



VEXSYS

ABDUCTION

OR, HOW TO GET YOURSELF INSTITUTIONALIZED

Designed and published by Gate Zero.

Writing licensed under Creative Commons Attribution Share-alike (CC BY-SA) © Vexsys 2020.

Cover image (Abduction) licensed under Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike (CC BY-NC-SA) © Neospare 2020.

Other images are copyleft.

First released May 22nd, 2020 on the Gregorian calendar.

Table of Contents

Guardian Angel	1
LOST	5
Ritual to Reveal Reality	16
Tortured For A Million Years by a Cornucopia of Extra-dimensional Creatures	18
Taxonomy and Removal of Warp and Plex Machines	20

Guardian Angel

"Are you hungry?"

She kept asking this question from the ground. I shifted my weight in the blind, annoyed that this strange woman kept drawing attention to my hideout. She giggled, wrapping her arms around the tree. "Don't you wanna come down? My camp has plenty of food."

I tried ignoring her. I focused my attention on my rifle, inspecting it again as I had the fifty times earlier. All good. Just like before. "Hey, stop ignoring me! I just wanna be friends!"

"Why the fuck would I be out here to make friends?!" I shouted back before I could stop myself.

I sighed, realizing my mistake. I inspected my rifle again, peering down the sight at a tree far off in the distance, pretending that I saw a target worth staring at. "Aren't you doing this for fun? Wouldn't it be more fun to make some friends instead of sitting here in solitude waiting for a deer that will never come?"

"How do you know one won't ever come?"

"Because I killed the one you were tracking earlier. A little family. I let the cute little baby live. It's hard to kill children, y'know. You're not supposed to kill the momma either, but she just looked so tasty. Couldn't stop myself."

"But did you kill the buck? I don't care about the momma."

"Well, he limped off somewhere. I'm sure my friends at camp caught up with him, though. I ran out here to find you, let you know that you're not alone in these woods."

"Why did you kill my buck for me?"

"Just trying to be friendly! These woods can be a dangerous place, you know."

"I've been out here plenty in my life, don't think I need some

chick's help surviving."

"That's only because you've had a guardian angel all these years. But now that guardian angel is gone, and you're in danger. It's safer for you down here on the ground. That tree's liable to fall over with you in it and crush your leg."

"I've never had a guardian angel. You don't have to mess with me. You already took my buck, just let me be."

"Everyone has a guardian angel! But every once in a while, they leave. Usually they aren't gone forever, but while they're gone the person they left is in grave danger. My dad always told me that I had a knack for sensing stuff like that."

"So, because my guardian angel left me, you stole my buck and now you won't stop pestering me? Do you know why I come out to these woods?"

"To hunt?"

"To be alone. But you're denying me both the ability to hunt and the ability to be alone, and I'd really rather you left me at least one of those, especially since now I have to find another deer."

I inspected my rifle. I fondled the bolt, wishing that I had something to shoot just to pass the time. I remembered my mom setting up a target far off in the trees for me to shoot when I was a kid. I missed her.

"Are you sad? Is that why you wanna be alone? To be alone with your thoughts?"

"No... Well, maybe. I dunno."

"It's dangerous to be sad all alone in the woods. Something could happen to you. You might decide to feed yourself to a bear."

"I'm just sad, I'm not suicidal."

"Sometimes people don't realize the difference until it's too

late. Look, Mister. Okay. My name is Kaye. Please come with me back to my camp. We can cook up some food. My friends should be back with your buck by now. We can give you the antlers as a present. Since you saw it before we did."

I grumbled. I looked to the sky, considering my options. The shape of the largest cloud looked familiar, like I'd seen it in a dream. I smiled. "Okay, fine."

Carefully, I started to climb down the tree, taking down the blind as I moved down the trunk. At the bottom, Kaye patted me on the back. "I'm Chester," I told her.

"Nice to meet you, Chester!" she beamed at me.

Kaye led me through the trees west, talking the whole time about her friends and her camp and her skills with a gun. "What made y'all come out here, anyway?" I asked her.

"It's that time of year. Sometimes you just gotta get away."

