

The Puppeteer

**THIS DOC WILL NO LONGER BE UPDATED AND IS HERE ONLY FOR ARCHIVING PURPOSES
THERE IS A PROPER RETELLING OF THE STORY BEING WRITTEN:**

<https://0-tikaro.github.io/the-puppeteer>

**IF YOU WISH TO CONTRIBUTE, MESSAGE TIKARO ON DISCORD TO GET YOUR STUFF ADDED
ONTO THE NEW WEB PAGE.**

Introduction

A while back, strange invaders started invading Dried Finger runs on PC. They would never speak up, so it was uncertain whether it was just randoms or someone from the discord. Eventually, some people started getting weird poems from same mysterious invaders. Around 20-21 Jan 2018 it became clear that all of those invaders were in fact just one man stalking PC DF runs. The story has been concluded on 14 May 2018. This doc now serves as the main repository of knowledge about the event and as a place to finish up all lore discussions.

Table of Content

Section 1, **Poems**, holds all the poems received from the Puppeteer in chronological order.

Section 2, **Characters**, holds brief information about the Puppeteer's builds.

Section 3, **Event Chronology**, holds a mostly comprehensive write-up of the Puppeteer's events.

Section 4, **Lore**, holds interpretations on the lore

Section 5, **Videos**, holds recordings of people fighting the Puppeteer during his events.

Poems

All of Puppeteer's poems (and whatever else he decides to send that seems important) are saved in this section.

[#001 - #012] – Introduction

[#013 - #025] – Broken Vagrant

[#026 - #033] – Heart of Spears' intro

[#036 - #042] – Slumbering Oden's intro

[#043 - #048] – Nameless Flame's intro

[#049 - #060] – Oden's Slumber

[#063 - #070] – Nameless Flame's death

[#071 - #084] – Lord of Hail's intro

[#088 - #096] – Heart of Spear's death

[#105 - #111] - Lord of Hail's death

[#112 - #125] - The Puppet's construction

[#126 - #148] - The Puppet's journey I

[#149 - #169] - The Puppet's journey II

[#170 - #189] - The Puppet's journey III

#1 (sent to Varyag)

Are you the knightess of Blackflame?

She was a fierce companion.

Exists a kinship 'tween us witches
the one my rotten soul has long abandoned.

From flame we came and there we'll meet.

Of Dark and Light we two were born.

But this one hollow soldier's meat,
has long ago decayed to bone.

#2 (sent to Cephalon Vezir)

A dragon beast in shape of man!

I'm but a doll but I'm impressed.

Your blades have weight and might and fury,
but what you lack is some finesse.

Mark words of mine, you lonely knight,

From such a warlike tribe you come!

Flee now and tell of joy so bright:

"Our Father shall at last return!"

#3 (sent to Alex_)

I thank you kindly, nameless knight!
Right here I embered will remain.
To fight you truly is a fright,
my gratitude you here obtain!

#4 (sent to Narcolept)

Four children slumber in the dirt,
They are the Father's joy and pride
They all forsook this hallow earth,
In battle you have made them thrive.

I am now blocked by man with finger.
His world cannot I terrorize.
Around Redflame despite this lingers,
Go tell him: "I apologize!"

#5 (sent to Alex_)

The blood has spilled, the flame is sated,
I thank you kindly, wayward knight!
For long my brethren have waited,
We all arise, prepare to fight!

From faraway has travelled first,
second's but a phantom ripple
Third of Abyss, next of a flaming thirst.
The last is but an armless cripple.
[0001/0100]

#6 (sent to Narcolept)

They all await the Father's hand,
his skillful arms which stitch and heal.
"Go wage great wars!" – was his demand,
at last they fell from blades you wield.
[0010/0100]

#7 (sent to Narcolept)

Once they were warriors so great,
now broken puppets throw away!
All this is following the fate,
Stitched they no longer are astray.
[0011/0100]

#8 (sent to Paprika)

The final goal has long been set:
to kill the Flame, the god of all.
For that the warrior to get,
forced five of us to fall.
[0100/????]

#9 (sent to Jean)

This is the end, the Father waits,
Our skin is longing for some stitches
Today you saw at last the gates!
Come morrow three shall drown in riches.
[1111/1111]

#10 (sent to Tikaro)

O ruined knight, come hear me now!
Pay close attention to my word,
Not four, but five has made the vow,
the doll forgotten is the eastward.
[0101/????]

#11 (sent to Narcolept)

He guards the derelicts alone,
ferocious man once could have been.
The ruins now he calls a home,
'till Father stitching will begin.

#12 (sent to Discord)

What fun we've◇had in our maze!
At last all puppets brought together.
They shall away for four more days,
But◇they'll return from the cold nether.

My stage is set, show must begin!
I'll lend a◇hand, keep this in mind:
"Count well, forgotten one has◇been.
Soon shall◇the two in one unite"

#13 (sent to Narcolept)

Work of you men has been fantastic,
No thing could save the broken two!
Yet Father had the plan so drastic,

in day or two shall witness you.

AAAA AA!??AAAAAAAAAAAA AA? AAAA... AAA

#14 (sent to Alex_)

!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?
!?A AA...A AA AAAA AAA??AAA AA?

#15 (sent to Tikaro)

...?

#16 (sent to Raff)

.

27 JAN 2018 (SATURDAY)

#17

@PC Player. @PC Player? @PC Player @PC Player

You're eager now, I see, I know.

The **Demon Ruins** come now pillage:

you shall attend his debut show-

AAaaA_~aA ?_?_AA_~!A.A>AA_A _A<AA!!

...and witness his retinkered image.

#18

@PC Player? A a a*A.!?*Aa AAAaa Aa

#19

Behold! The stitching?◇?has been done!- A_a_AAAAAa??? ! ...
A?A_~a ...Flame and Abyss twined in and out
The balance was achieved forlorn
The◇Father's free from his last doubt.
[;/:;]

#20

aa!

Have chosen five◆were for this task,
two unre-_aA_~_aA_~_A AAaA ...fined at last ascended.
yet◆three still cling onto- AA_~^AAA _AA_~A ...their mask,
you've work-!a_A.AAA ...to do 'till◇all are mended!
[;/:;]

#21

But... Ah, you see... I'm in some trouble.

AaAa.A.....

The Vagrant's crushed, yet I've no parts

....._.....AA_AA???

...Perhaps you'd search through human rubble,
and find the Spears' forgotten hearts?

Wait, no, don't go! it's far too early!

AA ...AA **DARE NOT!** AAAA?A AA **DISTURB!**AAA AA AA? **THE FRAIL BEAST!**

[CUT OUT LOTS OF BLANK LINES]

...

[CUT OUT LOTS OF BLANK LINES]

...my Vagrant will attend you shortly
Come to Yorshka's for the feast.

#22

the chapel's empty, ah, how sad.
Come then To Cleansing one instead.
The Father surely will be mad.
And now be sure to come with dread

#23

O FaAaa!?!AA_aaaather, please, is this enough?!

No bones of mine are left unbroken!

...

...Of course, I see, you're always rough.
I will obey your word bespoken

#24

AaaAAAA a how cru_e_l must they be...?

The F **at** her's_p_lan is grand, I ~~knew~~.

...whycom eth **they** **to**cri~pp~le me...?

Il_l_reach the end, the s h **o**-mu_st go.

[illegible]

A _AA!.. A_A_A?!!?aAAAA !!A AA AAA!.. AAAA!?aA
: A AAA...AA!A_a_AA !? AaAA AA... AaAaAAA AAAaAAaaAA??
: !AAaAAAaaA A AA?AAA
A!!AA ?AAA AaAA A.. AA_A A_AAA
A _AA!.. A_A_A?!!?aAAAA !!A AA AAA!.. AAAA!?aAA AAA...AA!A_a_AA !? AaAA AA... AaAaAAA
AAAaAAaaAA???!AAaAAAaaA A AA?AAA
...?

Well now, let's see, some parts are fine.

Besides, that doll was always full of fears
I could the armless now... refine.

Hmm...

But still,
the heart of Spears...?◇◇◆

#27

The elder doll awakes from slumber,
The frailest relic of unknown eon.
Enchained by titan Lord of Thunder,
By spear was stricken cyclopean.

#28

For long he laid in pygmys' dust,
your wars have woken him again.
At last he sheds the eons' rust
to bring you to a tragic end.

#29

Oh yes, he's angry, mad, insane,
still just a puppet long enchained.
Go bring upon him cold steel bane -
there are good parts that could be gained.

#30

Why 'Heart' I wonder, for that thing?
Its own long gone from cursed spear.
Could frail beast still something bring?
Naught left but fright and force so sheer.

#31

What's that, I'll find him **broken**?
Oh please, don't make me laugh.
He one withstood the force unspoken,
the titan Lord's acursed staff.

#32 (sent to noxuary)

Hmm, I've found him early in my quest,
No one could keep his rage at bay
By titan Lord was put to rest -
And I made sure he'd stay that way.

#33 (sent to Narcolept)

Come now, 'fore church Heart doth await.
It has awoken, but needs rest
No more you dare to make him wait!
One final chance to be his guest.

#34

I thank you kindly, men of war!
Was tested thoroughly Wraithflame,
all flaws were noted, like before-
...will Father work now on his frame.

He will be busy seven nights,
not one needs maintenance, but two.
Don't dare disrupt his candle's light,
When time has come, he'll let you through.

#35 (sent to Raff)

Now you I did not see quite well.
Don't overthink, I hold no grudge.
Tomorrow Father'll weave his spell,
Please do attend and be his judge.

3 FEB 2018 (SATURDAY)

#36 (sent to Kallah)

Unwaking he doth wander far,
The elder vagrant in deep slumber.
He's longing for the frigid star.
Find him, wake the ancient thunder.

#37

Now this was so quite... unexpected.
The phantom ripple you did crush,
its fleeting soul by me collected,
was used on cripple in a rush.

#38

What did awake the Broken soul?
What ancient mind new arm did rouse?
He may look waking, in control.
His mind, however, 's free of vows.

#39

Flame and Abyss were angered, mad.
They fought the Father 'till the end.
The cripple though, at most just sad,
into nostalgia he was sent.

#40

I often wonder in the dark.
When all my candles fade,
what's left of my unruly spark?
The Father's doll of highest grade?

#41

The elder soul doth slumber deep.
At last, you cannot do a thing.
He's gone too far in endless sleep.
There's nothing that him back could bring.

#42

And ever more you try and fail,
Applaud in order, yet ever still,
he dreams of things so old and frail.

...ah, wait, what's this, a morning chill?

#43

There is despite this one more doll,
Unstable nature you did shake,
The starless night had to befall.
One hour more, it shall awake.

#44

Two stitched, oh how they fought!
As one were purged, to isolation.
As one serene, withstood the rot.
One has emerged, free of frustration.

It well remembers your blades' mark.
Why would you your aggression cease?
It found tranquility amidst the dark.
Go challenge its awakened peace.

#45

Oh yes, indeed, no longer two persist:
Blood-crazed flame distilled by void.
It screamed and fought, 'till final twist.
Alas, its weak persona is destroyed.



#46

What's there, beyond the Age of light?
Is there a greater good to come?
What comes afore the darkest night?
Perhaps it knows, this thing now done.

#47 (sent to noxuary)

!

0101 1111 0010

#48

Have I achieved what I long sought?
Flame may be scratched, but is unbent.
Don't dare disturb the thing you fought.
It shall now vanish and repent.

9 FEB 2018 (FRIDAY)

#49

*Alone again I'm wandering in haze.
Where does the frigid whisper lead?
Once more to curse the golden rays?*

...

Aaah. The bell. I hear you bleed.

#50

Alas, the giant slumbers in the womb.
His body, stitched, has no place!
His mind, unfolding, shall soon bloom.
While he doth wander far from space.

10 FEB 2018 (SATURDAY)

#51

*...oh just how many saw my gaze?
I fought them all, a cripple fearless.
They all withstood, they blades did raise,
oh what a great, blood-thirsty mess...*

#52

*...but back before, just one I've met.
A man of honor, cathedral knight?
At last, back then, the stage was set,
on noxious rooftops we did fight...*

11 FEB 2018 (SUNDAY)

#53

*...oh, yes. It did begin back then, in dark.
When I was hollowed, he found me.
Seemed just a man, yet had a spark
of great, profaned ambition soon to be...*

#54 (sent to Tikaro)

Oh my, it seems indeed I interest you,
despite how little we together spend.
Hmm, fine, let's see it through.
Show next of mine please do attend.

12 FEB 2018 (MONDAY)

#55

*...the darker days I now recall,
before last purpose I was given.
So old and crippled, doomed to fall,
for my clear eye was not forgiven...*

13 FEB 2018 (TUESDAY)

#56

*...It's all thine fault, Lord of Sunlight!
Feeble coward! Servant of thine fear!
Thy rotten lineage is blight!*

...

oh may thou burn for sins severe...

#57

It has no will, yet soul is burning,
Dare you engage it once again?
The wheel of fate is slowly turning,
Don't spend your feeble lives in vain.

15 FEB 2018 (THURSDAY)

#58

*...the gaol great by them was risen.
Confronted I for my dark mind,
by slave firstborn of sunlit prison.*

...

What else could he expect to find?...

#59 (sent to Raff, see Chronological Doc for context)

Hmm, what's this?... A daring guest!
You know the end, for I am it.
It slowly grows with each my test.
For now, go on as you see fit.

#60

*...the name I knew, yet know no more.
Crowned "keeper first of secret last",
Six nights we fought. Six suns afore,
he fell in slumber deep, aghast.*

10 MAR 2018 (SATURDAY)

#61

The crowd grows silent, lights all fade,
the final act shall soon begin!
Show is so long, by blood was made,
to war one rides 'gainst Great Old Sin.

#62

@PC Player

Time hasn't come to start the act,
in haste the actors all prepare.
In day's two eights I shall be back,
for you to rend and break and tear.

#63

@PC Player

We start today with grim old tale.
Of two poor things stitched into one.
Its flame matured in darkest grail.
Go harvest it - the wait is done!

#64

...

Though wait, you I should warn.
Thing had its fun with pride and honor.
Now lurks in dark, from which was born.
It fears the end, and reeks of horror.

#65

We all are hunters this grim day:
On my behalf you hunt the flame.
To thing, however, you're the prey.
Crack knuckles dry and prize now claim!

#66

The thing was broken from the start,
no dual minds can long persist.
Alas, they don't belong apart,
for human flame needs to exist.

#67

Go on! Blood still you have to shed!
Its husk robust will not endure,
rip it away, then tear and shred!
The flame bring me, mature and pure.

#68

The light is cold, as ice it stings.
This is what men are, deep inside!
It overflows from greatest kings!
Life's breath it brings in all its pride.

#69

My goal is clear - undo the Sin.
For that I nourished not one soul:
oh lords and cripples, bright and grim.
It all comes now, for this one goal.

#70

Hatched from its husk the flame so great,
gaze now upon the job well done!
Your hunt has sealed Great Old Sin's fate,
near draws the time when it is gone.



12 MAR 2018 (MONDAY)

#71 (in block text)

...steel clouds cover distant horizons...

14 MAR 2018 (WEDNESDAY)

#72 (in block text)

...winds shriek as skies are torn apart...

15 MAR 2018 (THURSDAY)

#73 (in block text)

...inexorable, tremendous torrent crawls closer...

16 MAR 2018 (FRIDAY)

#74 (in block text)

...feeble sun is smothered by clasps of lead...

18 MAR 2018 (SUNDAY)

#75 (in block text)

...all fails to escape storm's titan gaze...

#76

@PC Player

You heard it rumble, did you not?
Great storm has cometh for us all.

Long lost in time, by you back brought.
All beast and men to safety crawl.

#77

*Ah, at last. The start, the end.
It is so clear, how fate doth chain.
To truer world myself I lend!*

...

Oh, what is this? A heavy rain?

#78

*O world, how much thou've changed.
Have failed Gods to keep their rule -
naught left but cinders long deranged...*

...

Thine race hath been oh quite so cruel...

#79

At last, the Lord, brought back from dust!
Yet, in the twist of fate so ever cruel,
he won't survive, his time long passed!
His husk will fade like broken jewels.

#80

*This frame has withered o so much,
yet eye of mine is ever clear!
Thy journey, ash, was blinded such,
as thee adhere to First Lord's fear.*

#81

*I dreamt of things so grand and small.
Of darkened cellars, spires lost.
Once proudly stood in sunlit halls,
then wandered them, destroyed by frost.*

#82

What strangest soul, don't you agree?
Born of the flame, yet seeks the dark.
Waits not for death with joy or glee,
yet shall pass me his final spark.

#83

How cruel are the chains of fate:

*from madness woken, and from mend
- as puppet for the plan so great!*

...

Gaze this of mine won't glimpse the end.

#84

@PC Player

Facade of might, it fades away.
He's no great flame, but dying candle.
Nostalgic spark amidst decay,
you'll I entrust it soon to handle.

Till then let elder thing enjoy the show.
Devoid of life for eons gone,
breathes in the faded cinders' glow,
while bearing fate fit for forlorn.

21 MAR 2018 (WEDNESDAY)

#85

The life I grasp, its fate decide —
this sacred force awaits rebirth.
That to achieve, you shall provide
the frame born of the ancient earth.

25 MAR 2018 (SUNDAY)

#86

For far too long to it we bowed, (to Narcolept)
its time has passed so long ago. (to WeHaveLifdoff)
The wheel is turning, my dear crowd! (to Kallah)
Great Sin with you we shall dethrone! (to Tikaro)



Posted to every channel of the Discord. When translated, gives:

#87

```
[[[
|<1><2><3><4>|
-->|<1>-x-<YOU>|&|<2>-x-<YOU>|&|<3>-x-<YOU>|&|<4>-x-<YOU>|
-->|<2><3>--><5>|&|<4>-x-<YOU>|
>|<4>-->x|&|<6>|
----->|<1><4>--><7>|
-->|<5>--><8>|
----->|<7>-x-<YOU>|
>|<7>-->???|&|<8>-x-<YOU>|
----->|<8>-x-<YOU>|
----->|???<7>???|
-?->|???<7>???|
-?->|???<7>???|
----->|<>|&|<8>-x-<YOU>|
>|<8>-->x|
>|[1]|
----->|???--><7>|
>|<7>--><9>|
----->|<9>-x-<YOU>|
----->...
----->|[2]|&|[3]|
----->|[1][2][3]--><0>|
----->|<0>-->...|
----->|<0>x<0>|
----->|<0>|
]]]
```

This appears to be a chronology of events.

26 MAR 2018 (MONDAY)



Sent to Fanboy and Ensign Epic. When translated, gives:

#88

L O S E N O T A S I N G L E B I T (null character)

#89

(The second part of the Puppeteer's response to Fanboy's DM)

I saw you many times in war,
yet fail still to understand:
the Sin would bend upon your gore -
why care you not this world to mend?

25 MAR 2018 (WEDNESDAY)



Left half was sent to multiple participants on 25 March. Right half was sent to Tikaro and Narc 1 April. When translated, gives:

#90

IAMTHEEND<0>

30 MAR 2018 (FRIDAY)

#91

O world, how old and frail you've become,
chained by the Sun to coward's will...
Archives of all that was and still to come,
to think that I'm its epilogue to fill...

#92

@PC Player

The forceful light of life pitch-black,
it matters not without a frame.
For me today you'll bring it back -
the sunlit vessel set aflame.

#93

@PC Player

In wanders through the streets of gold,
it recollects its former glory.
Time's here to break it of its mold,
Go finish its long-winding story!

#94

Old frail beast, what does it know?
What ancient wonders has it seen?
I'm sure it had much more to show,
it was so great before its dream.

#95

You just imagine - root of Spears!
Its feeble cause dulled not its blade.
Hailed great, stained not by fears!

...

till titan Lord forced it to fade.

#96

Its mind is gone, long perished now.
Its husk, alas, still does persist.
Go on, resolve last Father's vow,
void vessel now, dares it resist!

#97

Soul fleeting from the corpse unbent.
Keep on the onslaught! Rip and tear!
Its final thoughts you now shall rend,
and cleanse the vessel of light mare.

#98

I'll never know - was it afraid?
In sunlight basked from dusk till dawn,
it never felt Abyssal shade.
To dark was plunged in days forgone.

#99

The relic fit for craftsmen great
is gracing my old bloodstained hands.
I feel the eon's titan weight,
as into sunlit ash it lands...



01 APR 2018 (SUNDAY)

#100

To yield new life unchanged from old
is same as calling back the past.
We thus must change the core we hold,
make sure our prints for eons last.

#101

...ah, it's so imposing from up close -
carcass as if from elder wood!
Yet stitching needs, the age it shows...
I wonder, have I still the goods?



#102 (sent to Ensign)
...the arm, twelve ribs and leg's one third -
not much is left untouched by scars.

Gaze at it now and mark my word -
this elder corpse will scrape the stars.

#103 (sent to Alex_)
*I toss and tumble in my bed,
as endless storm is drawing near.
O just how long was life I led?
Why should the end at last I fear?*

#104 (sent to Kallah)
*It stares at me with empty eyes
as all succumbs to night so black.
Has it still will, or mind so wise?
False vision I forever lack?*

22 APR 2018 (SUNDAY)

#105
Old spark's unrest is clear as day,
for life's deep core is but a flame.
A single glimpse soon catch you may,
'nd bid farewell to its great name.

#106
Rare is a mind unstained by void.
One old in age yet knows the cure.
Lord life unending long enjoyed,
reap its last fruit by blade of your!

#107
*O fellow knight from ages old.
Wait thine succumbeth to an end.
For I, whose eye hath seen those bold,
Shall join thee in rest, dear friend!*

#108

*O elder craftsman o' the night,
Hand whose I witness break and mend.
Thy're naught but old and nameless wight,
yet mind of thine I do commend!*

#109

*Old blood runs wild through my vein.
Fears o' the mind it washed away.
To His great cause thee now I enchain!
Last piece thee art that oughtn't sway.*

#110

Meek in great age, though still a Lord!
No time is left to ponder deep.
All pieces caught, left is the cord.
All puppets rest, in peace they sleep.



