

0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144, 233, 377, 610, 987

$$F(n) = \frac{\phi^n - (1-\phi)^n}{\sqrt{5}}$$

Round and round I go  
Fucking spirals. This ent.  
fucking downward spiral that  
ends. If I'm not careful I'll  
those other fuckers out there.

### RATS MAN!

Fucking rats. Never seeing it. Blind  
to the whole fucking thing. I just want to  
know why no one can remember the last time  
they saw the sun. The real last time. Not  
some half forgotten  
memory. No! I mean fucking yesterday or  
last fucking week. No!

They just walk around in a fucking haze.  
It's like they can't see the answers even  
though it's all so fucking simple. So  
fucking simple. Fucking simple. Simple...

Why do I feel so fucking alone?



Turn around  
and face  
the halo

Ron-  
I found  
this crazy  
thing on the "Z"  
last night. Pages are  
missing for sure, but  
I thought you would  
find it interesting

1, 9, 7, 17, 33, 55, 89, 144, 233, 377, 610, 987



I read in a book that spirals are found in nature - but I've never seen one

$$F_n := F(n) := \begin{cases} 0, & \text{if } n = 0; \\ 1, & \text{if } n = 1; \\ F(n-1) + F(n-2) & \text{if } n > 1. \end{cases}$$

$$\frac{F(n+1)}{F(n)}$$

FUCK YOU

Well fuck you then man. Fuck you very god damn much. It won't fucking happen to me asshole! My hate keeps me warm. It keeps me focused. Aware. Keeps me thinking in straight fucking lines, not stuck in loops. I see the fucking spiral. I may be in your maze muther fucker, but I'm going to find my way out or bring the fucking thing down. I'm getting to the END GAME. I won't be your lab rat. Your fucking guinea pig. No fucking way.



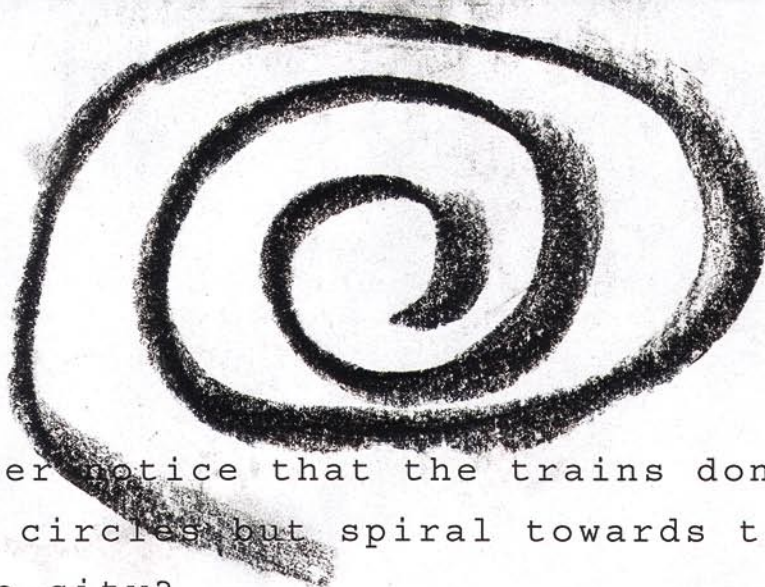
$$x_{n+2} = x_{n+1} + x_n$$



Fibonacci Tiling

$$x_{n+2} = x_{n+1} + x_n$$
$$\phi, 1 - \phi$$

8+8+16=0

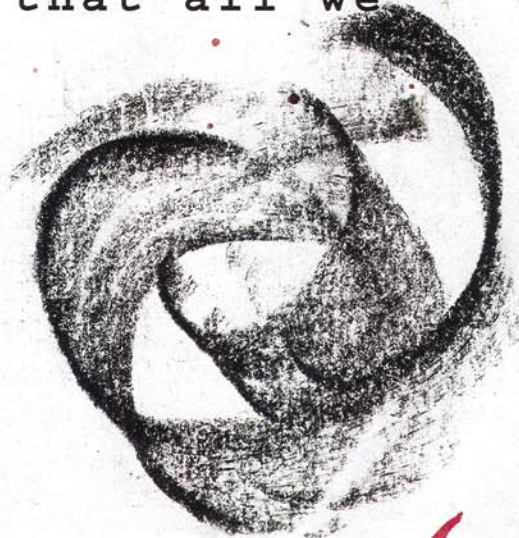
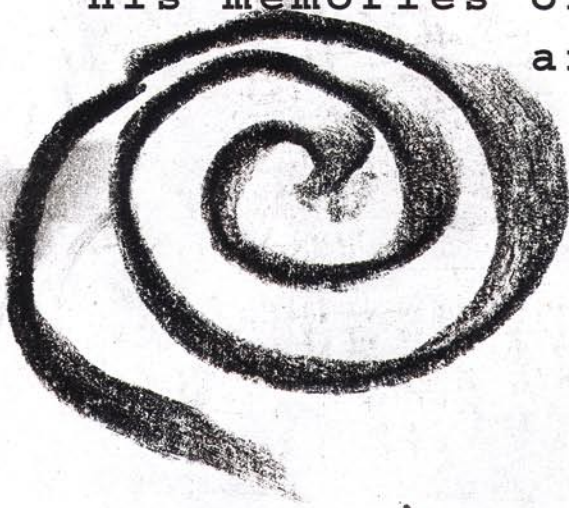