"Kinda weird that we went to the same spot in the woods. I've never seen anyone else out here."

"My dad used to take me out here to this very spot. But he's been dead a long time. Cancer."

"Sorry to hear that."

"It's okay, I know that he's watching over me in Heaven, now."

We got to the clearing. In the center was a single tent. Two deer, one the buck that I had been tracking, were sprawled out on the ground. They look like their throats had been torn out by a wild animal.

"Did you shoot these?" I asked.

"Yeah, of course I did."

"Then there's something else here, be careful."

"Don't worry, it's probably just my friends."

"So your friends aren't people?"

"They are, they just like to play tricks on people like you. They're not exactly uh, personable types. Until they get to know ya, anyway."

The trees on the far side of the clearing rustled. I inspected my gun again, racking the bolt and pointing it in the direction of the trees. "There's something here. It's not human."

I felt something cold in my back. Something dripped down my spine and gave me the chills. As I tumbled, I caught a glimpse of Kaye's beaming smile. Her eyes were a red hot inferno.

"You should never travel without your guardian angel, Chester. It's dangerous for people like you."

LOST

A few miles from their destination, Annie turned down the radio and turned to Rich, scrunching her face before speaking. "I'm afraid to meet your parents, you know? I've never done this before, and even if I had done it before I'd still be scared as fuck."

"What's there to be worried about? I'm sure they'll love you. You're a great, interesting, wonderful person and everyone who has ever met you adores you. My parents will be no different. Every time I talk to them, they ask me how you're doing. They love hearing about you. I'm sure it will be no different," Rich responded.

"Your parents are these successful bad-asses and my family are all boring hicks. I can't just casually bring up my summers spent in Paris or the Italian countryside like you can. I don't have any stories like that!"

"You're right. My parents are probably at least a little bit classist. But you're very likable and have several redeeming qualities that will likely make up for that. Just be yourself and be honest with them and I'm sure it'll go fine. Besides, it's only a week. If you hate them then we'll just never come back. I promise, okay?"

Annie sighed and turned to face the rolling hills to her right. "Sure. All right. You're right. It won't be so bad, maybe. And if it is. I never have to see them again! It'll just work out, somehow."

Rich turned the radio back up and left Annie to her own meltdown. His words had comforted her to some degree, but a horrible feeling had attached itself to her chest and no matter what phrase or thought she tried to use to pull it off of her heart it refused to budge. She knew that something terrible was going to happen during this vacation. The feeling always accompanied something bad happening, like the time she forgot the National Anthem right before she was supposed to sing it for the Homecoming game in high school, or the time she got yelled at online for sharing something from a classist meme page.

Annie took a deep breath and tried to calm down as they pulled into the driveway of an old farmhouse in the Oregon countryside. Rich's parents had retired here several years before when Rich left for graduate school in the big city. They were both lifelong academics, tenured and well respected in their field. Annie thought about all the crappy work she had ever done in her life and almost started crying again.

"Do you need a minute? I can bring everything inside," Rich offered.

"Please."

Rich unpacked the hatchback unceremoniously. They had packed lightly enough that Rich could unpack the car and bring it inside all in one trip. Annie wished she had more time to sit with herself to prepare what she was going to say, but as she started to formulate a greeting Rich's mother walked towards the car. Annie's eyes widened as she rushed to open the door and climb out.

"Hello Mrs. Penderson, I'm Annie! Nice to meet you!" Was that too forward? Too Excited? Fuck.

"Please, call me Martha. Unless you want to call me Doctor!" Martha exploded in a roar of laughter.

"Your house is very cute. I really like the... color." Annie stammered.

"Thank you dear, Robert picked it out. He was going for an earthy tone, like the house had risen out of the ground right here just for us. I don't know if he succeeded, but it does feel homey. Please come inside. Do you want some lemonade? How was your trip?" Martha made up for Annie's lack of social skills.

"Lemonade sounds great! The trip was all right. I'm used to driving across the country, though it was nice to make Rich drive most of the way. I much prefer being able to look out the window. We saw some cows and a huuuge buck!" Annie responded.

