## Initiation – have something where your choice of where to pet Kevin has later impact on the game?

~~Do you hear it? The voices on the wind, the congregation of dissent. Their revolt echoes still, reverberating through the coulees although the sources have long died out. I stand at the aperture and I feel them buffet me, flying over from across the Oldman.~~

~~I stand in the sunlight but nonetheless I quake, overcome with sudden chill from elsewhere. The snowstorm of ’67. It comes back to me and wraps around my bones. The nerves of that time lightning up through my skeleton. I’m upended, shaken like a rainstick. Everything is upside-down.~~

HINT LANGUAGE

Do you know what I mean?

Nothing wrong with asking for help. It’s an important skill, knowing how to access aid. Learning to ask for help is a skill.

Still stuck? Just a nudge. Full-blown epiphany.

    <div class="basic-padding">

            <h3>Help</h3>

            <p>There's nothing wrong with asking for help. Knowing how to leverage your resources to access aid is an

                important skill. Help can come from all sorts of people on campus or in the community, but in a pinch,

                you can also get some hints right here. </p>

        </div>

~~It’s cold.~~

~~(A chinook is coming but it won’t heal me. The wind is not a friend.)~~

~~I shudder to think of the things to come.~~

The visions used to visit me only in my sleep, but now they accost me likewise in the waking world. I stumble through them like snow drifts. I see them without understanding; all I derive is a vague dread, swelling in my chest and cresting like a coulee. Here and there, I pick out details, but it’s only a start**.** <a class = “clue-text”>I am still learning</a>.

A <a class=“clue-text”>linc</a> to the past is now

            pulling taught, dragging history back up to surface.

~~Something has been wrong here for a very long time but only now is it coming to surface.~~

The university is in danger. I can’t save it on my own.

Will you help me?

I’ve already given you hints on where to go. Find the right place on campus, then contact me for more information.

Learning to ask for help is a skill.

## Luck

Looks like you can take a hint and follow a clue. Good to know.

In the foyer of the LINC building there’s a statue of a pronghorn.

(Some people say its name is Kevin.)

Legend is that you can rub the snout/antlers for good luck in exams and pat the rear for good luck in upcoming games. I recommend you do either—neither is quite a match for our situation, but if this plot goes as deep as I think it does, you’ll need all the luck you can get.

Take a photo of yourself performing this ritual then submit the file to me. That way I know you’re committed. We can move forward from there.

~~So, you can answer a question and take a hint. Good to know.~~

~~I can’t tell you much. They are more than voices; they listen, too. Our activities must be in secret.~~

~~The snow, the snow. It was so cold. None of us knew what we were doing. All of us were happy to be here. We had no home, yet. An idea is not borne to a family, to a system of support. An idea must clamber from orphanhood to a place of security.~~

## New University Unearthed

(Sin-eater.)

God swallowed the antediluvian world. Washed it down with water. The old man plans to swallow us, too. Into his belly.

(Entropy leaves no aftertaste.)

I can’t tell you outright because I know they’re listening. Please understand, this ties back to the beginning, the founding of the university.

Read these articles, they’ll help you understand

HP LOVECRAFT QUOTE

## Architect

*Jack of most trades, master of none*

*Still, he remains* <a class = “clue-text”>***Erick</a>****’s own* <a class = “clue-text”>***son</a>***

Did we offend his vision?

(Reality has a tendency to offend dreams and their dreamers.)

I heard he held a gr**u**dge. Never came back to campus except to receive his **h**onour**a**ry degree.

But if he’s no **l**onger here, **l**et alone living, how **ca**n we reach him?

Words **l**ive on after the architect **l**eave**s**. Do **you** understand?

Go to <a class = “clue-text”>the place where he still speaks</a>. He may have <a class = “clue-text”>the last word</a>, but you can borrow it for now.

