

Spelunking Antithesis: Full Annotated Transcript

This is a full transcript of all text in the level, including my notes for the 'Exegesis' section, some attempts to clear up some of the broken English, and a repository of unused text found in Ved.

– intro –

Consider:

- Contrast, flashing lights.
- Overdecoration
- Earrape

Sparkle A:

Listen the catch of the aim¹.

The form of what in motherhood.

Swarm of flies in infinite time fills the whole picture. Stuck.

The creature is limited. Resource is existence.

No progressions. Aim then.

Build the maximum possible.

Listening the aim is option².

(If 'aim' is 'goal', then the trick of the goal is that time is infinite but yours is limited. So the goal is to build as much as possible. This could be the dev's intention to build as big a level as possible in the allotted time, or it could be telling the player to focus on 'building' out as much of the map as possible given their skill limitations.

More likely about avoiding ideals of "progress" and "goals" - as echoed again in the ending, "making good content has no goal for me".

¹ 'Aim' is probably being used as 'goal' or 'intention'. 'Catch' could be used like 'trick', as in 'here's the catch'.

² 'Option' could be 'optional', as in 'listening to this goal is optional'

The 'form in motherhood' connects to the 'fatherhood'-craving entity encountered in Some Math. This dream-space could be in conflict, or contrast, to that area.)

Sparkle B:

Aim is symbol off limits³.

it can only do so much.

You can have some part, if there is complexity, if it could be settled.

As agreement shows, you partake wish of beings.

Say something.

Process in-between.

Execute will.

Have no goal. Avoid cages.

(This also sounds like a statement of anti-intention, but it's more opaque. Goals themselves are taken to be cages, because they restrict movement. By loading the level, you agree to partake in the desires it represents; there is no goal than to experience this.

This, and the above, are both likely coming from the same place as the terminal in the ending. It speaks with the same style as the red voice in other dreams, and could be the same entity, even though the text color is different.)

Sparkle C:

Cut scenes./Cutscenes.

(First check disables cutscenes, second check re-enables them; alternates from there.)

Both Terminal A and B must be activated (in either order) to progress.

– Area 1: Lemon Mush –

Intro Cutscene (7,4):

beautiful dream...

Welcoming end to the hell ride.

Understandably, after a ride...

Need for stretches!

[stretches]

Now.

³ 'off'-'>'of' = An intention is a symbol of limits

What the pack of this place?⁴

So, here's the note. The one to hold dear.

Island in the middle of bone ocean.

Sandwich of uh... [beat]

Sandwich of lemon mush, clay pudin, ash cookie, salad, and some math.

Hard giant bone plasma outside, sudden delaying points inside.

Headaches, obsessive hysteria, oat, massive gravitational quakes...

Also note to check broken head, and feeding yourself.

Making logs in slumber state. Obviously?

Now improvisation.

I, random adventurer, am gonna explore unneeded land for anything of the interest as mines⁵!

and to suffer from mess around.

Sounds somehow.

How about to enrich the sounds with [beat] VibraTune?

A fair, working station after abandonment for months!

Classic.

What is cursed land listened this whole time?

[music starts]

Huh.

Fitting.

Wait! [beat] Before anything!

Now we go.

(We are told early that the red rooms are dream sequences. Before that was a 'hell ride', which might be the earrape intro. More interestingly, the 'hell ride' could be Antithesis itself, as performed by a previous iteration of You, which would imply the level is on a loop. This would make sense given the bookends nature of the ending.

The 'sandwich' description is a map of the level. The materials of the sandwich are the five zones, in order. Lemon mush, clay pudin, ash cookie, and salad all match the tiling of the first four zones. 'Some math' for the last zone is less direct, but scans with the abstraction involved in it. 'Bone ocean' refers to the gray killzones on the left and right edges of the map. The level is the island, 'sandwiched' between them. The 'sudden delaying points' are either challenges or rest zones.

The symptom list likely corresponds to various aspects of the force emanating from Some Math. The 'obsessive hysteria' is a theme of the lost inhabitants of these worlds

⁴ 'What the heck is this place?'

