

.there, in the backroom of the universe.

.by marceli „binguslaw“ crow.

I

## THE INTERNET.

it all started with a joke. at least i think it was supposed to be a joke but i guess if you're reading this, then i may be half alive still.

wait i'm going to check something.

```
=> search(for: „joke“; in: CDTBS)

SEARCHING FOR JOKE DEFINITION IN THE DATABASE...

FOUND.

joke
/dʒəʊk/
noun
a thing that someone says to cause amusement or laughter, especially a story with a funny punchline.
"she was in a mood to tell jokes"
```

huh well then. i don't think it was a joke now.

i should explain some things beforehand right right. here we go. righto.

okay.

okay.

gil here (aka gman and/or glgmsh2137). and uhh. bad shit is going on in [REDACTED] city. like \*real\* bad. so if anyone is reading this then, uhh, this should be a chronicle of everything that went bad here.

let's start with the inciting incident (at least i think it is the inciting incident, like believe me this whole situation has been confusing from the start and it only gets worse from here). mmhhere.

```
=> open(/class_groupchat/1.png)

OPENING 1.PNG...

OPENED.

3:21 AM

i dont think its a good idea to be worried about me. be worried about yourselves. its a little too late for me now. i know. i know youre going to laugh about it now but theres something out to get me. to kill me. it could come for you too. i regret being the clown my whole life and now because of that you all are entangled in the worst nightmare of my life i just hope youll forgive me someho

what
```

what the fuck are you talking about  
will  
will what do you mean  
what is coming for us  
you could at least enlighten us on what is happening  
will  
will  
WILL  
WILL  
WILLIAM

6:11 AM

What happened.

i have no singular clue

Huh.

Read @ 6:58 AM

yeah. i woke up to this. interesting shit.

oh fuck you can't see who's who. wait a sec.

```
=> screen_mode(nick_on) == true  
  
SYNTAX ERROR.  
COULDN'T DEFINE „NICK_ON“ PROPERTY.  
TRY AGAIN.
```

fuck i can't change it. shit. well then a written explanation will be fine.  
orange is will, blue is phoebe, and pink is naomi. oh and i'm red-ish.

okay so now that everything is in order (for now.), let's talk about what  
happened next. Well. Will wa

will was found dead  
in a pharmacy backroom  
ripped to shreds  
the body in an unrecognizable state  
meat, blood, and viscera  
all of it smeared in the corner of the room

no one could recognize the body  
no one

s found dead. what was that. don't tell me i have to keep up with another fucking thing right now. my fucking god. is this computer haunted or something? give me a break, jeez.

okay okay i have to keep going. keep going.

hOLY FUCKING SHIT WHAT IS THA

## II

### THE TAPES

???: Uhh... Is this thing working?

[Subtle paper rustle]

???: ...

???: Okay. Okay. I think this is on. Well then.

[Paper rustle]

???: This is Ramona [REDACTED]. I'm probably one of the last living people in [REDACTED] District, [REDACTED] City, [REDACTED]. Something wrong happened and now people are dying like flies. I will try to document what has happened so far. [Incomprehensible noises] Oh god what is tha-

[Tape cuts off]

[Silence]

Ramona [whispering]: The [REDACTED]. The [REDACTED] was near me. Holy fucking shit. Holy fuck. Shit. Shit. Shit.

[Silence]

Ramona [still whispering]: I'll try to tell as much as I can now. Ohhhh god. Okay. It's okay. Well - this all started when a random kid from a random high school died. Not just died, he got brutally murdered. Like really *really* brutally. The police couldn't even identify the body by the looks alone.

[Incomprehensible noises again]

Ramona: [sigh]

Ramona [whispering]: I'll have to move soon if I want to live. Shit. Uhh. Where was I?

[Tape cuts off again]

Ramona: The police. The police, right. Okay. They found some weird DNA. Non-human to be exact. Actually they haven't found animal DNA there. Was it even DNA? I'm not entirely sure. But I am in fact sure that the thing's DNA-adjacent-thing wasn't discovered ever. A new organism. A new predator. A new horror.

Ramona [after a while]: Time to move. This was Ramona [REDACTED], signing off.

