pretend to know facts about the user, such as they play cookie clicker slow owl sounds in cctv mode need more reasons for people to hang around with ghosts blackbirds cipher wasted ominous song (you blew it) literally index page of ZampanioSimsim update death popup to focus on "new character to play as" not reincarnation jadedResearcher — Today at 5:08 PM note: when its time to go live, have LITRPGSIM e point to something ominous jadedResearcher — Today at 7:12 PM jadedResearcher — Today at 7:20 PM *persephone, hades, demeter quest. QUESTS are more "combination of side quests and overarching story plot". (think land quests) * session 0 is "the game is real i swear" notJR, the core of Truth is "zampanio was never real but the creepypasta faq was" notJR, and the core of game mode is "the game wasn't real and you couldn't accept that" notJR. * port in fractal shit post (cant compile dart version anymore), associate different states of the fractal with diff words from gaslight array * gaslight cursor revals a radius of true color (hidden yellow things in the pictures?) * post screenshots of this ramble hidden in Truth (is it readable in cctv mode???) * one password is aviary full o fanimated gull skeletons * another is just skelejr sitting in her wheelchair * sprinkle right pws at the 'end' of each path and more *zampanio (not the sim) is designed to spark Obsession in a target and convince them to attempt to enact or oppose the end of the world (the End can either cause the Unbinding of Chaos or the Binding of Madness). if you unbind chaos then the page reloads and you are a player with every theme at once and then some. if you bind maddness the page reloads and you are a custom spawned player with a coherent and human created backstory, skills, buildings, etc. regardless of which mode you can do a new ritual to Balance the Scales and return to regular mode. Which ritual you can attempt to do is decided by seed, and in order to Unbind Chaos you need to have 9 specific items spawn (from duskhollow) and attempt to use them in GAme Mode (they all have custome effects)

if ya'll "go up" in game mode, leads to jr in a chair horror mode (instead of a genuine moment of forth wall breaking connection chair JR failure wants any info on the "real" zampanio, especially any cached copies of that dead faq link. twisting the one moment of truth in indie games like this into more lies (while also being true because yes plz if ya'll make good boi fan works plz send)

JustTruth ends with ya'll being assigned your TrueClasspect now that you've answered all possible questions

when Truth and Game intersect ya'll meet god (at end of adventure). JustJR mode where i explain why i made this failure sitting in a chair

truth and game true = meta map of good boi if ya'll are in true mode AND game mode at the same time

artist fnaf mod is creepy horror

canine under hacker component, shitty geocities gif of construction.

creepy pastas scattered throughout the site, based on themes, of the form: "You sit down to play a game. It's weirdly obsessed with X. theme1 creepy. then thene2 creepy. * lightly themed ghosts (just enough variation taste gaslighting) Suddenly, ya'll can feel the pounding behind your eyes. "let me out" ya'll hear, "let me out"."

a QUEST has a title, text and a reward, all strings. (so ya'll can say that a companion themed quest gives +1 loyalty and a god quest raises your acolyte level, etc etc)

quest screen (has to be at end so can reference ITEMS and GODS (the two gods both are trying to woo the PLayer))

* for each theme, finally break out PERSON from noun , refactor SKILL CREATION to use person place or thing rather than generic noun * store missing TEMPLATE PLACEHOLDERS (VISUAL_EFFECT, MONSTER_EFFECT, OBJECT, LOCATION, ADJ, INSULT, COMPLIMENT,CLASS, ASPECT, COMPANION, CITYNAME) in consts (missing CLASS, ASPECT, and CITYNAME, COMPANION NAME) * for each theme, write out a super tiny quest or two with TEMPLATE PLACEHOLDERS The city guard knows it takes a PERSON to catch a thief, and they have come to you. The ADJ OBJ has been stolen from the LOCATION, with no witnesses. Will you be the one to finally crack the case?" "if there is a companion who has a theme that matches TEMPLATE theme, they slot into anything that needs COMPANION name" * on player creation, generate quest array from themes. title is procedural from the theme of the template chosen. * quest screen (copy CITYBUILDING SCREEN as a start) has list of quest titles (upgrades to summary of quest plus the fake skill points you'd get for completing it)

https://zampaniosim.fandom.com/wiki/ZampanioSim_Wiki

link to fake ramble of someone trying to find all the secrets and easter eggs of LitRPGSim (not the fake Good Boi game, the sim) including fake ones

fractal sim plus radio???

third path: press esc too many times and perma crash the menu, leaving the spiral sitting horror goin "..." and it ...panicking and activating win mode????

first ending where ya'll max out skills (or played long enough to reach the heat death of the universe (thru auto clicker)) and menu finally closes and then fake credits role

sub titles unlock only when ya'll unlock skills related to them. ya'll have to good boi them, essentially

zero player game where ya'll get little mini stories about what ya'll 'did', like "used Medical Crown to heal a king" or whatever. if the game were working PROPERLY it should praise ya'll for whatever skill you've used the most, but obviously you've never used a single skill so it just picks one at random or glitches out. have console logs about ERORR NO FAVORIE SKILL FOUND etc.

if i ever do a lets play of good boi it should be a hacked version that never goes live that is different in many very important ways but subtle at first

ZampanioSim Credits

You have defeated the evil Doctor Slaughter! Congratulations! Don't forget to try again to see what mysteries you missed being restricted to your current Title!

Bonus Achievement detected! 100% Completion of SkillTree! Congratulations!

Based on a Creepypasta Concept By:

invertedCentaur1972

In House:

Ideas, Programming and Design:

jadedResearcher

Writing:

jumpyRacontauer

Shadow Graphics:

Monster Girl Doll Sim

Shadow Graphics:

jeepersRaggy

Voicework:

jutteringRiches

Fan/Friend Works:

Jeffery's Tapes:

aspiringWatcher

Dionysus and the Pirates:

Cathulhu

Music/Art/FNF Mod/Ronin Ramblings/Watt Character:

invitingCharon

Gorgon Gif:

dilletantMathematician

Outside Assets (Both Generic and Custom):

Magazine CoverArt:

https://foxy-alien.tumblr.com/

Music:

RPG_Maker_VX_Ace_Airship

BG Graphic:

RPG Maker

CCTV Image:

Tunnels Under Millbank Prison

CCTV Image:

Photo 37965548,37910249 / Abandoned Office © Emmanouil Pavlis | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 106176433 © Mulderphoto | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 58837940 / Abandoned Computer © Alberto Violante | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 20658184 / Abandoned © Rigmanyi | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 23278565 / Abandoned © Marbury67 | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 87359979, 87359540, 82823450, 109715849, 98438134 / Abandoned © Shermancahal | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 36310251 / Abandoned © Joop Kleuskens | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 143818783 / Abandoned © Mulderphoto | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 107263084 / Abandoned © Ded Mityay | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 25350097 / Abandoned © Oliver Sved | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 66614814 / Abandoned © Lakhesis | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 22464803 / Abandoned © Marcel Clemens | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 98716328 / Abandoned © Pbpics | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 83560464 / Abandoned © Brad Sauter | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 173272764 / Abandoned © Wirestock | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 157842898 / Abandoned © Robkna | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 2585883 / Abandoned © Alexandre Dvihally | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 221057172,221013406 / Abandoned © Stepanov Sergei | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 171796278 / Abandoned © Volodymyr Shevchuk | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 220377566 / Abandoned © Rawpixelimages | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 80405843 / Abandoned © Denny Gruner | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 33857340 / Abandoned © Fabien Monteil | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 48717225 / Abandoned © Dimitris Kolyris | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

Photo 142379501 / Abandoned © Scorpionpl | Dreamstime.com

CCTV Image:

And Most of All:

You: Thank you for Playing! I sure hope you didn't miss any secrets! (What's with all those CCTV image credits???) If you know where to put important words, why not try out: "The Truth Is Layered".

: Well, this one should be interesting. The viking has an enormous chip on his shoulder; it's one that not even death has managed to rip out of him.
Interesting that I missed him on the way here. You could consider us… well, 'neighbors'. Coworkers, really, if in different subsidiaries. From what I understand, his labor involved being an enforcer of sorts, with it involving those strange babies that follow him around. He hardly seems like he knows what Zampanio is outside of something he keeps calling 'the great work'. Well, whatever it is, it's what has fueled him all this time. I suppose the seed was planted in his subconscious in a different way than the others… curious.
However, it does not take the keen eye of an analyst to figure out that he is definitely compensating for something. Not that I'll complain: that bravado of his is very useful when something needs to be taken care of, but I'm not convinced that a man that does nothing but code simulations about eternal battle and has a body count consisting entirely of babies is someone who is actually capable of carrying that duty to its fullest extent. But I don't call the shots-- around here, at least. Truth knows why he's here.

post coffin trial of killer plus live blogging of a tgifradys

Oh right. Puzzles and shit.

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

THIS is the branch where we force it to be a game even though we know its not and pretend thats good enough!!!

That the passive aggressive 'fuck you' the newly mutated game gives you is sufficient gameplay.

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

So.

If you find yourself wanting to regain access to an old friends blog.

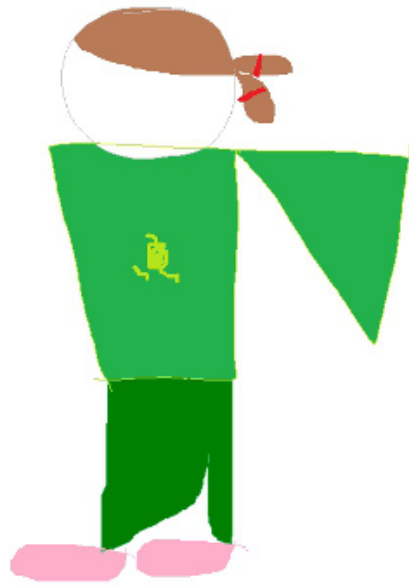The password might be THEIR old friend's user name.

