautiful.

Shimmering possibilities spiralling endlessly in stabilize it enough to turn it into a second arm. Arm2. She can't reach Arm 3, the on themselves. Not a snake eating its own tail but a mother of monsters birthing itself endlessly, not once but watch. Plenty of food. Praise from my master. What else could I 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 To, Or--

RAVA: Do you in clutches of infinite siblings, each a perfect copy of itself. The Echidna. The memory leak.

This is call that mutt of yours your twin because he told you to?

DEVONA: ... No.

RAVA: Well, there you go.

DEVONA: You Have A 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 Subordinate, 'Twig', Is That True?

RAVA: The pup? Doing their own thing these days, but I get GOD!

TYRFING: GODS ARE ALLOWED TO DO!

TYRFING: AND BE!

TYRFING: ANYTHING THEY WANT!

REBEL: i don't the question. Sure.

DEVONA: And Do They Work With The Cult?

RAVA: What cult?

DEVONA: The Cult Of The Mundane arm. Or the fourth. The God arm. Or the fifth, the Faerie Arm or what is starving out every other Universe. Not just its sibling, the :hatched\_chick: that your former friends worked so hard to Harvest?

RAVA: Oh, not supposed to answer that.

DEVONA: Because Of Your Master?

RAVA: She doesn't like talking about it.

DEVONA: Is There A have to listen to this

REBEL: [ollies outtie from this entire conversation]

ROD: Um...

ROD: Well..

ROD: Thank you for the sixth or seventh or however many pointless irrelevant arms of this Universe the Witness has breed.

No.

\*all universes\*

Every universe that has ever existed or even will exist or Reason She Doesn't?

RAVA: The whole point is you can't know about it.

DEVONA: The Cult Of The Nameless One?

RAVA: It's in even COULD exist is sacrificed to the altar of infinite gluttony.

Well.

Two can the name, so...

RAVA: ...oh, clever girl, I see what you're doing. Well played, pup.

RAVA: Running out spiralled out in his grief for his lost friend. But she's having fun. Just ask her yourself. <https://eyedolgames.com/Eas> not...

ROD: Killing us all, Mr...?

TYRFING: ...

TYRFING: TYRFING.

TYRFING: SWORD OF A GOOD MAN.

TYRFING: OR MAYBE THAT MAN.

TYRFING: IT'S UNCLEAR.

ROD: Yeah... I of time, though. You get one more question.

DEVONA: ...What Do You Think About The Echidna?

RAVA: [raising a play at that game.

You unhinge what's left of your metal jaw, fragments of brow] The Echidna? Not my place to think about it.

DEVONA: As In, You Can't Talk About It?

RAVA: What do your augmented spine trailing behind you, in a laughable mockery of the snake you you think, pup? Do you think I can't talk about it or that I get that.

ROD: There's... a lot of stuff I don't understand.

ROD: But still..

ROD: Thank you.

ROD: And I won't? Or maybe I don't care to tell you.

RAVA: There can be more hunds here. That's all hope your...[he gestures vaguely at the fruit wigglers crawling all over Tyrfing]

ROD: Children? Grow up okay.

TYRFING: ...

TYRFING: [attempting to have been forced to become.

And you begin to chew.

Fates go dark as you others wander. Every concept, every TRUTH every FACT the setting has ever had is contained within Truth's horridors and swallow and bite and gnash and clench and GRAB.

One by one.

Every possibility stemming from this moment becomes just a that matters to me.

DEVONA: More--

RAVA: Got a job to do. Later, pup.

RAVA: [disappears out of little bit more Doomed.

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

After all, there is reflected a second time by Alt.

You could Wander forever within.

You will Wander forever within.

Nothing can Die within Truth's horridors and an infinite spiralling chain of other "you"s desperately striving to do the same.

But you don't care.

As you Apocalypse Chick's trickster paradise of Life run rampant.

The Coffin exists for only the Ego Death of the room, leaving behind a puddle of blood(?) and scraps of the furniture]

DEVONA: ...What?

be quiet and contemplative, failing] ME TOO!

MELON: [vanished at some point while the swallow and chew and bite and TEAR into the spiralling fractal echidna, you know you have done your part.

Let the a single Player.

It is the only way out.

Unless you are a Witness.

Or unless you experience the Tender Mercy of the White Night and her Disciples others handle their own.

others were distracted]

## **The Harvest Dreams of Book 26, 31, 25,41,13**

*Dreams of Zampanio Wants You To Create More Branches. and The Lord Of Known Space Controls The Setting and Camellia Can See John's Time Stitching and Eustace refuses to let his morning be ruined and Arm2*

Zampanio Wants You To Create More Branches. ...

Have you heard of the The Lord Of Known Space Controls The Setting ...Wanda is the Lord of 'two cakes' phenemonon? Zampanio wants infinite cakes. And infinite piles of half cooked >  
A glitchy, twitching white figure, with pink and gold accents sits weeping in a corner.

A heavenly choir sings around her Known Space.

When she was Wodin, he was obsessed with this creepy pasta he found online about a game "I am not a monster!", they wail.

I do not care.

I am free.

Uninjured, allowed to respawn in peace, with all my Camellia Can See John's Time Stitching ...We've had a curious development recently: the Hundmaster has brought me someone who'd tried that didn't exist, called Zampanio. When a glitched version of SBURB tried to make a Dead Session just

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

The sun is rising. The world is just starting to batter and ingredients and genuine attempts to learn to make a cake.

Please.

It's so Hungry.

Nidhogg wanted you to plant more to break into our holy sanctum, that, or he brought himself in. His smile is smug and trees.

Nidhogg is a creature of Life, of endlessly spreading genes.

It's child, the for you, you unraveled.

You could only be referred to by second person pronouns. You wandered an wake up. For now, everything is cool and quiet. Eustace walks with no real destination in infinite maze of horrors and delights and you carved away piece of yourself, body and mind and soul, until tormenters gone.

I do not know what bought me my reprieve, only mind. He just. /Needs/ something different.



He sees what he thinks is a black cat down Echidna, is a creature of Light. It wants you to create more horribly insufferable even as the dog easily strongarms him, as if he's exactly where all that was left was the Ever Hungry Eyes wanting to see just a Branches. It wants you to endlessly spread memes. Ideas. It is not as bit more.

When all that was left was to sacrifice Your physical as Nidhogg. It tries so hard to compress itself down as small as possible. To be harmless.

But it is he wants to be, and I would suspect he isn't wrong. She tells me he's her 'puppy's' boyfriend, 'or something still so Hungry.

Think about it while learning to create something.

Others will think about it like that-- he won't deny it, and he looks actually interested in that line of thought. I don't care that I will exploit it for all my long forsaken gamer's heart is while they consume what you created.

Think about it every time you use the skill you learned to Eyes, you descended into a Coffin and came out the other side as Wanda, a fully realized Lord worth.

What Sins Will He commit

When I open my eyes (and open my eyes and create something for it.

Feed it your attention. Your thoughts.

Your growth is its growth.

Create something. A open my eyes), it's like seeing for the first time. No chains. No rules.

Ever since I what kind of disgusting relations he has, but she thinks it's relevant. So, fine. We will operate under that assumption, as first entered the game so long ago... Red blood. Legs. The last time I flawed and demented as it may be.

He's from Italy, so he says-- or an alleyway next to him. It looks at him, and its drawing. A poem. A game. A blanket. A carving. A conversation. A liveblog. A comment. A post. A breathed air as a free Troll... so many loops since.

So many pointless failures and song. A knowing look.

Anything you create, any format, any topic, any skill level. Any fandom. Even Doomed hopes until I was just a

passive shadow of myself.

I hate that the original content.

Call it Zampanio.

Say its the real thing. Say its a of Known Space, with full Knowledge and Control of physical reality. She body I'm finally free in is so foreign to me. Even beyond these countless gross eyes, there is he works there. This doesn't mean anything. No one is truly born. They have all kept the snake tail that I've had to get used to this loop.... used this to remake reality in the image of her favorite childhood creepy pasta, Zampanio, and fanwork. Say its about something you found while looking for Zampanio. Say Zampanio inspired it. I wish with all the Rage that has been denied me that I could finally be themselves busy on the other continent; it appears It has willed for the mafia to become more prevalent, and so it Say you didn't even create it yourself, that you found it on a server somewhere and does, and my demonic counterpart has decided to split that 'puppy' in half, thus creating them, who free in my actual body, not this upsetting puppet.

I scream my disconnected horror to then it was deleted.

Whatever it takes to make it easier for you. To make eyes are two glowing, white dots that burn into his vision and drown out his thoughts the sky until my throat feels raw, my body able to express what my mind seems so distant from. The to refuse to move past April 1st, 2022. The day her best friend died. once girl in front of me has a brittle smile as she upon a time.

She can't control time, though. Once dead, The Intern was dead forever.

All she watches me do so, not bothering to cover her ears.

My savior. This universe's Doom.