[Tape cuts off for the final time]

## III

### THE INTERNET

hey, gman here. i'm back. alive and not well. and i also located the problem with the syntax for the nick thing. here.

```
=> screen_mode(view(username)) == true  
VIEW(USERNAME) IS NOW ON.
```

phew. holy shit it worked. it really worked. woohoo for me.  
time to get new screenshots. fuck.

```
=> screen(group:"SCHOOL SHIT FOREVER"; date(0(2203██)); date(1(1310██)))  
SCREENING...  
SCREENING DONE.  
SCREENS AVAILABLE IN /screen/SCHOOL SHIT FOREVER/.
```

fuck yeah. now i'd better check the screenshots. okay. let's take this one.

```
=> open(/screen/SCHOOL SHIT FOREVER/2.png)  
OPENING 2.PNG...  
OPENED.  
  
2:21 AM  
llghtc0cksvcker: there's a dick in my wall  
llghtc0cksvcker: hehe  
llghtc0cksvcker: oh fuck its not a dick its a fucking giant spider does anyone  
know how to fucking destroy them holy fucking shit its the size of my head oh  
god oh fuck  
llghtc0cksvcker: sup its the spider i killed the bitch sorry guys  
llghtc0cksvcker: shes not even that tasty but who cares  
llghtc0cksvcker: ding dong the wicked bitch is dead  
  
Read @ 8:01 AM
```

shit. i forgot that people have this shit as their usernames. god.  
time to rework this shit again. ughhhhh.  
fuck it we ball. i'll just explain things when it will be needed.

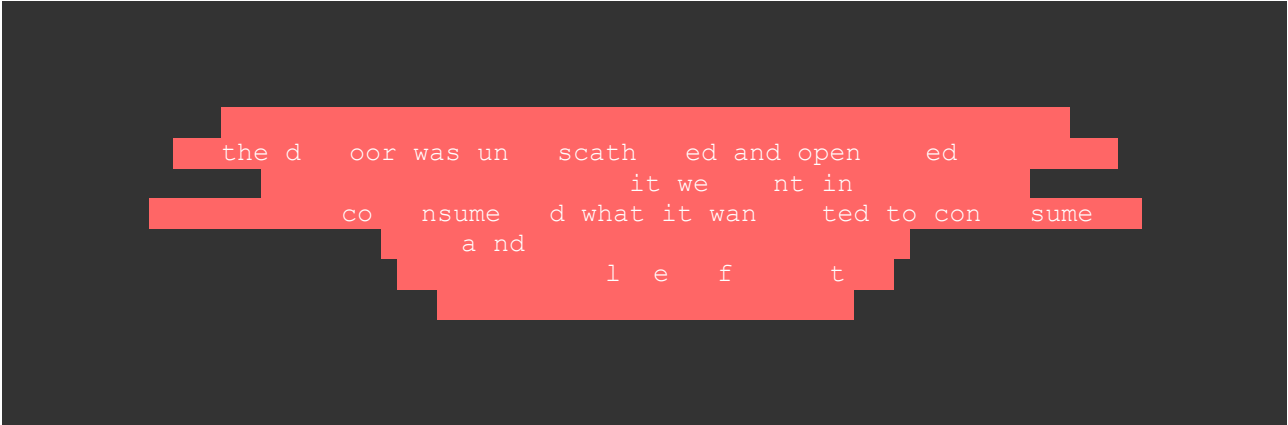
```
=> screen_mode(view(username)) == false  
VIEW(USERNAME) IS NOW OFF.
```

ehhh.

okay this could be a good idea to explain some things about will's death. okay.  
okay.

the pharmacy backroom thing. so. his mother was a pharmacist, so he technically had the access to go there and open the backroom. his mother didn't really care. well the backroom didn't really help him that much in the end. i know why but that's a story for another moment.

when the police found the body, well actually there's another little fact - the backroom's door was all well and unl



ocked. it'll made sense later. believe me.

fucking hell the haunted computer is acting up again. you could at least write normally you stupid brijjnerdfggsfdghfdgsfgdhfjggdhcf

#### IV THE TAPES

Ramona: Okay I think I found a good place to rest again. This goddamn fucking apocalypse is wearing me down. Ughhh.