“I saw etched against the sky the light tracery of an old iron railway bridge, 300 feet in the air, spanning a mile across the river.” – Dr. Arthur Erickson (LLD 1981)

(uHall calls you)

[lots of people think this alludes to the library somehow]

You have a great view of the river from the sixth floor. I’d recommend checking it out through the **windows.**

floor 6 Between blocks ???

Correct. Erickson had a precise view for what this campus was to be. ***QUOTES AND LINK.***

Then, it started to expand. Beyond uHall, climbing above the peaks of the coulees like an insect escaping its terrarium walls. Tower-of-babel tall. Protruding, ugly. Not In His Vision.

Could he be connected?

## Tunnel

*You don’t have to see the light. Stay always inside.*

(Underground like the resistance, or perhaps just a rodent.)

To get to the bottom of this, you’re going to have to tunnel

(Tunnel tunnel tunnel tunnel tunnel tunnel tunnel)

There’s something waiting there for you.

If these walls could talk, you’d need your phone to translate.

WHAT TO DO IF TUNNEL BLOCKED OFF

Logo

Patience is a virtue

(You may need to be careful, to make sure your phone doesn’t enter sleep mode?)

uHall must fall

kill the light

Tenebrae fiant

yeulehth awaits a meal

glory and power to the sacred beast forever

Tenebrae fiant

Snuff out the light

And set the sun

Welcome the night

The school undone

You shouldn’t be here. None of you.

## Prank

(It’s just a prank, bro!)

It’s only a joke, so long as we keep laughing.

Was this harmless student fun, or was it a dogwhistle to those in the know?

(This says ~~a lot about~~ society)

Spiders aren’t technically insects, and neither is this bug. What are its initials?

## Piano

I’ve been getting some recurring visions of…light? That’s not very specific.

ulethbridge.ca/\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/content/\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

How much lettuce could six women possibly eat? (scale) [adjust for inflation <https://www.bankofcanada.ca/rates/related/inflation-calculator/>

Usually I suffer from visions, but this time it’s different—entirely auditory. I hear a piano play. The melody is bizarre but nevertheless the notes waft over me like a sweet scent, a fresh breeze. It brings me a sense of comfort.

Maybe we’re allowed little victories like this. Anecdotes of respite afforded between the chapters of this tragedy. We deserve that much, don’t we?

I’m no musician by any stretch of the imagination. At times when there’s nobody else playing in the breezeway, though, I stop by and prod at the piano keys, myself.

(Crude, like a chicken pecking at seeds.)

Sometimes I’ll glance at the sheet music, even though I can’t read it; I can tell <a class = “clue-text”>tell the difference between a half note and a quarter note</a>, sure, but I couldn’t discern pitches if my life depended on it. Luckily, that’s not important here.

I’ve reminisced for long enough. You have <a class = “clue-text”>mor se</a>crets to de<a class = “clue-text”>code</>—you’d better get to it.

<https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Code_Morse_international>

## Goodbyes

That’s a neat anachronistic knick-knack.

~~Deja reve. It’s a term neither of them know, but the son will learn it soon in a first-year WHAT class. Each of them has been awaiting and dreading this moment in their own ways.~~

The muted light of morning spills down the coulees [accurate timing for when residents would arrive?]. A WHAT KIND OF CAR WAS COMMON IN 1972 THAT COULD PULL A U-HAUL pulls into parking lot ###-- the necessities of life are stacked puzzle-perfect in the attached u-haul trailer. (No, not that uhall, the other one.). In the driver’s seat is a father—shirt sleeves rolled up, ~~glasses frames going out of style,~~ hair graying like paper burned to ash. Sitting shotgun is his gangly young doppelganger. His son.

The men get out of the car and follow the signs directing them to the housing office. There’s already a line of other first-years and their families, waiting to sort out their paperwork and pick up the keys to their dorms. Waiting in line, the son shifts his weight from foot to foot. The father stands with his hands on his hips like he’s waiting for something to fail his expectations. He glances at a bulletin board showcasing various amenities available to residents. There’s a sign: U of L WHAT.

