

# The Early days

This section is a copy of the books found in a thick cardboard box on level 5 in 2074, along with some other small writing scraps found with the books, and other important bits found among the neverending halls. These books seem to describe the earliest prominent groups and the early days of the Oogarooms. There were 2 found. They are from 1939 and 1950. These books were very useful in deciphering the strange history of the Oogarooms. It was still a challenge, due to the way the Oogarooms seem to absorb anything that is old, so it is unknown how these books survived. Book one is the story of a pag from Endopagoi, a former country smack-dab in the middle of Pagoi which was destroyed in a war in the 1940s. Blacked out text indicates lines that were removed intentionally, crossed out text indicates things that were partially destroyed, but could be recovered, and bracketed text is text that was destroyed accidentally, such as through water damage. If this man has not succumbed to a form of permanent death yet, it is possible that G, as he is referred to, is still alive, somewhere in the Oogarooms.

## Book 1:

### Literature For No One

Vitan 13th, 1939

*It is probably my tenth or so day here, and throughout my explorations, I have finally found something to document my journey. I do not know why I write, in these endless halls I have found no one, and truly, I believe I am completely alone. For over a week I have walked in many directions, and yet this place never ends. I do not know how I got here. Last I remember, I was pacing across the floor. A war had broken out within a neighboring country against my homeland of Endopagoi, and I did not want to be drafted. For the longest time, Death was my greatest fear. But I have found something new; something much worse. I no longer fear Death, but being forgotten. I lived alone, in a small house, in a small town. I hardly left my home, it will be at least a week til my neighbors realize I am missing. Then, they'll search for maybe a week, maybe two. I will be declared dead and forgotten for the rest of time. The planet will be engulfed by the dying Eon in billions of years, everything I have ever known will be destroyed. A thousand years have passed. Ten thousand, one million, one billion and before I even know it I have been trapped in this maze for one trillion years, everything around me decaying into fine black dust, not one trillion, ten trillion, I am nothing more than a walking skeleton, not even that, a mass of fossilized rock, no, a mass of solid iron eaten and regurgitated by billions of stars over trillions of years. One hundred trillion years. I am no longer made of matter, I no longer exist within time. What is the difference between a minute and 100 years when they both equate to less than 0.0001% of the time in which you have existed? One quadrillion years, the deities have forsaken me, I am just a puff of consciousness existing only to suffer through endless repetitions, going through everything that I have ever done wrong, I have nothing to do but reflect upon my own mistakes and wrongdoings. One quadrillion years, one quadrillions years in which I have thought of ever thought anyone could ever think, in which I have known and forgotten everything ever known one thousand times, no, one million- one billion times over. One quintillion years, how am I still living? What does it mean? Is there any purpose to this? Did I spite the deities in past lives, and my punishment is to exist as an indistinct mass of thoughts and emotions and pain and Death, everything I've done forgotten; they say you will never rest in the shade of a tree you plant, but the*

trees I planted are gone, long gone, in the time I have existed they could have lived over and over one trillion times, not only are they gone, the ground I planted them on is gone, the planet, the galaxy, the universe, everything- gone, and yet I write, I write for no one, literature for no one, just me and my thoughts, the deities are dead, long gone, and I know what will happen, I am the Coalescence, I am Klomo, I am the Fallen Deity, and soon I am split in three, new deities, and the cycle begins again, the new deities living happy and carefree while I remember the previous universe, and this cycle repeats hundreds of millions of times, each time my hate and resentment of anyone who cannot remember the past, for I envy them, I grieve in my inability to let go like they can, they live happy, trillion-year lives, while I have lived trillions of trillion year lives, and I can't forget my past, one hundred septillion years of uneraseable acts, terrible things, each universe-cycle I do the same things, I DESTROY THE DEITIES, I LIVE THROUGH IT AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND NOTHING EVER CHANGES, EACH TIME IT'S THE SAME, I AM BORN, I SPITE THE PEOPLE WHO TRY TO HELP ME, AND I DISSOLVE INTO DUST, AND THEN I AM BORN AGAIN, AND YET THE UNIVERSE DOESN'T CARE, MAYBE I AM NOT KLOMO, MAYBE I AM DEAD, I WRONGED PEOPLE, AND THE WAITING ROOM IS A LIE, THIS IS THE PUNISHMENT FOR TERRIBLE PEOPLE LIKE ME WHO CAN'T LEARN FROM ANY MISTAKES, I HAVE HAD AN INFINITE AMOUNT OF TIME TO REFLECT UPON EVERY WRONGDOING, EVERYTHING EVERYTHING EVERYTHING EVERYTHING

EVERYTHING

NOTHING

I NEVER DIE

AND

Note from CCOEG: the next page was scribbled out. Though certain words were not destroyed, it's more of the same ramblings. Poor guy.

**Death may not be all bad.**

Vitan 14th, 1939

I was not, and I am still not, in a good state of mind. These halls seem to toy with my mind. One good thing has come from this; I no longer fear Death, it doesn't seem half-bad now. I went off the rails last night, I know I am not really that bad of a person, obviously I am not perfect (who is?) but I think I have lived a good enough life to ascend to the Deity's Garden. At least if I die, I will be freed from these halls. I am thirty-five years old, not that bad of a life. Death no longer seems like the end to me, it is an escape.

I might as well say what is around me. For maybe twelve days I have been trudging my feet against the ground of what is most likely an endless place. Some days I run as fast as I can, desperately trying to find an exit, other days I just lie on the floor, staring longingly into the lightbulbs, blinding me, hurting my back, but somehow it helps. The walls, floor, and roof are all the same, repetitive mud bricks. To me, it seems like this place was designed to make one go insane, though I was likely somewhat mad before I came here, I doubt this helps. I wish I could see anything living, I don't ~~give a single fuck~~ care where its a senile madman or a small bug or a rambling nutjob, or hell, even a vile creature with the single goal to kill me, at least I could toy with it, get some sick fun, a tortured man torturing a poor creature.

**Extending Forever**

Vitan 15th, 1939

I mentioned this place was large. How large, I still don't know, but it must be impossibly so. I seem to have ventured into a vast void of nothing, nothing even for this place outside time and space. I forgot to mention, not only are the walls, roof, and floors made of the same things, there aren't any real walls, just repeated structures, the same thirty or so things, just with minor variations. Was the mad architect who created this ~~hellhole~~ place really that uninspired? Whatever it was, the structures seem to have disappeared, no longer obscuring my vision. I can now see as far as my eye could, limited only by the faint fog in the distance. This place never ends. All I see for what is likely tens of kilometers, maybe, even hundreds, are the two infinite plains, one on the top, one on the bottom, both neverending slabs of mud. I will avoid this place, despite how the repeating structures make me crazy, at least some food can be found within. I will sleep now. Tomorrow, release from these maddening halls will finally happen. It's time for me to go.

### Escape is Impossible

Vitan 16th, 1939

I thought Death would bring release. I thought Death would finally set me free. I tried to ~~end it~~ die, thinking I would be free, but no. I blacked out, and woke up. I was not in the Waiting Room, I was not in the Deity's Garden, I was still in the halls. The mud. But, something had changed. I knew where I was, I was back where I began. When I had first come here, my surroundings were distinct. I had fallen through the floor of my house, and landed inside of this neverending ~~shithole~~ place among ornately carved walls, and my radio had come with me. I left it behind, for it is dead weight, but here I am, back where I had entered. My radio sits next to me as I write. I am going to lie down, rest for a while. It has been a rough day.

What was I saying? It hasn't been a rough day. It's the start of the ~~hellhole~~ day. I slept for some time, but haven't moved at all. I'm sitting, scribbling, resting, but why? What difference will it make? I now know I can't die here. Maybe old age will free me, but I'm not all that old. I was born in 1895. I'm only forty-four years old. Twenty until I will most likely go, but I can't stand twenty more ~~fucking~~ years here. Torture. I can't let it happen. I don't know what I'm going to do. I don't know how I will survive. I'll have to be nomadic, wandering between house-thing to house-thing searching for whatever scraps were left by some ancient peoples who were also left here, stale bread, still water, old gruel or whatever there may be, just barely surviving. I won't live. I won't thrive. I will scrape by. Then, in twenty-odd years, the old age'll kick in and I'll go ker-plunk. A sad life, but I will live nonetheless.