Ever notice that the trains don't so much go in circles but spiral towards the center of the city?

I've been looking for my wife, or at least the woman I remember as my wife. I remember love. Her love. My love. Our love. The smell of her. The taste of her skin. How she left paper cups on the sink after using them and how that bothers me still.

But I can't tell if the memories are true or false. Where they placed there by the Researcher? We had love in the most rarefied sense. Powerful beyond reason. Beyond anything and everything.

Is the measure of a man more than his memories or is that all we are?



$$\frac{F(n+1)}{F(n)}$$



$$x^2 = x + 1$$



Converges to the golden mean

~~$A \rightarrow \psi_i(A)$~~

$$A \rightarrow \psi(A) = \bigcup_{i=1}^m \psi_i(A)$$

Sierpinski's Gasket is shaped like a cross!

Why?

I heard the news today, oh boy. I noticed today there was a bad accident on the subway. The fucking tube. A cop jumped in front of the god damn train. A fucking cop, though who knows how long he was one. Could have been only a few hours, days, his whole fucking life. Who fucking knows? Only the **Researcher** and the **Others** and they ain't fucking talking.

This fucking cop jumps in front of the train and no one cares. Everyone around here acts like they are asleep or some shit. Fucking bullshit. I'm starving to meet others who see what I see. Feel what I feel. Know what I fucking know...



$$\begin{aligned} H^2([0,1] \times \{0\} \times \{0\}) &= 0 \\ 0 < H^2([0,1] \times [0,1] \times \{0\}) < +\infty \\ H^2([0,1] \times [0,1] \times [0,1]) &= +\infty \end{aligned}$$

This is important but I don't know why. Where did this come from. I hate math

Call Doug Back  
847 498 1400

Stop  
With  
that  
Neil

I have these fucking nightmares over and over again. Every night I wake in a cold sweat. My eyes are always clouded over with the after images burned there like a TV screen that has had a movie paused for too fucking long. I see sets of triangles...

No. That's not right. They are fucking diamonds. 3-D diamonds with symbols on them. Something like runes or Roman numerals or some shit. Some are glowing bright fucking red. Orange-red and I know are full of my hate for this place. They vibrate with the shit. Burn like fucking embers in a fire.

Others are cloudy and kinda blue-black. They are there but almost not there. Each of those hazy fucking diamonds burns... No. Blurs out one of those born of my hate...

Born of my hate? Who fucking writes this shit? Where the fuck did that shitty line come from?

Still. Sometimes the hazy ones outnumber the embers. Yet, whenever that happens, one always remains. No matter how strong the haze gets, I always have that one ember of rage to reach down for.

**Fucked up dream, huh?**

141 = 5 and 1

Fire fire  
burning higher  
Making music  
like a mother fucking  
CHOIR


God I feel sick. I had to burn the building down. I had to. I know. I know it was a focal point for the Researcher. It was a laboratory and a staging ground for the Others.

I don't know if everyone got out. I watched it go up like a Roman candle though. Watched it burn to the fucking ground. Threw up three times right there on the street.

God I feel so sick... Is this what it is going to be like for the rest of my short life?

Fuck you I  
won't do what  
you tell me!







I tried using my will last night. I was being chased by one... One of them... Christ I can't stop shaking...

Anyway. I was stuck at a dead end. An alley wall that hadn't been there an hour before and they were right fucking behind me.

So I calmed the fuck down. I took some deep breathes and reached out with my mind and fuck me if I didn't feel it. I felt it and used it to make a door to escape thru. Nora told me it would feel like a deep blue pool washing over me. A pool of willpower.

I could almost see it. Green and warm like that lagoon we stayed in. The place I know I have never seen with the wife I may never have had, even though I remember the salt breeze blowing her hair softly. Playa del Carmen is the name, but I know it doesn't exist. Nothing exists outside the city. Only the city exists... Only the city... Only...



