

Some of the actors stood out to you.

Their expressions in unison brimming with data.

A door opens.

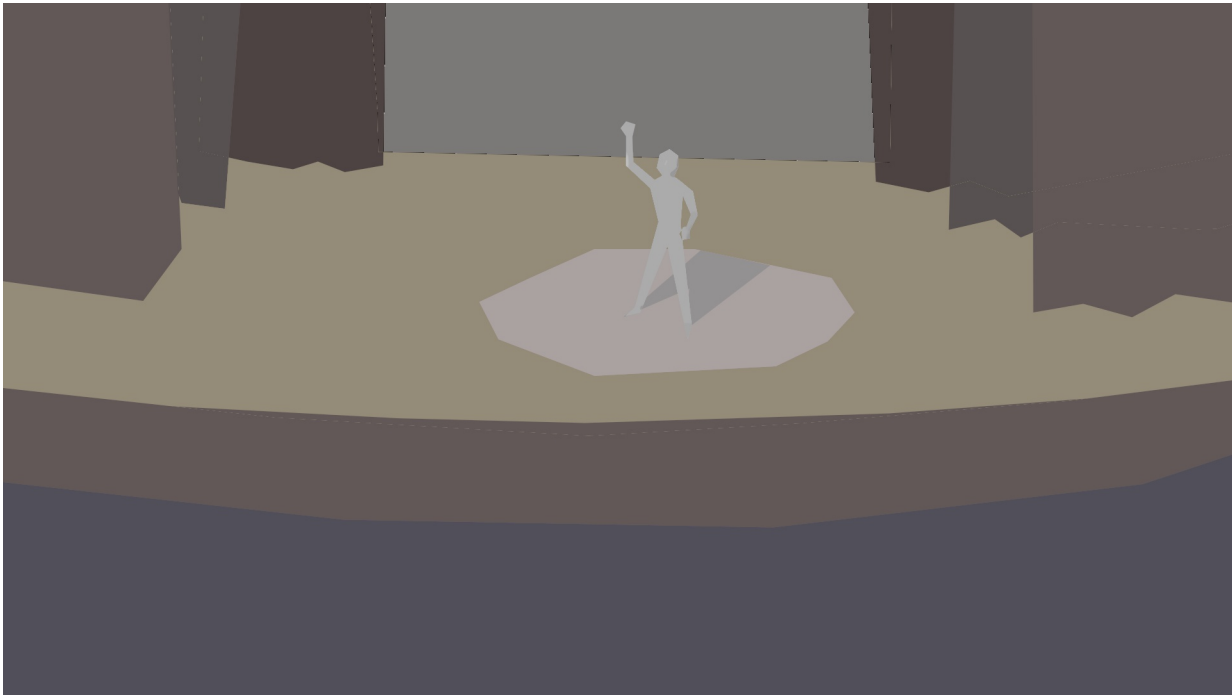
You exit the theater.

Down the stairs

and through the router.

You enter a different theater, with a single actor,
much more expressive than the ones before.

Hello!



kappa encrypted link to OoB

Forward:

First I apologize, for "ARG" is but a misnomer, there is no "Alternate" here, only "Reality" and a "Game."

You see, the titular stage I set that exists within your mind is a faithful reproduction of reality, not fiction.

I can only imagine one authentic reality, an alternate to that single reality could only be interpreted as fictitious.

Remember, this puzzle is a game on the subject of Reality, The Reality, be not confused.

In fact, from here on out, for every instance of "ARG.PNG" I urge you to interpret as just "RG.PNG"

When you entered the first theater the curtains were open, you weren't late nor early, but the show had began before your arrival, and now the actors stood still.

But nothing was wrong, no missed entries nor set malfunctions, they stood static with intention.

This could be the end, you could've left or sat indefinitely, but instead you made a move, you used a tool to interpret their bodies in this pixelated tableau, opening another theater,

the one in which I speak to you now!

I am the speaking actor upon the stage, my voice echos in your mind as you read. Unlike most preformances, you are in control of the position in my monolouge. You could relisten a thoasand times or stop here, kill me forever and never return.

But that would just be no fun, so as this text comes to an end I believe it to be your responsiblity to make a second move.

Back on the stage above, where you last were, there lies 65,536 actors arranged in a grid.

You looked at the actors center stage and were brought here.

Next you must look up stage right, good luck!

[encrypted data for BtW/OoB.pdf] key is aquired from semaphore.mp4