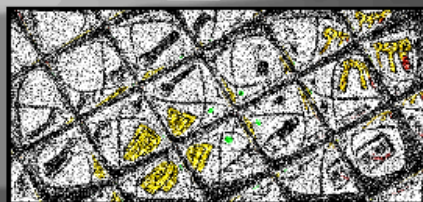


# GHOST QUEST SESSION 17


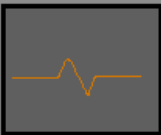

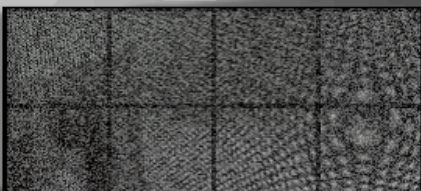
<https://boards.fireden.net/vg/thread/106352645/>



[4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4444444444444444stQuest





	PH. HEALTH	SANITY	
		INV:	

You are in a location that you are unfamiliar with, you are also in a form you are unfamiliar with.

ROLL: 6


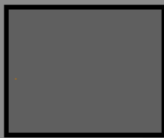

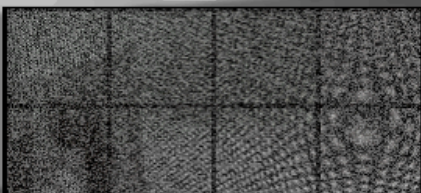
There is no definite >>106356083

[ 02\_ 20-26 x 8888888feelings to be felt, although you feel quite good all things considered, on a mental level- your faculties are here, **but you just can't seem to remember why you're here but there's a reason, almost certainly.**



There is a LUCKY ROLL: 4 man in a chair across from you and an open door to your back. You feel a strong sense of no(+2)stalgia for this place.



	PH. HEALTH	SANITY	
		INV:	

>>106357549

You have no fingers with which to grip the ledge. However,>>106357689

[3-4 ] you discover ROLL: 4 that you can will yourself to-

Pain.

No pain, never mind, though the concept is fami>>106357494



[3]liar, you definitely see the yellow briefly. You find that with focus you can will yourself forward.

You >>106353116

[ACC\_LINE: 5 [ 18 ]were never afraid of heights in the first place, after all.

