



THE  
ONEIRIC  
UNDERWORLD

*The music  
gifts the sea  
and the mind  
gifts the boat  
and the oars.*

## THE END OF THE WORLD

*Transcribed notes written in the back of a notebook, presumably by a young boy.*

I awoke next to a giant tree, on a rather stubby and steep island, surrounded by swampy waters, within a cave. The tree's roots barely had enough space to bury themselves within the island. It seemed as though it was trying to disconnect itself from the island and sink itself in the water. I doubt that death would bring it peace. Trees can't die, I think. Unless all the trees in the world burn together. But then everything else would have to burn too, and there would be nothing left. The people would have to have died too. A white thread between all their belly buttons and the core of the world. When the world burns, fire trails across it, and burns all of us too.

I think I remember falling within a large hole. Water was also falling along the sides, towards a whirlpool at the end. But, the short time I spent within the whirlpool was a lot different than the time I spent falling. That is, I did not feel like I was falling at all at that point. Everything was getting too small for there to be any room to fall. A lot like when you feel like you're falling for a mere moment in a dream, but that just wouldn't make sense because you've never fallen like that before, and you've got a warm, comfy

bed with plenty of pillows below you. I could also swear that, as I was falling, I saw a bunch of eyes form inside the whirlpool. Scary stuff.

I saw some boys my age on the side of the island, which was much flatter and more suited for camping out. While they had a fire set up, though, they were doing the strangest thing — making books. They mostly seemed like journals, rather than story books. And they were being cut in the strangest way, around the holes that would normally be punched in at the side of every page. It just seemed like they would tear easier if they kept them that way. But I guess you ought to keep arts and crafts projects open like that.

I looked back to the big tree, and noticed a black bag resting on it. I knew it was not mine, although I was attracted to this bright-orange object inside it. It was a folder. It mostly had blank papers inside of it, but there were some strange pieces of art with a blue sheen as well. I don't know what the things on them were. I just thought they were all really abstract skulls. Maybe even ancient drawings. I guess I'll just say they were cave drawings. In any case, I was quite bothered by them. Like I would get some curse if I looked at them too long. So, I just threw them in the water. The boys near the fire didn't give me any attention before, but when they saw me throw the cave drawings into the water, they seemed a little disturbed. I guess they were cursed too. Or maybe the bag was theirs the whole time. I won't ever know, because they never told me.

There were strange mushroom-like structures coming out of the water. They all led down one of two different

passages in the cave. I guess you could just call it a tunnel at that point. It was a big tunnel, with strange book-making boys and strange mushrooms. I climbed atop one of the mushrooms that was just short enough for me to do so. Then I climbed another. And another. And, when I climbed another one, I came face-to-face with a tall green creature! It wasn't scaly like a lizard, but it had the other features of one. And it spoke to me in a different tongue, of course. I was a bit scared at first, but it seemed harmless. It had rags on for clothes, and it kept itself at a distance, like it was more scared of me. So, I just ignored it and moved on to the next mushroom. But, it started making noises of slight aggression, which I then learned to be ones of warning. It was telling me something about the tunnel I was going through. I didn't understand, of course, so I just used my eyes.

There were structures, similar to the mushrooms, that could move up and down. I didn't know if they were animals, or if the entire place they were in was a living thing. But, they were obstructing the path, making it possible to get crushed between them and the roof of the cave if you stayed on them too long. And that wasn't all. Something about the space in that area of the cave was off. Surely enough, when I stepped into it, I started floating upwards! An anti-gravity zone, indeed.

So, I stepped back towards where the tall creature was, and started gesturing towards the zone, ending off with a bit of a shrug, mixed with an expression that displayed my confusion. It appeared equally as confused at first, but then went back into its hut, which I had not

noticed originally, as it was shrouded in darkness. After a long while, it came out with a small cloth bag. He slowly scurried past me, towards the edge of the mushroom we were on. He took some small, pebble-like objects, and threw them into the water until none were left.

Rumbling. Great, great rumbling. Something was arising from deep within the waters. But, if that was the case, how deep were they? I wonder. A puddle that is actually incredibly deep seems more terrifying than an ocean or a really deep swimming pool.

It was fuzzy, big, and light-purple! It looked like an elephant, or maybe a mammoth. Its snout was much more flat, though. Its eyes were as small, but also flat, almost to the point that they looked as though they were always closed. A rather sleepy looking creature. The tall creature just stood there afterwards, as though waiting for me to do something. So, I approached the edge of the mushroom and looked down. A big drop. I had climbed up so many mushrooms that I had forgotten about the drop. Before I could even think of a way to get down, however, I was shoved off the mushroom! I fell for a long while, feeling a mix of fear and anger at having been deceived by that passive creature. But, as I was about to land on the elephant-like creature, I felt a strange pulse in the air. I was then falling much more slowly than usual! I landed on its back as though on a bed after a long road trip.

Among other strange tools, the black bag that was originally at the tree was on the creature's back. Inside it was a notebook, filled to the brim with drawings of creatures I had never seen before. As I looked at the holes

on the side, I saw the same cuts that those boys at the fire made to their books! At that point, the island they were on was just far enough for me to make out the details. But, when I looked back, they were no longer there, and there was no fire either. In fact, the tree was no longer there, either! There were all but some of its old roots left, clinging onto the island. A truly strange and almost paranormal occurrence. But, I would say that it helped reveal the nature of this place.

The creature seemed to have the ability to counteract the anti-gravity zone, as I always stayed on its back even while I was within it. It also moved quite steadily, never going too slow or too fast. I took these moments of steadiness to do a bit of an inventory check. Besides the notebook, I had various small bags of plants and food. Most of the food was vegetable-like in nature. I suppose that made sense for a swamp-like environment. There was no water, but when I had tried one of the vegetables, I felt hydrated.

I looked through the notebook more slowly again. The creatures inside were of a great variety. Some looked like fish, some like squids, and others like a mix of both. I could only assume that all of them were ones that lived in this environment. I did look in the water to see if I could catch a glimpse of one of them, but it was much too green and dark. I also began to question how the creature was able to walk while submerged inside of it. But, none of that mattered, as I was in a spot where I did not have to do much by way of movement. So, I just relaxed, and eventually fell into a deep sleep.

*Further thoughts on the previously shown notes.*

The creatures shown in this book are fascinating. Not depicted by the boy, as implied through his notes, but nonetheless interesting. I am surprised that he had not spoken on the sequences of letters that accompanied each of the depictions, but interpreting these may have also been beyond his intellectual capacity. There are a number of anomalies contained in his notes, and I have yet to trace the location of the tree he had spoken of at the beginning of his notes. I am also quite curious about how he had ended up there in the first place, as it seems he had went through a gateway of some kind.

The sequences are truly strange, but I have taken note of some things. Firstly, they do not seem to be trying to reveal the kind of danger or the peace that surrounds the creatures. As images, the creatures sometimes appear to be predatory, and sometimes appear to be docile. In my experience, all creatures have been docile, unless provoked, although there is more to it than that. Let us just say, for the time being, that *the oneiric underworld* is a place of exchanges. You may be inclined towards harm, in which case you would be harmed in return. The same is true of gifts. A balancing act. Replacing the gold in the safe with deep, fond memories or an invaluable memento.

Secondly, I have noticed, in addition to the variances of the sequences themselves, variances of lower and upper case sequences. For the creatures shown on pages 13-15,

which possess similar features, I have theorized this to reflect a distinction between either male and females or adults and juveniles.

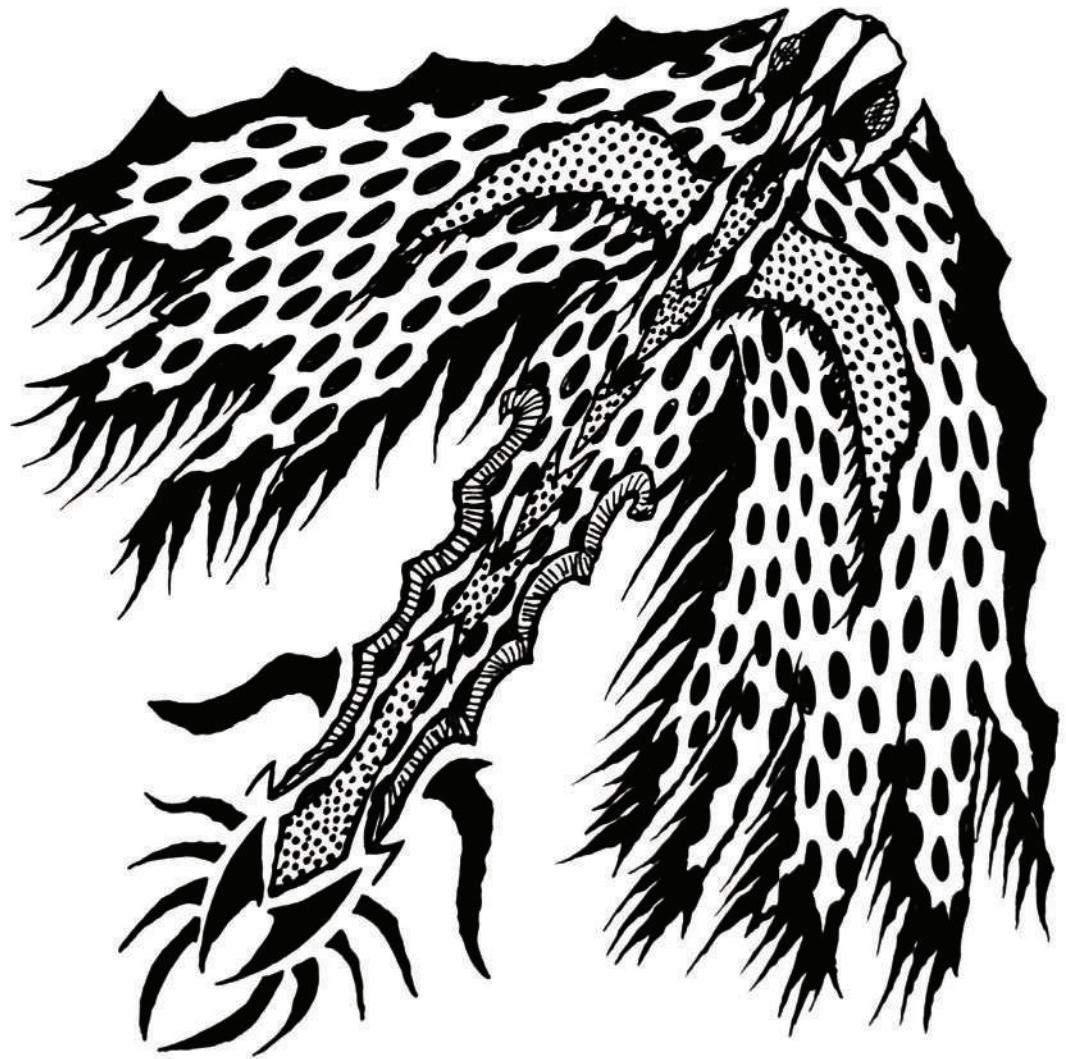
Thirdly, and if one is to look at these sequences with a microscopic view, they should notice that certain units or cells repeat within the sequences. Some units are more uncommon, and some appear in almost every sequence. I am unsure as to what the purpose of the construction of individual units is, but it is entirely possible that they are the equivalent of characters in a language. Perhaps the “green creature” that the boy mentioned was, in fact, speaking in this tongue? In any event, the sequences must be decrypted, and the truth of that lies in finding the tree.