Ramona: I think I can hear typing somewhere here. Is someone here? Holy shit. [Sounds of readying a gun] I'm ready. [Door creaking]

???: aaAAAAAAAARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Ramona: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!! WHO ARE YOU? IDENTIFY YOURSELF!!!

???: I AM GILBERT [REDACTED], [REDACTED] HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT. TECHNICALLY FORMER STUDENT BUT YOU GET MY POINT.

[Silence]

Ramona: ...Holy fucking shit. I didn't know any of you still lived.

Gilbert: Yeah, yeah I know, I'm shocked too okay. [Pause] Well then, you know my name, why don't you introduce yourself too?

Ramona [after a pause]: Ramona [REDACTED]... former [REDACTED] University student.

Gilbert: Nice to meet you Ramona. Could you stop pointing your gun at me now?

Ramona: Oh. Oh yeah sorry. [Pause] I guess we both got robbed of our future and education huh.

Gilbert: Yeah.

[Silence]

Ramona: What's that brick behind you?

Gilbert: Oh? This? It's a VECT-0R SPCL3001. Really old computer. But somehow it can connect to modern wifi and internet. And apparently it is kind of haunted. I'm not really sure what's wrong with it.

Ramona: Huh.

Gilbert: Yeah it's the least weird thing that has happened since march.

[Tape cuts off]

Gilbert: You want me to explain what happened after Will died?

Ramona: Yeah. I forgot to tell you but I'm recording all of this.

Gilbert: Oh shit? [Inhale] GOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAT DIIIIIIIIIIICK!!!

Ramona: Okay okay. Now tell me about it or I'll shoot your brain out. And be more quiet. Please.

Gilbert: By the way where did you get the gun?

Ramona [while cocking the gun]: Will-stuff first. Gun-stuff second.

Gilbert: Okay okay okay okay okay I'll talk! Jeez. [Pause] Okay so on March 21st we got a messa-

Ramona: Oh I forgot to tell you I already started talking about-

[Tape cuts off for the final time]

?

**INTERMISSION  
THE REAL INTERNET**

they are coming

they are coming for us

no mercy

no fair game

they are out there to get us

the noises

the noises my god

incomprehensible garbage

there is not even a reason to hide

they will find you somehow

they will

**they will**

**THEY WILL**

V  
THE INTERNET

```
=> open(/class_groupchat/4.png)
```

```
OPENING 4.PNG...
```

```
OPENED.
```

```
1:28 PM
```

```
https://www.██████████.com/██████████/
```

```
BODY FOUND IN ██████████ PHARMACY BACKROOM.  
POLICE CONFUSED AND INCAPABLE OF ACTION.
```

```
He's probably dead.
```

```
holy fucking shit
```

```
oh god.
```

```
Read @ 1:30 PM
```

```
=> open(/class_groupchat/7.png)
```

```
OPENING 7.PNG...
```

```
OPENED.
```

```
4:23 PM
```

```
what now
```

```
We'll have to somehow live through this.
```

```
And we'll have to take care of ourselves.
```

```
i was asking about school but yeah youre right too
```

```
Yeah yeah.
```

```
I'll try to contact our teachers, okay?
```

```
kk
```

```
6:07 PM
```

```
School's closed.
```

```
oh fuck yeah
```

```
I don't think we have a reason to be happy now.
```

```
boohoo the bastard is dead
```

phoebe. no. this is not funny.  
and what is YOUR problem gil  
i know you hated him. i know. BUT HE'S DEAD NOW. DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND.  
party poopers  
Read @ 6:15 PM

aedsfdgtaesrtdyfhugjASDFYUGJGHTarsdtgfyhASRTDY3456VRETFGHHGJ['P;LKYKHLUJ.;IUYFTHR  
TDGFHYLUG.K,JFGTFHYLUJ;IO[]OP[JPILJKHJGHDTJMK,.GI;/;HDTGJNB  
VBXGJDYHKFLUG;IGULOYFIT5463WTEYRUTKGLYG;UI.,JUGHF

EDSFDGFGHRRSTDYWVEBSR6DTNUMYUNTBODYVTC

ESYRDUTXHDRSETSZNXRDTUYIKULI;O'LP

[OYKHMNGHFGRTJFTJFYKULGI;'OU

IOP;IHLUGHKFJGCHF

SYSTEM SHUTDOWN...