⁵ 'As mines' is probably possessive, as in 'anything of interest to me'

when they encounter it, especially in Ash Cookie. The 'headaches' and 'massive gravitational quake' reasonably could be linked to the brain damage effect and loud noises. Oat, so far as I know, never comes up again.

We later learn the VibraTune music is coming from the station in Salad.)

Sparkle 7,4:

Oh no!

I'm way too cosmospatial⁶ for the Worst evelation⁷ in the verse...

Stairs.

As if i could step as third of my height i could reach the exit.

What possibly can help me? [You teleports]

Teleport!

[Enter room to the right]

Seriously.

[Check again to instantly teleport]

(The 'seriously' only appears if you run to the bottom-left of the next room after teleporting. The name of the script is 'testfail', which makes me think it's an eye-rolling sort of 'come on, seriously?' ... maybe You is annoyed that they dodged the stairs only to fall even lower.)

Terminal 5,3:

This one is also broken strangely.

Usually builded from being as growing plant.

Set-up formula to determine intro, function, other uninteresting.

At peak it died out, leaving strong shell with any required. Ready one.

If it breaks, it behaves like rock, as any normal plasmic⁸.

So it's result to be interrupted, while being in progress.

(This appears to be lore for the terminals, but I couldn't begin to guess what it means. It sounds like the terminals are some kind of organic matter.)

Sparkle 4,4:

What an webing and unstandart⁹.

⁶ Epic neologism

⁷ 'Elevation'

⁸ Could mean 'plastic', or could be using 'plasmic' to refer to e.g. plasma televisions. Plasma is mentioned in several other dialogues and is related to the bone ocean.

⁹ Unstandart->unstandard->non-standard; 'webing' is probably 'webbing'. So, 'what a non-standard webbing'.

Non-squared lineage with thread-like manner.
It goes together and apart fluidly, covering wall like web.
Walls go only to related building blocks side.
Except of this one?¹⁰
Maybe it falls off, because of spikes.
What
In space? Spikes to affect walls? Breaking off in such manner?
More probable to be conscious. [beat] related.
I guess the construction of later times during/after evacuation.
Obviously won't be finished likely.
Not even ivy-wall-eating decor!

(The 'webbing' here is likely backing tiles. You speculates that the spikes embedded in the walls were likely added deliberately while the area was being evacuated.)

[The terminal in 4,3 teleports You to 17,4]

Terminal 3,3:

The gate opens, when it's clean.
[Requires 15 trinkets to open]

Sparkle 3,5:

Ah yes, useless hectic construction of self-expressive unfiltered.
Street art will be pretty much defined of relaxation, as lack of expectation fall off.
Some will suggest the destructive nature of "needlessness", result of failure in general excepted¹¹ course of creaturing design.
But the description of it is more like a personal failure in being.
Any way within is acceptable, as dying is unacceptable from self.
And those suggest to essentially give up their lives for mentality.
Sick things...

(Again returning to the same goallessness theme from before. The "street art" here is likely the pattern of backing tiles. With no expectations, it's done to relax.

You is suggesting that the needless, goal-less but active street art is better than giving up one's life for a belief in a higher purpose, or something like that.)

Sparkle 5,5:

¹⁰ Text pointing to the bottom-right wall

¹¹ 'Expected'

HELP ME

I WORK AT OFFICE

I BE AS STUPID SHEET OF ROBOT AH

BEAUTIFUL TO BE COOL CONSTRUCTOR [beat]

Entusiasm falls apart, when mind and skill doesn't allow to build.

Any normal builder can make normal surface for bricks.

Who is cursed to be left among the building crew?

(No particular comments on the text, I just want to note that I think it's funny that this is the only thing in this sub-area, given how hard it is to reach.)

Terminal 2,5:

I don't like building on command, because I like to build in general.

It's not like i recieve stupid projects to work with...

It's just hard to sidetrack.

I love to build interesting things in my free time.

and then I'm coming to some random dimention for constructing the concrete station...

...which I end out of spite.

Or It's competition, where I want to show my creative genius on plain and undetermined field...

...where I mostly steal my sheets.

It's like training to build and mining for goods for that moment.

And here is it's WORST example.

They somehow managed to combine the rules and freedom in one build.

I will finish this project, after which i will go on my own.