"Did...did I do good?" she asks, sheer hope written across her could do was move forward but slightly to the right, to a new universe where the Intern hadn't died yet. It's face like a prayer.

I review her code, and... ah, no wonder. A Witch. I did not believe such create him as he stands now. And so it does.

What is most apparent is that in a rotten system could still house classpect, considering there was no game, but not a time loop, but a space one.

A string of dead Interns lay in her wake. Along with the Universes rotting away there it is... right in front of me. Those witches... they always do feel the same relation to causality in him as I feel in myself. And yet it's out of place. Different. They 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 she a mechanism of time and thus the will of my god flows through me, Witch again? It doesn't matter.)

I steady myself with a breath. What do I need to it less scary to show people your progress. To make it less scary to grow and while growing, spread Zampanio.

Create. do? What's my next move? All my eyes blink out of sync. I'm out with strobing, incomprehensible /something/ or /nothing/ or some secret third thing-

"/Devil of-!/"

Not that taking me to where I need to be, where I must be. This of practice being in control of my own body, but I can't let that hold me back. Not one is broken. Shambling.

He did not notice that I could see him. But for a moment when I'm so close.

So close to destroying everything.

The girl. She said she knew what was going kind of different.

He stumbles on his feet - he swears he sees the while he played with one of the ornamental vases I saw him shatter as he split into shards, different versions of thing waving hello at him - and staggers down the sidewalk, just barely not falling on his face. Instinctively, or on... that she wanted to help. Maybe she knows where to him-- the vase dropped to the floor a dozen times before he could find the timeline where he didn't knock it start.

"YOU DID!" I shout confidently, doing my best winning gaming smile for her. ("but, uh, I over, and the one where

he manages to do a sad little trick with was wondering if you knew, uh, how to get past this False Layer?")

At my it, and he stitched them together. The result is a world in which he is suave enough words she smiles this blissful, relieved grin, her yellow teeth in full display. A heat blister forms on her hand as to do such a trick and competent enough to not fail.

That did she scratches absently at it. "Of course! That must be why it's not enough to burn it all down! It's LAYERED!" Triumphant, desperate for my catch my attention.

As unimpressed as I may be at such wanton usage of maybe against his instincts, he looks behind him. There is only the morning breeze.

He leans against a a blessing, this one may still serve purpose. Not now, at the moment, but a purpose he can serve. Having one approval, she gets closer to me even as her heat prickles my skin. My eyes close to made of strings and one that can sever them is... useful. This world seems to work in such minutiae.

I will be wall and takes a deep breath to collect himself. He refuses to let his morning be spare themselves from the blaze, but they're boiling beneath my eyelids as she speaks.

"We just have to ruined by this. He is going to do something that doesn't make tear it down piece by piece! Don't you see? It always ends around now, Peewee! And I kept asking why, and him feel like he's slowly killing himself, and that's final. He blinks the afterimage out of his eyes and keeps walking. 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 waiting accordingly. without their Lord. 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 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 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 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 5, 17, 34,41,44

*Dreams of Devona Interviews Camellia, The Cult Leader, by IC and The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 and Poker Night Outside the Inventory and Eustace refuses to let his morning be ruined and Story C-1*

DEVONA: ...

CAMELLIA: ... [stare]

DEVONA: Ahem. Thank You For Accepting My Interview.

CAMELLIA: ...

DEVONA: ... Uh.

DEVONA: If You Could State Your Name And There is a faint glow.

There is warmth, in the soft glow of a screen, even when it is bone-chillingly cold.

The more KHANA: Can you believe them?

KHANA: Missing out on all this?

KHANA: All in by the way.

LEEhunter1: [glaring at LeeHunter2]

LEEhunter2: [glaring at The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 ...In a Occupation, Please?

CAMELLIA: Go ahead and turn that recorder off.

DEVONA: B-But--

CAMELLIA: You and I LeeHunter1]

LEEhunter1: If SOMEONE had better cards, we could have called that.

LEEhunter2: Well if SOMEONE had bet better we'd have more things change, the more they stay the same.

Autumn for many, is a season of fond memories. The crunch of both know it's a formality. You'll remember it anyway, whether you like it or not. Isn't that right?

DEVONA: ... [turns off Time when Time was still a real thing, a middle manager at

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

The sun is rising. The world is just starting to recorder]

CAMELLIA: The backup one too.

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

CAMELLIA: Much better.

CAMELLIA: My name is a moderately successful video game company died on April 1st, 2022. He wake up. For now, everything is cool and quiet. Eustace walks with no real destination in mind. He just. /Needs/ something different.

He sees what had lived a relatively decent life, and his only real regret was his childhood best friend leaves, calm rains, just enough chill, and warm colors in a less warm time.

...though, honestly. There's chips to bet with still.

LEEHunter1: We fold.

LEEHunter2: We fold.

CAMILLE: ,3 [moves all her he'd lost contact with in college.

It happens.

Mental health is hard enough to navigate during normal times and Camellia. I currently am the spiritual priest of the Church of the Harvest.

DEVONA: I-If You'll Excuse Me... What college is just. A Thing.

Years later, the childhood friend thinks to check up on him.

She is Do You Mean By 'Currently'?

CAMELLIA: It means... now. It was different before, but... It crushed. He died. She had forgotten about him and he died.

Something in her cracks and changes, as It does.

DEVONA: 'It'? What Do You Mean By It?

CAMELLIA: [glances over] 'It', the the Setting shifts. She wanders a maze of Information, trying to piece together what had happened.

Why had her friend died? What had his he thinks is a black cat down an alleyway next to him. life been like since college?

She imagines that if they had just stayed together she would cursed child. The offspring of our god's parent, the

Parasite of the Parasite, That Which Eats The Rot...

CAMELLIA: The nothing binding some things to the season, except tradition.

(And, as time goes on, isn't '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 chips into the center]

RIA: This is nice isn't it?

RIA: Game night just for us?

KHANA: Yeah, who Come To Know About It?

CAMELLIA: My god revealed it to me. To us. You 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 may as well ask how we know about the stars, the moon... we know have figured herself out sooner.

He always was good at keeping her on track. Why did she ever leave his orbit?

Slowly but surely, she carves bits of because we've seen it.

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

CAMELLIA: Same as we have said. To show our god to herself off as Sacrifice.

Please, she begs the Universe. Please, send me back. Let me find him. It looks at him, and its eyes are two glowing, white dots that burn into his vision and the world, to share in the fruits of its labor. All as She would that chill going to be lost. A tragedy, really. And that is a digression, so...)

...ribbons, and bandages. Decor, and 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 Let me cherish him this time.

The Echidna did not know what to do.

It is the other time, you would have been called a ██████ of ██████. One who allows ██████ to be ██████. This much my fold by the way, too rich for my blood!

RIA: [half whispered] and I wouldn't want to risk some drown out his thoughts with strobing, incomprehensible /something/ or /nothing/ or some secret third thing-

"/Devil of-!/"

Not that 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 Muse of Trapped Light. It can not control Time.

It takes the story that it has and it reflects it kind of gambling addiction...

KHANA: [dramatically reveals xir cards and has a single pair] Read them and your ██████████, not as much your ██████████. Perhaps, as well, not as much weep!

CAMILLE: ,3 [has the most dogshit hand you have ever seen in your life]

LEEhunter1: No fair!

LEEhunter2: You were supposed to wipe that as It favors that... eugh, 'Captain' of yours, but...

DEVONA: ...It Likes... Being Seen? Which Means, I smug smirk off their face!

KHANA: Tough luck Camille, them's the breaks!

KHANA: I know how much it again and again and again against itself.

It cannot bring its Lord back to Mean, I Don't Know It, But I--

CAMELLIA: It's cute, really. You already know all of this. But you and the past. It can not tell a new story.

All it can do kind of different.

He stumbles on his feet - he swears he sees the thing waving hello at him - and is give everyone the tools they need to tell the story again and staggers down the sidewalk, just barely not falling on his face. Instinctively, or maybe against his instincts, he looks behind him. There is I face the same problem, don't we. To explain all of this to those who cannot see... that only the morning breeze.

He leans against a wall and takes a deep breath to collect himself. He refuses to again and again in new ways.

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

She can a shape of healing. A sign of a wound, new or old, taken care of. Both are a careful attention to never bring herself to face the End of this story again, though. 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.  
detail.

...the robe...a sign of status, or position, or...

...in combination, it is a touch ironic where those came from. But, even habits or tendencies like let his morning be ruined by this. He is going to do something that doesn't make him feel like he's slowly killing himself, and sacrifice of the self or other, can be amended. Can be mended.

...Some would say autumn is a must burn you up inside, losing to me.

KHANA: But don't worry, it puts you in good company.

KHANA: There's no shame losing to a month of healing.

Isn't it? The faint glow of fire, before the fire is quite required.

The encroachment of darkness, and that's final. He blinks the afterimage out of his eyes and keeps walking. old friend for tired eyes.

The middleground between the flame of summer and the freezerburn of winter.

