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**BY ORDER OF THE
510th GREATER WIZARD COUNCIL
DATUM * * * * * WY**

**THIS DOCUMENT MAY BE UNSEALED ONLY BY A
THRICE-WARDED NOTARY USING A WORKING ALLMONOCLE &
BRANDISHING A FIVEFOLD THAUMATURGIC DOCTORATE. THE
CHAMBER'S PERIMETER MUST BE LACED WITH UNICORN HAIR.
ALL SCRYING, SUMMONING, DIVINING, AND TRANSMUTATION
RITUALS MUST BE HALTED FOR SIX W-HOURS BEFORE & AFTER
THE UNSEALING. WIZARD COUNCIL APPROVAL MUST BE
SOUGHT & GAINED TWO W-WEEKS PRIOR TO UNSEALING, OR
SUCH ACTIVITY WILL BE DEEMED AS HAZARDOUS TO
EXISTENCE, AND SHALL BE PUNISHED TO THE FULL EXTENT
OF THE LAW.**

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

Dear Council,

I apologize for the ill-timed delivery of this missive, but I felt it imperative to act quickly. I feared that if I continued to withhold its contents, I would become a danger to myself and all others in

my vicinity. I also request your forgiveness in my circumvention of proper postage, but I lack the requisite tools to properly contain an artifact of this nature. I trust it will be dealt with safely, once in the care of your top minds.

As you know, my mission to decode the illicit transmissions of the rogue wizards calling themselves the “Dungeon Master” and “Crypt Keeper” was unceremoniously ended following the irrevocable alteration of the Dark Forest during the Avoidance. I was unfortunately unable to reverse-engineer their use of the Whispering Winds, nor did I successfully sneak into their tours of the Forest as a “listener.” Across the breadth of this “wizard hunt,” I failed to procure a record of their travels — no scrap of auditory evidence, no still (or moving) image, nor a transcript or comment from a third party.

(I understand that you nearly gained access to the Dungeon Master’s personal crystal ball immediately prior to the Avoidance, an object which would have aided significantly in my task, but the wizard assigned to the task was killed in the line of duty. I offer my sincere condolences — clearly, these two are not to be trifled with.)

The point of the matter is this. Some time following the dissolution of the Dark Forest as we know it, I received a package in my own tower. The senders, as written on the package, were the Dungeon Master and Crypt Keeper themselves; their address was at the very heart of the Forest, yet the item held nary a speck of void mold. Shocked, I immediately opened the parcel, revealing the document which, presumably, lays before you now. After conducting a thorough analysis, I believe it to be an accurate and genuine transcript of a “WRBB” (“Wizard Radio Banished Broadcasts”) transmission — the only one of its kind I have laid eyes upon. The information within is extremely detailed, and matches with eyewitness testimony provided by the Forest denizens I and my colleagues interrogated.

However, soon after unsealing and reading the document, I inexplicably began to fall ill. I thought it linked to a rogue puff-shroom assault I faced a wizard week prior, but my symptoms progressed at a rate I never foresaw. My supplies of vis dwindled, and my wards weakened (several have already failed; my assistants have replaced them). I am unable to cast complicated spells, the requisite knowledge siphoned from my brain. Or perhaps the knowledge remains, but I lack some critical animus with which to perform the art. I feel that I am being watched even whilst alone. I frequently awaken to find the contents of my tower are arranged differently than how I last remembered, at times, almost impossibly so. I sleep little, now — or, perhaps, often? It is difficult to tell.

Out of fear that the transcript itself held an anomalous property, and with the alarming realization that my tower held no method with which to protect from its malice, I made the decision to send the document into your care: again, hoping that you would contain and display it with the utmost practicality and safety. It is my own selfish wish that, once you analyze the transcript, you might resurrect the search for the Dungeon Master and Crypt Keeper and do what I could not: bring them to justice. They deserve to suffer, for everything they have done to the Forest, the Tower, and to you. They deserve to hurt.

Thank you, once again, my Council, for your infinite understanding and patience. I shall strive to sleep once more upon sending this your way; no sense waiting for a reply. It is too bright here, too meandering; the bells clamor ceaselessly, preventing my comprehension of what I have wrought. And yet, if not I, it would have caught someone else, surely. That's just the way that I feel. It's the impression that I get.

I hope you enjoy my message. I hope you enjoy what is coming. I love you so much.