I shall then take the liberty of locating this place, or perhaps, series of places, and collecting samples for study. I shall also chart out what I find and compose a map, should it not be too complex of an endeavor. After that is all done, I shall then investigate this “second” pathway the boy had spoken of, as well as the gateway he had come from, even if it is the most out-of-reach of all the phenomena I am weighing over myself. In any event, the prime concern is one of going out and discovering, as opposed to waiting to discover. There is much to be done. Although, there is plenty of time to do it all.

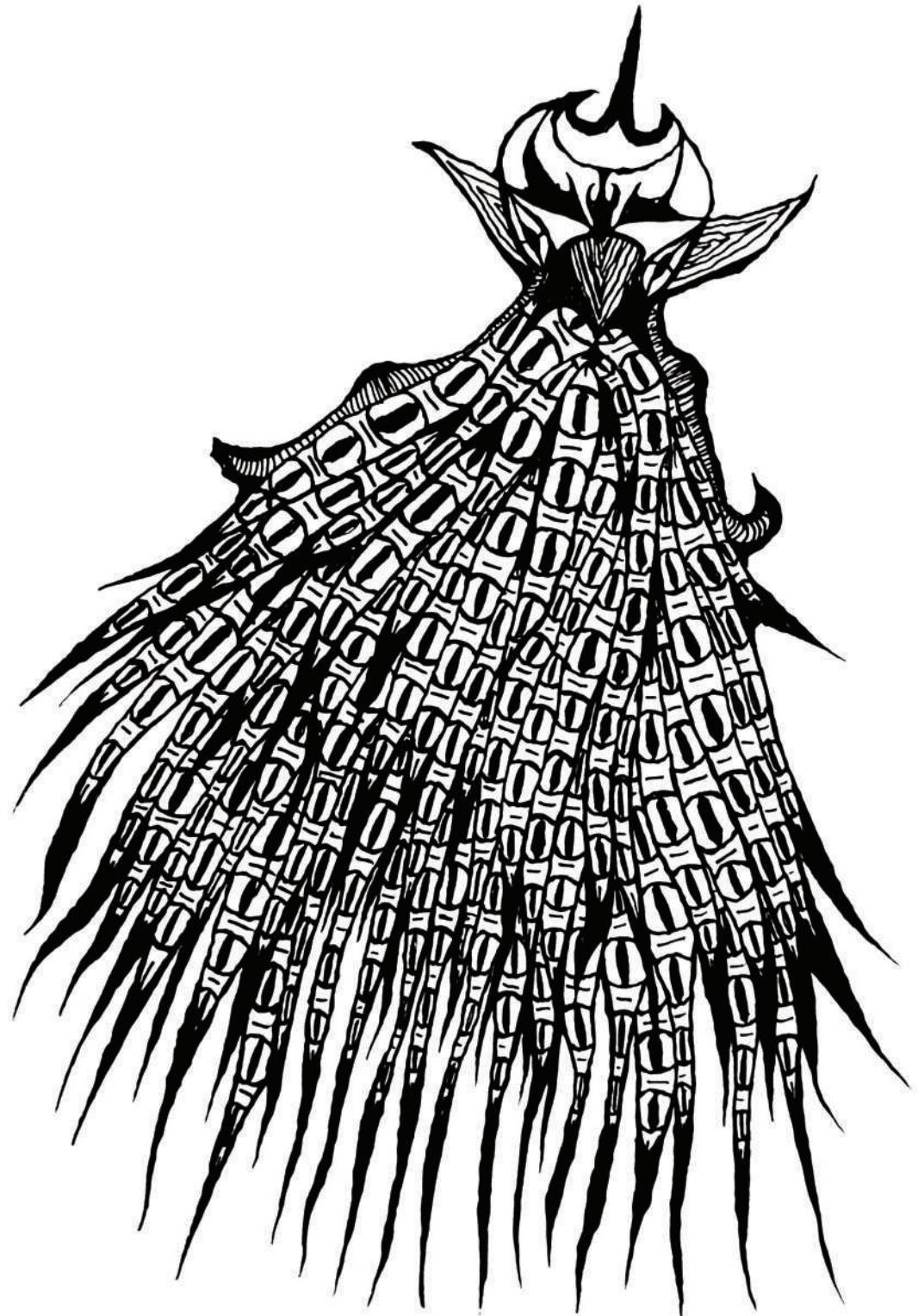
To close off, I shall speak briefly on the purpose of my research and investigation. Put simply, I am a man of phenomena, drawn to all kinds with an affinity that practically permeates my soul. I am the kind of person that was as interested in a good nightmare as I was a good dream as a child. I am the kind of person that is as interested

in the calm rain showers as I am in the thunderstorms. I am the kind of person that does not mind the sensation of warmth, nor the chill of ice, nor the sting of venom or poison. As I had said, all those that inflict harm, share that pain in the end. In the end, nothing is lost, and nothing is gained. One might drink water from a cup, then look away, and find that their own blood has poured itself into the cup, and turned into water. The blood, then, is regenerated. Nothing lost, nothing gained. That is the way of *the oneiric underworld*.

Now that I think of it, the events leading up to the boy’s encounter with the tree do remind me of an old fable, although it had gone differently. In the story, there was a maze of mirrors, and two children played in it, until one got lost in it forever. There was an old apartment building that had been stripped of everything. There was an oil rig that had been turned into the only place suitable for individuals to live. It collapsed, of course, but not before one man took flight and escaped the island. That man later fled to another island, which he made his home, using vast amounts of knowledge he had gathered from people at the oil rig. Centuries went by, and that island expanded gradually, forming a distinct region within *the oneiric underworld*. New forms of life were brought forth here, and a giant tree erected from the initial, central island. It is said that the man, whoever he was, was buried under that tree, and that the tree itself housed his soul and imagination, which both extended outwards, materializing into places, people, and creatures. A truly beautiful tale, and one that has inspired me to pursue what I have been pursuing.



