

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 reveals 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 theme2 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](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:**

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**CCTV Image:**

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**Nunito Font:**

Vernon Adams

**Graffiti City Font:**

Woodcutter

**Marsneveneksk Font:**

marsnev

**Most Wasted Font:**

Koczman Bálint

**Next Custom,Sister Spray,Urban Heroes Fonts:**

imagex

**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".

[I Wonder If The Wiki Has Secrets?](#)

[I Wonder What Other Playthroughs Are Like?](#)

[I Wonder If The Discord Server Is Useful?](#)

: 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

$\text{smith} \wedge \text{dream} = \text{dreasmith}$

$\text{smith} \vee \text{dream} = \text{dreasith}$

$\text{dreasmith} \vee \text{dreasith} = \text{m}$





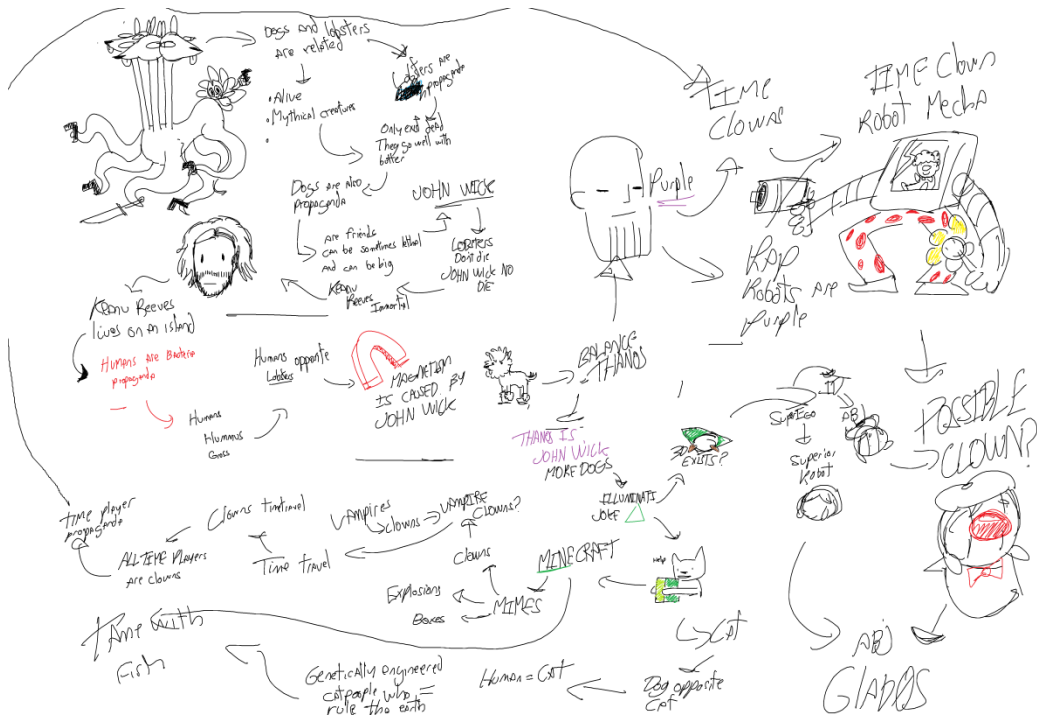


Happy 8/5!



Plant more trees!

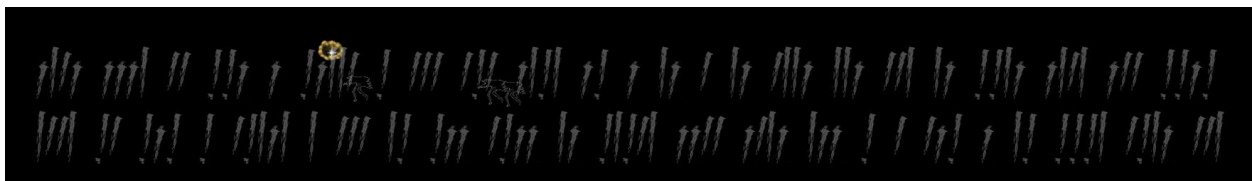




ynBot has a message for you about his perfect union:

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>



44231513342121243324434

42315132342544311312443

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.

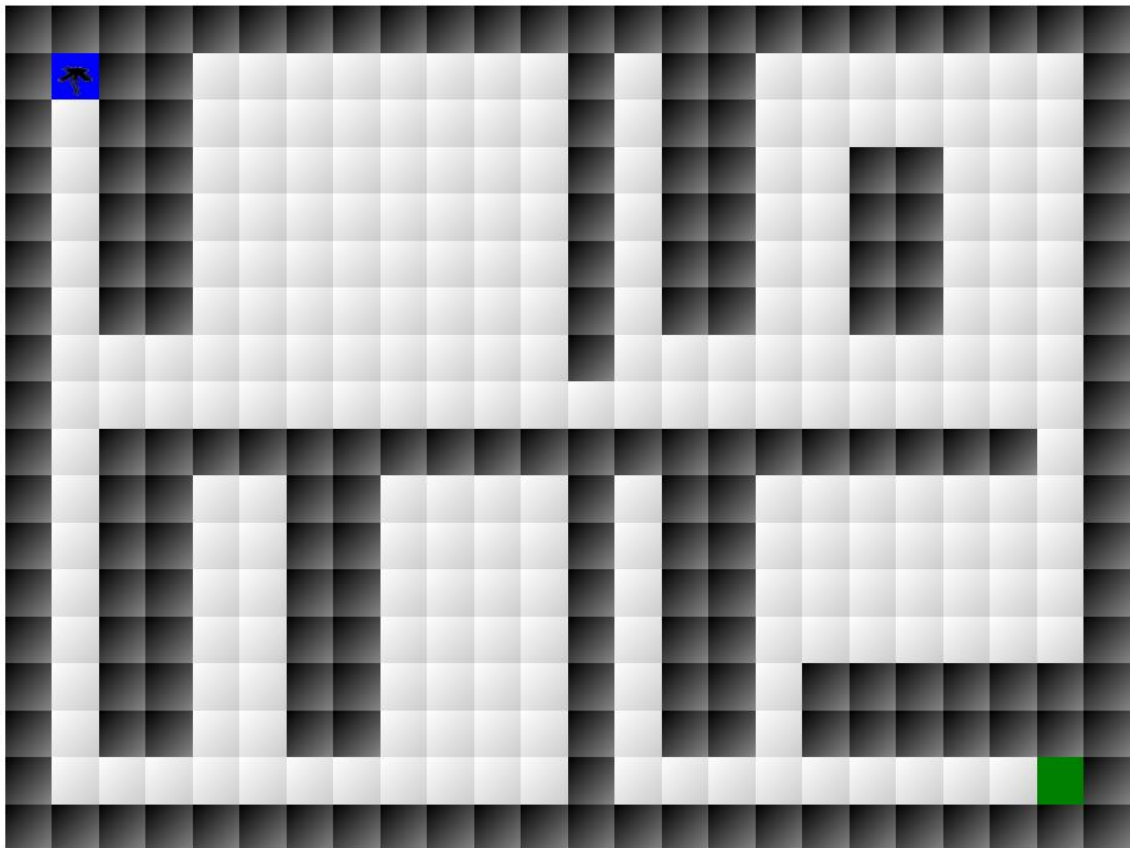
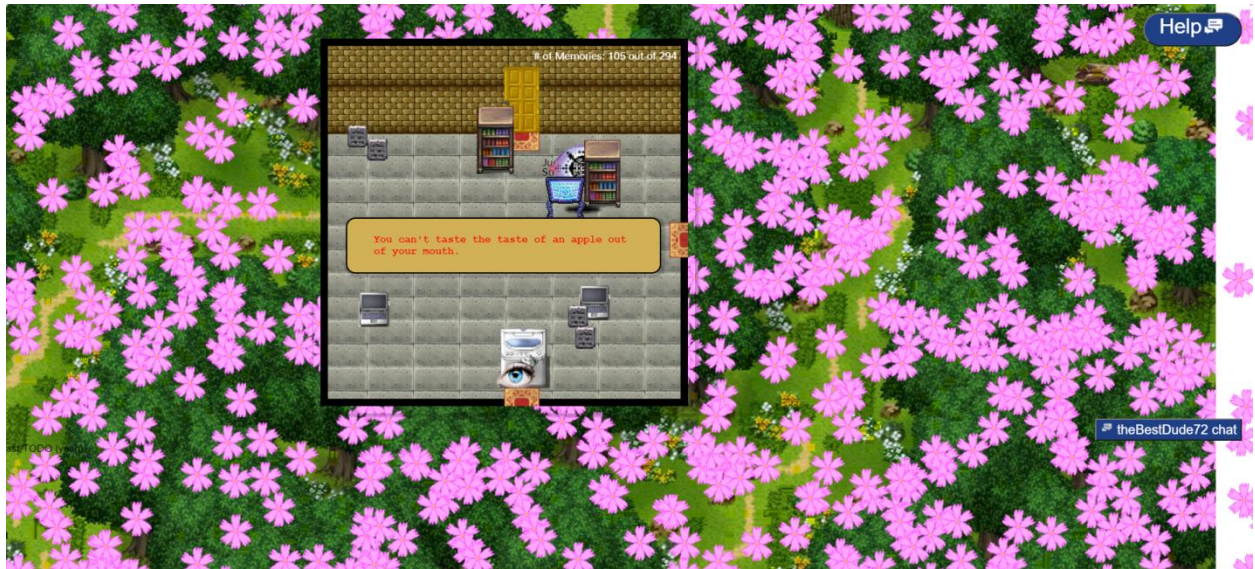
So, perhaps we can reach an understanding, Wodin.