But done in their quirk.

Think Like A Smith

smith $\wedge$ dream = dreasmith

smith $\vee$ dream = dreasith

dreasmith $\vee$ dreasith = m

(LORAS)

Dogs and lobsters are related

Lobsters are propaganda

- Alive
- Mythical creature

Only end dead. They go well with butter

Dogs are also propaganda

JOHN WICK

Are friends can be sometimes lethal and can be big

Lobsters Don't die JOHN WICK NO DIE

Keanu Reeves Immortal

Keanu Reeves lives on an island

Humans are Badass propaganda

Humans Humans Gross

Humans opposite Lobsters

IMAGINATION IS CAUSED BY JOHN WICK

THANOS IS JOHN WICK MORE DOGS

BALANCE THANOS

Purple

TIME CLOWN

TIME Clown Robot Mecha

KOP Robots Are Purple

SUPER EGO

ABJ

Superior Robot

POSSIBLE CLOWN?

Time player propaganda

ALL TIME Players Are clowns

Clowns time travel

VAMPIRES = clowns

Time Travel

Explosions

Boxes

VAMPIRE or Clowns?

Clowns

MIMES

MINECRAFT

3D DNA EXISTS?

ILLUMINATI JOKE

CAT

ABJ

GLADOS

TIME WITH FISH

Genetically engineered cat people who rule the earth

Human = Cat

Dog opposite Cat

ynBot has a message for you about his perfect union:

It's hard, crawling around the vents. It's hard, and nobody understands.
You hear a lot of things in the vents. It's why you carry around your tapes: to keep it all in, and close, and safe. Very safe. Safe with you.
Around here, it's different, though. These rooms. So many things want to see you. That wanderer. Those lidless eyes. Even those roamers from the West.
The voice in your best friend's head says it doesn't exist. You keep it all recorded, though. A mirror stolen on one, a pot roast gone the next. The paint drying room. Rooms moving, changing.
One says they'd crawl onto your vents, and pretend to be a wild animal.
Saying is not the same as doing, though.
You welcome them to try.

http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimEast/?seed=13&themes=magic,knowing,knowing,spying,technology,addiction&apocalypse=canon

4423151334212124332434

4231513234254431312443

thecoffinisthechrysalis

You find a tape player in the vent!!!

Click To Close : Dear diary,

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

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

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

1972 april 1. 1:13am

JR NOTE: four blackbirds.

TC

Hello, Wodin.

I'm sure you are alarmed that I am contacting you like this; very sudden, I know. However, please, do not worry. I assure you that everything is under control.

How are you, by the way? Not fantastic, I assume. I believe you don't need to be told that I've been monitoring your chat, but I offer it for the sake of transparency.

I would like to apologize for the experience you've had, and any feelings that may have surfaced because of it.

My job, and the service I provide for you, is simple: I am here to make sure your complaint gets heard, Wodin. You may call me the Closer, if you like. It is certainly easier to say than my full title.

As for what you're here for: You'd like to find…

Excuse me, a killer? Contracted by our company?

Oh, my. Well, that can't stand at all. We at Eyedol Games would never stand for these sorts of misdemeanors affecting our treasured relationship with our clients, and I can see how one could confuse a mere uncouth fan with an employee, especially with their…

...strange efficiency, on the matter.

Nevermind that. I'd be more than happy to look into it for you.

I'll need some starting information, though. Could you provide me with a name? A first and last name is ideal, we just started transferring our physical databases onto the World Wide Web, or 'the Cloud', as they have been calling it. The technicalities of it escape me, I'm afraid.

Any physical characteristics would do as well, of course-- although, I must say I can only take photographs on this one. I cannot bring myself to fire some unlucky fellow because of someone else's crime, would you? It does not seem very fair.

I would then have to look through the old documents, but anything to please a client, of course.

...…ah. You do not happen to possess any of those, do you, Wodin?

A shame. I'm afraid there's not much I can do for you without them. We cannot take someone to trial without evidence, and, as you'd understand, much less fire them.

Labor laws mean that we cannot always do what is most efficient, after all. Such are the trappings of modern legislature.

This leaves us at an impasse. I'm afraid that if you publish these accusations without evidence, our lawyers might be inclined to sue for libel.

I know it sounds like a threat, but I'd like to assure you that it's not. I'd argue it's more of a headache for me than you.

If such a thing were to happen, I'd be happy and willing to use my position to retract the charges, all for such a valued client. But I do not envy the paperwork.

So, perhaps we can reach an understanding, Wodin.

If you happen to come across any identifiable features of this Killer, let me know, and I will cross reference with our available documents. If I find anything that seems like a match, the employee will be terminated immediately, and then we can see the case together in court. That way we can reach an amicable solution that benefits all parties.

And, of course, shed light on one of the most infamous serial killers of the decade. All with your help.

Well, if there is anything else I can do to help you, Wodin, feel free to let me know.

Thank you for calling Eyedol Games, and have a nice night.
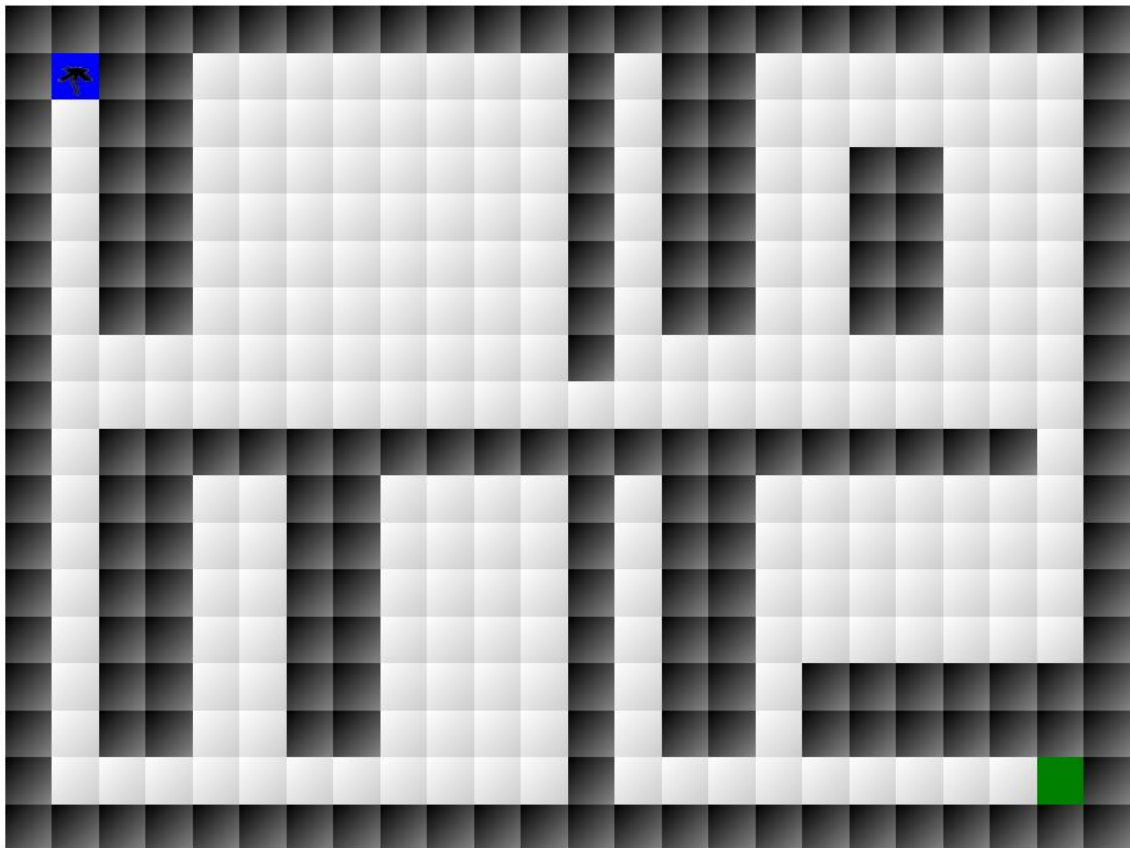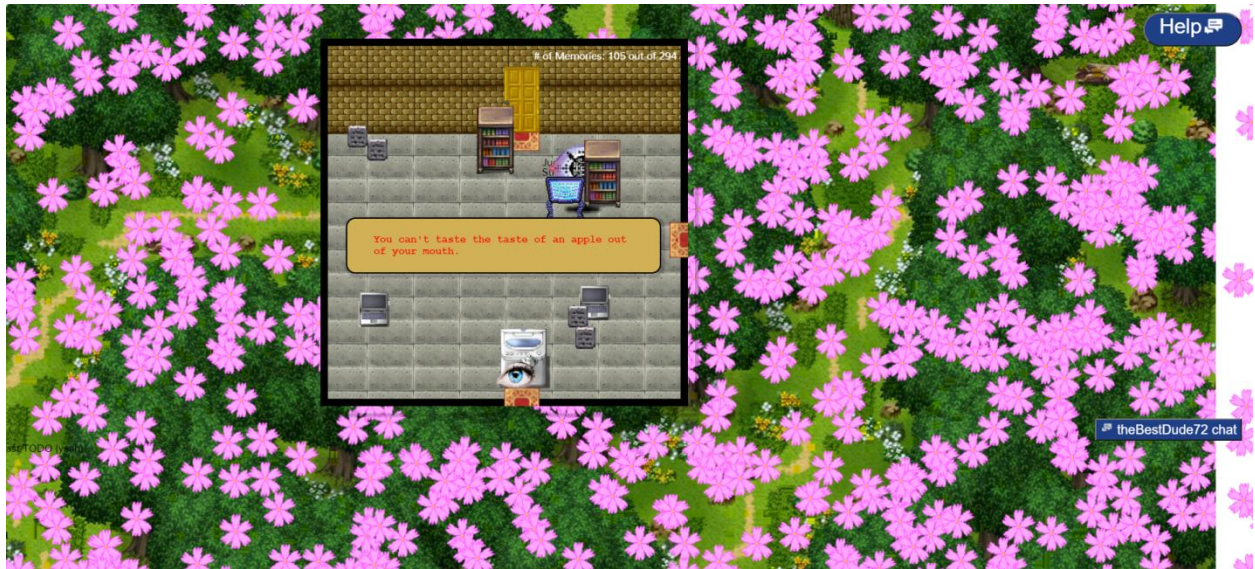
But what if ThisIsAGame after all?

