

CHRONOSPACE DREAMSCAPE! TAPE FIVE: DRIVER_IRQL_LESS_OR_NOT_EQUAL

CREATED BY CINNAPOODLE, SKCRO AND AKIDWITHATOPHAT. COOL IG.
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Tuesday, November 2nd, 1999. 11:55 PM.

*Nighttime is now more terrifying for more reasons than you being
afraid of the dark. At any given moment, you could have the wrath of
Thor unleashed on you without any warning.*

...

Click!

Whirrrr....

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclick....

MRRRRR!

....

Beep!

*The degrading sounds of a personal computer that probably roamed
with the dinosaurs starting up echoes through a dark space. One who
didn't know any better might think aliens were landing on Earth.*

*On the screen, various commands related to hardware are run as a
Packard Bell logo appears in the top left.*

"America grew up listening to us. It still does."

*After a mind-numbingly long wait, the computer boots to an old
friend: CS-DOS 9.20.*

C:\>

It's waiting patiently for a command.

C:\>cd WINDOWSILL

C:\WINDOWSILL>

C:\WINDOWSILL>WINDOWSILL.COM

Enter.

...

The screen goes black as the computer begins loading a legally questionable fork of Microsoft Windows 98, Chronospace Windowsill '99.

The screen lights up with a splash screen. The Chronospace logo engulfs it.

The splash text reads:

"Starting Chronospace Windowsill '99... Please wait... We mean that, by the way! Wait!"

The screen momentarily goes black with no more than a command prompt in the top left reading: "Starting Windowsill '99..." before going back to the colorful splash screen.

After what feels like an eternity, the computer boots to a log-on screen, with a risqué picture of a posing rabbit woman as the wallpaper.

"Please input your Chronospace Windowsill username and password."

User Name: Wade Harris

*Password: ******

Enter.

...

A rather cheerful tune plays as an extremely unkempt desktop loads up. There's a mouse cursor in the center of the screen.

...

*You don't know what to do today. Anything you can do will result in all of Chronospace jumping into your shit. You **could** chance it on TalkCity again, but after what happened yesterday, you'd probably get executed the mere millisecond you did anything. Despite your own conscience warning you, you decide you're better than that. Your cursor hovers over the Dreamscape! shortcut and opens it. You learned from last time! You put a shortcut to the executable right on the desktop! Good for you!*

...

An Internet suite opens up.

It's still as awful as it was the prior days.

You also learned to auto-accept the dialing prompt! So, it's not gonna ask you again!

"Dialing 484-820-1337..."

...

Rrrrrrrr-

Beep, boop, beep, beep, bop, boop, bop, bip, bip, beep.

Riiiiiiiiinnngg.....

Riiiiiiiiinnngg.....

Dingdingdingdingbwooooooooooooooooooooooooobwaaaaaa...

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOEEEEEEEEEEEEEEBWAACAAAAA

KSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHBWBWBWBWOOOOOUUUUMM

MKSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHH!!!

Great heavens.

[SIGN ON REQUEST ACKNOWLEDGED FOR:

user.wadebraid@chronospace.eve]

[PLEASE WAIT]

[CONNECTION STARTED]

A Web portal with an abundance of hyperlinks and uppercase text appears on the screen.

The main page shows an abundance of hyperlinks to various websites. Where will you go today? Who knows. The only thing you know is that... you're alone. All of your physical colleagues are absent. Anything that happens to you can't be prevented.

...

You're waiting for something. Or... you're too scared to click on anything.

You pull your face out of the monitor and look to the right, at your window.

Nobody's there. At least, if they were, they scurried away when you turned. You shove your face back into the monitor.

Not knowing what to do, you click on the instant messenger panel. Two friends are on-line.

user.brewradio@chronospace.eve and user.skcro@chronospace.eve.

Pulling your face out of the monitor, you look at the physical macro in the dark. Three men isn't enough to lead a charge, and you're not connected to a proxy server. Looking behind you, you can barely make out Rae sleeping on a bean bag in the darkness. Looking ahead, you snap your eyes to different things on your desk, none of which seem to have any real use in this situation. Confusion and uncertainty consume you. What's your plan? Is the fatigue getting to you finally?

*⇐ **Creak...***

What was that?

You look to your left, at your door. There's either nothing there, or something shrouded in the darkness...

*⇒ **Crackle!***

You look to your right, at your window. Nothing there, either.

*⇓ **Bang!***

You turn around, but there's still nothing. It must be outside noise. Choosing to ignore these mystery sounds, you shove your face back into the monitor.

*The instant messenger client is still open.
Your two friends are still connected.
In the corner of your eye, the clock on your taskbar flips.*

Wednesday, November 3rd, 1999. 12:00 AM.

It's a new day. Hoorah.

Dingaling!