### Mindset Will Help

Vitan 17th, 2039

I hobbled around the place I entered from for the rest of that day, before retreating to a darkened corner where the lightbulbs don't shed their light on my weary eyes. I have to change my mindset. If I'm stuck here, I should make the best of it. No point in moping, no one cares. There's no one to care. I know what I'll do, I have new knowledge. The places from which I took food from before are full once again! A joyous day for me! I am going to turn the place from which I entered into a beautiful home, a place where I can rest, I'll just go out every other day, pick up free supplies from the house-things that exist in every direction around me, and then I'll find people. Yes, I will find people. There is no possible way that I am the only one here. Yes, that makes sense. If this is a prison, it is much, much too large for one man. There will be others. There will. Everything will work out great.

Whoever I find and I will be trapped in this place forever, but company will help greatly. Doesn't matter if who I find is an animal, an obm, a pag like me, just anyone will help. I will set to work on my new home now. There are crates among the house-things; I'll use those, break down the mud walls with tools that I can construct or maybe I can find, I don't know, things won't be ideal, but they will get better.

### What is a Home?

Vitan 18th, 2079

You, whoever you are, maybe someone hundreds of years in the future, finding my loose leaf papers, stained with blood and ink blotting out pages, could have probably noticed my joyousness yesterday was quite forced. My mindset is not great, in any way, but I will still continue on with my plans laid out yesterday. I am going to go out and find crates and supplies, bring them back, and start building. I was- no, I am, a carpenter; I know what to do. My home will be glorious. But what is a home? I can define physically what a house is, it is a place with four or more walls in which people live, but that's just a building. What turns a building, a lifeless edifice, into a home? Is it the decorations? Is it the stories? Is it the people? Is it the relationships? It has to be people. A home without people is just four walls. Just a thing, not a home. And I need people. I may not have been the most sociable chap in my town, but even just knowing at some point, if I really wanted to, I could see people. I don't know if I have that option here. Seeing people will help my mind. It will calm me. But how could I alert people to my location?

I've been thinking. Thinking hard, while working on my home. It will be a home, not just a thing. It is coming along nicely, I've broken down crates I found drifting listless among the endless sea of mud bricks. Shelves now decorate the walls, and planks have begun to cover the floor. But it is still not a home. One man does not make a family.

Non-canon note: draw something that's like a pic of this guys base for later

### Listless

Vitan 19th, 1939

Depression has wrenched its ugly claws around my throat and dragged me into the deepest portions of my mind. My eyes are red and bloodshot, dried from crying. I try to cry more, yet no tears come, just my heaving chest going up and down with each raggedy breath, draining me of all energy. Why am I like this? How come every single fucking time I try to make light of any situation, I am dragged back into the inky black abyss of pain and suffering. I don't even want to write today. Just let my tears sink into the paper in peace.

### Bygone Era

Vitan 23rd, 1939

The last four days have not been very kind to me. My building has gone well, but I believe I have continued to decline overall. Yesterday I noticed I hadn't had anything to eat or drink all day, but I didn't feel hungry. I felt hollow inside, but not for a lack of food. I lack companionship, which I so desperately need. It may not be the wisest or, frankly, most sane decision, but I am going to leave everything which I spent so long constructing behind. At least, if someone stumbles across it, it will calm them, for they will know they are not alone, that somewhere out there, I exist. They won't know anything about me, my name, how old I am, how long I have been here, but they will know I exist, or, more likely existed. I'm packing up, grabbing everything I need to survive (not thrive) and head out in some direction. Just go and go and go until I find something, anything, that'll free more, or maybe, someone

else. The time of construction of homes and shelves is over. It is time to go. Onwards, to a new life.

It is now the end of the time. I don't know how much distance I traveled. I will sleep.

### Encounter

Vitan 24th, 1939

Terrible things. Terrible things have happened. I saw something this morning. I woke up, not energized, but awake enough to continue walking; I felt uneasy. I looked outside of the shack I had been sleeping in. There was a large, brown mass wriggling outside. Long claws came out of its four legs, dark black skin surrounding bulging, blind eyes, unseeing yet somehow looking directly at me, piercing into my soul, seeing everything about me. That's when I felt the pain. Warm blood flowed down my back as I stood up, from three scratch marks on my back. The same size as the three, long, twisted yellow-brown, mottled claws that came out of the creature's mutilated, dark hands. When it realized I had woken up, it stopped scratching at the wall of the structure I was staying in. It slowly turned its head to be facing me, and even more slowly, opened its mouth. A faint rasping sound came out, then words. The voice was garbled, switching what it sounded like. It seemed as though this thing, whatever it was, could only repeat things it had heard, then stitched bits together to form its own new sentences.

First came a frantic woman's voice: "WHAT ARE YOU DOING--"

The slow rasps of a dying old man: "in my... house?"

Then, a voice that sounded like it was coming over a radio, interspersed by static between each word: "I- am- asking- you- to- leave--"

The creature's mouth snapped shut quickly, and then it ran. Ran faster than I could have ever believed it could. Those ten seconds in which it spoke felt like ten hours, no, ten years. I had felt the pain from the scratches inflicted upon me by this creature before, but now it truly hit. The blood gushed out of my back, I gasped, and then quickly tore off my shirt, trying to wrap the scraps around the spot which was causing me so much pain, but the sea of blood kept coming. I stopped caring after a point, I already know Death means nothing to this place. I'll be back, right where I started, in that forsaken house which I poured my soul into just to abandon, blood coming out of every pore, I lay down, and I close my eyes.

When I opened my eyes, I was fortunately not back where I had begun, but maybe this is worse. I was still in the walls of the house in which I saw the creature. Maybe it was the creature's house, maybe it lives here. If it does, I better get on the run.

I don't want that ~~fucking~~ thing around me.

### Painful Travel

Vitan 25th, 1939

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Nevermind. That does not need to be shared. I walked again today, as is all I need and want to do. On Vitan 23rd, I mentioned my name. I said "They won't know anything about me, my name..." but I never wrote my name. Frankly, I have forgotten it. It started with G, but I hardly left my

house, hardly spoke to anyone, and in my insane ramblings of the days leading up to today, I just don't even remember anymore. I'm forgetting more and more. ~~I hate this place, I hate this shit~~ I'm just so done. I want an escape. No, I need an escape. It will come. It must come.

### Impossibilities

Vitan 26th, 1939

I "escaped," in a way. I'm not in the mud, but somewhere else. The walls are beige, foreign houses are built into the walls, and the entire place seems to be trying to polarize me, politically. Maybe if I was in a better state of mind I would find this funny, posters and writings of non-existent people who want to rule whatever this place is. Tiles cover the floor. But, how did I get here? In similar fashion to how I arrived in the mud. Fell through the floor, blacked out. I believe that falling through the floor, however that is done, is what allows me to travel between different areas. Maybe, someday, it will allow me to finally escape this hell.

After that early morning description and writing session, I walked around for the rest of the day. I have stopped for the "night" in a large, tall room. I believe it is time for me to sleep, but first, I think I may be nearby another person. I heard a crash from one of the weird houses built into the wall, and a voice said "Aw, shit!" I would have investigated, but was too worried. I'm going to sleep. Seeing a person tomorrow would lift my spirits greatly.

### Information

Vitan 27th, 1939

Currently, it is the end of my working day. There was someone. I met them. Their name is James, and they said they entered this place in 1834, and have been here for hundreds of years. I asked them for a more concrete number, and they said they stopped keeping track after 175. This place is truly something. It doesn't seem to care at all about time. Time, you see, is only present when someone is recording it. They said this is the fifth area they have been in, and I am going to allow them to write in my journal and share their ideas.