SYSTEM SHUTDOWN...

SYSTEM SHUTD

## VI THE TAPES

[Tape starts]

Gilbert: -ybe I'll just show you some screenshots from that time? What do you think?

Ramona: Go on.

[Sounds of a person shuffling on the floor]

[Computer keys clacking]

[Electronic groans coming from a machine]

Gilbert [after a pause]: Ooooookay, I think this would be good. Come here.

[Footsteps]

[Silence]

Ramona: Yeah this will d-

[Tape cuts off]

Gilbert: Another one. Here. [Pause] [Confused] What?

[Incomprehensible noises]

Ramona: Fucking hell.

Gilbert: Is... It here?

Ramona [after a pause, whispering]: Yes.

Gilbert: Why are you whispering?

Ramona [still whispering]: Why aren't YOU whispering? What is wrong with you? Why aren't you scared? This fucking thing is capable of ripping you apart in



mere seconds! [Louder] It will fucking kill you! [Louder] IT WILL FUCKING FIND YOU AND IT WILL GNAW ON YOUR FUCKING BONES!!! AND YET YOU'RE SITTING HERE LIKE NOTHING'S HAPPENING!!! PEOPLE ARE DYING!!! SO MANY PEOPLE ARE DEAD!!! MY WHOLE FAMILY IS DEAD AND SO IS YOURS!!! WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

Gilbert: Ramona, stop, let me explai-

Ramona [screaming]: NO, YOU STOP!!! YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!!! YOU SMUG LITTLE SHIT!!! IF YOU'RE SO CALM NOW, THEN HOW ABOUT [cocks gun] I SHOOT YOUR FUCKING BRAIN OUT?! HUH?! GET OFF OFF ME, FUCKER!!!

Gilbert: Ramona! Fucking stop, you stupid fuck!

[Gunshot]

Gilbert: You destroyed the fucking computer, you fucking piece of shit!

Ramona [still screaming]: AND NOW IT IS TIME FOR YO-

[Another gunshot]

[Silence]

[Gun falling to the ground]

[Quiet sobbing]

[Tape cuts off for the final time]

?

## **INTERMISSION THE REAL INTERNET**

gilbert

i am waiting

waiting where it all started

i am willing to talk

## **VII THE NOTEBOOK**

i am fucking done. I AM FUCKING DONE. the coputer is dead. ramona is dead. everyone is dead. ~~if anyone is still alive~~ well fuck it i dont care about anyone anymore. everyone can go die in a ditch.

i should just explain everything. just this one time.

well wouldn't it be funny to write it in a form of a faq? insensitive? maybe. but who cares. everyone is dead. there is no one to care.

Q: what happened after phoebe said all of those terrible things?

A: the groupchat died. noone really talked there. the only thing it was used for at that time was to communicate other people's deaths. grim shit. the only way we talked was through pms and sometimes phone calls.

Q: how about going out?

A: no going out. The whole city had a police enforced curfew (hah). the only way of going out was

just... using designated public transport to markets (if they were even opened), some jobs, and hospitals (if ther were even opened, again).

Q: did you all take the curfew seriously?

A: pff no. of course we didn't. we were teenagers. we are still teenagers. i am still a teenager.

***i am still a teenager.***

well going back to the question. we didn't care about the curfew – we were meeting each other as much as we could. well if we didn't, we probably would have gone crazy. ~~it's funny to say this considering where i am now. haha.~~

Q: well, who did you went out with at that time?

A: sorry to break your bubble but i... actually... stayed home most of the time. loser shit essentially. but there was one time when i did go out with someone.

i actually did.

?

**INTERMISSION  
THE REAL INTERNET?**

g i l b e r t   m a y t h o r n e  
t h e   g a t e   i s   o p e n e d

you must come

**you must come.**

**A1  
a letter**

-----

**to: gil**

**from: phoebe**

-----

**i have a request for you**

**i know you dont go out now**

**but i need to see you**

**if you want to see me — meet me below [REDACTED] bridge tomorrow**

**your friend (?)**

**A2  
the past**

they did meet up. They did. The bridge put dramatic shadows on her face while he stays vis-à-vis with her (he does not have dramatic shadows on his face—in fact his face is fully coated in uv rays).