Her walls were being expertly sieged by Martha. Annie figured her sense of security was unfounded but also that it was too late: she was in the belly of the beast now. "I am making a roast, take a seat in the living room for now and dinner will be ready in a bit!" Martha interrupted her train of thought.

Rich came down the stairs with his hands empty. "Moving is all done babe."

Rich's dad descended the stairs after him. "So this is the woman that's captured my son's heart. Nice to meet you, the name's Leo."

Annie shook his hand. "I'm Annie. Are you also a Leo?"

Leo's eyes lit up. "Glad to see you've brought home a woman of taste, Rich! Why yes, I was born in July. My parents were hippies so naturally they would name me something that could be shortened to my sun sign. But alas, here we are. Maybe we should have named you Fish, huh Rich?"

Annie laughed. "At least Leo can be a real name. Though you do have to share it with Leo from Twin Peaks..."

"He makes all leos look bad! We are not nearly so deranged as that, I assure you!"

Martha interrupted their conversation. "Dinner's ready, loves!"

It had been two days with Rich's family, and Annie had exhausted her ability to keep herself busy in a world without high speed internet. She had only brought a couple of books and she intended to keep them meticulously unread, despite being informed that they had a family tradition of reading in the afternoon. Annie's job was reading and she did not want to do any work while she was on vacation, even if it meant watching grass grow.

She sat on a rocking chair on the porch of the house, staring at some neighbor's chickens. The neighborhood, to the extent it could be called a neighborhood, was small and mostly unfenced save a few coops and pens for animals. Most of the people were older. Clearly, this area was very popular with the

“retire to the wilds” crowd. Annie stared at her phone’s signal bars, waiting to catch a whiff of the ability to google something.

A third bar flashed. She jumped on the opportunity quickly. Fun things to do near me

Search. Loading. Loading. Loading. Loading. Search returned. Three hits.

Haunted House (*closed for repairs*)

Corn Maze (*summer only*)

Deadlines Bar (*Open until 3am*)

Annie’s eyes lit up. A bar? Here? She checked the reviews. 4 star average. “Cool fun place to chill. Strong drinks.” “My friends and I hang out here often. Old school jukebox.” “Punks, bikers, and weirdos unite!” “Vermin hellhole.”

She went inside to find Rich, who was seated on the couch with his parents. They were all reading. “Hey, have either of you ever been to Deadlines?” Annie asked Martha and Leo.

“Deadlines? No, what’s that?” Leo asked.

“It’s a bar near here. Only a few miles away.”

“Weird. No, I thought there weren’t any bars in town,” Martha responded.

“What kind of vibe is it?” Rich asked.

“Looks like it might be a biker bar,” Annie said.

“That sounds kinda suss. Still could be fun. Maybe I could finally get into a fight to defend your honor or something.”

“Please, Rich, they’d kick your ass.” Annie rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, but you’d still love me for it.”

“Do you wanna go tonight?”

"Tonight, on a Wednesday? Sure. It can't be that busy, can it? What time were you thinking?"

"9? 10? They're open until 3 so like, we have plenty of time."

"Let's make it 11," Rich said. "Hey mom, pops, you wanna come too? We can have a double date."

"No thanks, Rich. 11 is past my bedtime. I need my beauty sleep, after all!" Leo responded, politely declining the offer.

"That's too bad. Another time maybe. If we check it out and the place seems cool," Annie said.

"Then maybe for sure!" Martha answered what hadn't yet become a question.

Eleven took forever to happen. Time seemed to move slower here. With nothing else to do, Annie had taken the time to get done up a bit sexy to go out. However, for her this meant putting some make-up on and wearing one of her nicer outfits. This took about forty minutes in spite of the hard resets she performed while applying eyeliner. She looked at the clock and it blared 10:30PM at her.

Thirty minutes until eleven and it only takes about ten minutes to get there. Annie had another twenty minutes to kill. Time to have a panic attack.

What was the absolute worst thing that could happen to her at Deadlines? She went through the list. Murder. Rape. Pillage. Robbery. Kidnapping. Getting too drunk. Getting too high. Having a generally bad time.