Hello, it is I, James. I have been here for far too long, met some people, every time they went insane and left. Or maybe, I am the one who drove them insane. No matter. My new friend, who appears to have forgotten his name, I will just call him G, as he calls himself. G has asked me to share the knowledge which I have gathered from my tiresome years here.

#### Facts:

- Each area of this place is neverending.
- Rations and materials sometimes duplicate themselves overnight
- Aging is slowed by at least 200%.
- Going through the floor or wall is the most effective form of travel, when not in the Hall of Doors.
- You can go through the floor by running into the wall when you feel uneasy.

#### Discovered areas:

- One: Mud Plains. The infinite mud bricks drive me mad. Walls and structures appear randomly throughout.
- Two: Metal Constructs. Flashing lights, switches, and other such magics decorate twisting halls and rooms made of metal.

- *Three: Hall of Doors.* A very long, likely infinite, hall made of similar materials to the Mud Plains, with decorative doors. Opening a door will take you to different areas. Arrangement of areas seems to be arbitrary.
- *Four: Tilesome.* The name is a play on tiresome. White, wet tiles create thin winding halls. Weird materials form tubs. Sometimes, the bright lights, brighter than any candle, cut off. That is when the creatures appear.
- *Five: Political.* Tan wooden walls and gray tiles make up the main structure, along with strange houses forced into the walls. Posters, papers, pamphlets, litter the halls and floors.

#### *Creatures:*

- *Corrupted OBMs:* These things resemble OBMs, but, for lack of better wording: so very, very fucked up. Oversized mouths, eyeless, and grotesque.
- *Big Rats:* Rats, but large. Not much to them.
- *Living Vines:* Plants which try to grab passerby and strangle them. I have had too many encounters with these bastards.

I would like to thank James for this treasure trove of information which will help with our survival. We will walk on tomorrow. I'm not exactly sure what will be found.

#### *Poems*

*Vitan 28th, 1939*

Nothing of note besides walking happened with me and James today. My state of mind has improved greatly. I was right, people do help. Companionship does help. We did not talk much, but just knowing someone is there, is greatly comforting. To pass the time, I have been creating poems. Poems to tell tales of my life, to tell tales of this place, I don't really know. Here they are:

##### *Trapped*

*Forever in place  
Trapped among beasts  
Hiding my face  
Never let them feast*

##### *Less*

*Less than alive  
Will to survive  
Broken  
Driven*

Think what you will of my ramblings, but I quite like them. Physically seeing my thoughts, along with James being nearby, has really, really, improved everything. I no longer feel the onslaughts of darkness from my mind, eating away at everything I hold dear. It is better.

In other news, we have moved quite a distance. James' pace is grueling compared to mine. I bet that in total, I have walked at least 70 kilometers since I entered. James reckons he has done at least 12,000, though I do not know the truthfulness of that statement. It is strange how large this place is. That is all I have to say for today.

#### *Unnamed*

*Des 2nd, 1939*

New Year 1940 approaches. I had no time to write, frankly. James kept us moving quickly throughout each day, and we have found a new area. James suddenly

decided that now was the time to try and phase through the walls to a new place, and proceeded to break his nose after running head on into a wall a few times yesterday. On his fifth or fourth try, however, he went through. I tried to grab him, and we ended up both tumbling through onto the soft forest floor of a new area, zone, level, whatever you want to call it. We could hear music playing from somewhere, well I could, but James couldn't. He said he never found music enjoyable. The soil is rocky. The ground is very flat, I can only see a few small hills. It is not too cold, but a little chilly. It is nice. I would have preferred to stay laying on the forest floor, but James said that it is not safe to do so until we have concluded no monsters inhabit this specific area. Fair enough.

### Abandonment.

Des 30th, 1939

Fourteen days ago, I woke up from my slumber to find James was gone. Beneath where he was sleeping was fine gold dust. No signs of a struggle with a monster (I would have woken up if that had happened, anyways,) but it didn't look like he had just walked off either. His bag was still sitting where he had placed it. He was just gone, vanished into dust. I don't think he left voluntarily or out of malice, but it still hurts deeply. Gone, like that. I had already not been writing much, but his disappearance broke me. We were still in the forest. I did what I wanted to do on Des 2nd, lie in the dirt. And I did. I did not move a single inch for an entire day (maybe it was just an hour, but who knows? This place has already proven to mess with time), just sat, rotting in my sadness, marinating in my suppressed anger, but this area, the calming trees, seemed to help. I cannot truly describe the feeling I felt. I would not say it was an enjoyable one, but it somehow felt good. I sat up and looked around. Breathe in, breathe out. The fresh air entering my lungs, then leaving. The chill of the air against my nostrils. I looked down at my hands. Was any of this even real? This could be a dream, I mean, the recurring motif of falling to and through the floor, maybe I fell and hit my head, maybe I am simply knocked out for the time being. Soon, yes, I will wake up and live again. I will no longer take the outdoors for granted. I will talk to people, stop being such a loner. I will improve my life if- no, when, I get out of here. What a joyous day that will be. ~~But it won't come, I will be here forever.~~ I will frolic and run, feel the grass between my toes, cold water running across my fingertips, it will be happy. How I miss my home. On the bright side, if I am here for a long time, that war which I was so worried about may have come and gone, and I will not have to worry about it anymore. But, if it has been that long, my will certainly have been sold. It'll be gone. But that is not a problem, I can get another job, I can buy another house, hell, maybe even build one myself if I need to. But I can never make up for the time lost. The time lost to these halls, to this endless negative storm of emotions.

No matter.

Nothing truly matters here, anyways.

### Tired

Destan 1st, 1939

A new month. I still trod among the forest, eating the delicious fruits which grow from the vibrant trees. I have begun to build myself another home, but progress is slow. I've seen fluffy creatures around, which I have managed to collect fur from. Progress is slow because I am tired. So, so, very tired. I can't express this tiredness through words. Imagine, how did you feel after the longest hike you've ever done? Take that feeling and multiply it by a thousand, and now add tiredness of your



mind to the physical tiredness. That is how I feel. I do not need to write right now; it is a waste of my energy. Energy seems to be such a precious resource nowadays.

### Sleep

Destan 2nd, 1939

Each time I sleep, I'm sad I'll be required to wake up again. I want so desperately to continue to sleep forever, be lost in a land of dreams and never have to think about the shit I'm buried up to my thighs in in the real world. But I don't think the place I am is the true real world. The real world is where my house is, not the one I am building, the one which I bought in 1926 and have lived in for 13 years. In the town which I was born in, in the country I have never left. Not this hell of mazes. Fuck, I'm losing my composure. Certainly you, who or whatever you are will not care whether my language is crude or not. I don't care anymore, or, I don't give a fuck. There, I said it. Forever and ever my words will sit in this reality, however colorful they are, before they are claimed by the rot which permeates this place so. I'm done with being all professional about this place, as I believe whoever reads this will also be. You, yes you, whoever is reading this. Let's talk. I may be long dead by the time you get this note, but maybe we can connect. What is your favorite animal? What is your favorite thing? How old are you? What is your name? Oh, shit. I've really lost it. I'm sorry. I just- I don't even know. I'm just so tired, like I said yesterday. I'm going to sleep, maybe I'll be less depressed in the morning. Doubt it, though.

### Animal

Destan 5th, 1939

Yesterday, I found a creature, not a harmful one, wandering the forest. A cat. How beautiful. It is a small one, black and white in color. It was chasing around one of those weird large rats that fill these areas, pouncing on it wildly as the rat scurried around trying to escape the tiny thing's claws. It walked up to me and seems to have decided it likes me. It won't leave my side. Not that I am complaining about that, though. The cat sits outside my work-in-progress home, meowing at any creature that comes by. It is really quite silly. During the "nights," actually- I must go on a tangent. There are no nights. In this specific area, it is always sunset, or maybe sunrise. Red and orange highlights dance across the sky, yellow light forms shadows. The sun seems to bob up and down slowly over a few hours, but never fully sets or rises. What was I saying? During the nights, or more when I sleep, The cat comes and sleeps on my chest. The past two days have been, not good, but better since the cat came along. My house has been coming along nicely. It's not really a full house, it's a lean-to. The walls are all done, and the roof half so. Once I finish the main structure, I think I will create a fence, maybe try to make a garden if I can find some seeds, and it will be all great.