#111

Old lord can't hear your words of praise
for all that's left is one bright spark.
And I, in facing final days,
enjoy the fact I left a mark.

28 APR 2018 (SATURDAY)

#112 (in #builds)

...thin limbs once held the arms with force
...frail fingers won't endure the strain.
...no doubt—they must I reinforce—
...but where the shell would I obtain?

#113 (in #builds)

Ah, yes, these fit so well it's strange.
A job well-done by fetcher swift!
...time came to joints rearrange,
a single pebble else won't lift...

30 APR 2018 (MONDAY)

#114 (in #builds)

Now this grand thing I can't ignore...
Cross oh so old, you're fit to be
The arm to end this tale of gore...

...

Yes. Such is a thing we all must see...

01 MAY 2018 (TUESDAY)

#115 (in #builds)

...this corpse is strong, yet fails to stand
...all muscle's torn - remake, restitch.
...once that is done, encase by hand
...in leather, stone, or metal rich?

#116 (in #builds)

Tissue and bone now trapped in steel -
what pleasant sight for craftsman's eye!
...time comes the gaping wound to heal,
this ancient heart I won't let die.

03 MAY 2018 (THURSDAY)

#117 (in #builds)

...these rags won't do, of sun they reek.
...yet this carcass can't fight in nude.
...old rusted plate? That I could tweak.
...but this last work must not be crude...

#118 (in #builds)

The heart beats slowly under plate
as steel to ribs now warmly clings.
...I am soon done? Soon free of weight
of this long journey, of my strings...

05 MAY 2018 (SATURDAY)

#119 (in #builds)

...to crown the head - last task is rough
...then dear my child will be done.
...but where to find such metal tough?
...in my supplies there's close to none.

#120 (in #bot-stuff)

@SlugBot

A second craftsman weaves their tale?
With pleasure meets you tired gaze,
of this one meek, exhausted, pale.
By this road's bumps you be unfazed.

#121 (in #builds)

...skin reinforced and clad in steel,
heart mended of the wounds of old.
One task remains 'fore I can kneel:
breathe life into the finished mold.

07 MAY 2018 (MONDAY)

#122 (in #builds)
O soul of Men and soul of Gods!
Entwined into the formless grey!
As audience last time applauds,
I welcome you into the fray!

08 MAY 2018 (TUESDAY)

#123 (in #fashion-souls)
Beyond the scope of light,
beyond the reach of dark,
as fingers lift and grasp the night
the eyes alight with forceful spark.

<https://i.imgur.com/GY4w6iK.png>



09 MAY 2018 (WEDNESDAY)

#124
Time don't you waste, knight born of all,
as you write out this tale's end.,
Great Sin of Old is bound to fall,
as you make for this world amends.

10 MAY 2018 (THURSDAY)

#125

Sin's might has grown on aeon's lords -
it will not make for easy prey.
On living feed, marching towards,
engulf all standing in your way.

11, 12 MAY 2018 (FRIDAY, SATURDAY)

#126

**The craftsman old at last can rest,
for now the Puppet stands alone.
Seeks might, it tyrant soon must best,
Go on, dear crowd, you shall it hone!**

#127

The knight now stumbles through the rubble
atop the wall of castle old.
Arms left I even with some trouble,
for it to find and use as told.

#128

The Puppet knows you seek its blood
as it now thirsts your souls great.
Near the fog wall, atop the mud
inscribe red signs and feel its weight.

#129

Ah, stormborn blade of elder Lord
it grips with fingers long and thin.
Do eyes recall the ancient sword?
Long gaze it caught when meeting him.

#130

What titan souls each one possesses!
Thirst sated as its spirit grows.
With newfound force onward it presses
stride will unbending at last shows.

#131

On ancient tree I left a mark
for Puppet ours to seek and find.
Cross struck accursed ancient bark,
heart mended surely will remind...

#132

The fingers grasp accursed cross,
heartbeat resounds in steelclad cage.
Red signs you're free to leave across
the stones before this open stage.

#133

What thoughts resound within its mind
as it endures this one-way path?
Time ought not waste, more souls to find,
as we march on through this bloodbath.

1 LEFT

#134

It may look tough to mere Man,
yet to Great Sin it's just a bug.
To it withstand knight knows the plan -
a cruel brother to estus mug.

#135

As souls congest and swell within,
at last they can be put to use.
With signs of yours we can begin
another feast for Puppet loose.

#136

The souls sublime heal corpse and mind,
as their faint stream gives you resolve.
Leave all but our one goal behind!
March ever on. Consume. Evolve.

1 LEFT

#137

Condemned to walk this one-way road
endures all night in darkness mute.
Yet, as we need to rest, unload.
Half-hour break, in silence resolute!

#138

Amidst the graves one thing does dwell
an image vague of soul now perished.
Lone blackened spirit, we can tell
for its small fragment mind does cherish.

#139

In hunting for vague apparition,
within, a spark of yore alights.
Invades the mind this queer ignition
as memories come back to light.

#140

As spark becomes a raging flame
the hunger grows like dark abyss.
Come to the fog, where it does reign
mere moments while the embers hiss.

#141

The final thoughts at last subside,
knight left alone, in dark, again.
As Puppet leaves its mirage guide
it presses on, in hunger so insane.

1 LEFT

#142

A man once wandered through this keep,
a reckless flame of scarlet red.
Taught by the nature heads to reap,
attacked me as he fell in dread.

#143

Visage of old peeks through facade,
as Puppet eats away its might.
Leave marks for soul raging, flawed,
before devoured is by hollow knight.

#144

All, one by one, the Watcher fall,
of ancient flame their souls reek.
Last hope to break Great Sin so tall -
become as it, or so they speak.

1 LEFT

#145

**Teeth rip scorched soul asunder.
Flame seeps into the slender hands.
Within begins a blazing thunder.
Akin to what Great Sin Old fends.**

#146

**Howls soon subside and leave behind
knight molded by inexorable fate.
All those who wish it now to find -
write signs by stone doors and wait.**

#147

**First waves calm down at last within
yet knight is scorching in and out.
Such might may not compare to Sin,
as it endures this with no doubt.**

1 LEFT

#148

Long journey have endured we all
and knight now rests so cold and lone.
Come morrow will again stand tall
for there's a duty to be done.

12, 13 MAY 2018 (SATURDAY, SUNDAY)

#149

Knight wakes from its exhausting slumber.
Unfeeling, mute, it carries on
led by prime glutton in its wander,
till greatest foe is dead and gone.

#150

Next apparition starts to stand
engulfed in wrath of its poor state:
within, two different minds it rend.
Whose cruel hand sealed such a fate?

#151

Their flame is not like that of Sin -
a seething rage of human mind
trapped in a cage of flesh and skin.
In mutual destruction solace find.

#152

Amidst the corpse of ancient kin,
the hunger is contained no more.
By placing signs you can begin
to feed it like you did before.

#153

Mirage so hateful fades away
subdued by sound of ripping souls.
A hollow husk waits for the day
when world, at last, no one controls.

1 LEFT

#154

A frail scared soul once from here left
entwined in strings my hand had spun.
The mind was waste, of will bereft,
...but soul had smelled of ancient sun.

#155

The warmth of lonely fireplace
does it recall this shack of mine?
To castle guided with great pace
to start its journey for Divine.

#156

Mute knight will not recall in true,
mirage so transient and meek.

Its afterglow to now subdue,
leave signs by fog and catch a peek.

#157

Ah, afterimage fades so soon,
just as it did in flesh and bone.
Meanwhile, lit by calm and peaceful moon
knight keeps his restless march alone.

1 LEFT

#158

"O palace of the venerable sun.
What sight to see thy ruins fall"
- age-dried lips had soon begun,
in walking through the darkened hall.

#159

Infused with image of old Mother,
slept deep as half-dead dragon sage,
Come, apparition this now smother,
to tomb below this relic of old Age.

#160

In slumber gluttons knight yet more,
and then breaks free of veiled tangle.
Sin's Flame is here, god-eating whore!
Tear our, engulf, poor thing then strangle.

1 LEFT

#161

What gruesome mess it seems to be
devouring Lords' blazing soul.
Half-hour break for knight to see
accursed force it dares now hold.

#162

**Ah, Great Sin's old flame warm and sublime
engulfs the Puppet as it feeds.
Thick priest of old who ate Divine -
mere food for one who Flame now needs.**

#163

**Invasive blaze shrieks through these cells,
it scorches soul and flesh alike.
As eyes are veiled by oldest hells,
knight's soul takes shape I so dislike.**

#164

**Knight's soul fears not this game,
for with each Lord it becomes more
like Old, Accursed, Great Sin's Flame.**

...

till naught is left but molten core.

1 LEFT

#165

Invoke storm clouds a distant though
of life so long it had no start.
Knight seeks what it once sought,
yet couldn't get, too weak of heart.

#166

As you endure this path as well,
and yield so many souls to it,
feel you the weight of things that dwell,
within this shell a Lord befit?

#167

True apparition, adept of storm,
hangs over knight, stronger than most.
As bell bleeds through the cloud's swarm,
Come to the fog, engage the ghost.

#168

Bleak stones we paint by blood of Ash,
as their souls nurture voiceless knight.
Time comes for fate to make another dash
More Flames are left to feed its might

1 LEFT

#169

As sun fades from the titan sky,
all beasts and men fall down in shade.
The knight again closes his eye:
rests mute, unbent, unswayed.

13, 14 MAY 2018 (SUNDAY, MONDAY)

#170

Amidst the putrid toxic trash
once walked a weary, lonely one.
Foes resolutely would he crush -
though just a cripple on the run.

#171

The truest traitor of his race,
devolved to mere old nameless thing.
Now vaguely image shows its face,
before the Lord on throne of king.

#172

In silence watched by titan two,
who fight before his giant soul.
Fear not, poor sufferer, you too,
will eaten be alive and whole.

1 LEFT

#173

**Lord dead and gone in gaping maw
No man or god is now the knight -
a Sin at which great hungers gnaw,
a monster with a soul so bright.**

#174

**No apparition is this flame -
new certain state of hollow thing.
Great Sin of Old it is to blame,
for this great burden it doth bring.**

#175

**As embers flicker in the air
hot wind blows from the sacred sin.
Sign stones by fog now, if you dare
to face the thing to hell akin.**

#176

Flame rages on in cursed soul
as knight subdues it with stern will:
ought not it waste this precious coal,
left final Lord to gulp with thrill.

1 LEFT

#177

A fleeting spark of human soul
engulfs the knight in veil's blacks.
Fog now approach, for it's your goal
to all provide what it still lacks.

#178

As black gives way to scorching steel,
knight leaves the human flame aside.
Tasked now to finish final meal,
it marches on, Sin its one guide.

1 LEFT

#179

From dark emerged a single face,
encased in bent and broken steel.
Exhausted yet from this long race,
half-hour break it takes to kneel!

#180

Last apparition still to feed
whom yielded flesh for monster mute.
To its homeland no roads yet lead -
one cannot go without a route.

#181

Corpse given to the voiceless knight
holds not the tale of Spears sublime.
Yet in these halls of white sunlight -

a different tale of ancient crime.

#182

Amalgam of the sunlit prison
along with feathers airy and white.
Your signs awaits image arisen,
from knight enduring fevered light.

#183

Fake imitation of the old
won't dare take up more time.
Just over here, last Lord so cold,
the last banquet of this great climb.

1 LEFT

#184

**Our goal is clear, for we are done.
No lords or souls are left to eat.
Great Sin of Old, your time has come!
This hellish knight will do the feat.**

#185

**You, blood-hungry hunters of the world
endured such journey with us two!
Come with it now, and stand so bold
along the hellspawn. See it through!**

#186

**INTO THICK ASH THE PIECES FALL
STRONG JAW SUBDUES THE BLAZING HEAD
WORLD'S FLAME WILL NOT STAND TALL
AS KNIGHT ENGULFS ITS FINAL SHRED**

#187

**AS SKY GROWS DARK IN ENDLESS NIGHT
ONE SPARK IS LEFT, UNTAMED AND BRIGHT
COME EACH ONE NOW, FOR FINAL FIGHT
SOON ENDLESS REST WILL TAKE THE KNIGHT.**

1 LEFT

#188

**This world, old and decayed,
it now, alas, no one controls.
Left standing is one richest shade
of the Darkest of Souls.**

#189

Knight takes a seat under dark bell,
great deed is done, the embers fade.
It now shall rest, enchain the hell
till even time itself will fade.

-THE END-

Characters

This section holds information about the Puppeteer's puppets, their equipment, and concise information of events related to them.

Puppeteer's current roster of builds

#0	The Puppet	GONE
#1	Oden the Armless	GONE
#2	Lone Darkwraith	GONE
#3	Redflame Erik	GONE
#4	White Vagrant	GONE
#5	Wraithflame Erik	GONE
#6	Heart of Spears	GONE
#7	Slumbering Oden	GONE
#8	Nameless Flame	GONE
#9	Lord of Hail	GONE

The Final Puppet

Equipment	Armor
Arstor's Spear	Broken Lothric Knight Helm
Drakeblood Greatsword	Firelink Chestplate
+ All equipment of previous puppets	Dancer's Gauntlets
	Dancer's Leggings

Related poem sets:

[#112 - #125] - The Puppet's construction

[#126 - #148] - The Puppet's journey I

[#149 - #169] - The Puppet's journey II

[#170 - #189] - The Puppet's journey III

This puppet is mentioned in the Puppeteer's Timeline under the symbol <0>. Created by the Father from the Humanity, Heart's Vessel and Soul of Lord of Hail, this is the one final puppet of the overarching event.

As of 5 May 2018, Jean received this image from the Puppeteer:



A figure laying in front of the fireplace is likely to be the Final Puppet. Due to poor image quality, the equipment cannot be identified with certainty. Predictions are in the table above.

8 MAY 2018:



Oden the Armless

Equipment	Armor
Crystal Astora Greatsword	Karla's Pointed Hat
Crystal Partizan	Millwood Armor
Aquamarine Dagger	Gundyr's Gauntlets (?)
	Gundyr's Leggings (?)

Appeared in Undead Settlement, Crucifixion Woods, Cathedral of the Deep, Irithyll Dungeon, Profaned Capital, Untended Graves.

He is legitimately missing his left arm. Furthermore, Oden never two-hands his weapons.

As of 3 Feb 2018, Oden the Armless was 'refined' with White Vagrant's parts\soul into Slumbering Oden. Thus, this character is presumed to not appear in the future. See "Slumbering Oden" for the future development of the character.

Lone Darkwraith

Equipment	Armor
-----------	-------

Ringed Knight Straight Sword	Dark Helm
Ringed Knight Spear	Dark Armor
Dark Sword	?
Eastern Round Shield	?

Appeared in Cathedral of the Deep, Irithyll.

On 27 Jan 2018 has been merged with Redflame Erik into “Wraithflame Erik”. Thus, this character is presumed to not appear in the future. See “Wraithflame Erik” for the future development of the character.

Redflame Erik

Equipment	Armor
Flamberge	Executioner Helm
Hand Axe	Slave Knight Armor
Demon’s Scar	?
Flame Fan	Morne’s Leggings (?)
Fire Surge	
Profaned Flame	

Appeared in Farron Keep, Demon Ruins, Cathedral of the Deep.

On 27 Jan 2018 has been merged with Lone Darkwraith into what’s now called “Wraithflame Erik”. Thus, this character is presumed to not appear in the future. See “Wraithflame Erik” for the future development of the character.

White Vagrant

Equipment	Armor
Murakumo	Dancer’s Crown
Pontiff Knight Curved Sword	Sunless Armor
	?
	Iron Dragonslayer Leggings (?)

Appeared in Irithyll, Undead Settlement, Crucifixion Woods, Cathedral of the Deep.
Wears Untrue White Ring.

Well now, let's see, some parts are fine. / I could the armless now... refine. refers to Oden the Armless being upgraded with whatever was left of White Vagrant. As of 3 Feb 2018, White Vagrant was merged with Oden into Slumbering Oden. Thus, this character is presumed to not appear in the future. See "Slumbering Oden" for the future development of the character.

Wraithflame Erik

Equipment	Armor
Firelink Greatsword	Executioner Helm
Hand Axe	Firelink Armor
Ringed Knight Straight Sword	Gundyr's Gauntlets
Ringed Knight Spear	Iron Dragonslayer Leggings
Dragonhead Shield	
Power Within	

Appeared in Demon Ruins.

A lot of things point to this character being Redflame Erik and Lone Darkwraith "stitched together" into one. Wraithflame uses equipment of both, and these lines seem to line up with the theory:

(#12) *Soon shall ◇the two in one unite*

(#19) *A?A_ 7a ...Flame and Abyss twined in and out*

(#20) *two unre-aA_ 7_aA_ A AAaA ...fined at last ascended.*

(#26) *It's worse than Erik and the Wraith.*

Wraithflame Erik has only appeared once, and is generally believed to be an early version of the Nameless Flame. Due to that, it's believed to be gone. See "Nameless Flame" for more information on the development of this character.

Heart of Spears

Equipment	Armor
Lucerne	Ruin Helm
Gotthard Twinswords	Dragonscale Armor
Arstor's Spear (technically?)	Gundyr's Gauntlets (?)
Golden Ritual Spear	Iron Dragonslayer Leggings (?)
Lightning Bundles	

Related Poems:

[#26 - #33] – Heart of Spears' intro set

[#88 - #96] – Heart of Spear's closing set

Appeared in the Ringed City.

First appeared on 27 Jan 2018 near the Purging Monument. It later travelled to the base of Spear of the Church bossroom, which is the only place it was seen at afterwards.

At 25 Feb 2018, Heart of Spears has appeared again, substantially more powerful. It boasted custom magic, consisting of modified Divine Fragment spears as well as custom Sunlight Spear, which would leave SotC spears in the air upon firing.

At 30 Mar 2018, Heart of Spears appeared yet again, boasting the same custom magic as the encounter on 25 Feb. In addition, he gained a permanent lightning-buffed Golden Ritual Spear through which he casts this magic. He was able to use multiple lines of the Divine Fragments spears, unlike the normal one-line limit.

As of 30 Mar 2018, Heart of Spears appears to be dead, as suggested by the poem #96, as well as his collapsed state in the Shared graves at the end of the event.. His death was accompanied by another image of an item:



It is presumed that the remaining parts of Heart of Spears will be utilized in some form by the Puppeteer to make his final puppet.

Slumbering Oden

Equipment	Armor
-----------	-------

Zweihander
Wolf Knight Greatshield
Astora Greatsword
Partizan
Murakumo
Red Hilted Halberd
Firebombs

Karla's Pointed Hat
Exile Armor
Exile Gauntlets
Morne's Leggings

Related poems:

[#36 - #42] – Slumbering Oden's intro set

[#49 - #60] – Oden's Slumber set

Appeared in Anor Londo.

First and only appearance on 3 Feb 2018. Uses several different weapon arts on his Zwei: Stomp, Neck Swipe, Spin Slash. All weapons deal heavy frostbite damage. At the end of his event, has fallen into deep slumber, from which he could no longer be woken. Shortly afterwards, he started sleep-talking(?), recollecting various events from his own past. For more details see "Oden: the Derelict Lord" in **Speculations**.

As Oden appears to have been transformed back into his prior state, the Lord of Hail, it is presumed he will no longer appear in this form in future encounters.

Nameless Flame

Equipment

Armor

Onyx Blade
Ringed Knight Straight Sword (onyx buff)
Ringed Knight Spear (onyx buff)

Executioner Helm
Black Iron Armor
Black Iron Gauntlets
Morne's Leggings

Related poems:

[#43 - #48] – Nameless Flame's intro set

[#63 - #70] – Nameless Flame's death set

Appeared in Untended Graves, Cleansing Chapel, Great Belfry.

First appeared on 3 Feb 2018, using custom blackflame pyromancies and being the first true 'miniboss' of all of the puppets. Has seen a lot of use, being seen in a total of 4 separate events. Last appeared on 10 Mar 2018, in an event where participants broke him in a fashion similar to White Vagrant. As a result, as mentioned in poem #70, the participants have extracted its soul, which can also be seen below:



As of 17 Mar 2017, its use is uncertain. However, due to it being the only graphically visible “item” ever received by the participants, it’s like that it is of high importance.

Is believed to be completely gone, and as such will not appear in the future. For more details see “Nameless Flame and its Parts” in **Speculation**. However, recent developments suggest that its soul will be used to create the Puppeteer’s final puppet.

Lord of Hail

Equipment	Armor
Astora Greatsword	Karla's Pointed Hat
Drakeblood Greatsword	Drang Armor
Storm Curved Sword	Golden Bracelets
Talisman	Dragonscale Waistcloth

Related poems:

[#71 - #84] – Lord of Hail's intro set

Appeared at Great Belfry, namely the Path of Dragon hill area.

First, and so far only, appearance on 18 Mar 2018. Character has very high health and seems to scale its health based on the number of invaders. Uses Neck Swipe on his Astora Greatsword, and Storm Ruler on his Drakeblood Greatsword. Uses 4 custom spells. The first is a gust of air that knocks his opponent down. The second is similar to the air gust, except has a small, flaming rock projectile that has a hitstun effect, even on an incomplete hit. The third spell is purely utility; he becomes intangible, plays the bonfire sound, then teleports to a set point (usually the center of the arena or the temple near the top of the hill). The fourth spell is similar to Nameless Flame's tongues of flame, except it is a single sphere of what appears to be fierce winds. Lord of Hail appears to fiercely defend this orb, focusing on anyone standing in or around the orb.

The poems leading up to this encounter, as well as the poems during it, strongly suggest that Lord of Hail is Slumbering Oden, awoken from his sleep. For more details see "Oden: the derelict Lord" in **Speculations**.