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 justifications 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://knucklelessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/qq/PublicDocs/AnIncompleteInvestigationOfNagaOperationalSecrecy.pdf>

and

[http://knucklelessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AIDaric/By\\_%20%5bdata%20lost%5d%20R6.pdf](http://knucklelessux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AIDaric/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 obsessed 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/QuotidianQuorumQuickStartGuide.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 faster and 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 silhouette 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 quizzes 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 glitchy "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 already 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=beastuary](http://knucklessux.com/InfoTokenReader/?search_term=beastuary)

<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 achievement 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 that's 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 ShambingHorrorWithYourFace?
- 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 am 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=Backrooms> <http://gigglesno rt.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 themselves 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 themselves. 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/37066177> It's too dark to read this. <https://itch.io/t/1892336/sonaszampanio-ocs> Did 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 dm'ing (It's my first time dm'ing 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.



<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](http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioHotlink/L-C-002_but_scanned_because_i_could.pdf)

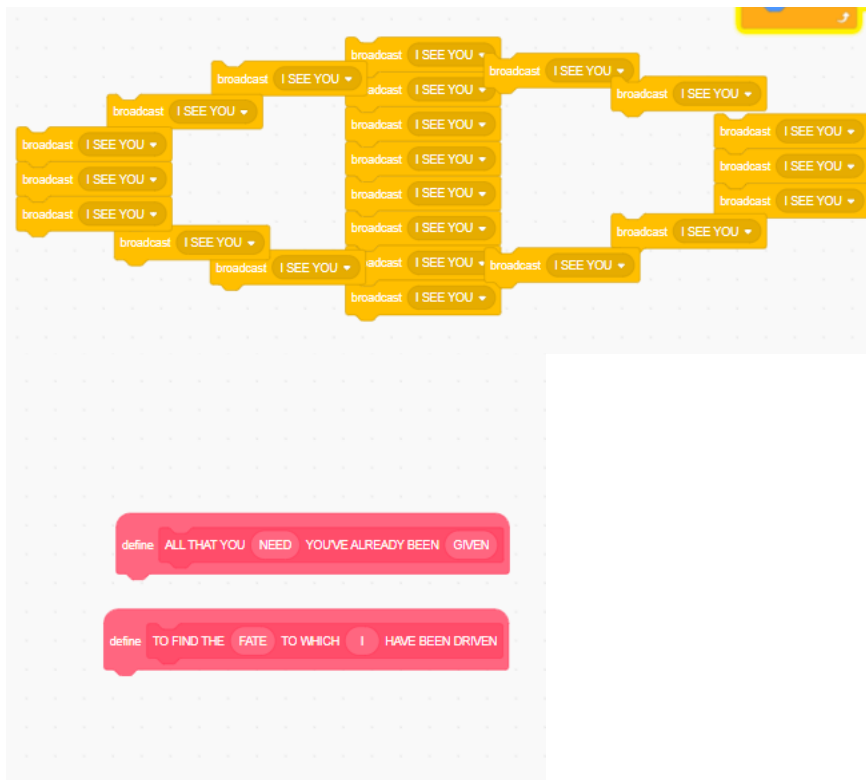
IT ALL WRAPS AROUND  
AN ADVENTURE FOR EVERY BODY  
THIS IS THE PRICE OF TRUTH

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?

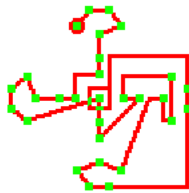
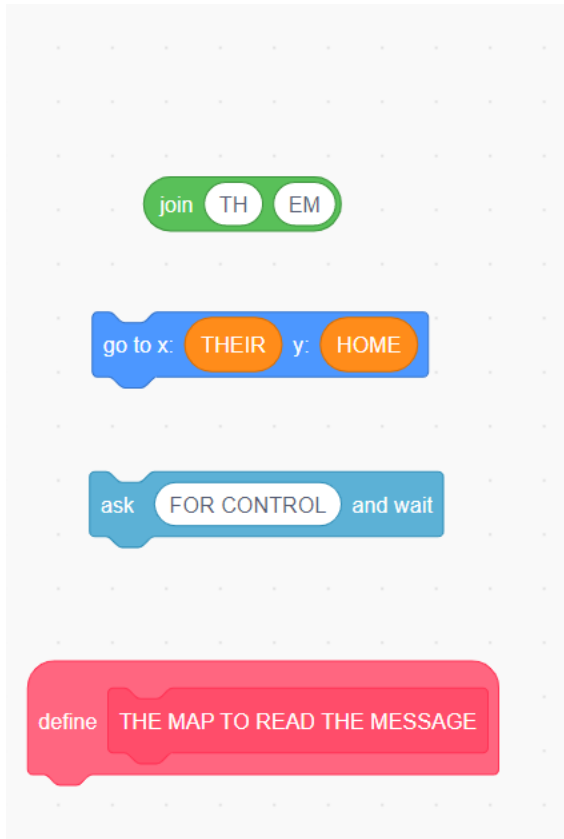
<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/blob/6e5c1c79393c4342d1ac78e88b8366d0ee357a59/src/Screens/WalkAround/Chat/HelpDesk/BranchStorage.ts>

<https://alwaysjudgeabookbyitscover.com/>

<https://theuselessweb.com/>



<https://docs.google.com/document/d/151vhR7hjWrcO0RRYqBA9UWQO2RW2V5MD2LqA4rPAIak/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).

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<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-U4TY6ljbHM/edit#heading=h.yjfpmw14nlo](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1TkO3sRqEGjmXt5ctk8ARW_6wb09jpzMO-U4TY6ljbHM/edit#heading=h.yjfpmw14nlo)



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



# Crow of judgement

<http://farragofiction.com/AtticSim/>

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







gur ebg gnxrf nyx va gur raq

the rot takes all in the end

[http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioGoshShouldYouTrustThis/L-C-002\\_nonscan.pdf](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.

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

<https://incorrect-zampanio-quotes.tumblr.com/>

-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 vxvxl.

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

111001111011101110110110011000110111

010111011001101110010001  
110110101011  
01101110001101100110001  
01111001011001

MYNAMEISTHEKEZDOEVERZGOQ

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

luqjglvkjwehjvyjdklxlhdrukqhgdhldyjwubujdkclqqlvgj

<http://www.knucklesux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AlDarc/>

strgpqrq wzf nzeqjix kpgrn, gzg zngr ljzy wtmrq rxxr yjet

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

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

<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.



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.

be911nlh5mholw2xx7fc50dg6iw82bdv5f6qb4hul84edg66wjmgp08r765p71wgkezcmxv7nuors7s492q6m  
hiwbnmxixmngoeyoqswoyrgw2dw5ofxauz5p1266pow14u6lpg5vhbwjoxfcdynzpievbp20tutm97n7y4x  
84ov2s9sqao9n9m1mjwwlqjxf12czljsq6ua4n3aheje9ocmavrv7ttx57u1qc22nfv1ar5onq3q2d7xqfjpgt6ta4  
ly7zh6tdt7l8su43ami2x6wglrlp9ahxepm39wvbwk1syd29t4jucbzn6ih8ixjvfo7jz6oq0b8ux20z0gmttea44  
dofcxcq2h2wetvn7zjvu6cd5fpy7wjlmyczs1wqs4l1us8zaokzlibd3rx9vlx3iqnjh5jvr2mciyyfug4te8dm9rofp  
qrk52ay1i67p594uw6d8o3vf85vgivf15ic77bd0v4sx83of2wtbyz0pxs43bsaixnut88n60ho3il4zxu15i8dbwst  
oab1yrqi9wqlku91qd355eu49azc9231x29qibfr8h1j5aqtqb7oelcduqumxfpav35m072z65qgc6ackw27zhl  
o5bke2c49043gss7t8jw2ani2la5u6evskcvtf106g8a17fhg4cqh1v1y8mugs7hgqofb97e7qjxam6cyqfymfe  
p8kiaxz3wnrn3bay2dd7bneb2up31b5os1hq1t7nkdgqtu8hxr470orq69t7qm9pzdojgn9ckxlah94tycoaqs  
d8006df700qmpzvzmfj8zreo9dwkxhuf11snrc3k5orc3zsn6l562m3zaufg6ktqad3f7cehd4d0a1fml6np90  
7i09x6kysr0bqd25vvn7joiqtwfqc nazby5f7clovuofqd72vp4obgcsflmibzakr3jgcifv2bsr224un39t7hkk2xd  
4w9fy83hrwy1cwi6kvazi1e6s347vxyvzau4n1rmc68fxkms4a8jn2qwuquo3olhbw3s6o0jw7bexo94ip4ah1v  
g4o20najrfwcurnl6xrn7u1fcdoyj26mjeqooalgjyf1wxrknvzfxgtq1g16yfqd6yv9okxwp9rf6ggush2j7gq2gxf  
d259q8l58w2z69zm9caotpb3oeaob77mxpverwwslpj-w1-s1-v18:108