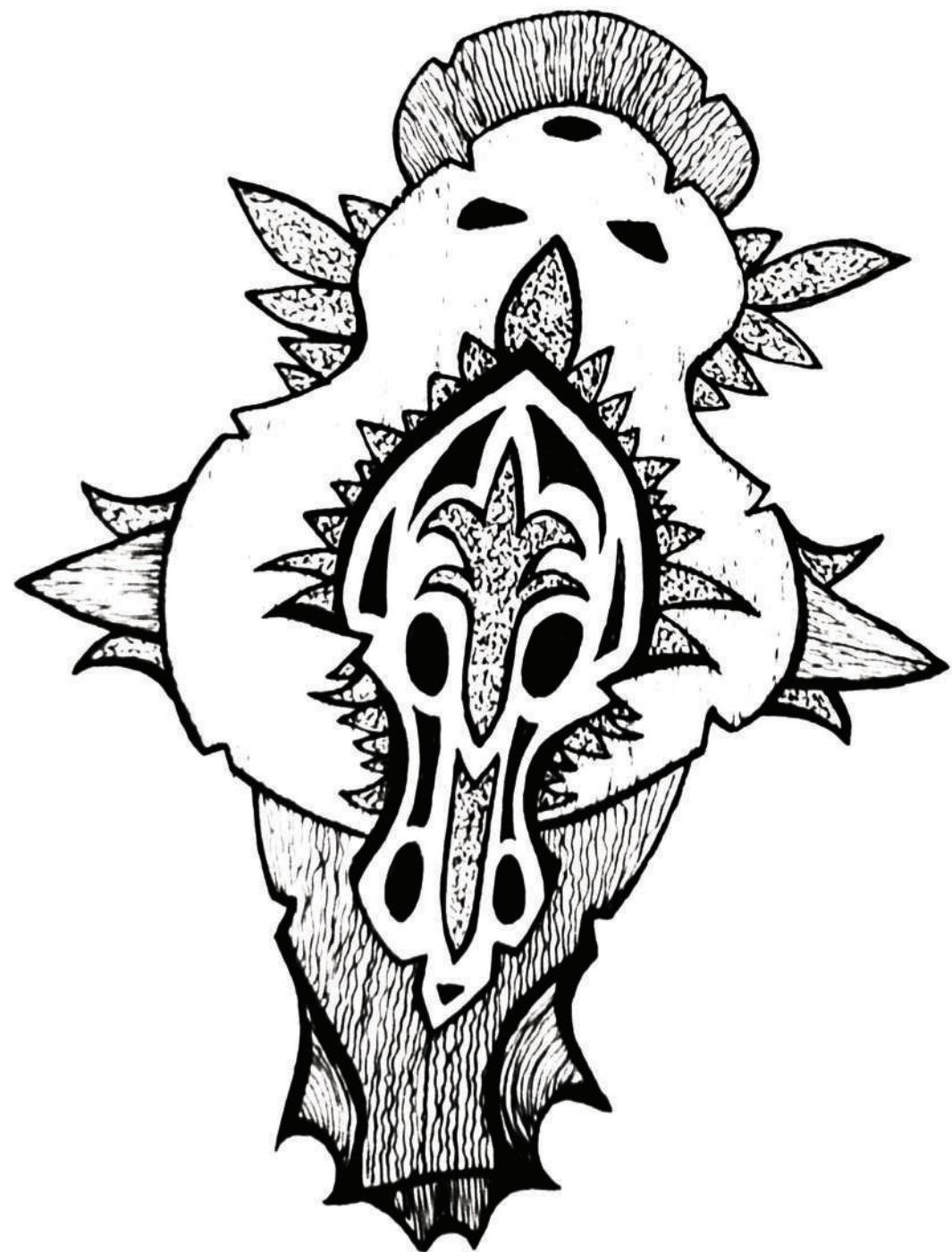
S-L-U-O-U-DOL-P



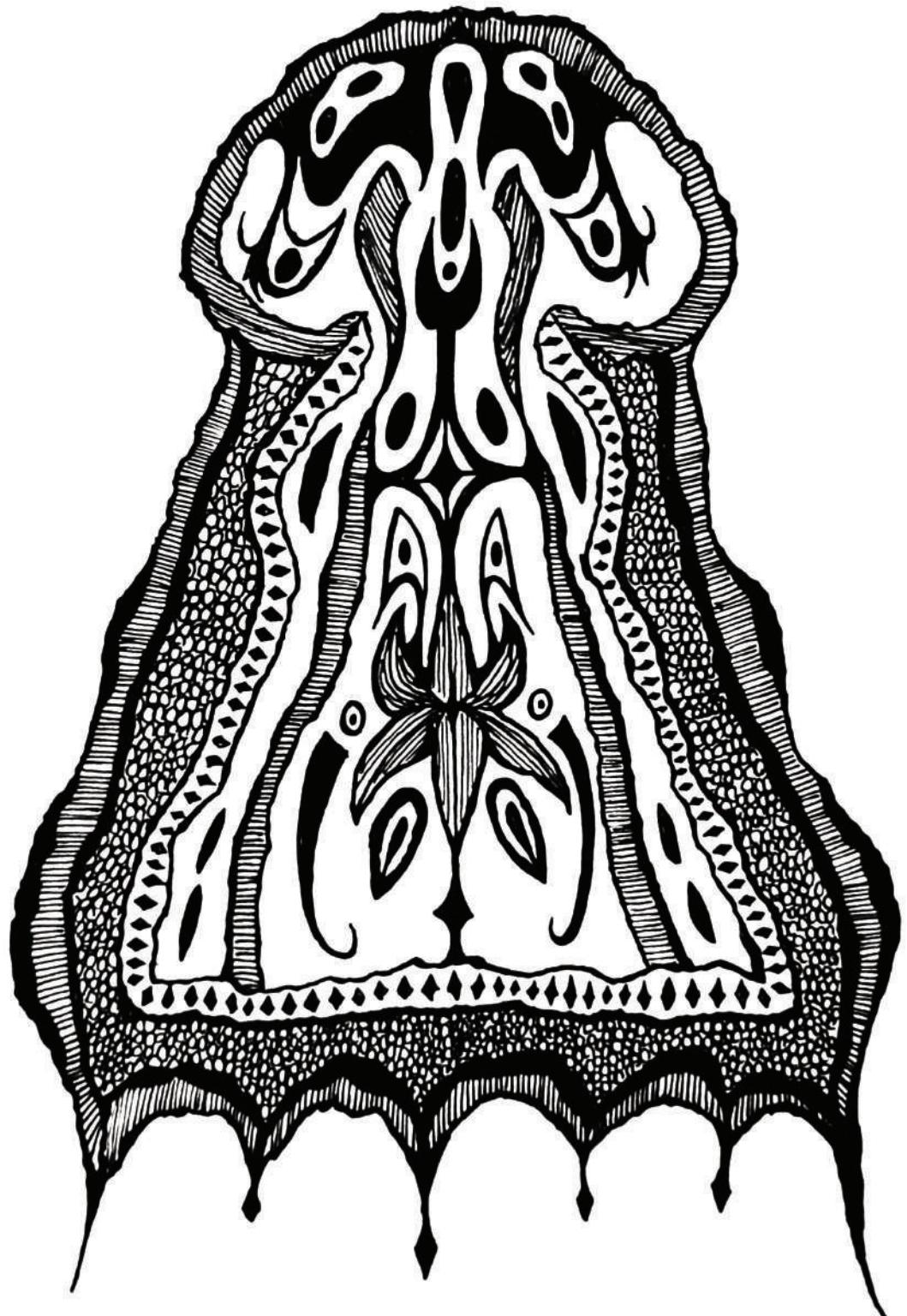
NS-UO-N



*ns-uo-n*



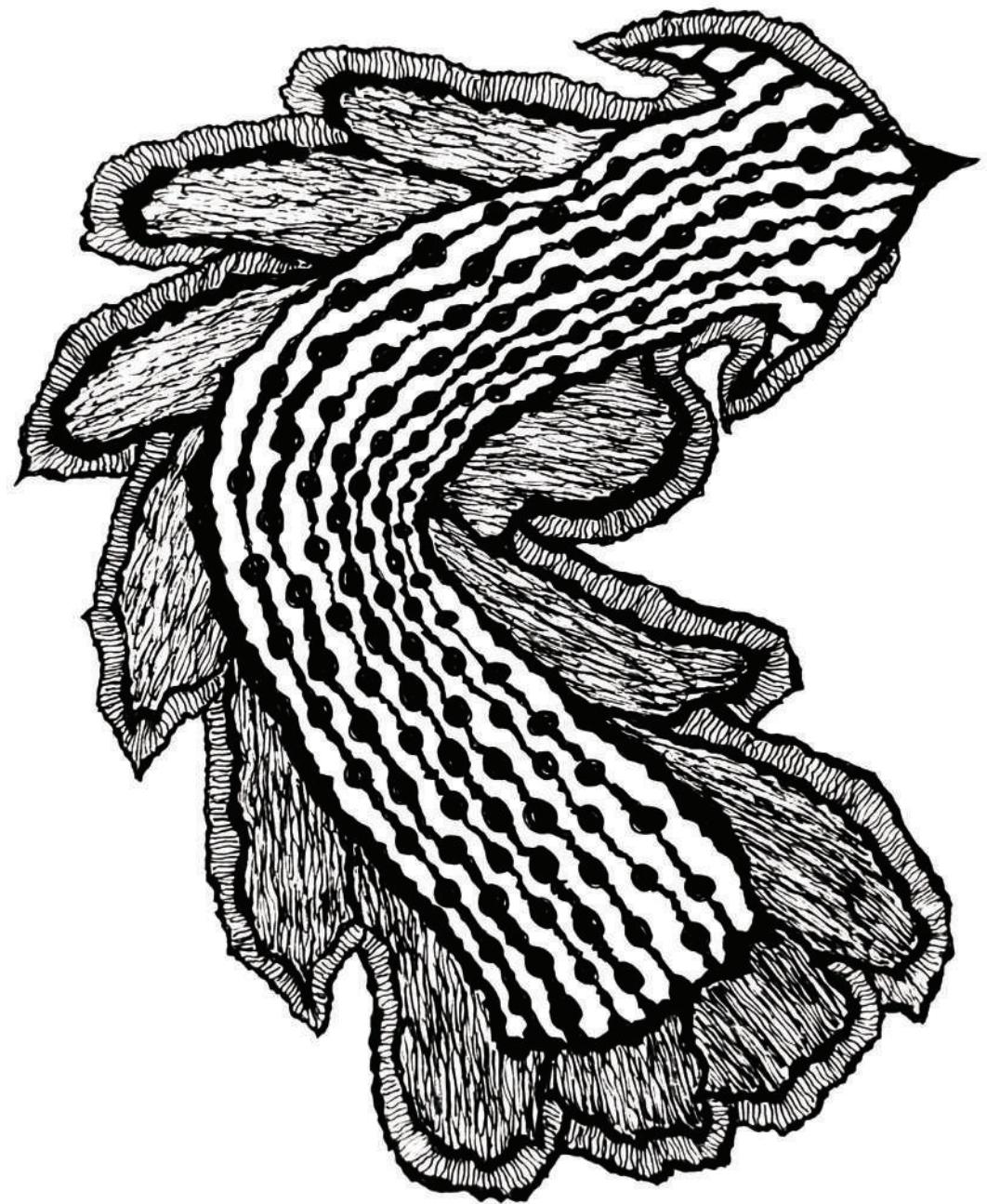
U-LL-S-OPO-O



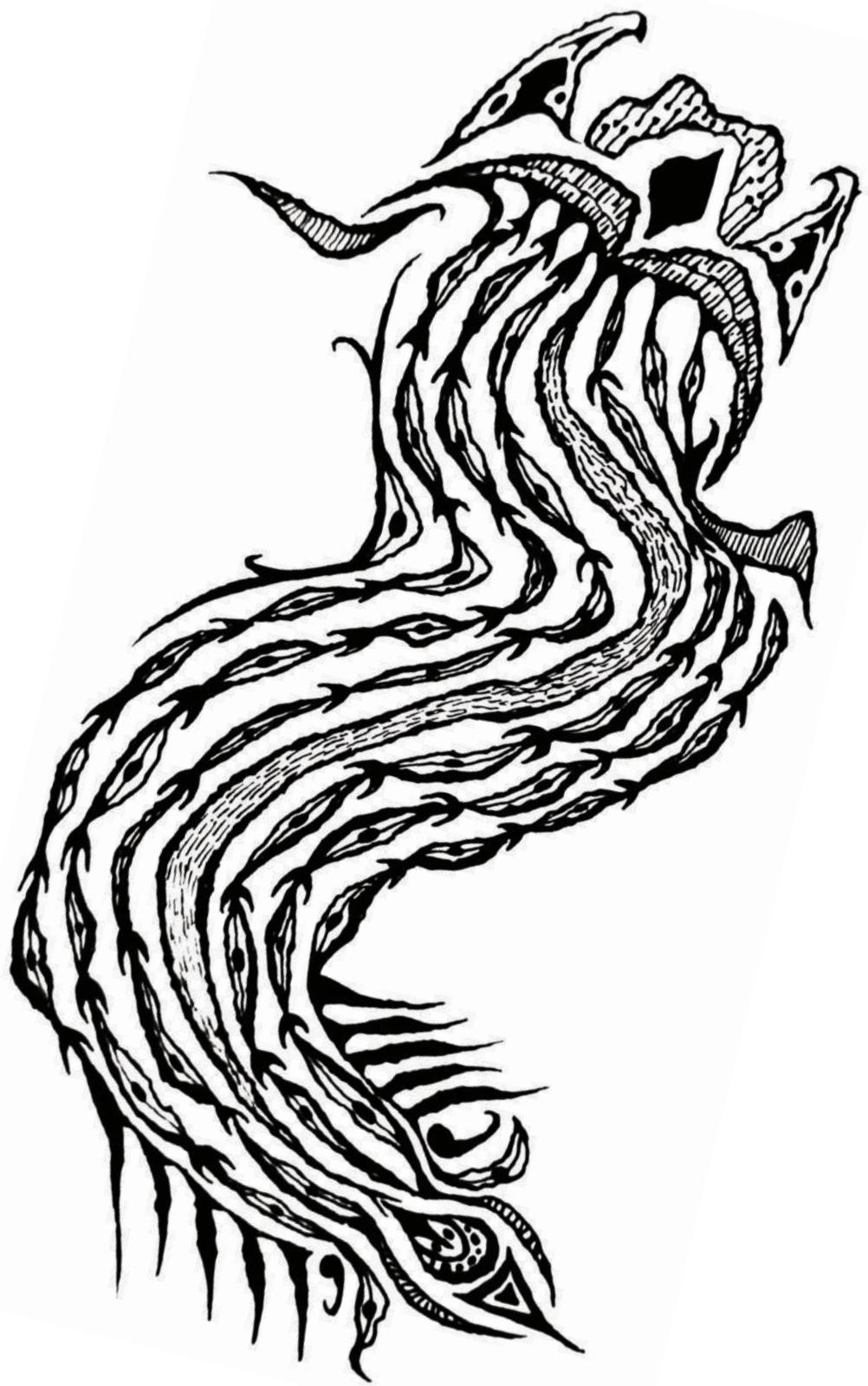