Realistically, with Rich, the worst thing that happens is she has a bad night. Even getting raped and murdered is better than sitting at home watching the clock until the overpriced wine puts her to sleep. Annie sighed in relief and sat in front of the window, staring out into the pitch black night.

The road leading to Deadlines Bar was hard to see, even with brights on. Something about the air quality fogged everything up, obfuscated what little information could be gleaned

without artificial lamps overhead. The sky was clear and Annie watched a shooting star streak across it. She pointed at it as it blinked out on the horizon. "A shooting star!"

"Oh, sweet. Hopefully that means our night is fun."

"Can't be any less fun than going to bed at 10:30," Annie replied, smirking.

"Yeah, but if my dad doesn't get his beauty sleep he ages ten years. Trust me. You don't want that. If you thought he was annoying then..."

"He wasn't any worse than my dad. At least he doesn't quote show tunes."

"He hasn't done it yet, anyway. Tomorrow at dinner I'm going to ask him how he feels about Cats."

"Please, spare me."

They pulled into the parking lot of Deadlines Bar. There were only a few other cars parked. A few motorcycles, too. They could feel the bass of the metal music playing on the jukebox from outside. They went in. The bartender, an older guy, gave them a nod as they approached. "Y'all new around here..." It wasn't exactly a question or statement. "Welcome to Deadlines, what can I get ya?"

"I'll take a Rainier and uhh. Whiskey coke," Rich said handing over his ID and debit card.

"Gin and tonic for me, thanks! Put it on his card." Annie showed her ID to the bartender.

He prepared their drinks quickly and then went back to whatever he was doing: a cross between watching a re-run of a baseball game on silent with cleaning out glasses. Rich led Annie to a table in the middle of the room. They sat sipping on their beverages in silence, taking in the place.

"It's not as loud as I expected. I wonder if all the people here are regulars," Rich said.

"We could always ask. We're not gonna have any fun if we don't meet anyone new."

"Yeah. I just have to get a little drunk first."

Rich chugged his beer and took a sip of his whiskey coke. Annie stirred her drink with the straw. As he rose from his seat, the door of the establishment burst open and a rowdy crew piled in. There were only five of them but they carried themselves like a swarm of bats. Their leader approached the bar and ordered the first round before leading the group to the table next to Annie and Rich.

They sat quietly trying to eavesdrop on the conversation of this new group. Their leader noticed them but tried not to draw attention to herself. "Hey those two have never been here before right?" she whispered.

The rest of them nodded. She nodded back. She stood up and approached their table as the rest of her crew followed suit. "Whats up. I'm Katie. It's always refreshing to see a new face around here. You just move or what?"

"My parents live here now. We're visiting them for Spring Break. I'm Rich," he introduced himself.

"I'm Annie. Nice to meet you."

Katie bowed her head. "Pleasure's all mine. That's Mel, Brick, Nathan, and Alice. This has been our bar since before we were old enough to drink. Nice little place, huh?"

Annie couldn't keep the names of the crew straight, but figured it probably didn't matter. Katie was exactly who she wanted to meet tonight, though she didn't know it when she first made the plan. Katie was a couple inches taller than her with short black hair, nearly a chelsea cut but not quite right. Her teeth were too sharp and her eyes cut right through whatever she looked at. She was the most beautiful woman Annie had ever laid eyes on. "Yes, I like it. Strong drinks at a good price," Annie responded.

"So is this all there is to do around here, then?" Rich asked.

“Nah. But Deadlines is the place for the chilling to happen. It’s the after party zone. It’s where all good times start and where all good times end. Round and round it goes. The people might come and go but the ride stays the same. You can always count on it.”

“That’s neat,” Annie said, trying not to blush.

Rich noticed and laughed at her. “Hey Annie, why are your cheeks so red? You already drunk?”

Annie looked down at her nearly untouched gin & tonic. “Yeah I guess so...”

Katie and the crew laughed and laughed. “So you’re college types huh. What do you study?”

“Economics,” Rich answered.

“Poetry. Uhhh, specifically modern poetry,” Annie added.

“I don’t know much about either of those. That’s cool though. I dropped out my first semester because it sucked. Ended up meeting Mel there though. And we’ve been friends ever since,” Katie said.