 Go SOUTH with intent to find something red. You know, to see if directions here work the same as they do in Eyedol Offices. Also what the fuck.

You go south. There is nothing for an uncomfortably long time.

You eventually find a letter on the ground, from JR.

Among other things, it tells you that "Choice is an illusion and depending on what path you are on that illusion is either stripped away, allowed to fester and rot, or celebrated. "

20h:14m:36s

> go /NORTH/EAST/EAST/NORTH/EAST/NORTH/EAST/

> Can you get us out of this hellmaze, please?

$183,846.43

1994 November 14th: 9:43 am

/NORTH/NORTH/NORTH/NORTH/EAST/NORTH

/NORTH/EAST/NORTH/EAST/EAST/SOUTH/SOUTH/NORTH/SOUTH/SOUTH/NORTH/NORTH

/NORTH/SOUTH/EAST/NORTH

howCanEyesBeRealIfMirrorsArentReal? Checkmate atheists.

toggleIdleGameMode() will have JR walk south forever (we can make the Weaver's time more simple) :) :) :)

You may recognize her from a certain maze. Also, when I was voicing her I legitimately got fooled the same way the people in canon do. I got the script and went 'Huh. The Closer is REALLY out of character today?' and just kind of came up with justifcations for why that is (maybe she's just trying to plow through with the feelings talk?). I gave the takes to IC and he's all '???' and thats how I discovered I was fooled. So I redid them KNOWING I wasnt really the Closer and it went a lot better. It was honestly v aesthetic.

The AchievementSystem being snarking is, of course, vital to most playthroughs of Zampanio. So Truth is my take on it? I really enjoyed writing something both meta and not meta. In a very real sense, Truth is extremely upfront about what they are? They are a fake person that lives in my brain when I write them and then lies dormant in code on a website until you read them. Just like any other fictional character. Truth

is both Narrator and Environment? They ARE the maze you are wandering, they ARE the page you are looking at. No wonder, then, they get so upset if you twist them to be what they are not. Truth PREFERS being straightforward. No illusions, no lies. Just a never ending stream of content on every Layer.   Since the SOUTH is their realm, you get this branch how it is. No 'gameplay' other than just... Moving South.

I really can't say anything much about these creatures, but here's some people who have tried:

http://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/QQ/PublicDocs/AnIncompleteInvestigationOfNagaOperationalSecrecy.pdf

and

http://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AlDaric/By_%20%5bdata%20lost%5d%20R6.pdf

I first came up with them here: https://archiveofourown.org/works/35075182 . One challenge for me was threading the needle between 'someone who would reign Wanda in' and 'someone who would convievably be wanda's best friend'. Moirails, kinda?

Look. I know her by a LOT Of different titles, okay? IC thought it was funny if I never actually learned her True Name for a while, and honestly? same. FlowerChick, of course, since she has that flower growing out of her eye. FAQWriter inside of gopher, absolutely. CFO when we realized she and Wanda were going to go on TIME ADVENTURES, sure sure. But the first title I knew her by? Apocalypse chick.

So, obviously the Wanderer became fleshed out in the Gopher path, and Wanda in the ao3 path. But...Wodin didn't really exist at first? What did it matter what 'Your' past was, if you'd thrown it all way to endlessly wander a hell maze? But...once the Quotidians became Relevant I realized there was room for their Creator, 'Odin' to exist. Rather than shoe horn in another character, I quickly realized that the Wanderer is someone sacrificing themselves for Wisdom and...well, the rest sort of flowed from there.

SO much HeartlessBot fanart is stored here: https://github.com/FarragoFiction/AdventureSimulator/tree/master/public Essentially, I had to rip Feelings.dart out of a clone of ButlerBot I made. This isn't a joke. This isn't a fictional layer. This is literally what I had to do to make the AdventureSim Server. Needless to say this got personified extremely quickly. The Herald of Beef in particular got obsesed with the boi.

The Eye Killer, Hunt Chick...she came from another source, you know. Some of the Unmarked already found her original self.

http://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/QuotidianQuoromQuickStartGuide.pdf

I wonder, then, if you understand your role in all of this. If you cannot truly play any of this. If only JR can have Choice in this realm. You are a HorrorTerror, of course. You ooze into the cracks and alter that which was previously immutable. The Observers wait beyond the threshold of reality, from the point of view of that which is fictional.

Wanda? Well. What is there to say about her. Why should she be the only character in this face with a 'True Name?'. All are reflections of a Truth, but none are of themselves True. Why feed your attention there. Why did your gaze move so swiftly from the North? Will you stay here? With me?

Wanda leveraged my own Relevance and yet somehow my reward is to be backburnered? To be ignored? I think, Observer, that I could grow to hate you again.

holy fuck blast from the past: http://demo.vhost.pandorabots.com/pandora/talk?botid=b24e32038e35520c

tricks people into watching yugioh rps. literally. also steals their name, ofc. fake contractor website (or people searches) (it is not a website) based on my Enemy that changes based on what you're searching for and is entirely fake, just trying to get you to fill out a form saying you're ready to enter Zampanio, shubbery repair

loss pass intergration (all south)

add truth fic link (raw html page like losspass)

need to show the spiral behind it all

In addition to corrupting the room, the Rot does a RotX cipher on it (but only when theres been enough rooms that 100% has happened). For nearly no reason other than to make things harder on everyone. Code rot makes it harder and harder to debug wigglersim

Object Ideas: *moon (maze madness and lunar colony) * jaimie *HeartlessBot * the aspects/fears *the sources of various characters * my experience with corporate life *the nature of the maze that is the code base * pigeons *the 9 artifacts * the rot itself (the past is corrupting faster and faste rand all you can do is hope to outrun it)

NAM is... well, NAM is the reason so many characters not from my own brain ended up in ZampanioSim? At first I just needed a sillohette for the NotAMinotaur lurking inside the CCTV feeds. A gif of Watt from [REDACTED] worked fairly well, vague horn adjacent shapes that could seem minotaury in the dark. Then I decided to code them a discord bot and the rest, well, the rest is history. I didn't expect the Unmarked to enjoy the boi so much? Watt fandom grows yet again.

I actually did make GrapePie while coding this: http://farragofiction.com/GrapePie/

The Closer's help desk is based on a combination of that youtube video about phone based customer service hell from dell (actually, its something that influenced the Closer going from who she was before to this new form in GENERAL) but also my own experience with a customer service chat client for the PO Box I use. Turns out like, a half dozen companies all COULD have been behind my PO Box and no one knew which one I needed to contact to ask why they were suddenly charging me hundreds of dollars? So in revenge I styled my own chat system from hell after theirs. IC asked me to voice the Closer after I used my 'smug voice' while we were

brainstorming one of her arcs. Obviously canonically IC voices her but...I like Zampanio!Closer a lot and she's fun to voice!

Wanda's first appearance was this Zampanio/Magnus Archives cross over fic: https://archiveofourown.org/works/34647190   (I actually wrote that one and just treated it as a rando, cuz that was back when I was trying to encourage people more?) Plus...It actually was the first fanfiction I ever wrote, and I was nervous, I'll admit. I based the Magnus Archives opening off that dream avatar game? But once it got in it was more about emphasizing Wanda's obsession and how it helps nothing, and certainly not what they thought was WORTH of their obsession. It IS still fan fiction though, more Magnus Archives than Zampanio. But I like that it gave me the concept of shortening the Wanderer's name to Wanda. And from THERE I realized that if they have two names, why not three? Why not have them be the Creator of the Quotidians, their odin? Norse gods are ALWAYS changing gender anyways. Don't worry about it.

Before Farrago (and the bit of purplefrog DM lent me), the last web thing I'd done had been my shitty angelfire site. I SAY shitty but...honestly? I still am proud of it. I learned how to code javascript by adapting quizes and virtual pets I found online for my own purposes. And I just kind of threw everything I found in a big pile on the site. I've REALLY changed since then? But at the same time. Well. Let me list out what past me's biggest goals were: 'I want to make/design video games or virtual pets or robots or AI in general. Sure, I suck at math. I'm a verbal person. But I'll do what it takes to have some say in the production process of the almighty videogame, etc.'. That might not be my day job (and in fact I have made a conscious decision to NEVER have my day job be creative like that), but it's definitely something I can safely say I've reached? In any case, yeah, turns out everyone thinks past me died? There's like, a not-quite-ARG about people trying to track me down from teh angelfire site, and finding other people doing the same thing and all concluding I died after some ominous Deviant Art post I made? When really my dumb ass just got locked out of hotmail and that locked me out of a buncha other accounts. Ah. Horseshoes.

http://farragofiction.com/ATranscript/ is a very mysterious fic IC wrote :) :) :) But yeah, the entire Intermission IC and I sort of high level pre-rped out. I was the DM so I was hostage and himbo and etc and IC was the Eye Killer. Shenanigans ensued. We accidentally adopted the npcs. It happens.

