

It's Monday, April 29th

The Story: Haptic Feedback

If you've played a game on any console younger than the PlayStation 2, you've likely felt your controllers vibrate at varying intensities during something exciting. If you remember such a thing, then you've experienced what I'm going to be talking about. Haptic Feedback is the term given to that vibration in controllers, however, haptic technology has been seeing a lot of advances recently, likely due in part to the explosion of private robotics companies like Boston Dynamics, and even public companies with public robotics divisions like Hyundai. However, I'm not talking about robotics. Instead, I'd like to tell you about a streamer who plays Skyrim VR with a crazy expensive haptic rig.

The streamer in question is called GingasVR, and she was known for previously spending about \$15,000 on a haptic rig to make her gameplay sessions more realistic. Allow me to describe the current setup: she's got her normal VR rig, two haptic suits, a complex array of smart-controlled fans, and even a whole host of mods to accomplish complete immersion. After reading the article that introduced me to GingasVR, I have to admit that the whole rig blew my mind. The NPC's were overhauled and given OpenAI powered dialogue, the weather in the game is representative of real-world weather patterns and temperatures- supported by the fan array-, the physics engine was overhauled to allow for any natural human movement, both haptic suits allow for the sensation of touch, but one is even more special: it has a large array of electrical diodes that cause actual, physical pain. Couple the pain and the fans blowing nothing but heat or cold on you, and you have an excruciating breath blast from a dragon.

Even though this rig is used for gaming, this type of setup can be used for a great number of things, such as live, interactive meetings, collaboration, and even just casual visitation. With all of the haptic feedback that rig can produce, it is possible for two people from across the world to physically touch and encounter one another without taking a single step outside of their homes. If you'd like to read that article, or if you'd like to watch some Skyrim shenanigans, you can find links to them here:

[original article](#)
[follow-up article](#)
[twitch channel](#)
[youtube channel](#)

Boing-oing Bulletin

I had thought that it was a bit too quiet for my liking over the last couple days. However, that all came to an abrupt end whenever Gozzip came about. This time, I was visiting an acquaintance and they had a small garden growing in one of their window sills. Gozzip sprouted up from one of the planters, and this is what it said:

"Boing-oing! It's good to see you again. I have more tidbits for you, but not in the way you might think. Here you go, see if you can answer these for me:

I. I'm a verdant haven tucked behind "Books & Brews," where whispers of nature dance among literary hues. What am I?

II. In Riverside's embrace, under moonlit grace, a covert affair unfolds, with melodies bold. What event am I?

III. Within an ancient oak's embrace, a secret dwells, a hidden place. What enigma am I?

IV. Amidst the city's verdant halls, where blooms compete and majesty calls. What annual spectacle am I?

V. Graffiti's artistry meets nature's bloom, where walls whisper secrets in floral perfume. What collaboration am I?

VI. Beneath the city's cloak of night, where bioluminescence casts its light. What adventure beckons in the darkness' sight?

VII. Off the beaten path, where orchards sleep, under midnight's veil, secrets keep. What clandestine harvest doth reap?

Next time I see you, I'll give you the answers."

Cremarian Intrigue

Episode III

Last time, the cloaked woman revealed herself to be Calta of the Rain shortly before stating that she might be able to save Serana from the noose. Can she be trusted?

Calta: (smirks) All you'd have to do is quit calling me "cow," and I'd have you out before the execution. We could travel together and get away from Borden. Besides, even if you don't want my help, I'll still be leaving. It makes no difference to me whether you live or die.

Serana: (groans) And how would you save me from swinging from a rope?

Calta: I have my ways, girl. You let me worry about that. Now, do we have an accord?

Serana: Absolutely **NOT**!

Calta: (ignoring Serana's refusal) You'll come around, girl. I have a feeling that you'd prefer to live.

Serana: (exasperated) You're not making this any easier, lady. Why would you want to help me?

Calta: (calmly) Let's just say I have my reasons, and leave it at that.

Serana: (eyeing Calta suspiciously) Fine, but don't expect me to trust you just yet.

I feel my heart racing as I weigh Calta's words. Can I trust her? What if she betrays me and hands me over to the mayor?

Calta: (smirking) You're awfully quiet. You've done nothing but make sharp tongued comments and throw insults toward me, despite my previously stated intentions.

Serana: (guarded) I'm just trying to figure out if I can trust you. Keep your stupid comments to yourself, lady!

Calta: (shrugging) Suit yourself. But time is running out, Serana. The longer you sit here, the closer you get to the gallows.

The weight of Calta's words settles heavily on my shoulders. I know I can't afford to make the wrong decision, but what choices do I have?

Serana: (hesitant) Fine. Let's say I agree to your plan. What's the first step?

Calta: (smirking) Ah, now we're getting somewhere. First, we need to get out of this cell.

Serana: (raising an eyebrow) And how do you propose we do that? Buren is thorough when it comes to patting down his inmates.

Calta: (producing a lockpick from her cloak) With a little bit of skill, a lot of luck, and a hidden pocket inbetween fabric layers.

I watch as Calta deftly picks the lock, her fingers moving with practiced

precision. Within moments, the door swings open, revealing a dimly lit corridor beyond.

Serana: (hesitant) I don't know, Calta. This all feels too risky. And why would the mayor want me dead anyway?

Calta: (reassuring) We can discuss that later, Serana. Right now, we need to focus on getting out of here.

Serana: (frustrated) No, I want answers! Why am I being hunted like some common criminal? Everyone knows me here! It's not like I did any damage to the townsfolk! I just stole some food from the Inn!

Calta: (sighing) Serana, please. We don't have time for this; we need to move.

Tension crackles in the air as Calta and I face off, our conflicting desires threatening to tear us apart before we even have a chance to escape.

Check back in the next issue for more of "Cremarian Intrigue"!

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