### Plans

Destan 6th, 1939

Today I would like to define my plans for the future. Since I now know that people do in fact roam these halls, I would like to create more homes. Maybe I could have other people live with me. If anything, it will keep me busy and distract from the pain.

I noticed something peculiar today. There are abundant patches of wheat, which is how I have been able to subsist for how long I have in this area, but while I was out gathering some from further away, I saw that many of the patches which I had harvested less than a week ago had already grown back to full maturity. I am not complaining, more food is more food, but, it is just incredibly strange. If I could

build a large enough farm, then I would never have to worry about food again. Just harvest a fifth or sixth of it a day, and by the time I have cleared it out all the way, the earlier parts will already have regrown. Water, on the other hand, is less easy to come by. There are some streams across this area, but they are scarce. I mostly rely on a construct I made from leaves and rocks to collect dew when the temperature drops, which it does about once or twice a day. I should probably try and dig a diversion from the nearest river to feed my little homestead water without need for travel. I will do that after I finish the roof of my house, which should be done tomorrow.

### Dig

Destan 7th, 1939

I finished the roof of my lean-to in the morning, and once I finish my irrigation ditch, I think I will add a final wall and make it not a lean-to. Any light makes it hard for me to sleep. (not) Good for me, the cat is not averse to sitting on my face. I have been digging using a makeshift wooden shovel I carved using sharp rocks, which are easy to find in the dirt. I dug maybe 1 and a half meters today, hopefully I can get more done tomorrow with a full work day instead of just partial. I would also like to know if it is possible for tools to pop into existence, other things can, so why not them? That would greatly help.

### Dig, 2

Destan 8th, 1939

With a full work day available and determination, I have been able to dig maybe another two meters. I reckon that my house is maybe 30 or 35 more meters away, so I should be done maybe halfway through Tan 1940, if I keep up the good pace. Perhaps I could try to modify my shovel to make it more effective, or make my ditch shallower. I think I will make it shallower, as I can work on a deep hole for storage when it is actually in my compound. I also don't think I am going to write until I finish this, or until something interesting happens.

### New Year

Tan 1st, 1940

Progress on the irrigation ditch has been alright. I am very close to my house, maybe three or four more meters. I noticed a while ago that wheat patches had begun to spring up around my canal, which has been instrumental in providing me plenty of food without having to go too far. I have also been collecting larger stones which I have found (a bit rarer than the other stones which permeate the dirt so) to construct an oven of sorts. It has gone nicely, and I have even been able to make some simple bread. The cat, who I have still yet to name, still hangs around. I just thought I would write because it is the New Year. This means I have been gone from reality for about 3 months. In three months, I have done a lot. Began to construct a home, abandoned that, and built a new one. I don't think I want to abandon this home, though. It is much nicer than the Mud. Three days ago, something which hasn't happened before or since occurred. The sun fully rose and then set over the course of one and a half days, before going back to its normal slow bob up and down around 10 degrees into sunrise. It was nice, but somewhat surprising, and I won't lie, a little unsettling. Unsettling because the repetitive pattern had been broken unexpectedly, and I was worried dangerous creatures, like that disgusting beast I saw in the Mud, would appear. But, none did. It was nice, the night sky was beautiful. I don't feel nearly as sad or depressed in this area rather than in the others. The outdoors help greatly. Unfortunately, though, it appears seasons exist in this area. I noticed a chill in the air a few days ago, and those fluffy creatures

which I mentioned once before seem to have thickened up their fur coats. It's been getting colder. The fluffy creatures don't seem to mind me shearing their fur, though, so I have been collecting that to stuff in my clothes and wrap myself in at night. If I continue to gather enough, warmth during the colder times should not be a problem. I'm going to go to sleep now, no point in depriving myself of it.

### Frost

Tan 2nd, 1940

When I awoke this morning, I could see my breath in the air. It must have cooled drastically while I was sleeping. I ran a few laps around my camp to warm up before I got to work digging the stream again. It is almost done, maybe a meter more. I already dug the pit which the water will fall into, so that's all taken care of. To prevent it from turning into a cold mud bath, I have covered the sides and bottom of the pit in flat stones which I found lying around. Tomorrow I expect to finish my man-made river and begin construction on the final wall of my house to try and keep out the cold. I'm also going to try to use the fur of the creatures to insulate my home and keep it warm. The creatures have also been eating my wheat, but it grows so fast here that that is not really a problem.

### Warmth

Tan 13th, 1940

I lost my journal for a while, but only one thing of note occurred while it was missing; I finished the irrigation ditch and I now have a plentiful supply of water, and I have begun construction of a new little home, a bit bigger than my current one, just in case I find someone living out here. Ok, that was two things, but who cares? Moving on, I started filtering out small stones and pebbles from the dirt I got from digging that big ditch, and started laying out gravel paths. Each day, my little home looks nicer and nicer. It would be better if there were other people, but what can you do?

I have an idea. What if I create arrows of stone pointing towards my town? Well, it is not a town yet, but it will be soon. I think I will also create tons of template pieces for the houses, and then quickly assemble each house. Construction has been quick, but would be quicker with tools. I am going to go far out in one direction, and search for structures. In the Mud, house structures were common, so maybe, something similar exists here. If I could find an axe, that would be optimal.

### Connections

Tan 14th, 1940

Today I found something incredibly strange. A metal box thing covered in copper pipes. Mysteriously, one had appeared about twenty meters away from my house. There's a door on one side, and when I opened it, I could see the Mud. I've never closed a door faster in my life. I do not want to go back there. I began my excursion outwards today, and found nothing. The cat, which I still have not named, followed me out there. I have created a makeshift little sleeping bag, and I will now sleep.

### People

Tan 18th, 1940

I was on my way back from my excursion outwards to find materials, of which I found nothing, when I saw two OBMs, shambling slowly in the distance. I ran over and introduced myself. Their names are Rumb and Vasa, and are from Oogaboogumblur. Even though I never left my home town, I had of course heard of Oogaboogumblur. I told them of my experience with James, and the time shenanigans, and asked them when they had entered. Rumb said 1936, and Vasa said 1941. They said they had met in the Mud around ten months ago, and had traveled together since. I invited them back to my

little town, and they accepted. We walked back, and Vasa said she enjoyed it. Rumb immediately went inside my one completed house and fell asleep. Can't say I blame him for that. After Rumb woke back up, I told them my plans and asked if they would be willing to help, and they were. Soon, progress will be quick.

### Stories

Tan 22nd, 1940

The cat, which Vasa has named Jollytoes, has stuck around, even though it didn't trust Vasa and Rumb at first. Yesterday, we sat around at a campfire which we had made from several of the trees which we had spent the last few days chopping down, and told stories. I told the story of my life inside of this place, leaving out my intense bouts of depression, as did Rumb and Vasa. Rumb said that while he was working in a factory, he was tragically caught in the machinery, but instead of dying, ended up here with a bloody arm. It healed over time, but is still weak. Vasa said that she went to bed one night, woke up due to a loud crash and felt the bed tilting, and then blacked out, waking up in a large forest. This was an area which I had never heard of before, and I asked her to explain further. The density of the forest varies, and the denser the trees get, the more creatures appear. This area, which she calls the Cursed Forest, does not seem all that nice. She told stories of large swinging creatures bounding across the trees, and eventually of a weak, and very hot clay-like creature which she brought to a strange man living in the trees, which finally let her escape. Truly, truly, bizarre. It appears Rumb spent most of his time here (he says he has been here maybe 2 or 3 years) wandering on the Mud, before meeting Vasa, and they travelled together. Talking with people is nice to be able to do again.