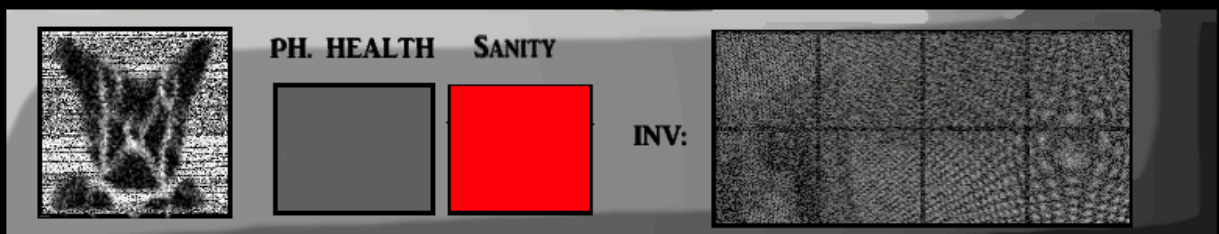
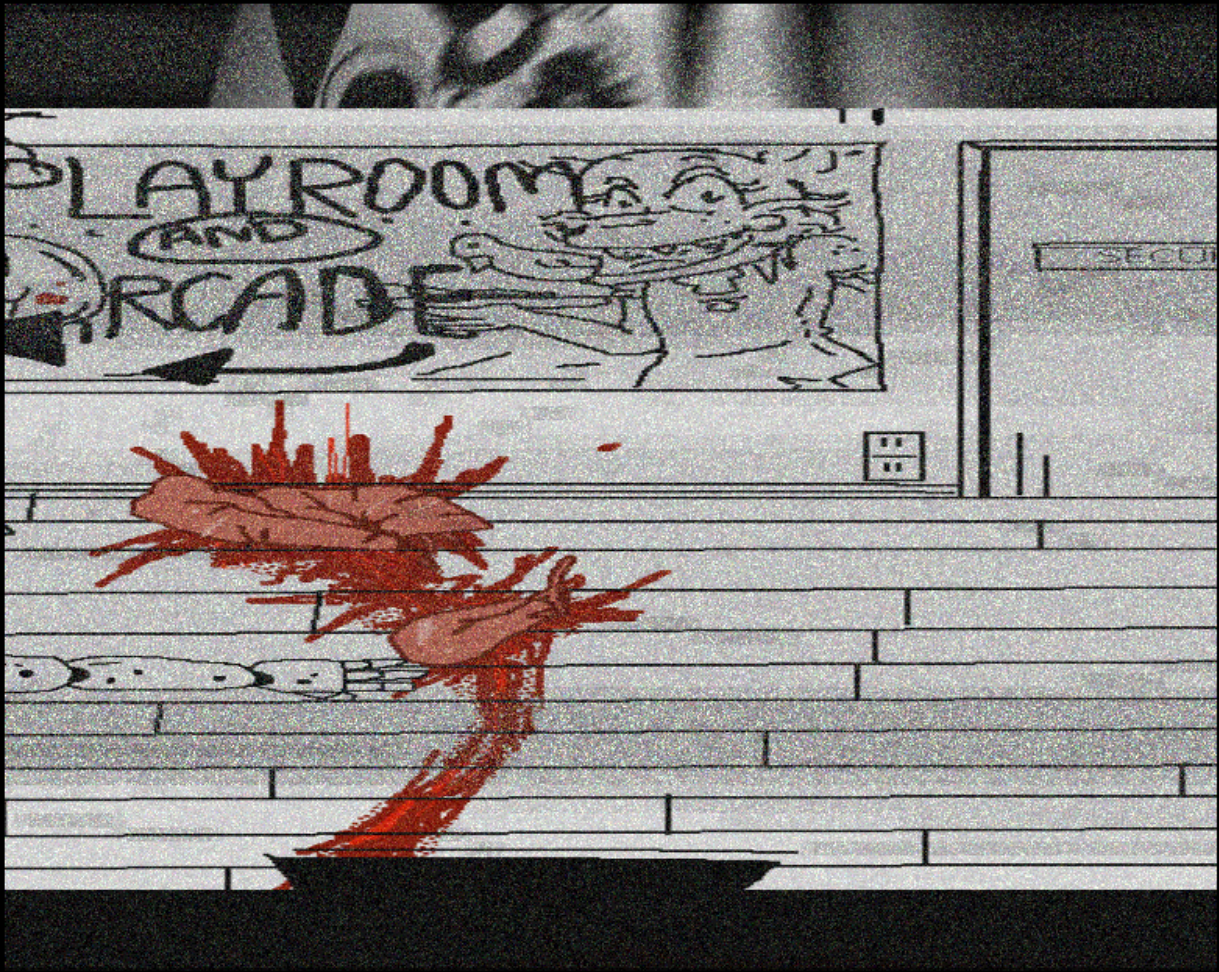
>>106357741

You have no tools of your own, for you have no pockets, and as such you don't have any tools of your own, because you don't have any- any place to put them. Or use them, but that's fine too.

LUCKY ROLL FOR PERCEPTION: 2 (+2) = 4

Most of what you detect from your ears is white noise and something soft and tinny. Footsteps in main hall, foot? No, not feet.





"Hello, my name is >>106358049 [L\_02 :: 02 ] >>106357732 [02], who are you?"

7 LUCKY: 3

...

This man doesn't seem very talkative.

*That's because...*

Because-



Something sharp is digging in, burning, but- bu->>106357780 [01-09] t

But that's because *Fritz is dead.*

You are... Phillip. You recall that much. You aren't certain why you are here, but there is a reason.

You- you don't fully understand the implications, something heavy seems to be pulling you down when you try and think too hard on it, so you push the thoughts behind you and instead focus on the hall- hall.

Hall. >>106358651

>>106358629

>>106358581

LU: 2

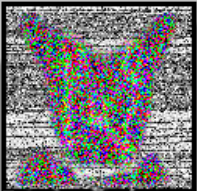
You hear something still, close but you can't detect which direction the sound stems from.

ROLL: 1


You feel something warm leaking, but it's not worth worrying about.