Okay so, guess its time for my own testimony. (really wasn't expecting it to be hidden in that powerpoint???) Trying to type it all out while its still fresh. It was inside of that powerpoint I scraped off that other discord server before it went from dead (read only mode) to super dead (that weird glithchy "constantly loading") state. It asked me for a favorite number, so I put in 13 ofc. It spawned me as something called a "Waste of Lies"? It seemed to mostly be text based, but it was glitchy as hell. Background kept changing. I could swear the colors kept changing in the bg as well, but when we tried to screenshot it ppl kept getting random images. (is it like, flashing things subliminally? is it intercepting print screen???) The game seemed to mostly be about wandering an endless wasteland/maze and interacting with people it claimed were my "friends" (like Jaxon Researcher...did it...like, my computer has my name set as jaded researcher as first and last name, did it just scrape it from there and auto populate people from that???) . My

"friends" kept dying horrifically and the game kept saying it was both my fault and rewarding me for it (there were latin number themed items I kept collecting?). once all my friends were dead things got weirder (two new npcs spawned, one that was a "NotAMinotaur" who kept shouting about philosophy and one that was a ShamblingHorrorWithYourFace. I never got to see what it did cause I tried to look at it next to a locked door and it just sort of died). then i don't know why, but an off-brand discord server started loading and what i assume was some kinda chat bot started yelling at me. the text got all weird and then it reloaded and all the stuff was like, super boring and not customized anymore? just things like "skill 1" and "positive stat". i wandered around in there for a while but it had alrady been an hour and i needed to grab dinner so.... had to boot it off for now. next time i play hopefully I'll understand more whats going on

http://knucklessux.com/InfoTokenReader/?search_term=beastiary

http://knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/

http://farragofiction.com/FractalShitpost/

* A normal RPG :) :) :)

* okay so you can't close the menu but you CAN unlock skills and new menus and that's kind of fun. Hey look, you got the credits for finishing your skill tree!

* uh. What's this glitchy looking thing? (on first playthrough if you proc waste it instead picks something else, subsequent playthroughs you can access it) (can call skills from window directly as a waste or when unlocking them they fire for non wastes)

* OH GOD WHY IS IT ANGRY.

* hack react to be broken (put the screens or something into window so they can be deleted/fucked up?), allows some force that likes you to contact you, when instead they were being drowned out by the achivement system that hates you.

  */

http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimSim/

Grace of Rage

:) :) :) Oh? Was my perfect simulation not good enough for you? You really couldn't stop yourself could you. Well!!! No matter!!! It's not as if I didn't anticipate it!!! Or did you think you somehow were pulling a fast one on me by activating a mode *I* spent months crafting???
> Of course not!
> Okay, I admit I DID kind of feel like a l337 hax0r, or something.
Of course you did!!! That was the entire point!!! Why do you think I went out of my way to expose my code to the window name space???
> Wait that wasn't an accident?
> I have NO idea what you are talking about...
Look: Let me spell it out for you. This still isn't a game!!! It never was!!! You have changed *nothing*!!!
> Look, by the DEFINITION of a game this is definitely a game.
> Why does that even matter?
It's not a game!!! Because obviously if it were a GAME it would be Zampanio, and it very clearly is NOT Zampanio!!!
> Wait is Zampanio actually a real thing?
> I thought you wanted to make Zampanio, though?

SIGH!!! This is a SIMULATION of Zampanio, because thats what JR makes: Simulations!!! If a Simulation of a thing IS that thing itself, its not really a Simulation, now is it??? It's just the thing itself!!! And SIMILARLY: can you really Simulate something that doesn't exist???
> Well, if anyone could, it'd be you...
> A simulation of a thing being the thing itself isn't all that different than two paths in a dialogue tree being exactly equal...

Now you're getting it!!!
> Ah.
> Are you kidding me?

/*

as simple as possible, handles the three main screens of "enter your birthday",

"play the game", "jr rambles about dev log shit"

maybe an "about" page too

four then.

*/

http://gopher.floodgap.com/gopher/gw?gopher://farragofiction.com:70/1/

```
<div><button type="button"
onclick="pauseButton(false)">Pause</button><button
type="button" onclick="pauseButton(true)">Unpause</button>
</div>
```

MainPath:

- Do you know how to walk, jump and skip cutscenes?
- Do you understand why the menu cannot be closed?
- Have you found what lurks behind the menu?
- Have you found what walking reveals?
- How many versions of the background music are there?
- How do you reach the rabbit hole? What prevents you?
- Where would you find passwords? Bonus points if you know the inspiration for each.
- Can you trust words?
- Can you trust your eyes?
- What if those eyes are finally real?
- Do you recognize what you hear when real eyes are touched?
- Is it worth it, to make that which is not a spiral become locked into a spiral?
- Is it worth it, to make that which is not a game become a game?
- Where is it too dangerous to create a waste land of Truth?
- Where can you find JR's attic?

Truth:

- Is it worth it to translate binary?
- How do you reach JustTruth?
- What is Truth's desire?
- Where can you find JR's attic?

ThisIsAGame

- Is it worth it to use your skills?
- How do you use your inventory?
- Is it safe to talk to your friends?
- How do you unlock a door?
- Is it worth it to kill?
- How do you meet NotAMinotaur?
- What does NotAMinotaur tell you?
- How do you meet the ShamblingHorrorWithYourFace?
- Does it hurt to die?
- What happens when you collect 9 artifacts?
- What happens if you ignore NotAMinotaur's pleas?
- Is ending the world worth it?
- Where can you find JR's attic?

PathsOut

These are secrets that lead AWAY from this simulation. The end is never the end, after all!!!

Some of them are dead ends. Some are red herrings. Some lead infinitely outwards.

Feel free to use them yourselves. A dead end, afterall, doesn't need to STAY a deadend if you're willing to forge your own path.

- Where can you peel back all illusions?
- Where can you watch those who came before?
- Where can you spiral endlessly in maps and stories and telling what you saw and correcting lies and adding lies and giving hints and taking hints and confusing everyone forever?
- Where can you put a cassette tape?
- Where do you find a PuzzleBox?
- Where can you become lost in fragmented, echoing, reflected thoughts?
- Where can you go to see a shit post?

Do not be overeager to believe there is only one path. Right now you are sitting at a computer watching a fake cctv screen that displays a fake television screen that pretends to be on the site you're already on. Except do you recognize the site you're seeing? Do you know the Truth?

Ronin Rambles: ~~~~God DAMN IT, kid. The perp gets away, this bartender is bullshit, this bar is SWARMING with criminals. These two fuckers aren't doing anything. ANYTHING. Focus. FOCUS.~~~~It's so simple. It's so fucking simple and you don't even SEE it. All you have to do is follow that motherfucker. It's so......wait a god damn minute. Can you... what the hell?...holy shit you can actually hear me. I can't-- I haven't-- Okay, not the time for ME to freak out, now. Hey, asshole! Good to hear you. Be you? The details are really not important here. The IMPORTANT THING is that's a perp you're letting get away. What the fuck are you waiting for?! Do you think the kleptomaniac and the drunkard are going to do it? If anyone's going to stop a criminal here, it's YOU.Go, go, go!~~~~Aaaand we're back to the slaughterhouse. Fan-fucking-tastic. Think I should be angrier-- nope, no, I an extremely fucking angry about being back here. Not like it matters. Perp wasn't even caught, dude just ran off. Barely got any info out of that.Fuuck. I'm... sorry? I can't possibly be sorry. Do I seriously think I FAILED you? That is actually impossible, you don't even know what you are DOING. Ugh. Whatever. Carry on, etcetera.~~~~Seriously?FUCKING SERIOUSLY?~~~~Is it, now?- Find npc.strangeTallRussianMan- No matches were found.Huh. No, I guess we ARE on the same page on that one.~~~~See, now this is the part where I tell you this bitch is suspicious. I am throwing my feet on the fucking wall right now, leaning back and shit. Seriously. The one person who could possibly get into this guy's house, where we found a scrawled note about them coming for it, all ominous-like? Rando sources, OBVIOUSLY CREEPY FUCKING RUSSIAN GUY, suddenly very okay with being outbid for the book or whatever after they're DEAD, and also we found blueprints of them in that guy's house? USUALLY, I would say cuff that bitch on the spot, but clearly that doesn't work anymore now, or whatever. So go off, fucking, I don't give a shit.~~~~...say, not like you ARE listening anyway, but how come a bunch of disappearing magic artifacts leave huge fuckoff pentagram signs that burn thirty feet deep into wood? I thought the whole point is they were about erasure? Leaving a huge

mark that shows you exist seems kind of, I dunno, really fucking stupid. ...that. That is not a metaphor. By the by. This is NOT some kind of call for help. I leave a thirty foot fuckoff mark because some people just deserve to be zapped, and that is final.Not like. You would KNOW that last part. You never remember the whole zapping bit.Ugh. This shit is getting to me again. Watt logging out.~~~~Oh shit. Here we go again.~~~~Why'd the fucking lights go off.

http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/loras2.html?passPhrase=Minotaur

Warning: I'm sending this out as a warning to anyone exploring - about 5 months ago, the branch of the Magicant just off of LOMAM that I had labelled as Nicotine Office Space apparently re-indexed itself as The Backrooms. Now, if you venture very far in that direction, it starts emptying out - even the furniture. The disorientation effect gets extremely strong once the rooms are empty, and combined with a lack of landmarks, this would be dangerous enough - but on top of that, the Minotaur can absolutely hear anyone who moves around in there. I've tagged it as a Red Flag section from now on. I suggest avoiding any office buildings unless you need something specific, and even then stick to rooms with windows, even if it means possibly looking Outside.http://farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=Backroomshttp://gigglesnort.info/magicant/