### Edifice

Tan 26th, 1940

A few days have passed since I last wrote, and much has changed. Rumb and Vasa brought many tools from their adventures among the different areas, and that has proved instrumental in our survival. The fluffy creatures have been coming around our camp more often, begging for scraps of food. We give them food, and they give us fur. Working together, we were able to successfully insulate the original house, and the 2nd house has its platform ready. We decided to greatly expand upon the plans for this house, and make it somewhat of a meeting zone, a town hall. This has reminded me that I never explained the dimensions of my original house, so I will do that now. The one I live in (and Rumb and Vasa at the moment, for that matter) is 1.2 meters on the short side, and 2.5 meters on the long side. It is quite the tight fit, but it is alright. The roof is 1.1 meters tall on the side opposite the door, and 2 meters on the side nearest to the door, a callback to when this was originally a lean-to. The town hall which we are planning is going to be five by five meters, so quite a bit larger than everything else. There will also be a 1 meter wide patio made of stones in the front to really pull everything together. If it is possible, we will also try to build a second floor. It is going quite well, I would say.

### Lessons

Astan 1st, 1940

When I was a young pag going to school, I was always taught that women were to obey their husbands and were dainty, but Vasa has taught me this is very, very much wrong. In fact, I would say that Vasa is the most hardworking one of us all, saying things like "This house won't build itself!" in the morning to get Rumb and me up, and sometimes getting up while the rest of us are sleeping to work. I'd reckon she has single-handedly built at least half that structure. Strange how being trapped in

an infinite maze of randomly segmented rooms ~~and halls and areas and doors and hills and trees~~ can greatly change your perspective. If I ever get out, I ought to give Old Mr. Teacher a lesson or two. Maybe Vasa can hit some sense into 'em. But, maybe I don't want to leave this place anymore. In fact, I'd say with my current status, two friends, a nice cabin, no wars or conflicts, life is pretty nice here. It is a bit of a rough going needing to supply food myself, but at least I'm not paying for it.

### Marketing

Astan 2nd, 1940

A while ago, I mentioned I wanted to use the stones which I had been gathering to create arrows and help point new people towards the town-camp-thing, and I began to do that today. I marked paths back to my fellow people using a shovel and occasionally carved arrows. Hopefully, someone will show up eventually. I did this for most of the day, and when I got back, one of the shorter walls of the building had gone up, only partially insulated. The insulation is needed more and more every day. This morning I saw some snow before it melted. Later in the day, the sun began to fully rise like it does sometimes. It seems to be moving slower than it did last time, only being a bit higher in the sky than it usually is by the time I got back.

### Sun

Astan 3rd, 1940

The sun is fully up in the sky, at some equivalent of noon. It does not appear to be moving anymore, and if it is, it must be very slow. This unfortunately hasn't raised the temperature very much, and a dusting of snow has begun to collect on the roof of the house. What it has done is it has raised the possibility of sunburn. Very unfortunate, but I wonder if there will be a correspondingly long night once the sun finally sets. A night sky would be nice to see. I should mention how the town hall is going. Vasa has been absolutely incredible in the construction of the walls, and Rumb has been creating furniture. I find myself largely helping Vasa with the walls, or out collecting wheat. Jollytoes keeps most of the rats which would eat the wheat at bay, and I have begun to construct a storage area, as the growth of the wheat seems to be slowing down, likely due to the cold weather. I think we will have enough wheat to make it through the winter, or whatever one would call this sudden drop in temperature. I'm not sure I want to call it a season, the temperature shift happened much too rapidly, but what do I know?

### Snow

Astan 4th, 1940

When me, Rumb, and Vasa woke up this morning (the sun still shines, so not really morning,) we were shocked to see that everything was covered in a thick layer of snow. Me and Rumb said that this was probably not good weather to continue working on the town hall, but Vasa was undeterred and dragged us out. And so we worked, for the entire day, out in the cold. Vasa once again made the most progress of all of us. I spent my time clearing the snow off the floor, though some was wedged between the cracks in the wood. That should be fixed once the walls are fully installed and insulated, but that might not happen soon. The fluffy creatures seem to have retreated for the winter. I think it got colder over the day as well. Near the time when we usually go to sleep, it started to snow. Small, white flakes fell, landing and covering everything. Vasa insisted we continue working, until the blizzard started. We all rushed inside of the small cramped house I had built to wait it out. It is seeming less and less likely that anyone wandering around this plane will find us with the blinding snow. At least it is warm inside, body heat and fireplace raising the temperature to even be a little too hot sometimes.

### Locked Inside Away

Astan 5th, 1940

I think the sun is setting, but I can't be sure. The blizzard is continuing on, disrupting the normal cycle of work. When we awoke this morning, the temperature had dropped both outside and inside, but it was still livable. It is cozy, if a bit cramped, inside. The temperature dropped throughout the day, and despite all of us being hungry, none of us were, or are, willing to go outside to retrieve food from the stashes. Vasa has been very upset at the prospect of not being able to go outside, but she has finally acknowledged that it is much too cold to be working. Not much happened today, except for this house smelling worse.

### Runoff

Astan 6th, 1940

We woke up in the middle of the night absolutely freezing cold. There was a chill in the air, but we could tell from the sounds outside that the snow had finally stopped. Suddenly, warm air came through the cracks in the walls. Warm, then hot, then burning. We all ran outside, and looked around as all of the snow melted quickly, water flowing over everything, soaking us, as the sun set and the night stars came out. It cooled down, back to the temperature that it was before any of the winter set in. This whole thing was incredibly confusing. None of us knew how the temperature could change so rapidly, or how the sun could set so quickly. But it was helpful. With better weather we could get back to building, but we didn't do any today. Or rather, tonight. We were all too frazzled from that whole experience to do any physical labor. Jollytoes was also upset, jumping on top of the house and meowing crazily at the sky.

### Finished

Astan 14th, 1940

Having been one week since I last wrote, much has happened. Yesterday the sun returned to its normal position, bobbing slowly up and down in a sunset. The town hall has also finally been completed. Rumb and Vasa moved into the town hall to escape the cramped nature of the small house which I had built, though Vasa plans to build her own little home. The fluffy creatures have been gathering in larger and larger groups around the camp, wandering around and occasionally getting into fights. They do not seem to mind us, though; they keep to themselves. I went out and constructed more arrows pointing towards the camp, but I don't think that my marketing campaign is really helping mor[ ]eople come to our town. People may be nearby, however. Three days ago, [ ]e boot prints which matched none of the boots in my group. I tried to foll[ ]or a while, but I started to get tired. I went back before I saw anyone. In good [ ]ws, Rumb found carrots while out chopping trees, which will bring some variety into our diets. It will be nice to have more than bread for once. The bread I am able to make is not even that good, just somewhat ground wheat and water. Maybe, it would be possible to find other ingredients, some herbs, maybe salt. That would be nice, but as far as we know, it is just wheat, carrots, and trees for as far as the eye can see. The long night was nice, it made it easier to sleep at night. It also allowed me to see the stars. The view is much nicer than in my home town, though I don't know why. It really makes me wonder where I am, as the stars appear to be in about the same positions as back in my home. Though already established, I think I will say it again; this place is strange.

### Town

Astan 15th, 1940

With Vasa already having begun construction of her own home, opposite the artificial pond I created to mind, for the first time I feel like I can truly call this camp a town. Three homes, more like shacks, a central courtyard, and some paths. It is... I'm not sure how to describe it. I enjoy it, but it also makes me miss my home town of Prangunshi even more than I already did. Vasa tells me I need to stop moping. She's probably right. No point in lying around sad when I could be laboring, constructing more. Perhaps more people will come, in fact, I bet they will. Rumb said he saw more bootprints, similar in style to the ones I spotted a few days ago. I think this person may be looking around our town, seeing if it is safe to approach. I would probably be wary of any settlement I find, especially after seeing that monster in the Mud. I am going to go back to that point of feeling like this is truly a town now, because I told Rumb and Vasa while we were eating dinner. They agreed, and we spoke for a while on what this place could be called. We eventually decided on Jedtown, in reference to the Jed Pillar, a very isolated island a few hundred kilometers off the coast of Valoi, on which the people who live had not been contacted since the 1300s. It seems fitting, for a place as isolated as this.