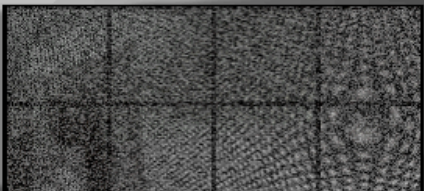
PH. HEALTH



SANITY



INV:



>>106359224

ROLL TO SUSTAIN:

>>10635 (3) 9224

>>106359224 LUCKY ROLL: 1 (-1)

>>106359286 [ LIIII\_02 REP X9 ]

>>106359478

You notice an arm on the tile, it seems familiar, riddled with holes and-

>>106355527 [24 - IND. LET: 1-3 KEEP \_\_\_\_XXXXXX ]

>>106359452

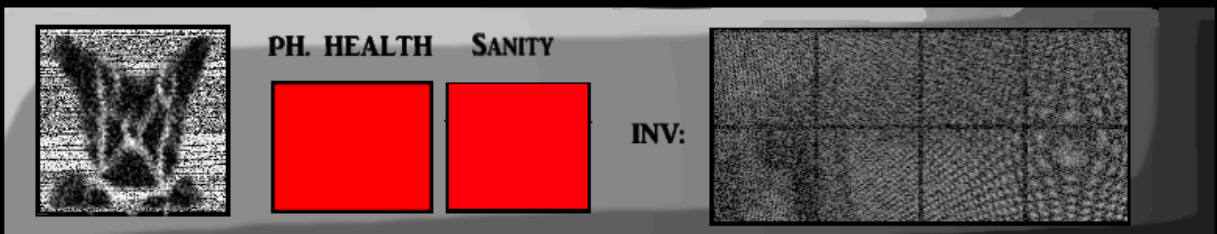
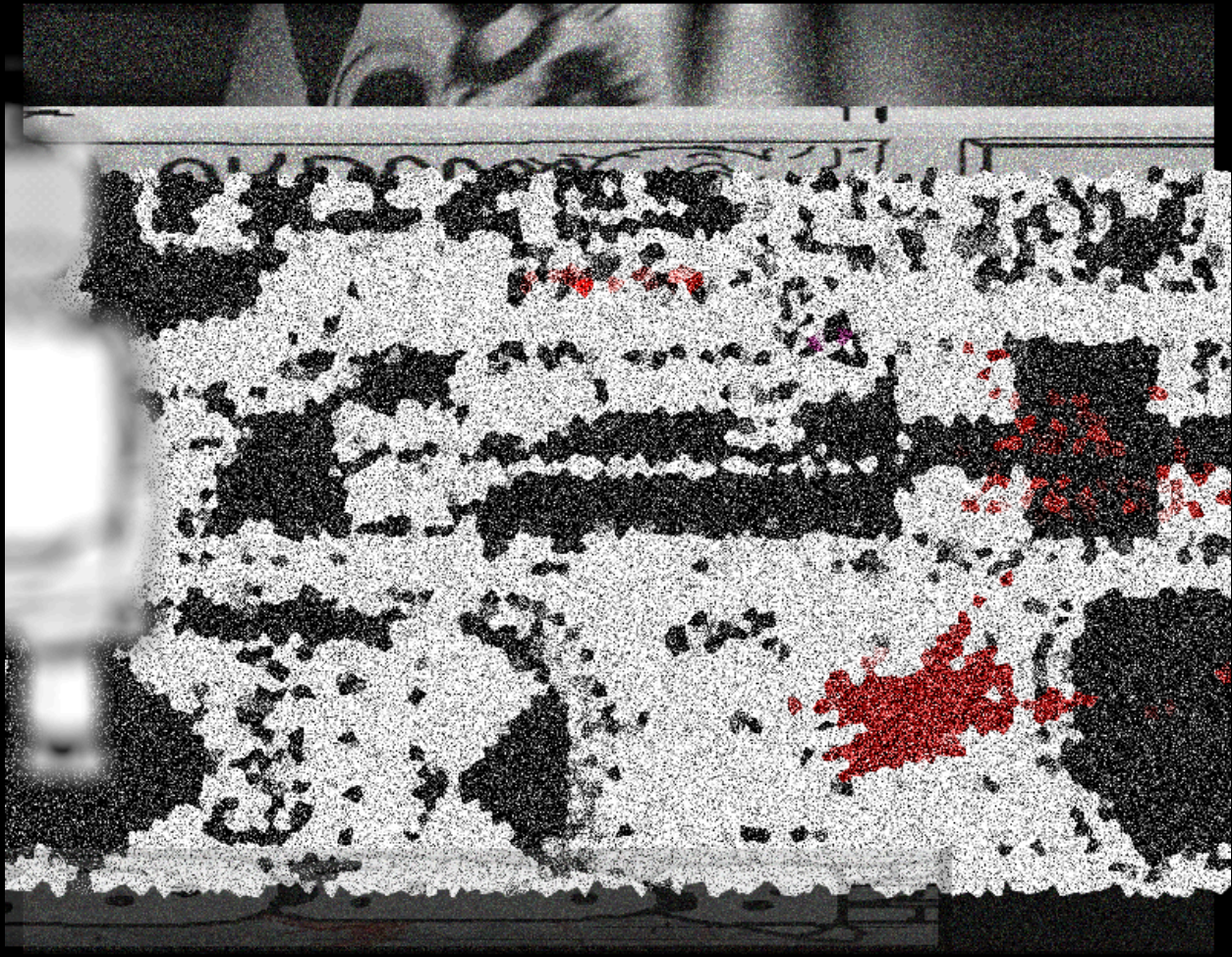
Time to travel left, the location feels more familiar, though movement is slow, not as light as you felt moments ago.