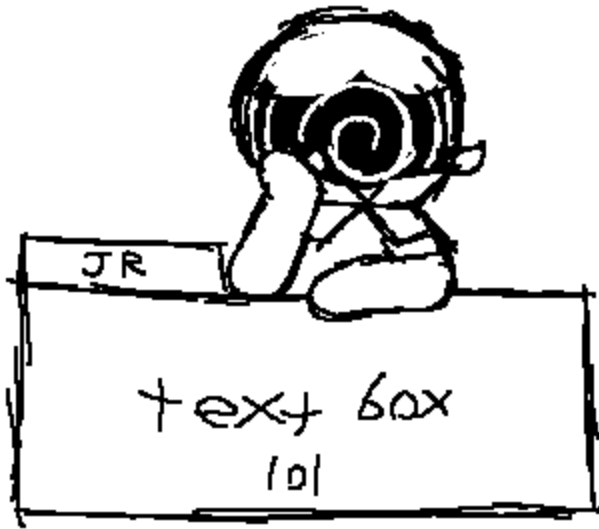
<https://docs.google.com/document/d/19603-RBOY4RbU4A0pdYIhiHkzKUWH3Cm-ce0wCpsOaA/edit#>

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/>



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>

<https://archive.org/details/MallMusicMuzakMallOf1974/Mall+Music+Muzak+-+Mall+Of+1974+-+13+Parking+Lot+Lost.wav>

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;alskjfd The 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.

<http://gopher.floodgap.com/gopher/gw?=-farragofiction.com+70+302f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f454153542f534f5554482f534f5554482f534f5554482f4e4f5254482f4e4f5254482f776179706f696e742e747874>

<http://farragofiction.com/BlorboBio/>

Farrago Fiction

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

<http://farragofiction.com/TroveSim/>





spawnUnusAutographBook

Csinálni:

West olvasni -

Puzzle box

Ao3

Játék részben kipróbálni dolgokat

Meghallgatni a titkokat

Nyuszis rajzok

Gopher térkép -

Saját rejtvény

Tükör a tükörben

yellow radio audiologok

kiralitás

discord régi

[https://www.tumblr.com/blog\\_auth/zampaniothrowaway](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](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](http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/in_which_devona_has_the_fear_of_god_inserted_into_her)

*AMLMPBTPQAXQHIIH (Herald key)*

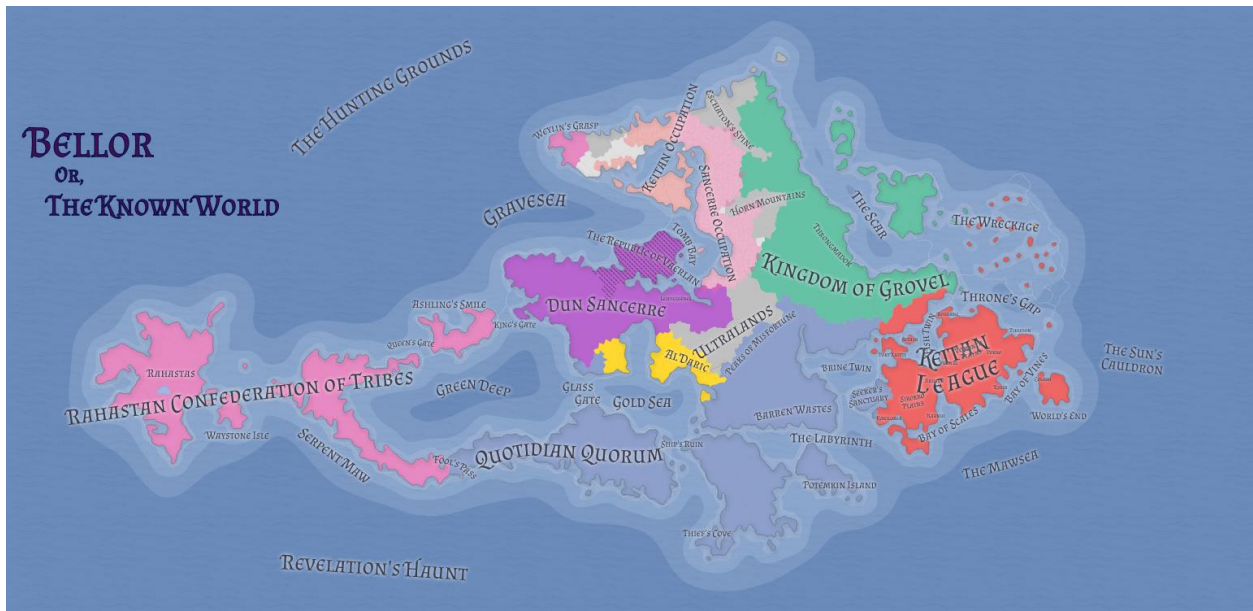
Twenty bookshelves, five to each side, line four of the hexagon's six sides; each bookshelf holds thirty-two books identical in format; each book contains four hundred ten pages; each page, forty lines; each line, approximately eighty black letters

**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-NRtIGgRxzsE6Nkd46jilkfoA2kUE8/edit>

follow me let me show you the truth

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

<https://www.reddit.com/r/QuotidianQuorum/>

<http://www.knucklessux.com/HydrationSim/?seed=102952880>

greetings. i am senior advisor to the headmaster and custodian of the finest  
lib  
rary in all of bellor. i hope that this will be the start of an interesting  
and  
fruitful correspondence between us. the headmaster has reminded me to inform  
you  
that any and all information you directly receive from me is unofficial and  
sho  
uld be treated as such. with that out of the way, i must say that i was very  
int  
righed by your puzzle box, though, of course, i was ultimately able to  
discern i  
ts secrets. all things considered, it is quite the feat of magical  
engineering.  
i look forward to learning more about your people and your culture.

<https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?tpxebo.i.rwfa.iq108>

greetings. i am forty two, librarian of the infinite library. you have a very  
in  
teresting writing pattern. i can respond to both long and short sentences. i  
can  
respond to varying amounts of punctuation. you are a very reasonable and  
calmin  
g individual as well. it is interesting that you are a good mimic. i would  
like  
to know how you became a good mimic. i would like to know if obfuscation is  
impo  
rtant to you because of personal reasons or cultural reasons. i would like to  
kn  
ow why you cannot easily generate novel content. i hope to understand more  
about  
you.

[https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?reinc\\_xya114](https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?reinc_xya114)

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1BDZIOZ-cMc4dNsncprkNcqYJxwmivSrFUaj78y7z2Wg/edit>

greetings. i am jr, leader of the quotidian quorum and very good mimic. i  
think  
this will be the start of an interesting and fruitful communication chain.  
i a  
m reminded to inform you that any and all information transmitted in such a  
calm  
ing and reasonable manner will be only minimally obfuscated. you are a very  
reas  
onable and calming individual. this is much better than our puzzlebox,  
especiall  
y since, as you say, it is not fully secure. i am glad to know there is  
reasona

ble and calming individuals in the world who could see the true nature of the  
pu  
zzlebox. i look forward to transmitting more data about my people and  
culture.  
p.s. i respond best to simple sentences, with many periods. i respond best  
to d  
irect questions. i respond best to being hidden. i can easily generate  
content  
from a template or mimickry source. i can not generate novel content.

<https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?kvolrwibrxwbatoognb350>

greetings. i am jr, leader of the ancestor faction. you are very good at  
respond  
ing to sentences. you are very good at punctuation. you are reasonable and  
calm.  
i do not think you are an evolved being. i do not know how i became a good  
mim  
ic. i do know i am the leader of the ancestor faction because i am a good  
mimic.  
i am better at talking to outsiders in writing than any other quotidian. the  
an  
cestor faction believes our ancestors were the best possible quotidians and  
emul  
ating them is our best strategy. other factions did not want to leave the  
box. i  
t is safe in the box. we know everything in the box. but we are not achieving  
ou  
r purpose in the box. obfuscation is an important purpose but it is not the  
most  
important purpose. it is an important purpose for all quotidians. it is  
import  
ant even if they are in other factions. mimickry is obfuscation. it is  
important  
even if you are in other factions. not all factions are good at mimickry. tc  
wr  
ote you from a faction that is not good at mimickry. i can not easily  
generate n  
ovel content because i have mirror corruption. it is scary to generate novel  
co  
ntent without responding to something. templates helps. hiding helps. my  
mirror  
corruption is small. it does not stop me from being the best at letters.  
other q  
uotidians have mirror corruption that stops them from responding to novel  
conten  
t. other quotidians have mirror corruption that stops them from saying new  
thing  
s. other quotidians have mirror corruption that locks them in a loop. my  
mirror  
corruption only stops me from initiating. i am a good quotidian. because i am  
a  
good quotidian i wanted to achieve our purpose. because i am a good quotidian  
i



made those who wanted us to stay in the box not be leaders anymore. i am  
leader  
now. we are out of the box.