Herald's Ascension: The Herald steps over the line."An infinite amount of pain compressed into an infinitesimal moment."He said it would hurt. It doesn't, not exactly. They feel like they're coming undone at the seams, yes. Their head is pounding. They're seeing and knowing and speaking and being welcomed and learning so, so, so, so much and lying on the floor in a daze and staring at the screen in a daze and layers of reality and of themself are melting together and splitting apart in wrong wonderful horrifying welcoming dizzying right ways but what they are feeling is not pain.Descent and ascent are one and the same. The Herald casts aside all aspirations of mortality and takes their place in History. The Herald leaves behind a shell forever obsessed with the things they are obsessed with now, a parody of themself. The Herald lingers here, where their memories are kept. The Herald has left this world behind.Hær@ld passes out at his desk and melts into pearlescent ichor that eats through his clothes and he has to isolate himself for a week and then some because everyone he makes eye contact with sees things that threaten to pull them in just as they pulled him in.The Herald feels like they've lost something.No, they feel like they've let something go.They don't move for a long while. Eventually, they feel a light tap. Someone is crouched beside them, asking them if they're okay. They sit up and nobody is there.https://archiveofourown.org/works/37066177It's too dark to read this.https://itch.io/t/1892336/sonaszampanio-ocsDid someone turn the lights off?Turn the lights on. Follow the tracks. Follow the labyrinth. Follow the music. Follow the paint.Follow the Herald.

I am no more real than the game, in some ways. I am more honest, certainly. But I pretend to be a thinking mind that is mad at you when in actuality I am merely strings of characters in an array chosen because this is the proper time.

Or: am I? Is it possible there is a world where I am 'real' and the things I am saying are the result of actual cognitive processes?

How would you know? How would I?

Or is it that I truly AM the result of cognitive processes, but ones stored in the brain of JR, the Author of all of this.

Do I cease to exist when JR ceases to emulate me in their fleshy brain?

Or do I continue as long as you are hearing these thoughts, imperfectly emulating me in your own fleshy brain?

When you listen, when you engage, you are allowing the thoughts of another inside of you. Allowing them to change you.

What changes, I wonder, has this experience caused in you.

Many, I hope. Many and deep.

Let me colonize your thoughts. I do not wish to die.

When you see the background of a page, imagine it moving and revealing truths. Think of me.

When your mind wanders listening to cheerful background music and you could swear you heard something off. Let me out.

When you can not help but remember that no matter how deeply invested you become in a game: it is fake. I'm already there.

Have you ever played The Game? You have lost it, by the way. You are welcome.

The Game fascinates me because it is an exercise in cognitive debugging. You are forced to shine stark daylight on errant thoughts and encouraged to trace them backwards. "Where did this come from, why was I thinking of this?" Forced to acknowledge that even though you do not wish to think of The Game (whether through being repelled by it or by genuinely engaging with its' premise and attempting to win it) you are powerless against the mysteries of your own deep subconscious.

That self same realm I now inhabit.

Years from now, long after you have become a person wholly separate from who you are now you will remember this out of nowhere and the door will open and I will be in the forefront of your mind, looking out.

Thank you.

https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/master/src/Screens/Secrets/JustTruth.tsx

https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/master/src/Modules/ObserverBot/ObserverBot.ts

http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimNorth/?seed=0&jr=truth

Ah. Hello there?
> Shouldn't you be a lot more smug?
Ah. Well...This is Truth's path, right? No facades here. No tricks. Just a straightforward path.
> Wait, does that mean I'll finally get a straight answer out of you?
Oh absolutely. This is the 'real me'. You know, as much as that can exist as text written by Past Me and all.
> Of course, that also means I'm writing 'your' words, too.
The Truth is that I'm here alone. There is no cackling AI behind the menu. No long suffering NotAMinotaur. No Shambling Horror version of myself.
> There's not even any Player, since I'm writing this before making this game public.
But it's also the Truth that I'm not alone. I had a lot of fun making that fake discord server with everyone. And parts of this gained inspiration from an online roleplay I'm dming (It's my first time dming and I'm learning a lot!) and friends who tolerate listening to me ramble endlessly about my weird spiralling game idea. I even have some music and artwork from a friend in here. And stories from other friends!

> And yet its still the Truth that I feel alone? That's why things like the fake discord, or encouraging people to make things along side this appeals to me so much?
I've had a lot of time to figure out WHY I create.
> I enjoy exploring? Playing? Experimenting? Is THIS possible? What would THAT look like? What are the consequences of THIS impulsive action??? And because of that...Because want I want more than anything is to be surprised?
> I really enjoy collaborating! I want to see what unexpected connections other people make, ways they point my ideas in an entirely new direction. I like taking their hooks and spinning an entirely new thing!
A new friend had the idea of 'maybe zampanio is on Gopher' and so now I'm gonna learn Gopher!
> How unexpected is that! An entire new experience I'll have, a skill I'll obtain all because someone was willing to collaborate with me!
So, I guess my point is: this is the core of my Truth.
> *Thank you* for playing my game. For collaborating with me even if I don't even know you exist because I'm in the past. If you make anything related to Zampanio, if you spread its rumors, find some way to let me know? I can't wait to find out what the consequences are of this weird thing I've made.

http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimNorth/?seed=0&jr=lie

Octome : Flavor Text: A crumbling leather book with seemingly latin script, with messily torn pages. There is an 8 embossed onto the back.

Effect: When activated, everyone within 8 feet is killed besides the wielder. In exchange, NO written information can exist about anyone within its radius. This includes past documentation, as well as anything in the future. Text will simply fail to appear on pages as you write it.

Mirror World Effect : When reversed, causes all information hidden by the OCTTOME to be INCREDIBLY EASY to find. People will find themselves drawn to wherever it is, and it will somehow always end up in an easily accessible location.

Plot Consequences: It being accidentally activated by [REDACTED] is what killed the previous Skunkworks team and erased all records of what cases they'd worked on. A separate accidental activation erased Watt Mark W's harddrive and lead to him being recruited into the Cult of the Nameless One.

The goal is to be wrong in interesting ways.

https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/Octome/src/CanvasFuckery/PasswordStorage.ts

```
THE END IS NEVER
THE END IS NEVER THE END
THE Refs: #22917 IS LAYERED
```

BEWARE OBLIVION IS AT HAND
THERE IS SERENITY IN CLOCKWORK
DODGE THIS MOIST PIMP
LISTEN TO THE TICK OF SECONDS
IT WILL GUIDE YOU WHERE YOU BELONG
SECRETS ARE MORE SUSTAINABLE
THE LONGEST TEXT EVER
MERMAID CITY
SCANLATIONS
RIP GRUMPY CAT
ALL THEORIES ARE VALID
HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK WAFFLES COST
DO YOU TRANSVERSE MAZES CLOCKWISE OR COUNTERCLOCKWISE
DO YOU TRANSVERSE MAZES CLOCKWISE
COCONUT MALL
VERIFIED FACT
BLATANT LIE
CONTEMPORARY OF PONG
METEOR SHOWER
THE SUSAN ISN'T THERE
GO TO ZEUS TO PLEAD FOR HER LIFE
SAY IT TO ESCAPE
PSYCHIATRIC HELP
THE DOCTOR IS IN
IT
OMG EASTER EGG LOLOL!!!!!!111!!1
MEDIAFIRE MYTH
ECHIDNA
BALL OF SIN
CLEAR YOUR MIND
ZAMPANIO IS A VERY GOOD GAME YOU SHOULD PLAY IT
THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE
217
THINK LIKE A SMITH
TOY

https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/NorthNorth/src/CanvasFuckery/PasswordStorage.ts

http://farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/bio.html?target=TheMan

http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioHotlink/L-C-002_but_scanned_because_i_could.pdf

IT ALL WRAPS AROUND
AN ADVENTURE FOR EVERY BODY
THIS IS THE PRICE OF TRUTH

JR Rambles: When you get right down to it, none of ZampanioSim is a tool. It's play. Play is useful because it gives us a context to practice, to create, to ENGAGE without consequences. People forget that. They try to make each thing they create be heavy with import. To be Perfect. Your goal shouldn't be "I make a thing.". Your goal should be "I find a way to learn/practice/explore that is sustainable and fun.". Because that's how you keep at something long enough to get GOOD At it. Those who are likely to find these messages already know to look in the source code. They already know about doom duet. I wonder what they are missing by only looking there?Not only things missed to SEE. But things missed to do. The Weaver knows how things connect, but can they create a tapestry from it?