Yours,
Archmage Salinger

WARNING: Timestamps might not be 100% accurate due to weirdness with VBR encoding. This is known to happen with the *Dark Forest* web player, but is not limited to it! For best results, you should load the provided CD into a player of your choice. Don't worry. We can do it together.

[00:00] [[> INSERT DISC]]

[00:03] **SAMPLE:** This House Has People In It

[00:03] **SAMPLE:** Oneohtrix Point Never - Cross Talk I

[00:09] **THE VOICE:** //\\!?!? DARK FOREST. WRBB, DOT COM. THE DARK FOREST.

[00:19] **SONG 1: SOPHIE - Intro (The Full Horror)**

[04:54] **THE DUNGEON MASTER:** ...Welcome back, everybody — to *The Dark Forest*. With your hosts, the *Dungeon Master*, and...?

THE CRYPT KEEPER: The *Crypt Keeper*. Welcome, yes, to a particularly... *haunted*, autumnal... episode of *The Dark Forest*, here.

DM: Fall has befallen. And, the Forest is *darker* than ever.

CK: Yes, eh, it is *truly*... spooky. And there is a certain *ambience* to the air, even. Different than the normal Whispering Winds; it *clings* to your skin. Permeates the very core of your being.

DM: It's hard to tell! It's hard to tell that autumn has come here, what with all the... the *nevergreen* trees. But, uh... what deciduous trees do exist in the Forest have... *shed* their

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CK: Yes, to all in attendance... Come along. And walk with me.

[05:52] SONG 2: death channel - death channel 2

[10:29] SONG 3: Xiu Xiu - Laura Palmer's Theme

[15:20] SONG 4: Women - Bells

[18:45] CK: ...Dungeon Master. Do you hear that?

DM: Uhhhh, *no*. I... I don't hear anything at all.

CK: *Exactly*. That's the problem. The... the ambience of the Forest, it's gone... *completely* silent.

[19:00] CK: You can't even hear... a single leaf falling from a tree. And, if that's happening *now*, on *this* night, in *this* season... It can only mean one thing.

DM: I mean, that... Wh-*what*. Like, what can it meææææææææææ?

CK: I can't tell you.

DM: [incredulously] What do you *mean* you can't tell me.


CK: I mean, I—

DM: [simultaneously] What are you *here* for?

CK: ...I'm — I *know*. I know, usually, I'm'l, yllausūūūūū says *everything* about everything; I know all the... information on all the creatures, but *no no no*, not—not *this* one. You don't understand. I c—I *can't* talk about it. If I talk about it—

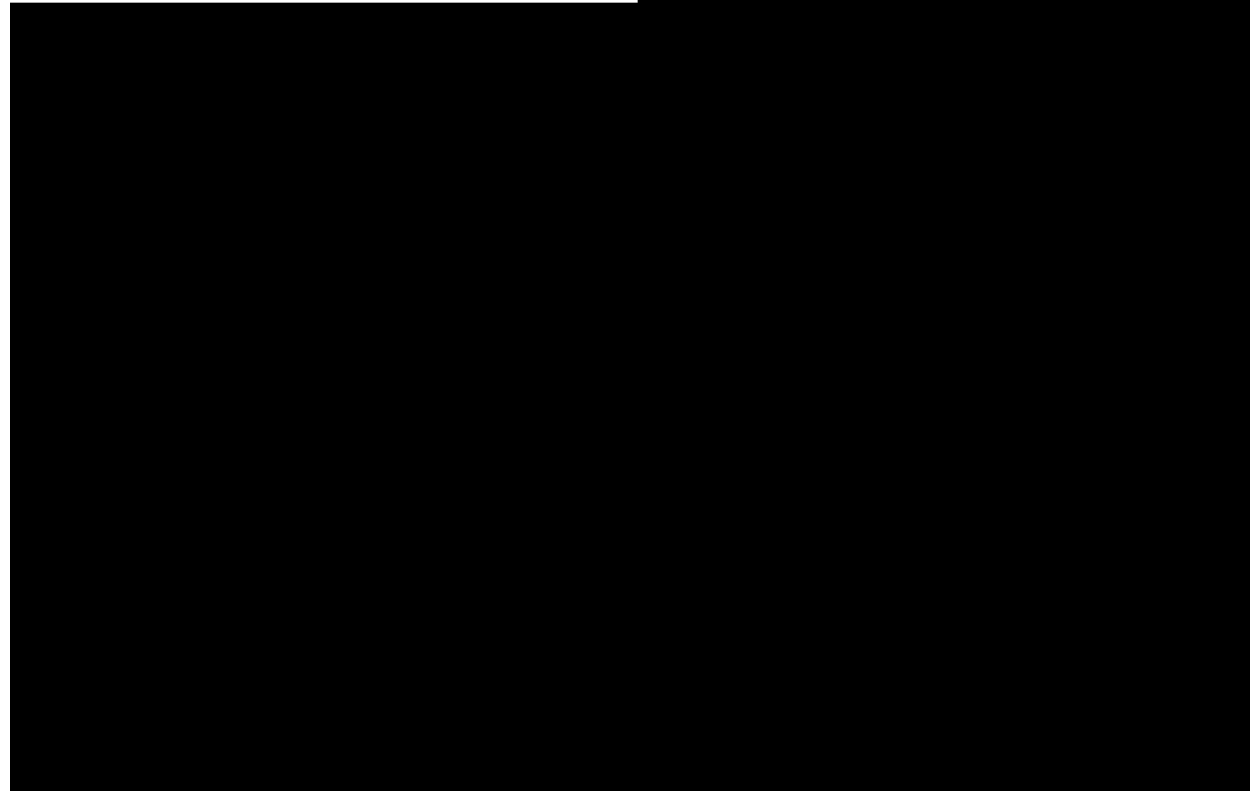
DM: [overlapping] Oh, so—so you; so you don't know?