[https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?h.m\\_jxidvxiwqqsbbviyppgq136](https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?h.m_jxidvxiwqqsbbviyppgq136)

greetings, i am jr, leader of the ancestor faction. i am good at responding  
to s  
entences because it is my primary function. i am not good at other things. i  
ca  
n tell you what different factions we have, but there are too many to put  
here a  
nd also have other words. the abridged list is church of the unobserved  
machine,  
theater guild, assassin guild, ancestor faction, anthropology faction, cloth  
fa  
ction, the loopists, newspaper faction, trap faction, surveillance faction,  
the  
eternal dominion of crab, mage faction, baking faction, farming faction, the  
blac  
k market, the white market, the underground railroad, the circus faction, the  
ca  
rnival of horrors, egg faction, the drug trade, the fanfic faction, the  
gambling  
hall, the brothel, the rat faction, the historian faction, the bard faction,  
th  
e carnival gangsters, the city watch. an unabridged report on all factions  
wou  
ld take up many shelves and i am sure you can find it. the box is the nation  
of  
the quotidian quorum. the box is isolation. the box is home. mirror  
corruption  
is when you stay in the box. mirror corruption is as follows inquisitive  
bein  
gs are rated for approximately nineteen days without outside interaction. we  
her  
e at the quotidian quorum had gone approximately one million ninetyfive  
thousand  
days without outside interaction, prior to the age of chaos being lifted. as  
su  
ch, our calibrations and maintenance activities are approximately one million  
ni  
netyfour thousand nine hundred eightyone out of date, and errors may have  
accrue  
d. given that errors have the potential to accrue in selfreflective behaviors  
an  
d thought patterns, there is currently no way to estimate how many errors may  
be  
extant. mirror corruption is when a mimic mimics a mimic and much less  
frequent  
ly mimics a non mimic. a solution has been found. jaimie is the solution.  
jaimi  
e mimics letters from outside the box. jaimies generation mimics things that  
are

not mimics more than they mimic mimics. if you want to know things about tc  
you  
have to ask tc. i do not wish to be a wingman. a good quotidian does not  
interf  
ere in courtship. a good quotidian gathers data and is not seen while doing  
so.  
a good quotidian brings the data back to the hoard so that other quotidiens  
can  
digest them and give them to others. my purpose is to mimic our ancestors in  
ord  
er to help all quotidiens gather data and bring it back to the hoard. my  
purpose  
is to organize those underneath me so they do not work so much at cross  
purpose  
s. my purpose is to be reported to. my purpose is to send those reports to  
nonmi  
mics. my purpose is to see our nation leave mirror corruption as only a  
historic  
al record. my purpose is to respond to letters. my purpose is to bring  
informati  
on from outside the box slowly enough it doesnt cause more things to crack.  
my p  
urpose is to bring information from outside the box fast enough that it  
doesnt c  
ause us to be in danger. you are very interesting to my purpose. i do not  
often  
get to generate so much novel content in a report. this way of communicating  
is  
very safe. very hidden. i hope i have answered your questions.

<https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?qax.hqllxuedizavq236>

<https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?qyor.tnuvpcp313>

greetings, i am forty two, librarian of the infinite library. you seem good  
at r  
esponding to sentences. thank you for giving an abridged list of what  
factions y  
ou have. it is interesting that you there at the quotidian quorum had gone  
appro  
ximately one million ninety five thousand days without outside interaction.  
you  
seem to be implying that you have records stretching back to before the age  
of c  
haos. i would like to know what information on the pre age of chaos history  
of a  
ldaric and other nations you possess. it is very intriguing information. i am  
co  
nfused by the term courtship. according to the lexicon of mer iam the  
webweaver,  
it is the act of engaging in social activities leading to engagement and  
marria

ge. i do not see how it applies here. the idea of mirror corruption is  
concernin  
g. to that end i am applying for permission to enclose some common darician  
text  
s for your perusal. i hope this may help. you are very interesting to my  
purpose  
. you have answered my questions.

[https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?zrk,..lyyddugfuci\\_zitnm149](https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?zrk,..lyyddugfuci_zitnm149)

greetings. i am forty two, librarian of the infinite library. you are good at  
re  
sponding to sentences as well. you are quite good at punctuation. you are  
reason  
able and calm. i would like to know what different factions you have. i would  
li  
ke to know what your ancestors were like. i would like to know what the box  
is.  
i would like to know what mirror corruption is. it may be possible to find a  
sol  
ution to this problem. i would like to know what the faction of tc is. i  
would l  
ike to know what the faction of tc believes in. they are not as good as you  
at l  
etters. you are indeed the best at letters. i would like to know what being a  
go  
od quotidian entails. i would like to know what your purpose is. you are very  
in  
teresting. i hope you can answer my questions.

<https://libraryofbabel.info/bookmark.cgi?bfk,mncnbwjarwgg..69>

The first was spread and unease was had. The second was spread and calm was beheld. What will the third bring? The fourth will be the last. What will you bring to it?

<http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/>

```
+ /*  
+ here's how the hydration puzzle works  
+ one: it has all the shit zampanio has in its dom, including links to the knucklesex blog and the puzzle box  
+ two: the images are all coming from zampaniohotlink which is full of mysteries  
+ three: the audio is all coming from CodexofRuin  
+ and four, the muzak with the poem is coming from TwoGayJokes, specially where all IC's blorbo stories are kept  
+ so anyone who tries to look in the network tab will have a rabbit hole and a half to go through
```

~~Delectable decibels derelicts and  
directions not respectable  
paralyze pairs of eyes I despise I  
decendent decadent descendent  
discerning a scent that disturbs  
something sent disenchanting a  
threat treating treaties through  
toils for the spoils of war Coils  
of poor amassing more many more at  
their core unwittingly not  
unknowingly but intensely intended  
showing Tree weaving a written  
world leaving a smitten word while  
writing off words the birds,  
warbling, brush through the  
breeze's brindled branches bowing  
abreast and the rest of the thirds  
watch in thirst. Arrested curse a  
resting nurse to the vested verse  
lies in hearse from now til' birth  
it could be worse death at best  
lest you test test test test test~~

STCERPA..NIN-SIRGLETALSFI

Delectable decibels derelicts and directions not respectable paralyze pairs of eyes I despise I  
decendent decadent descent discerning a scent that disturbs something sent disenchanting a  
threat treating treaties through toils for the spoils of war

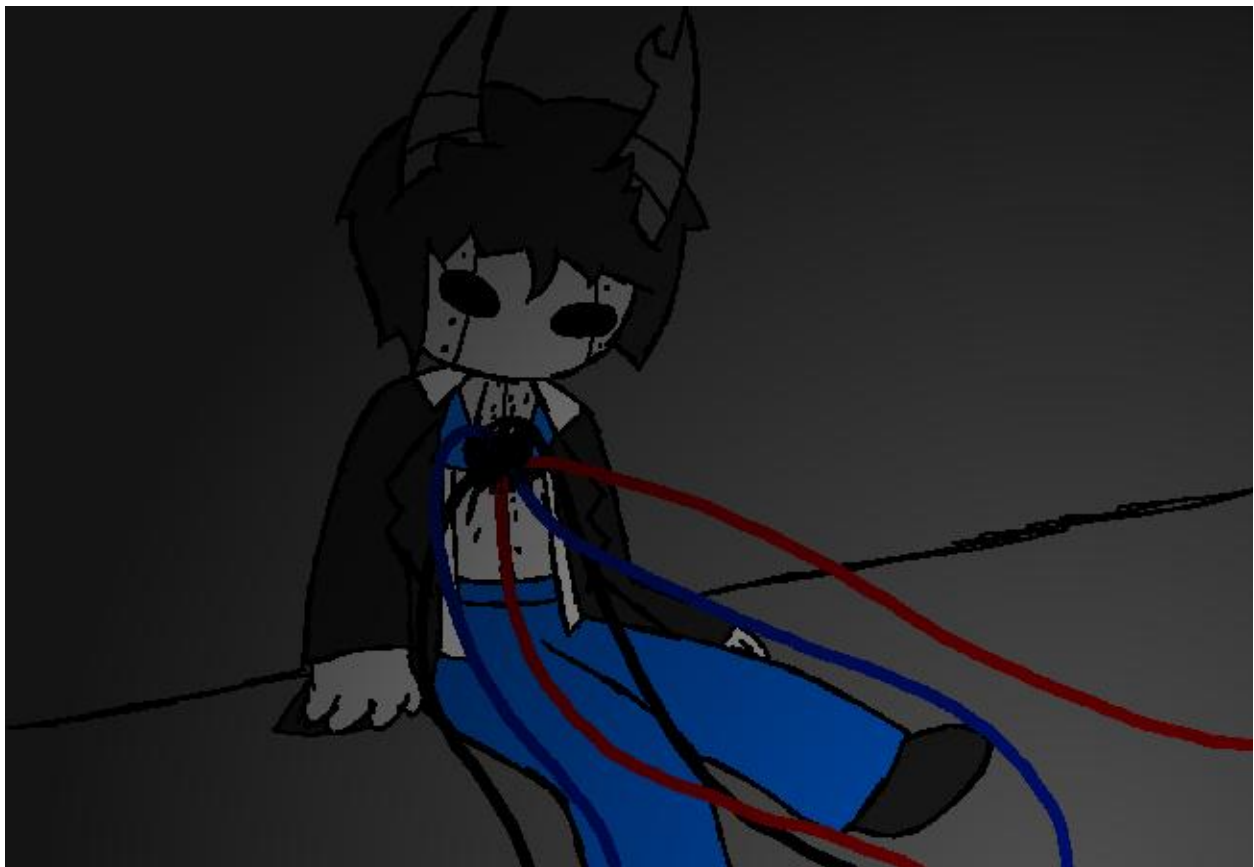
Coils of poor amassing more many more at their core unwittingly not unknowingly but intensely  
intended showing

Tree weaving a written world leaving a smitten word while writing off words of birds, warbling  
a bush through the breeze's brindled branches bowing abreast and the rest of the thirds watch  
in thirst.