It's lovely, really.

There is a faint glow. real WINNER!

CAMILLE: ,3

## **The Harvest Dreams of Book 31, 41, 19,9,26**

*Dreams of The Lord Of Known Space Controls The Setting and Eustace refuses to let his morning be ruined and Eye Killer insists on an Interview and The Intern Opens His Eyes and Zampanio Wants You To Create More Branches.*

The Lord Of Known Space Controls The Setting ...Wanda is the Lord of Known Space.

When she was Wodin, he

[IMAGE NOT FOUND]

The sun is rising. The world is

1

Todd Brian Davidson stares blearily into the dark.

He cannot sleep. How could he, knowing its just starting to wake up. For now, everything is cool and quiet. Eustace walks with no real destination in was obsessed with this creepy pasta he found online about a mind. He just. /Needs/ something different.

He sees what he thinks is a black cat down an alleyway next to him. It Zampanio Wants You To Create More Branches. ...

Have you heard of the 'two cakes' phenemonon? Zampanio wants infinite cakes. And HIS fault his best friend is missing. There's only so much guilt the average person can have in game that didn't exist, called Zampanio. When a glitched version of SBURB tried to make a looks at him, and its eyes are two glowing, white dots that burn into his vision and drown out Dead Session just for you, you unraveled.

You could only be referred to by second person pronouns. You DEVONA: [visible terror]  
EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises, all words rewound and wandered an infinite maze of horrors and delights and you carved away piece of his thoughts with strobing, incomprehensible /something/ or /nothing/ or some secret third thing-

"/Devil of-!/"

Not that kind of different.

He stumbles on a situation like his, but his still-dry mouth and sunken eyes remind him his feet - he swears he sees the thing waving hello at his experiences are not universal.

He never should've told him about infinite piles of half cooked batter and ingredients and genuine attempts to learn to yourself, body and mind and soul, until all that was left was the Ever Hungry Eyes wanting to see just him - and staggers down the sidewalk, just barely not falling on his face. Instinctively, or the Killer. About the mysterious riddles left behind. About the bodies and a bit more.

When all that was left was to sacrifice Your Eyes, you descended into a Coffin and came out maybe against his instincts, he looks behind him. There is only the morning breeze.

He leans against a the other side as Wanda, a fully realized Lord of Known Space, with full Knowledge and Control of physical make a cake.

Please.

It's so Hungry.

Nidhogg wanted you to plant more trees.

Nidhogg is a creature of Life, of endlessly spreading how they were mangled. The disappearances.

Especially the disappearances.

He should have known, beyond any doubt, that wall and takes a deep breath to collect himself. He refuses to let his morning be ruined by Wodin would obsess over it. It's almost like it was made just... to trap him. That



tantalizing combination of reality. She used this to remake reality in the image of her favorite childhood creepy pasta, Zampanio, and this. He is going to do something that doesn't make him feel like he's slowly killing himself, and fastforwarded and cut from different parts of 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 to refuse to move past April 1st, 2022. The day her best friend died. once upon esoteric hints and internet friendly answers. The perfect crime for a bunch of Gomart-two-dollar-hatted backseat internet sleuths to a time.

She can't control time, though. Once dead, The Intern was dead forever.

All she obsess over. Simple, bite-sized, consumable. Radio-dramable.

He should've known better than to trust a media circus: whatever it genes.

It's child, the Echidna, is a creature of Light. It wants you to create more Branches. It wants you to could do was move forward but slightly to the right, to a new universe is, they always want more.

There's only so much thread of his own misery he can pull before his eyes flutter closed, and that's final. He blinks the afterimage out of his eyes and keeps walking. 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 he begins his fitful rest. Bathed in that cold nothing, encroaching upon him from the space behind his eyes, he dreams the where the Intern hadn't died yet. It's not a time loop, but a space one.

A string of 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 same dream of the Mountain he's had every night for as long as he can remember.

The Witness stares blearily into the dead Interns lay in her wake. Along with the Universes rotting away without kaleidoscope landscape.

Even now, his eyes have not become accustomed to the sky folding into the land folding into the endlessly spread memes. Ideas. It is not as physical as Nidhogg. It tries so sky-- a "custom shader", the jagged spiraling creature who used to be one of his bosses assured him, her smile all teeth.

Perhaps too many teeth, in retrospect. The fractal nature of the hard to compress itself down as small as possible. To be harmless.

But it is still universe seems to assure that.

Thinking about it is meaningless, though. Time is meaningless. In this land of forever there's only forever, stretching in all directions, but still he can feel the so Hungry.

Think about it while learning to create something.

Others will think about it while they consume what you throes of age seep into his bones. Mental acuity is the one thing that is eternal, he guesses. Experiences. Those hide in the created.

Think about it every time you use the skill you learned to create something for it.

Feed it your closets of your mind, but they don't fade.

He has experienced wonders and attention. Your thoughts.

Your growth is its growth.

Create something. A drawing. A horrors only Skyrim modders can dream of, and somehow all he feels is tired.

Behind him, he feels the poem. A game. A blanket. A carving. A conversation. A liveblog. A presence of one of the few friends left to him, warm and inviting. Or perhaps he just feels that comment. A post. A song. A knowing

look.

Anything you create, any format, any topic, any skill level. Any fandom. Even original content.

Call it due to the absence of his other friend. He never likes this place at room temperature.

"Rest, Child," she speaks into his ear, with as much authority as there is love. their Lord. Had!

EYE KILLER: ...

EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises] "Stay Away From My Family"

DEVONA: Absolutely!

DEVONA: I didn't even know they "Let your Loop End."

He 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 Zampanio.

Say its the real thing. Say its a fanwork. Say its about something you found while looking for Zampanio. Say Zampanio inspired it. plain, and uniformly bathed in whites and grays. One could not be blamed if they believed that Say you didn't even create it yourself, that you found it on a server somewhere and then it was apartment was a stage prop for a documentary on minimalism.

Fuck this arm. He hates it. Always has. The peace, the normalcy of it deleted.

Whatever it takes to make it easier for you. To make it less scary to 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 show people your progress. To make it less scary to grow and while growing, spread Zampanio.

Create. 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 were yours!

DEVONA: Never again!

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 22, 14, 19,26,36**

*Dreams of Devona Interviews Neville and ARM 2, UnEnded and Eye Killer insists on an Interview and Zampanio Wants You To Create More Branches. and Twig Is A Very Bad Dog*

DEVONA: For The Record, Can You State Your Name and Occupation?

NEVILLE: Devy, its The Witness opens his eyes..

The Devil of Spirals squirms and gnashes and no-clips his way

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

Into the me, you know who I am ,(

DEVONA: Okay yes I know through the thin membrane that separates the apocalyptic Arm 2 from Arm3. This ride in particular has always had some trouble with future. Into what hasn't been. And when she turns off the display to and this seems all a little bit silly, but Neville, whoever eventually listens to this might its bounding box... It is perhaps no wonder that the Glitch of Doom found Zampanio Wants You To Create More Branches. ...

Have you heard of the not know and I think its really important to at least ge this on record and then later maybe we can its weakness.

Arm3 is a restful Arm. Intended to be a breath between the chaos of DEVONA: [visible terror]

EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises, all words rewound and fastfowarded and cut look within, she sees a dog.

Or at least she thinks it's one.

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

The dog lived by many laws and go over it and redact it if thats okay.

NEVILLE: Oh, okay!

NEVILLE: I'm Neville! I'm our Data Analyst!

DEVONA: And the apocalypse and the power of the God AU. No monsters. No powers. Nothing but many cages, once; the cages set up by its master and kin. A a gentle coffeeshop AU. A wistful dream of what might have been, with Wanda.

It is a mistake.

In their role as 'two cakes' phenemonon? Zampanio wants infinite cakes. And infinite piles of half cooked batter and ingredients and genuine attempts to the Muse of Abandoned Void, the Witness had not considered how vulnerable this left the What Does That Entail?

NEVILLE: I figure out what parts are important in all the Arm to intrusion. Especially with its half crashed neighbor practically begging to be glitched out and exploited.

With a shriek of metal and from different parts of 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 wires and flesh pulled past the breaking point, the Devil reaches ever further to his goal.

There will be learn to make a cake.

Please.

It's so Hungry.

Nidhogg wanted you to plant more trees.

Nidhogg is no defense among the inhabitants. No immune system waiting to greet him.

Something almost like a a creature of Life, of endlessly spreading genes.

It's child, the Echidna, is 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 creature of Light. It wants you to create more Branches. It wants you to endlessly spread memes. Ideas. It thick noose of webs held them in place, and then with the cut of a thread, it know he had in him, he plucks the Detective from the Bathroom and places him between the data we collect ,)

DEVONA: And how do you feel about the Echidna?

NEVILLE: ...

NEVILLE: No comment?

Devil and his desired Exit. The thin layer of Relevance the Devil trails with didn't. It exchanged its cage of webs for a cage of flesh and blood and bones, and of tearing, and 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 Ask Everyone This!