The final poem of his lone event seems to suggest that he survived, albeit damaged, so he's assumed to appear in the future.

At the end of his last event, the participants received this image, suggesting that Lord of Hail is defeated:



Event Chronology

This section is for the chronological documentation of the Puppeteer's events. While it may go into a bit of lore speculations, its main goal is to document the events in a readable format. For legitimate lore speculations, see **Speculations**.

A WHILE AGO

Puppets used: Oden the Armless, Lone Darkwraith, Redflame Erik, White Vagrant.
NEEDS TO BE WRITTEN UP

21 JAN 2018 (SUNDAY)

Puppets used: Oden the Armless, Lone Darkwraith, Redflame Erik
NEEDS TO BE WRITTEN UP

27 JAN 2018 (SATURDAY)

Puppets used: Wraithflame Erik, Broken Vagrant, Heart of Spears.

Tik's interpretation on "Broken Vagrant":

On 27 Jan 2018 The whole event seems to have started with *...my Vagrant will attend you shortly / Come to Yorshka's for the feast.* from poem #21. For unknown reasons shortly afterwards poem #22 was sent, which said that the location was to be changed from Yorshka's Church to Cleansing Chapel. There the "Broken Vagrant" waited, which was a fat-rolling, crippled version of the White Vagrant with misshapen limbs. Catpants tried giving it some Repair Powder, to no effect.

Poem #23, which **seems** to be from Broken Vagrant's perspective, seems to indicate that Father forcefully sent Vagrant out(?). As the event progressed, Vagrant began to lie outside the Cleansing Chapel, presumably on spots it was killed (or it killed someone?). It would get up with some really janky looking CE animations. Poem #24 was sent somewhere in that period of time, which like #23 seems to be from Vagrant's perspective. It is also the last, most distorted one we hear from it. #25, which follows, is a compilation of gibberish As, which seems to indicate screaming.

At some point, Broken Vagrant began going through the level and opened both shortcuts, presumably starting from the Cleansing Chapel. Around this time Vagrant also stopped wearing Untrue White Ring and was found by Narc on top of a pile of bodies inside the Cathedral, also with the constant poison effect on it. All of its armor was broken and limbs still very much misshapen. From the last recorded moments, it seems that Broken Vagrant had stopped right before the Deacons of the Deep. It was speculated that Vagrant might be seeking the doll from the Deacons to use as repair parts. Narc also tried to give it some homeward bones, with no effect.

Soon after, Broken Vagrant turned transparent akin to player ghosts. Ragg invaded it and tried casting Warmth, still without any visible effect.

Shortly afterwards, poem #26 was sent, which **seems to indicate that White Vagrant has completely vanished**, leaving only “some parts” which Father(?) could use.

Heart of Spears appearance

Unlike other puppets(?) this one had to be tracked down at first. Because of the mention of “Lord of Thunder” in the linked poems, it was thought that Heart of Spears could have something to do with the Nameless King. Thus the guys tried to invade in Archdragon Peak. However, another poem mentioned pygmies’ dust, so Shared Graves were checked as well. Eventually Narc invaded “Host of embers Heart of Spears” and searched through the Ringed City, only to find him at the Purging Monument.

I think I can sort of piece together Heart of Spears lore. If we assume that everything after *Hmm... At last. Just scraps remain.* poem refers only to the Heart of Spears, here's my understanding:

- It seems to be incredibly old
- It was subdued/enchained/put to rest by the titan *Lord of Thunder*
- It was very clearly stricken by Arstor's Spear and lost its heart(?)

3 FEB 2018 (SATURDAY)

Puppets used: Slumbering Oden, Nameless Flame.

This event consisted of two parts. The whole thing started with poem #36, sent to Kallah:

Unwaking he doth wander far,
The elder vagrant in deep slumber.
He's longing for the frigid star.
Find him, wake the ancient thunder.

Before any actual combat, the participants had to locate the first puppet. First checked locations were Ashes of Ariandel (*frigid star*) and Archdragon Peak (*ancient thunder*). In Archdragon, both the Dragon-kin Mausoleum and Great Belfry were checked, as *wander far* and *ancient thunder* was associated with the Nameless King. *Elder vagrant* gave ideas that the new puppet might be somewhere near the areas **White Vagrant** previously invaded in. Boreal Valley was checked next, and Untended Graves were suggested as the next place to look.

Eventually, **Slumbering Oden** was found in Anor Londo by Vulc, at the highest point of the cathedral, in the room with the giant horizontal window. This updated version of **Oden the Armless** had both arms, using a Zweihander instead of his usual Astora Greatsword and keeping Wolf Knight Greatshield in the offhand. Oden also kept a Partizan and Astora GS in his backpocket (anything else?). All his equipment was frozen, proccing frostbite in 2 to 3 swings (viz Narc vs.

Slumbering Oden). Oden's fashion appears mostly unchanged, aside from switching Millwood Armor for Exile Armor (Nosferat said he was wearing Exile before as well?).

After a while, Puppeteer sent poem #37, which shared some lore concerning Oden and the Vagrant:

Now this was so quite... unexpected.
The phantom ripple you did crush,
its fleeting soul by me collected,
was used on cripple in a rush.

Phantom ripple previously referred to White Vagrant, which lines up with the fact that Broken Vagrant was *crushed* previous week to the point of becoming completely destroyed. This poem seems to indicate that whatever was left of White Vagrant has been used on Oden the Armless, who was also previously referred to as *cripple*. This seems to line up well with the appearance of **Slumbering Oden**, who now has two proper arms. If this is correct, this means that from this point, Puppeteer's four original puppets are now all gone: Redflame Erik and Lone Darkwraith were merged into Wraithflame Erik, White Vagrant was destroyed and subsequently merged with Oden the Armless.

Around this time it was realized that Slumbering Oden was using custom weapon arts, namely Neck Swipe and Spin Slash with his Zweihander. Rarely he would pull up a Murakumo (White Vagrant's remains?)

Poem #38 was sent next:

What did awake the Broken soul?
What ancient mind new arm did rouse?
He may look waking, in control.
His mind, however, 's free of vows.

Seems to be more Oden lore. *Broken souls* likely refers to Broken Vagrant's remains being merged with Oden. One theory is that Vagrant's soul is taking over Oden.

Poem #39 was promptly sent:

Flame and Abyss were angered, mad.
They fought the Father 'till the end.
The cripple though, at most just sad,
into nostalgia he was sent.

Flame and Abyss refers to Redflame Erik and Lone Darkwraith and their merging (?) into Wraithflame Erik. Maybe Oden took the merging better than Erik & Darkwraith? No clue here.

At some point Oden started 'sleepwalking': <https://streamable.com/n7668>.
Appears that he was making his way from the hightop of Anor Londo into the darkmoon tomb.
Upon getting there, he reached the altar, hit it with his greatshield and then rung a chime three times. Oden would continue to do this with several more people that invaded him.

Poem #40 seems to be unrelated to anything at all:

I often wonder in the dark.
When all my candles fade,
what's left of my unruly spark?
The Father's doll of highest grade?

Doesn't look like it relates to Oden, just to the *Father's doll of highest grade*. Best puppet he has made? Candles and wondering in the dark also doesn't fit Slumbering Oden's context.

Poem #41 was sent during Jean's invasion:

The elder soul doth slumber deep.
At last, you cannot do a thing.
He's gone too far in endless sleep.
There's nothing that him back could bring.

At this point Oden was no longer taking damage, just sleeping (sleep gesture). Jean tried to backstab, stagger, and launch him without any effect. Ringing a chime in the same fashion as Oden also did not do anything. Dung pie toxic also did no damage. Poem #42 seems to refer to Jean's experimentation:

And ever more you try and fail,
Applaud in order, yet ever still,
he dreams of things so old and frail.

...ah, wait, what's this, a morning chill?

Last line also does not fit any context? Perhaps meaning something will happen in the place where the sun rises\where is morning? A minute later, poem #43 followed up:

There is despite this one more doll,
Unstable nature you did shake,
The starless night had to befall.
One hour more, it shall awake.

Unanimous agreement was that this meant an hour break before the Puppeteer would return. And this is, in fact, what happened. An hour later, poem #44 came in:

Two stitched, oh how they fought!
As one were purged, to isolation.
As one serene, withstood the rot.
One has emerged, free of frustration.

It well remembers your blades' mark.
Why would you your aggression cease?
It found tranquility amidst the dark.
Go challenge its awakened peace.

Again being cryptic with the new location, people checked Ringed City Swamp and Untended Graves. The latter one was correct, and there the **Nameless Flame** was found. This one used an array of custom blackflame spells as well as Onyx Blade and onyx buffed RKS & RKSS. Given the fire theme and the first half of poem #45, it seems that this is **Wraithflame Erik** (?). Poem #45 seems to agree with that idea, giving some more lore:

Oh yes, indeed, no longer two persist:
Blood-crazed flame distilled by void.
It screamed and fought, 'till final twist.
Alas, its weak persona is destroyed.



Perhaps Nameless Flame is the "finished" version of Wraithflame? Last week's closing poem #34 did say that *Was tested thoroughly Wraithflame, all flaws were noted, like before- ...will Father work now on his frame.*

Poem #46:

What's there, beyond the Age of light?
Is there a greater good to come?
What comes afore the darkest night?
Perhaps it knows, this thing now done.

No clue about meaning.

Shortly after fighting him, noxiuary received this binary: "! 0101 1111 0010". (#47)

Near the closure of the event, Narc had a pleasant back-and-forth with the Puppeteer:

<https://media.discordapp.net/attachments/334178623298732032/409537014182969354/unknown.png?width=388&height=683>

<https://media.discordapp.net/attachments/334178623298732032/409537206391275521/unknown.png>

<https://media.discordapp.net/attachments/334178623298732032/409537300910047233/unknown.png>
<https://media.discordapp.net/attachments/334178623298732032/409537495353655316/unknown.png?width=410&height=682>

Puppeteer's last poem (#48) ended the event:

Have I achieved what I long sought?
Flame may be scratched, but is unbent.
Don't dare disturb the thing you fought.
It shall now vanish and repent.

6 FEB 2018 (TUESDAY)

Puppets used: Nameless Flame

This unnaturally short event began with Puppeteer sending "Cleansing Chapel 0000". There were no poems nor anything else sent afterwards, and the Puppeteer left discord immediately.

The 0000 was quickly figured out to be the password. Participants have put their summon signs down and were summoned by Nameless Flame. Noteworthy points: the puppet now has Humanity Head on top of Executioner Helmet. The invisible custom pyromancy was replaced with a custom variation of Black Serpent. Nameless Flame also now seems to be able to cast his pyromancies with Unfaltering Prayer.

Event ended as suddenly as it has started.

9 FEB 2018 (FRIDAY)

The Puppeteer made a brief appearance in Discord to leave the following poem #49:

*Alone again I'm wandering in haze.
Where does the frigid whisper lead?
Once more to curse the golden rays?*

...

Aaah. The bell. I hear you bleed.

An unfruitful search ensued. Archdragon Peak (namely the Great Belfry) was checked because it had a giant bell. *Frigid whispers* made participants think it was Ashes of Ariandel, which also had a broken bell in Snowy Mountain Pass. Irithyll was also suggested, since the Small Doll item description says that it whispers to you. Eleanora was the next guess, since its weapon art applies a bleed buff and produces a bell-ringing sound. This subsequently lead to checking the Profaned Capital.

Once more to curse the golden rays? line was giving participants the most trouble, as it didn't seem to fit with anything. Next assumption was that it's connected to the Ringed City, which has a fair amount of gold in its palette.

An hour later, the Puppeteer reappeared to say (#50):

Alas, the giant slumbers in the womb.
His body, stitched, has no place!
His mind, unfolding, shall soon bloom.
While he doth wander far from space.

Consensus was that this probably refers to Oden, as he was the only one previously referred to as "slumbering". He was also "stitched" with the Vagrant.

After looking at both poems together, it seems that they didn't reveal any particular location altogether, but rather a process of rebirth.

One last stab was taken at Untended Graves. This seemed a solid theory, since: *haze* could refer to low visibility; this is where the Ashen One rises from his grave ("rebirth", in a way); and since it's dark and flameless, it would make sense for it to be *frigid*.

In the end, the Puppeteer was never found, and thus this strange event came to an end.

10 FEB 2018 (SATURDAY)

Puppeteer joined the discord, left another poem that seems to be for lore purposes, without any event tied to it.

*...oh just how many saw my gaze?
I fought them all, a cripple fearless.
They all withstood, they blades did raise,
oh what a great, blood-thirsty mess...*

Later the same day, puppeteer dropped poem #52:

*...but back before, just one I've met.
A man of honor, cathedral knight?
At last, back then, the stage was set,
on noxious rooftops we did fight...*

11 FEB 2018 (SUNDAY)

Same as last two days, Puppeteer joined and sent poem #53:

*...oh, yes. It did begin back then, in dark.
When I was hollowed, he found me.
Seemed just a man, yet had a spark
of great, profaned ambition soon to be...*

After a couple of minutes, Tikaro received poem #54:

Oh my, it seems indeed I interest you,
despite how little we together spend.
Hmm, fine, let's see it through.
Show next of mine please do attend.

12 FEB 2018 (MONDAY)

In continuation of the trend, Puppeteer gave us another italicized poem (#55):

*...the darker days I now recall,
before last purpose I was given.
So old and crippled, doomed to fall,
for my clear eye was not forgiven...*

Curious observation: Poems #49, #51, #52, #53, #55 are all italicized and all, except for #49, have opening and ending ellipses. It does seem to suggest that these are directly related to each other, i.e. they're a part of a bigger poem. Giving them a closer look would probably be helpful.

13 FEB 2018 (TUESDAY)

Poem #56:

*...It's all thine fault, Lord of Sunlight!
Feeble coward! Servant of thine fear!
Thy rotten lineage is blight!
...
oh may thou burn for sins severe...*

Later the same day, Puppeteer announced another Nameless Flame event with the following (#57):

Great Belfry
0001
It has no will, yet soul is burning,
Dare you engage it once again?
The wheel of fate is slowly turning,
Don't spend your feeble lives in vain.

15 FEB 2018 (THURSDAY)

The Puppeteer appeared in Discord and delivered poem #58, but put each line in a different channel:

...the gaol great by them was risen. (#general)
Confronted I for my dark mind, (#white-soapstone)
by slave firstborn of sunlit prison. (#fashion-souls)
... (#oh-cool)
What else could he expect to find?... (#lothric-deserters)

The Raff sent The Puppeteer a poem while #58 was being delivered:

A hazardous path you've walked, my friend
Yet still, we cannot see the end
Through stitching sown sinew you've shown us a fight
But when will this challenge pass into the night?

The Puppeteer responded with #59:

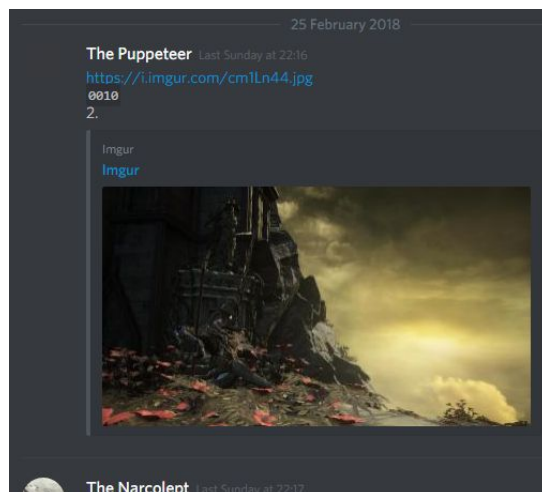
Hmm, what's this?... A daring guest!
You know the end, for I am it.
It slowly grows with each my test.
For now, go on as you see fit.

Later that day, The Puppeteer reappeared to drop poem #60:

...the name I knew, yet know no more.
Crowned "keeper first of secret last",
Six nights we fought. Six suns afore,
he fell in slumber deep, aghast.

25 FEB 2018 (SUNDAY)

Puppets used: Heart of Spears



New, improved version of Heart of Spears appeared. The Puppeteer did not send any poems, instead DM'ing Narc and Jean with an in-game screenshot, picturing the Heart of Spears resting near a broken statue in the Ringed City. It's worth noting that Narc's screenshot was labeled "2.", and Jean's "1.". The meaning of that is unknown.

<https://cdn.discordapp.com/attachments/471494816430161931/474297901221281792/cm1Ln44.png>

Discord members put their signs down by the Spear of the Church bossfog, and Heart of Spears summoned them to fight.



10 MAR 2018 (SATURDAY)

Puppets used: Nameless Flame

At the very start, Puppeteer sent poems #61 and #62. Both seemed to be a precursor to the event, though #61 mentions "Great Old Sin" - something that would be brought up throughout this whole event. Is it perhaps another character?

The crowd grows silent, lights all fade,
the final act shall soon begin!
Show is so long, by blood was made,
to war one rides 'gainst Great Old Sin.

@PC Player

Time hasn't come to start the act,
in haste the actors all prepare.
In day's two eights I shall be back,
for you to rend and break and tear.

Exactly 6 hours after poem #62, the event began with #63:

@PC Player

We start today with grim old tale.
Of two poor things stitched into one.
Its flame matured in darkest grail.
Go harvest it - the wait is done!

It undoubtedly talks about the Nameless Flame, which would become the only puppet seen this time. *Its flame matured in darkest grail* seems to mean that Nameless Flame's soul (as seen at the end of the event), seems to have grown/matured enough to be obtained.

Nameless Flame appeared in the untended graves, and started ambushing anyone who tried to invade\was summoned by(?) him. He played more aggressively than before (even more aggressive than last time at the belfry?). Poem #64 talks about that, while also suggesting that Nameless Flame was experiencing a great amount of fear at that time:

...

Though wait, you I should warn.
Thing had its fun with pride and honor.
Now lurks in dark, from which was born.
It fears the end, and reeks of horror.

In poem #65, the Puppeteer mentions that everyone involved in today's event is a hunter and the prey simultaneously: Nameless Flame hunts participants, participants hunt the Nameless Flame.

That would be further reinforced by the fact that NF would ambush its opponents, as opposed to calmly waiting for them out in the open, like it did in the past.

We all are hunters this grim day:
On my behalf you hunt the flame.
To thing, however, you're the prey.
Crack knuckles dry and prize now claim!

Poem #66 seems to be more lore-related, talking about how Nameless Flame was doomed from the moment it was born. Nevertheless, it seems that the Puppeteer\Father knew of it and made the puppet for the 'human flame':

The thing was broken from the start,
no dual minds can long persist.
Alas, they don't belong apart,
for human flame needs to exist.

Eventually, in a fashion similar to White Vagrant, Nameless Flame started to break. Poem #67 urged participants to keep fighting, and further reinforcing the fact that the Puppeteer's goal for today was obtaining Nameless Flame's matured soul:

Go on! Blood still you have to shed!
Its husk robust will not endure,
rip it away, then tear and shred!
The flame bring me, mature and pure.

In the process of breaking, Nameless Flame started 'leaking' blackflame, buffing his opponents' weapons with onyx flame and giving them humanity head. Sweet examples, courtesy of Raff and Narc:





Poem #68 was dropped at some point near that period, which seems to talk specifically about blackflame as material\energy(?). This is the most vague poem of the event, wouldn't hurt to take a closer look at it:

The light is cold, as ice it stings.
This is what men are, deep inside!
It overflows from greatest kings!
Life's breath it brings in all its pride.

Poem #69 talks specifically about Puppeteer\Father's goal (Is it his ultimate goal?). It again references the "Sin", which was brought up in #61 already. What it is exactly is unclear, needs further speculation. #69 seems to imply that whatever preparations Puppeteer was doing, they are nearing the end:

My goal is clear - undo the Sin.
For that I nourished not one soul:
oh lords and cripples, bright and grim.
It all comes now, for this one goal.

Near the end of the event, NF started dropping the little blackflame orbs on the ground in a circle(?), which is where Raff got the idea that it was 'leaking' blackflame.



(courtesy of Ensign Epic) Eventually, Nameless Flame led a bunch of people to a cliff, where it left its soul and died. Poem #70 closed the event:

Hatched from its husk the flame so great,
gaze now upon the job well done!
Your hunt has sealed Great Old Sin's fate,
near draws the time when it is gone.



12 MAR 2018 (MONDAY) -> 18 MAR 2018 (FRIDAY)

Throughout the whole week, Puppeteer has sending one line messages in block quotes. The One-liners #71 to #75 all seem to be describing a violent natural event, perhaps a heavy rainstorm? As of 18 Mar 2018, it is unclear what this is building up to.

...steel clouds cover distant horizons...
...winds shriek as skies are torn apart...
...inexorable, tremendous torrent crawls closer...
...feeble sun is smothered by clasps of lead...
...all fails to escape storm's titan gaze...

18 MAR 2018 (SUNDAY)

Puppets used: Lord of Hail

Late Saturday night/early Sunday morning, the Puppeteer posted a final line of block text. Later that same day, he posted poem #76, which Kallah figured indicated the Great Belfry. There he found a new character, Lord of Hail, who fought primarily on the Path of Dragon hill and the plaza at its base. This character seems to either be the next form of, or is otherwise linked to, Slumbering Oden. He wears very similar armor, and uses an Astora Greatsword with Neck Swipe. Additionally, many poems posted during the events were italicized, similar to previous Oden poems. Poem #81 specifically referred to dreaming about Irithyll and/or Anor Londo, further suggesting that Oden and Lord of Hail are one in the same. This character had large amounts of HP, which was scaled for the amount of enemies in the world, and used wind-themed miracles, including a knock-down gust, a flaming hail strike. The event started with standard invasions. After poem #78, he started to use a harmless spell-like effect, which appeared to be a circle of fierce winds, similar to Nameless Flame's tongues of fire. Anyone who violated this area was heavily focused. Around this time Lord of Hail also appeared to introduce his teleportation ability, moving to either the temple on the hill or the central plaza, depending on where his opponents were. He appears to have dry fingered around when he posted poem #79. Lord of Hail appeared to become much more aggressive after poem #80. After poem #82 the character appeared to switch mainly to summoning opponents who placed their red signs in the circle in the plaza at the base of the hill. He appeared to become more frantic around when the Puppeteer posted poem #83. The summoning continued until he finally posted poem #84, which appeared to end the event, but without the death of Lord of Hail. However, it seemed to indicate he was heavily damaged by the encounter, pointing towards his potential death in the next event.