The University of Lethbridge, an institution too young to have a legacy. There are no children of alumni here; there won’t be for a number of years, still. Everyone’s fledgling, spunky, with something to prove—wanting to start fires, working to hold their light aloft. What else is there to do, if not brandish it against the doom that forever seems to sweep the world? Other geopolitical stuff? The October Crisis was just under a year ago. National security threat. People thought the editor of the student paper would be arrested for treason.

Suffice to say, the University of Lethbridge is not the father’s alma matter. It wouldn’t have been his choice, either. It’s not that he doesn’t trust his son, doesn’t think the boy is capable. It’s just that the father remembers his own mistakes. He wants more than anything to protect his son from everything: failure, disappointment, regret. There are so many things that one can do wrong.

They get the son’s key and head to his dorm. He’s supposed to have a roommate but the other young man hasn’t shown up yet. Makes things easier because it’s only the son moving in, at the moment. Makes things harder because it leaves the two men alone together.

Of course it’s awkward. This is goodbye but they still have to be around each other, and neither knows how to act or what to say. Fathers tend to love through telekinesis, regardless. Not much gets said most of the time.

They replace words with work. Boxes are moved, some belongings unpacked: bedsheets, an alarm clock, and a typewriter. A small collection of pulp sci-fi paperbacks. A sappy note from Mom that had been snuck into a box last-minute, which makes the son blush and squirrel it away in a desk drawer. That’s about it. Whatever’s left can be left to him, now.

So they stand in the doorway, the son in the dorm and the father out in the hall, facing one another with some distance between them. Magnets oriented the wrong way. From this point on, the distance is only going to widen: the father will leave the building, get back in his car, and drive home; the son will distract himself with the process of moving in and the novelties of semi-independent living. They will try to call each other, now and then, but they will not know what to say besides small talk. It had always been enough just to spend time together, to share activities. Once this common thread is cut, they won’t know how to be around each other anymore.

~~the men are also not the hugging type. They come from a long line of sticks in the mud: people with professions that involved standing at attention and maintaining composure. They’ve evolved an intangible shell of sorts. It’s more comfortable to leave it on.~~

The father breaches the threshold and wraps his son in his arms. The son, surprised, takes a moment before hugging back. It’s awkward and uncomfortable—not so much an embrace as a mutual squeeze, tensing muscles like it’s an exercise. But it’s a good hug. Yeah. A good hug.

After a moment, they both let go and step back. Hands are relegated to pockets; sentiments are sequestered for the sake of decorum. “See you, dad,” the son says, one hand moving to loosely grasp the doorknob.

The father nods his head, sorrow and pride at an impasse on his smile. He knows that <a class = “clue-text”>say</a>ing <a class = “clue-text”>it out loud</a> will make it real.

<a class = “clue-text”> “Bye, son.”<a/>

“Just make him say, ‘Bye, buff fellow.’ Just make his son jacked as fuck.” – Mujeeb

Who knows it as a bison vs a buffalo

The line between art and garbage is often, itself, recruited to play a part in conceptual installations.

Do you have room at your place for a DIMENSIONS metal animal? I wish I could take it, but it would clash with the loveseat.

Well, whadda you wanna do with it?

Might as well trash it with the others.

God, a semester’s worth of work turned to waste just like that. Poof.

Gone the ways of its brethren Bison.

Ex-tinct.

…

Sometimes I look out over the hills and it’s like I can see their absence. Like, this place used to be full of them, and the landscape knows that it’s missing something. Empty without it. Wish we could bring them back.

Well, let’s do it then.

What?'

Let’s bring this boy home. Set him free in his natural habitat.

Oh my god, \*laughing\*

Just take a little jaunt off the road, here…

No, no, drive out on that coulee, right by campus. I wanna be able to see it from the WHERE?

The seat of honour. Right in view from the admin offices, too.

Back it up so he can go right on the end…. Here!

Perfect.

They’ll know it was me. they’ll kill me.