*u-ll-s-opo-o*



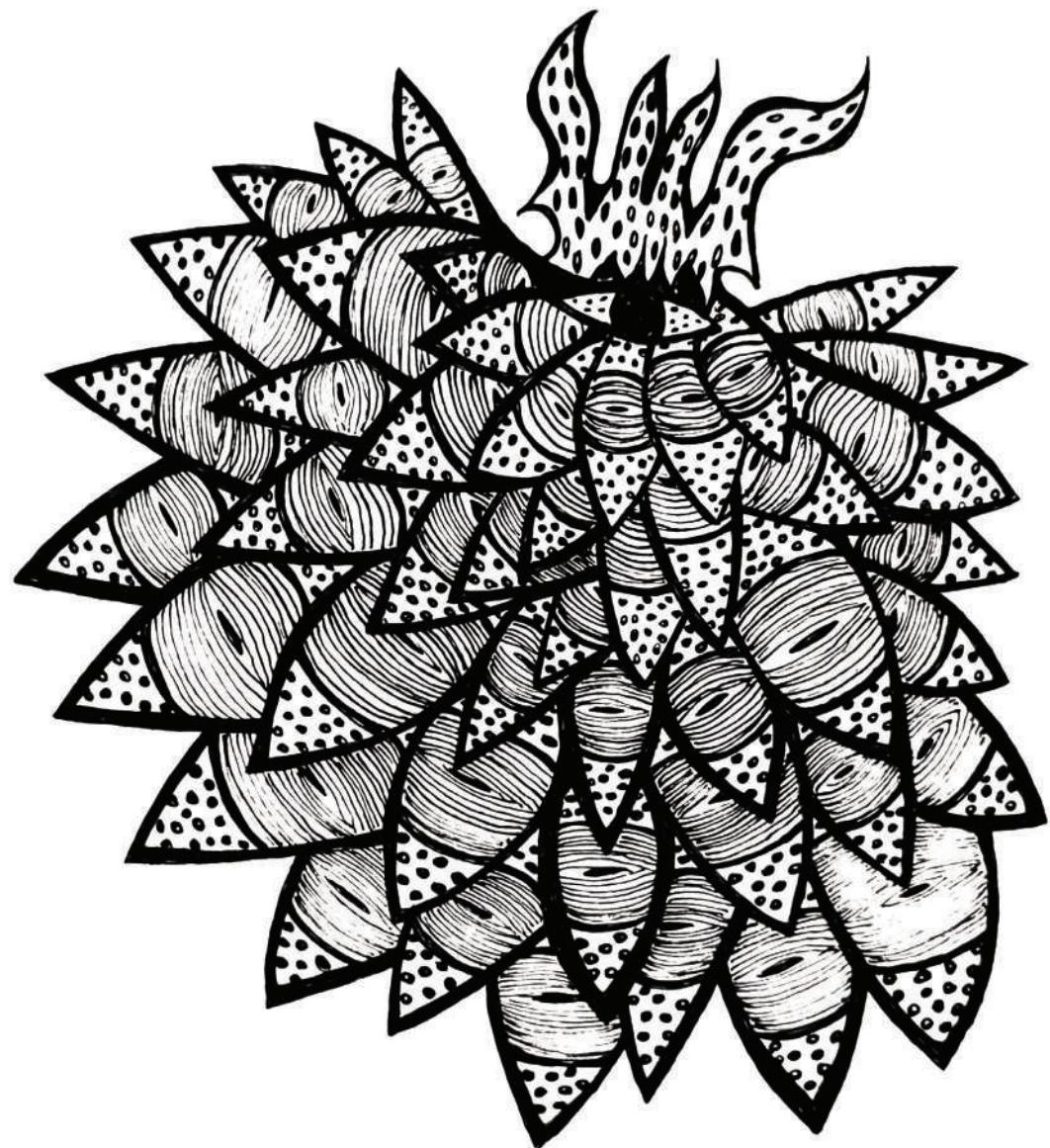
O-L-DS-SN-L-O



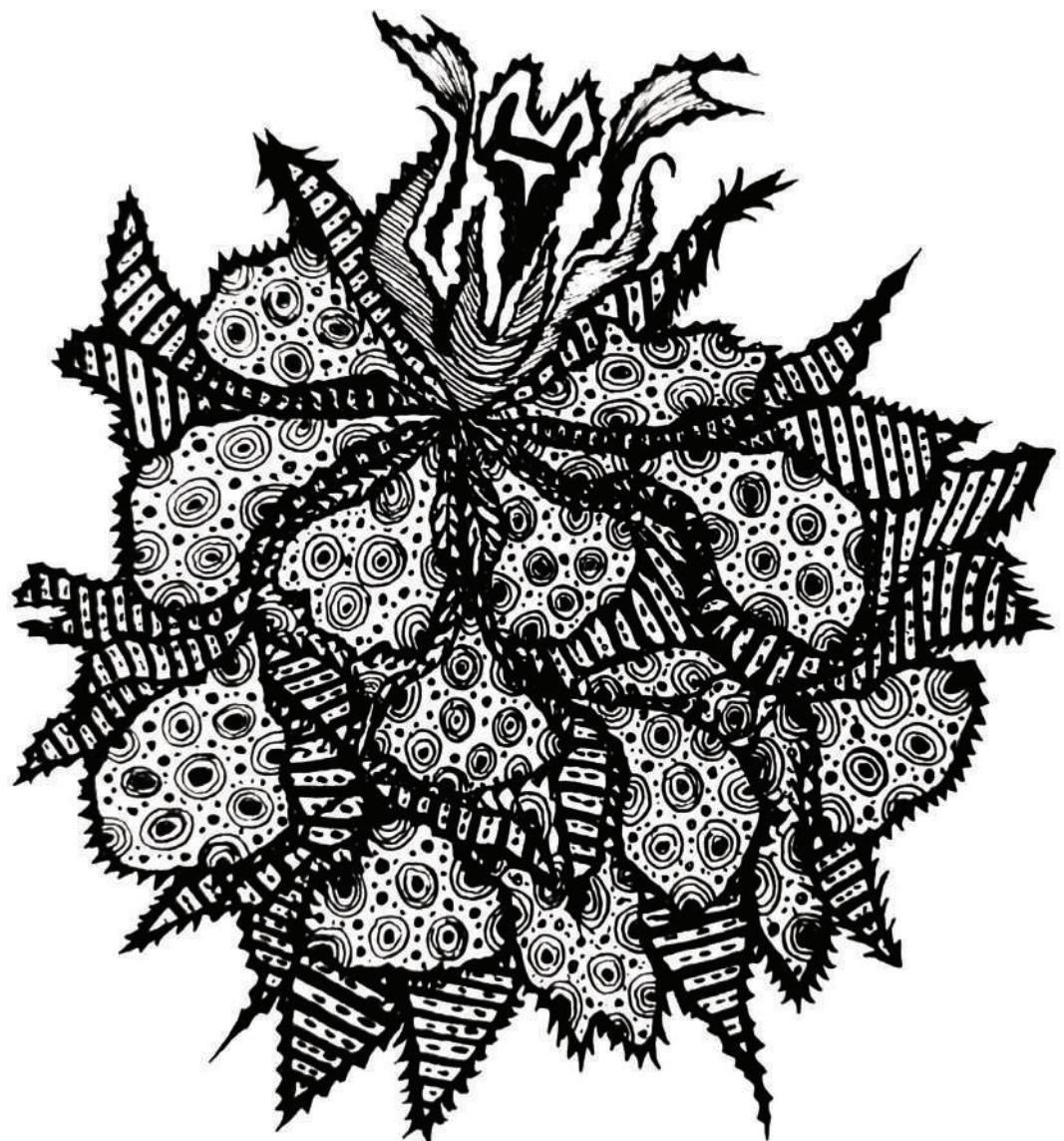
S-U-X-U-N



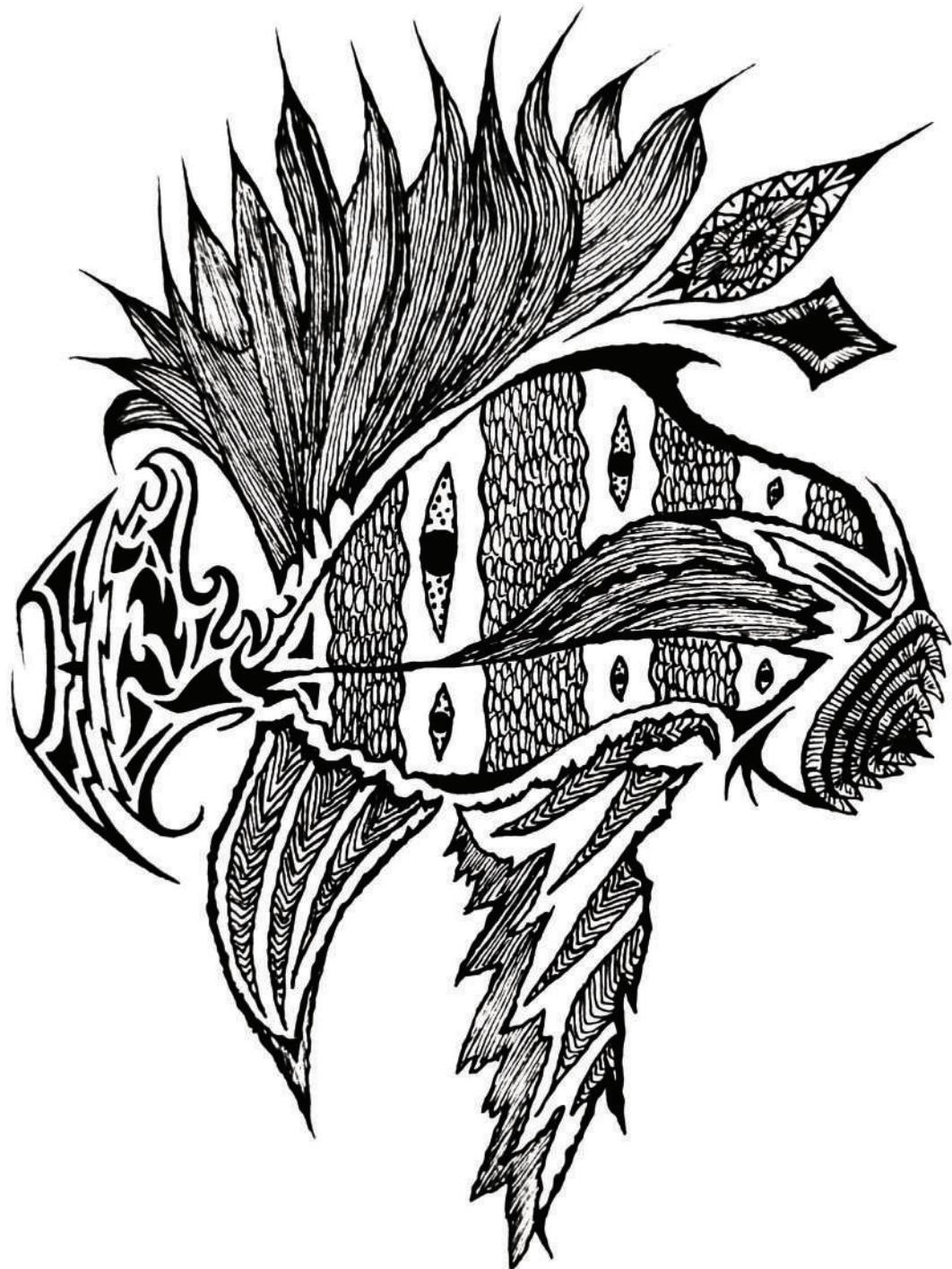
*s-u-x-u-n*



*SU-U*



*su-u*