25 MAR 2018 (SUNDAY)

Poem #86 came up, sent to different discord users line by line. After a little while, this image was posted in every channel of the discord, as well as sent to a bunch of people in DMs:



Later, the Puppeteer posted an additional image:



26 MAR 2018 (MONDAY)

Fanboy approached the Puppeteer in poem form, and got a response. The first part thanked him for the praise received, while the second part seemed to be additional lore:

I saw you many times in war,
yet fail still to understand:
the Sin would bend upon your gore -
why care you not this world to mend?

The latter two lines are interesting, especially the last one - the choice to use Demon's Souls-inspired wording is unlikely to be just a coincidence. The whole exchange can be seen here: <https://imgur.com/lZICRsf>

28 MAR 2018 (WEDNESDAY)

Puppeteer dropped another encrypted image, this time smaller. Seems as it's a hint or a nudge towards the way to decrypt the main image:



30 MAR 2018 (FRIDAY)

Puppets used: Heart of Spears

The Puppeteer sent poem #88 early on in the day:

O world, how old and frail you've become,
chained by the Sun to coward's will...
Archives of all that was and still to come,
to think that I'm its epilogue to fill...

This one seems to be disconnected from the immediate lore, and is gonna need more speculating. Later on, #89 and #90 signified the start of the event:

The forceful light of life pitch-black,
it matters not without a frame.
For me today you'll bring it back -
the sunlit vessel set aflame.

In wanders through the streets of gold,
it recollects its former glory.

Time's here to break it of its mold,
Go finish its long-winding story!

It was at first unclear who the today's puppet would be, both Nameless Flame and Lord of Hail were speculated. *Flame of life pitch-black* is referencing humanity and, most likely, the Humanity. Judging by that whole poem, this event might be the final one for Heart of Spears, as the Father is saying that we will bring him *the sunlit vessel set aflame*.

It was also speculated that there's something to do with the Lordvessel from DS1. Perhaps some sort of rebirth of Nameless Flame? Or putting the the Humanity into the Heart of Spears' body?

Poem #91 followed:

Old frail beast, what does it know?
What ancient wonders has it seen?
I'm sure it had much more to show,
it was so great before its dream.

This one suggests that the Heart of Spears has been in a *dream*/slumber. Perhaps it's was something akin to Oden's? Poems #27 (*The elder doll awakes from slumber*,) and #28 (*For long he laid in pygmy's dust*), which were the introduction of Heart of Spears, line up with that.

Poem #92:

You just imagine - root of Spears!
Its feeble cause dulled not its blade.
Hailed great, stained not by fears!
...
till titan Lord forced it to fade.

root of Spears could be referring to Heart of Spears being the very first Spear of the Church. Also, another *titan Lord* reference.

Poem #93:

Its mind is gone, long perished now.
Its husk, alas, still does persist.
Go on, resolve last Father's vow,
void vessel now, dares it resist!

[Kallah: Heart of Spears is fully hollowed, and we must put it out of its misery?]

Poem #94:

Soul fleeing from the corpse unbent.
Keep on the onslaught! Rip and tear!
Its final thoughts you now shall rend,
and cleanse the vessel of light mare.

Poem #95 and #96 signified the end of the event, as the Heart of Spears collapsed in the Shared Graves, exactly where Patches kicks you to. (Screenshot courtesy of Raff)



I'll never know - was it afraid?
In sunlight basked from dusk till dawn,
it never felt Abyssal shade.
To dark was plunged in days forgone.

The relic fit for craftsmen great
is gracing my old bloodstained hands.
I feel the eon's titan weight,
as into sunlit ash it lands...



The image is a modification of Basin of Vows. For lore speculations and analysis, see **Death of Heart of Spears** in **Speculations**.

1 APR 2018 (SUNDAY)

Early on in the day, poem #100 was sent:

To yield new life unchanged from old
is same as calling back the past.
We thus must change the core we hold,
make sure our prints for eons last.

Quite fitting for such a special number, the Puppeteer's binary encrypted images were cracked the same day, revealing **the Puppeteer's Timeline** (see **Speculations**).

18 APR 2018 (WEDNESDAY)

Ensign, Alex, and Kallah got poems #102, #103, #104, respectively:

...the arm, twelve ribs and leg's one third -
not much is left untouched by scars.

Gaze at it now and mark my word -
this elder corpse will scrape the stars.

*I toss and tumble in my bed,
as endless storm is drawing near.
O just how long was life I led?
Why should the end at last I fear?*

*It stares at me with empty eyes
as all succumbs to night so black.
Has it still will, or mind so wise?
False vision I forever lack?*

#103 and #104 are completely italicized, suggesting that it might be Oden's point of view.

-Poems received on 22nd of April to be posted here with write-up-



28 APR 2018 (SATURDAY)

Poems #112 and #113 were posted in #builds channel. Suggesting that the Puppeteer is working on his next puppet(?).

...thin limbs once held the arms with force
...frail fingers won't endure the strain.
...no doubt—they must I reinforce—
...but where the shell would I obtain?

Ah, yes, these fit so well it's strange.
A job well-done by fetcher swift!
...time came to joints rearrange,
a single pebble else won't lift...

01 MAY 2018 (TUESDAY)

Poems #115 and #116 were posted in #builds channel. Suggesting that the Puppeteer is working on his next puppet(?).

...this corpse is strong, yet fails to stand

...all muscle's torn - remake, restitch.
...once that is done, encase by hand
...in leather, stone, or metal rich?

Tissue and bone now trapped in steel -
what pleasant sight for craftsman's eye!
...time comes the gaping wound to heal,
this ancient heart I won't let die.

03 MAY 2018 (THURSDAY)

Poems #117 and #118 were posted in #builds channel. Suggesting that the Puppeteer is working on his next puppet(?).

...these rags won't do, of sun they reek.
...yet this carcass can't fight in nude.
...old rusted plate? That I could tweak.
...but this last work must not be crude...

The heart beats slowly under plate
as steel to ribs now warmly clings.
...I am soon done? Soon free of weight
of this long journey, of my strings...

05 MAY 2018 (SATURDAY)

Poems #119 and #121 in #builds channel as usual. Poem #120 was posted in #bot-stuff, and was addressed to SlugBot, who held a DF event similar to Puppeteer's not long ago.

...to crown the head - last task is rough
...then dear my child will be done.
...but where to find such metal tough?
...in my supplies there's close to none.

@SlugBot

A second craftsman weaves their tale?
With pleasure meets you tired gaze,
of this one meek, exhausted, pale.
By this road's bumps you be unfazed.

...skin reinforced and clad in steel,
heart mended of the wounds of old.
One task remains 'fore I can kneel:
breathe life into the finished mold.

Alex's interpretation of #120:

I'm taking it like this

- *Someone else is creating their own story?*
- *Next line is weird grammatically, but it seems like he's saying that, with pleasure (because he's glad to see someone else doing the same thing he is), he holds his own tired gaze with the other person. Looking at someone directly in the eye is usually a form of acknowledging or recognizing them.*
- *Next line is telling us that his own gaze is the one of someone who's "meek, exhausted, pale." I presume that's because he himself is tired as this whole thing has been a lot of work for him.*
- *Last line is basically telling the other person that he hopes that they're able to get through their story despite the challenges of doing so.*

Same day, Jean received the following image:



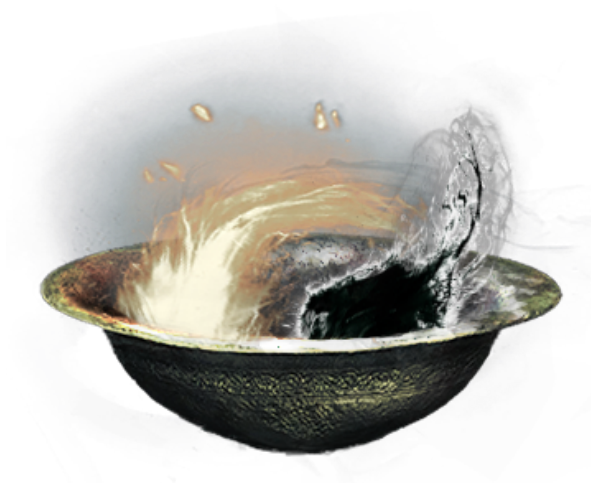


The figure on the floor is likely to be the Final Puppet. Speculations about them can be read in **Current State>The Final Puppet** and **Speculations>The Final Puppet**.

Per Jean's interpretation of #121, Soul of Lord of Hail was put into the Vessel along with the the Humanity (previously sent by the Puppeteer):



Puppeteer responded by sending Tikaro his own version of the same thing:



8 MAY 2018 (TUESDAY)

Poem #123 and another, much clearer image of the Final Puppet. Posted in #fashion-souls:

Beyond the scope of light,
beyond the reach of dark,
as fingers lift and grasp the night
the eyes alight with forceful spark.

<https://i.imgur.com/GY4w6iK.png>



09 MAY 2018 (WEDNESDAY)

Poem #124:

Time don't you waste, knight born of all,

as you write out this tale's end,
Great Sin of Old is bound to fall,
as you make for this world amends.

11-12 MAY 2018 (FRIDAY-SATURDAY)

On May 11th, as noted in the #announcement channel, the Puppeteer began the final event of his story. Starting an hour beforehand, we saw a countdown, bolded numbers appearing every 10 minutes. We also got a link to a twitch stream: <https://www.twitch.tv/puppeteermusicbox>. As the countdown reached zero, we got a notification in the #member-events channel: a dried finger run. With it, came a poem.

#127

The knight now stumbles through the rubble
atop the wall of castle old.
Arms left I even with some trouble,
for it to find and use as told.

A static image appeared on the stream, which would proceed to show us where the event was at a given point, along with a sneak peek at the weaponry he would end up using in that particular area. The character was named simply, "The Puppet". Fanboy was the first to hop in, meeting our mysterious adversary inside the small room at the beginning of High Wall. This Puppet had much more health than any other, estimated at some 4-5 thousand, but would not heal any damage taken – also not accepting healing items, such as divine blessings. Unable to finish him off, Fanboy's death was followed by the Puppet using a fading soul item, indicating he had absorbed this warrior's soul. Every death caused by the Puppet was counted by the Puppeteer in the #pvp chat, which fueled speculation on the Puppet becoming stronger for every death...

For the duration of the High Wall area, the Puppet used a modified broken straight sword that seemed to have a great amount of hyper armor on the weapon arts. When seeing his opponent heal, the Puppet would typically increase his aggressiveness, relentlessly pressuring and attacking to mitigate the estus' effects – along with trying to stop them via charm usage. Another common thing used was throwing bombs, which seemed to do quite a bit of damage. Arriving at Vordt's boss fog, the Puppeteer posted another poem:

#128

The Puppet knows you seek its blood
as it now thirsts your souls great.
Near the fog wall, atop the mud
inscribe red signs and feel its weight.

Following this, the invaders were summoned in one by one, to face the Puppet in a 1v1 duel, that occurred in the area that opens up after the Vordt boss fight – the challenger were sucked in there via backstab teleport. In the fight, the Puppet obtained a new weapon – a drakeblood greatsword that seemed to have the Storm ruler visual effect when in stance. Many were quick to note that this

was weaponry used by earlier puppets, hinting that we'd re-face them one by one. To add more atmosphere to the battle, the Puppeteer began playing music every time he summoned someone. Another poem was posted, after the first couple of challengers had their opportunities:

#129

Ah, stormborn blade of elder Lord
it grips with fingers long and thin.
Do eyes recall the ancient sword?
Long gaze it caught when meeting him.

Giving every participant of the event one attempt, the Puppeteer posted the following image:
<https://i.imgur.com/pGCSqY0.png> . Letting everyone try one more time, the Puppet continued his journey, posting the following:

#130

What titan souls each one possesses!
Thirst sated as its spirit grows.
With newfound force onward it presses
stride will unbending at last shows.

Marching through the undead settlement, he continued using the drakeblood greatsword against the people invading him. Interestingly, his bombs seemed at this point to combine the effects of black firebombs and lightning urns. Reaching the Dilapidated bridge bonfire, we received yet another message:

#131

On ancient tree I left a mark
for Puppet ours to seek and find.
Cross struck accursed ancient bark,
heart mended surely will remind...

At this point, the invasions moved from 1v1s to possible 2v1s against the Puppet. After a couple more deaths by both sides in the level, we were once more asked to leave our red signs in front of the boss fog of the area.

#132

The fingers grasp accursed cross,
heartbeat resounds in steelclad cage.
Red signs you're free to leave across
the stones before this open stage.

Appropriately, the music changed, as did the weapons used. The Puppet now wielded a modified Arstor's spear, which we could see in one of the static images on the stream page. The spear had a modified weapon art, that being the neck swipe of a scythe, which dealt enormous damage (typically well over a half of any given invader's health). The Puppet also seemed to occasionally

exhibit some regeneration effect, which at this point we could not figure out the source of. At a couple of points, both Narcolept and Fanboy speculated that the Puppeteer might have just slightly tweaked his animations to be faster, due to the speed at which he kept closing the distance against low-health targets. Narcolept also noted that the Puppet does not seem to have a death scream when killed. Before the final 1v1 attempt, the Puppeteer posted poem #133.

#133

What thoughts resound within its mind
as it endures this one-way path?
Time ought not waste, more souls to find,
as we march on through this bloodbath.

1 LEFT

Venturing onwards, the Puppet arrived at the Farron area – signaling his arrival via yet another poem.

#134

It may look tough to mere Man,
yet to Great Sin it's just a bug.
To it withstand knight knows the plan -
a cruel brother to estus mug.

After several invasions around the Crucifixion Woods area, another 1v1 red sign session began.

#135

As souls congest and swell within,
at last they can be put to use.
With signs of yours we can begin
another feast for Puppet loose.

In the fights that took place in the Crystal sages boss area, we could see the Puppet use a gold soul item, which resulted in the regen effect we witnessed earlier. The spear seemed to gain another weapon art to go along with the neck swipe – the spin attack that for example, the Lucerne has. Again, every participant was given a try or two.

#136

The souls sublime heal corpse and mind,
as their faint stream gives you resolve.
Leave all but our one goal behind!
March ever on. Consume. Evolve.

1 LEFT

Before continuing on, the Puppeteer took a small break, indicating its start and end via poems:

#137

Condemned to walk this one-way road
endures all knight in darkness mute.
Yet, as we need to rest, unload.
Half-hour break, in silence resolute!

#138

Amidst the graves one thing does dwell
an image vague of soul now perished.
Lone blackened spirit, we can tell
for its small fragment mind does cherish.

At the Cathedral, the Puppet acquired a dark sword and a dark hand. Halfway through the area, we got poem #139, and a bit later, the invaders received an invitation once more, #140.

#139

In hunting for vague apparition,
within, a spark of yore alights.
Invades the mind this queer ignition
as memories come back to light.

#140

As spark becomes a raging flame
the hunger grows like dark abyss.
Come to the fog, where it does reign
mere moments while the embers hiss.

In the boss fight, the Puppet used the weapons mentioned earlier, along with the Ringed knight spear and sword. The fights themselves took place on top of Aldrich's coffin, in a rather small area. In the usual manner, before the final attempt at the Puppet's life here, the Puppeteer posted:

#141

The final thoughts at last subside,
knight left alone, in dark, again.
As Puppet leaves its mirage guide
it presses on, in hunger so insane.

1 LEFT

Moving on to Farron keep, our target acquired the Demon scar to use in the off-hand, and later a flamberge. The Puppet's march through the area was preceded by poem #142, and the boss fight message by #143.

#142

A man once wandered through this keep,
a reckless flame of scarlet red.
Taught by the nature heads to reap,
attacked me as he fell in dread.

#143

Visage of old peeks through facade,
as Puppet eats away its might.
Leave marks for soul raging, flawed,
before devoured is by hollow knight.

In this boss fight, we were faced with the usage of profaned flame, fire surge, and flame fan pyromancies, along with an offhand handaxe, and a dragonhead shield. Summoning Fanboy for a second time as the last opponent, the Puppeteer posted:

#144

All, one by one, the Watcher fall,
of ancient flame their souls reek.
Last hope to break Great Sin so tall -
become as it, or so they speak.

1 LEFT

Descending into the Catacombs, all the messages received in that area were bolded – perhaps some show of increased power?

#145

Teeth rip scorched soul asunder.
Flame seeps into the slender hands.
Within begins a blazing thunder.
Akin to what Great Sin Old fends.

Here, the weapons used by the Puppet gained a fire effect on their models. The Arstor spear he used seemed to gain a new alternative WA – that of the Crucifix of the mad king. Not stopped by the persistent hindrances of the participants, the Puppet arrived at the Wolnir boss fog:

#146

**Howls soon subside and leave behind
knight molded by inexorable fate.
All those who wish it now to find -
write signs by stone doors and wait.**

The boss fights in the Wolnir chalice room were intense. The Puppet seemed to utilize teleportation (or at the very least attempt it) when hiding behind pillars to confuse his opponents, running around the area very quickly, aiming to land strikes from blind spots. Finally, after a long, multi-hour session, the Puppeteer took on one final challenger, and ended the run at that point.

#147

**First waves calm down at last within
yet knight is scorching in and out.
Such might may not compare to Sin,
as it endures this with no doubt.**

1 LEFT

#148

Long journey have endured we all
and knight now rests so cold and lone.
Come morrow will again stand tall
for there's a duty to be done.

12-13 MAY 2018 (SATURDAY-SUNDAY)

The event continued, with the beginning being the same as the last time – a countdown every ten minutes or so before the actual start. Poem #149 was posted after reaching 0:

#149

Knight wakes from its exhausting slumber.
Unfeeling, mute, it carries on
led by prime glutton in its wander,
till greatest foe is dead and gone.

The event continued in the Demon ruins, where power within was added to the Puppet's repertoire, making his attacks devastating. This held especially true for the consecutive spear pokes. Here, some speculated that the Puppet may have some kind of increased Leo ring effect on the thrust

attacks of the spear, as the damage difference between a normal 2hR1 poke vs. 2hR1 poke counter hit was massive. Going through the area, the Puppeteer posted two more poems:

#150

Next apparition starts to stand
engulfed in wrath of its poor state:
within, two different minds it rend.
Whose cruel hand sealed such a fate?

#151

Their flame is not like that of Sin -
a seething rage of human mind
trapped in a cage of flesh and skin.
In mutual destruction solace find.

Eventually, the invaders were told to once again place red summon signs in front of the Old Demon King boss fight, as instructed in poem #152:

#152

Amidst the corpse of ancient kin,
the hunger is contained no more.
By placing signs you can begin
to feed it like you did before.

Interestingly, for one boss fight, the Puppeteer summoned two people – Ensign and Fanboy simultaneously. Before the “final” summoning, we received poem #153:

#153

Mirage so hateful fades away
subdued by sound of ripping souls.
A hollow husk waits for the day
when world, at last, no one controls.

1 LEFT

However, two more people were summoned, as the Puppeteer proved very understanding and respected a request made for one invader to get a go at the boss, as they had not had a chance to

fight due to some... fooling around from another member. Following the second fight, we received poem #154:

#154

A frail scared soul once from here left
entwined in strings my hand had spun.
The mind was waste, of will bereft,
...but soul had smelled of ancient sun.

In Irithyll, the Puppet added a pontiff knight curved sword to his arsenal. As the Puppet reached the room with the fireplace, the one where it seemed to be crafted in the pictures we received, a poem was posted:

#155

The warmth of lonely fireplace
does it recall this shack of mine?
To castle guided with great pace
to start its journey for Divine.

Arriving at the Pontiff Sulyvahn boss fog after fighting off the invaders throughout the level, we were once again challenged to fight the Puppet.

#156

Mute knight will not recall in true,
mirage so transient and meek.
Its afterglow to now subdue,
leave signs by fog and catch a peek.

Fitting to the level's theme, in the boss fight the Puppet used the combination of a main hand Murakumo (with an Irithyll weapon visual effect) and an off-hand PKCS. Here, the Puppet utilized a lot of jumping attacks with the CGS, as if mimicking the behavior of Kallah – sparking some conversation on how the Puppet seems to be learning over time, adding our strategies and moves into its bag of tricks; another example would be Narcolept re-directing charged R2 attacks. The fight consisted of two parts, the first taking place in the lower part of the boss room area, while the second took place on the area up the elevator. Feeling the Puppets thirst in this area almost sated, poem #157 appeared in chat:

#157

Ah, afterimage fades so soon,
just as it did in flesh and bone.
Meanwhile, lit by calm and peaceful moon
knight keeps his restless march alone.

1 LEFT

The area post-Pontiff was skipped, going straight to Anor Londo. This was most likely done to avoid excess problems with random invaders, and to allow us an easier time to enter the Puppet's world. In Anor Londo, the Puppet once more returned to the combination of Arstor's spear main hand, drakeblood GS off-hand. Passing through the cathedral halls, the Puppeteer added another poem:

#158

"O palace of the venerable sun.
What sight to see thy ruins fall"
- age-dried lips had soon begun,
in walking through the darkened hall.

Instead of fighting the Puppet in the Aldrich boss area, we were instead instructed to place our sign in the Darkmoon tomb...

#159

Infused with image of old Mother,
slept deep as half-dead dragon sage,
Come, apparition this now smother,
to tomb below this relic of old Age.