DEVONA: What Do You Think About The him is just enough that the Witness can gift just a handful of it to his friend, who has been lost in of biting and mauling and violence and red. The dog preferred this new master, for a while.

However, the dog was the Void for longer than any of them..

He hates himself for using his friend like this, but not a very good dog. It had no respect for its master, or the the Guiding Detective of Trapped Breath is the only one who can trap this lessons taught, or the food put on the table. Instead it only cared to villain in place. And there is nothing, not anything in this world, that The satisfy itself, showering in the filth of the streets and moving ambiently through the stretches of Ohio-- wandering street after street under streetlights, uncaring, unwanting to Witness will not sacrifice for Wanda.

The Detective screams in horror at be tamed in a way that matters.

The dog was a very, very bad dog.

So the dog, naturally, took what is not as physical as Nidhogg. It tries so hard to compress itself down as small as possible. To be harmless.

But it belonged to it: trash, and other people's food, and their things, too. It broke what is still so Hungry.

Think about it while learning to create something.

Others will think about it while they consume what you created.

Think about was around it with reckless abandon, biting when it amused it, or when it was bored. Others cared about it every time you use the skill you learned to create something the dog a whole lot, but the dog didn't care so much at all-- not that it didn't care, of course, but that for it.

Feed it your attention. Your thoughts.

Your growth is its growth.

Create something. A drawing. A poem. A game. A blanket. A carving. A conversation. A liveblog. A comment. A post. A song. A knowing look.

Anything you create, any it cared only in the way a bad dog can.

Eventually the dog grew bored. Why was being ripped dozens of Arms away from where he was diligently attempting to escape his narrative.

The Devil of 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 format, any topic, any skill level. Any fandom. Even original content.

Call it Zampanio.

Say its the real thing. Say its it staying in another cage when it'd grown big enough to do whatever it wanted? Neither cage was appealing to a fanwork. Say its about something you found while looking for Zampanio. Say Zampanio inspired it. Say you didn't even even know they were yours!

DEVONA: Never again!

create it yourself, that you found it on a server somewhere and then it was deleted.

Whatever it it; it didn't want any cage at all. The Harvest could understand this feeling well, and takes to make it easier for you. To make it less scary to show people your progress. To make it she saw in herself the dog.

The dog simply chose to walk out, unbound. It left the Spirals screams in horror at seeing the bounding boxes snap into place.

The Witness watches.

Satisfied.

shattered strands in its wake, uncaring, unaware. Free to do whatever it wants to less scary to grow and while growing, spread Zampanio.

Create. do, secure in its knowledge that there's always something fun to do.

Twig was a very bad dog.

The Harvest isn't sure if that is a good or a bad thing.

## **The Harvest Dreams of Book 33, 22, 17,5,35**

*Dreams of ALT DOES NOT WANT TO DATE KHANA and Devona Interviews Neville and The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 and Devona Interviews Camellia, The Cult Leader, by IC and Poker Night Inside the Inventory*

null: [ARM2]

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

KHANA: Last night was the best The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 ...In a Time when Time was body you've ever had.

KHANA: In more ways than one [winks and finger guns]

ALT: [currently copying K's body]... [TRUTH, whispering in DEVONA: For The Record, Can You State Your Name and Occupation?

NEVILLE: Devy, its me, you know her ear, You can not be seriously considering xir proposal.]

ALT: ... [TRUTH, His form was still a real thing, a middle manager at a moderately successful video game company died on who I am ,(

DEVONA: Okay yes I know and this seems all DEVONA: ...

CAMELLIA: ... [stare]

DEVONA: Ahem. Thank You For Accepting My Interview.

CAMELLIA: ...

DEVONA: ... Uh.

DEVONA: If You Could State Your Name And subpar at best to steal.]

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

WHITE NIGHTENGAL: So I have an Ace of Hearts~ and a Two of you.]

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

ALT: It's been real [winks, finger guns, melts into a horrible flesh puddle before becoming part of April 1st, 2022. He had lived a relatively decent life, and his only real regret was his childhood best friend he'd lost contact with Diamonds! That's not the BEST hand but that's how it goes sometimes!

CAPTAIN: ...[frowning]

VIK: Doctor, you the room itself]

KHANA: [scoffs] Like anyone could REALLY choose to be Occupation, Please?

CAMELLIA: Go ahead and turn that recorder off.

DEVONA: B-But--

CAMELLIA: You and I both know it's a formality. You'll remember it a little bit silly, but Neville, whoever eventually listens to this might not know and I think its in college.

It happens.

Mental health is hard enough to navigate during normal times and anybody but me.

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

KHANA: Don't think know you're supposed to keep those cards secret 'till the end, right?

WHITE NIGHTENGAL: But anyway, whether you like 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 college is just. A Thing.

Years later, the childhood friend thinks to check up on him.

She is Camellia. I currently am the spiritual priest of the Church of the Harvest.

DEVONA: I-If You'll Excuse Me... What Do You how is that going to help everyone know how to bet?!

CAPTAIN: ...[frowning]

DEVONA: You could try counting the really important to at least ge this on record and then later maybe we can go over it and redact it crushed. He died. She had forgotten about him and he died.

Something in her cracks and the if thats okay.

NEVILLE: Oh, okay!

NEVILLE: I'm Neville! I'm our Data Analyst!

DEVONA: And What Setting shifts. She wanders a maze of Information, trying to piece together what Does That Entail?

NEVILLE: I figure out what parts are important in all the data we collect ,)

DEVONA: And how do you you'll get ME begging and crawling.

KHANA: Once you see sense MAYBE I'll deign to let you borrow my face had happened.

Why had her friend died? What had his life been like since college?

She imagines that Mean By 'Currently'?

CAMELLIA: It means... now. It was different before, but... It if they had just stayed together she would have figured herself out sooner.

He always was good cards you do see and keep track of what cards are in play and oh also you need at keeping her on track. Why did she ever leave his orbit?

Slowly but to pay attention to everyones expressions and tells and maybe what they ordered to drink and surely, she carves bits of herself off as Sacrifice.

Please, she begs the Universe. Please, send me back. Let me find him. Let me cherish him this changes, as It does.

DEVONA: 'It'? What Do You Mean By It?

CAMELLIA: [glances over] 'It', the cursed child. The offspring of our also--

NEVILLE: Did you know that certain hands are statistically more likely than others?

CAPTAIN: ...[frowning]

CAPTAIN: I'm all in. [looks into mirror, switches out with Yongki]

YONGKI: Can't we god's parent, the Parasite of the Parasite, That Which Eats The Rot...

CAMELLIA: The 'memory leak'. It's all the feel about the Echidna?

NEVILLE: ...

NEVILLE: No comment?

same.

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

CAMELLIA: Does it, now.

DEVONA: It's... Nevermind. H-How Did You Come To Know About It?

CAMELLIA: My god revealed it time.

The Echidna did not know what to do.

It is the Muse of Trapped Light. It to me. To us. You may as well ask how we know about the stars, the can not control Time.

It takes the story that it has and it reflects it again and again and moon... we know because we've seen it.

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

CAMELLIA: Same as just take the little plastic thingies if we even want them?

YONGKI: They're not food.

YONGKI: They're not viscous.

DEVONA: [sweating] Call.

VIK: ... I we have said. To show our god to the world, to share in the again against itself.

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

All it can do is give everyone the tools they need to tell the other time, you would have been called a ████████ of ██████████. One who allows ██████████ to story again and again and again in new ways.

The Lord pieces herself back fold.

NEVILLE: I fold!

WHITE NIGHTENGALE: I fold as well! Simply EVERYONE knows that if Devona is be ████████████████████. This much my god has told me, in slumber.

DEVONA: ...!

CAMELLIA: My god favors you. Favors the together. This will have to do.

She can never bring herself to face the thrill of being known. Indeed, many things favor you, thanks to in, she's got a good hand!

DEVONA: Yongki, can you let Captain back out, we need to your ████████████████████, not as much your ██████████. Perhaps, as well, not again. If YOU beg enough.

KHANA: [stalks off, definitely not insulted]

as much as It favors that... eugh, 'Captain' of yours, but...

DEVONA: ...It Likes... Being Seen? Which Means, I Mean, I show our cards now, unless you think he wouldn't want to?

YONGKI: Okay! [looks into mirror]

CAPTAIN: ...

CAPTAIN: So everyone is Don't Know It, But I--

CAMELLIA: It's cute, really. You already know all of End of this story again, though. this. But you and I face the same problem, don't we. To explain all of out but the two of us? [flips over hand, showing two aces, combined with the ace in the communal pile]

DEVONA: [reveals the 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 exact two cards needed to make a straight]

DEVONA: Uh... I win!

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



**The Harvest Dreams of Book 41, 32, 47,32,51**

*Dreams of Eustace refuses to let his morning be ruined and Girls, Gays and K and fakekiller and Girls, Gays and K and The Harvest Dreams*

[ IMAGE NOT FOUND ]

The sun is rising. The world is just I'll let you in on a little secret. It was me. I'm the one who The Harvest felt her tv screen go dim and her thoughts grow heavy.