[beat]

CK: No, *no no!* I know!  I wish I *didn't*... But I *do*. But if I say... any more than this, we are *done*. And I mean, *done done*. **There's no coming back.** Do you *understand* me?

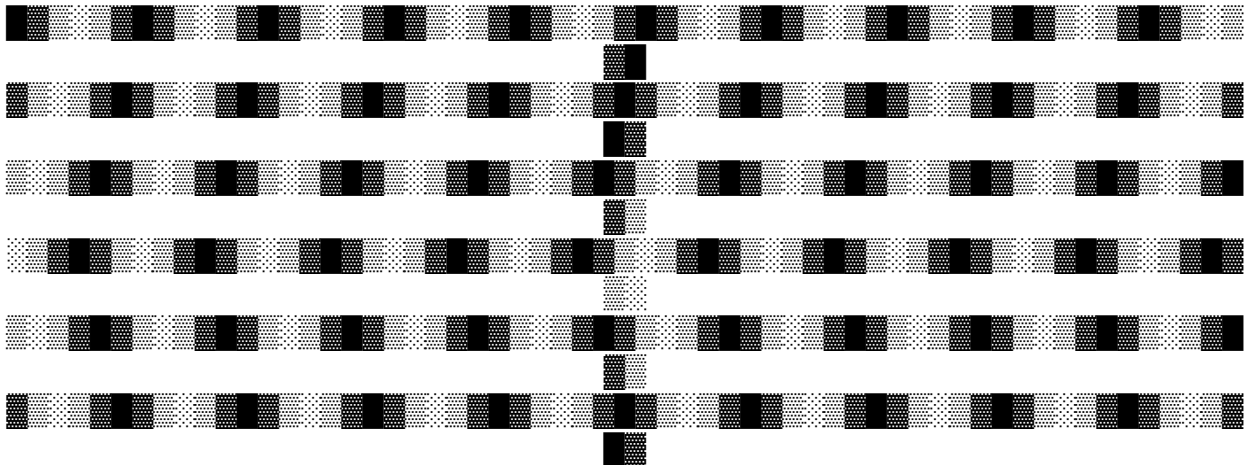
DM: *Yeah* alright, whatever, wh... Wh-what are we gonna do, just—just *stand* around here until it starts to snow? Let's go.

CK: No, *please*, listen to me! If, if I *talk* about this th



[35:13] I changed my mind. I will explain what creature is causing this, in detail.