The fight took place on top of the grave, inside the room behind the illusory wall. In this fight, the Puppet used a zweihander + wolf knight shield combo, along with a partizan. These dealt magic damage and had a frost effect on their model. The zwei had both stomp and neck swipe weapon arts. During these fights, the kill count of the Puppet reached one hundred - the notification posted was bolded to highlight the milestone. The fight here seemed to go on at a much lower pace with the Puppet being far less active than in the previous ones, mimicking the song playing in the background – sad, eerie and slow in tempo. As always, the last combatant summoned was preceded by a poem

#160

In slumber gluttons knight yet more,
and then breaks free of veiled tangle.
Sin's Flame is here, god-eating whore!
Tear out, engulf, poor thing then strangle.

1 LEFT

Content with his results, the Puppeteer decided to hold a short break, leaving us with #161:

#161

What gruesome mess it seems to be
devouring Lords' blazing soul.
Half-hour break for knight to see
accursed force it dares now hold.

After the break, we moved on to the Irithyll dungeon area, with more text being left to us:

#162

**Ah, Great Sin's old flame warm and sublime
engulfs the Puppet as it feeds.
Thick priest of old who ate Divine -
mere food for one who Flame now needs.**

In the dungeon area, the Puppet's weapons gained even more fire effects – especially the visual that appears on-hit. New spells were seen here: floating chaos (with a custom casting animation, seemed to be that of the way of white corona) and some kind of large explosion – those that Nameless Flame used. While the Puppet's progress was halted at times, he eventually managed to get through the level, leaving us with another poem some half-way through:

#163

**Invasive blaze shrieks through these cells,
it scorches soul and flesh alike.
As eyes are veiled by oldest hells,
knight's soul takes shape I so dislike.**

Eventually, making its way past the room with multiple jailers, we received a poem usually reserved for red sign summonings:

#164

**Knight's soul fears not this game,
for with each Lord it becomes more
like Old, Accursed, Great Sin's Flame.**

...

till naught is left but molten core.

1 LEFT

After getting one more kill under its belt, the Puppet moved to Archdragon peak, signaled via poem #165:

#165

Invoke storm clouds a distant though
of life so long it had no start.
Knight seeks what it once sought,
yet couldn't get, too weak of heart.

Here, he utilized the arms and spells Lord of hail had. These included an Astora greatsword which still had the custom WAS the Arstor's spear had, along with a new one – a curved sword spin with a large knockback effect. Spells included a gust of wind (using the black flame animation) that knocked down his adversaries, a lighting spear combed with a shot from the Smouldering lake ballista. Scoring several kills in the area before the Wyvern boss, the invaders got a message:

#166

As you endure this path as well,
and yield so many souls to it,
feel you the weight of things that dwell,
within this shell a Lord befit?

Moving through the area past the Dragonkin Mausoleum, the Puppet seemed to grow stronger than when entering the area, acquiring multiple attacks capable of 3-shotting its challenger. Reaching the area after the Great Belfry, the Puppet began using teleportation spells that utilized floating energy orbs as hotspots. After several encounters, we were once again beckoned to challenge the creation one-on-one:

#167

True apparition, adept of storm,
hangs over knight, stronger than most.
As bell bleeds through the cloud's swarm,
Come to the fog, engage the ghost.

The boss fight in Archdragon peak was held in the open area that is unlocked after defeating Nameless king, with two orbs present. Besting this Puppet proved the greatest challenge yet, due to a combination of fast, strong attacks – both magical and physical, along with the teleporting and multiple uses of regeneration-inducing souls. One final challenger was summoned, accompanied by poem 168:

#168

Bleak stones we paint by blood of Ash,
as their souls nurture voiceless knight.
Time comes for fate to make another dash

More Flames are left to feed its might

1 LEFT

After another climactic face-off, the Puppeteer ended the event for this day:

#169

As sun fades from the titan sky,
all beasts and men fall down in shade.
The knight again closes his eye:
rests mute, unbent, unswayed.

An interesting note is that throughout the day, the Puppeteer seemed to interact with us in chat more than ever before – emoting, listening to request of some players short on time/that didn't get to have a go at one of the bosses, posting a high-resolution image of one picture Narcolept saved from the stream, and responding to Nosferat's request to release all of the images.

13-14 MAY 2018 (SUNDAY-MONDAY)

Amazingly, as we started off our run, a special someone joined VC chat... the Puppeteer, who was muted, but could very well hear what we talked about, commenting on what's happening in sometimes very cheeky ways.

The run continued in Profaned capital, accompanied by poem #170:

#170

Amidst the putrid toxic trash
once walked a weary, lonely one.
Foes resolutely would he crush -
though just a cripple on the run.

Aquamarine dagger was added to the weaponry of the Puppet. Quite soon after beginning the event, we received an invitation for red sign summons in poem 171:

#171

The truest traitor of his race,
devolved to mere old nameless thing.
Now vaguely image shows its face,
before the Lord on throne of king.

Boss weapons: aquamarine dagger, Astora greatsword, partizan. These did not seem to have custom WAs. Visually, the Puppet was missing one arm, mimicking Oden the Armless. In the fight, the Puppet was especially aggressive when taking out the aquamarine. As always, we got two poems before the run moved onto the next area:

#172

In silence watched by titan two,
who fight before his giant soul.
Fear not, poor sufferer, you too,
will eaten be alive and whole.

1 LEFT

#173

Lord dead and gone in gaping maw
No man or god is now the knight -
a Sin at which great hungers gnaw,
a monster with a soul so bright.

In Lothric castle, the Puppet returned to using explosion-based spells, along with a new one – a combination of Farron dart and seething chaos: the projectile did some damage along with a slight knockback; the falling point of the projectile marking the seething chaos mine spot. Here, almost all invasions were Xv1s, as the Puppeteer seemed to keep the invader count limit disabled. Poems 173-175 all came bolded, as if the Puppet was overwhelmed with the enormous power it had acquired, the kill count rising to almost 150.

#174

No apparition is this flame -
new certain state of hollow thing.
Great Sin of Old it is to blame,
for this great burden it doth bring.

#175

As embers flicker in the air
hot wind blows from the sacred sin.
Sign stones by fog now, if you dare
to face the thing to hell akin.

In the boss fight, the Puppet utilized area-of-denial spells extensively. Floating chaos was almost constantly present, and multiple mines were cast in an attempt to corner any challenger. The neck swipe weapon art also proved deadlier than ever, dealing ridiculous amounts of damage. The weapons used were the same as in the Irithyll dungeon: Arstor's spear and Drakeblood greatsword, with the noticeable visual flame buff.

The boss fight proved extremely challenging, with very few succeeding. Eventually, by subduing enough opponents, the Puppet seemed to recover control to some extent:

#176

Flame rages on in cursed soul
as knight subdues it with stern will:
ought not it waste this precious coal,
left final Lord to gulp with thrill.

1 LEFT

After striking the last challenger down, the run moved to Untended graves, where the Puppet mimicked Nameless Flame's final form, his head covered in a black mist akin to that of harald knights in TRC. He utilized a blackflame-buffed onyx blade, ringed knight sword and spear, and several black pyromancies along with the close-range explosion spell from before. We did not stay in this area for too long, the Puppet reaching the boss fog quite quickly:

#177

A fleeting spark of human soul
engulfs the knight in veil's blacks.
Fog now approach, for it's your goal
to all provide what it still lacks.

The boss fight in the untended graves was very unique: while the first challenger was summoned into a 1v1 duel, later opponents were brought in as duos, with players fighting the Puppet in the area around the abandoned Firelink shrine. The fight consisted of two parts; first fighting in the area right after Champion Gundyr, after which the Puppet would retreat into the shrine where the second part would begin. The black knights in the area targeted the Puppet, giving the discorders some helping hands in defeating the power-hungry adversary. Eventually, we received poems 178 and 179, signaling a small break.

#178

As black gives way to scorching steel,
knight leaves the human flame aside.
Tasked now to finish final meal,
it marches on, Sin its one guide.

1 LEFT

#179

From dark emerged a single face,
encased in bent and broken steel.
Exhausted yet from this long race,
half-hour break it takes to kneel!

After the break, the Puppet headed to the Grand archives:

#180

Last apparition still to feed
whom yielded flesh for monster mute.
To its homeland no roads yet lead -
one cannot go without a route.

Here, he had new spells that utilized the particle/visual effects of those used by Lothric, younger prince. These included small darts and large explosions of light. At the beginning of the area, the Puppet used the Arstor-Drakeblood combo. The damage seemed to have increased yet again, as some people found themselves mercilessly struck down in mere three blows, should they fail to find an opportunity to heal. Passing through the archives, the Puppeteer posted:

#181

Corpse given to the voiceless knight
holds not the tale of Spears sublime.
Yet in these halls of white sunlight -
a different tale of ancient crime.

At the top of the archives, the weaponry was changed once more: the Puppet now was rocking the combo of Lucerne and Gotthards. Defeated one final time on the way to the Twin Princes boss fog, red signs were requested:

#182

Amalgam of the sunlit prison
along with feathers airy and white.
Your signs awaits image arisen,
from knight enduring fevered light.

In the boss fight, the Puppet used gold pine bundles to push the damage even further. By this point, the spells Lothric used were becoming larger and larger in size. One more challenger was beckoned in a familiar way:

#183

Fake imitation of the old
won't dare take up more time.
Just over here, last Lord so cold,
the last banquet of this great climb.

1 LEFT

After the final battle here, we were told to move on to the Kiln of the First Flame...

#184

**Our goal is clear, for we are done.
No lords or souls are left to eat.
Great Sin of Old, your time has come!
This hellish knight will do the feat.**

Here, something unexpected happened. We were summoned ALONGSIDE the Puppet to combat the Soul of Cinder in a 5v1 engagement. Having absorbed its soul, the fight was followed up by a similar one... 5v1s against the now-strengthened Puppet:

#186

**INTO THICK ASH THE PIECES FALL
STRONG JAW SUBDUES THE BLAZING HEAD
WORLD'S FLAME WILL NOT STAND TALL
AS KNIGHT ENGULFS ITS FINAL SHRED**

Multiple times, five people were summoned. Multiple times, we killed the Puppet. Yet every time, it stood back up, becoming stronger, faster. In fights, the Puppet began to deal massive damage, enough to two-shot almost any given opponent, while moving with an enormous speed. He also seemed to acquire passive hyper armor as some attacks did not make him flinch at all. The fights required a decent amount of co-operation from the discorders, as not to hit one another, while also covering those under attack. Finally, one last battle was indicated to occur:

#187

**AS SKY GROWS DARK IN ENDLESS NIGHT
ONE SPARK IS LEFT, UNTAMED AND BRIGHT
COME EACH ONE NOW, FOR FINAL FIGHT
SOON ENDLESS REST WILL TAKE THE KNIGHT.**

1 LEFT

With the final group of five managing to defeat the Puppet, it was finally over. The months-long journey was complete:

#188

**This world, old and decayed,
it now, alas, no one controls.
Left standing is one richest shade
of the Darkest of Souls.**

...

...

...

But it was not over. Not yet. Once more, we returned to the Untended graves, where we had one final set of showdowns, via red sign summons To preserve the impact of these fights, we will not be documenting anything here – please watch the videos, for which we will hopefully be able to acquire the music the Puppeteer played in the background. For some, the emotional impact was... enormous.

Eventually, the Puppeteer announced that the invaders would be given one last attempt to fight. Asked to provide a name, Fanboy spoke up, naming his character, Valerie of Carim – which was accepted by a couple others as a fitting final opponent for the Puppet.

After the fight, we were instructed to place our red signs one final time, but now not for a fight... again, what transpired here will not be documented in text to preserve the impact – please watch the videos.

Content with the results of all of his work over the past several months, the Puppeteer posted one final poem...

#189

Knight takes a seat under dark bell,
great deed is done, the embers fade.
It now shall rest, enchain the hell
till even time itself will fade.

-THE END-

Following which, he finally broke character completely, letting us have a Q&A session regards to, well, anything related to the project and him... if you want to read our questions and the Puppeteer's answers, please check out the Puppeteer-related channel on the SL90 discord, #01010000.

During the event, the Puppeteer used Twitch to add custom music to the boss segments of the run, as well as provide some background imagery. Whole collection of images can be found here:

<https://imgur.com/a/Yct4b7M>

Music, as per Puppeteer's own response:

High Wall of Lothric	Vindsvept - Ragnarok
Undead Settlement	Dark Souls III - Unused Track 5
Crucifixion Woods	Alex Roe - Night of the Hunt - Lucian, the Devout Spartan
Cathedral of the Deep	Alex Roe - Darksign II - Viscous Void
Farron Keep	Alex Roe - Night of the Hunt - The Beast of Braildorn
Catacombs of Carthus	Alex Roe - Night of the Hunt: Rite of Blood - Gwyar, the Dreg Manifestation
Smouldering Lake	Alex Roe - Dark Souls III - Unused Track 3
Irithyll of the Boreal Valley	Alex Roe - Darksign II - Soul Reaper Kane
Anor Londo	Alex Roe - Night of the Hunt: Rite of Blood - The Grosvenor Manor
Dungeon	-
Archdragon Peak	Alex Roe - Darksign II - Coventina, Safeguard of the Lake
Profaned Capital	Alex Roe - Borne in Blood "Macabre Respite"
Lothric Castle	Alex Roe - Night of the Hunt - Night of the Hunt
Untended Graves	Alex Roe - Darksign II - In Death, I Am Reborn
The Grand Archives	Alex Roe - Night of the Hunt: Rite of Blood - Sigurd, Nightmare Partisan
Kiln of the First Flame	Alex Roe - Borne in Blood "Illithid Puppeteer"
Dark Firelink	Alex Roe - I Had a Name

Lore

Currently open questions:

- What is <> in **the Puppeteer's Timeline**?
- Why is Heart of Spears' death, and most of its appearances, missing from **the Puppeteer's Timeline**?

The Father and the Puppeteer

These two names have a weird duality in the overarching event's narration. It's heavily implied that both are the same person, so to make the write-up less confusing, "the Puppeteer" is going to refer to the real-life person leading the event. "The Father" is going to refer to the main narrator within the lore.

The Puppeteer's Timeline



After decrypting this image, this is what we got:

```
[ [ [
|<1><2><3><4>|
-->|<1>-x-<YOU>|&|<2>-x-<YOU>|&|<3>-x-<YOU>|&|<4>-x-<YOU>|
-->|<2><3>--><5>|&|<4>-x-<YOU>|
>|<4>-->x|&|<6>|
----->|<1><4>--><7>|
-->|<5>--><8>|
----->|<7>-x-<YOU>|
>|<7>-->???|&|<8>-x-<YOU>|
----->|<8>-x-<YOU>|
----->|???<7>???|
-?->|???<7>???|
-?->|???<7>???|
----->|<>|&|<8>-x-<YOU>|
>|<8>-->x|
>|[1]|
----->||???--><7>|
>|<7>--><9>|
----->|<9>-x-<YOU>|
----->...
----->|[2]|&|[3]|
----->|[1][2][3]---><0>|
----->|<0>-->...|
----->|<0>x<>|
----->|<0>|
]]]
```

After a bit of looking at it, it was figured out to be the timeline of everything that has happened since the very appearance of the Puppeteer, along with what appears to be everything that **will** happen. The block-by-block interpretation of this timeline can be seen below:

Substring from the timeline	Interpretation
[[[“START”
<1><2><3><4>	“Oden the Armless, Redflame Erik, Lone Darwraith, White Vagrant appeared”
--> <1>-x-<YOU> & <2>-x-<YOU> & <3>-x-<YOU> & <4>-x-<YOU>	“Oden the Armless fought YOU” “Redflame Erik fought YOU” “Lone Darkwraith fought YOU” “White Vagrant fought YOU”
--> <2><3>--><5> & <4>-x-<YOU>	“Redflame Erik and Lone Darkwraith made into Wraithflame Erik (<5>)” “White Vagrant fought YOU”
> <4>-->x & <6>	“White Vagrant died” “Heart of Spears (<6>) appeared”
-----> <1><4>--><7>	“Oden the Armless and White Vagrant made into Slumbering Oden (<7>)”
--> <5>--><8>	“Wraithflame Erik made into Nameless Flame <8>”
-----> <7>-x-<YOU>	“Slumbering Oden fought YOU”
> <7>-->??? & <8>-x-<YOU>	“Slumbering Oden made into ???/process incomplete” “Nameless Flame fought YOU”
-----> <8>-x-<YOU>	“Nameless Flame fought YOU”
-----> ???<7>???	“Slumbering Oden status unknown/process incomplete”
-?-> ???<7>???	“Slumbering Oden status unknown/process incomplete (indeterminate time period?)”
-?-> ???<7>???	“Slumbering Oden status unknown/process incomplete (indeterminate time period?)”
-----> <> & <8>-x-<YOU>	“<> appeared” “Nameless Flame fought YOU”

> <8>-->x	"Nameless Flame died"
> [1]	"the Humanity appeared"
-----> ???--><7>	"???/process incomplete made into Slumbering Oden"
> <7>--><9>	"Slumbering Oden made into Lord of Hail (<9>)"
-----> <9>-x-<YOU>	"Lord of Hail fought YOU"
----->...	Current place in the timeline? (1 APR 2018)
-----> [2] & [3]	"Heart's Vessel appeared" "Soul of Lord of Hail appeared"
-----> [1][2][3]---><0>	"the Humanity, Heart's Vessel, and Soul of Lord of Hail made into The Final Puppet (<0>)"
-----> <0>-->...	"The Final Puppet made into .../incomplete information?"
-----> <0>x<>	"The Final Puppet [unknown action] with <>"
-----> <0>	"The Final Puppet appeared/left"
]]]	"END"

Narc has also made a very convenient edit of the original timeline, replacing <#> with their respective puppets:

```
[[[
|<Oden the Armless><Redflame Erik><Lone Darkwraith><White Vagrant>|
-->|<Oden the Armless>-x-<YOU>
  |&|<Redflame Erik>-x-<YOU>
  |&|<Lone Darkwraith>-x-<YOU>
  |&|<White Vagrant>-x-<YOU>|

-->|<Redflame Erik><Lone Darkwraith>--><Wraithflame Erik>
  |&|<White Vagrant>-x-<YOU>|

>|<White Vagrant>-->x
  |&|<Heart of Spears>|

----->|<Oden the Armless><White Vagrant>--><Slumbering Oden>|
```

```

-->|<Wraithflame Erik>--><Nameless Flame>|

----->|<Slumbering Oden>-x-<YOU>|

>|<Slumbering Oden>-->???
    |&|<Nameless Flame>-x-<YOU>|

----->|<Nameless Flame>-x-<YOU>|

----->|???<Slumbering Oden>???|
-?->|???<Slumbering Oden>???|
-?->|???<Slumbering Oden>???|

----->|<>
    |&|<Nameless Flame>-x-<YOU>|

>|<Nameless Flame>-->x|
>|[Soul of Nameless Flame]|

----->||???--><Slumbering Oden>|
>|<Slumbering Oden>--><Lord of Hail>|
----->|<Lord of Hail>-x-<YOU>|

----->...
----->|[Heart's Vessel]|&|[Soul of Lord of Hail]|
----->|[Soul of Nameless Flame][Heart's Vessel][Soul of Lord of Hail]---><0>|
----->|<0>-->...|
----->|<0>x<>|
----->|<0>|

]]]

```

The Art of Puppetcraft

The Father has the power to alter beings in quite a few ways. So far we have seen 3 somewhat different examples. The first method is stitching two beings together into one new being. The first example is taking two broken beings and stitching them together into a 50/50 amalgamation. The main example of this so far is when Lone Darkwraith and Redflame Erik's broken forms were stitched together into Wraithflame Erik, exemplified by the fact that Wraithflame uses both puppets' weapons. Wraithflame's dual nature is stated clearly in multiple cases (#19, #44, #45). The puppets are beings in a constant state of self-conflict, with both personalities striving to assert oneself over the other. This leads to an unstable being (#43), wracked with fury. With Wraithflame, the Father achieved "balance" (#19, #20) between polar opposites "Flame and Abyss" (#19, #39).

The second method is a partial fusion of the broken parts of a being onto another being. The main example of this is when Father took the broken parts of White/Broken Vagrant and used them to repair Oden the Armless to create Slumbering Oden (#26, #37, #38). Unlike Wraithflame, Slumbering Oden not "balanced" in any form, being an unequal combination of two beings. Additionally, he is almost always referred to in the singular, without direct mention of Vagrant (#36, #38, #39, #41, #42). Unlike Wraithflame, Oden does not appear to be in a state of self conflict; rather, he seems to be plagued by anxiety and restlessness after gaining his new arm (#40, #49). After fighting SL90, he falls into a deep slumber from which he could no longer be roused, and into a dreaming state of melancholic nostalgia (#41, #42). This process of reforming the whole seemed to also involve a conflict of personality, as the beginning of the Slumbering set appears to be influenced by the memories of the White Vagrant; however as Oden was the majority of this fusion, he rapidly asserted his personality, and "into nostalgia he was sent" (#39), to the point where he even remembered his prior existence as the Lord of Hail. This emergence of his prior personality was possibly catalyzed by the repair of his arm.

The third method is the refining of a "balanced" but conflicted puppet like Wraithflame Erik into a more singular whole, like the Nameless Flame. After fighting with the SL90 crowd, Wraithflame Erik was refined by the Father into Nameless Flame (#34). Nameless Flame does not show the instability of Wraithflame, and is instead "free of frustration", having "tranquility" and "peace" (#44). This is the complete, final form of Erik and Darkwraith (#46, #48.) It is quite likely that to get this final, refined form, the dueling personalities of Erik and Darkwraith had to be killed by SL90, before becoming a being similar to a hollow.

Oden - the derelict Lord

Oden is the most lore-rich character in the Puppeteer's lore so far. Incredibly old, predating the fall of Lordran, he is neither Undead nor Unkindled, but a God, surviving for centuries or even millennia.