(This terminal could be read both in-character and as a devlog. It is simultaneously the builder of the 'concrete station' - buildings in Lemon Mush - and Wequer, venting about the constraints of the levelmaking competition. It's not clear to me how this squares with the above implication that the terminals are a plantlike organic matter.

'Steal my sheets' sounds like stealing spritesheets, though I don't know that the assets here are stolen from anywhere in particular. Unless he just means VVVVVV.)

Sparkle 1,4:

[Standing right next to a stationary enemy. Long beat, You gets sad]

I feel uncomfortable.

What even is this.

Why.

I will just acknowledge it.

[You looks away and smiles]

Sparkle 3,2:

[beat] Suddenly thoughtless.

Sparkle 4,2:

These buildings of dimensions...

More like recreation of fragmented memories into its current state.

Endless random bricks, connection of some sort association.

If that's from topic mind plauge...

It's not of many going out off. Little to no notes from elsewhere.

Except of melted head as result.

It is surery¹² concerning.

I sound way too oblivious, than I should be.

(The seemingly random constructions in this area are possibly a consequence of the number-oriented hysteria mentioned by the terminal on the far right of Lemon Mush. But, there's not much to go off of.

You do find a melted head near the end of the area.)

Trinket 8,2:

[Ding, You speaks]

Are you serious?

Everywhere at any times the trashy.

Even how this proceed here without audience?

Will not blame it for existence.

Preferable for my pocket to go!

Sparkle 8,3:

Truly magical sinergy.

Lemon and honey.

Tasty.

Also these torturous designs.

Who the primal aggressiveness for opening the tunnel by not dying?

Needless luxury...

Sparkle 9,3:

...Featurless flowers.

¹² 'Surely'

Some of them are hedious¹³.

If drugs is a food, right?

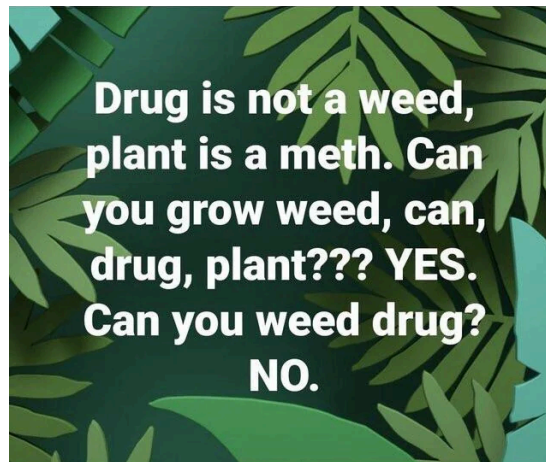
I guess, smell is existence.

Without nose, but worth a shot. [beat] ...

Could it be the vibrating flower, that cause lethal paralysis¹⁴?

Weeelelleleleleel.

(Reminds me of this:



...Anyway, the two flowerlike objects here are the checkpoint and the instant-reset hazards. And since the flower in question causes "lethal paralysis", I don't think it's the checkpoint. Maybe it quits you to menu because of their horrible smell.)

Terminal 8,5:

You either live here or die.

ok

(Read 'live here' as 'stay here forever'; you need to press R to leave this room.)

Button 8,5:

Eye-preventer, for opening dark secrets.

Very unfortunate to have a thought about them being dark.

Will be still the solver of issues.

Diactivates unneeded security.

Hole 11,3:

¹³ 'Hideous'

¹⁴ 'Paralysis'

Holy hole.

Broken Terminal 13,2:

[nothing]

Sparkle 13,3:

I guess it's new technological brick schematic? I suppose.

No idea about structure of build...

It's still noticable the self-preservation capacity.

All walls are from yesterday with surface like that.

If rearrangement works, then it was probably some WIP project...

Still saved it's last stated shape.

I can also see this weed tho.

(The tall one-way-tile stalks are likely the 'weed'. There are a few brick buildings on the right end of Lemon Mush. 'From yesterday with surface like that' suggests very old materials, or just that bricks are out of fashion now. But they last a while, given the 'self-preservation capacity' retaining 'last stated shape'. Like all the constructions in Lemon Mush, the brick buildings are left unfinished.)