### Recruit

Astan 16th, 1940

The person which we had seen so many signs of finally showed themselves today. It was about halfway through our working day when we heard footsteps and saw a raggedy man approaching, leaving behind the same bootprints as the ones Rumb and I had seen. They were an OBM, with a broken top hat, old, stained suit and a long, tangled, gray beard. They spoke slowly, and introduced themselves as Bristo, born 1857, Flyon City, Flyon. Bristo said that he had been walking in the forest when he- get this, the same as the rest of us- fell through the ground. He assumed he had been in a cave-in, but when he opened his eyes and saw the Mud, he was shocked. He said he had been here for maybe ten years, and we were the second group of people he had ever seen. He said that the first group he had been in had kicked him out for not pulling his weight. He argued that he was an old man, and would struggle to survive, but he was exiled anyway. He said for the past two years he had been just scraping by, finding hardly enough to eat, when he stumbled upon our camp while we were sleeping. We took Bristo in, and he will sleep with Rumb and Vasa in the Town Hall. After we got him all set up in his own little area, Rumb got to carving away a board, with the names of everyone living here. Vasa worked on her house. As for me, I just wandered around for a bit, imagining what could be, and then I began to plan out paths, using the available gravel from all of the digging. I had an idea, I think it would be nice to have a large wheat field.

### Fluff

Astan 17th, 1940

The fluffy creatures have been shedding abundantly from the sudden warm weather. When I woke up today, I saw many tufts of fur being blown in the wind, getting caught on branches, and tangled in the wood of our houses. I ran out to collect them. It was quite a beautiful sight, bits of what looked like fallen clouds, bright white fur glistening in the sunlight, casting long shadows on the ground from the low sun. I ran around, catching as many of the tufts as I could. Vasa told me to stop dillydallying and get to work. Fair, but also, need much work be done at the moment? My house is enough for me, and food isn't much of a problem. Bristo seems to have taken a liking to Rumb, the two working together on carving ornate details into furniture and making more furnishings. It is very nice, seeing everyone working together. I ended up helping Vasa build her house before I went to bed.

## Farewell

Astan 18th, 1940

*I don't know how I failed to notice this earlier. I am on my last sheet of paper. So, I say goodbye. I don't have much space left to write. Goodbye reader, whoever you are, and know that you are not alone in these halls. It may feel like it, but hold out; you will find someone just as lost as you. Farewell, farewell, farewell!*

That was book one. As G said, he ran out of paper. This didn't actually stop him from writing, though. In the margins, there were many, many scribblings, dates, and small notes. They will be listed below.

## Book 1, Appendices

*2/19/40 - Tried to make paper out of bark. Was too rough, I could not write.  
3/20/40 - Vasa's house is done.  
4/12/40 - New person. Halusim of Oogaboogumblur.  
4/15/40 - Rumb was injured. Bristo is taking care of him.  
5/18/40 - Bristo got sick, and so did I.  
5/21/40 - Bristo recovered. I have not.  
5/22/40 - I am feeling better.  
5/32/40 - A new month begins tomorrow. The previous ones have been good.  
6/8/40 - Someone new appeared today. A young woman named Hihle.  
6/10/40 - The town has grown greatly. Vasa continued making houses after hers was done, so we have 3 empty homes.  
7/24/40 - I will try to write more than I have been able to. Today a group of 4 people came by and decided to stay around. Jedtown now has a population of 10. A double digit accomplishment! I don't have space to list off everyone's names, but there are two women, one man, and one young boy. The boy is the first I know of to have been born in this place, never seeing reality.  
8/1/40 - Bristo's health is declining.  
8/30/40 - Bristo is recovering, but I don't know how much time he has left.  
9/3/40 - Today is special. It is the one year anniversary of when I entered. Maybe I'll be like James, being here for over two hundred.  
9/6/40 - One new man has appeared. Forgot their name.  
9/7/40 - It was Pruphill.  
9/23/40 - I have even started to fill up the margins. This paper is sure to be a mess when someone finds it.  
1/1/41 - New year. Jedtown pop. 16.  
1/4/41 - The temperature drops again.  
4/30/41 - Jedtown pop. 28.  
5/22/41 - Jedtown pop. 31. As the town grows, it appears more and more people are able to spot it, hear us talking, see the signs of life.  
8/1/41 - Population has reached 50. A milestone.  
8/17/41 - Bristo passed away today, aged 84. We had a ceremony for him.  
9/3/41 - Two years.  
9/3/42 - Three years.  
9/3/43 - Four years.  
9/3/44 - Five years. Final farewell, there is truly no more space left on these pages. Jedtown is currently at a population of 217. I hope it prospers for a long time. Maybe a year ago I moved out of my tiny house into a new, larger one. Come find us, reader! I'm out of space now. Goodbye.*



There is the final ending to Book 1. Jedtown may very well still be around on level 40, but it has never been found. In fact, there is a small group on level 40 called the Jedhunters, which are combing the area for any signs of Jedtown. Given how prosperous it seemed in 1944, it is possible it is still around today. There was one page written by G found on another level, that being level 39. It was scrap of paper pinned to the wall, with arrows pointing to it. There was a note from someone else scribbled on the back.

Paper, Jedtown

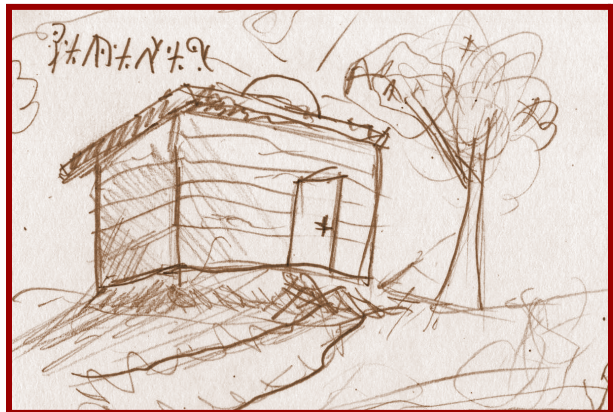
Butan ?, 1945

Visit Jedtown, and prosper! In the forests not far from here :). Note: I have found more paper! I must conserve, though. I'll bring it back to the town, write only what's vital.

Late Calends, '50s

Remember beginnings, G? -Jen

Scans of drawings from Book 1.



Left: "Sajaval" meaning "My World." Right: A map of Jedtown dated 1952, noting that the population is 431. Below: a drawing of a Ratuz, specifically *Rattus Limus*.



Book 2 is next. This book also does not have its full start known, as the first couple of pages were heavily water damaged. This is only one of the two books where we are aware of the author's name. It is also the most water damaged of all of the books.

## Book 2:

#31, Feitan 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1950.

31 days. An entire month of suffering. 31 days out of an unknown number. I could find my way out tomorrow, or I could be here forever. I fear for myself. Those things, creatures, monsters, whatever you will call them, could attack me at any time. I fear for my family. Without me, they will surely fall into poverty. Though I was not capable of controlling my fate to be bound to these halls, I feel as though it is my fault. It is my fault for their rot in the alleys. It is my fault they will die poor. Only one month in this place and I have already experienced more suffering than most men will experience in their whole lives. Yet my sorry soul burns onward, my defeated heart carries on. This journal is my only way to keep time, and I am sure it is inaccurate. What is the purpose of writing for nobody? No one will find me or my journal, and if they do, I will be long dead. I have got no way to tell days. The lights never cease, blinding me, burning my skin and eyes. Sleep is something I can rarely afford, not with the creatures around. I am hungry, sick, and deprived of sleep. Food, I never seem to find. The water I drink is dirty and makes me sick. I want to leave. I cannot find a way to free my soul. It is early this day; I best get walking. You cannot stay still too long; they will find you.