Oden has 4 major poem sets related to him:

[#036 - #042] – Slumbering Oden's intro set (Needs a write-up)

[#049 - #060] – Slumber set

[#071 - #084] – Lord of Hail's intro set

[#105 - #111] – Lord of Hail's death set (Needs a write-up)

General speculations

- When Slumbering Oden was first introduced, we were told "Find him, wake the ancient thunder." (#36) Perhaps Oden is the "titan.Lord.of.Thunder", and it is his spear that rests in the Heart of Spears.
- Unlike Wraithflame Erik, Slumbering Oden is not an equal combination of Oden the Armless and White Vagrant; he is Oden the Armless "refined" with a "new arm" taken from Vagrant's parts. (#26, #37, #38); he is almost always referred to in the singular, without direct mention of Vagrant. (#36, #38, #39, #41, #42)
 - Oden the Armless used crystal weapons, while Vagrant used frostbite (and then, only on one weapon). Magic and frost are not opposites, and in fact often accompany one another (e.g. Snap Freeze, Friede's scythe), so there is no "balance" in this regard.
- Oden's "mind, unfolding, shall soon bloom". (#50) If he is the "titan Lord of Thunder", perhaps his memories are hazy or lost, and he does not know who he is. But, if this is the case, it seems that being repaired with Vagrant's parts may be enabling him to recall his past. (#38, "What ancient mind new arm did rouse?")
- Oden blames the "Lord of Sunlight" (Gwyn?) for his downfall, (#56) why? Was he cast out by the Lord of Sunlight for some reason? Does it have anything to do with his missing arm?
- What is the relation between the "Lord of Thunder" and the "Lord of Sunlight"? If it is Oden's (poisonous?) spear that pierced/became the Spears' "noxious heart", (#26) could Oden be referring to himself when he says the Lord of Sunlight's "rotten lineage is blight"? (#56)
- Alternatively, "noxious heart" could be the puppet Heart of Spears itself. Is Heart of Spears a descendant of the Lord of Sunlight?
- Oden might be a lot older than we think. If Oden knows both Gwyn's original title and the fact that he linked the First Flame (#56), it's possible that he has been around since Lordran. (perhaps even before?)
- The slumbering series of poems appears to start off with Oden's dreaming being mildly influenced by the parts of White Vagrant used to repair him. However, as Slumbering Oden

was not a 50/50 composite of the 2 beings, Oden's personality rapidly re-asserted itself, eventually even remembering his prior existence as the Lord of Hail.

- The combination of Armless Oden and White Vagrant might be the catalyst that finally allowed Oden to remember his true self. Wraithflame Erik, a being who was equal parts Erik and Darkwraith, is in a constant state of self-conflict, with both personalities constantly and vigorously trying to assert their sense of self while rejecting the other half.
- Slumbering Oden, however, was much more Oden than Vagrant. Similar to what happened with Wraithflame Erik, both parts of the being attempted to assert their personality after being stitched together with the same intensity as seen in Wraithflame; however, as Slumbering Oden is mostly Oden, the vestiges of Vagrant's being were rapidly overtaken.
- The intensity of this process does not appear to stop until the being fully remembers itself, leading to Oden remembering his past as the Lord of Hail.
- The Lord of Hail appears to BE Oden, most likely his original form before he lost his arm. Poems #71-75 appear to have been heralding the rebirth of Oden in his original form, "the storm titan" known as the Lord of Hail. Poem #81 probably confirms them to be the same being.
- If Oden is the Lord of Hail, poem #80 confirms how ancient he actually is, as he speaks of "the First Lord's fear" with some degree of familiarity. One of Oden's dreams, #56, also seems to suggest his age.
- Poems #56 and #80 clearly establish that Hail/Oden are decidedly against Gwyn's unnatural prolonging of the Age of Fire.
- Oden had to be restored to his former glory by repairing his lost arm, and then slumbering to remember who he once was, suggested by poem #81. This implies that Oden might even BE a god, especially when taken with the whole of poems #76, #78 and #79.
- Lord of Hail is quite likely to be the "titan Lord of Thunder" spoken of in poems #27, #31, #32, and #92. This makes sense, as Oden/Lord of Hail and the aforementioned nameless lord both appear to be quite against the doings of Gwyn.
- If Heart of Spears is the first of the Spears of the Church, this would put the two in direct opposition to each other, as awakening Filianore would be a step towards undoing Gwyn's work. This also puts poem #60 into a brand new light, describing the confrontation between Lord of Hail and Heart of Spears.
- Poem #95 seems to suggest that, after defeating the Heart of Spears, the Lord of Hail was successful in awakening Filianore, as it says that the Heart, "To dark was plunged in days forgone." #96 further reinforces this idea, with its line about the Heart states that "into sunlit ash it lands..."

NEEDS WRITE-UP - Slumbering Oden's intro set analysis

After both Oden the Armless and White Vagrant had fought SL90, White Vagrant reappeared as Broken Vagrant. The Father forced Broken Vagrant to continue fighting until it was completely destroyed. (#21, #23, #24, #26) The Father stitched Vagrant's parts to Oden, creating Slumbering Oden. (#26, #37). In creating Slumbering Oden, only Vagrant was broken, and its parts were used to refine a crippled, but functional, Oden the Armless.

Cripple in Wonderlands - Slumber set analysis

After the event of 3 Feb 2018, Oden fell into deep, *endless sleep* (#41). The “Slumber Set” refers to the set of poems sent between 9 Feb and 15 Feb, describing Oden’s fragmented recollection of his own past.

The first recollection we get to see starts with Oden, alone, *wandering in haze*. It could be interpreted as him observing the feverish dream-like state he is in.

Oden is led to an unknown to him place by a *frigid whisper*. This was speculated to be the influence of Pontiff’s Eyes or the Small Doll, which leads you to Irithyll. It would make sense, as Oden the Armless became Slumbering Oden after being stitched together with the remnants of White Vagrant, who had strong connections to Irithyll.

He questions whether he’s led to *once more curse the golden rays*. In light of more recent poems of Oden, Lord of Hail, it could be interpreted as cursing the old gods of Lordran and, more specifically, Gwyn. #56 shows Oden literally cursing the *Lord of Sunlight* and his whole lineage.

After a pause, Oden hears the bell bleed. This was speculated to be in some relation to Eleanora, as its Weapon Art produces a bell-ringing sound and gives the weapon a bleed buff. However, as of 31 Mar 2018, Eleanora has not been seen used by Lord of Hail nor of having any connections to him. More likely is that this refers to the bell at Archdragon Peak, where Lord of Hail was fought.

#50 is not italicized, which suggests that this is not Oden’s PoV, but Father’s. He is talking about the giant, *slumbering in the womb*. To body of the giant was stitched and no longer has any place. The *giant* in question would be Oden (who out of all of the puppets had by far the largest frame). *Slumbering in the womb* suggests a rebirth of some sort. This symbolism was made clearer by the appearance of Lord of Hail, which is strongly suggested to be Oden being ‘reborn’/awoken from his slumber.

His mind, unfolding, shall soon bloom in hindsight is a clear precursor to Oden remembering more and more of his past in the following poems, ultimately returning to the world not as Slumbering Oden, but as Lord of Hail. It’s also worth noting that this is the only italicized line of the poem.

#49

*Alone again I'm wandering in haze.
Where does the frigid whisper lead?
Once more to curse the golden rays?*

...

Aaah. The bell. I hear you bleed.

#50

*Alas, the giant slumbers in the womb.
His body, stitched, has no place!
His mind, unfolding, shall soon bloom.
While he doth wander far from space.*

Fanboy: So I was thinking about the lines "his mind, unfolding, will soon bloom" and "for my clear eye was not forgiven". Assuming Oden is somehow linked to Pontiff, could this mean that he was at some point given one of the eyes that drive their holders mad (mind unfolding) but will be able to overcome its effects (mind will soon bloom). This was my initial idea, but then I checked some of the videos and he doesn't seem to fight in a savage manner, like the outrider knights.

While he doth wander far from space seems to just be referring to the fact that Oden's recollecting of the past is happening in the realm of dreams, not in the real physical world. Other interpretations include a sort of 'mental ascension'

Oden, the *fearless cripple*, was involved in a large-scale unorganized, chaotic battle (*oh what a great, blood-thirsty mess...*). All of his opponents withstood his offense, and *raised their blades* in retaliation.

The next poem gives an idea that this large-scale brawl may have been during some event with participants from the Discord.

#52 is talking about one of the very first appearances of Oden the Armless. Oden encountered and fought Seeker Valicarn (Nosferat's character) on the rooftops in the Profaned Capital. Oden doesn't seem too certain about him being a Cathedral Knight, perhaps due to his memory being hazy.

At this point in time, *the stage was set*. It is unclear what this might be referring to.

This has happened before the brawl described in #51, so it's likely that these poems are describing the events in a reverse order, from most recent to most distant.

Even before his appearance, Oden was *hollowed*, which could be interpreted as him being literally a hollow, or perhaps just extremely bored/having no purpose. At this *dark* time, *a man* found Oden. This man didn't seem to be extraordinary, yet had a certain *profaned ambition* stirring up within him.

One interpretation is that the man in question is Pontiff Sulyvahn, whose story also began *in dark* in the Painted World of Ariandel. As per Fanboy's addition, the Profaned Greatsword description reads:

#51

*...oh just how many saw my gaze?
I fought them all, a cripple fearless.
They all withstood, they blades did raise,
oh what a great, blood-thirsty mess...*

#52

*...but back before, just one I've met.
A man of honor, cathedral knight?
At last, back then, the stage was set,
on noxious rooftops we did fight...*

#53

*...oh, yes. It did begin back then, in dark.
When I was hollowed, he found me.
Seemed just a man, yet had a spark
of great, profaned ambition soon to be...*

"Long ago, when Sulyvahn was yet a young sorcerer, he discovered the Profaned Capital and an unfading flame below a distant tundra of Irithyll, and a burning ambition took root within him."

The choice of words *profaned ambition* seems very deliberate, and lines up very well with this description.

Another possibility is that *the man* is the Father, and this is the point when he found Oden and made him his puppet. The later poems did reveal that Father has some plan in mind, which he was working towards (perhaps since the very beginning of the overarching event). #88 suggests that this might even be something on the scale of the 'end of the world' (*to think that I'm its epilogue to fill...*).

Oden recalls the *darker days*, perhaps even before the encounter with the man from the previous poem. Whether it was Pontiff or Father, second line seems to suggest that the man gave Oden his *last purpose*. NEED TO LOOK AT LORD'S POEMS FOR THIS.

At this point in time, Oden was already *old and crippled*, which might refer to him already missing his arm.

Terrid: A pontiff knight deserter who fights the effects of the eye rings? I dig it. Perhaps, he is armless because of something similar to Princess Mononoke where his arm is corrupted? Or he was undergoing the beastly transformation into what Vordt and Dancer are and removed his arm to stop said transformation

The last line can be interpreted in several ways:

- "I was doomed to fall and not forgiven because of my clear eye". In this interpretation, Oden was doomed to fall, which was unrelated to his *clear eye*.
- "I was doomed to fall because my clear eye wasn't forgiven". In this one, Oden was doomed specifically because his eye was unforgiven.

Either way you look at it, his *clear eye* was *not forgiven*. A *clear eye* might refer literally to one of his eyes having some supernatural power, but it's more likely that it's a metaphor for Oden seeing/understanding something he shouldn't have.

If we follow the idea of Oden being related to Pontiff and his knights, it could also be interpreted as him getting rid of one of Pontiff's eyes, while the other one was already taking its toll. The Left eye also provides regen ability, which

#55

*...the darker days I now recall,
before last purpose I was given.
So old and crippled, doomed to fall,
for my clear eye was not forgiven...*

can be linked to Priscilla's Lifehunt Scythe, which was a grave sin against the Gods and nature itself.

*"Bewitched ring that Pontiff Sulyvahn bestowed upon his knights.
Knights who peer into the black orb are lured into battles of death,
transformed into frenzied beasts. No wonder the Pontiff only provides
these rings to those dispatched to foreign lands." (Description of
Pontiff's Eye Rings)*

*"Scythe born from the soul of Priscilla, the stark white crossbreed
trapped inside the painted world of Ariamis.
Even the Gods feared Priscilla's lifehunt ability, and in the hands of a
mortal, its power will turn upon its wielder."
(Description of Lifehunt Scythe from DS1)*

*"Aldrich dreamt as he slowly devoured the God of the Darkmoon. In this
dream, he perceived the form of a young, pale girl in hiding."
(Description of Lifehunt Scythe from DS3)*

The Priscilla was locked away in the Painted World of Ariamis, which became the base for the Painted World of Ariandel, which is where Pontiff originated from. This provides at least a vague connection between the Pontiff and Lifehunt Scythe.

Given all of this, it is possible that Oden sought to obtain some sort of lifehunt/regen ability, perhaps to return his former youth and power (he is often referred to as *old* and *crippled*). This theory still holds up after receiving the Lord of Hail's set of poems. If Oden was a lesser Lord from the times of Lordran, after living for centuries or even millennia past its downfall, he could have been seeking to return to his former level of power before going hollow and losing his purpose. On the other hand, #84 calls the Lord of Hail's strong appearance as a facade, "no great flame, but dying candle," suggesting only a minor or superficial return of power.

A fairly straight-forward curse towards Gwyn (the only character to ever be referred in the game as *Lord of Sunlight*) and his whole lineage. Here, and in the following poems of Oden (including the Lord of Hail's set) we get a pretty clear image that Oden is openly against Gwyn and his doings.

Feeble coward! Servant of thine fear! may refer to the fact that Gwyn linked the First Flame in fear of losing power, as the Age of Dark was coming closer and Age of Light was at its end. Did Oden see an alternative way to extend the Age of Light, or was he perhaps against the rule of Gods altogether?

#56

*...It's all thine fault, Lord of Sunlight!
Feeble coward! Servant of thine fear!
Thy rotten lineage is blight!*

...

oh may thou burn for sins severe...

Another interesting detail is that Oden uses “Lord of Sunlight” to refer to Gwyn, instead of the “First Lord”. The former title was held by Gwyn only before linking the First Flame (afterwards he became known as Lord of Cinders), even before the events of DS1. This gives points to the idea that Oden has been around since the times of Lordran, which lines up with the idea of him being a surviving God.

(*Gaol* is synonymous for “jail”)

If we continue Ensign’s theory, this poem might be referring to Oden’s encounter with Heart of Spears: *the sunlit prison* is the Ringed City and Filianore, *slave firstborn* could be referring to the very first Spear of the Church, tasked to forever defend the princess from anyone who tries to wake her up.

Dark mind also sounds fitting for Oden, as this is how his intentions would be seen by Gods whom he had opposed. It could even refer specifically to him desiring to wake/kill Filianore.

The meaning of the last line is unclear, even if we assume the poem is about Heart of Spears from Oden’s point of view. What could Heart of Spears expect to find when encountering Oden? Him murdering Filianore? Or his open opposition of the Gods?

The final poem in the Slumber set, as indicated by the absence of trailing ellipses. This can be interpreted in light of the event with the death of Heart of Spears as the culmination of the encounter between Oden and the Heart, which was started in poem #58.

Oden may have known the real name of Heart of Spears, as the one we know is definitely a title or a description, not a name. Nevertheless, he *knows the name no more*, suggesting that he either forgot it after living countless lifetimes, or specifically purged it from his memory for some reason.

“*Keeper first of secret last*” sounds like a straightforward description of Heart of Spears, if we assume it’s the first Spear of the Church.

We already have suspicions that Oden fought with Heart of Spears at some point, so HoS being the “keeper” could fit into our theories so far. Other thoughts that fit this interpretation are:

- The Spears of the Church guard Filianore’s illusion--which is, in a way, “keeping” a secret.

#58

*...the gaol great by them was risen.
Confronted I for my dark mind,
by slave firstborn of sunlit prison.*

...

What else could he expect to find?...

#60

*...the name I knew, yet know no more.
Crowned “keeper first of secret last”,
Six nights we fought. Six suns afore,
he fell in slumber deep, aghast.*

- *In a metaphorical sense, one keeps secrets in one's heart.*
- *We know from poem #27 that HoS has been "slumbering" for a long time.*

The latter half of the poem is more convoluted. Oden and Heart of Spears fought for *six nights*, yet *six nights afore*, Heart of Spears *fell in deep slumber, aghast*. "Afore" is an archaic synonym for "before", so at face value it means that Heart of Spears fought Oden while in a dreaming state. Another note is that he fell in said dream *aghast*, i.e. having been stricken with sudden, unexpected fear. Poem #95 extends this train of thought, saying that Heart of Spears *to dark was plunged in days forgone*.

This concludes the "Slumber set" of poems, which gave us a lot of insight into who Oden is and was.

Spark of the Old Gods - Lord of Hail's intro set analysis

This set of poems has been sent during the opening event for Lord of Hail. As of 31 Mar 2018, these are most recent poems that we have that are related to Oden. If the Slumber set was about Oden feverishly recollecting his past, this set's main theme appears to be his impending demise.

#71-#75 were originally sent separately, over the course of a couple of days. While they do not line up rhyme-wise, they're gonna be looked at together as they all share the same theme.

They were the precursors for the appearance of Lord of Hail, who was later confirmed to be Oden reawoken. The lines describe the progress of a violent storm, starting from visible rainclouds at the horizon and culminating in the sun being blocked out.

Storm's titan gaze could be interpreted as Oden's gaze, or in a more literal sense as the eye of the storm encompassing a certain area of the land. Latter could be fitting as Lord of Hail has only been seen at the Great Belfry during the storm.

#76 appears to reference the titan of thunder/storm titan mentioned in poems #27, #31, #32, and #75. This is further emphasized by the fact that

#71-#55

...steel clouds cover distant horizons...
 ...winds shriek as skies are torn apart...
 ...inexorable, tremendous torrent crawls
 closer...

...feeble sun is smothered by clasps of lead...
 ...all fails to escape storm's titan gaze...

he was *long lost in time* - many poems state that Oden is an ancient being. Oden's Slumber set clearly is him recalling his ancient past.

Much like Oden's Slumbering set, #77 appears in italics, indicating that he is the narrator. Seems to be Oden's first thoughts after reawakening? The last line suggests that he himself was not aware of the violent storm that was brought by his appearance.

Another small detail - as seen in the slumber set and continued here, Oden is using archaic english. Or, at least, archaic pronouns and verb conjugations.

Again, Oden/Lord of Hail is the narrator here. He appears to be commenting on the state of the world and the relationship between mankind and the gods. Lord of Hail is seeming to recall an age before the Linking of Fire, and finds the entire arrangement distasteful. "Thine race" which "hath been oh quite so cruel" appears to be direct commentary on the "failed Gods" who "keep their rule;" Lord of Hail clearly does not approve of the sacrificing of human beings to continue the Linking of the First Flame.

Alternative interpretation is that *thine race* is referring to humans themselves, if Lord is speaking directly with the participants. This needs more thinking.

Father narrating. Did he await Lord of Hail's rebirth for a long while? (*at last*). Though it seems that Oden's life is nearing its end, as *his time long passed*. The idea that Oden will not survive for long will be further reinforced in the closing poems of the set (#83 and #84).

The *broken jewels* metaphor might not hold any deeper meaning and literally say "he is going to fade away", but it needs a bit more thinking about.

We switch back to the perspective of Oden, Lord of Hail. He's well aware of the fact that his body has degraded a great deal from the previous time he was the Lord of Hail (when even would that be? We do not know a clear point at which his statute as a Lord was forgotten),

#76

You heard it rumble, did you not?
Great storm has cometh for us all.
Long lost in time, by you back brought.
All beast and men to safety crawl.

#77

*Ah, at last. The start, the end.
It is so clear, how fate doth chain.
To truer world myself I lend!*
...
Oh, what is this? A heavy rain?

#78

*O world, how much thou've changed.
Have failed Gods to keep their rule -
naught left but cinders long deranged...*
...
Thine race hath been oh quite so cruel...

#79

At last, the Lord, brought back from dust!
Yet, in the twist of fate so ever cruel,
he won't survive, his time long passed!
His husk will fade like broken jewels.

#80

*This frame has withered o so much,
yet eye of mine is ever clear!
Thy journey, ash, was blinded such,
as thee adhere to First Lord's fear.*

He appears to be reaffirming his opposition to the Linking of Fire scheme, with his eye being *ever clear* about it being a perversion of the natural order. Oden speaks to the Chosen Unkindled directly, saying that they were fooled by the gods into the unnatural prolongment of the Age of Fire to ward off the Age of Dark, presumably the *First Lord's fear*.

EE-Okay I'm thinking this is referring to Anor Londo before it iced over and became Irithyll. I really don't have much else here.

Tik - yeah I'm not getting much more out of this either. *Sunlit halls* sounds very much like Anor Londo, and Oden did wander through them when they were *destroyed by frost* in Slumbering Oden's only event. Could be just a poem to tell us that Oden was dreaming of many things. Perhaps we've seen just a small fraction of it?

This poem appears to be narrated by Father, and suggests that Oden is a god who was against the idea of Linking the Fire. "Born of the flame" suggests the First Flame and thus lordhood, yet he "seeks the dark," presumably to end the Age of Fire and usher in the Age of Dark. Here we have some personification of Oden. He appears to be a being of duty, as he is waiting for death with neither joy nor glee, and he is opposed to replenishing the First Flame, the likely source of his power. "Pass me his final spark" suggests that the soul of Oden will be used to create another puppet. The likely suspect is the husk of Heart of Spears, who collapsed into a broken pile after its most recent event, without the Discord gathering its soul.

Oden's narration. What is curious is that the second line seems to be referring to his time as Oden the Armless as *madness*. Could it be that Oden was actually hollow at that point, and Father has brought him back through the stitching with Vagrant's remnants? *Mend* is assumedly referring to his slumber.

As puppet for the plan so great tells us that Oden is aware of the Father's plan, whatever it might be.

The last line is a reiteration of the fact that Oden will not see the end, and that he's aware of that.