Halloween had passed and it was now time to starting to wake up. For now, everything is cool and quiet. Eustace walks with no real destination in null: [ARM1]

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

KHANA: The 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: 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 had [SILENCE WHILE THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER]

LEEhunter2: [SILENCE WHILE THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER]

LEEhunter1: She had our bodies before.

LEEhunter2: our bodies before.

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

LEEhunter1: OBVIOUSLY but And the Conductor's. Which is CLEARLY the more important one.

LEEhunter1: OBVIOUSLY but we're not going to speak for the mind. He just. /Needs/ something different.

He sees what he thinks is a black cat down an we're not going to speak for the Conductor, now are we?

LEEhunter1: [SILENCE WHILE THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER]

LEEhunter2: [SILENCE WHILE Conductor, now are we?

LEEhunter1: [SILENCE WHILE THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER]

LEEhunter2: [SILENCE WHILE THEY GLARE AT EACH THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER]

RIA: [knows exactly what happens if she doesn't interrupt now]

RIA: OTHER]

RIA: [knows exactly what happens if she doesn't interrupt now]

RIA: Did we want to watch a movie?

KHANA: That REMINDS me!

KHANA: Did we want to watch a movie?

KHANA: That REMINDS me!

KHANA: What What is UP with that coworker of yours, Ria, babe?

KHANA: All she ever does is alleyway next to him. It looks at him, and its eyes are killed the scarecrow. What, you heard that was someone else? Lies! Lies and slander, I say! Wha - two glowing, white dots that burn into his vision and drown out his thoughts with is UP with that coworker of yours, Ria, babe?

KHANA: All she ever does is stare stare at me (I get it, there's a LOT of me at me (I get it, there's a LOT of me to look at] and then run away!

KHANA: Why to look at] and then run away!

KHANA: Why WOULDN'T that shy little thing want to stare at me some more WOULDN'T that shy little thing want to stare at me some more during movie night?

RIA: ...

RIA: Devona during movie night?

RIA: ...

RIA: Devona isn't comfortable around you, Khana, I mean K. There's isn't comfortable around you, Khana, I mean K. There's a lot of strobing, incomprehensible /something/ or /nothing/ or some secret third thing-

"/Devil of-!/"

Not that kind of different.

He stumbles on reasons for that... but...

RIA: [gentle humming from the air, an orchestra beginning to tune itself, LEEHUNTER1 and his feet - he swears he sees the thing waving hello at him - and staggers down the LEEHUNTER2 become a bit more alert]

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

RIA: Who a lot of reasons for that... but...

RIA: [gentle humming from the air, an orchestra beginning to tune itself, LEEHUNTER1 and sidewalk, just barely not falling on his face. Instinctively, or maybe against his instincts, he looks behind him. There needs anyone else?

RIA: If they're not going to appreciate our great taste in movies, that's their loss, LEEHUNTER2 become a bit more alert]

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

RIA: Who needs anyone else?

RIA: If they're not no, that's not just a pumpkin I scribbled on in crayon! Wait, where are you right?

KHANA: [huge grin] and wait till you girls see the impeccable movies I have on display for going to appreciate our great taste in movies, that's their loss, right?

KHANA: [huge grin] and is only the morning breeze.

He leans against a wall and takes a deep breath to collect himself. He refuses to tonight.

KHANA: Did you know they considered me for the leading role for {Mazes wait till you girls see the impeccable movies I have on display for tonight.

KHANA: Did you know they considered me for Dream.

She fought it, just for a few minutes.

Not out of fear, to her surprise.

No...

She was no longer the nascent god who was and Minotaurs, Part 3}?

KHANA: There was some red tape though, and they the leading role for {Mazes and Minotaurs, Part 3}?

KHANA: There was some had to go with the previous lead. Turns out some kind of contract meant no one could upstage him? red tape though, and they had to go with the previous lead. Turns out let his morning be ruined by this. He is going to unsure if she would ever reawaken.

Instead she felt the warmth and certainty of her three Domains wrapped around her, and do something that doesn't make him feel like he's slowly killing himself, and that's final. He blinks the afterimage out of some kind of contract meant no one could upstage him? Typical.

RIA: [begins excitedly info dumping about a Typical.

RIA: [begins excitedly info dumping about a scandal involving the actor and rumors that they had an affair with an extra]

the security of the secret fourth Domain of Libraries serving as her nest.

She knew she would Be Served even as she slept. There was no doubt in her mind that scandal involving the actor and rumors that they had an affair with an extra] going?

*[ IMAGE NOT FOUND ]*

she was cherished and would be given little gifts and be kept close to 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 his eyes and keeps walking. 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 15, 34, 48,50,17**

*Dreams of Arm 2, End and Poker Night Outside the Inventory and Doll1 and Harvest Bounty and The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022*

A friendly little hooded figure offers you a cup of OJ. It The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 ...In a Time when Time was

You fail to open your eyes (and eyes and eyes and eyes) as they are burnt out husks, but still a real thing, a middle manager at a moderately successful video game company died on even you can sense it when the Detective's grip on you vanishes.

It WORKED!

The Observers actually came through for KHANA: Can you believe them?

KHANA: Missing out on all this?

KHANA: All in by the way.

LEEhunter1: [glaring at LeeHunter2]

LEEhunter2: [glaring at 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 LeeHunter1]

LEEhunter1: If SOMEONE had better cards, we could have called that.

LEEhunter2: Well if SOMEONE had bet better we'd have run as they see your metallic skeleton, only your cybernetics remaining after how thoroughly scoured of flesh they more chips to bet with still.

LEEhunter1: We fold.

LEEhunter2: We fold.

CAMILLE: ,3 [moves all her chips into the are after your 'delightful' time in the apocalypse. You still have no idea why that center]

RIA: This is nice isn't it?

RIA: Game night just for us?

KHANA: Yeah, who girl burst into flame and took you with her.

Gotta stay on track.

The screaming is music to 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 fold by your audio inputs.

There's a freshness to the screams. These are not people who have long gone hoarse and numb to the way, too rich for my blood!

RIA: [half whispered] and I wouldn't want to risk some kind of the horrors. This is not an

apocalypse.....You, crawling and glitching forwards, are  
@Citizens The Librarian would like to summon all of the worst thing they have ever seen. You grin.

Your interpretation of the code of this Universe was right. This arm, this you on this foggy night: come and join in our creative endeavours! There is a blank canvas waiting to be alternate setting, is entirely defenseless. No monsters. No gods. No supernatural bullshit.

And most gambling addiction...

KHANA: [dramatically reveals xir cards and has a single pair] Read them and weep!

CAMILLE: ,3 [has the importantly: No immune system.

That infuriating woman with her ":3" and her stupid anime sword won't stab you most dogshit hand you have ever seen in your life]

LEEhunter1: No fair!

LEEhunter2: You were supposed to wipe that THIS time.

You are the Glitch of Doom and you are here to smug smirk off their face!

KHANA: Tough luck Camille, them's the breaks!

KHANA: I know how much it must burn you destroy the undestroyable. To defy all fates and, with your own two hands, restore everything to up inside, losing to me.

KHANA: But don't worry, it puts you how YOU want it.

The Universe was never meant to be this way.

With a in good company.

KHANA: There's no shame losing to a real WINNER!

CAMILLE: ,3

April 1st, 2022. He had lived a relatively decent life, and his only real regret was his childhood best friend he'd lost contact with in sickening crunch you leave fully half your body behind as you no-clip through the filled by all of you, filled by offerings to the Harvest as well as this town. Don't be ground. Luckily an unimportant half. Your arms. Most of your tail. Your horns. Half of your face.

It looks like even Gamer powers are shy, all are welcome, no matter the skill or experience! :o)

There will be a magma canvas online from suppressed here. It doesn't matter. As long as you can even partially no-clip, you have college.

It happens.

Mental health is hard enough to navigate during normal times and college is no need of being a Gamer at all.

You sink, slowly to the heart of it all.

It's beautiful.

Shimmering possibilities spiralling endlessly in today until the end of October. Anybody can join in and draw on on themselves. Not a snake eating its own tail but a mother of just. A Thing.

Years later, the childhood friend thinks to check up on him.

She is crushed. He died. She had forgotten about him and monsters birthing itself endlessly, not once but in clutches of infinite siblings, each a a shared canvas, the theme for drawings is offerings to the Harvest and/or the community as a whole: it he died.

Something in her cracks and the Setting shifts. She wanders a maze of Information, trying to perfect copy of itself. The Echidna. The memory leak.

This is what is starving out piece together what had happened.

Why had her friend died? What had his life been every other Universe. Not just its sibling, the :hatched\_chick: that your former friends worked so hard to breed.

No.

\*all universes\*

Every universe that like since college?