I rest now, at what I can presume to be a few hours after my last entry. My feet are bloody, blistered, and bruised. My shoes seem like they shall give out soon, and I have yet to locate any replacements. The same can be said for my clothes. They are ripped and bloody from my injuries. The bits I sheared to use as bandages fell off and are now useless rags in my backpack. Still, I must walk. Anybody who is here should walk. There is no use to sit and wait. The monsters will not bring you food, only death. I shall leave now; I must take my own advice.

It has most likely been a few more hours. I am sleepy, though when am I not? I believe that it will be beneficial to rest now. One of the buildings, reminiscent of somewhere an obm would reside, is nearby. It shall serve me well this "night."

#32, Feitan 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1950.

I woke up staring at the bricks. After a month, I can find some comfort in seeing these same mud bricks every morning, though I also find pain. These bricks are almost all I have seen the past month. All there is for my reality is mud bricks, vines and water. It's all inobm. The architecture seems oogan in nature, but there is no intent of people ever being here. I will say it again, and many more times: I want to leave. I might as well get going on my daily hike, a portal to home won't appear if I sit still. No breakfast today, I was unable to find the rare caches of food and supplies that I stumble across sometimes.

I didn't stop at all today. I have walked slowly onwards for what feels to be around eight hours, though it could have been less, as time is a slog here. I feel sleep encroaching on my normal cognitive functions, I should sleep. But I cannot, for I have a feeling. I feel energy pulse around me. It throbs in and out, like a heartbeat. I know not what it is, but it must be good. Right?

The energy is much more powerful now. Everything grows around it, the buildings are denser, the plants stronger. I can feel it throw masses of energy across the terrain; I am akin to a ship in a turbulent ocean. I walk as I write, each step my hands more unsteady. But I can see it now, an object that must be the source of all of this power. A sphere, or something of the sorts, glows a blinding light.

*Blue-white pours over the surroundings, this must be the way out. It must be. I will go through. I must.*

*- Ray Moore*

*#33, Unknown date, presumably Feitan 4<sup>th</sup>, 1950.*

*I do not recall exactly what occurred. There was a flash of light after I jumped through the sphere, and then I don't know what happened. There was a feeling similar to that of the strange feeling I felt upon entering this place, and then nothing. I believe I blacked out. I am not back home, but no longer am I in the muddy zone. The building has changed. I don't know if the portal flattened the old place and built this anew, or if I am in a new place. I no longer know the date. The place I am in now is calming, I feel. The floor is rough and seems to be made of some sort of concrete. The walls are green, similar in shade to a darkened Paris green, with the lower half of the wall being lighter. There are small plants that surround me. I can see moss, small trees, and other plants. I think I will like this place.*

*I continued on walking, as I always do every day here. The same troubles from the muddy place still plague me, like my hurting feet, but I feel as though life is better here. I have been able to find more food here, and the plants bring me peace. Having food in my belly makes me happy as well. This new place somehow seems more inviting than the mud place. I have also decided to call these zones the Mud Place and Verdure Haven. The Verdure Haven calms me. I wonder if there are more zones than just these two. I hope so.*

*It has maybe been two or three hours since I last wrote, and I noticed the lights here have begun to dim greatly. This area seems to have some form of day and night. It makes me ache for the outdoors and the stars.*

*#34, Feitan 5<sup>th</sup>, 1950.*

*It is early in the "morning," I have just awoken. I was very fortunate to find an abundance of food in the several concrete shack-things around the new area, so for the first time in a while, I will have breakfast. It's a simple breakfast, just some mildly stale bread and water, but a breakfast nonetheless.*

*Walking. Mind numbing walking. Walking is all I have done for 34 days, and I believe it to be quite tiring.*

*Nothing of note occurred today.*

*#35, Feitan 6<sup>th</sup>, 1950*

*Early in the morning today I found a compass, and I have decided to stay continuously moving north. In the same concrete structure as the compass, I found a few blankets, which is of great help to me. More food as well, but that seems to be much more abundant in this area than in the muddy one. Water was also found.*

*I stopped my northward journey at what I can only guess to be halfway through the day when I heard a sound, the sound of running water. I had found something like a river. There was a shallow stream that had carved out the concrete floor of this place. I am still resting here at the moment. It is incredibly calming, and reminds me of my home in Valoi. I think I will take a nap.*

*After I awoke, I walked northbound for a few more hours before going to bed for the night.*

*#36, Feitan 7<sup>th</sup>, 1950*

I have just awoken, and my surroundings have changed. Thankfully, everything I was carrying with me on my journey is still here. This new area is a gray and white wallpapered room with a gray lawn chair. There is a window that gazes into a white void. I'm not sure how to escape, but I may not need to. There's some food in some cabinetry. Later today I think I will try to climb through the window, there doesn't appear to be any glass.

#38, Feitan 9th, 1950

I was unable to write at all yesterday due to the chaotic nature of the past two days. I climbed through the window in the peaceful room. When I turned around, the window was gone, just a solid white wall. Unfortunate, as I had left most of my supplies behind, intending this to be a short excursion into the blinding white. I began to walk through the halls; it was painful at first as my eyes adjusted to the neverending white. I saw beautiful paintings, sculptures, and other works of art. However, I felt uneasy. Quite uneasy. Certain things were off, like intermittent rooms that were solid black, blacker than anything natural could ever be, chairs that never faced towards any of the artwork, always away. And then there were the noises. Scuttling sounds as I entered a room, a glint of what seemed to be a pure white arm or leg. Once or twice I could swear I heard breathing behind me. I closed my eyes on one of the benches once, and when I awoke and started moving around, something ran. It was only on the morning of the second day that I spotted one for the first time. I was turning around a corner when a skinny figure, maybe seven feet tall, appeared. It had a huge gaping mouth lined with what had to have been hundreds of teeth. Then, it began to slowly walk towards me. I kept my eyes on, slowly trying to navigate to one of the benches to maybe pick it up. Eventually, I did, and I ran as fast as I could towards the creature, using the bench as a battering ram. I hit it square in the chest, but it still managed to claw my back, causing me to bleed. However, I had it pinned under the bench, and I stood atop the object before jumping on its skull. It died, but I was wounded. I employed the usage of some of the nearby canvas to stop the bleeding. I slowly crawled into one of the dark black rooms, where none of those beasts would find me, and slept.

When I awoke the next morning, the bleeding had stopped, but I was still worried about encountering another one of those creatures. There had to be a way to escape, maybe get back to the green area, or to my home. Likely, that wouldn't happen. But I had to keep my hopes up.

That leads me to today, where I sit hiding from those creatures in another dark room. I've been walking (what else is there to do?) in random directions since yesterday. Food is scarce here, and my supplies are running low. I'm already out of water, and only have half a loaf of bread left.

I hope I don't encounter another creature.

#39, Feitan 10th, 1950

I tried to walk today. My injuries and lack of food aren't helping my already slow pace. The cuts on my back started bleeding again. I doubt I even moved one kilometer. Those monsters seem to be watching me, waiting for me to die so they don't have to fight. It's disgusting. I'm disgusting. My clothes are covered in dust from my time in the muddy halls, some parts still wet from the verdure haven, blood matts my hair and back. Maybe death will bring relief rather than pain. At least I am surrounded by beautiful art. I think I will describe one painting before I sleep. There's a cat, sitting in a cardboard box. The cat is very, very fat, and orange. The cardboard box seems to be inside of even more cardboard, like a maze. Maybe it is

another area of this place that I have yet to encounter. The cat seems content, it is kind of smiling. It's a beautiful work, signed Civil something something. I'm tired. I'm closing my eyes.

#40, presumably Feitan 11th, 1950

I thought I was certainly going to die. I'm back in the place made of mud, my back wounds are healed, and I feel well-fed. I may not be free from my prison of winding space, but at least this area has food and water. I'm going to get back to walking.