“For sure!” Mel finished their tallboy and crushed the can on the table.

“So do y’all just drink and shoot the shit?” Annie asked Katie.

“Most of the time. But tonight’s special! So if y’all want you can tag along for our March ritual. New friends always get to participate. If they survive, then we can consider them our friends.”

Rich laughed. “I’m down. I always wanted to join a fraternity.”

Alice shook her head. “It’s not like that, man. It’s a bit more serious. If you don’t take it seriously someone could get hurt.”

“For real?” Annie asked.

“Yeah, for real.” Brick answered. “We had a sixth member for a

time. J Ended up institutionalized for like two months because he didn't properly respect them. They did something to his head. Now when you look at him you can't put your finger on it but there's something wrong."

"He could fix it if he wanted. He just doesn't want to. He likes being that way. J's too stubborn." Nathan's tone suggested that this had been a running argument in the group.

"You just think he feels guilty for what he let happen. That's not his problem, dude. It's not some weird-ass Christian morality coming into play at the last second," Brick retorted.

Elsewhere, J went into convulsions.

"Do y'all have to have this argument every time? Shut the fuck up!" Katie demanded.

The group was quiet for a while, everyone sipping on whatever was left of their beers. "Here, I'll buy the next round." Brick got up and approached the bar.

"Nevertheless, we have dealings to do later. You're both welcome to join, if you're still feeling up for it. It shouldn't be anything too dangerous. Just hanging out and being friends and giving thanks to the spirits who keep our world from collapsing upon itself. You know?" Katie said.

"That sounds pretty cool," Annie admitted. "What do you think Rich?"

"If I'm not too drunk by the end of this, for sure."

Brick returned with a round for everyone. Annie downed her gin & tonic and took the tallboy from Brick. They toasted to new friendship. Mel began a story about one of their first trips to meet the spirits while Annie just stared and stared at Katie. She wasn't really paying attention but she picked up the common theme of ecstatic experience as it relates to whatever these spirits were. If they got this drunk every night, she wouldn't be surprised if they were always seeing spirits.

Rich was half asleep as Katie poked him in the forehead. "Hey.

Bud. We're leaving. Let's go!"

J experienced a code blue for the last time.

Katie owned a truck. It was only 2am, so the bar would be open for a bit longer. Rich, too drunk to drive home, asked the bartender if it was okay to leave his car in the parking lot. He piled into the back of Katie's truck. Annie sat up front on the bench seat, right in between Katie and Brick, who helped Katie find the turn-off. Annie rested her head on Katie's shoulder as she drove, a quick nap before the real party began.

They arrived in a clearing of trees. The ground glistened in the moonlight. Annie figured it was probably glass from broken bottles. "Y'all party here a lot, huh?" she asked.

"For sure. At least once a month. It's our job. We take care of this town," Nathan responded.

"That's dope."

Rich could barely keep his eyes open. "So what are we doing?"

"Well Rich, since you're new, you get to be the sacrifice. Stand in the middle of the circle!" Katie ordered.

The rest of the group was encircling the clearing. Annie held Katie's hand, but mostly because she was too intoxicated to stand up on her own. Rich stood in the middle for a while but had to sit down after the trees started to spin. "What the fuck is going on? I didn't drink that much."

"We call upon the builders of the world, the great masons of time, to hear our pleas! Keep the world from crumbling one more minute, one more hour, one more day, one more week, one more month, that we may enjoy one another's company a bit longer! Hold our world up and keep the firmament from tumbling down upon our heads! We offer you this sacrifice!"

Rich laughed. He didn't really care about what was happening, he just wanted to go home and go to bed. But first he had to sober up. He felt the urge to lay down and gave into it. Overhead, three lights started to descend upon him.

Rich could no longer move. The faces got closer. Small with huge eyes. He heard Annie's moans on the periphery of the circle. The humans had undressed and were engaging in carnal pleasures. The other things were only focused on him. Rich's body went numb. Whatever they were doing to him, he had no power over. He tried to block it out but when he closed his eyes he still saw them. What the fuck was happening?