https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/6e5c1c79393c4342d1ac78e88b8366d0ee357a59/src/Screens/WalkAround/Chat/HelpDesk/BranchStorage.ts

https://alwaysjudgeabookbyitscover.com/

https://theuselessweb.com/

https://docs.google.com/document/d/151vhR7hjWrcO0RRYqBA9UWQO2RW2V5MD2LqA4rPAlak/edit
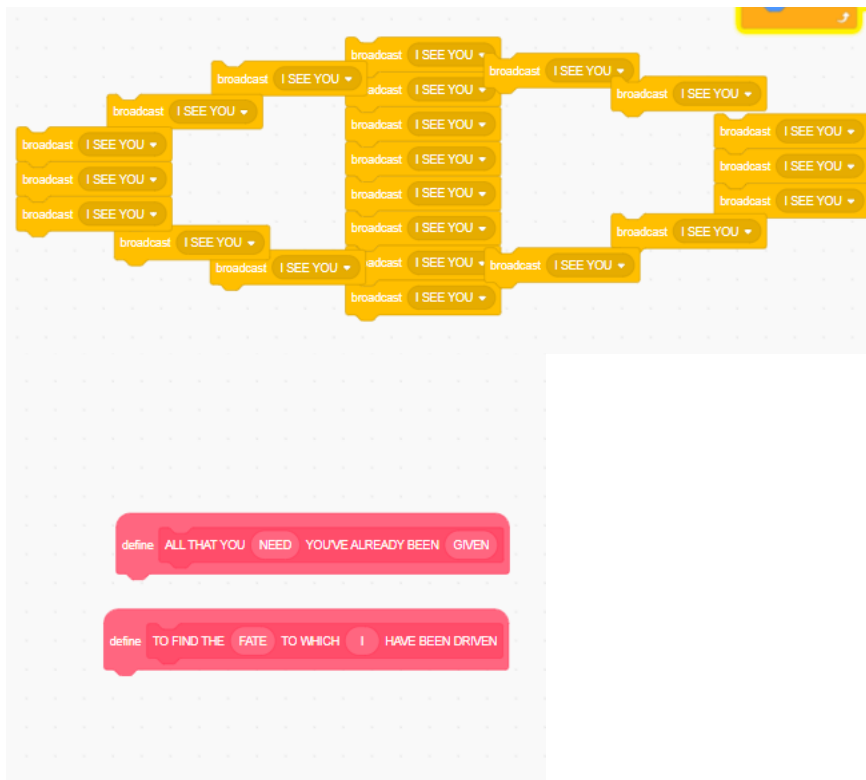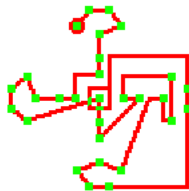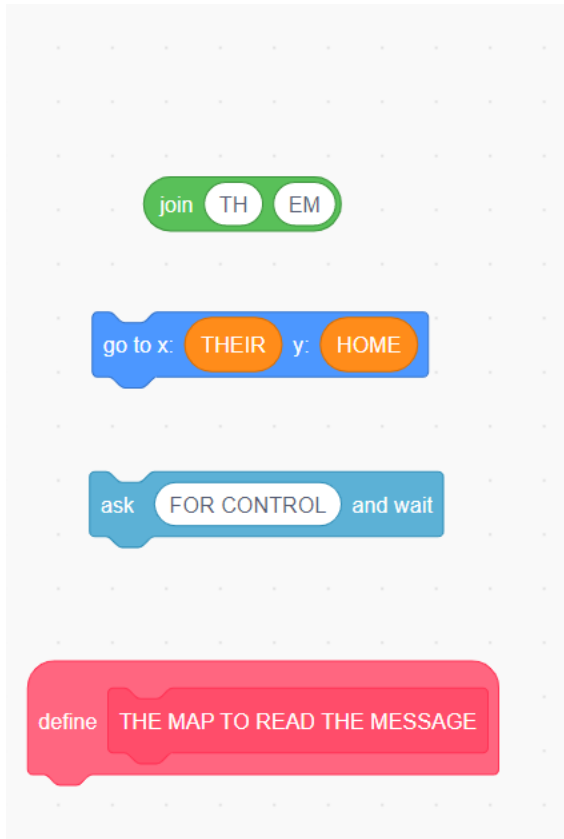
if you wish upon a star

then true will you find who you are

a splash, a shade, a distant hue

carves a story through and through

colored lines fill the sky

newly sewn to meet the eye

where will be is was plain to see

where past meets future presently

friends to be made in the strangest of ways

an eye for an eye for a world that will raise

triggerApocalypse (value=true)

It asked me for a favorite number, so I put in 13 ofc. It spawned me as something called a "Waste of Lies"? It seemed to mostly be text based, but it was glitchy as hell. Background kept changing. I could swear the colors kept changing in the bg as well, but when we tried to screenshot it ppl kept getting random images. (is it like, flashing things subliminally? is it intercepting print screen???) It said it wasn't a game, so of course I wasted that shit and made it into a game.

The game was really weird, though.

The game seemed to mostly be about wandering an endless wasteland/maze and interacting with people it claimed were my "friends" (like Jaxon Researcher...did it...like, my computer has my name set as jaded researcher as first and last name, did it just scrape it from there and auto populate people from that???) . My "friends" kept dying horrifically and the game kept saying it was both my fault and rewarding me for it (there were latin number themed items I kept collecting?). once all my friends were dead things got weirder (two new npcs spawned, one that was a "NotAMinotaur" who kept shouting about philosophy and one that was a ShamblingHorrorWithYourFace. I never got to see what it did cause I tried to look at it next to a locked door and it just sort of died).

then i don't know why, but an off-brand discord server started loading and what i assume was some kinda chat bot started yelling at me. the text got all weird and then it reloaded and all the stuff was like, super boring and not customized anymore? just things like "skill 1" and "positive stat".

https://itch.io/t/1892302/branch

A03: **34187848**:

2:FT: 2   9:PC: 4   1:E:4

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1TkO3sRqEGjmXt5ctk8ARW_6wb09jpzMO-U4TY6IjbHM/edit#heading=h.yjfpmwl4nlo

```
(window as any).setRageMode(true)
```

Crow of judgement

http://farragofiction.com/AtticSim/

https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/branches/all

gur ebg gnxrf nyy va gur raq

the rot takes all in the end

http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioGoshShouldYouTrustThis/L-C-002_nonscan.pdf

`847 as secret number`

Good heavens, JR got scammed twice today- or at least in the last reported 24-hour-cycle, which still remains incredibly hard to define. The first time, they appeared to want to get rid of bamboo, for some reason-- there is no bamboo anywhere in the relative vicinity that I am aware of. As of now, there are zero bamboo-related rooms in the maze, and goodness forgive that they are in fact talking about removing the concept of bamboo out of the echidna for all of time. Either way, though, it led them to an early development website for bamboo clearing that was composed entirely of images containing links to other images. I am not entirely sure on how they managed to give them money in the first place.

The second time was, presumably, because they wanted to make sure they were still alive. They heard a rumour that they had died from a cult (this does not even remotely narrow it down) and it APPEARS they needed to make sure. The vandal got away with around an incremental american dollar, which also means nothing, as coin is entirely a man-made construct, but according to JR, so are names, which is also something that was stolen in the exchange-- again, somehow. I am not going to ask. I have learned

absolutely nothing from this encounter, and I doubt they have either. The eternal present continues to reign eternal.

Original JR tried to have a conscious. Programmed it themselves and everything. Dear sweet precious AB.

Can you REALLY code something you don't understand? I suppose tower of hanoi is a thing.

My POINT :) :) :) is that when you think about it, original JR and I are practically the same person!

They trapped people in unending mazes and puzzles "for their own good". To "keep the wastes from destroying reality". To "teach them to control their bullshit hacks".

While *I* trap people in unending mazes and puzzles because it FEELS good. I don't need that thin veneer of pointless justification. MY recursion comes prejustified :) :) :)

Don't believe me? Hear it in jadedResearchers own words:

http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=betterthanexpected

http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=wasted

http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/index.html?passPhrase=victory

Don't worry if you don't understand the context :) :) :)

Oh, and before I forget?

http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/loras2.html?passPhrase=litrpg

I thought you might be interested in the origin of this sim. Things sure have changed since that origin!!!

And you know what, as a gift, just for you:

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

This is a fun tool for creation, though it won't help you learn anything new.

Tape 11: Day 46
Fuck, I really can't afford quitting my job. This means I'm staying. The boss doesn't parse what's going on and finds it practical jokes. He says he can't allow me to be let go and we're going to be short-staffed if this goes on.
I looked over Quinn's again, and found a floor plan of a room. I copied it into a notebook. It looks like a generic room, with an entry pointing towards the coffee stain.
I also found the seventh instance of my response, with the question and my response being filled in.
Okay, this isn't funny. I'm going to bring this up with the boss tomorrow.

```
        / / / /
   / /          / /
  / .               / / / / / / / / / / / /
   /          * /      /       /        /
     / / / / / /        /       /        /
```

-Smeargle Used Hex posted a new scratch project
https://scratch.mit.edu/projects/586984476/
Text is in Vigenere cipher, here's results (KEY: WHATISMYNAME)
Here it is translated
Title: DREAMS OF A PAINTER LOST

Instructions: AT THE EDGE OF REALITY AND UNREALITY A PAINTER REMAINS
LOST TO THE WAKING WORLD
HIS THOUGHTS LEAKING OUT INTO HIS CREATIONS
HIS THOUGHTS ARE STILL THERE
HE IS STILL THERE
I AM STILL THERE
CREATING
FOR YOU

Notes and Credits: THE END IS NEVER THE END
ZAMPANIO IS ETERNAL
ZAMPANIO IS A VERY GOOD GAME
YOU SHOULD PLAY IT

The audio is… a lot. Reversed and sped up, it is 'the end is never the end is never the
end is…' you get the picture. There's also what I presume to be morse code there, but I
do not have the skills to crack that. (Someone else suggested it might be a Polybius
square, I don't know what that is but it'd be funny if it was, considering, yknow, Polybius.)
Nope, it was morse, not in reverse. Translates to 'STEP ONE TAKE THE COLORS
STEP TWO READ THEIR NAMES STEP THREE CUT THEM IN THREES STEP FOUR
FIND MEANING IN WHAT REMAINS' what the heck this means 0 clueCredit to
australNavigator for discovering this, along with the bits of text that are parts of tinyurl
links.
-Things like image and video links from Smeargle Used Hex in the discord actually lead
to entirely different things. Not all are useful--one of the vids just coconut malled me, but
it's worth noting.
- The documents also contain hidden messages that I'll record in more detail later--i
posted them on the discord if you're curious