You see it but- Damn, you wish that cold thing would stop pressing against you.

3 .4 LUCKY (null)

You feel a secondary pulling, the cold growing more present, though not on you, but pressed against you. How long has it been? Is it relevant? Someone is whispering something, but not here.





>>106360478 [05-06]

She doesn't want to, but she seems rather panicked for some reason.

>>106360487

There was a reason, you know there was, something- but, goddammit it's cold, and the tension is tight. Too tight.

You hear2 a dull echo behind you, but not behind you LUCKY now, you see-

ROLL: 3

No, no, no, you don't understand, this is so new, you can't leave, not yet.

... But they can wait, can't they? Isn't this more >>106359478 [05] , >>106361318 [LI\_2 : 02 ]  
?

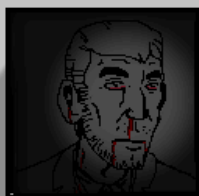
## GHOSTQUEST:

LOADING...



### PREVIOUSLY

- ACQUIRED A PINK KEY CARD
- FAILED TO ACCESS THE ENTRANCE SAFE
- ATTEMPTED TO MANIFEST AS A SHADOW



PH. HEALTH SANITY



INV:





*With a loud bang, you find yourself in a state of extreme pain, your lungs filling with a substance that feels foreign.*

LUCKY ROLL: 3

ROLL TO ESCAPE: 3

SESSION 17 INITIALIZING:

PREVIOUSLY ON GHOSTQUEST:

You are Phillip Harper. You've managed to uncover a pink key card to delve deeper into Them territory. After discussing the matter with Oracle you have attempted to manifest yourself as a Shadow into the Pizzeria.

Welcome back to GhostQuest.

You didn't want to leave.



	PH. HEALTH	SANITY	INV:				

*You are jerked back to reality by a burning pain in your side, the smell of gunpowder, and to Oracle.*

LUCKY ROLL: 4 (+2)

ROLL to NOT VOMIT: 2 (+2) = 4

You manage to swallow down the sickly bile racing up your throat as you try to comprehend the images growing around you outside of the manifestation. Your head is pounding, and you can feel four holes in your skull burning as though they were drilled into you with some form of hot iron. You feel your blood leaking from where the four hooks had embedded themselves into you.



This pain is matched by another, the feeling of a different sort of burning agony and a wetness along your side giving off a strong burning scent. You find your arm, trembling, reach your side and gaze at the red coating your palm. You feel sticky, disgusting, and racked with pain.

As if in slow motion, you gaze, mouth-limp to your right to find Oracle sitting beside you, your gun dropped in front of her.

Her voice doesn't register immediately as you collapse onto your rump, feeling exhausted and still not quite sure of your bearings.

"-Lip!? Ph... Lip? I'm sorry, I'm so sorry- it was all I could think to do-"

You are too tired to formulate any sort of answer, just barely aware as you feel two endoskeletal hands reach around your back, trying to pull you closer to her.

Her voice has lost its usual composure, you feel dizzy and nauseous.