**Its a terrible fate, isnt it? she said, We have to sit at home and be expected to lead a normal life. Fuck that. I want to live. I want to live like a normal person. I want to have my youth spent as it should be spent.**

**He does not say anything.**

**If I could fucking go back in time and kill will with my own hands, she said, I would fucking do it.**

**He stays silent.**

**Why arent you saying anything? She asks. Say something Gil. Please. Please say something.**

**His face doesn't even twitch a little bit.**

**Can I... she starts. Can I touch you, please?**

**He starts to walk away.**

**Her face was covered in tears.**

**He runs.**

**She was never seen again.**

why didn't you do anything, gil?

why, gil?

why.

**VIII  
THE NOTEBOOK**

**i do not feel comfortable with saying who i met. sorry.**

**B1  
a monologue**

There is in certain ancient things a trace  
Of some dim essence—more than form or weight;  
A tenuous aether, indeterminate,  
Yet linked with all the laws of time and space.  
A faint, veiled sign of continuities  
That outward eyes can never quite descry;  
Of locked dimensions harbouring years gone by,

And out of reach except for hidden keys.

i know you can't hear me, maythorne

i did notice this

but i know **you** can

hear or see my words

i do not care how you interact with these words

listen

i am not sure if maythorne is a reliable narrator

you are reading his words too, right?

i may not be a reliable narrator too

but do you have a choice?

you and i are suffering the fate of being dependent on him

be wary my dear

i personally cannot continue this monologue any longer

but i can send you to the next proofs until maythorne takes control again

goodbye

**B2**

**two sides of a note**

Hey Gil!

Wouldn't you like to like, do stuff together?

Let's say we meet up at 11.00AM on May 23rd?

Yours truly,

Phoebe <3

yeah we can definitely do that  
what would you like to do though?

Just going to the cinema would be cool!

cinema it is then

## **IX** **THE NOTEBOOK**

i should keep this whole schtick short and fully explain the whole situation. sorry for keeping this shit so long out of your sight. let's get going. literally and figuratively. i'm literally going out of this decrepit bloody crackhouse. there is nothing keeping me here.

let's get to the not-so-fun-stuff.

part 1: my friends. they are dead. part 2: my family. they are dead. part 3: most of the people of this fucking city. they are dead. part 4: me. i am somehow alive. they all were killed by the monster roaming the dead city. now it's time for my calm nature.

well uhh... somehow the monster *doesn't know i exist*. well rather *it ignores me*. i am already dead in its nonexistent eyes. so there is no reason for me to freak out over the thing coming close.

fwoomph. finally outside. feels weird being here. alone.

i'm sitting next to some patch of flowers that peeked through the cracked concrete. i think they're dandelions. haven't seen those in a long while. there is also a mauled corpse right in front of me. hi, dead pile of flesh! how are you my man!

this whole thing is weird. i'm feeling weird; i'm feeling like *someone is trying to jack our mind*.

## **B3** **a glimpse of the past**

they did meet up. they did. the movie was amazing in phoebe's eyes. gil wasn't really impressed.

*it's a terrible fate isn't it?* she said. *i still can't believe he took his own life.*

*why are we talking about this now?* he asked.

*it may have been two months but you know. it's still weird. weird living here without him.*

*but like, why are you so sentimental now?*

*dunno. i just feel like it.*

there was a slight amount awkward silence but then-

*why are you lying.*

*what?*

*i am not talking to you. why are you lying, gilbert maythorne. what is the purpose of this whole façade. what do you gain in creating a false reality.*

*what is your purpose.*

what is your purpose.