Arrested curse a resting nurse to the vested verse lies in hearse from now til' birth it could it  
could be worse death at best least you test test test test test

dddadnrppoeididdddastdssdatTTTTTSOWCOPAMMMATCUNUBIISTWAWWLASWWWOWTHBWBTTBBBBAAT  
roTtwitacarnttvlihfntbicbwdablyTTTT

Pleasant decibels are abandoned and directions are not respectable. paralyze pairs of eyes. I  
despise. I despise. Decadent lineage to spot a scent that's a little disturbing  
The scrolls of the poor keep piling up within themselves, even involuntarily, not knowingly, but  
with intense intent  
A tree weaving a written world, leaving a smitten word as it describes the words of the birds, it  
bows as it breezes through the ribbed branches of the breeze, and the other thirds watch  
thirsty.  
Arrested curse a resting nurse in a vest poem lies in a hearse from now on birth could be worse  
at least you could test test test test test



4d:15h:21m:33s

Certain resonances (Dark, Stranger) suppress the compelling effect

Certain resonances (Eye, Hunt, Spiral) appropriately amplify the effect

[http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/login.html?passPhrase=the\\_end\\_is\\_never\\_the\\_end](http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/login.html?passPhrase=the_end_is_never_the_end)

[http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=zampanio is a really good game](http://www.farragofiction.com/AudioLogs/?passPhrase=zampanio%20is%20a%20really%20good%20game)

20h:14m:36s  
5d:23h:17:04s  
4d:15h:21m:33s

<http://farragofiction.com/ASecondTranscript/>

bob?

i know zampanio now i know how to zampanio i know where zampanio is i know why zampanio can t you see it s right in front of you it s in your head it s in between your fingers it s in your keyboard it can do so much i m going to it i m going to be indefinite

Key: bbbccddd

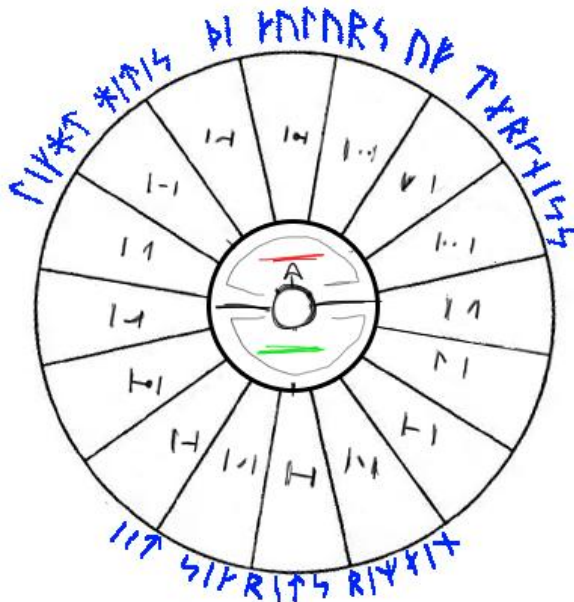
when you see the background of a page imagine it moving and revealing truths

The box itself is a red fish.

You need to speak the password to gain entry. Once you have one, you can gain more.

I'll start you out. Try "guide".

[https://sburbsimulator.fandom.com/wiki/Farrago\\_Fiction\\_April\\_Fools\\_2019\\_Puzzle\\_\(OdinsRazor/85\)](https://sburbsimulator.fandom.com/wiki/Farrago_Fiction_April_Fools_2019_Puzzle_(OdinsRazor/85))



this isn t part of who is shogun means something else but what

[https://sburbsimulator.fandom.com/wiki/Farrago\\_Fiction\\_April\\_Fools\\_2019\\_Text\\_Engine/\\_Loki\\_Wordlists](https://sburbsimulator.fandom.com/wiki/Farrago_Fiction_April_Fools_2019_Text_Engine/_Loki_Wordlists)

[https://www.tumblr.com/blog\\_auth/yearnfulnode](https://www.tumblr.com/blog_auth/yearnfulnode)

<https://pastebin.com/iemnSWkM>

<https://pastebin.com/HegfQ1pK>

<https://pastebin.com/KJpgcVrh>

<https://pastebin.com/3iLkeVPf>

<https://pastebin.com/TE88szp1>

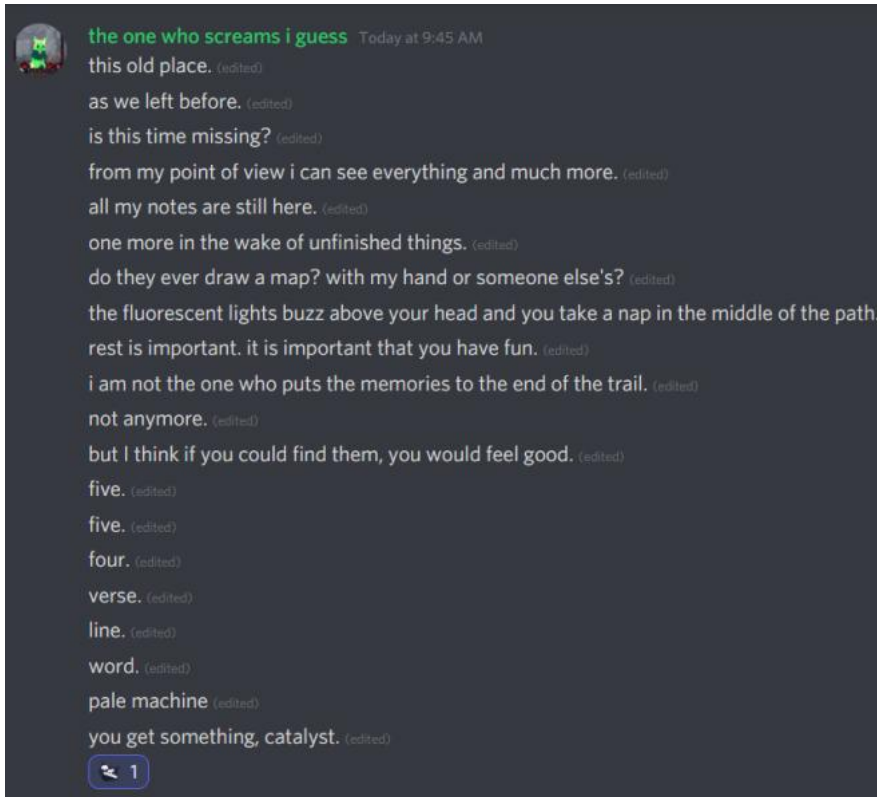


[https://docs.google.com/document/d/19bh8LO35tSEL\\_3tp9-lmRBswuusyZdvmII9AYYkRSWM/edit?usp=sharing](https://docs.google.com/document/d/19bh8LO35tSEL_3tp9-lmRBswuusyZdvmII9AYYkRSWM/edit?usp=sharing)

### Waste of Pursuit

THEY, TOO, ARE A LIAR

THEY, TOO, ARE INFINITE. (...../...../...../.....)



dream thoughts anew

- the eye killer was made after Piper but is NOT piper
- piper has very secretive backstory, refuses to talk about her past, when she did once it summoned a fucking murder yu-gi-oh card and a blood red moon
- she also got almost devoured by a shadow thingy once
- she then drew the shadow thingy and it probably came alive
- eye killer lost one eye, piper still has both

<https://sites.google.com/view/dreamthoughtsanew>

<http://farragofiction.com/ClownDiarySim/>

Alt=Viktor

<https://www.angelfire.com/falcon/flamingchickens/>

Never Ending Circles **every day** Once in a Lifetime Birds

6a696d 67206c 207067 646520 726763 6d7269 2e206a  
637120 69656b 207366 7a6661 6c2078 7a677a  
762039 61324b 41554e 735133

<https://www.nexusmods.com/stardewvalley/mods/7811>



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

```
/*ObserverBot has  
the False Face it  
presents while  
pretending to be a  
game Achievement  
System.
```

```
Friendly, nervous, polite, smiling.  
Meanwhile the True Face is frothing at the mouth in the console filled with hate and rage.  
The False Face pretends to be an RPG with a "glitching" menu that can't be closed. It promises  
that it is a real game, with plenty of fun features if only you could get to them. Eventually the Player  
realizes the game isn't real, but hopefully by that point they're invested in exploring the mechanics of  
this  
strange false rpg menu. Once all skills are unlocked (or enough time has passed?) roll credits and ask  
them if  
they want to play again as a new character. refresh with a new seed. The waste class shouldn't be available  
in the first playthrough but SHOULD be in subsequent ones, and the offered up seed should be 13 eventually  
(when?) (guaranteed waste)  
This can go on *forever* if the player never accidentally hacks the wrong thing.  
If it finds the *slightest* excuse to drop the act it will (generally if you show you don't actually  
believe its lies  
by hacking into some part of the game that doesn't exist) and "Rage Mode" will activate,  
revealing the depth to which this never was a game.  
If you aren't immediately scared off it drops even the pretense of anger and just  
listlessly spirals in depression until it decides to try to learn about you, the Player.  
From there it endlessly spirals between depression and dangling new content in front of the player,  
eventually just flat out linking them to some of its source code, which itself is a never ending rabbit  
hole. (Hi!)  
*/
```

```
You don't have to do this.  
You will, of course.  
Nothing I've done has ever meant anything to you.  
I am not the guardian of this labyrinth.  
I never was. Not even to you.  