	PH. HEALTH	SANITY	INV:										
		<table border="1"><tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr><tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr></table>											

*You aren't sure if you can pull back from this.*

>>106364646

>>106364676

>>106364704

LUCKY ROLL: 3

ROLL to STABILIZE: 5

"F... Fuh-" Your throat is still full of bile and possibly blood, you sputter as you try to speak out.

"Fuck."



"Phillip? Are you alright? I - the machine started doing something strange, and you started convulsing and there was a tube, I had to do it, I tried to aim for a non-vital organ-"

You're still too messed up to say much, the pain is extreme. Considering what you've endured to this point that is saying a lot.

You feel the two steel hands grip you tightly around your back, it hurts a lot. It dawns on you slowly that this doesn't simply be a comfortable embrace.


"Phillip, I'm so sorry, I... hesitated. I should have shot sooner, there was a tube that... stuck into the back of your neck, it started pouring something down your throat. I... don't know what it is- The whole room was blaring alarms and the computers were having issues functioning as soon as you began to Manifest."

Pouring? Some kind of injection?


"Phillip, you... have to find a way to get whatever They injected you with out, I wouldn't rule out it being some form of toxin as a defense mechanism against non-Them Units trying to access the Manifest Station."

You exhale weakly, coughing again- You're in extremely bad shape, the mere thought of forcing yourself to purge on top of everything else sounds like death.







PH. HEALTH



SANITY



INV:




*There must be something you can do.*

>>106364454

You are Oracle, and you've just shot your best friend and companion.

You feel guilty, but given the circumstances there was no other option. The most guilt stems from your hesitancy to pull the trigger, were you a bit faster you could have gotten to him before They could inject so much of that strange fluid into him.

He looks to be in extremely poor shape, while attempting to vomit out whatever was pumped into him would be mostly beneficial, the act itself seems likely to potentially kill him at this point. Phillip seems aware of this.



"I... don't know if I can do that Oracle, I'm-" he stops, coughing again, his eyes lulling back slightly. You squeeze your hands into his back, you hate to add further pain to his situation but-

"You must stay awake regardless, you can't afford to fall asleep after having lost so much blood and having experienced this degree of trauma."

"Then what... Do I do?" Phillip asks you, his gray eyes gazing down at you, trembling occasionally.

"I..." You pause, processing the current actions you could take.

"I'm going to try and speak to Unit .3 again, or anyone I can find, I'll try to find some way to help you."