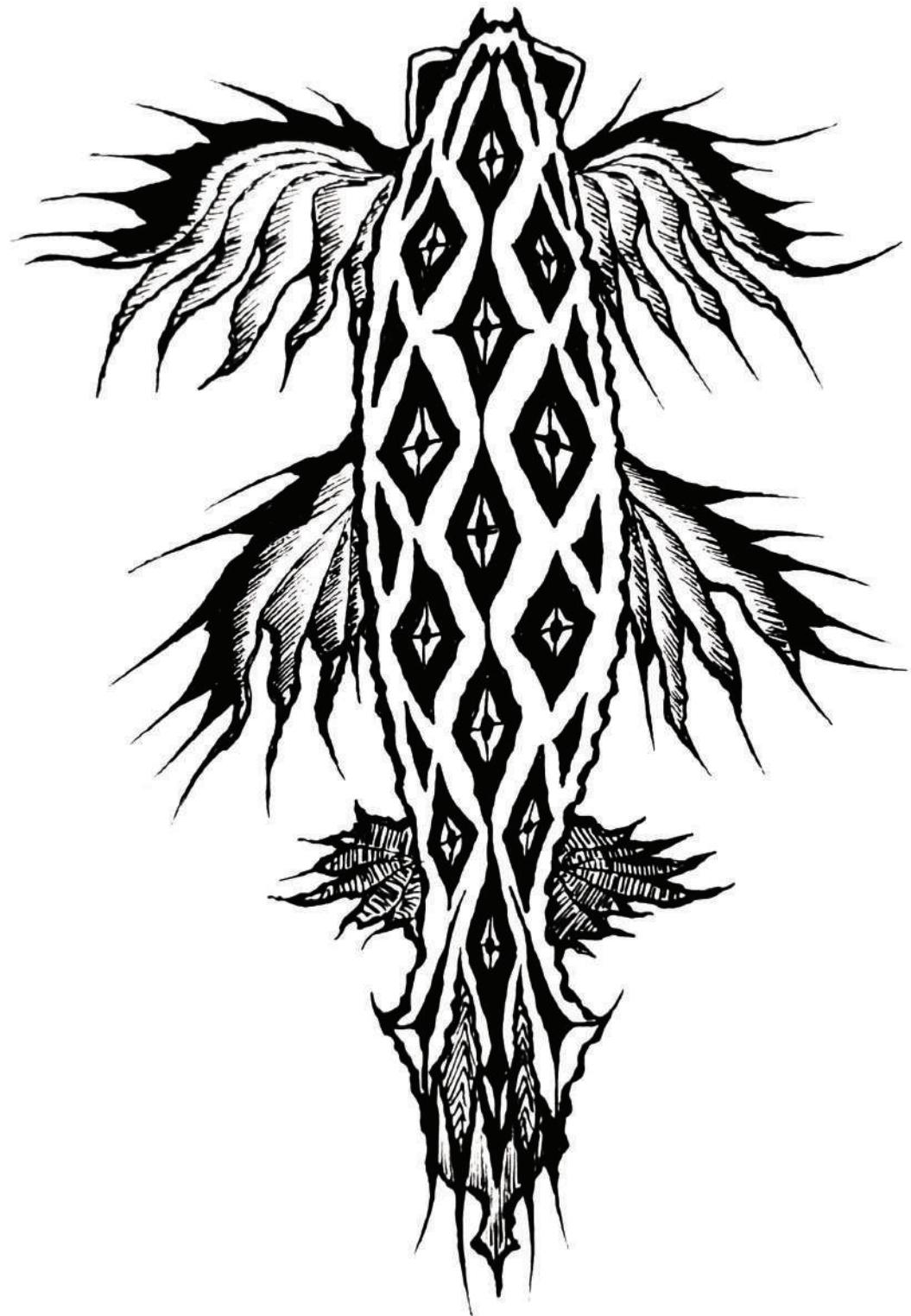
SU-N-SN-S-L-U-Z



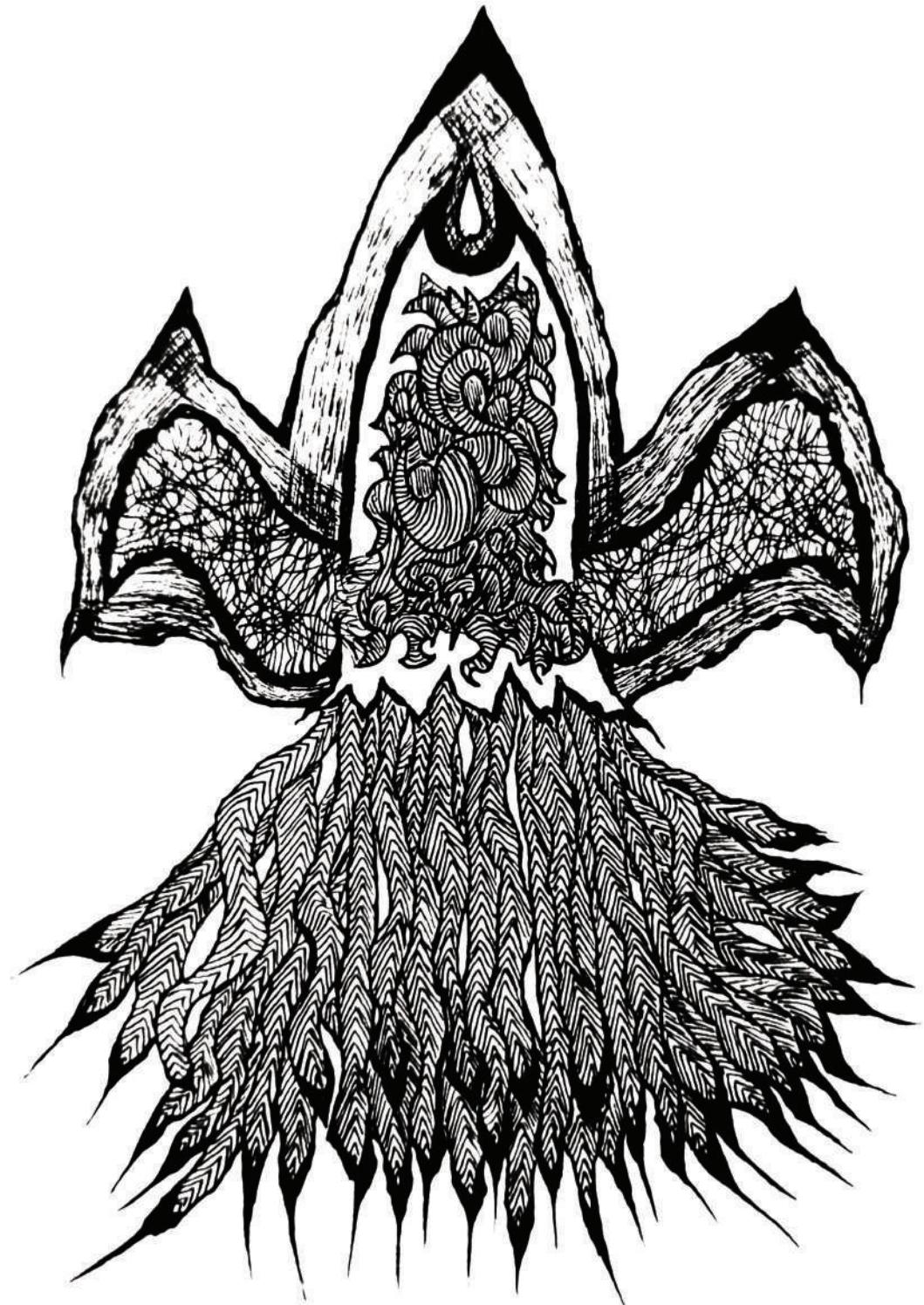
SN-UU-D-X-L



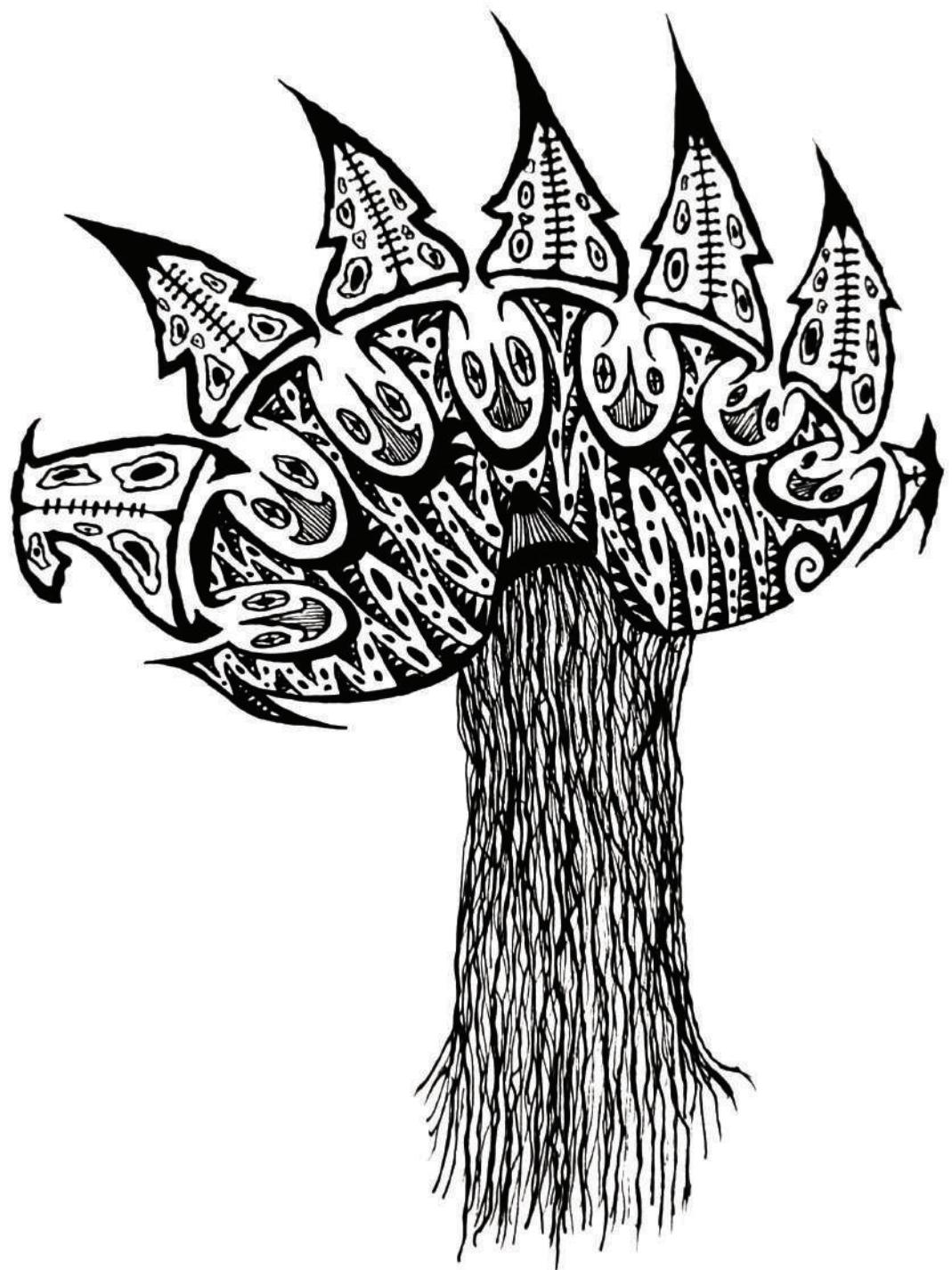
S-SU-N-L-Q-SNL-N-N



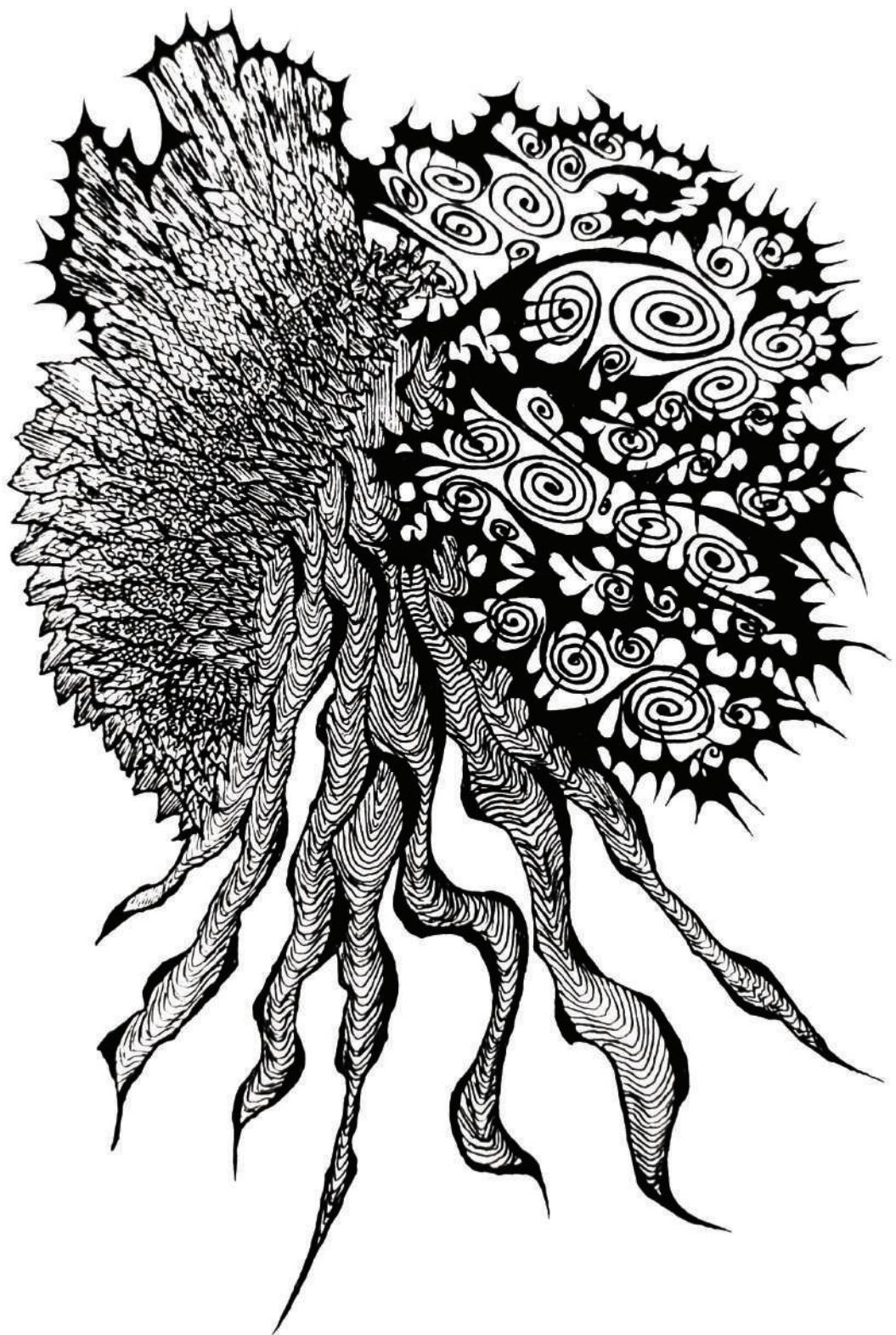
*lo-o-o-d*