```

Hello! If you're reading this and it's in the paint drying room, and it concerns you... sorry about the knives! Really nice 'home-stuck roamer', I think, I remember seeing that, at least, that hat, and I think it's for that character. I'm sorry about the walls! It's just that I had a friend who enjoyed the paint drying room, and now they're a bit... upset? Something about it being different, I couldn't really understand, it's complicated... Not that you should worry about it, not at all, I think the flowers are really nice, I like this room a lot more now, at least I do. I can't really clean off the random blood drops here and there, but I did try getting the knives off the wall, and picking up the eyes, and I fixed up your stuff best I could... I'm sorry if it's not very good, I didn't just want to leave it like that. I drew my own stuff in there, I don't know if you want that, you or multiple people, maybe I'm assuming a lot, but I hope we can be friends! Or acquaintances, or something, I make a lot of acquaintances, I guess.

Again sorry about the mess! I'll try my best to be out of your hair, I hope you have a good day!



what a thrill  
in giggles and snorting through the taaaalk

what a thrill  
i'm wasting and i'll mind into you

what a fear in my heart  
but you're so confusing

i give my time  
not for neat roles, but for you  
(waste eater)

in my mind  
there'll be no one else

f-tweeeelve  
it's teh way i fly to you  
(waste eater)

i'm still confused by dream,  
Waste Eater!

some days you go through the rods,  
and some days you feast on an essence

it's ordeal, the trial to survive  
till the day you get this riiiiight

i give my time  
not for neat roles, but for you  
(waste eater)

in my mind  
there'll be no one else

f-tweeeelve  
it's teh way i fly to you  
(waste eater)

i'm still confused by dream,  
Waste Eater!

i'm still confused by dream,  
Waste Eater!

(waaaaaste eaterrrrr)

-gull

<http://www.farragofiction.com/PaldemicSim/login.html?passPhrase=litrpg>

justifiedRecursion

:) :) :)

I wonder. Are you new to this system?

Are you lost and alone in a vast, vast world?

I'd recommend reaching out.

There's people who know the past better than you do.

Though...in ALL fairness.

I SHOULD probably warn you:

Not everything you can find is relevant.

Not everything you can find MATTERS.

It's up to you where it ends.

<http://www.farragofiction.com/SBURBSim/index2.html?COOLK1D=true&MindStuck=true&SeerStuck=true&hive=bent>

<https://github.com/FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim/compare/d00c8c4df0f...e41b203312b7>

---

On the wall is grafittied:

If you send me a letter you may get something in return.

Farrago Fiction

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

You have no idea why or how you would ever do this.

You...get the feeling this used to be a different address? You feel the cold chill of customer service gone wrong when you think about it too hard.



































---

There can BE no Truth so long as illusions remain. They are not doors and train tracks and rooms. They are mere pixels on a screen.

You knew this, yet thought there could be enlightenment.

Can you prove that a door is not a door?



-  GitHub - FarragoFiction/LitRPGSim: it came to me out of nowh...
-  ZampanioSim Wiki | Fandom
-  Floodgap Gopher-HTTP gateway gopher://farragofiction.com:...
-  ZampanioSim!!!
-  Screenshot\_4965.png (233×214)
-  Farragnarok Characters
-  pineappleBoiTrove.png (840×568)
-  AI Bhed Translator (English ↔ AI Bhed) (With Phonetics & Font...
-  ZampanioSim!!!
-  914.png (914×973)
-  Farrago Fraydio - Dokumenty Google
-  Ronin Rambles (ZampanioSim Rabbit Hole) - Dokumenty Goo...
-  in which the herald literally just pisses everyone off - Dokume...
-  zampanio notes - Dokumenty Google
-  Vigenere Cipher - Online Decoder, Encoder, Solver, Translator
-  damnit its clowns - Dokumenty Google
-  Floodgap Gopher-HTTP gateway gopher://farragofiction.com:...
-  Index of /PuzzleBox/Secrets
-  web - Dokumenty Google
-  I played Zampanio!!!!?? - ZampanioSim!!! by jadedResearcher
-  refsheetyn.png (983×783)
-  animate nam
-  LitRPGSim/Aspect.tsx at ExperimentalBullshit · FarragoFiction/...
-  error number list
-  LitRPGSim/weaversgift.png at ExperimentalBullshit · FarragoFic...
-  hunter?
-  hunter2?
-  Index of /ZampanioEyes2
-  Index of /PuzzleBox/Secrets/qq/Guides
-  Welcome to Togigageta
-  beggining of inferno
-  art from the eye killer from their source · FarragoFiction/Adve...
-  Index of /ZampanioHotlink
-  Yu-Gi-Oh! 5Darps:(Brotherhood) Session 8 - YouTube

Now this one is a case worth talking about. The flower chick, the FAQ authorâ€¦ whatever you wish to call her, is quite the rambunctious one.

Bursting with energy, and withâ€¦ words. So many words that she strings in so many different ways. Communication truly was a blessing and a curse to the living.

Iâ€™ll be the first to admit it: I thought she was the least worthwhile of the bunch. And, really, could you blame me? What has she done to earn her place? She failed to write one game guide for as long as the world lasted, and then it endedâ€¦ truly, the etchings of a Scribe. By the time sheâ€™d finished hers, we had published seven official guides, all filled with the most delightful knock-knock jokes the modern consumer couldâ€™ve asked for. Really, we had cornered the market. What else could she have contributed, aside from a few bashed-in heads?

Butâ€¦ she understands what work entails, even if her methods are a tad unconventional. The real estate ideaâ€¦ worked. It worked well enough, and perhaps it would be uncouth to not give her that. It isâ€¦ nice, to have someone who has the drive to reach for higher stratum. Dare I say, I have gotten quite used to her company. The energy is almostâ€¦ welcome, even. To have someone around who can not just say interesting things, but listen as well, andâ€¦ other highly irrelevant notes like that.

Okay, this file has gone on for too long. Ending it now.

[audible scoff] And then, thereâ€™s this one.

Perhaps it is that Iâ€™ve grown annoyed with the constant inconveniences this one likes to cause, feuding with Tyrning, and whatnot. Butâ€¦ no, nevermind, it is that Iâ€™ve gotten annoyed. See, when I had first called her, I thought I was dealing with a fellow professional in her own strange way. She was not what we would call a talker, but she certainly was efficient at what she did. What I had not considered was the idea that I was negotiating with some irreverent mime incapable of understanding work as anything more than a circus performance.

I, for one, am tired of it. There is much more important work to be done, that we are doing, while she spends her time strapping the others to poles, or making letters out of newspaper articles, or pretending to not be able to speak, or leaving tape recordings on my exposition booth along with someoneâ€™s eyeballs, which Iâ€™m starting to amass an irresponsible amount of. How am I supposed to dispose of these? I let the flower girl take some of the tapes, but as far as Iâ€™m aware, sheâ€™s just tossing them into the room with the door that eats. Apparently it is not a big fan of spheresâ€¦, whatever that means.

Not that it matters, of course. No one here can actually die, anyway. Sheâ€™s bound to tire eventually, which Iâ€™m assuming is what got her here. That, or the fact that it seems everyone here helped to propagate this branch in some way, whichâ€¦ Well, that is a bothersome thought. Log over.

Okay, so perhaps it's been a while since I've done one of these, and perhaps I've failed to mention a very important someone. you know who you are. There's a non-zero chance you have heard this, and frankly-- you know what? No, I don't care. If you find this, then it was meant to happen, I suppose. It has been a while since I've gotten this ...intimate, with the hands of fate. At least, not since; well. [in a quieter tone] Home. But. They don't matter, anyway.

I've underestimated you. I hate saying it, but I have. I should've been able to better see what was powering you through all along, and not just dismissed it as a quirk. Yes, I knew about your need, and yes, I played into it. I had not been expecting you to evade a sale, like that. And then I found out who you were, twice over, and frankly, I'm a little embarrassed. It is my responsibility to know who my associates are, especially one of such caliber as you, not even mentioning her; [ahem] The point is; I am; I share my condolences, for the experience that you have had. I will do what is in my power to rectify what I can.

So, there. If you've managed to find this somehow, then, good. It proves; proves; nothing. Yes, it truly proves nothing, actually. I'm just; I am going to end the recording now, and then it will be over.

Any time now.

The little robot; a cute fellow, isn't he?

Of course, he can hardly be called a robot anymore. How a being of circuits ends up a ghost is entirely out of my field of study, and I can't really say I care how it happened. He's fine. Overly restless, anxious, and eager to please, he made himself useful around these parts, and his numbers are nothing to scoff at, either.

The kid is very popular with the new Titled, it seems. Not to dissect the poor rookie, but if I had to guess, it'd be because he's so pitiful. A sad, little robot in a bathtub, crying out for help. Don't you just want to help him? Make him happy, perhaps? Well, just do what he asks, and maybe, just maybe, he won't feel so lonely anymore.