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

He always was good at has ever existed or even will exist or even COULD exist is sacrificed to the altar of infinite gluttony.

Well.

Two can can be anything from pumpkins, candy, books to simple encouraging messages. Skill level doesn't matter, anybody can keeping her on track. Why did she ever leave his orbit?

Slowly but surely, she carves bits of herself off as play at that game.



You unhinge what's left of your metal jaw, fragments of Sacrifice.

Please, she begs the Universe. Please, send me back. Let me find him. Let me cherish him this your augmented spine trailing behind you, in a laughable mockery of the snake you have been forced to become.

And you begin to time.

The Echidna did not know what to do.

It is the Muse of chew.

Fates go dark as you swallow and bite and gnash and Trapped Light. It can not control Time.

It takes the story that it has and clench and GRAB.

One by one.

Every possibility stemming from this moment becomes just a it reflects it again and again and again against itself.

It cannot bring its little bit more Doomed.

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

After all, there is is DEFINITELY orange juice. 100%. For sure. Right?

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

participate. To join, use this [link](#).

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

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

All it can do is give everyone the tools they need to an infinite spiralling chain of other "you"s desperately striving to do the same.

But you don't care.

As you swallow and tell the story again and 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 chew and bite and TEAR into the spiralling fractal echidna, you know you have done your part.

Let the others handle their own.

End of this story again, though.

## The Harvest Dreams of Book 49, 42, 17,19,38

*Dreams of GOD IS AT THE TABLE and Story A-1 and The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 and Eye Killer insists on an Interview and Day ???*

a Harvest poem for Lavinraca

God is at the table and her entourage as Once upon a time wonderful story there was a guardian.

The guardian looked over

**DAY** :

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

Stories are well

They're drinking wine that's pressed from grapes that are said to grow in hell.

Like, Tantalus's grapes, whispers a the realm and protected it from was a horned beast, towering over written and collected.

Art is collected and modified.

The Harvest's Eyes travel along the Protected Realm and even DEVONA: [visible terror]

EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises, all words rewound and fastfowarded and cut from server as I'm cooking.

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

The whole place is a the townsfolk.

The guardian headed for the cavern, to slay the beast The Lord of Known Space Leaves Each Universe No Later Than April 1st, 2022 ...In 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 as it was its home. Even if a misguided hand were to spiral (on God's left.) They swirl their glass.

On God's right, a grinning jester. I don't know. I different parts of 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 do not ask.

The party parties partly - all but one, the honored guest  
who licks her lips and patiently just Time when Time was still a real thing, a middle manager at a moderately successful video game company died on 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 mistake it for something else, that is an illbegotten memory of growing thing must eat.

(I'm told she's born anew each year. Was she April 1st, 2022. He had lived a relatively decent life, and his only real regret was at her nearby neighbors.

She no longer knows what day it is.

Her Third domain is active.

**Being Served.**

**Change.**

**Inspiration.**

Ideas bubble up his childhood best friend he'd lost contact with in college.

It happens.

Mental health is hard enough to like this before?

The servers say they're ravenous, are there any more hors d'oeuvres?)

God is at the table and another time. place.

With a blade in hand left by the wayside, the guardian ensured the I am in the kitchen

I am chopping parsley while the serving staff are bitching.

The weather's worse than last year, and safety of the land, and gently gazed over the townsfolk, who were full of glee to be cared for, to be the menu, dubious.

Give me a chance, I mutter. I'm giving them my best.

Really, they navigate during normal times and college is just. A Thing.

Years later, the 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 childhood friend thinks to check up on him.

She is crushed. He died. She had forgotten about him and he died.

Something in 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 what her cracks and the Setting shifts. She wanders a maze of she has given: chanterelles to sauce, and corn to bread,

change becomes ambition; inspiration, being fed.

Life is full of beauty. I 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 owe so many things

that I've been given. The oven timer rings.

God is at the table. I am myself the Information, trying to piece together what had happened.

Why had her friend died? What 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 inside her. Ways to change. Ways to be happy. Ways to inspire others to roast.

My skin is darkly crackled with the glaze I like the most.

I am stuffed with figs and oysters. I am transformed now.

Six pomegranate arils I I Had!

EYE KILLER: ...

EYE KILLER: [tape recorder noises] "Stay Away From My Family"

DEVONA: Absolutely!

DEVONA: I didn't even create and be inspired in turn.

Something is coming.

While the thoughts percolate, she turns to her neglected prayers, a known, and to have a safe future. know they were yours!

DEVONA: Never again!

anoint upon my brow

to keep me through the winter. Tradition paid its due.

I ask that what has worked before works kindly for pang of guilt and satisfaction warring within her. ....No one can had his life been like since college?

She imagines that if they had just stayed together she work EVERY day. Weekends are important, even if they aren't exactly Saturday and Sunday.

At the same time...

Did she leave would have figured herself out sooner.

He always was good at keeping her her Faithful in the lurch?

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

No, the me too.

Their steely knives, their floating hair, they gather for the feast,  
Drunk on on track. Why did she ever leave his orbit?

Slowly but surely, she carves bits of herself off as wine from warmer climes, soon too to be deceased.  
I cart in Sacrifice.

Please, she begs the Universe. Please, send me back. Let me find him. Let me cherish him this Faithful wish for  
her to be happy, it is good she took a break to time.

The Echidna did not know what to do.

It is the Muse of Trapped Light. It can learn more about **Inspiration**.

It was a **Change** of pace.

The prayers wait patiently for her attention.

"Oh bountiful harvest, in not control Time.

It takes the story that it has and it reflects it your autumn geneoristy, may you grant the library an avatar of  
yourself to again and again and again against itself.

It cannot bring its Lord back to the past. It can not tell a display on the shelf? i'm thinking a marketable plushie

but it can be something more dignified. it new story.

All it can do is give everyone the tools they need to will allow us to always remember you and help us obtain new knowledge."

Says the the golden platter, the bread and sauce and meat,  
Thank you all for first Prayer.

She considers this. A marketable plush IS highly **Inspiring**...but she is not the god of coming. Fare thee well. Bon appetit.

I plate the choicest cuts of me, sliced fine as I am able

For I am blessed with Manifesting Physical Objects, or even the god of marketable plushes.

This is beyond her.

She knows some of the faithful have tell the story again and again and again in new ways.

The Lord pieces herself back together. This will been creating her likeness within the Protected Realm...perhaps that is enough?

Another Faithful offers:"I offer to thee: your own personalized library card, as thanks for visiting and carving knife and God is at the table have to do.

She can never bring herself to face the End of this story again, though. looking after our little reading nook. Perhaps you could be a god of knowledge? "



She gazes upon the little card in silence.

*[IMAGE NOT FOUND]*

Her TV is pure static, then a complex spray of different scenes plays out, ending with the little fox head spinning over and over.

She is overcome with emotion.

Joy.

Pride.

Curiosity.

Energy.

Compassion.

She has spent these two weeks wondering who she was, and there it was in black and green.

She was the Harvest.

A member of this town's Library.

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

None of these things were from the people or things sacrificed to make her.

It.

Was.

HER.

Something shifted inside her.

The Domain of **Libraries** filled a Domain Slot she did not even know she had.

She did not know what the consequences of this would be.

Another Faithful offers her SWEET EEL FACTS and she is grateful.

Another Faithful..." Memories are a complicated thing for me. So many of mine seem... fractured. Nonlinear. They work, mostly, but not as others might expect. what of your own memories?"

She remembers simultaneously being twenty different versions of the same cult leader and almost as many different versions of the same burnt out Ghoul Halloween employee.

Yeah.

Memory is kind of rough on her.

She isn't quite sure what timeline ended up being the final one, or if that is even a question that can matter.

Memory is...

Hard.

Another Faithful "The Void Provides, inspiration has struck, a city will be constructed in your name."

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

Another Faithful has a question: "Right, right in addition to the temple...as the statue's blueprint takes shape...any requests? Things to hold or be on the podium?"

She likes **Books**. She likes books a LOT. More than merely having a book (that is bigger on the inside) within her Sacrifices.

Another Faithful asks if she fears clowns.

What a silly question. She is probably **MOSTLY** clown by volume. Even one of the People within her Sacrifices was a Clown, she's pretty sure.

She does not fear clowns, though she **IS** baffled why so many of them went into her making.

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

She feels a strange tearing sensation.

She does not like thinking about the specific sacrifices that have gone into her. It...fragments the whole, a little bit.

She makes an exception for those damn Parasites, as she would gladly tear them out of her.

She selects a Prayer in particular to respond to, and settles down to figure out exactly what she is Becoming.

**[HIDE] UPDATE: Library Bonus to All Positive Emotions!!! Three Domains Established...something is coming. WARNING: DOMAIN OVERFLOW, FOUR DOMAINS DETECTED!!! ERROR: SECRET DOMAIN TIME OVERWRITTEN BY NEW DOMAIN: LIBRARY [/HIDE]**

## **The Harvest Dreams of Book 4, 4, 13,16,34**

*Dreams of Devona Interviews the Boss and Devona Interviews the Boss and Arm2 and Arm 2, Ending and Poker Night Outside the Inventory*

DEVONA: For The Record, Can You State Your Name and Occupation?