*LL-D-D-LL-D*



s-l-s-d-l-s



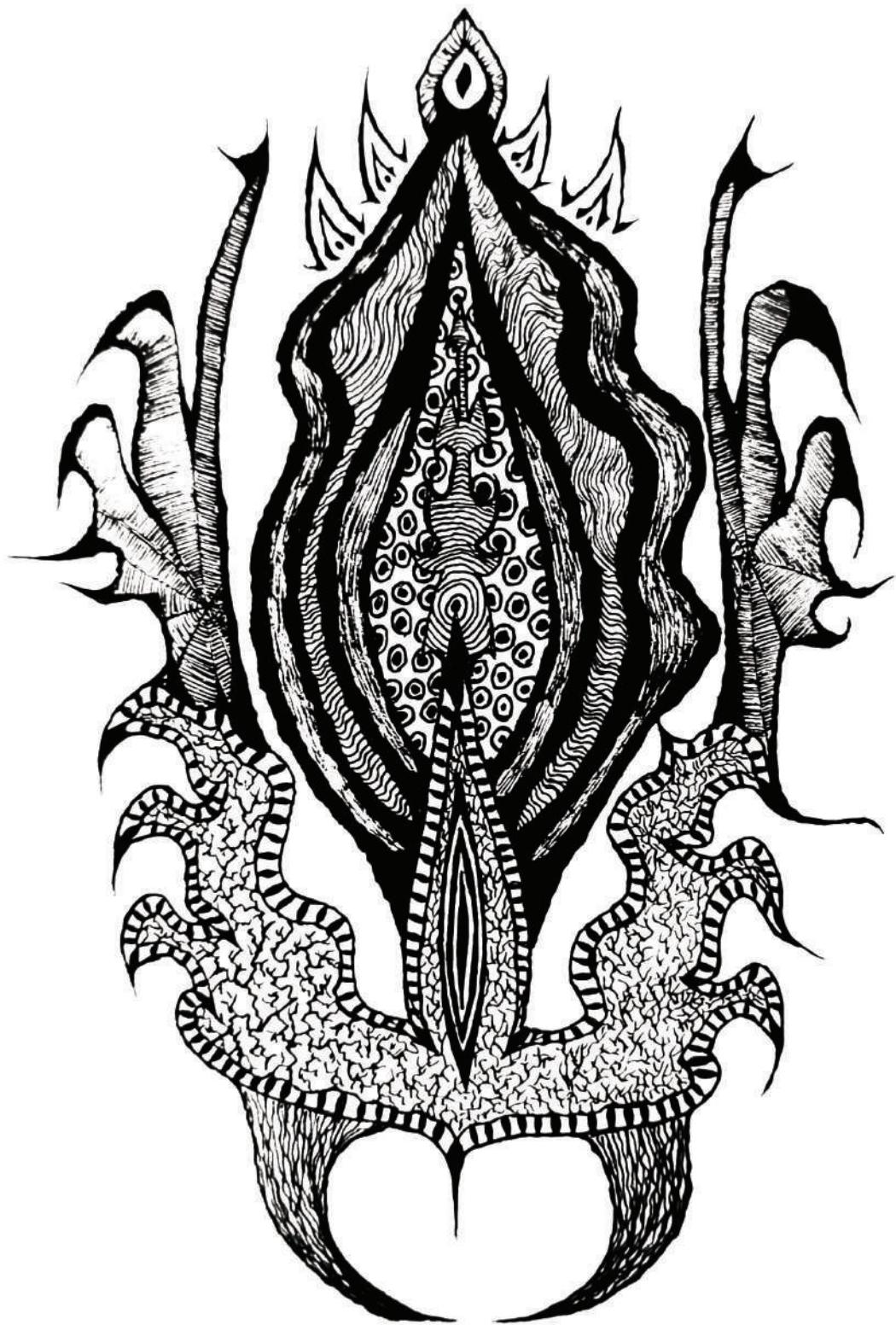
N-NBS-UOLL-OS



SU-NUOP-L



*su-nuop-l*



U-U-N-S-OD



*Q-QO-N*



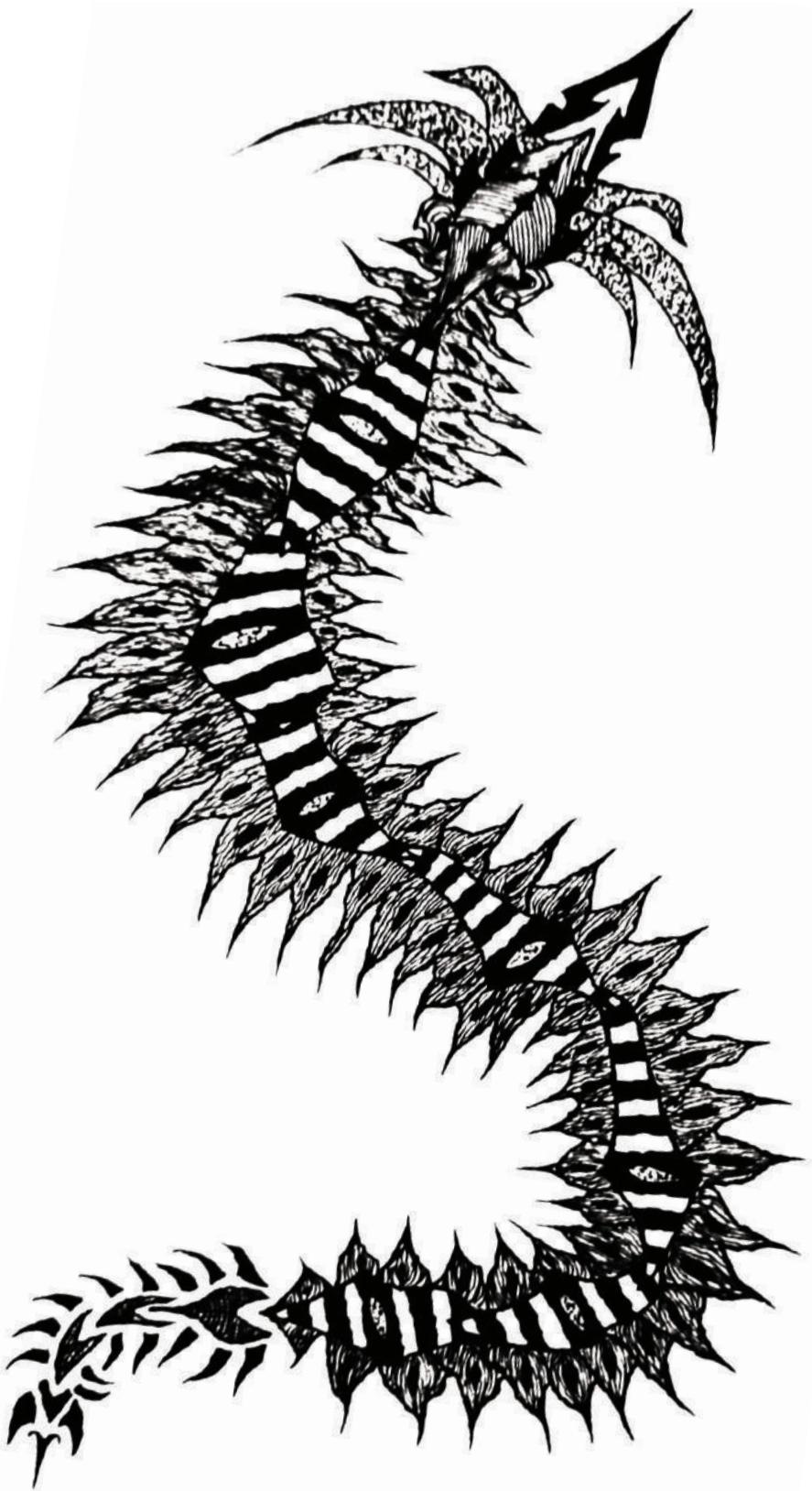
*q-qo-n*



S-L-U-U-S-N-O-D