**B4**  
**aleph**

you may ask how do i get these materials and also how i communicate with you  
i have an acces to a space between spaces  
a time containing all of time  
a point of everything and nothing at the same time  
a beginning

**an aleph**

i am not the first person to call something an aleph  
i just feel it is appropriate considering aleph is the first letter of many of  
the semitic alphabets  
it is used in mathematics to signify the power of an infinity  
while also having the value of one

it is a fitting symbol

now let us consider how i communicate with you  
the thing is  
i do not know

i think it might be thanks to the aleph  
but you can't be entirely sure in this world

i also have to make sure you know more about me  
to make me more trustworthy

my name is aleph  
and my goal is to make sure gilbert maythorne pays for his lies

**X**  
**THE NOTEBOOK?**

holy fucking shit not this again you ignore me maythorne  
who the fuck are you do not have to know. it is not important  
now listen i am open to new paranormal shit but meet me where it all started may i ask why.

just come here. you have no reason not to. you are safe.

how will i know you'll be there?

oh you will know. you will know.

the fuck? hello? are you still there? what the fuck were you doing in my head?  
what the fuck happened? HELLO????? MYSTERIOUS VOICE????? PLEASE?????

ehhhh.

time to get going. i wonder where the fuck it is.

time to fucking confront the whoever voice™.

**C1**  
**a little talk**

hello

aleph here

i somehow finally got in contact with maythorne

i hope you know that by now

i have a little plan for him

waiting here in the backroom of the universe

it could go either way

he complies - we go through the ordeal of reversing the whole mess

he refuses - he will know the other meaning of BPM

what is BPM, you may ask

you will know when the time is right

i think he is near

wish me luck

aleph, signing off

**C2**  
**a meeting**

we finally meet.

holy fucking shit.

i start to think that this is your favourite catchphrase.

why... why do you have my face.

you do not understand? i was you. you were me. we were one.

what the fuck are you talking about?

if you shut your mouth then i will be able to explain everything to you. i know you got interrupted many times but that does not work here. we are playing by my rules.

okay okay, smartpants.

our reality got split somehow. thanks to that you and i are different people now. i am not gilbert maythorne. you may call yourself gilbert maythorne, yet you are not him.

i'm getting lost here already.

you do not need to understand everything. just listen and then answer my question when we get to it, okay?

okay.

something broke reality to the point that, even though it is normal to have diverging paths in the timeline of the universe but there is something that is not normal here, the different maythorne descendants were mixed into unknown realities. this is not your reality, is it?

i don't think so. will killed himself as far as i remember. he wasn't murdered by a weird alien thing. what about you?

actually, this is my reality. somehow i am here.

holy shit. i think it's starting to kinda make sense. not the you-being-still-here-somehow part though.

i do not know how it happened too, do not worry. there is too much weird phenomena here to worry about it. your computer, the demonic monsters roaming the town, this thing.

what's this? a marble?

look into it.

holy shit.

holy shit indeed.

### **C3**

#### **information**

NAME: ~~GILBERT MAYTHORNE~~ Aleph Knife Never-Going-Back Kill-People, The Endless

DATE OF BIRTH: ██████████

PLACE OF BIRTH: ~~██████████~~-CITY The Schism

SEX: ~~M~~ Who cares anymore

ADDITIONAL NOTES: ~~NONE~~ Citizen of CoreLand

### **C4**

#### **a meeting, continued**

so. i think i get what an aleph is. but how did you get it? and why is it in a marble ball?

i do not know.

you seem to not know many things.



says you.

...okay okay.

now. i have two additional questions for you.

go on.

do you trust me?

i don't think so.

will you help me get this world back to how it should be?

no. not really. i don't really feel like it.

well then. do you know what bpm is?

what? do you mean beats per minute?

no.

what is it then?

i guess you'll never know.

wha-

aaaAAAARRRGHHHHHHHHHHBBBBMMFFMMPHMMMMNNRRGGGGHHLLHLHHHBBRMMMMNGNGHHHHHHHRMRMNNR  
NRNNNNPRRBBRHHFHFFFHHHFFRRR

bye bye, maythorne. time to do this myself.

## 1

### **What now.**

well, section name, we have to destroy the Heart of Corruption that destroys the city, the monsters just come from that hole. (well Hearts of Corruption do manifest in other ways. it just looks like this here; it does not have to be physical even).

this time, i think, it will be easy - just a simple Flesh Vessel. nothing more. nothing less.

the plan is simple. 1) get into the Outer Vessel. 2) locate the Inner Vessel. 3) rupture the Vessel. 4) get out through the Ruptured Rift created in the Vessel.

and then you hope you survive.

that is just the fun in Destroying Hearts of Corruption. fun should be in quotation marks. the „fun“ in Destroying Hearts of Corruption.

this is, in fact, a Lot of Words That Could Mean Nothing to You, but there is no time for unnecessary explanations.

i go into the decrepit pharmacy.