*skcro sent you a message.
You click on the notification.
A chat-room window opens.*

Wade Harris (user.wadebraid@chronospace.eve) has been added to the chat.

skcro: yo

wadebraid: What's up

skcro: so, i was digging around and tinkering with some stuff and found out a way to absolutely wreck one of these freaks' modems

wadebraid: Do tell

skcro: so, you basically get into the same space as them anywhere on-line, and then check their user info, due to an oversight you can briefly see what number they're calling from and how they're calling from it, so by using a proxy you can basically connect to their modem midcall and send anything you want down it, which kills it

wadebraid: Interesting

skcro: maybe you can get cinnapoodle finally lol

*You pull your face out of the monitor and turn around to see Rae, still sound asleep wearing barely anything, and basically on the floor.
Eliciting no reaction, you shove your face back into the monitor.*

wadebraid: Yeah, maybe

skcro: so i heard you were planning a revolt

wadebraid: Yeah because i'm the one who told you

skcro: oh right, anyways you probably need a lot more people, which is why i did my part and alerted my friend group to this whole thing, which got them to alert their friend groups

wadebraid: How many people is that

skcro: maybe like 40

wadebraid: Cool, that should work, but a few more wouldnt hurt

skcro: i'll see what i can do

user.skcro@chronospace.eve has left the chat. "[DISCONNECT FROM CHAT; USER LEFT]"

You are alone in this chatroom. Invite some friends, won't you?

No. You click the "Leave" button at the top of the window.

The chat window closes.

The instant messenger client and the Web browser were hiding behind it! What a find.

Maybe, just maybe, you can get lucky on the forums tonight.

The cursor hovers over a link labeled "Dreamscape! TalkCity" and double clicks.

However, instead of bringing up the chat listings, it brings up a blocked screen.

[PERMANENTLY BANNED FROM TalkCity]

[DATE: Tuesday, November 2nd, 1999]

[TIME: 3:22 PM]

[MODERATOR MESSAGE: Turn around.]

[DISCONNECTED FROM CHAT; NO ACCESS]

...

Pulling your face out of the monitor, you slowly turn your head to look behind you.

Nothing. The only thing there is Rae, still asleep.

You look to your right, at the window. Nothing there. You turn and look to your left, at the door. Nothing there, either.

You look ahead, and shove your face back into the monitor.

They're playing with your mind. That's all it is. They just want to psych you into logging off. But you're not that gullible to mind games. You're not going on the forums, either way. You should search around for something else to do except stare at a banned screen in the hopes it'll magically subside.

You click the "Home" button at the top of the window.

A Web portal with an abundance of hyperlinks and uppercase text appears on the screen again. Where to go...? Work, mind, work!

...

You... don't know, for once. You're stumped. You can't call upon any friends for help, because they're all asleep or off-line.

*⇒ **Sliiiiidddeeee...***

You pull your head out of the monitor and turn your head to look to your right, at the window.

!

Your window slams shut. What looked like an upside down leg was visible for a brief period.

Something is in here with you.

No doubt about it.

Wednesday, November 3rd, 1999. 1:00 AM.

You slowly get up out of your chair.

Whatever is in your room is purposefully hiding from you. If horror films and games have taught you anything, it's that you never look away from where your foe might be.

...

Looking towards your bed, which is completely shrouded in darkness, you step backwards towards your door slowly, in search of the legendary fabled 9 iron club.

↑ Shuffle!

It's moving... but to where, you don't know.

Now against the corner, you feel around behind you for your golf bag. Where is it...?

↑ Creak!

It's STILL moving. Wait... what about Rae?!

↖ Step, step, step...

It's moving to the left, which means whatever it is, it's definitely after you. That's no better than if it were after Rae, though.

You finally find your golf bag, but now for the real challenge: finding your 9 iron.

↑ Huff... puff...

It's... breathing?

Feeling your clubs, that's not a 9 iron... that's not it either... that's a putter... that's an 8 iron... A-HA! 9 IRON!

You draw the club from the bag and wield it like a baseball bat.

Time for a terrible idea.

You: Hey! Don't make me use this! I will, don't think I won't!

The 9 iron beats the punch, pal!

???: ...

↑ Step... step... step... STEP. STEP. S T E P ! S T E P !

It's really close.

Wait. There's a lightswitch in your room.

You reach over and flick the lights on.

As the lights come on, a young pink haired woman shrivels up in fear. Time for a one-liner.

You: **Yippiekiay, motherfucker!**

You swing the club towards her head...

WHACK!!!

The club vibrates violently in your hand as it stops mid-swing.

THUD!

You definitely hit her.

That sure woke Rae up.

Rae sits up in confusion, before turning to scared confusion upon seeing a crazed maniac high on weed wielding a 9 iron towering over a Chronospace employee.

You walk over to the lady, and...

BANG!

You: **DIE! BANG! JUST... BANG! FUCKING... BANG! BANG!**

BANG! DIE!!! BANG!!!

You can feel your arms go numb as you deal the final blow.

Rae is looking at you in horror.

Without even looking at the body, you can tell one thing for sure...

That motherfucker is out. But, even more sure, you're covered in blood. And you probably just claimed another person's life. But that doesn't matter. You're alive! And you got to use the 9 iron for its unintended intended purpose, so it's a win-win!

Rae slowly walks over to you.

Rae: **Jesus... Christ...!**

You: Wait...

You crouch down, just to make sure whoever you just bludgeoned out was actually a Chronospace person... yeah, sure was.

You: Hey... I armed myself!