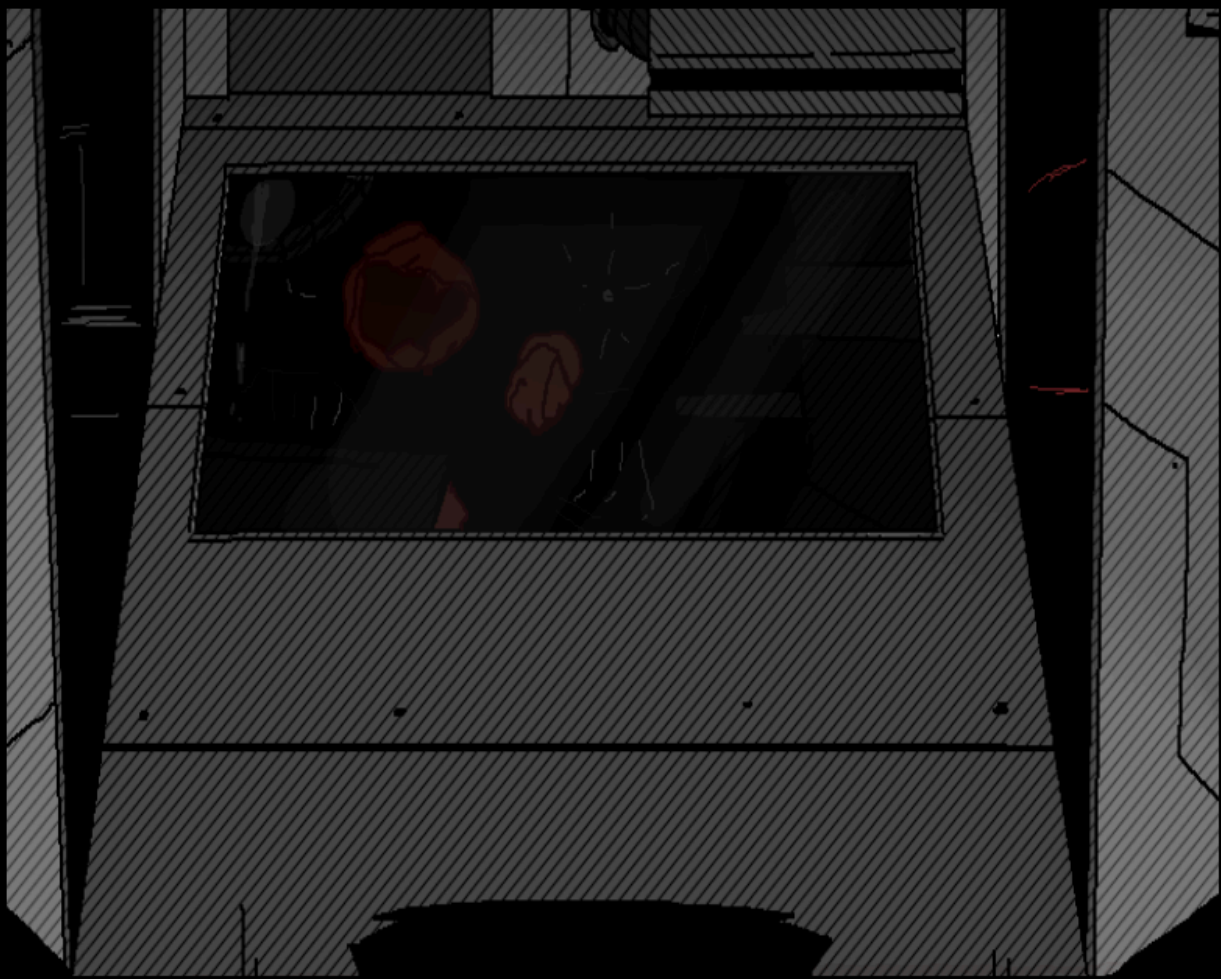
"... Are you sure you'll be okay alone?"


Another pang of guilt, a feeling that until this strange evening was entirely alien to you, though lately it's become a recurring state for you.

"I'll be fine Phillip, just... stay quiet and stay awake and wait for me. And stay safe."


You still have Phillip's gun with you, with one bullet left. Now that you don't have to use both arms to wrap around Phillip, you can carry an additional item.

You help set Phillip against the wall, he sets his head into his arms, clearly still shaken.






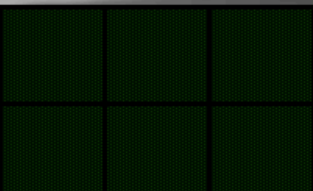

PH. HEALTH



SANITY



INV:



*So far so good.*

>>106369586

While you spent most of your existence monitoring security feeds since being given sentence, you did watch enough kids and families interact with each other throughout the Loops to pick up on Phillip's distress in his features. You doubt you'd be very good at giving pep talks, but...

LUCKY ROLL: 4 (+2)

ROLL to CHEER UP: 3 (+2) = 5

"You're going to be fine, you've come this far Phillip. Just hold out a little bit longer, this will all work out. I'm certain of it." You lie.



Phillip reaches out to you before you can leave, and you feel the palm of his hand pat the top of your eye. His body temperature is worryingly cold.

"I know. Hurry back." And with that, he sets his head back into his arms.

You have no time to lose, so you don't take anything from Phillip before rushing to the main room. You're quite fast, fortunately, and the main door is still locked tight... Hopefully whatever was behind it will remain on that side. In your current state you doubt you'd last long in any violent confrontation.

You feel apprehensive at the thought of talking to Unit .3 again. Phillip may have found some way of trusting it, but after all the horrible things you've overseen Them perform, you aren't ready to give anything spawning from Them even the tiniest smidgen of trust.

Especially not after what they did to Fritz.

... That doesn't matter right now, you need to focus, if there was ever a time to embrace your non-organic mentality, now is that time.



*We have to keep moving.*

>>106370839

Unfortunately, you only oversaw the Pizzeria itself, and even if you did ever oversee Them's... factory(for lack of a better term to describe it), it's clearly been wiped from your memory. You'll have a more easy time navigating the vents then Phillip (for some reason moving through vents has always been akin to second nature for you) but the vent you and Phillip traveled earlier was clearly one way only with no room to deviate from.