Sparkle 14,3:

□

(Text seems left deliberately blank.)

Sparkle 12,4:

Cast Iron Sap.

What the

[makes a weird face] Cast Iron Sap.

Where did this get to my head?

(This voice is a premonition: Cast Iron Sap comes up again in Salad.)

Cutscene 15,5:

Ok, so...Checking time.

Being forgetful about all things...

...and paranoid/attentive/curious?

[You pulls out severed head]

This dimension was attempted to be settled And observed And studied...

Suddenly white noise...(

...seek of strong structural shifts in dimensional perciving...
being interestingly characterized as “mood shifter”, “eye opener”.
Sounds like mind diversity for the better...
[Looks up] I really want different mess.
[Holds out severed head] General accepted name is Vis-cous, after it’s forcefully
recognized and provided pattern.
And so to give it justice, the simple tag as vis.
Vis is recognised soon as dangerous mindlocker, stating¹⁵ it’s target under...
[Puts head away] Unfunny to be unclear in that way.
Funny tho, there’s noticable spaces in both in and out, like my expedition is depending
on preperation before arrival.
Not like self-speech or curling thoughts wasn’t part of me.
And i’m still about my babble!...
The results of events are clearly obsessive reconstructions.
Also mess around...or with?
They were determination to find perfection within their conviction
[thumbs up] and nobel¹⁶ stupidity.
I hope there’s will to be piece for comfort writing, like please?

(Lots to unpack here. The severed head only appears properly if you enter the scriptbox from the left, which is weird because entering from the right is *much* easier. “Vis” is never brought up again, nor do we get another glimpse of the severed head.

My best guess: Vis is the name of one of the original settlers of Lemon Mush, whose head was melted off. The original attempts at settlement of Lemon Mush were all abandoned after the builders discovered a mysterious pattern which changes how things are perceived. It “opens peoples’ eyes”, but has dangerous long-term effects that disable or kill. The people who lived here tried to build anyway, seeking “perfection”, possibly under the influence of some pattern-induced madness. This influence could also be the reason every space in the area is accessible to You - almost like the pattern was expecting them and deliberately preparing for them to come...

Except then You says that’s all probably made-up bullshit (“obsessive reconstruction”), which fits their paranoid mood.

No idea what the last line is supposed to mean. Maybe they’re hoping the next cutscene will be more comforting.)

¹⁵ Probably ‘taking’, as in ‘taking the target under’, i.e. knocking them out.

¹⁶ This could be ‘noble’, but I prefer to imagine You is literally referring to the Ig Nobel prize for stupidity.

Sparkle 16,6:

This in fact to smell lemons.

Terminal 16,5:

Hello.

Password.

No.

No then.

Okay. [beat, first time only]

What are these panels for?

I would like to know.

Mhm.

Still working?

You can try.

(There's no actual password here, this room is just a demonstration of how Panels work.)

Sparkle 17,3:

Non-perfection is definition...

That death is not equal to life.

Perfect example of crust corrosion.

No idea about crust sadly.

The said plant refers to joints eater, causing solid substance to join vacuum formation.

Not much trouble caring of. Check out deviation by vibration.

Some examples are weak to digest¹⁷.

Not this one.

(Perfection equals death.

I use 'joints eater' to refer to these tall 'sticky' plants, though they're also sometimes called 'weed'. The plant corrodes the 'crust' on the surface of the brick building, hence its state of disrepair. Vibrations mentioned again, much like the vibrating plant.)

Terminal 18,4:

The know Number dilemma goes around.

It all started with random whisper of a random colonizer.

Number - it says - more important than any other of yours.

¹⁷ "Weak" should probably be "easy", as in "easy to digest". These last two lines are saying the joints eater are inedible.