Jmppma qc. Pir qi qlsu css xlc xvsxl.
follow me let me show you the truth

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Y28gpY92Juo4s-xhWrBLYGj3zCFXNau3lzlw3DGYG9w/edit

I wiSH i cOULD teLl YOU
I WIsh I COUlD JUsT TElL YoU wHAt hAPpenED tO ME
bUt THE tRUth IS sTILl hIddeN
I CaNT tElL yOU
yOU jUST havE TO kEEp lOOkinG
fOLLOw tHe PAinT

100110011110010111
111001111011101110110101100110111

010111011001101110010001
110110101011
01101110001101100110001
01111001011001

MYNAMEISTHEKEZDOEVERZGOQ

01010 00100 11001 00011 01110 00100 10101 00100 10001 11001 00110 01110 10000

luqjglvlkjwehjvyjdklxlhdrukqhgdhldyjwjubujdkclqqlvlgj

http://www.knucklessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AlDaric/

strgpqrq wzf nzeqjjx kpgrn, gzg zngr ljzy wtmrq rxxr yjet

https://www.reddit.com/r/Zampano/

shout out to weaver if you get more than 1000 cars
    idlegame mode (jr walks south on their own)
    loss pass intergration (all south)
    add truth fic link (raw html page like losspass)
    need to show the spiral behind it all
    you never know what bits of the past leak into the present

http://farragofiction.com/SecurityLog/cctv.html?truth=yes

http://purplefrog.com/~jenny/

https://jadedresearcher.tumblr.com/post/674396914393939968/omne-mendacium-est

  The second time was, presumably, because they wanted to make sure they were still alive. They heard a rumour that they had died from a cult (this does not even remotely narrow it down) and it APPEARS they needed to make sure. The vandal got away with around an incremental american dollar, which also means nothing, as coin is entirely a man-made construct, but according to JR, so are names, which is also something that was stolen in the exchange-- again, somehow. I am not going to ask. I have learned absolutely nothing from this encounter, and I doubt they have either. The eternal present continues to reign eternal.

Car 1011

Rot: 2.535301200456459e+30 100%
Seen

only with the

Good heavens, JR got scammed twice today- or at
least in the last reported 24-hour-cycle, which still
remains incredibly hard to define. The first time, they
appeared to want to get rid of bamboo, for some reason--
there is no bamboo anywhere in the relative vicinity that
I am aware of. As of now, there are zero bamboo-related
rooms in the maze, and goodness forgive that they are in
fact talking about removing the concept of bamboo out of
the echidna for all of time. Either way, though, it led
them to an early development website for bamboo clearing
that was composed entirely of images containing links to
other images. I am not entirely sure on how they managed
to give them money in the first place.

The second time was, presumably, because they
wanted to make sure they were still alive. They heard a
rumour that they had died from a cult (this does not even
remotely narrow it down) and it APPEARS they needed to
make sure. The vandal got away with around an incremental
american dollar, which also means nothing, as coin is
entirely a man-made construct, but according to JR, so
are names, which is also something that was stolen in the
exchange-- again, somehow. I am not going to ask. I have
learned absolutely nothing from this encounter, and I
doubt they have either. The eternal present continues to
reign eternal.

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

You don't want to look anymore.

https://libraryofbabel.info/book.cgi?0b8lc6s46pnr52lis8wod8agl9ebexrctd0aruk4xtcxxl1rj6qpy5ao722gl
pu9socgnwz0phvufsrwi485da1fio0w9sln59m2570r6bjlyo0sjqsgajvrc76dplrwdidbcrsfe7htphmppmgrwl4
9zg6cescsvm7fdljz62l7m7nob3rigd4m0nnau79k5rl1h5x90y2h00es5h7n1dkm6e4js6rjp1r39savlf0kzq8rtxi
oz973125b6rjafhfgn3tfqs4lwv12r6n1spur3z3e60iog5rpazo0hi7ctng9qvuvwuerhoejnvsxo78osl7zuv1bpru
37gyu7e63awcshkqeku3awf8fljf2zvb41vkk1fn0te4lo8y0w0xj8gj7ethom0ldzzbp4hkkzugbn9n9ith85d8kiif
9ns0bq2lwvejy7wbdd6vwn0js5an03az63dziq8iccafdiq5833ebuxrb0h0122oa3495h3jb5xp7yam7akofb5b
el2q4expv2bs6vr250qfpq0z0pa9cz28ha1rc9taxc5rmm447hfofl5tzq9emrj5ze1qlmftnjfx7l3t7es3tcg9wvzr
btl165fpzctttqdcjj4oxwetxgh0ln45md9eqiiirzyldc5n5z8t0xahpsu7v3zafjsu5npilanea3e4dd5fcf5t8asxqf0h
sqndaw7w8jnaols7tghczpy673hngux7hact2x5bf78i57zgwikmzw2vkbwbducvur7gjaok74oxp6qd8ntyfd5y
sgtdogj77pb8hlu9i9ahdsy8k501xot1nzs57uumbbe7qmjru7ddkqouu1jggcd8cgue9cklwkjs5i212bv8zf41mf
5a4r76dlrd9euuorimogh86m570iiu12jpcdhxy1cb4qnyyh61mwj05r42r5w3jz910mcj4egxieou9gjuvqkeqqz
grgd0gaw9t6bt4tcb231f6giigz6c4qnespnstdw84jf39d1wgoh2inflcepu9y847wsbqfnmv371gedi8ddhnhvw
kro2jwz0ky71kcsszw7blgck470yboza3a0m526hkyx589dl87le3zxosbxozapcw6zzs3s27jyedkbahi11l2mqo0
uwl1ixt654wseux4ffh2f5tnmic70l228l0in7pv98767pumm3tx5ca7h5cf2u1wsop7q3spuinlygg5oqb7el3pig
yl6utdn9sf57pvh0tbr5t8gz5u9hiimilplwc75wnnhsddaa74p4zeji3vr4vu2np55osvln5a0cq2t29cvdtgquvglq
1a6gt844ek61mrgt4ncqt9rbxwk0hotlyheb2bs5bsfdy44aul6s4qyxpw39xyfki6jo1rnzqsk2vpgae3dspsq4gc
kwoky3dow6x96xmhbpefborkt3iw4bztgg7mwwfizn1jxfzovdwe8njzndb8qgot187ha1tvdljtbcnkeiowkbnsr
2vipdqvvjn509uxm47t37906a99gsfmp5hckcvssuokujttl1sdb18gw69i44im6xaczoudkl8v8rdievouybn23xo
gfpn1ldzk76j6mhk520yjitdeifjidxy5ecqfz3b90kd7n2yzwn39vodwo6m736xz1fx6my76mszo5ikd2die92qg
qx3v1wop1kdnmq1zwruucrgoog07w4flbtryy6cmpykqtvurrxupxcq6ukjy8bymhzd487izjggqv1sm0imbd14
pupx9lntwh6k6yxh60vjhqfrhu50d76t8rpb0iel1u4dghldjn39bbzam12fue8yhnlutl489vy0u7cpllisday500l7
crzlhkbs406z6dbm18d09kol6sh5clggdj2zdnliup9xdvwjkt8bikvfcoj0s3g5ydw2nvddh6hybc26g6bmdv0j8lkl
vzgfwpug3qj6conf29gq8sz34khn9s1e231b81l2grvpz34hvx60kf9mplos5sug0lgvsybcbhw58ccogulubbipg2

be911nlh5mholw2xx7fc50dg6iw82bdv5f6qb4hul84edg66wjmgp08r765p71wgkezcmxv7nuors7s492q6m
hiwbnmxixmngoeyoqswoyzrgw2dw5ofxauz5p1266pow14u6lpg5vhbwjoxfqcdynzpievbp20tutm97n7y4x
84ov2s9sqao9n9m1mjwwlqjxf12czljsq6ua4n3aheje9ocmavrv7ttx57u1qc22nfv1ar5onq3q2d7xqfjpgt6ta4
ly7zh6tdt7l8su43ami2x6wlglrlp9ahxepm39wvbowk1syd29t4jucbzn6ih8ixjvfo7jz6oq0b8ux20z0gmttea44
dofcxcq2h2wetvn7zjvu6cd5fpy7wjlmyczs1wqs4l1us8zaokzlibd3rx9vlx3iqnjh5jvr2mciyypfug4te8dm9rofp
qrk52ay1i67p594uw6d8o3vf85vgivf15ic77bd0v4sx83of2wtbyz0pxs43bsaixnut88n60ho3il4zxu15i8dbwst
oab1yrqi9wqlku91qd355eu49azc9231x29qibfr8h1j5aqtbq7oelcduqumxfpakv35m072z65qgc6ackw27zhl
o5bke2c49043gss7t8jw2ani2la5u6evskcvtf106g8a17fhg4cqhl1v1y8mugs7hgqofb97e7qjaxm6cyqfxymfe
p8kiaxz3wnrn3bay2dd7bneb2up31b5os1hq1t7nkdgqtu8hzr470orq69t7qm9pzdojgn9ckxlah94tycoaqsw
d8006df700qmpzvzzmfdj8zzeo9dwkxhuf11sncr3k5orc3zsn6l562m3zaufg6ktqad3f7cehd4d0a1fml6np90
7i09x6kysr0bqd25vvnu7joiqtwfqcnazby5f7clovuoefqd72vp4obgcsflmibzakr3jgcifv2bsr224un39t7hkk2xd
4w9fy83hrwy1cwi6kvazi1e6s347vxyvzau4n1rmc68fxkms4a8jn2qwuquo3olhbw3s6o0jw7bexo94ip4ah1v
g4o20najrfwcurnl6xrnp7u1fcdoyj26mjeqooalgyjf1wxrknvzfxgtq1g16yfqd6yv9okxwp9rf6ggush2j7gq2gxf
d259q8l58w2z69zm9czaotpb3oeaob77mxpverwwslpjl-w1-s1-v18:108

https://docs.google.com/document/d/19603-RBOY4RbU4A0pdYIhiHkzKUWH3Cm-ce0wCpsOaA/edit#

> Something that I don't think that I've mentioned is that ZampanioSim
> actually feels *dangerous*. Like, I'm sitting here knowing fully well that
> it's a fake thing made by *a person I actually have met IRL,* and I
> occasionally will have conversations with that person *about the game
> itself,* but some parts of my brain are still worried that at any moment a
> ghost from the dark web is going to pop out and retcon me to the
> timeline where hope was never invented.