#81

*I dreamt of things so grand and small.
Of darkened cellars, spires lost.
Once proudly stood in sunlit halls,
then wandered them, destroyed by frost.*

#82

*What strangest soul, don't you agree?
Born of the flame, yet seeks the dark.
Waits not for death with joy or glee,
yet shall pass me his final spark.*

#83

*How cruel are the chains of fate:
from madness woken, and from mend
- as puppet for the plan so great!
...
Gaze this of mine won't glimpse the end.*

This poem signalled the end of Lord of Hail's event, and appears to be from the Father's perspective. In here we have multiple references to Oden's age (nostalgic spark, elder thing, eons gone), as well as the current state of this world (amid decay, faded cinders' glow). The Father notes that Lord of Hail is much weaker than his appearance suggests, a mere "Facade of might," while in reality, "He's no great flame, but dying candle." Lord of Hail appears to have survived this encounter, as he states that we will "soon to handle" its end, and that "Till then let elder thing enjoy the show." Finally, we see are told that Oden's fate will be "fit for forlorn," suggesting a darker fate than merely dying.

#84

Facade of might, it fades away.
He's no great flame, but dying candle.
Nostalgic spark amidst decay,
you'll I entrust it soon to handle.

Till then let elder thing enjoy the show.
Devoid of life for eons gone,
breathes in the faded cinders' glow,
while bearing fate fit for forlorn.

NEED WRITE-UP - Lord of Hail's death set analysis

Old spark's unrest is clear as day,
for life's deep core is but a flame.
A single glimpse soon catch you may,
'nd bid farewell to its great name.

Rare is a mind unstained by void.
One old in age yet knows the cure.
Lord life unending long enjoyed,
reap its last fruit by blade of your!

*O fellow knight from ages old.
Wait thine succumbeth to an end.
For I, whose eye hath seen those bold,
Shall join thee in rest, dear friend!*

*O elder craftsman o' the night,
Hand whose I witness break and mend.
Thy're naught but old and nameless wight,
yet mind of thine I do commend!*

*Old blood runs wild through my vein.
Fears o' the mind it washed away.
To His great cause thee now I enchain!
Last piece thee art that oughtn't sway.*

Meek in great age, though still a Lord!
No time is left to ponder deep.
All pieces caught, left is the cord.
All puppets rest, in peace they sleep.



Old lord can't hear your words of praise
for all that's left is one bright spark.
And I, in facing final days,
enjoy the fact I left a mark.

Nameless Flame - Humanity's seedbed

Need a quick write-up of Redflame Erik & Lone Darkwraith

Nameless Flame's information needs to be written up/refined like Oden's lore.

Nameless Flame has 2 major sets of poems linked to it:

[#43 - #48] – Nameless Flame's intro set

[#63 - #70] – Nameless Flame's death set

Wraithflame Erik

Need to add poem analysis

After both Redflame Erik and Lone Darkwraith were defeated, the Father "stitched" their remains together to create Wraithflame Erik. (#7, #9, #12, #13, #17, #19, #20), as both Redflame Erik and Lone Darkwraith were declared "broken" by the Puppeteer, and Wraithflame was described as a unity of the two broken puppets. Wraithflame was described as "unstable", (#43) perhaps represented by the mangled formatting of his poems. This instability may be a result of both Erik and Darkwraith furiously resisting the Father's stitching. (#39, #44, #45)

NEED WRITE-UP - 1. First set analysis

2. The Humanity

The event held on 10 Mar 2018 had brought one of the key characters - the Nameless Flame - to its death.

The opening poem (#61) foreshadows the finale of Puppeteer's story. From the very beginning, Father had a clear goal in mind - to subdue and kill the Great Old Sin - the Soul of Cinders. The *one who rides to war against Great Old Sin* would be the Puppet, which at the time of this event has not yet been constructed.

'Show', 'an act', 'actors' all invoke the idea of a theater show, which is fitting enough for the name "Puppeteer".

The Nameless Flame's existence has been morbid from the beginning. Birthed from the two unwilling souls forced together into one corpse by the Father. Rage left within the minds forced to coexist was already smothered away, as Wraithflame Erik's short appearance allowed the Father to 'refine' him, creating the Nameless Flame.

#63 refers to this grotesque story, yet also calls it *old*. Was something similar done by Father in the past? Is he just referring to this being an expected outcome? Either way, the fertile soil that was the Nameless Flame has yielded something that is now worthy of a harvest.

Redflame Erik and Lone Darkwraith have both utilized fire-based arsenals (Erik being a pyromancer and Darkwraith using Ringed Knights' gear). Wraithflame Erik has the combination of both, adding a Firelink Greatsword and Power Within. Nameless Flame, being the final product of them, is also heavily tied to fire. Not to simple fire, but to blackflame.

*Be it sorcery or pyromancy, all techniques that infringe on humanity
lead to the same place. That is to say, they all seek a will of their own.*

DS3 Black Serpent

Blackflame pyromancies all take root in humanity and the Abyss. And by the looks of the things that are yet to happen at the time of this event, Father had to create a source of humanity for himself. This becomes apparent from the future events, as Father is currently collecting resources needed to construct

#61

The crowd grows silent, lights all fade,
the final act shall soon begin!
Show is so long, by blood was made,
to war one rides 'gainst Great Old Sin.

#62

Time hasn't come to start the act,
in haste the actors all prepare.
In day's two eights I shall be back,
for you to rend and break and tear.

#63

We start today with grim old tale.
Of two poor things stitched into one.
Its flame matured in darkest grail.
Go harvest it - the wait is done!

the Puppet. One of these resources is the Humanity (its counterpart being a God's soul).

Nameless Flame seems to be aware of the fact that the Humanity that was growing within it has become mature enough to be used. Yet perhaps by virtue of some slivers of mind still inside its body, it is afraid of the inevitable death that the extraction of Humanity would bring. Invaders guided to kill it and extract the precious resource were greeted by continuous unexpected ambushes (#65).

#66 stated that *the thing was broken from the start*. Of course, it's impossible for two separate entities to coexist within one body, yet Father apparently planned to create such a collision, for it would give birth to the Humanity he sought to obtain.

As it was receiving damage continuously, Nameless Flame's armor began to slowly break. At this point Father has urged the invaders to keep going, to shed more blood in their ruthless assault (#67). And, above all else, to bring him back the black flame of Humanity.

As the Nameless Flame was nearing the end of its life, it began seeping Humanity out. The little balls of flame, *cold as ice* if we're to believe the Father. This is what he was trying to achieve - the strong, mature flame of Humanity, breathing life into prideful humans. The line *it overflows from greatest kings* is unclear. Closest relation is to DS2's kings, namely Vendrick.

#69 again foreshadows what is yet to come - the one main goal of the Father's work. He is sacrificing his puppets in a calculated attempt to overthrow the Great Old Sin (Soul of Cinders) and undo whatever damage it may have had on the world. This brings forth an idea that Father is for the coming of the Age of Dark, as as we learn later, he had not taken the power of the First Flame for himself.

As the Nameless Flame was finally broken completely, the Humanity was retrieved from it. Its growing seems to have been the most critical part of Father's grand plan, as obtaining it has *sealed Great Old Sin's fate*. Was he certain that both the Heart of Spears would fall and Oden would give up his soul?

In the end, Nameless Flame has fulfilled his part of the story. Two humans of unknown origin, caught in Father's strings and used as a seedbed for producing a chunk of humanity sizeable enough for the cause.

#64

...

Though wait, you I should warn.
Thing had its fun with pride and honor.
Now lurks in dark, from which was born.
It fears the end, and reeks of horror

#65

We all are hunters this grim day:
On my behalf you hunt the flame.
To thing, however, you're the prey.
Crack knuckles dry and prize now claim!

#66

The thing was broken from the start,
no dual minds can long persist.
Alas, they don't belong apart,
for human flame needs to exist.

#67

Go on! Blood still you have to shed!
Its husk robust will not endure,
rip it away, then tear and shred!
The flame bring me, mature and pure.

#68

The light is cold, as ice it stings.
This is what men are, deep inside!
It overflows from greatest kings!
Life's breath it brings in all its pride.

#69

My goal is clear - undo the Sin.
For that I nourished not one soul:
oh lords and cripples, bright and grim.
It all comes now, for this one goal.

#70

Hatched from its husk the flame so great,
gaze now upon the job well done!
Your hunt has sealed Great Old Sin's fate,
near draws the time when it is gone.



Heart of Spears - “Keeper first of secret last”

Heart of Spears has 2 major poem sets linked to it:

[#26 - #33] – Heart of Spears’ first set (Needs to be written up)

[#88 - #96] – Heart of Spear’s last set

General speculations

- Is Heart of Spears the first Spear of the Church? So far there’s no robust evidence, but it would fit if we assume that in #60 Oden talks about the Heart of Spears.
- Poem #88’s line, “chained by the Sun to coward's will...” appears to link Heart of Spears to Gwyn, likely being a servant of the Lord of Fire. #93’s line about “Father’s last vow” further confirms this idea.
- The idea that Heart of Spears is the first Spear of the Church seems all but confirmed by poem #92’s line that refers to it as “root of all Spears.” It is also enforced by #93’s line about resolving “Father’s last vow”
- Poem #92 again discusses the fight between the “titan Lord” and the “root of all Spears,” and tells of its demise. Poems #95 and #96 seem to confirm its failure, mentioning that “To dark was plunged in days forgone,” and that “into sunlit ash it lands...”

NEED WRITE-UP - First set analysis

Needs to be written up.

The Heart's Vessel - Last set analysis

Needs to be rewritten/rechecked.

On 30 Mar 2018, Heart of Spears has seemingly perished. During that event, a bunch of poems were sent that all relate to the Heart of Spears' past and, potentially, to what becomes of its remains:

O world, how old and frail you've become,
chained by the Sun to coward's will...
Archives of all that was and still to come,
to think that I'm its epilogue to fill...

This poem appears to be Puppeteer/Father pondering over the fate of the world. The last line could suggest that he is somehow 'destined' to end the world in some way?

The forceful light of life pitch-black,
it matters not without a frame.
For me today you'll bring it back -
the sunlit vessel set aflame.

Light of life pitch-black refers to Humanity and, most likely, the Humanity. #68 speaks of it in the same way (*Life's breath it brings in all its pride*). Sounds like Father's saying that the soul is pointless without a body, and that we need to bring him one. By that logic, is Heart of Spear's body/essence/Vessel the *sunlit vessel set aflame*?

In wanders through the streets of gold,
it recollects its former glory.
Time's here to break it of its mold,
Go finish its long-winding story!

Seems pretty straightforward - Heart of Spears is wandering through the Ringed City and recollecting its great past. Last line also strengthens the idea that it had a very long life.

Old frail beast, what does it know?
What ancient wonders has it seen?
I'm sure it had much more to show,
it was so great before its dream.

Sounds like we didn't get to see Heart of Spears' full potential or full arsenal, perhaps because it's so old and past its prime? The 'great things fallen out of grace' motif definitely fits Dark Souls lore.

You just imagine - root of Spears!
Its feeble cause dulled not its blade.

Hailed great, stained not by fears!

...

till titan Lord forced it to fade.

Possibly confirming that Heart of Spears is the first Spear of the Church. Father/Puppeteer doesn't hold protection of Filianore highly. Heart of Spears sounds like it was of great renown, fearless and powerful until the titan Lord (which might be Oden, Lord of Hail) confronted it.

Its mind is gone, long perished now.

Its husk, alas, still does persist.

Go on, resolve last Father's vow,

void vessel now, dares it resist!

As Kallah suggested, at this point Heart of Spears may have gone completely hollow. Even more mindless and feral than before, yet still unbroken. *Last Father's vow* can be interpreted as "the last vow of the Father" or "the vow of the last Father". I'm inclined to believe it's the former, as we already know of the "Father" figure, which is synonymous to the "Puppeteer".

Soul fleeting from the corpse unbent.

Keep on the onslaught! Rip and tear!

Its final thoughts you now shall rend,

and cleanse the vessel of light mare.

Encouragement to keep the pressure on the Heart of Spears, as to completely banish its soul from its corpse. 'Light mare' is, as Ensign pointed out, a cute wordplay. Could Heart of Spears have been daydreaming this whole event, recollecting its past glory? Not the worst way to go.

I'll never know - was it afraid?

In sunlight basked from dusk till dawn,

it never felt Abyssal shade.

To dark was plunged in days forgone.

Was it afraid of what? Of death/darkness/loss? Heart of Spears seems to have been raised and lived under the rule of the Gods (*in sunlit basked*), having not faced the Abyss at all. And then, at once, it was plunged into it...? Getting a bit out there with this train of thought.

The relic fit for craftsmen great
is gracing my old bloodstained hands.

I feel the eon's titan weight,
as into sunlit ash it lands...



The closing poem for the event, and for the Heart of Spears. Seems like Father is grabbing its corpse/the vessel, and feels either its literal weight, or the weight of its long life. We also get info on Father being old, and that his hands are 'stained by blood', which could refer to him killing people to achieve his goal.

The image deserves separate analysis. It's the second one we got, the first being the Humanity. Speaking objectively, it's a modification of Basin of Vows from the base DS3, recolored and without the bottom part. Thematically, it looks like a vessel. Perhaps replica of the Lordvessel? The word 'vessel' was used heavily in this set of poems so it seems to fit. If so, what's it for? Is it related to the Soul of the NF, and if so do we have to do something with it?

Poem #100, even if it's technically not a part of this set, should also be considered:

To yield new life unchanged from old
is same as calling back the past.
We thus must change the core we hold,
make sure our prints for eons last.

Posted 1 Apr 2018 after the HoS event, this is the potential 'transition' to lead us into the next puppet and event. Flowing from the final poems that urged us to continue hunting the broken, failing Heart of Spears, we now have a heavy reference to (and critique of) the prolonged Age of Fire. Many poems have referenced the flame and gods in a negative light. This one falls under the same category, stressing the need for change, but worded as *change to the core*. When later poems of Heart's final set are taken into consideration, this seems to suggest a new *core* being prepared to fill the shell of the Heart of Spears. Its mind was already gone, we've driven its soul away - there's naught left but an empty frame. This thought was brought up during the event when HoS' 'fleeting soul' was mentioned, with the Humanity being the possible replacement.

The Puppet - ???

[#112 - #125] - The Puppet's Construction set

As of 1 May 2018, all puppets have been killed. The Puppeteer's timeline along with frequent mentions of the nearing finale all point towards the fact that the Discord will see only one more puppet.

As of 5 May 2018, Jean received this image from the Puppeteer:



A figure laying in front of the fireplace is likely to be the Final Puppet. Due to poor image quality, the equipment cannot be identified with certainty, but the potential equip is: Lothric Knight Helm, Firelink Armor, Fire Witch Gauntlets, Dancer's Leggings.

Cosntruction set analysis

The Puppet's construction set begins with poem #112. It, along with #115, #117, and #119 marks several checkpoints that Father has achieved in construction of the Puppet. Also to note - all of the aforementioned poems have ellipses at the beginning of each line - a certain sign that they're related.

If we look at the Puppeteer's Timeline, the line "`| [1] [2] [3] ---><0> |`" tells us that the Puppet is to be created with the Humanity (`[1]`), Heart of Spears' Vessel (`[2]`), and Soul of Lord of Hail (`[3]`). Given the fact that the souls come into play later, it's rather safe to assume that *thin limbs once held the arms with force* is referring to Heart of Spears' corpse. In the past there have been several mentions of the fact that Heart of Spears is incredibly resilient, yet it seems that at this point its corpse is not in a particularly good shape: *frail fingers won't endure the strain / no doubt—they must I reinforce*. Perhaps the events leading up to death of the first Spear of the Church have damaged its corpse beyond the point of small scratches?

As will become visible from the later poems, the Father is both fixing up the corpse as well as encasing it in armor. #112 seems to be referring to putting Dancer's Gauntlets onto the Puppet. At first, the Father is unsure where to get the resources needed, but it seems that later on they were provided by a *fetcher swift*. After putting on the gloves, the Father moves on.

Before continuing on to what I presume to be working on the legs and fitting Dancer's Leggings, there is one *grand thing* that cannot be ignored - a *cross oh so old*. The cross in question is most likely Arstor's Spear - Heart of Spears was punctured by it through the chest, so it's fitting that the Father would have to remove it from the corpse before continuing his work. The cross is also referred to as *the arm*, a weapon. The Puppet wielded Arstor's Spear, which only reinforces this idea.

POEMS #115 > #126

So, the Father is at work repurposing Heart of Spears for its one final task - *to kill the Flame, the god of all* (#8). The Flame being the Great Old Sin, which is canonically known as Soul of Cinders.

The Soul of Cinders is an amalgamation of all souls that have ever linked the First Flame - the *aeon's lords*. It's no doubt that it has become incredibly powerful

#112 (in #builds)

...thin limbs once held the arms with force
...frail fingers won't endure the strain.
...no doubt—they must I reinforce—
...but where the shell would I obtain?

#113 (in #builds)

Ah, yes, these fit so well it's strange.
A job well-done by fetcher swift!
...time came to joints rearrange,
a single pebble else won't lift...

#114 (in #builds)

Now this grand thing I can't ignore...
Cross oh so old, you're fit to be
The arm to end this tale of gore...
...
Yes. Such is a thing we all must see...

#115 (in #builds)

...this corpse is strong, yet fails to stand
...all muscle's torn - remake, restitch.
...once that is done, encase by hand
...in leather, stone, or metal rich?

#116 (in #builds)

Tissue and bone now trapped in steel -
what pleasant sight for craftsman's eye!
...time comes the gaping wound to heal,
this ancient heart I won't let die.

#117 (in #builds)

...these rags won't do, of sun they reek.
...yet this carcass can't fight in nude.
...old rusted plate? That I could tweak.
...but this last work must not be crude...

#118 (in #builds)

The heart beats slowly under plate
as steel to ribs now warmly clings.
...I am soon done? Soon free of weight
of this long journey, of my strings...

#119 (in #builds)

...to crown the head - last task is rough
...then dear my child will be done.
...but where to find such metal tough?
...in my supplies there's close to none.

#120 (in #bot-stuff)

@SlugBot

A second craftsman weaves their tale?
With pleasure meets you tired gaze,
of this one meek, exhausted, pale.
By this road's bumps you be unfazed.

#121 (in #builds)

...skin reinforced and clad in steel,
heart mended of the wounds of old.
One task remains 'fore I can kneel:
breathe life into the finished mold.

#122 (in #builds)

O soul of Men and soul of Gods!
Entwined into the formless grey!
As audience last time applauds,
I welcome you into the fray!

#123 (in #fashion-souls)

Beyond the scope of light,
beyond the reach of dark,
as fingers lift and grasp the night
the eyes alight with forceful spark.
<https://i.imgur.com/GY4w6iK.png>

#124

Time don't you waste, knight born of all,
as you write out this tale's end.,
Great Sin of Old is bound to fall,
as you make for this world amends.

#125

Sin's might has grown on aeon's lords -
it will not make for easy prey.
On living feed, marching towards,
engulf all standing in your way.

NEED WRITE-UP - The Puppet's Journey - Part I

#126

**The craftsman old at last can rest,
for now the Puppet stands alone.
Seeks might, it tyrant soon must best,
Go on, dear crowd, you shall it hone!**

#127

The knight now stumbles through the rubble
atop the wall of castle old.
Arms left I even with some trouble,
for it to find and use as told.

#128

The Puppet knows you seek its blood
as it now thirsts your souls great.
Near the fog wall, atop the mud
inscribe red signs and feel its weight.

#129

Ah, stormborn blade of elder Lord
it grips with fingers long and thin.
Do eyes recall the ancient sword?
Long gaze it caught when meeting him.

#130

What titan souls each one possesses!
Thirst sated as its spirit grows.
With newfound force onward it presses
stride will unbending at last shows.

#131

On ancient tree I left a mark
for Puppet ours to seek and find.
Cross struck accursed ancient bark,
heart mended surely will remind...

#132

The fingers grasp accursed cross,

heartbeat resounds in steelclad cage.
Red signs you're free to leave across
the stones before this open stage.

#133

What thoughts resound within its mind
as it endures this one-way path?
Time ought not waste, more souls to find,
as we march on through this bloodbath.

1 LEFT

#134

It may look tough to mere Man,
yet to Great Sin it's just a bug.
To it withstand knight knows the plan -
a cruel brother to estus mug.

#135

As souls congest and swell within,
at last they can be put to use.
With signs of yours we can begin
another feast for Puppet loose.

#136

The souls sublime heal corpse and mind,
as their faint stream gives you resolve.
Leave all but our one goal behind!
March ever on. Consume. Evolve.

1 LEFT

#137

Condemned to walk this one-way road
endures all knight in darkness mute.
Yet, as we need to rest, unload.
Half-hour break, in silence resolute!

#138

Amidst the graves one thing does dwell

an image vague of soul now perished.
Lone blackened spirit, we can tell
for its small fragment mind does cherish.

#139

In hunting for vague apparition,
within, a spark of yore alights.
Invades the mind this queer ignition
as memories come back to light.

#140

As spark becomes a raging flame
the hunger grows like dark abyss.
Come to the fog, where it does reign
mere moments while the embers hiss.

#141

The final thoughts at last subside,
knight left alone, in dark, again.
As Puppet leaves its mirage guide
it presses on, in hunger so insane.

1 LEFT

#142

A man once wandered through this keep,
a reckless flame of scarlet red.
Taught by the nature heads to reap,
attacked me as he fell in dread.

#143

Visage of old peeks through facade,
as Puppet eats away its might.
Leave marks for soul raging, flawed,
before devoured is by hollow knight.

#144

All, one by one, the Watcher fall,
of ancient flame their souls reek.
Last hope to break Great Sin so tall -
become as it, or so they speak.