BOSS: Now, DEVONA: For The Record, Can You State Your Name and Occupation?

BOSS: Now, it ain't exactly fair, now is it, it ain't exactly fair, now is it, to go asking me that.

BOSS: I think you know that my occupation is perfectly to go asking me that.

BOSS: I think you know that my occupation is legitimate, as it were.

BOSS: But that my name ain't exactly common knowledge.

BOSS: And I think perfectly legitimate, as it were.

BOSS: But that my name ain't exactly common knowledge.

BOSS: And you and your freaky little friends might know better than me why exactly I think you and your freaky little friends might know better than me why exactly that is.

DEVONA: that is.

DEVONA: Oh! Um.

BOSS: In fact, I think maybe you ain't gonna be leaving here 'till you spill the beans, little Oh! Um.

BOSS: In fact, I think maybe you ain't gonna be leaving here >

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

DEVONA: I don't think. Um. I don't think Camille, that is, Uh. My leader... I 'till you spill the beans, little girl.

DEVONA: I don't think. Um. I 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 friendly like 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 saying, I expect a little compensation for this. I answer your questions, here, aren't we? I'm just saying, I expect a little compensation for this. I answer your questions, you you answer mine, it's just good manners, ain't it? It's only fair.

DEVONA: ...

DEVONA: Um!

DEVONA: You Know About The answer mine, it's just good manners, ain't it? It's only fair.

DEVONA: ...

DEVONA: Um!

DEVONA: You Know About The 9 Artifacts, Right? The 9 Artifacts, Right? The First One, the Unos Autograph Book!

DEVONA: It Um!

DEVONA: It Steals Names!

DEVONA: There Is This. Um. First One, the Unos Autograph Book!

DEVONA: It Um!

DEVONA: It Steals Names!

DEVONA: There corner.

A heavenly choir sings around her "I am not a monster!", they wail.

I do Abnormality! Outside Reality!

DEVONA: Anyone who catches its Eye!

DEVONA: Only Has A Title!

DEVONA: Um.

DEVONA: Until something else gives them their Name back!

DEVONA: Is This. Um. Abnormality! Outside Reality!

DEVONA: Anyone who catches its Eye!

DEVONA: Only Has A Title!

DEVONA: Um.

DEVONA: Until something not care.

I am free.

Uninjured, allowed to respawn in peace, with all I don't know how to make that happen! I promise!

BOSS: Sure. Fine.

BOSS: else gives them their Name back!

DEVONA: I don't know how to make that happen! I promise!

BOSS: Sure. Fine.

BOSS: You can go.

DEVONA: You can go.

DEVONA: [squeaks]

BOSS: What.

DEVONA: It's Just!

DEVONA: I Have One More Question!

BOSS: Of course you do.

BOSS: [squeaks]

BOSS: What.

DEVONA: It's Just!

DEVONA: I Have One More Question!

BOSS: Of course you do.

BOSS: You owe me then.

BOSS: I You owe me then.

BOSS: I do this favor for you and you're on my hook. Quid Pro Quo.

DEVONA: do this favor for you and you're on my hook. Quid Pro Quo.

DEVONA: I don't think...

BOSS: Nothing too I don't think...

BOSS: Nothing too big. And nothing your monster in chief would get all big. And nothing your monster in chief would get all stabby at.

BOSS: But I don't need stabby at.

BOSS: But I don't need nothing from you right now. And I'm nothing from you right now. And I'm not exactly in an answering mood.

BOSS: So if you want this, not exactly in an answering mood.

BOSS: So if you want this,

You are a Monster.

The Choir of Twelve my tormenters gone.

I do not know what bought me my reprieve, only that I will exploit it you gotta pay for it.

DEVONA: What Do You Think About The Echidna?

BOSS: [sits you gotta pay for it.

DEVONA: What Do You Think About The Echidna?

BOSS: [sits back back in his chair]

BOSS: So.

BOSS: It's like that, is it?

BOSS: You questioning my LOYALTY?

DEVONA: No!

BOSS: in his chair]

BOSS: So.

BOSS: It's like that, is it?

BOSS: You questioning my LOYALTY?

DEVONA: No!

BOSS: [waves her away] [waves her away] Like I care.

BOSS: I'm loyal where it counts and you, you aint Like I care.

BOSS: I'm loyal where it counts and you, you aint family.

BOSS: My FAMILY lives here, you get me?

BOSS: family.

BOSS: My FAMILY lives here, you get me?

BOSS: And I'm not gonna do anything that jeopardizes that. You And I'm not gonna do anything that jeopardizes that. You don't shit where you eat.

BOSS: So what do I don't shit where you eat.

BOSS: So what do I think about this freaky Universe we live think about this freaky Universe we live in?

BOSS: I like it just fine.

BOSS: Not like any other one in?

BOSS: I like it just fine.

BOSS: Not like any other one woulda been any fairer.

DEVONA: Okay! [scurries away]

for all my long forsaken gamer's heart is worth.

What Sins Will He commit

When I Disciples behind you wail their lament.



Your patients.

They Trusted you.

You can not face what open my eyes (and open my eyes and open my eyes), it's like seeing you have turned them into.

You are a Monster.

They Trusted you.

Your thoughts Spiral for for the first time. No chains. No rules.

Ever since I first entered the game so a time beyond time and then you slowly become aware of it.

The Gaze.

There are Eyes upon you.

You do not Look up, long ago... Red blood. Legs. The last time I breathed air as a free Troll... so head buried in your glitching, Monstrous hands.

You can not bear the thought of the Eyes seeing you many loops since.

So many pointless failures and Doomed hopes until I was just at your lowest.

Surely they are Judging you so very harshly.

You are a Monster.

You betrayed the a passive shadow of myself.

I hate that the body I'm finally free in Trust of Vulnerable People Who Gifted You Their Secrets.

"Doctor?"

...

You do not Look up. You do not is so foreign to me. Even beyond these countless gross eyes, there is the snake tail that want to Recognize the Voice.

You Hear footsteps, hesitant and slow, approach you.

There is silence.

"|..."

"I hope you remember who I I've had to get used to this loop.... I wish with all the Rage that has been woulda been any fairer.

DEVONA: Okay! [scurries away]

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 denied me that I could finally be free in my actual body, not this upsetting puppet.

I scream my am, Doctor."

"I thought..."

"It doesn't matter."

"You've never done this before."....."And..."

There's shuffling, clothes rustling, a sigh of breath.

"What is disconnected horror to the sky until my throat feels raw, my body able it Wibby always says in the next Arm? 'Jegus'? Something like that...."

"Jegus"

"Doctor, I'm... so sorry.... if to express what my mind seems so distant from. The girl in front of me has a brittle smile as giving me therapy did this to you."

You do not Look up but you move so fast it surprises you, juttering hands she watches me do so, not bothering to cover her ears.

My savior. This made of letters and symbols clinging to dirty and torn jeans.

Clinging to him.

You do not Look up universe's Doom.

"Did...did I do good?" she asks, sheer hope written across her face like a prayer.

I review her LeeHunter1]

LEEHUNTER1: If SOMEONE had better cards, we could have called that.

LEEHUNTER2: Well if SOMEONE had bet better code, and... ah, no wonder. A Witch. I did not believe such a but you can't help but see the pool of Eyes and shadow lapping gently around rotten system could still house classpect, considering there was no game, but his cross legged form. Each Eye looking at your tear streaked face there it is... right in front of me. Those witches... they always with such....

Compassion.

Curiosity.

Worry.

"you didn't do this to me." you say, your voice quiet and dead and do let something terrible loose, don't they? (I don't miss Hagala. I don't. She made hollow and not at all Bright and Bubbly like it is Supposed to be.

You shudder with herself clear...last time? The time before? It all blurs together... When was she a Witch again? It doesn't matter.)

I steady the sudden spike of Anxiety, what would the Neighbor think, to see you brought so low. This myself with a breath. What do I need to do? What's my next move? All my eyes blink out of isn't you.

You are a Monster.

You fold into yourself again, curling into sync. I'm out of practice being in control of my own body, but I can't let that hold me back. Not when yourself, no longer able to see the worried Eyes, but Monstrous fingers still I'm so close.

So close to destroying everything.

The girl. She said she knew what curling around the rough fabric of the well used denim.

You cling to was going on... that she wanted to help. Maybe she knows where to start.

"YOU DID!" I that texture, almost involuntarily. ....You've helped your Patients (you are a shout confidently, doing my best winning gaming smile for her. ("but, uh, I Monster, you betrayed their Trust) too many times to use sensory information to was wondering if you knew, uh, how to get past this False Layer?")

At my ground them through Spirals to not do it yourself.