= 1 + 1/x



## Every Picture Tells A Fucking Story!

We all have stories. Each and every fucking one of us. What matters is how they turn out. Alison, this girl I dated before I first started seeing through the haze to the spirals. She...

I wonder. Did she really exist or was she just another fabrication forced into my head by the Researcher? Doesn't fucking matter.

See. She told me to write them down. The stories. I remeber thinking it was stupid then, but now I'm not so sure.

Sometimes I find myself looking at my life and see the twists and turns. It helps me to write down the latest twists. When my path changes, I open up my little leather bound journal and write down a new one.

The fucking crazy thing is that it seems that each time a new twist is resolved, my strength of will increases. It is almost as if my determination. My willpower fills right the fuck up. Stupid, but there you have it.



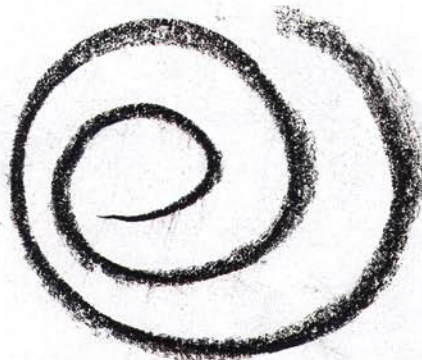


$$= 1 + \frac{1}{\lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \frac{F(n)}{F(n-1)}}$$

There are others out there like me. I ran across an old bum in the a neighborhood that just the night before was home to the wealthiest in the city. Now it is an alley that people avoide, tenaments and an old Spanish mission. The **Researcher** strikes again. Rearranging our world. Creating a maze we can't escape. Locked like rats in a cage.

Oh. The bum. His name was Roger. He jumped at me from the alley, his blue-grey eyes all wild and shit. He whispered into my face, his breath smelling like cheap bourbon. He said, "You can see it too. the spiral. You have the same look. You have the hate in your eyes. Use your will to fight them. Fight the **Others**..."

I asked him who the **Others** where, but then the clock struck midnight and the world began to change. People on the street froze in place, staring with dead eyes like robots who ran out of power. Then the buildings began to move. The bum screamed and ran off down the alley, which closed up and became a resteraunt. I haven't see Roger since, even though I've been looking.

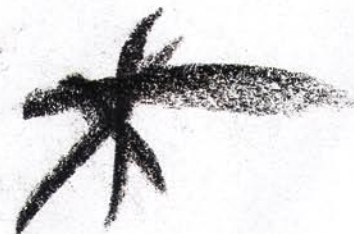
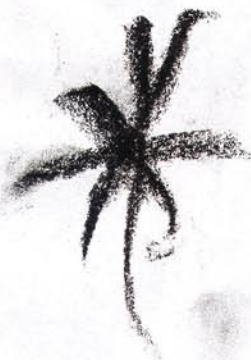


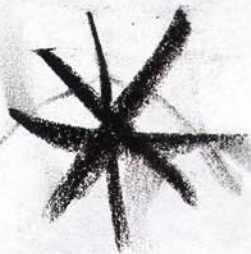
I know that I remember seeing stars as a child, but I don't think I ever have. Just the black faceless sky above. An endless sea of black and no one can tell me why that is.

I got kicked out of the library today for asking for answers to that very question. At least I think it was a library. Well maybe the reason they kicked me out was because I tried to strangle the fucking security guard when they tried to stop me from screaming at the librarian. Maybe it was because I spit on her? Maybe they work for the Researcher?

I swear the world is out to fucking get me. It seems that on the tenth time I do anything, it cancels out the time before. Tens are zeros in my fucking life and they eat anything below them from the top down.

Doesn't matter though. I stole the security guard's gun and made it my own...





He does  
have some  
goats.

I know how the **Researcher** and his little  
fucking slaves the **Others** do it. I now know  
where they get their power to keep us rats  
in the maze. It is Control!

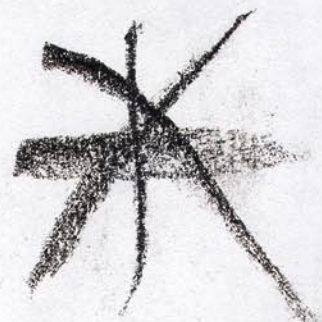
Everywhere I turn  
I see more city

**Control is the Key!**  
**It is Everything!**

It came to me in a dream last night. I  
saw the diamonds of hate floating before me,  
or at least those that survived the haze.  
They fell from the sky and different runes  
stood on the top. You know at the points.  
And they glowed bright orange.