Rae: That's not what Barbara meant by **arm yourself!** She meant like... you know, a gun?

You: Who needs a gun when you have the greatest weapon ever curated by mankind, unintended to even be a weapon, the nine iron?!

Rae: **YOU, when you're riddled full of bullet holes and wearing your own intestines as a scarf with your head carved clean out like A PUMPKIN ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT!!!**

Oof.

You: Has anyone ever told you that you've got anger issues?

Rae: *sigh* Many have...

You: Well...

You look down at your bloodied body.

You: If I may be excused.

Rae: It's your house, Wade.

You look at her, unamused, before turning around, opening your door, and walking out into the hall towards the bathroom.

Walking into the bathroom, you close the door. But instead of getting into the shower, you press yourself against the door, and do something you've been holding in for 18 years, only just now unleashed by what you just did.

You:

**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!
GOD... FUCKING DAMN IT!!!**

Is this what a panic attack feels like? Or is it just rage? Whatever it is, you're straight A's mad.

This can be solved by simpl...

[CALL PAUSED; RECORDING STOPPED]

...

.....

.....

[CALL RESUMED; RECORDING RESTARTED]

Wednesday, November 3rd, 1999. 5:06 PM.

*Well, hey howdy hey! You actually cleaned up the blood and brains.
Good job, champ!*

*You also invited Wallace and Betty over, but that's not exactly news.
What is news is what you have to show them!*

Betty: So what is it that you wanted to show us again?

You: Something that'll help with the revolt.

Wallace: Is it... giving up?

You: No, **stupid**. We can send audio down a moderator's phone line at any time we want by exploiting an oversight. One of my friends did it and recorded it. Here, watch this!

Click.

[CONNECTION TERMINATED; INCOMING SIGN-ON]

[CONNECTION REQUEST ACKNOWLEDGED FOR:

user.skcro@chronospace.eve]

[TRANSFERRING RECORDING POINT OF VIEW FROM:

user.wadebraid@chronospace.eve TO user.skrcro@chronospace.eve]

[PLEASE WAIT]

...

[POINT OF VIEW TRANSFERRED]

Wednesday, November 3rd, 1999. 4:23 PM.

You sit at your computer, eager to test out your new theory. You shove your face into the monitor.

The TalkCity chat room listing greets you. You click the channel "General" from a long list of chatrooms.

...

The chatroom window opens.

user.skcro@chronospace.eve has joined.

skcro: list

There are 2 other people in this chatroom right now:

tech.sudokoko@chronospace.eve,

user.caughtfishing@chronospace.eve

sudokoko: so if you get an error like that, you can recover the system but it's not really recommended to because it can be super unstable and crash again

caughtfishing: I see...

skcro: yo

sudokoko: hey

user.wadebraid@chronospace.eve has joined the chat.

wadebraid: Hello

sudokoko: oh, great, it's you

caughtfishing: Who?

You click on sudokoko's screenname. A panel of information drops down about them, including the number they're calling from.

Win + Print Screen

Yoink! Their number is now yours! Sucker!

You pull your face out of the monitor and begin setting up a proxy server on another computer... done!

You shove your face into a laptop screen...?

You click the shortcut for Dreamscape! on the laptop.

A pop-up appears on the screen. It's a log-in prompt for a dial-up connection.

...

.....

.....

E-Mail: user.skcro@chronospace.eve

*Password: ******

Service: Dreamscape!

☒ ~~*Do you want to save these details so that sign-on is quicker next time?*~~

Sign-on!

Click!

...

.....

Rrrrrrrr-

Beep, boop, beep, beep, bop, boop, bop, bip, bip, beep.

...

Riiiiiiiiinnngg.....

Riiiiiiiiinnngg.....

Riiiiiiiiinnngg.....

Dingdingdingdingdingding...

Now's your chance!

You open your mic and hold up a cassette player to it, [playing an ear-deafening song down it.](#)

You pull your face out of the laptop and shove it into your main monitor.

tech.sudokoko@chronospace.eve has left the chat. "[CONNECTION TERMINATED; LINE TOO NOISY]"

wadebraid: LOL

skcro: YEAAAAAAHHH IT WORKS

[CALL ENDED; RECORDING TERMINATED]

[CONNECTION TERMINATED; INCOMING SIGN-ON]
[CONNECTION REQUEST ACKNOWLEDGED FOR:
user.wadebraid@chronospace.eve]
[TRANSFERRING RECORDING POINT OF VIEW FROM:
user.skcro@chronospace.eve TO user.wadebraid@chronospace.eve]
[PLEASE WAIT]

...

[POINT OF VIEW TRANSFERRED]

Wednesday, November 3rd, 1999. 5:12 PM.

You: Pretty genius, huh?

Betty: It could work in our favor, but that would take a lot of work just to boot one moderator offline...

Rae: Not if... we macro.

You: How the hell are you gonna macro *that*?

Rae: Same way you macro making 500 accounts every 5 minutes.

You look at Wallace and Betty with an unamused expression, before looking back at Rae.

You: So... let's get to work...?

She nods.

This'll be a long rest of your day, for sure.

Click.

[END CALL; TO BE CONTINUED]