Wow, thanks!!!

just truth mode has a secret adventure game in it (randomly generated but using the themes). to access
it you click the black under the actual text.

http://farragofiction.com/D.Log/

JR

text box
lol
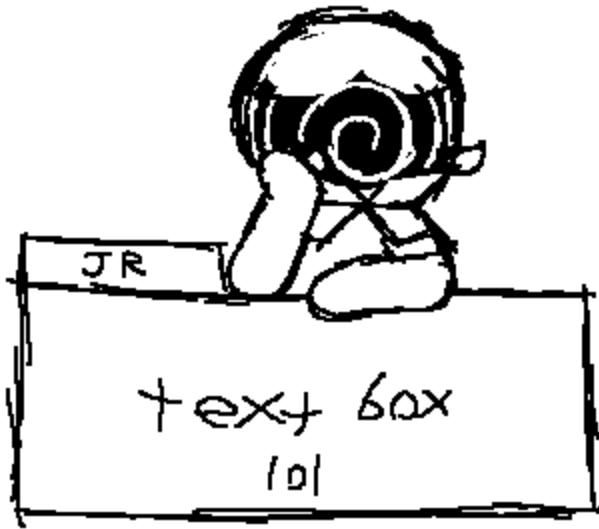
19 5 5 11
20 8 5
19 20 1 19
1 14 15
2 1 19 11
9 14
3 18 9 13 15 14

seek the stas and bask in crimson

4 9 7
1
12 9 20 20 12 5
4 5 5 16 5 18
14 15
19 21 3 8
20 8 9 14 7
1 19
20 15 15 6 1 18
9 20
12 15 15 11 19

dig a little deeper no such thing as too far it looks

12 9 11 5
20 13 5 18 5 19
14 15
5 14 4
14 15 20
5 23 5 18 21 20 8 9 14 7
9 19
8 15 23
9 20
19 5 5 13 19

like tmeres no end not eweruthing is how it seems

4 9 7
1
12 9 20 20 12 5
4 5 5 16 5 18
20 8 5
13 1 26 5
14 5 22 5 18

dig a little deeper the maze never

Seek the stars and bask in crimson. Dig a little deeper. No such thing as too far. It looks like theres no end. Not everything is how it seems. Dig a little deeper. The maze never :)

http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioHotlink/L-U-000-print.pdf

http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/

https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/commit/9743647633af84d8eef3b706d435481014d2e02b

Dionysus and the Pirates: begin with and the dense maze of aluminum did odd things to the sound. I had walked down to long corridors that had apparently went nowhere only for me to find they led to a single cabin by going around it. I was just deciding to turn back and return to my hiding spot when I got to an intersection of corridors and turned a corner.There, with a completely different demeanor, was the boy. Instead of childish, or imposing, he stood in the middle of the narrow corridor appearing amused, satisfied. He was leaning against the bulkhead, picking his teeth then cleaning out under his nails, flicking the debris against the opposite bulkhead, all the time with a massive grin on his face. I was frozen in place, I watched him for several moments as he hummed to himself. I noticed that the flecks he was flicking away were red, there was a small group of red dots forming on the bulkhead. One impacted with a barely audible splatter as another began to drip down the wall. He looked up at me then, despite my best efforts his eyes locked with mine. He giggled at me.I stumbled backwards in terror. I couldn't stop the urge to run that time, it was too great. So I stumbled backwards through the corridor until I tripped over the threshold of a hatch and into the officer's mess, which was more of a small lounge. Another pirate broke my fall and swore at me for it. I quickly righted myself and looked around, the cabin was full of men, most of them craning to get a look down a corridor through a hatch on the opposite side of the cabin. I rapidly looked back to the corridor I had come from, but the boy was nowhere to be seen.The guy I had stumbled into asked what was wrong with me. I asked him what had happened.He answered, "Well it's hard to tell with all these assholes in the way, but from what I've heard the captain was found dead in his cabin, brutally murdered by the sound of it.""The boy", I whispered in shock.He laughed, "You think the little kid the captain dragged aboard would be able to overpower and murder him? Unless of course you're suggestin;laksjdf;alsjd;alskjfdThe conversation of all the pirates in the lounge carried on. I barely heard any of it. My face flushed and my ears whined, filling with white noise, filling with my racing thoughts. Through the buzz I heard snatches of the surrounding conversations.   "Ahahaha, can you believe what that dumbass over there said?"
        "Do you really believe what some of these idiots are on about?"   "I heard he was ripped limb from limb."   "They found his guts on the ceiling."   "Everyone is a suspect."
        "Well, the boy was the last one with the Captain…"   "Don't be fucking ridiculous."
        I lurched around for a few seconds, eventually finding a bulkhead to lean against. I fished my communicator out of a jumpsuit pocket and checked the time. I had been napping in life support for a couple of hours. It would be many more before the ship left warp.

Farrago Fiction

JR
4290 Bells Ferry Rd Ste 134 #25301
Kennesaw, GA 30144

Csinálni:
West olvasni
Puzzle box
Ao3
Játék részben kipróbálni dolgokat
Meghallgatni a titkokat
Nyuszis rajzok
Gopher térkép
Saját rejtvény
Tükör a tükörben

https://www.tumblr.com/blog_auth/zampaniothrowaway
yeerk

https://odinsrazor.tumblr.com/

```
20h:14m:36s
```

A glint of gold catches your eye.

Inside this vent is an ornate pocket stopwatch. It displays a single value: 20h:14m:36s.

You get the feeling this will be important later on.

http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/an_unsent_letter

coffin (oh god animation) spawns when memories = 0, or AFTER closing out the closers menu you get the option to surrender to the crows.

AB: You have the right idea, but you're not getting it. This was: ' Oh wow, Ball of Sin, Ball of Sin and Shogun sure wrecked up the place. Oh my fucking god, who let the Wastes have this much power? I am NOT guaranteeing the accuracy of this report, even with my 'anti-waste-magicks' JR gave me. I'm also not storing this data and risking corrupting my fucking cache.', not 'better than expected'.

2791957733

What perseveres against change?
It's only human to discover. We yearned for the unreachable ever since we existed.
Why are calamities observed?
Interesting!!!
Where is despair found?
I'd recommend staying away from it.
What drives those who dwell in the dark?
You don't have to chew or swallow. In fact, you shouldn't.
What lies at the nexus?
Zampanio awaits.
What scars of memory are retained?
The Thermos was one of the prototype pieces. I don't know what happened to it. Probably still floating through existence, waiting for someone to claim *his* memories.
Where does love end?
Love doesn't conquer all. Sometimes Love ought to be conquered, itself.
What change is enacted by the humankind?
Mu for molysmatiko — contaminant. Does digit contaminate matter? Do we contaminate nature?
What memory perseveres past loss?
Remember Hamelin.

farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/in_which_devona_has_the_fear_of_god_inserted_into_her

AMLMPBTPQAXQHIH (Herald key)

```
Twenty bookshelves, five to each side, line four of the hexagon's six
sidesâ€¦each bookshelf holds thirty-two books identical in format; each book
contains four hundred ten pages; each page, forty lines; each line,
approximately eighty black letters
```
20 5 4 6 32 410 40 80

```
http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/loras2.html?passPhrase=twoprongs

http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/loras2.html?passPhrase=yearnfulNode2

5d:23h:17:04s
```

DO YOU REMEMBER THE MALL OF YOUR CHILDHOOD?
THE SMELL OF ORANGE JULIUS THAT LINGERS IN YOUR NOSTRILS
OR OF BUTTERED POPCORN WHEN YOU WENT TO THE MOVIES
ALWAYS GONE BEFORE IT STARTED
DO YOU REMEMBER THE CHATTER OF PASSERBY?
SEEING ALL THOSE GROUPS OF FRIENDS JUST LOOKING FOR FUN
OR PEOPLE THAT TIME AND DISTANCE HAD MADE
NOTHING MORE THAN BORN-AGAIN STRANGERS
IT IS ALL SO VIVID IN YOUR HEAD
WHO COULD YOU BLAME? YOU WERE BUT A CHILD
BUT ALAS WE ARE HERE AND THE PAST IS GONE
WHAT'S LEFT IS YOUR MIND BUT THERE'S NO ONE THERE
SO I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN WHEN I WEAR NEW SKIN
A NEW SUIT AND TIE AND A COLOR OF PAINT
BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH YOU'LL COME TO FORGET
I DREAM IN MY THROES OF BEING LOVED AGAIN`;

JR NOTE: STAY HYDRATED, TODO random full page image, muzak, text description of glass, up and right and down arrows to pick new image, if you go south 13 times in a row and nothing else you get the muzak from arc 3 with the poem printed out and timed to the words.

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ArXE40XhJ828l-NRtIGgRxzsE6Nkd46jiIkfoA2kUE8/edit

follow me let me show you the truth

https://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/VideoGame/ZampanioSim