Then a great maw opened up in the sky  
with teeth of twisted black metal. From it  
fell five ash gray diamonds with runes that  
glowed black. I don't know how black glows,  
but these did. It freaked me the fuck out.

Anyway. They crashed down among my  
diamonds and their runes at the top totaled  
more than my runes on my diamonds and I felt  
a sinking feeling of despair. It crashed  
over me like a black tide. I woke up  
screaming after that...





I killed my first man today. It felt  
fucking good then, but... But now I feel  
fucking cold. So god damn cold...



Remember!  
Use a soft voice  
Kemlin!

Is this a test? It has to be. It fucking has to be. Otherwise I can't take this much longer. It is draining my mind away, my sanity, my humanity. Bit by muther fucking bit.

The deeper I get sucked down the spiral the harder it is to fucking interact with people. I can't seem to form even the simplest Relationship. I try and I try and I try. I try to beat back the Control that fucker has on the others, but I almost always fail.

Fuck. I've failed all but once. But that one time man... Nothing is fucking sweeter... Well maybe great sex...

But man, when I did forge that bond with Nora... I felt hope. Hope that one day I could outshine the haze in my head. One day I could break the Control on us all.

But what am I, 12 years old? That isn't going to fucking happen. Not to me. But I can hope can't I?



## Blur the Technicolor



What happens when I don't care anymore?  
What happens when my humanity runs away from  
me, scared of the monster I have become  
because of the things I have... must do.  
Can I even go on when it is all gone? When  
all that makes me human is tossed away like  
refuse because of the need to fight the  
monster in the abyss will I be able to live  
with myself? I doubt it. In fact I know I  
will fucking end it by jumping in front of a  
train or putting a gun in my mouth or  
something...

Every time I fail at something, the haze  
gets stronger in me. Blurring my purpose  
like the other rats. Every time I can't  
think something thru, the haze increases and  
clouds over my eyes.

Other times, like when my hate isn't  
enough. When it can't bring me through the  
rough times... When my body is weak and  
fails me...

It diminishes. My hate drops away like  
leaves from a tree and the haze. The  
fucking haze gets all the stronger because  
of it...

$$X = \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \frac{F(n+1)}{F(n)}$$

Nora is dead. Even when I reached into that collective pool of willpower she told me about I couldn't do anything to save her. The only good that came of it was that now I know the fucking limits of that pool. How fucking sick is that? How demented and damaged I have become...

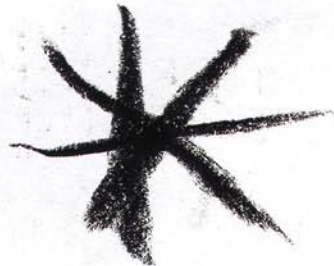
### **Why Don't I Feel Sad?**

Still, it is good to know that I can only draw on it once for every other person I meet who sees beyond the maze. Fucked up, but my strength of will is from those I meet, not myself.

### **Why Can't I Cry?**

It can be exhausted too. If others draw from the fucking well. My fucking well. My fucking weapon against them. My fucking weapon that doesn't work against those named bastards. Against those **Others**.

Useless. Useless against the Ratcatcher and Mr. Swift. Fucking useless. Fucking Others...



My humanity is slipping away. I feel it every time I let suffering pass me by. I know that they are only rats walking through the **Researcher's** maze. I know that they don't matter in the grand scheme of things. I know that they would destroy me if they knew what I know. I upset their balanced little world.

Still... I can't help but feel the need to free them. To help them when they need it, even though my mission is greater than that. Even though the **Researcher** pushed me into situations that force me to put them aside or fail...

Every time I ignore the suffering I could have stopped but didn't because I am trying to bring down the walls. Every time I cause suffering in others because of something I did to thwart the **Researcher**, I feel it dropping away, like a mask, like rain from a raincoat, washing away into the drains of this fanned place. It is as if the bastard knows how to push my buttons. Placing me in situations which force me to make hard choices. Fuck him...

11/30/79





Rat

Last night I tortured a woman for information she didn't have. I had spent the evening tracking the Doctor. The bastard I know is responsible for gutting my wife's memory of me...