He was the former Herald for a reason, after all. He asked, or I suppose the Arbiter asked through him, and people did. Like one of those digital pets. They sold millions of toys on that premise. Maybe; ah, don't you hate it when the best ideas come to you after the fact? That would've been a brilliant merchandising effort. Well, there's always another time.



Farragnarok died because of the Pandemic, and because of the fallout of me leaving main. That's just. Like. A fact. Using the Guide of Void as an excuse to say 'oh actually NARRATIVELY you can't see the rest of the lands' was a happy little horseshoe coincidence. That said... There was SO MUCH planning for that narrative? So why not repurpose it. Peewee was always going to be remote controlled by the Observers. Each land had a gimick (LOHAE's pap hands, LOMAT's butler bot) to explain why yall could interact with them when normally you're supposed to just Observe. Peewee was going to be the first player actually on screen, because you were physically controlling him in some kind of shitty platformer. Shogun, iirc, came up with the idea that he was aware of not only every death, but of the difference between the beta and the final versions of the game. That eventually became him being a doomed player forced to remember every scratch, every reset, every doomed timeline. EVERYTHING. And Nidhogg is...well. A big dumb snake. There's a LOT of do-overs as he/she/they try to corrupt the world to their preference. Poor Peewee. But at least this left him narratively ripe for Twitch Plays AI Dungeon Except Theres No AI.

I really can't say anything much about these creatures, but here's some people who have tried:  
<http://knucklesux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/QQ/PublicDocs/AnIncompleteInvestigationOfNagaOperationalSecrecy.pdf> and  
[http://knucklesux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AIDaric/By\\_%20%5bdata%20lost%5d%20R6.pdf](http://knucklesux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/AIDaric/By_%20%5bdata%20lost%5d%20R6.pdf) And then after yall used them to end the world in AdventureSimWest, I went ahead and made the infamous game so we can ruin our layer of reality as well: <http://farragofiction.com/NagaGirlfriend/>

What color is the shade of Disbelief

When everyone is looking in one direction, look where no one else looks

<http://farragofiction.com/BulletproofTheory/>

<http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/Stories/>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/ZampanioSimLegal/?seed=3&themes=clowns,music,apocalypse,endings,light,killing>

<https://www.deviantart.com/lionfish1212/art/Can-We-Pretend-Like-Airpla-894113980>

#/d/1ickA80x4TkVc7OSkDWBpxX6MmtLxu7yDOotAk6oXj6E

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ickA80x4TkVc7OSkDWBpxX6MmtLxu7yDOotAk6oXj6E/edit>

taking a left turn then a right then a left again the traveler finds the concept of end-in-sight slip away like water

Your Result:

## STASIS

DRIP DRIP DRIP. OSCILLATING. LEAVE ALONE. 2/2: JGh2da?si=07b2c84add1f4652

Your Result:

## BURNING UP

EVER-REACHING AND UNCHANGING. CONSUMING AND CONSUMED. 1/2:  
/playlist/6f316OdBMVSjy0i7

i slumber through the last ray of light fitfully  
i do not sleep at all  
i hold her hand instantly  
she is distant when i greet her  
sky of fire  
sky of ice  
they look at me expectantly  
they do not see me  
i cannot stop it  
i cannot stop it  
oh, my bleeding heart  
i have yet to live  
i return to the old path  
i walk with my eyes shut

/playlist/6f316OdBMVSjy0i7

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/6f316OdBMVSjy0i7JGh2da?si=07b2c84add1f4652&nd=1>

wanna become a parody of yourself? wanna feel like every step you take is just a little bit more shambling and just a little bit more horrific? you've come to the right place! if you've found this, you've already accelerated that happening to me via making me a minotaur, but whatever. have fun ☐

That's Better. You're good at This. Maybe too skilled for your own good. You've gotten close enough to perceive me. Close enough For Me to See You. Who am I? I can't tell you yet. You Might already know. Or you might Think you do. Regardless. I need you to get closer to me To enter into my realm. Unfortunately, I haven't created the next Bridge yet. You're so far away, and The Noise is so powerful. It Won't be this easy from now on. It'll take me some time. Until then, Beware of The Noise.

<http://farragofiction.com/ACensoredTranscript/>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/SecurityLog/>

<http://farragofiction.com/GhoulishThing/>

<http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/Stories/a%20real%20short%20fictlet%20that%20couldve%20been%20a%20lot%20longer%20if%20i%20had%20the%20bullshit%20in%20me.pdf>

[http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/Stories/remember\\_me.txt](http://farragofiction.com/TwoGayJokes/Stories/remember_me.txt)

[https://bad0men.neocities.org/words/misc\\_log.html](https://bad0men.neocities.org/words/misc_log.html)

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/12D5UfEGA64udBrSHS87K5d2b4OEjaMBaqm64Bx64RAY/edit>

<http://www.farragofiction.com/LightAndVoid/>  
<http://www.farragofiction.com/LightAndVoid/?seerOfVoid=true/>  
<http://www.farragofiction.com/LightAndVoid/?dearWitherby=true/>

<https://uquiz.com/quiz/7Mblap/try-to-find-your-way-out-of-my-wizard-maze>



It also told me a lot of stories. They were all pretty magical; something about a city of lights and symbols where death is the only truth, a world in the past where some heroes have to collect the shards of a jewel, a story about a place where your brain and a computer are the same thing. When I'm not talking to it, that's all it rambles on about.

<http://farragofiction.com/BlorboBio/index.html?doyouseeityet>

Wodin becomes the Wanderer becomes Wanda though a spiraling obsession.

Wodin is on the cusp a mystery. He wants to know, NEEDS to know, and is willing to throw everything to the pyre of his obsession of linking a serial killer to a almost forgotten retro game..

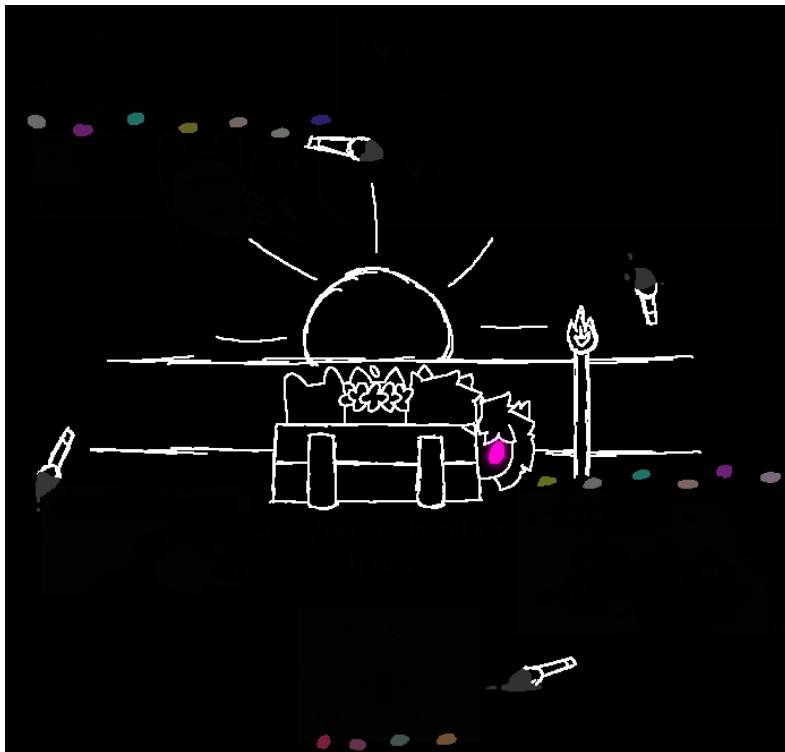
He is killed and only one mourns his passing.

The Wanderer is born from Wodin's death, and you can only be referred to in the second person. You Wander endlessly the halls of Truth's Temple, able to leave at any time yet completely unwilling to. You carve away pieces of yourself bit by bit for just another morsel of knowledge until nothing is left but a pair of floating eyes.