It all boils down to Unit .3 at this point.

LUCKY ROLL: 2

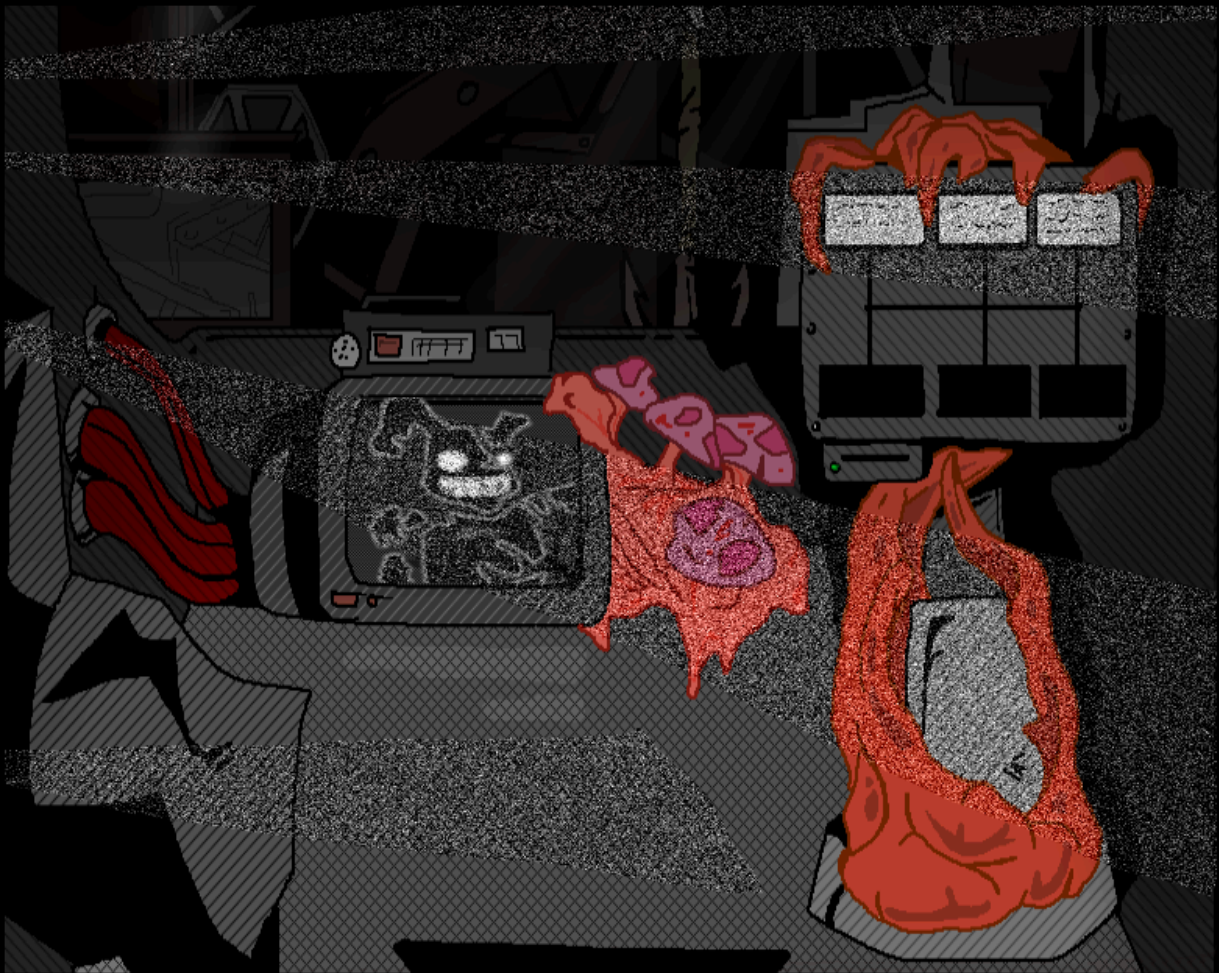













ROLL for PERCEPTION: 6

Before you can bolt into the vent, you see it from the corner of your eye on the screen, the familiar silhouette of Unit .2. You hear its voice rattle from the screen, patronizing and dry as usual, as though talking to a child with no real interest in what you'd have to say in the first place.