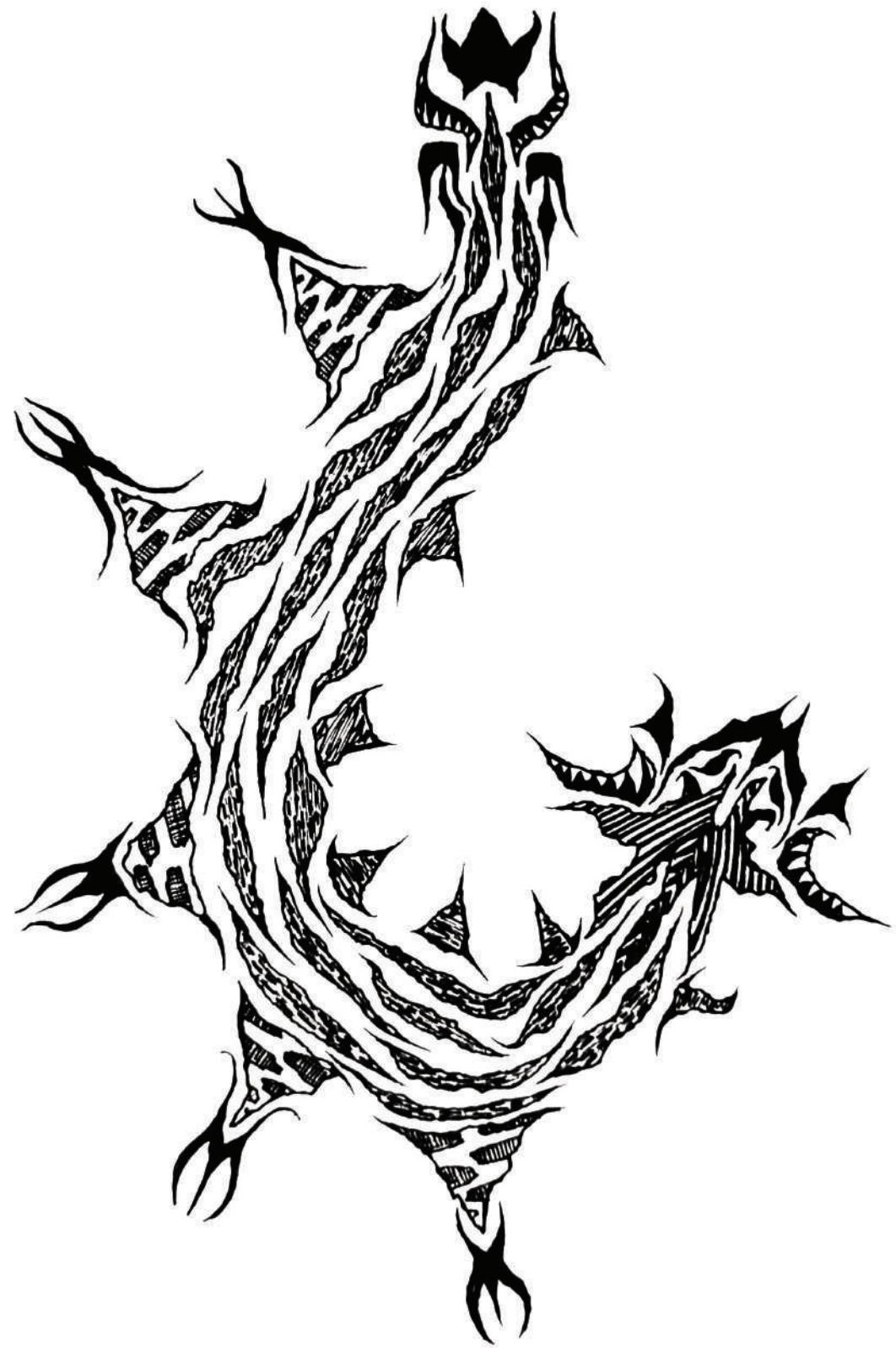
U-UO-O-O



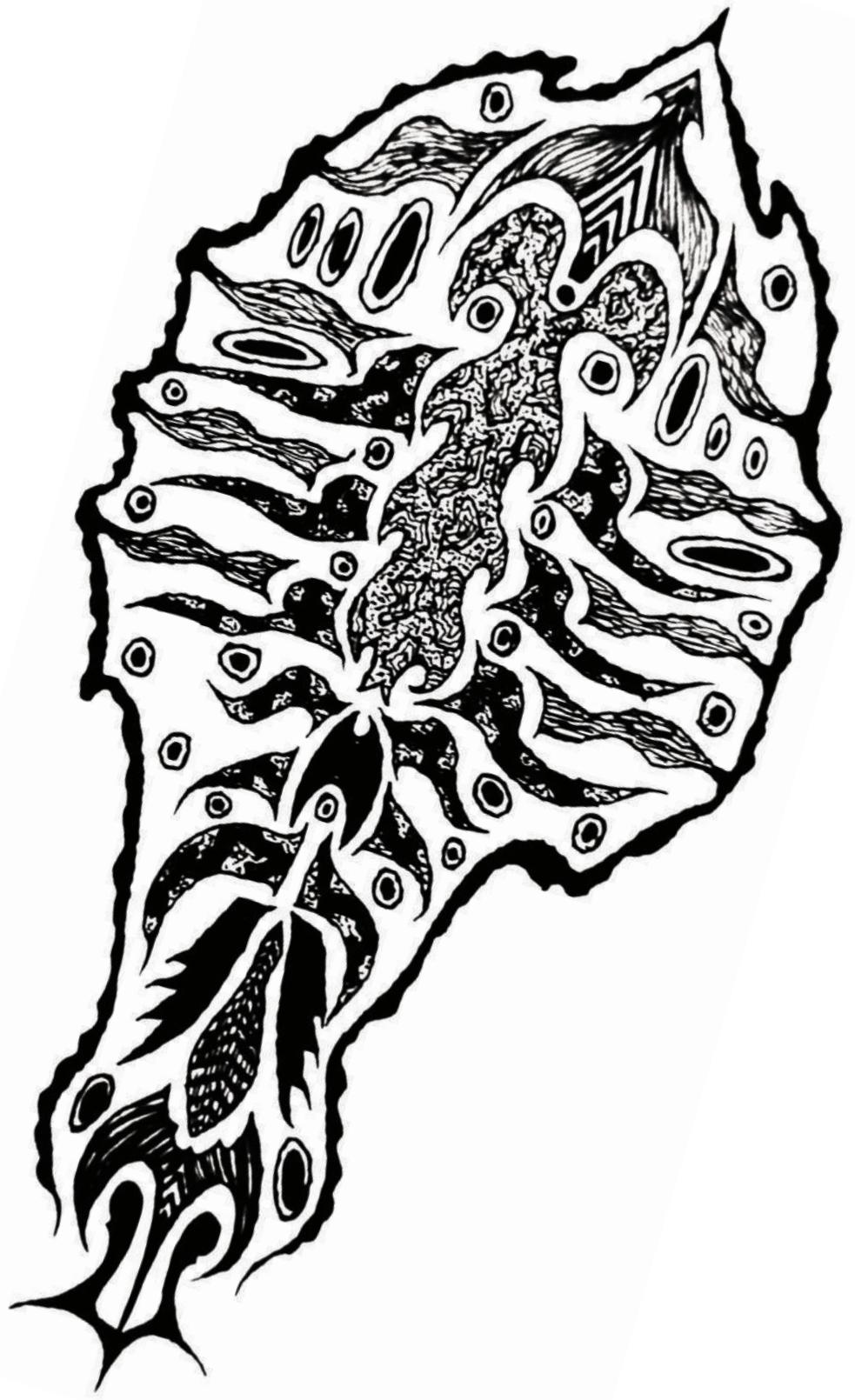
*sn-o-so-u-sn-u-pi*



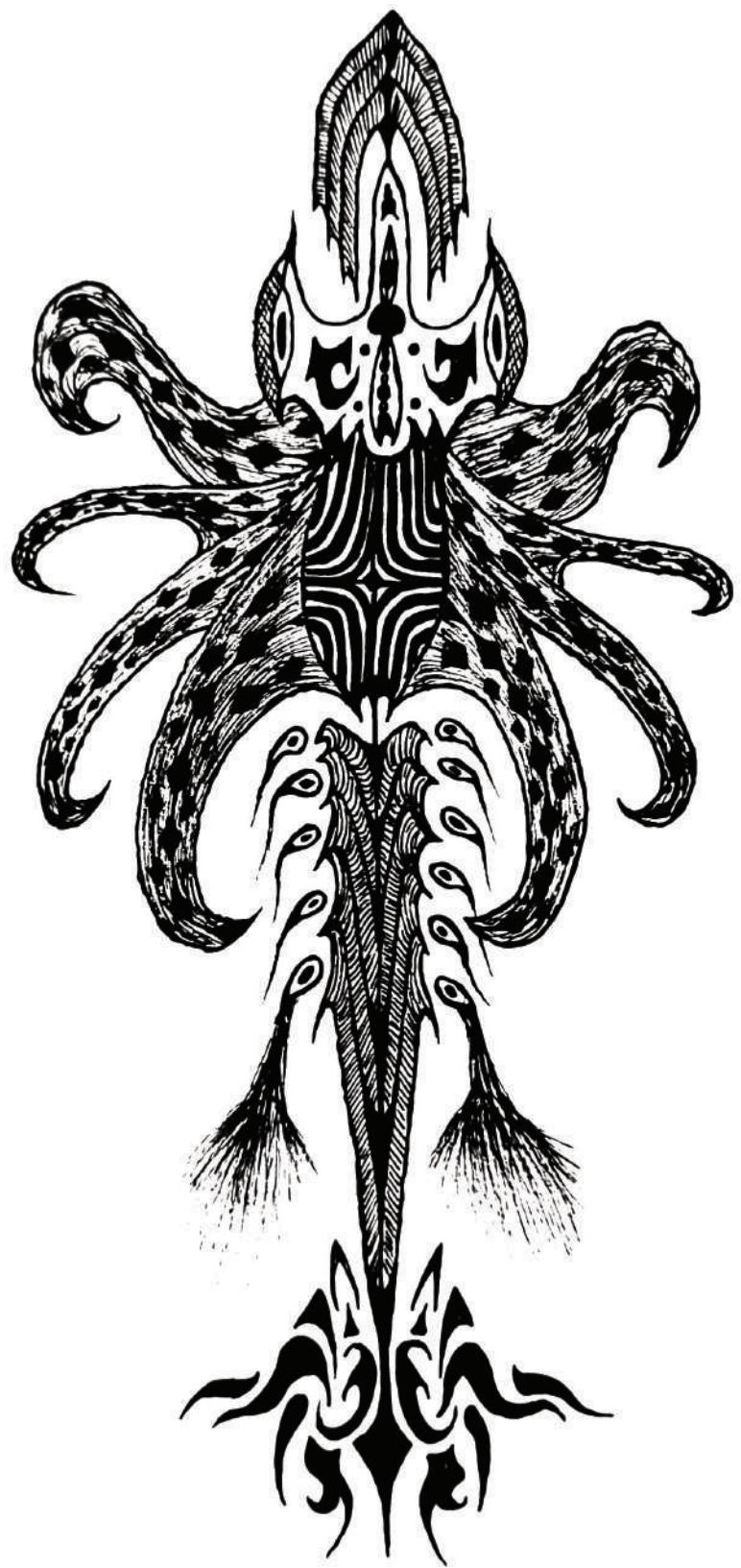
L-S-NLL-DO



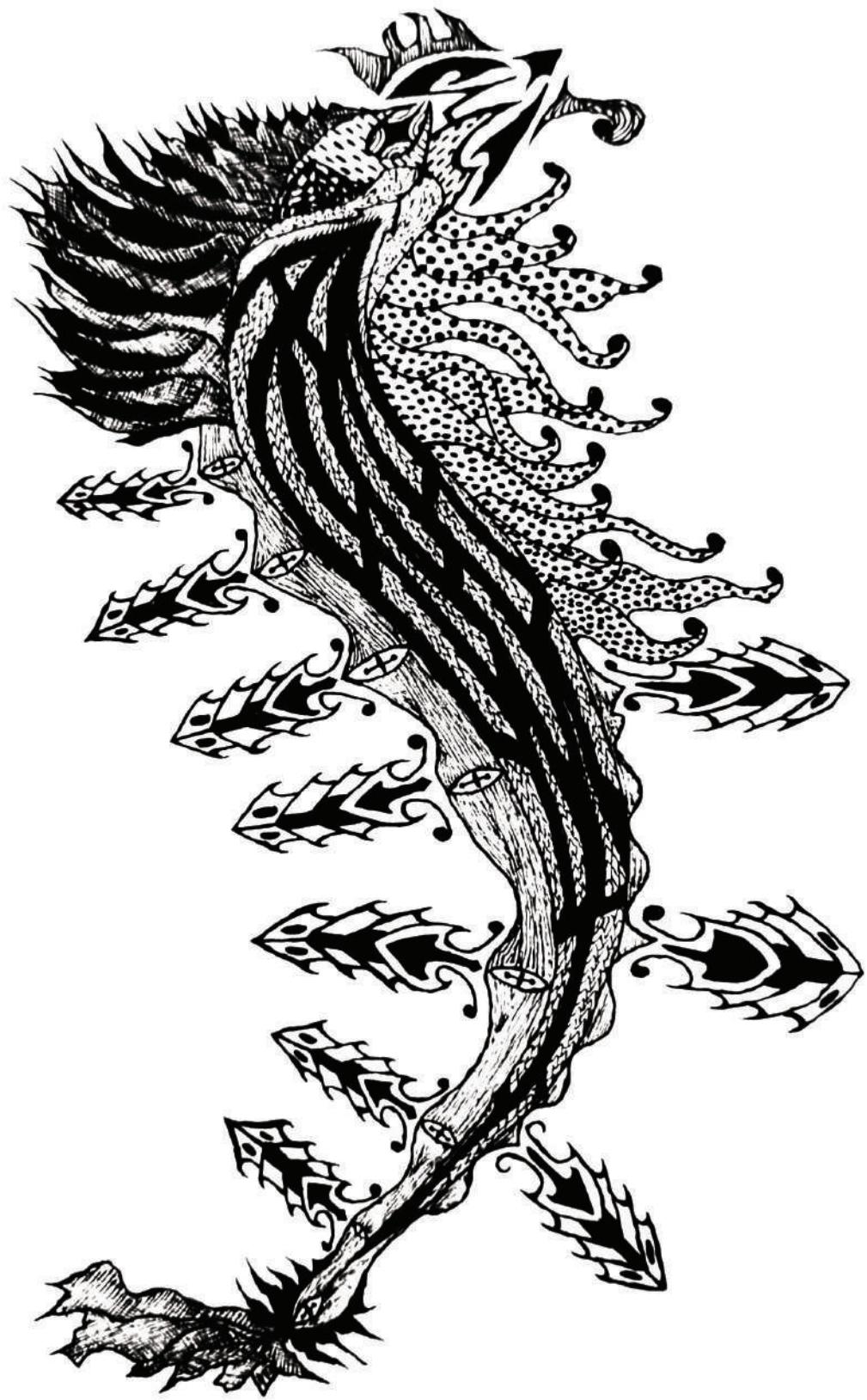
*u-o-snl-q-s-w*