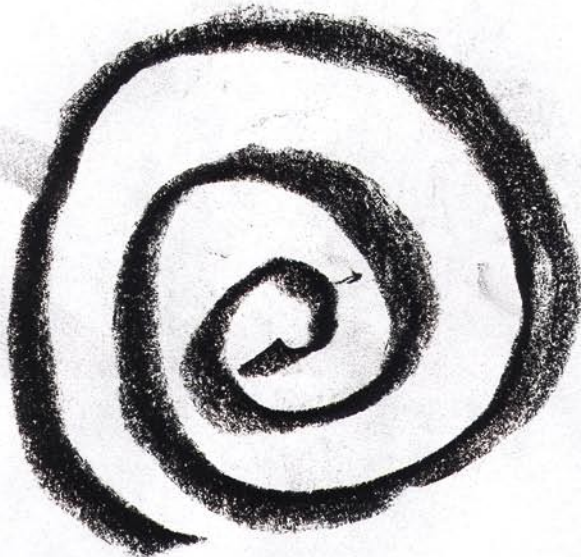
Anyway, I lost him at a bar, but just as I did I noticed this <sup>Rat</sup> woman staring at me. She was watching my every move. Every time I looked up or went to the bathroom or whatever she was looking at me and I think she was fucking smiling...

Eventually I left, only to hide in the alley and wait for the <sup>Rat</sup> woman to come out. When she did I hit her with a pipe and put her in the trunk of my care. It turns out she wasn't spying on me. Only though I was cute...

What am I becoming? I have no desire to help the damaged, broken rats anymore. My hope is all gone. All that is left is my hate. That has to be enough...

I know it is not...





I found her. My god I found her. I swear the fucking **Researcher** is fucking with me. I know he paraded her out before my very eyes to show me how far down the spiral I have gone...

Still. I followed her to her job. Her name is different now. I heard the security guard call her Cassie. God damn Cassie. That was what we were going to name our daughter before... Before I fell down the rabbit hole... I fucking hate him...





I keep hearing music, even when there should be none. It is music from my childhood, though I know it never existed. It is the music the fucking **Researcher** put into my memories. A soft piano floating around me. Satie<sup>\*</sup> is the name that springs to mind. I see the notes in my dreams dancing in a spiral. A perfect spiral that shines with a golden light.

But that is the answer. It's all fucking numbers. Everything is fucking numbers spiraling out of fucking control. Numbers are patterns and patterns are everywhere we look.

*\* This name is important - he saw the spiral. I know it!*

┌ Centum ter denos cum magus ab urbe ┐  
puellos duxerat ante annos CCLXXII  
└ Condita porta fuit. ┘


Today I met three men. Pingala, Gopala and Hemachandra. They told me they were looking for Leonardo of Pisa. Said they wanted to talk to him about his ~~rabbits~~ <sup>Rats</sup>.

~~Rabbits~~ <sup>Rats</sup>. Rats. Not much difference. RRRRRRR. Fucking ~~rabbits~~ <sup>Rats</sup>...

They said that in the first month there is just one new-born pair of ~~rabbits~~ <sup>Rats</sup>. The new-born pairs become fertile from their second month on. Each month every fertile pair fucks and makes a new pair. And if these fucking ~~rabbits~~ <sup>Rats</sup> live for ever, you have a fucking swarm of the fuckers. Like in the city. Lots of fucking aimless ~~rab-~~ <sup>Rats</sup> ~~bits~~ sleeping and not seeing.

### WAKE UP!!!

I see it all now. You, me, the others. Even the fucking Researcher. We are all in the maze together. We are all trapped and at the whim of men beyond this reality. We are fiction to them. Puppets to be moved as they see fit. Some play us. You and me... The rats whose hate lets them see beyond the doorways of reason...



I killed my wife today... He made her  
one of them and I killed her... I think I  
killed a part of me too... God fucking help  
me. I am drawn beyond the lines of  
reason...

# Beware of irrational numbers.

What We Are:

3 Divided Among Hate and Haze

Will = # of Those Who See

A Twist

Humanity = 5

Hope = 0

What We Face:

Control = 5

Others = Control + # of Those Who See

What We Do:

Finding Hope (Humanity vs Control + Hate)

Vs the World (Haze - Hate vs Control + Humanity)

Vs the Others (Haze - Hate vs Others)

Vs Each Other (Haze - Hate vs Haze - Hate)

Aiding Others (Humanity - Hate)

The Spiral:

Mind Fails (Haze + 1)

Body Fails (Hate - 1)

Vile Acts (Humanity - 1)

Good Acts (Humanity + 1)

Commits Suicide (Humanity = 0)

Endgame (Hope > Control = Haze)

The Endgame:

Ending the Maze (Hope - Hate vs Control + Haze)

Becomes One of The Others (Hope = 0)

There are no words.

0.9

The appearance of 0  
negates the next highest  
number in all results

Follow the rule  
of one - there  
is always one  
to use - it is  
the irrational # that  
ignores math

When the act  
is vile add  
Haze + Hate

This is never easy -  
All the Researcher  
does is create hard  
choices