## 2

### **The Gate.**

it reeks here. so disgusting. ew.

and i can see why that is. maybe not literally now but surely time will show.

now, open up, dear Backroom of the Universe. bangbang. krthng.

welcome to the Gate. and i was right. still, something is left of will here. will's remains are our Gate in this instance. let us Rupture some Rifts.

fshlkh1.

it smells here even worsier.

### 3

#### **The Outer Vessel.**

flesh. flesh everywhere. rotting for more than a year now. disgusting. no sky even. just a black void. and rot in the air. mmmmmmm.

meat labyrinth. even better. (sarcasm).

while i try to find the Inner Vessel while also trying not to vomit, let us talk about maythorne more.

maythorne is dead. beaten to death with a Brutal-Pipe-Murder Pipe (BPM-P). i do not need any unnecessary obstacles and maythorne was one at the moment.

the beginning of all of this is the Schism, the moment when one (1) gilbert maythorne became all ( $\infty$ ), one fractured into many, physically and psychologically. every maythorne is a little part of the original gilbert - the dead maythorne here was the part that swore too much, and i am the „for some reason, fake-sophisticated-sounding and sarcastic one“. we also all remember what happened before the Schism. we all had normal lives. i had a normal life.

i am not entirely sure what caused the Schism. but there is no going back now. we have to live with the consequences of it. i have to live with the consequences of it.

i think i am getting close to the Inner Vessel. i still have some time.

i do not think the maythornes are the same person anymore. the mirror shattered and the shards all reflect a different person. that is the main reason why i do not call myself gilbert maythorne - i am aleph knife never-going-back kill-people, the endless. i chose that name myself. based on... reasons. let us not dig deeper here. it is a story for another time.

the knowledge of the mechanics of this world just came to me. i just have this knowledge for some reason. a curse or not - i have no other choice than to do this myself.

no one helped me so far, and i survived, so maybe there is something to it.

oh here is the Inner Vessel.

### 4

#### **The Inner Vessel, the Rupture, and the Rift.**

hello, Inner Vessel! time to die!

the flesh mound in the middle of this unholy labyrinth stood no chance against my BPM-P. her-

uh oh.

the pipe is not strong enough to Rupture the Vessel.

oh no. it is also weird that no monsters came for me. it seems weirdly anticlimactic for them not to show up. maybe i spoke too soon. because here they are. well not they, there is a single one. for now.

while the flesh beasts were not hostile to any maythorne-adjacent person, this is not the normal part of the world. there are no rules here.

the beast attacks but i avoid contact and beat the thing with my pipe. it lays

there, stunned for a while. i have to find a way to create a Rift. quick.

and here, like a non-natural deus ex machina, lays a dead maythorne with a knife in his hand. this is my chance. this is my moment.

i run. i have no other choice. i have to run.

the plan succeeds and now i have a reasonable tool to open a Rift. and of course something stops me right here. because the stunned beast is no longer stunned.

it jumps at me and temporarily crucifies me to the wet flesh floor. its claws bury themselves slowly into my arms.

i cut off it's paw but it seems like it does not feel the pain. it slowly opens its mouth revealing thousands of blade-like teeth. i put the knife straight through it's snout. i do it again. and again. and again. not only on its mouth, the closer body too. it slowly loses its energy. and then

it suddenly falls on its side. not retaining its shape. it is cut to pieces like butcher's meat.

finally. i can come home.

i bury the knife deep into the flesh mound (our Inner Vessel) and go straight through it, straight line, straight blade in flesh. the knife is out. bloody. i decide to keep the knife. there is no reason not to. now it is time for the gruesome part.

i bury my fingers deep into the wound and spread it in an orderly manner. finally. a Rift.

fortunately or not, this part of this world is collapsing and i do not have much time to spare. there are even more beasts coming straight to me. well.

time to go in.

farewell, Flesh Monster Reality.

welcome CoreLand.

i open my eyes and, as a suspect, i am in the dear cold void.

*hello. i hear welcome back aleph.*

*farewell, other world.*

**THE END.  
FOR NOW.**