I'm taking a quick break, to assess how large this place is. This is simply too large to exist in reality, I have to be in some other place. Is this hell? Whatever it is, it is huge. Assuming I walk at a consistent 3 kph, and since I walked about 3 hours a day for my initial 16 days here in one direction, that means this place is at least, at the very minimum 144 kilometers in size. Take this with a grain of salt, though. Some days I didn't walk, but still.

It is the end of the "day" now, I'm stopping within an edifice to sleep. Given my slow starvation in the white space, I have been absolutely stocking up on food and water, trying to obtain as much as I can without slowing my walk, and eating as much as possible when I can. I've figured out which structures (there seem to be a few repeating types of architecture among the- admittedly not random, but chaotic geometry) tend to contain food and drink. It has made my journey much easier, and for the first time in a while, I feel quite hopeful.

#41, Feitan 12th, 1950

Nothing of note happened today, I found more food.

#42, Feitan 13th, 1950

I remembered about my family. It is a painful thought, to think that they are sitting around wondering where I've gone, but maybe they aren't. I have a theory- when I got here, I was carrying my holy book of Ocelight, and I have turned to it in these hard times. In early chapters (Sifza's Account) it is said that twenty billion years before Ocelight created Ion, Eon, and all the stars and planets, they created something else; The Flawed Reality. It is said to be "a mimicker of our world" and that through "impure coincidence, they [the two realities] are similar." I believe I am in the Flawed Reality, which makes me think: Does time move the same here? Has it been 100 years since I disappeared, or only 100 seconds? I can't know, but I hope time is slow here, that in the mind of my family, I will not have been gone for too long.

#43, Feitan 14th, 1950

Nothing to note today, just the usual.

#44, Feitan 15th, 1950

Once again the usual. I like that I am settling into a rhythm each day, it makes things much less chaotic.

#45, Feitan 16th, 1950

It is currently the end of the day, and I am in a new area. I'll go over what happened. It began as any normal (is anything "normal" here?) day, walking and walking, when I spotted something I had never seen before. The copper pipes, which had run along the roof of this area for as long as I could remember, had begun to

converge, running closer and closer together before falling down into a small copper pipe closet thing. There was a door on one side. Upon entering, I was in a new area, coming out from a wooden door labeled "1." The floor was concrete, and the same mud bricks from what I can only assume to be the first area for the walls, and it extended out for as far as I could see. Illumination comes from lights on the ceiling. There is no one here, but this place seems... inhabited. There is a tent on one side of the wall, and someone painted "WELCOME" in crude white letters on the opposite wall. Below the welcome sign was a bit of text saying "sign your name and date," and names littered the wall beneath it. None of which I recognized. Ytua Ziska, - 11/32/2023. Boro "Snortsalot" Pagumar - 6/28/79. Netcha - 7th Destan '44. Dates that were in the future, It didn't make sense, but maybe, it validates my earlier theory. I signed my name, and began to walk down this long tunnel. After maybe three minutes, I spotted another door on the wall. It looked like an old door, covered in mosses and vines. A golden doorknob was engraved with "2." I opened it, and saw the verdure haven, though I decided not to enter. Maybe, one of these doors would lead back to my home.

#46, Feitan 17th, 1950

I kept walking today, passing more doors. A heavy metal door with purple streaks, marked "3." It opened into what looked like a complicated maze of purple and white tiles; I didn't dare to enter. The fourth door was very bland, just metal with a handle. The fifth door wasn't really a door, it was a tall, zippered, flap to a winter tent, and opened into a cavern made of ice. Door number six was a very heavy wooden door with a metal plate at the bottom, and it showed a flooded series of halls, maybe it was a school? Door number seven was made of cardboard, and showed what must be a child's dream: a humongous maze of cardboard. Door number eight had light and dark gray stripes, but was locked. Number nine was solid white. I guessed what was behind it. I didn't dare to open it. Number ten was made of metal, and had bars where a window would go. It opened into a mineshaft. Number 11 was locked. You get the idea, each door seemed to correspond to a different area of this reality, this- flawed reality. I quite enjoy this place, which I have decided to call the Doorhall. I walked and walked until I reached door number 32, at which point I stopped to sleep for the night.

#47, Feitan 18th, 1950

I hadn't been opening the doors as I walked past #10 yesterday, but decided to open #32. It showed a dark ocean, with large pillars ever so slowly bobbing up and down, and wind blowing by. It was nice, but seemed barren of food, which I was starting to run out of. I checked every door after #32, and here's the highlights. 33 had quite a few monkeys, which tried to get into the Doorhall. #40 was a forest, and #43, which is what I stopped at, was lots of leaves. Huge piles of leaves. I entered this door, and when I turned around, my entrance was gone. I guess I won't be seeing the Doorhall for a while. It's not all bad, as the Doorhall was completely barren of food, and #43 is full of it. There are some apple trees going amongst the piles of leaves, and if I was truly desperate, I can eat leaves. I mostly walked around this area today, taking in my surroundings.

#48, Feitan 19th, 1950

Today I found a wooden tower peeking above the huge leaf piles, which I think I will try to turn into a usable home. There was an axe, saw, a few crates, and some food sitting in the top of the tower, which looks to be 20 or 15 meters tall. There are no walls on it, which will need to be resolved. I started clearing out the leaves around this tower today, hoping to make it easier to spot in case I get lost, and

*also began to try and cut down some nearby trees before I went to bed. Today was a good day.*

*#49, Feitan 20th, 1950*

*I spent all day trying to chop down nearby trees. One fell, and I have been processing it. Progress on my watchtower home is going well, using the fallen tree I have begun to build up walls. During the nights, it gets quite cold, so I will need to build some sort of furnace with the stones that can be found around this place. I'm going out now, to maybe find some new areas or materials.*

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The book ends here. It is assumed that Ray noclipped to another level or was attacked by an entity and went back to level 1. Whatever happened, it caused the book to end. Several writings were found among other levels, mostly loose papers, that have similar handwriting and writing styles. Only two of these papers are signed by him, they were found on level 19, they are dated 1952. It is listed below. There is one more text supposedly by him, scribbled on a wall far into the main base. It too is listed below.

## **Book 2, Appendices**

*Unknown '52*

*Paper is hard to come by. I've decided to leave my pack behind, it is getting too hot. I hope I don't die.*

*Unknown '52*

*I have been climbing for a very long time. A very, very long time. I'd rather jump off this hill and go back to the first area than keep climbing.*

*Unknown '53? - to reader*

*I like it, but it's still HERE. When can it all end? begin, return, cruelty. I may go, remember though, among the snow, the next one shows.*

## **Other Found Writings**

This section consists of other early writings (1960 and earlier) or created landmarks found around the Oogarooms that were too short or not a full enough timeline to be considered an early days book, and were not found on level 5 with the other books.

### **Description of Level 1, found in a crate, ~1910s**

This was found in a crate on level 1, along with a few, less important writings. The exact date is not known, but based off of other artifacts found in the same crate and house, it was probably somewhere around 1900-1920.

*"We call this area the Mud. It is huge and filled with nonsensical walls, stairs, and platforms. It is unknown if it ever ends. There is a faint fog in the distance. Each day, we [the group] walk onwards, attempting to find food which is commonly found among the houses here."*

### **Welcome Mural in the Main Base, 1948**

This famous mural was created in 1948 by an unknown individual in the Main Base. This is the earliest record of anyone entering the Main Base. It is assumed people entered it earlier, but this is the first concrete date.



*"WELCOME*

*Sign your name here. Do not be forgotten. Deny the halls' destruction of time  
1948"*

**Sign 13,000 meters up on level 19, ~1840s**

This sign was created by the mountain climber Jallon Westerslime, who went missing on an expedition up Big Pig Mountain on Elophoi in 1838. It has become quite famous among people who scale the trails on level 19, and is currently decorated by tons of handkerchiefs tied around the pole and nearby trees.

*"THIS IS THE HIGHEST POINT REACHED BY JALLON WESTERSLIME'S EXPLORATION GROUP.*

*CONTINUING BEYOND MIGHT YIELD UNEXPECTED RESULTS. GOOD LUCK."*