1 LEFT

#145

**Teeth rip scorched soul asunder.
Flame seeps into the slender hands.
Within begins a blazing thunder.
Akin to what Great Sin Old fends.**

#146

**Howls soon subside and leave behind
knight molded by inexorable fate.
All those who wish it now to find -
write signs by stone doors and wait.**

#147

**First waves calm down at last within
yet knight is scorching in and out.
Such might may not compare to Sin,
as it endures this with no doubt.**

1 LEFT

#148

**Long journey have endured we all
and knight now rests so cold and lone.
Come morrow will again stand tall
for there's a duty to be done.**

NEED WRITE-UP - The Puppet's Journey - Part II

#149

Knight wakes from its exhausting slumber.

Unfeeling, mute, it carries on
led by prime glutton in its wander,
till greatest foe is dead and gone.

#150

Next apparition starts to stand
engulfed in wrath of its poor state:
within, two different minds it rend.
Whose cruel hand sealed such a fate?

#151

Their flame is not like that of Sin -
a seething rage of human mind
trapped in a cage of flesh and skin.
In mutual destruction solace find.

#152

Amidst the corpse of ancient kin,
the hunger is contained no more.
By placing signs you can begin
to feed it like you did before.

#153

Mirage so hateful fades away
subdued by sound of ripping souls.
A hollow husk waits for the day
when world, at last, no one controls.

1 LEFT

#154

A frail scared soul once from here left
entwined in strings my hand had spun.
The mind was waste, of will bereft,
...but soul had smelled of ancient sun.

#155

The warmth of lonely fireplace
does it recall this shack of mine?
To castle guided with great pace
to start its journey for Divine.

#156

Mute knight will not recall in true,
mirage so transient and meek.
Its afterglow to now subdue,
leave signs by fog and catch a peek.

#157

Ah, afterimage fades so soon,
just as it did in flesh and bone.
Meanwhile, lit by calm and peaceful moon
knight keeps his restless march alone.

1 LEFT

#158

"O palace of the venerable sun.
What sight to see thy ruins fall"
- age-dried lips had soon begun,
in walking through the darkened hall.

#159

Infused with image of old Mother,
slept deep as half-dead dragon sage,
Come, apparition this now smother,
to tomb below this relic of old Age.

#160

In slumber gluttons knight yet more,
and then breaks free of veiled tangle.
Sin's Flame is here, god-eating whore!
Tear our, engulf, poor thing then strangle.

1 LEFT

#161

What gruesome mess it seems to be
devouring Lords' blazing soul.
Half-hour break for knight to see

accursed force it dares now hold.

#162

**Ah, Great Sin's old flame warm and sublime
engulfs the Puppet as it feeds.
Thick priest of old who ate Divine -
mere food for one who Flame now needs.**

#163

**Invasive blaze shrieks through these cells,
it scorches soul and flesh alike.
As eyes are veiled by oldest hells,
knight's soul takes shape I so dislike.**

#164

**Knight's soul fears not this game,
for with each Lord it becomes more
like Old, Accursed, Great Sin's Flame.**

...

till naught is left but molten core.

1 LEFT

#165

Invoke storm clouds a distant though
of life so long it had no start.
Knight seeks what it once sought,
yet couldn't get, too weak of heart.

#166

As you endure this path as well,
and yield so many souls to it,
feel you the weight of things that dwell,
within this shell a Lord befit?

#167

True apparition, adept of storm,
hangs over knight, stronger than most.
As bell bleeds through the cloud's swarm,
Come to the fog, engage the ghost.

#168

Bleak stones we paint by blood of Ash,
as their souls nurture voiceless knight.
Time comes for fate to make another dash
More Flames are left to feed its might

1 LEFT

#169

As sun fades from the titan sky,
all beasts and men fall down in shade.
The knight again closes his eye:
rests mute, unbent, unswayed.

NEED WRITE-UP - The Puppet's Journey - Part III

#170

Amidst the putrid toxic trash
once walked a weary, lonely one.
Foes resolutely would he crush -
though just a cripple on the run.

#171

The truest traitor of his race,
devolved to mere old nameless thing.
Now vaguely image shows its face,
before the Lord on throne of king.

#172

In silence watched by titan two,
who fight before his giant soul.
Fear not, poor sufferer, you too,
will eaten be alive and whole.

1 LEFT

#173

**Lord dead and gone in gaping maw
No man or god is now the knight -
a Sin at which great hungers gnaw,
a monster with a soul so bright.**

#174

**No apparition is this flame -
new certain state of hollow thing.
Great Sin of Old it is to blame,
for this great burden it doth bring.**

#175

**As embers flicker in the air
hot wind blows from the sacred sin.
Sign stones by fog now, if you dare
to face the thing to hell akin.**

#176

Flame rages on in cursed soul
as knight subdues it with stern will:

ought not it waste this precious coal,
left final Lord to gulp with thrill.

1 LEFT

#177

A fleeting spark of human soul
engulfs the knight in veil's blacks.
Fog now approach, for it's your goal
to all provide what it still lacks.

#178

As black gives way to scorching steel,
knight leaves the human flame aside.
Tasked now to finish final meal,
it marches on, Sin its one guide.

1 LEFT

#179

From dark emerged a single face,
encased in bent and broken steel.
Exhausted yet from this long race,
half-hour break it takes to kneel!

#180

Last apparition still to feed
whom yielded flesh for monster mute.
To its homeland no roads yet lead -
one cannot go without a route.

#181

Corpse given to the voiceless knight
holds not the tale of Spears sublime.
Yet in these halls of white sunlight -
a different tale of ancient crime.

#182

Amalgam of the sunlit prison
along with feathers airy and white.
Your signs awaits image arisen,

from knight enduring fevered light.

#183

Fake imitation of the old
won't dare take up more time.
Just over here, last Lord so cold,
the last banquet of this great climb.

1 LEFT

#184

**Our goal is clear, for we are done.
No lords or souls are left to eat.
Great Sin of Old, your time has come!
This hellish knight will do the feat.**

#185

**You, blood-hungry hunters of the world
endured such journey with us two!
Come with it now, and stand so bold
along the hellspawn. See it through!**

#186

**INTO THICK ASH THE PIECES FALL
STRONG JAW SUBDUES THE BLAZING HEAD
WORLD'S FLAME WILL NOT STAND TALL
AS KNIGHT ENGULFS ITS FINAL SHRED**

#187

**AS SKY GROWS DARK IN ENDLESS NIGHT
ONE SPARK IS LEFT, UNTAMED AND BRIGHT
COME EACH ONE NOW, FOR FINAL FIGHT
SOON ENDLESS REST WILL TAKE THE KNIGHT.**

1 LEFT

#188

**This world, old and decayed,
it now, alas, no one controls.
Left standing is one richest shade**

of the Darkest of Souls.

#189

Knight takes a seat under dark bell,
great deed is done, the embers fade.
It now shall rest, enchain the hell
till even time itself will fade.

-THE END-

Future Speculation

This section needs to be rewritten and expanded upon, as this is essentially "Wild speculation" under a new title, as much of this speculation appears to be either factual or quite likely true. Oden is still incomplete: he lacks the fury and the balance that are necessary to forge a completed puppet like Nameless Flame. The missing piece, I think, is Heart of Spears.

- Heart's intro describes him as "angry, mad, insane", and says "Could frail beast still something bring? Naught left but fright and force so sheer" (#30) as well as "No one could keep his rage at bay". (#32)
- We're told that he has just awoken after slumbering for "eons" (#27, #28, #33), but strangely also that he "needs rest" (#33). Perhaps, like Oden, his lack of balance has caused his sleep to be restless.
- The Puppeteer also notes of Heart that "there are good parts that could be gained". (#29) This is similar to how he spoke of Vagrant.
- Heart of Spears was "Enchained.by.titan.Lord.of.Thunder" (#27) and uses lightning bundles. Since Heart is linked to lightning, stitching him to Oden could balance Oden's magic affinity.
- Heart "By.spear.was.stricken.cyclopean". (#27) This is a stretch, but Oden wields a spear and has a line referencing a single eye. (#55) These details have parallels in the Norse god Odin.
- Oden "dreams of things so old and frail." (#42) Heart is repeatedly described as both old and frail. (#21, #27-30) Oden's sleep is also described as him being sent into "nostalgia"; is he dreaming of a battle he once fought against Heart of Spears?
- "Heart of Spears" could be descriptive in nature (since its heart is literally displaced by a spear), and not the puppet's real name.

Video links

Streamable is deleting random videos, so to preserve them a youtube archive is in the making.

Green background videos are saved on Tik's local storage.

Red background videos are deleted and must be restored from the original owner.

Blue background videos are safely ported to YouTube

A WHILE AGO

Tikaro vs. White Vagrant (undead settlement): <https://streamable.com/kgb51>

Narc vs. Redflame Erik #1 (demon ruins): <https://streamable.com/taxzl>

Narc vs. Redflame Erik #2 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/f331b>

Narc vs. Lone Darkwraith #1 (Irithyll): <https://streamable.com/drk3n>

Narc vs. White Vagrant #1 (Irithyll): <https://streamable.com/picu9>

Narc vs. White Vagrant #2 (Irithyll): <https://streamable.com/48d2s>

Narc vs. Lone Darkwraith #2 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/n63io>

Narc vs. Lone Darkwraith #3 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/yz3nh>

Narc vs. Oden the Armless and Bigner Alex #1 (crucifixion woods): <https://streamable.com/6tv9x>

Narc vs. Oden the Armless #2 (halfway fortress): <https://streamable.com/q6yw4>

Alex vs. Redflame Erik (demon ruins): <https://streamable.com/dhmyi>

21 JAN 2018 (SUNDAY)

Tikaro vs. Lone Darkwraith (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/jyr29>

Tikaro vs. Redflame Erik (farron keep ruins): <https://streamable.com/hbq2z>

27 JAN 2018 (SATURDAY)

Kallah vs. Wraithflame Erik (a lot of times): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dcXfABxPZiQ>

Catpants vs. Wraithflame Erik #1 (demon ruins): <https://streamable.com/ei5yj>

Narc vs. Wraithflame Erik #1 (demon ruins): <https://streamable.com/wc22i>

Narc vs. Wraithflame Erik #2 (demon ruins): <https://streamable.com/sdf2s>

Narc vs. Wraithflame Erik #3 (demon ruins): <https://streamable.com/yrv4>

Narc vs. Wraithflame Erik #4 (demon ruins): <https://streamable.com/cpiop>

Catpants vs. Broken Vagrant #1 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/wg3ry>

Catpants vs. Broken Vagrant #2 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/xloc5>

Catpants vs. Broken Vagrant #3 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/sbpt9>

Narc vs Broken Vagrant #4 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/i8jl2>

Narc vs Broken Vagrant #5 (cathedral of the deep): <https://streamable.com/x4ih6>

Catpants vs. Broken Vagrant #6 (outside Deacons' room): <https://streamable.com/lewbc>

Narc vs. Broken Vagrant #7 (outside Deacons' room): <https://streamable.com/138ht>

Catpants vs. Broken Vagrant #8 (outside Deacons' room): <https://streamable.com/vh127>

Catpants vs. Broken Vagrant #9 (outside Deacons' room): <https://streamable.com/91rhp>

Narc vs. Heart of Spears #1 (Purging Monument): <https://streamable.com/5p612>

Narc vs. Heart of Spears #2 (Purging Monument): <https://streamable.com/kcm4v>

Narc vs. Heart of Spears #3 (before Midir's first appearance): <https://streamable.com/6zerq>

Narc vs. Heart of Spears #4 (before SotC bossfog): <https://streamable.com/5d4if>

MrRaggaedeman vs. Heart of Spears (before SotC bossfog): <https://streamable.com/8vzb2>

3 FEB 2018 (SATURDAY)

Narc vs. Slumbering Oden (anor londo): <https://streamable.com/exb82>

Catpants "Oden Sleepwalking": <https://streamable.com/n7668>

MrRaggaedeman taking a stroll with Oden: <https://streamable.com/m8xyw>

MrRaggaedeman vs. Nameless Flame (untended graves): <https://streamable.com/m2xn2>

Noxuary vs. Nameless Flame (untended graves): <https://streamable.com/g4zz4>

Narc vs. Nameless Flame (untended graves): <https://streamable.com/cfz3b>

Raff vs Nameless Flame <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uOWna8zUuzk>

6 FEB 2018 (TUESDAY)

Catpants vs. Nameless Flame #1 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/8ca10>

Catpants vs. Nameless Flame #2 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/b1nsw>

Catpants vs. Nameless Flame #3 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/eezrt>

Kallah vs. Nameless Flame (3 Rounds) (cleansing chapel): https://youtu.be/S40EZ_rWHpI

MrRaggaedeman vs. Nameless Flame #1 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/th0i3>

MrRaggaedeman vs. Nameless Flame #2 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/y6qq6>

Narc vs. Nameless Flame #1 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/jpm1v>

Narc vs. Nameless Flame #2 (cleansing chapel): <https://streamable.com/ts424>

13 FEB 2018 (TUESDAY)

Tikaro vs. Nameless Flame #1 (great belfry): <https://streamable.com/msmnc>

Tikaro vs. Nameless Flame #2 (great belfry): <https://streamable.com/f76ky>

Tikaro vs. Nameless Flame #3 (great belfry): <https://streamable.com/2dqdq>

Narc vs. Nameless Flame #1 (great belfry): <https://streamable.com/hw3e4>

Narc vs. Nameless Flame #2 (great belfry): <https://streamable.com/v6ets>

Kallah vs. Nameless Flame (great belfry): <https://streamable.com/c8ggi>

25 FEB 2018 (SUNDAY)

Narc vs. Heart of Spears #1 (before SotC bossfog): <https://streamable.com/uq891>

Narc vs. Heart of Spears #2 (before SotC bossfog): <https://streamable.com/uijwh9>

Narc vs. Heart of Spears #3 (before SotC bossfog): <https://streamable.com/mn9s3>

Narc vs. Heart of Spears #4 (before SotC bossfog): <https://streamable.com/nmq0m>

Narc vs. Heart of Spears #5 (before SotC bossfog): <https://streamable.com/0jwv3>

Fanboy vs. Heart of Spears (before SotC bossfog): <https://streamable.com/u1tdi>

Qy vs. Heart of Spears (before SotC bossfog): <https://streamable.com/wkigc>

10 MAR 2018 (SATURDAY)

MrRaggaedeman vs. Nameless Flame (untended graves): <https://streamable.com/e341o>

Kallah vs Nameless Flame (untended graves): <https://streamable.com/u3vnd>

Narc vs Kain vs Nameless Flame #1 (untended graves): <https://streamable.com/6v4hk>

Narc vs Kain vs Nameless Flame #2 (untended graves): <https://streamable.com/hivlp>

Fanboy - Nameless Flame death (untended graves): <https://streamable.com/l3hth>

Narc - Nameless Flame death (untended graves): <https://streamable.com/s8ri9>

MrRaggaedeman - Nameless Flame death (untended graves): <https://streamable.com/ofv9q>

18 MAR 2018 (SUNDAY)

Kallah vs. Lord of Hail (Great Belfry, 4 rounds): <https://youtu.be/xQ7Fymz3Knc>
Discord gank vs Lord of Hail (Great Belfry): <https://streamable.com/v6kwc>
Discord gank vs Lord of Hail (Great Belfry): <https://streamable.com/okta9>
Narc, Alex, Squiggle vs Lord of Hail (Great Belfry): <https://streamable.com/lbqem>
Chaos vs Lord of Hail (Great Belfry): <https://streamable.com/v19hz>

30 MAR 2018 (FRIDAY)

Narc vs. Heart of Spears (near SotC bossfog) <https://streamable.com/2cwpa>
Kallah vs Heart of Spears (progressing further and further away from the doors to SotC) <https://youtu.be/32NWWa5qpk>
Ensign's playlist of various fights vs. Heart of Spears <https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLEuhd0JBgfyJuZSFbsdZp6QIAIQvSHmIm>
Raff "Heart of Spears defeated" <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hjeib6bapsE>

22 APR 2018 (FRIDAY)

Tik's lord of hail clips on youtube already

11-13 MAY 2018 (FRIDAY-SUNDAY) - Puppeteer DF run event

Invasions proper:

Narc vs. The Puppet #1 (High Wall): <https://streamable.com/idruf>
Narc vs. The Puppet #2 (High Wall): <https://streamable.com/i1d2u>
Narc vs. The Puppet #3 (Undead Settlement): <https://streamable.com/11jaa>
Narc vs. The Puppet #4 (Undead Settlement): <https://streamable.com/vdoo6>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet #1 (High Wall): <https://streamable.com/ufmol> (Fanboy gets overconfident)
Fanboy vs. The Puppet #2 (High Wall): <https://streamable.com/0tqsl>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (Undead Settlement): <https://streamable.com/3nv0s>
Fanboy, Jean, Qy vs. The Puppet (Crucifixion Woods): <https://streamable.com/1dvpp>
Fanboy, Jean, qy vs The Puppet (Crucifixion Woods) <https://streamable.com/vh8xv> (qy perspective)
qy vs. The Puppet (Cleansing Chapel) <https://streamable.com/3v6tj>
qy vs. The Puppet (Cleansing Chapel Graveyard) <https://streamable.com/s8vhc>
qy vs. The Puppet (Cleansing Chapel Graveyard) <https://streamable.com/jnqps>
qy vs. The Puppet (Cleansing Chapel Graveyard) <https://streamable.com/8gd2m>
qy vs. The Puppet (Cathedral of the Deep) <https://streamable.com/8adhe>
qy vs. The Puppet (Farron Keep Swamp) <https://streamable.com/1lqz0>
Fanboy, Aurora, Jean, Noxuary vs. The Puppet #1 (Catacombs): <https://streamable.com/qnwsh>
Fanboy, Narcolept, Jean, Magikarp vs. The Puppet #2 (Catacombs): <https://streamable.com/9a6bo>
Fanboy vs The Puppet #3 (Catacombs): <https://streamable.com/xjk9c>
Narc, Aurora, rando, qy vs. The Puppet #? (Catacombs): <https://streamable.com/927zk>
Narc, Aurora, qy vs. The Puppet (Catacombs) <https://streamable.com/g8my7> (qy perspective)
Fanboy vs. The Puppet #1 (Demon ruins): <https://streamable.com/4b8hl>
Fanboy, Kallah, Jean, Magikarp vs. The Puppet #2 (Demon ruins): <https://streamable.com/b9dqu>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet #3 (Demon ruins): <https://streamable.com/52akg>
qy vs. The Puppet (Irithyll Docks) <https://streamable.com/e083q>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet #1 (Irithyll dungeon): <https://streamable.com/t675q>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet #2 (Irithyll dungeon): <https://streamable.com/1go47>

Fanboy vs. The Puppet #3 (Irithyll dungeon): <https://streamable.com/44rc7>
Narc vs. The Puppet #1 (Archdragon peak): <https://streamable.com/fhobk>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet #1 (Archdragon peak): <https://streamable.com/n6az1>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet #2 (Dragonkin mausoleum): <https://streamable.com/wajzh>
Narc , Aurora, Fanboy, ? vs. The Puppet #2 (Great Belfry): <https://streamable.com/dy1nb>
Fanboy, Aurora, Narcolept, ? vs. The Puppet #3 (Great Belfry): <https://streamable.com/7k57w>
Fanboy, Aurora, ? vs. The Puppet #4 (Great Belfry): <https://streamable.com/m9ljt>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet #1 (Lothric Castle): <https://streamable.com/u8r4y>
Fanboy, Kallah, Narc, Nos vs. The Puppet #2 (Lothric Castle): <https://streamable.com/yxxd6>
Ensign, Fanboy, Kallah, Narc, Nos, vs. The Puppet #3 (Lothric Castle):
<https://streamable.com/vz6tx>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet #2 (Archives): <https://streamable.com/ta8f0>

Red sign “boss fight” videos:

Fanboy vs. The Puppet (post-Vordt area) <https://streamable.com/65ioq>
Narc vs. The Puppet #1 (post-Vordt area): <https://streamable.com/bgf30>
Narc vs. The Puppet #2 (Greatwood area): <https://streamable.com/bf95o>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (Greatwood area, fight 1) <https://streamable.com/1idb0>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (Greatwood area, fight 2) <https://streamable.com/20xm5>
qy vs. The Puppet (Greatwood area) <https://streamable.com/fo88l>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (Crystal sage area) <https://streamable.com/ga11r>
qy vs. The Puppet (Crystal Sage area) <https://streamable.com/i95wc>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (Deacons area) <https://streamable.com/owegi>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (Abyss Watchers area, fight 1) <https://streamable.com/fpcwi>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (Abyss Watchers area, fight 2) <https://streamable.com/jr3st>
qy vs. The Puppet (pre-Wolnir room) <https://streamable.com/3jm30>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (pre-Wolnir room) <https://streamable.com/jspww>
Narc vs. The Puppet #3 (pre-Wolnir room): <https://streamable.com/tlb2m>
Narc vs. The Puppet #4 (pre-Wolnir room): <https://streamable.com/95k16>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (area below Nameless king): <https://streamable.com/62dmg>
Narc vs. The Puppet (area below Nameless king): <https://streamable.com/asz4c>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (Yhorm area): <https://streamable.com/i23bb>
Kallah vs The Puppet (Vordt, Demon King, Pontiff, Yhorm and Dragonslayer Armor):
https://youtu.be/u_EZKsWnsb4
Fanboy and Errel vs. The Puppet (Abandoned shrine): <https://streamable.com/v8b41>
Fanboy vs. The Puppet (Twin princes area): <https://streamable.com/caqx2>
5v1 in the Kiln, Fanboy PoV #1: <https://streamable.com/u37zd>
5v1 in the Kiln, Fanboy PoV #2: <https://streamable.com/ht5td>
5v1 in the Kiln, Fanboy PoV #3: <https://streamable.com/7ehpd>
Narc in the Kiln #1
Narc in the Kiln #2
Fanboy vs. The Puppet, final battle (Untended graves): <https://streamable.com/wk6ng>
Narc vs. The Puppet, final battle (Untended Graves): <https://streamable.com/qyko1>
The ending, Valerie of Carim’s PoV: <https://streamable.com/zdgzf>