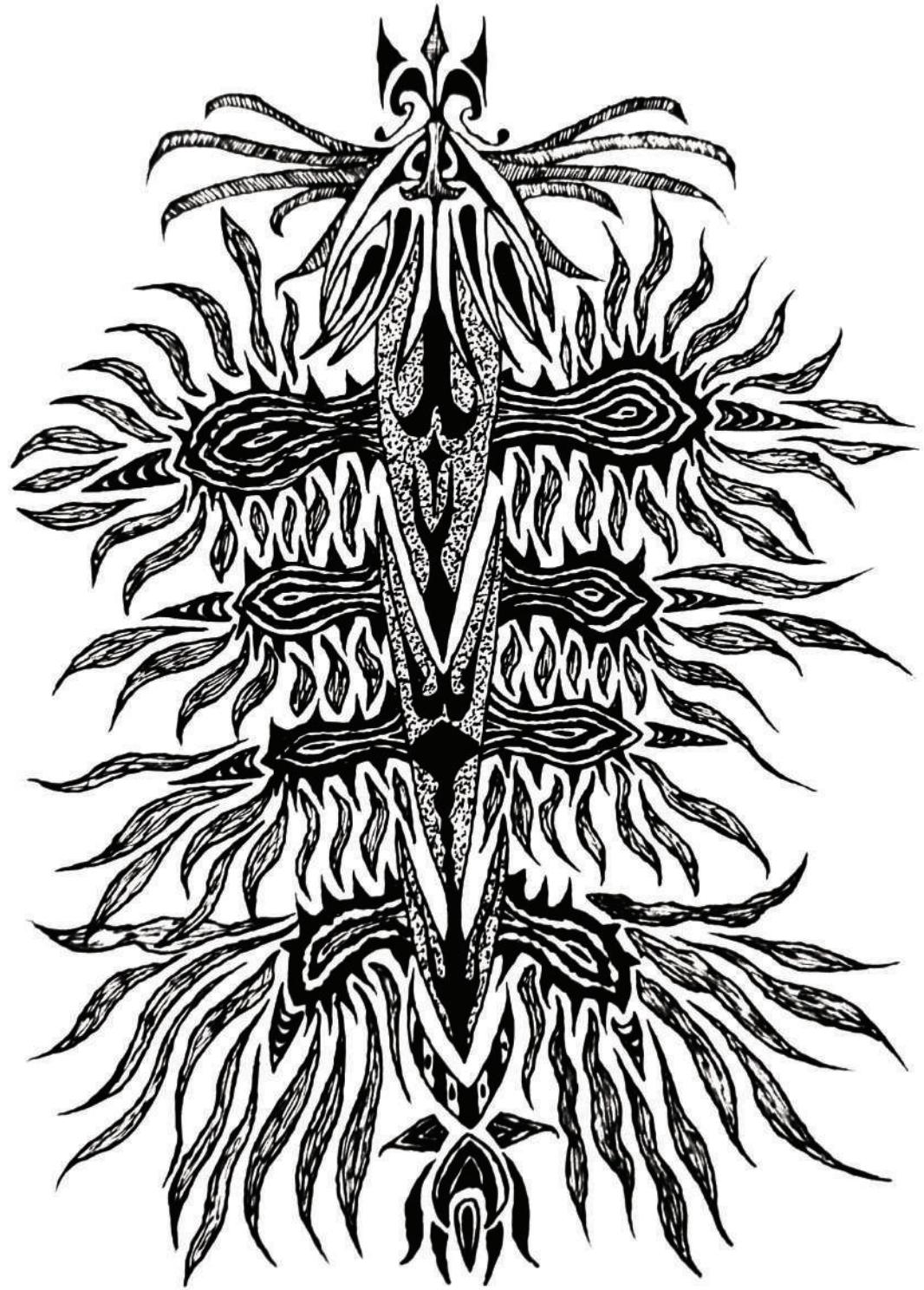
P-O-P-Q-SO-QOPN-S



LL-PS-W



US-L-SN-L



SN-U-L-SN-N-L



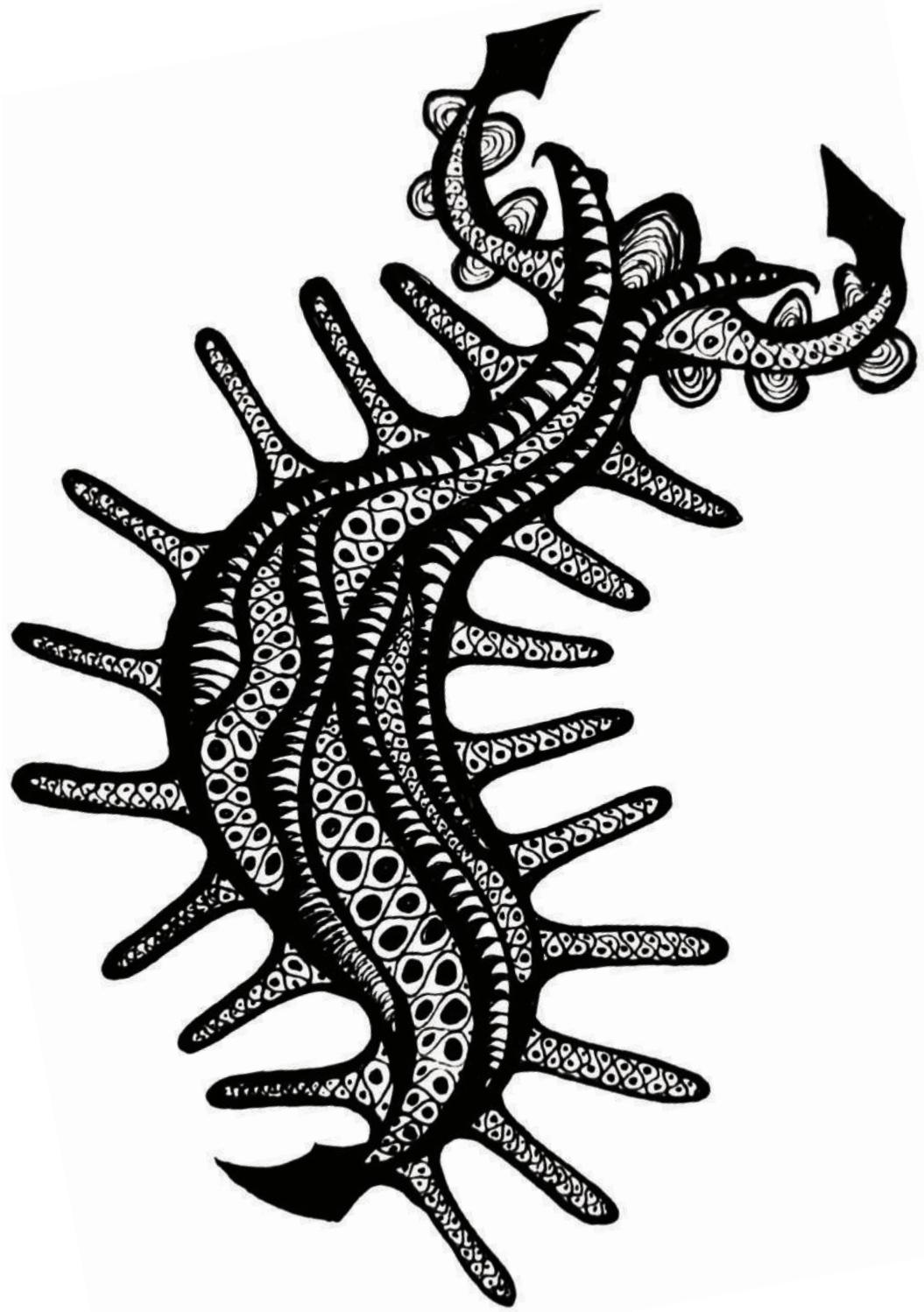
*sn-u-l sn-n-l*



*so-n-ll-s-so*



*sn-d-s-ol-o-w*



SOQQ-LN-U