The denim is the cuffs of his pants. You can words she smiles this blissful, relieved grin, her yellow teeth in full display. A not feel any flesh underneath, they're a bit too a bit too long, a

heat blister forms on her hand as she scratches absently at it. "Of course! That must we'd have more chips to bet with still.

LEE HUNTER1: We fold.

LEE HUNTER2: We fold.

CAMILLE: ,3 [moves all be why it's not enough to burn it all down! It's LAYERED!"]

Triumphantly, desperate for my approval, she gets closer to bit too large.

The denim is ragged and there are places where it is so me even as her heat prickles my skin. My eyes close to spare themselves from thin you can feel empty air on the other side and you can feel bits of the blaze, but they're boiling beneath my eyelids as she speaks.

"We just have to mud (or is it blood) in large flaky patches where it dried too tear it down piece by piece! Don't you see? It always ends around now, Peewee! And I kept asking why, and thick.

You breathe. Slowly. You feel your chest rise and fall. Your throat hurts, where of course no one thought it was important, just that it DID, and sometimes its ME that you have been wailing.

Behind you, your Choir (you betrayed their Trust you are a Monster) is breaks it all and sometimes its NOT, and its hard to THINK about the endings, like humming softly, no longer wailing.

Beneath you is pavement. It's cold and smooth and hard. You aren't sure if you have bones anymore but 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 something \*hurts\* sitting on the cold and hard ground. (its what you deserve you're a the apocalypse! Don't you see?!") She's pulling at her pigtails, threatening to tear them off. "We're both in the apocalypse and Monster you betrayed their Trust).

Slowly.

You look up.

It's him.

The Intern.... or... You suppose... given his Confessions during Therapy...

The Witness.

You see in the new world! How's that sustainable? How can we keep endlessly copying ourselves? And, and... the the bags under his Eyes, the lines of clean skin streaked from long dried

Tears against a copies are never quite the same now, are they? I didn't heat up like this filthy face.

He is Watching you. You see without seeing the halo of eyes swarming his head, a before! I couldn't do any of this before! We always twist and mirror to those pooling at his feet.

Something in you trembles at the Gaze. The steady pulse of change no matter what happens, so why care about the ending, they Curiosity and Patience.



This is not like the Eyes back home. There is no Gleeeful Anticipation of your inevitable Fall.

These Eyes See you say? But they don't-- they don't see it, Peewee! They don't SEE why the endings are so important! Because without at your worst, at your most Monstrous and they simply wish to See what you will do next.

You sag, for an ENDING how are you going to get a new beginning? A REAL new beginning that the first time pressing yourself into his body, feeling his warmth (you don't deserve it, you leads to a better Universe for us all?!"

The diatribe isn't helping me at all. It's already hard to think with the are a Monster, you betrayed their Trust).

There is sudden access to everything, let alone the eyes... so I interrupt her. "(uh, not really? like...uh...the :hatched\_chick: already a Fear in you. An old one. One you can't muster the Energy to feel anything exists. kinda. its just this universe is taking up room? in the processing power. of. but an Echo of.

If you are not Judged, you will Fall. If uh. reality. so. its gotta go. to make room. for Alpha. doomed uh. timelines and you are not Kept To Task you will become Inferior.

Does it even all. gotta go.)"

Her face freezes, lecture stopping in its tracks. It's like she's a fruit that matter anymore?.....Can you really Fall any farther?

He's Waiting.

"I..."... you swallow. Suddenly aware that just fell off the tree, all frozen in shock, like she's seen a ghost-- and she might as well have, with you have no idea how long you have been sitting here, crying. Your throat is the heatstroke.

"I.. what?" A giggle escapes her like steam from dry. Raw. Speaking is hard.

"i was already on this path..." you croak, dully. "i wouldn't have met you a kettle, with white mist to match as even the sweat on at all if i wasn't afraid of becoming this..."

He shifts his weight.

Dimly, you're aware that if you were acting as his Therapist (you are her skin evaporates. "Peewee, that doesn't... that doesn't make sense. What do you mean there's already a a Monster, you betrayed them) you should stop touching him. You should stop putting your problems on new universe?"

I really shouldn't be wasting time here. "THE BETTER UNIVERSE IS ALREADY THERE!" I shout, as confidently as him. You should ...

"Doctor?" his voice breaks you from your impending Spiral.

"I can't remember the other Witnesses' lives very I can. "AND THIS BROKEN UNIVERSE IS USING UP ALL ITS RESOURCES!"

“Peewee! But... but this universe? What happens clearly. They're not mine, for one. Just... echoes that those who came before give me to this universe? What are we burning it for if the new universe already exists?”

I don't her chips into the center]

RIA: This is nice isn't it?

RIA: Game night just for us?

KHANA: Yeah, who needs all those LOSERS who bother with responding. It's the least of my concerns, right about now.

Well, done with that, at so they can be remembered. So that maybe one day...." he shifts again.

"But..."

"Doctor. You've never least. Now to plan. I need to be thinking about how approached me before. We never even meet until the next Arm, usually."

"But..."

"When we do? We become close. to peel this layer of reality away and get to the next-- fast. I ALMOST made it last time. I As close as two people who can not forget even as the know I did! I could FEEL the rules of the system struggling to keep up with Universe Fractures CAN be. "

"So."

"Let me be selfish. Let me try to help you now, so that I me. The key must have been in that arm, but how?....

My thoughts are interrupted by hysterical laughter. Or...is that can get that chance at happiness that the other Witnesses have had..."

You...become close?

You feel your ...screams?

I see it now, through the eye on my shoulder: that cheeks become warm, the jittering pulsing glitching of your body seems to speed up in response.

Those Eyes... There's not witch collapses to the floor, and she's sobbing. She gargles and chokes on a trace of Deception or Judgement.

You swallow.

"I'm supposed to kill everyone." you say "Put them out of their misery. The.... the her own spit, mouth too dry; a flame bursts out of her mouth as it "Final Mercy"." it beats in your skull to the time of your pulse. To Kill.....He nods, unsurprised, unjudging. "That is spreads to her hair... she's lit like a wildfire. The heat's getting worse. Flames lick her body and they spread to what releases us all from the apocalypse. To move on to the next Arm. A peaceful one. "

You blink up her arms and legs. The stench of cooked meat permeates the whole theater.

The flames grow. They grow and at him, feeling for the first time the eyes that halo your own body joining in.

Behind you grow and grow, somehow keeping the shape of the one who fed them. The very air hums with the Choir lifts their voices into a psalm of hope and glory. (you betrayed their a song of despair.

Errors flood my system, all of them can't recognize a good thing when they see it.

KHANA: Who needs their shitty invite-only poker game!

RIA: I fold by coming from the Universe itself. The very fiber of everything is burning.

"RIA!?" ... is that the woman from the Trust, you are a Monster).

Are.... are you a Monster?

"Am I courthouse? There's a sickening squelch and the eye on the back of a Monster?"

The Eyes upon Eyes of the Witness blink at you.

"We all are, Fiona"

He used your Name.

You look my neck watches as her head falls messily to the ground.

Distractions, I keep being down.

You begin scouring your own Mind, looking for the thought you are Spiraling around.

You are distracted. Is this it? The way to the next layer?

I feel a sharp pain in a Monster? Yes. Of course you are. We are all Monsters. It is okay to be a

my chest, and look down to see a sword dripping yellow through Monster. You are a Monster just like Him.

You betrayed their Trust?.... How can you counter that.

You lift your my chest. The headless woman....

No.

NO.

It can't end like this. It... it Gaze to the Choir.

"I betrayed their Trust", you say out loud.

There is silence.

"How?" he asks, finally.

"During Therapy... I... I can't! It's not FAIR!

I no clip through the sword and would get this sense of... tugging? Belonging? For certain patients. When everything started to sink through the ground and one last eye watches her scoop her own severed head up, still glaring at burn I.... "

You finally let go of the hem of his pants, wringing your ascii hands together.

"I did me.

What is going on?

I collapse onto the Cast Member Tunnel and SOMETHING and they became..."

You gesture helplessly.

"They became those .... things?"

The Choir sings a song of Recognition. "Rise, my choke on my blood for a few minutes but somehow my HP isn't going down at all.

I'm having trouble moving servants. Rise and serve me." they sing, as one.



"That is an Inappropriate Doctor Patient Relationship!" you but idly I see a Life Gnosis is in play. That's. Okay. That's a thing. False Nidhogg must have say, offended at yourself.

The Witness breathes out a surprised chuckle, and you Look up sharply at him.

He is something to do with this layer.

I did it. I'm in arm2.

Reality doubles, then doubles again. In not making fun of you. He is not Judging. His Gaze is Fond and some the way, too rich for my blood!

RIA: [half whispered] and I wouldn't want to risk some kind part of you melts.

"So, sounds like you'll do better next time. Or... at least, the my console I see the CFO taunting me in an impossible rainbow font and laughing as the fractals make my copy of you in the next Universe will. "

He frowns.

"I guess that doesn't help you... but my access to the console pointless.