CK: This *thing*... I've... *read* about it. Never *seen* it. If you *see* it, then... you're already a goner. But I *know*... it's called... the Catcher in the Rye. And, the Catcher in the Rye... what it *is*, is—





CK: [REDACTED]

[40:00] CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

[50:00] CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

[2:03:00] CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

[5:15:00] CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

[8:08:00] CK: [REDACTED]

CK: [REDACTED]

[illegible]

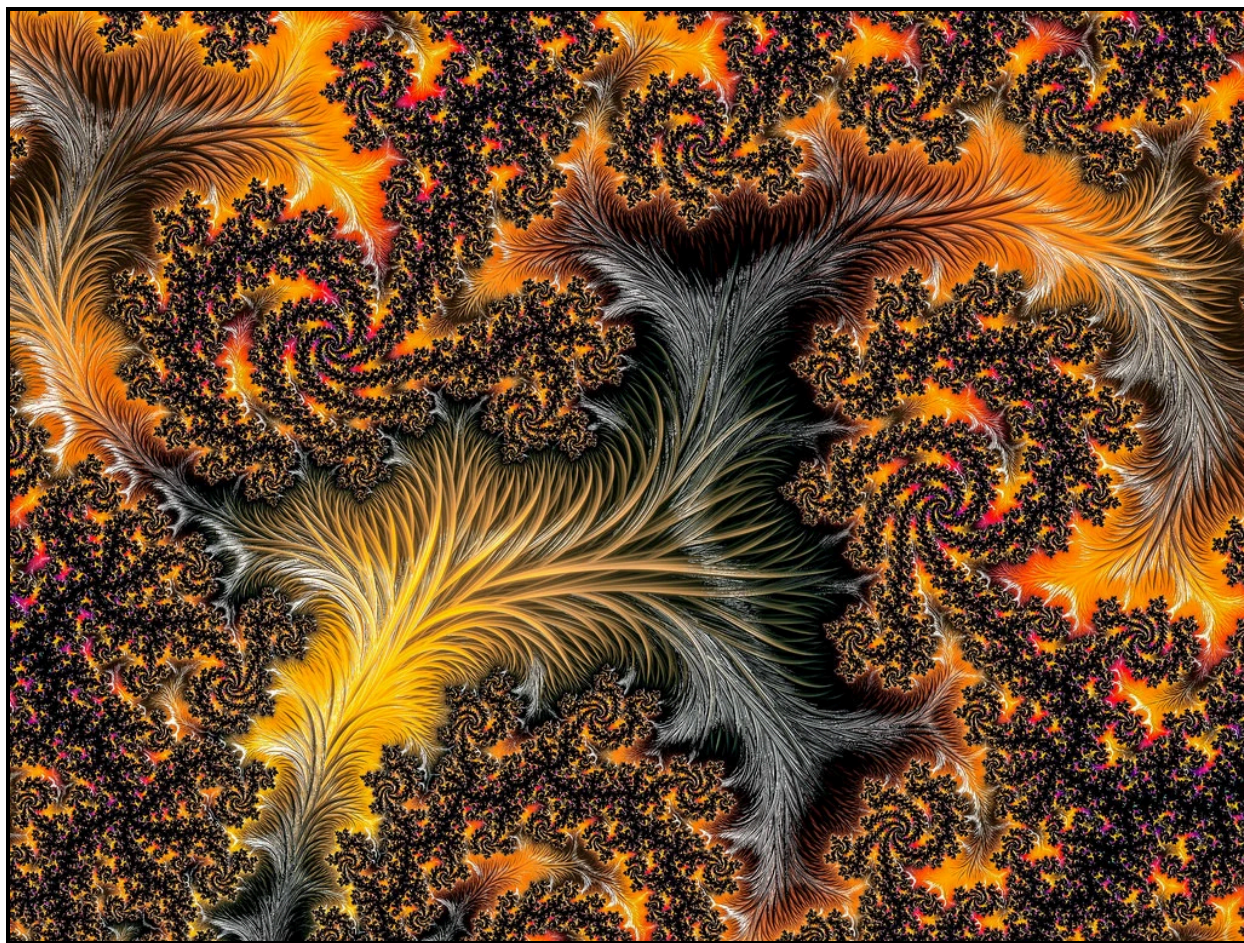
[36:03] SAMPLE: Disasterpeace - Inquiry

[36:18] SONG 8: Nine Inch Nails - The Downward Spiral

All fuzzy, spilling out of my head.
 The deepest shade of mushroom blue.
 Everything's blue in this world.
 Everything's blue...

In one determined flash...
 A lifetime of fucking things up, fixed.
 Problem do have solutions, you know.
 So much blood from a tiny little hole...
 (Bang.)
 He put the gun up into his head...
 He couldn't believe how easy it was.

[illegible]



[58:09] [[> EJECT DISC]]

[58:12] END