He woke up in the back of Katie's truck, Annie asleep next to him. "What the fuck?!"

The truck was moving. He climbed over the side, bare ass against metal, at 35 miles an hour. He started to run as fast as he could. He had to get home. Wherever home was. A local picked him up as the sun rose.

Three days later, Annie visited him in the hospital. "How's it going, love?"

She ran a hand through his hair. He shuddered and pulled her hand off of him. "Get the fuck away from me. You did this!"

"Did what? Rich. What happened? You drove us home from Deadlines but when I woke up you weren't there. What happened baby?"

"No. We were with Katie. She did something to me. Let something happen to me. You mean you don't remember?"

"Rich. Who is Katie?"

Elsewhere in the hospital, J's body was wheeled out of the morgue.

Ritual to Reveal Reality

We are caught up in the chains of the time-circuit in our day-to-day lives. In order to do truly extreme forms of sorcery, we must bore holes in these technologies and find out what is on the other side.

The first step to do this is to banish the time-circuit. Then you will invoke the warp and plex simultaneously.

PREPARATION :

For at least 24 hours before doing this ritual, you must not speak, read, or communicate with others. Leave a note on the fridge before, wear a piece of paper explaining the situation, whatever must be done in order to avoid communication. This includes watching television or listening to any type of music. You are required to truly unplug. This period also includes fasting and meditation but the exact scheduling of these aspects are left up to the practitioner.

RITUAL :

After the required preparations, draw a triangle on the ground within your ritual space. Have one of the corners of the triangle facing south. This is where you will be facing. You may imbibe substances during this ritual in order to amplify certain effects, but these are not needed for success.

With the triangle completed, either sit or stand within it. Face south and begin with a general banishing of your choice.

Once the first banishing has been completed, begin with banishing Murmur and zones 1 and 8: "OH MURMUR, great lemur of the deep, I implore you to cease your communications with me and be banished! I force you and your influence out of this space for as long as I will! I command the energies of zone 1 to cease affecting my environment and dissipate! I command the energies of zone 8 to cease affecting my environment and dissipate! Reveal the outside to me!"

Now, move on to Oddubb: "OH ODDUBB, great lemur of the

swamp, I implore you to cease your communications with me and be banished! I force you and your influence out of this space for as long as I will! I command the energies of zone 2 to cease affecting my environment and dissipate! I command the energies of zone 7 to cease affecting my environment and dissipate! Reveal the outside to me!”

Finally, do Katak:

“OH KATAK, great lemur of the desert, I implore you to cease your communications with me and be banished! I force you and your influence out of this space for as long as I will! I command the energies of zone 4 to cease affecting my environment and dissipate! I command the energies of zone 5 to cease affecting my environment and dissipate! Reveal the outside to me!”

Now you must invoke the warp and the plex. Begin with Uttunul: “OH UTTUNUL, great lemur of the void, I invoke you into my heart and soul! I beg your attention in this place, which represents the deepest reaches of myself! I command the energies of zone 9 to fill this space and reveal the outside to me! I command the energies of zone 0 to fill this space and reveal the outside to me! Come within now!”

Next, Djynxx. “OH DJYNXX, great lemur of the vortex, I invoke you into my heart and soul! I beg your attention in this place, which represents the deepest reaches of myself! I command the energies of zone 6 to fill this space and reveal the outside to me! I command the energies of zone 3 to fill this space and reveal the outside to me! Come within now!”

Remember everything you can, for it will be overwhelming. When you have had enough of them, state clearly: “I am ready to return to the land of the living!”

Repeat until you come back.

Tortured For A Million Years by a Cornucopia of Extra- dimensional Creatures

Why not get tortured for a million years by a cornucopia of extra-dimensional creatures?

First off, you must understand that lemurian signal does not come in “clean” or “pure”, especially amphydemonic or xenodemonic signals. The holes that are forcibly torn in the fabric of the time-circuit when contact is made with one of these entities is not something that the time-circuit is meant to withstand. As such, pus and impurity are guaranteed throughout this work.