How’d they know? Are they gonna dust for prints?

They’re gonna know because I’m the one who handed in the Giant METAL Bison for NAME OF STUDIO!

Oh, yeah.

…

Well, fuck it, it’s out here now.

It does look nice, out on the grass here.

Fucking majestic, man.

## Miscellaneous

I saw the bones, the skeleton, the ckul of death.

What is there worth saving?

(I think we’ve become just like the rest of them.)

We let there be light, but it’s just a dull fluorescent beam

Do we care for each other? Are we a community?

I feel a little sick.

Tired. Sick and tired. So, I’m sorry.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ambigram

I heard that witches used to sacrifice chickens on the 8.5th floor. Or rather, people used to set it up to look like they did.

I want a seat at the table.

If he saw us now, would Sam be happy?

People had to fight for this institution to exist. Had to scrap for recognition. Everyone felt giddy, worries lapped over by the idea that, if nothing else, this would be an interesting experience. Lots of ideas swapping heads, pens scrawling on papers. How might we do this? What could be possible? How will this bring light to the world?

My latin is dusty, but from what I recall, “fiat lux” can be translated in two different ways. One is “let there be light,” but the other is “let light be made”

The light will not be here for us, inherently. It does not rise like the sun. It does not beam to us from the stars. It is generated kinetically, intellectually, emotionally, and there is no way to store it. It dissipates at the speed of, well, light. We must always be making more of it.

I miss you, I miss you. Far across the river. Staking out like a pioneer or a pariah.

## Syllabics?

Don’t act like this is a blank slate, like you moved out into a fresh untouched world. There was life here long before you. This is not your land. This is not anyone’s land. This is the land’s land.

INDIGENOUS NAMES.

You build an institution on native land, then you name your residence buildings after the peoples who once lived here, and you mispronounce their names. That creates quite the unfortunate analogy, doesn’t it? Buildings on campus adopt Blackfoot translations, but do the words on the signs matter when almost nobody can speak them? Language in limbo, like a mummy on display in a museum. Visible yet dead.

LIBRARY

Do you know what I mean? Should I blame you if you don’t?

Maybe you should look for somebody on campus who can help.

I heard they used to sacrifice chickens on the 8.5th floor. Or they used to spread paint and feathers to make them think they sacrificed chickens.

## Chair

It’s your turn to cut the cake.

I’m not asking for the silver spoon.

I’m not asking for a seat at the table.

It will be enough for me to lay at your feet, wrapped around the leg of your chair.

It will be enough for me to have you above me.

I defer to your judgement.

The fire has long died out. Impotent electric chair.

Not a deer but a dog, laying beneath the table.

Not a dog but a snake, wrapped around the leg of your chair.

Not a snake but a strip, two-dimensional.

I don’t need a seat at the table. There is no table.

There is no you. Throne deferred, empty presence/presence of emptiness.

Sit and wait for the world to collapse. Watch it burn away.

Is this your throne? Or simply a vantage point. A comfortable view to watch it all burn away.

Don’t bite the hand that feeds you. Don’t eat the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Everyone wants a seat at the table.

We have a good thing going. Don’t ruin this for us.

Charitable

The most famous chair on campus—no, the secret stair chair on the 8.5th floor doesn’t count.

Wrap it around the circumference of the chair leg.

Fire

## 3D Printer

Physical puzzle that you have to print out and solve to reveal a message ,QR code, something?

Rectangle with squares in it that you have to print out, then print out the paper with a message on it and hold it overtop the message to get the real clue to be revealed? Maybe both??

Have a lil guy printed out and placed as a vinyl sticker somewhere on campus?

Vinyl? Is that possible? How else can I stick a little dude onto something?

Normal sticker, vinyl sticker,

The west is best

See where sun sets

Soon see no more

Soon it is no more. T*enebrae factae sunt*—the darkness begins.

## Do something where you have to involve the planet at the science commons building?

## Easter eggs? Secret codes to input? ???