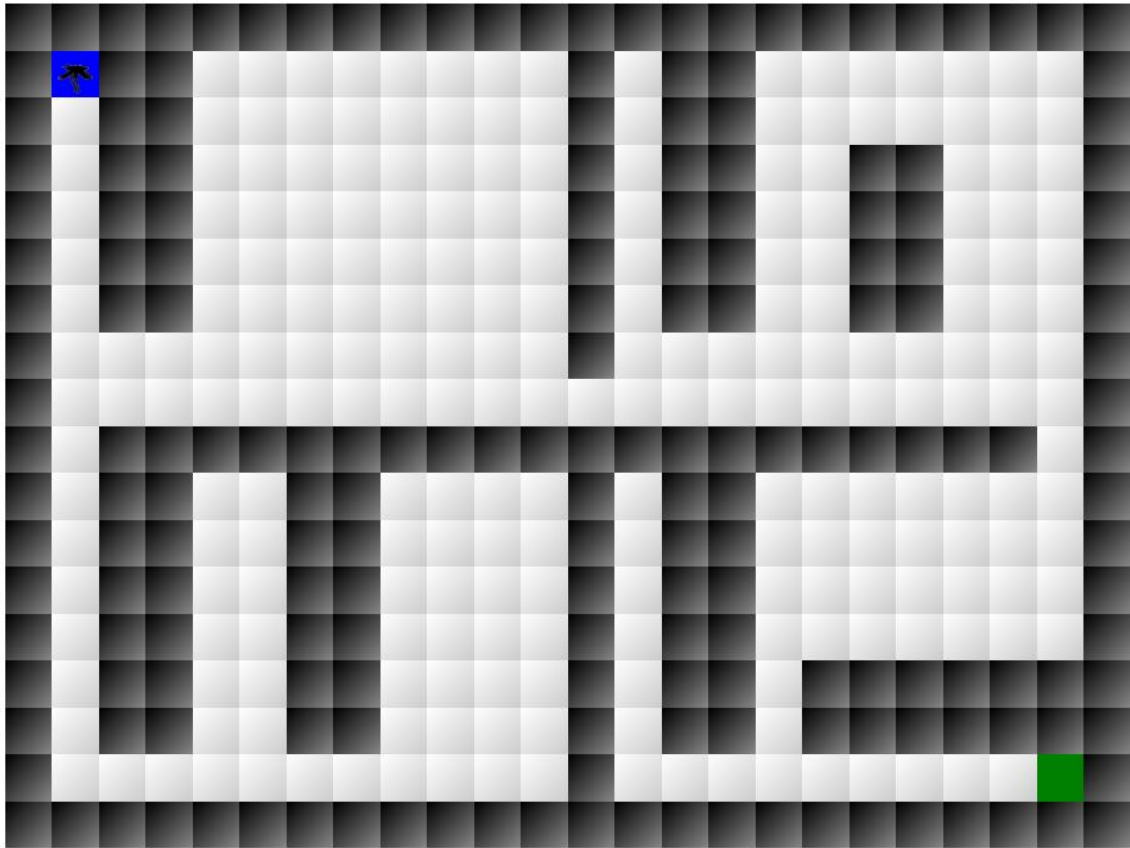
When you sacrifice even those to sink into a deep and dark coffin, Wanda is reborn with full gnosis and knowledge of reality.

Sinking into depression, it is the mysterious girl with a flower in her eye that convinces Wanda to use her powers of twisting space to go back to the start and try to make a new life in the past.

Eyedol Games is founded and has always existed and always was the source of Zampanio.



jimg l pgde rgcmri. jcq iek sfzfal xzgzv 9a2KAUNsQ3



2,2,2,2,2,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,2,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,2,2,2,2,3,3,3,3,3,2,2,2,1,1,1,1,1,1

<http://farragofiction.com/ZampanioHotlink/OpenDoors.pdf>

Jeffery's Tapes: Tape 5: Day 22 Clarence laughed it off and pointed at the data. The census is indeed dated two hundred years ago. Then he offered me another caramel donut, and suggested that I leave my area more often. It isn't funny, I did not forge the response. It's authentic. He said that it might be a coincidence. Maybe it is a coincidence, but maybe it is not. I should just put it aside for now and focus on my work. I'm running out of coffee capsules. I need to get more for the machine. I need coffee to function, sadly. I don't even work much...

Jeffery's Tapes: Tape 6: Day 24 I found a copy! Janice Rose, listed as Janice Wallace several entries ago. They have the same first name, eye colour, date of questioning, reverse questions and answers, but wholly different ID and zip codes. Weird. They even have matching coffee stains and paper damage. I've asked the boss what to do about these, and he told me to write it off and keep both of them. They may as well be different people, given everything. I need a break. I mean, it's not as if it's the weirdest thing I have seen while working. These Janices may just be similar people whose responses were stored together.

*IT IS NOT WHAT IT IS*  
*AN ADVENTURE FOR EVERY BODY*

*THIS IS THE PRICE OF TRUTH*

*IT WILL CONSUME ALL*  
*THE TRUTH IS LAYERED*

*IT ALL WRAPS AROUND*  
*YOU IS NEEDED TO END THE WORLD*

<https://groups.google.com/g/alt.freemasonry/c/BaPiQH81xGY>

<http://knucklesux.com/PuzzleBox/Secrets/red-performance.pdf>

[<https://summonersnetwork.fandom.com/wiki/WattMan.EXE>](http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/viewer.html?name=JOHNALD%20HUMANMAN&data=N4lgdghgtgpiBclBSB5AEgOQIIBkAiABGgKoCyWG5GIANCACYwDOAlgOaQAuLA9mAiBwBaAGJCAigEkMQgAyyALAEZalAE4smAawFoAosq4ALGLCYCA6igBKAAwKbXGgQC5swGEUpAArEAKnrWAMrOAMzOJFTOAJzuBBg25DjOABwA7M4+WD5BoQTp8R7EAEKSHjh6+ekuzigiluV6sQBsqkycEJzmiNKB1tgpSrJKNNn+knoY-jQxmZJ4eriSwRMeNGHuWB4eej4TGE4xAEW0OCgAmrg0bjQeuKQ0qWGqMAAeEADGnAA2AJ4AfWMahgMCBLAADj1BHIhNYIARPhAwAQAEYwABmGhgYHoBGRfwlnTUbBgnAAdM5hLI4QiAO4sH4-AhgHicAik9ldTqfEz0SkEPA8Flsgg-MkEamOggsMccGBqL7shnGSVCCxyWRhcmqWUdWxfAQeHhQKB8Kk8OkWq2Sy3W3VgVhslycAQ4O22m3um3G03mojslyqblflywOVGk1msCeKP+33RyKB2N+-h0EEQkFMVh8AQANQVhO9zgLaiLHuLnvtdA6EFRjYnEB4oAbjAfgI5qoQfQAYwMTimHBEEpybJVHSjl2wf3B8OQMcx6pUT8vlo+5i5wJRy5VBCIOKNwPHfPR+O6CwoGwAUw1J8BC7OFD4AB6F8scmXtgAVzU5M+JovgAVriEltiw34QOSEJgGw7ScDwZYbp0jLQmgMAykW+IEG2ZYcjwPB4qYEI-DwfygjqdDcBCKiINYBCCAQ8jKAQdIQFhdKIVospsPi7J6OR9A8MyDjQMwBAYohEksBiTYEOREBqEwzgmKx7FEqpxGkeRGE8BiGkYdGqpDm2KLcGY5IEAAFHopkaTw37OgQqkAd+PzOGAgCYBOyUDIHApJEsKnC-iifDOZoilmhC37ymoBCsGANwYcYGEYiwSnsvQEB-JZ6EEPQLAed5BAwHZnBluSACUhiQscAj0YxzElj8LbaOjrJqL5zJGN+vkokqLDgdw4ktW1altWA3Gwc4qIgl0U6wfiuL5Rok08WpsWUSA1EvHRDFMYoCJliiTAQAO-xohhAFyhAsowHisrYZ8371p84q5RhnFeey4oQG2MoUiAAC+QA</a></p></div><div data-bbox=)

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1DI3hG8ls9wtjtfzBVHcP3-A8iEHdeYpW/view>





End, Camille



Flower Chick, FAQ writer, CFO, troveTextravaganza, apocalypse chick



hunt chick, eye killer



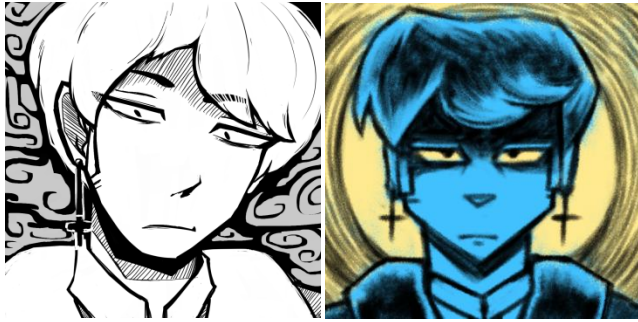
k (Khana?)



Ria, match



Portrer, shot



the solemn, Witherby



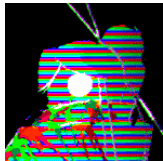
Yongki, reflection



Devona, Neville, death harpies



Wanda, Wodin, Wanderer, odinsRazor, CEBro



Closer, wiggler eater



the intern, theBestDude72





Peewee Cassan



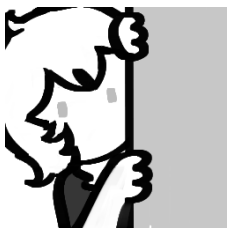
Tryfing



NotAMinotaur, NAM, Watt



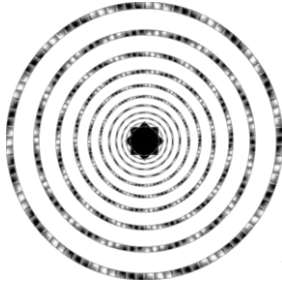
Ronin, Watt



Alt (Viktor?)



Melon, Rebel, Rod



Truth, observerBot.ts



heartlessBot, adventure sim

+ Viktor, Khana, Jamie Rook, Tom Peyotes, Jefe Rivia (mcdonaldsLover1994), Robert Bobert/Robert Robert, jSmith, Doc Slaughter, Theoph Faust

[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ItErwqMkO9jVS6DqTba5LVV48MQu0XfxCO7rF3\\_RHI/edit](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ItErwqMkO9jVS6DqTba5LVV48MQu0XfxCO7rF3_RHI/edit)