The impulse-entity is an example of this impurity in action. What are these creatures? Are they dangerous? Do they act like the allied legions of the great kings of Ars Goetia? Or are they something else entirely? Little is publicly known about the role of imps at this time. Know this: the same questions can be asked of nanodemons as well.

So with this impure signal, it's only a matter of time before trafficking in these forces leads to a build-up of malignant or maligned energy. Even with the natural antibodies that this world has designed for the purpose of protecting it against alien influence, infections can develop. Without the ability to clean up these impurities, your fate will slowly deteriorate as you fall outside of time. It may happen slowly at first: paranoia, hallucination, memory loss, etc.

However, if left unchecked, these symptoms can grow into truly horrific things: abduction experiences, loss of self, papamummy problems, inability to perform basic reason, belief in conspiracy theories, and finally death.

It is easy to imagine how death could be the final step of trafficking in these signals, but sadly that is not the case. The impurities will latch onto your soul if you die under their

influence, and your Will shall be broken up into millions of pieces and feasted on by the cornucopia of creatures behind the walls for eternity. Can your soul feel the teeth gnashing on it already?

Thou art not glad thou meddled with magick?

Taxonomy and Removal of Warp and Plex Machines

What follows is a consideration of the aspects and effects of various Warp and Plex machines (or entities) as they might manifest in the time-circuit. These machines, outside of the major amphidemonic and xenodemonic swarms, rarely have names or even coherent understandings of Self. Instead, they are intelligent programs enacting their code. This programming rarely has been created with limiting factors, instead requiring other machines to redirect the flow. In other words, these are the entities that come when you channel impure numogrammatic signals which originated from Outside.

The first step in identifying them is to collect a list of their properties. Beginning with the five senses, move towards emotional states as well as mental influences. Do they make you angry? Do they make you sad? Do they depress you? Do they sap your energy? Do they make you think thoughts that you've never thought before (especially relating to unusual pattern recognition and/or paranoid thought cycles)? Are they ugly? Are they smart? Are they scheming?

After you have collected a sufficient amount of information about how the entities manifest themselves in the time-circuit, you must determine which lemurs' influence may have caused their appearance. To do this, you must look at the given information about the amphidemons. There are two main types of amphidemons: warp amphidemons and plex amphidemons.

Warp amphidemons are characterized primarily by spiral patterns. They feed upon inconsistency, uncertainty, and junk. The impurities left behind are volatile, reactive, and hard to pin down.

Plex amphidemons are characterized by totalizing directionality and singularity points. They feed upon dreams, sterility, and space itself. The impurities left behind can be described as pits where something once was that you do not

miss.

You are likely going to find similarities between the machines that have invaded your life with one or more of the amphydemons, but they will be particular and distinct experiences. These machines can cause more holes the longer they are allowed to work, so left unchecked you may be unable to pin down only one or two possible sources.

Regardless of how many holes there are, you must now patch them up. You have two options of doing this: either you may use a cyclic chronodemon to fill in the holes before revitalizing your reality through careful time-circuit pathworking, or you may use an amphydemon to clean up the mess. 9::4 and 4::3 are good for this work. While there is a degree of danger in employing either of these lemurs, their ability to clean up the unnecessary machines is unmatched.

As part of patching up the hole, you may feel it necessary to determine from where the hole's exact source came from. This is slightly more useful with warp machines, as they can appear either from zone 5 or zone 2, and these two positions have distinct characteristics and appearances. With the plex, regardless of its original starting point, zone 8 somehow bottomed out into zone 9, and so there is a clear hole to be fixed. With only three possible pathways to the outside in the time-circuit (Gate-36, Gate-3, and Gate-15) it should not be hard to determine the source of the machines.

Using cyclic chronodemons to patch up the holes requires finding the source of the hole and then redirecting that energy flow somewhere else. This acts as retrochronal sorcery, reaching backwards in order to ensure that a failure never happens at all. The damage to your Self will stay behind, however, though a separate version of you may go on elsewhere as though nothing ever happened. It is for this reason that time-circuitry pathworking must be performed as part of your recovery. The only way to heal from this damage is to move forward through the stages. Once you have made it back to where the hole was created, you can consider your work complete.