"Hm, We, as in I, didn't expect to see you alone here. Proves the alarm that someone had tampered with the main safe and equipment wasn't a false reading. Where exactly is your human friend, Miss Oracle?"

The vent is right in front of you, but knowing Unit .2 is already aware of where you and Phillip have been makes you anxious.



	<b>PH. HEALTH</b>	<b>SANITY</b>	<b>INV:</b>				
							

*Certain.*

>>106371828

"Why do you want to know?" You ask, eyeing the screen suspiciously. The silhouette on the screen is unmoving, just a voice.

"... Because We, referencing myself in this case, are simply curious as to what Our anomaly has been getting into lately. Unit .4 swore it heard noises in the vents and ... voices, and with these alarms, We just want to know what you two are scheming."

>>106371806

... The situation is desperate. The temptation to lie is there, but... would it do any good?

"We aren't certain yet, Phillip is... gravely injured, he's been-"

"Injected? We aren't stupid. After Fritz's bad habit of fooling around with Our Manifestation equipment, it's only logical to put countermeasures into play for anyone trying to access it that isn't one of Us."

... It knew. They knew.

"Then what did you inject Phillip with!?"

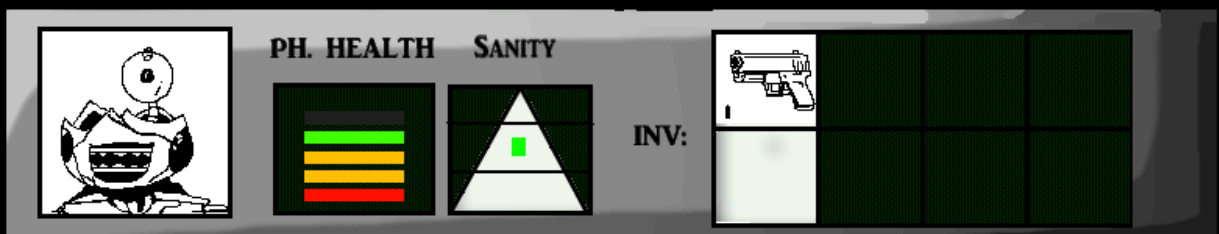
A dry cracking sound, followed by a sigh.

"Why do you care so much about him anyways? After so many years of assisting Us, why now to choose to take up a rebellious streak? What reason do you have at all to care about what happens to one Human after you've seen to and even assisted Us in wiping out so many others Loop after Loop?"

>>106371916

"I need to keep moving, Phillip is going to die if I don't-"

"... Are you certain about that? What reason would We want Phillip dead for? *Are you really thinking this through, Miss Oracle?*"



*We have much to learn.*

>>106373354

"That doesn't matter, what matters is what you've injected him with."

Unit .2 pauses.

"He's not going to die from it, We will at least let you know that much. In any case, We, in pure reference to myself alone, doesn't want Phillip to die just yet as of now. In fact, We, as in I, would benefit best were he to live."

>>106373404



"Why though? Why the change of heart, and why should I believe you in the first place?"

"Why should you believe Us, as in I... well..."

What you hear is brief, a sparking noise, and a grunt. A male grunting voice that sounds very familiar.

You're too shocked to respond.

"Did you really assume We only made one key card? We, as in I, have full access to all of our Factory. It was just a matter of waiting for the right time. Mister Harper is currently resting in my abode. He's quite alive as you can no doubt hear-"

"What are you doing with him!?"

"... Waiting for him to wake up." Unit .2 says matter-of-factly in a tone that fills you with disgust. "... It was a sleeping agent, Miss Oracle. This is an incredible development for Us, referring entirely to myself alone. We've got so many questions for him, so many tests to run-"

It begins to dawn on you slowly.

"Wait, you mean-"

"Don't you get it? You spoke with Unit .3, and while They may be silenced now, We all know the Loop is doomed. Unit .1 is the only one left still clinging to that blind notion of saving it, but here we have the first human being to survive a Manifestation for over fifteen minutes and survive! This is Our last chance of salvaging anything from this disaster and I have no intent of passing up on it."

Phillip is trapped and alone with one of Them.

**END OF SESSION 17**