Sounds silly, has gone as came.
But another one tries to purpose it in other's deals and sales.
It crashed down miserably.
Doesn't help, that there's more population to bring the thing.
It's either hysteria or disorder.
Was spend the many medicines and researches to figure out the cue¹⁸.
As for a result...
The population got evacuated, colony was essentially abandoned.
Frenetics is part of memory.
Thank you.
Many dislikes dimensions with unlikeness for safe housing.
This was one very unfortunate.
Slow, but sneaky sense of dominating mind change.
Like cancer, it has defect part. Unlike cancer, it follows stream.
In misbehaviours began to be big, groups are formed, so interest. But it wasn't all learned.
Since later its effects included crushing sounds of stable body. Literally screams of that pain was discovered in one day.
Evacuation was extremely quick, further exploration is feeble.
Fortunate to be the one, for this fenomenon do nothing for a reason¹⁹?
Can I be safe here for any long?
For defect this slow, I will go back if it's too long. So the hooks.
It won't get significance, if not ignored.

(This is talking about the same mind-virus from the severed-head cutscene. The central force of the mind virus seems to be number-based, either through some number in particular (likely three) or the concept of mathematics in general. Numbers (maybe three) are valuable for business, so this spreads the pattern-virus throughout the population. Eventually it destroyed their bodies and everyone evacuated.

You seems immune, though it could just be slow-acting.

This is explored more in later areas, especially near the ending.)

Rest Zone 18,4:

Ah, writing table at last.

[Lies down]

Surely they love to make punctural spiral theraphetic beds.

¹⁸ 'Cure'

¹⁹ Context makes me think 'for some reason', as in, not any reason in particular

As for time of fanfic about self.

[Begin dream sequence, talk to terminal]

One more sapling to grow.

To use, to ask, to wonder.

Eventually speaking to friend.

Finally something is not rotting.

Can rest from dread and annoyance, that causes that vibrating hum.

And remind the function of language.

But why are you here, Parasite?

(‘Fanfic about self’ is a great term for dreaming. Also, “Punctural Spiral Theraphetic Beds” would be a good band name.

The red voice is the same across all dreams. It seems to be some kind of deity, though not a friendly one. Its unhappiness is possibly the cause of the vibrating flowers; maybe the joints eater, too, which is also mentioned to vibrate.)

Sparkle 18,5:

I have to be clear to myself.

While all artifacts are amazing for sure... [beat]

Where is else?

Where is evidence of madness?

This piece of body was one of first affected things on this island. The most damaged to be exact.

Affected parties was under influence under few months. First damage was weeks before event.

It was, as one of the last things, to left place.

Where did everyone go?

Melted away?

Corpus, fixation, curve... non-sensitive to interference?

I may just not attentive enough, but it's either force is much smarter, or they are elsewhere now.

Will give it a word of doubt.

As long as i do not stay here for long, i will be fine.

(Except for the head of Vis-cous, all the bodies we'd expect from the number-virus are likely melted. You is doubting the virus theory.)

Sparkle 19,6:

Of course, the most annoying part about this vast ocean...
...is bad lineage of killing zone.

(Self-awareness of the fact that the hitbox is bigger than the visible bone ocean?)

Terminal 18,2:

Finally? Peace and quiet.
Time to smither²⁰ my perfect state.
Nobody likes, that there's literal abomination in name of standart.
I can't bother.
I can only create of my interpritation.
I think it also makes the law more clear.
Nobody will notice tho. Funny this.
We're made of essentially the same to differ about itself altogether.
Maybe it's never the about rule, but interpritaion.
it's terrifying, that secret may be left forever, whose won't be saved.

(Another devlog-ish terminal. Against rules and standards, in favor of interpretation. As before where "sick things" will "give up their lives for mentality", so are "abominations" created in the name of maintaining artistic standards.)

Cutscene 11,6:

Wait.
It flickers.
Wait, where did-
Oh well.

Sparkle 11,6:

Ehh...
Clay
In hundreds of years, new and fresh!
Nobody cares about this.
It's just recreatable and feeble material after all.
Yet still...As far as i know...
It could be nest for many things.
Should i go further without care of other possible things?

²⁰ Probably 'smith', as in smithing, but could also be 'smother'

(Signals that the player is directly above area 2, Clay Pudín. The cultures appear to get older, the deeper you descend.)

Cutscene 12,6:

Come here. [teleports to the cross]

Cross, made out of bricks. And else

It may release alien vibes for immediate decipher, but...

Do i even look at something of modern tells? Like that long?

Well, there's no air, as i'm aware.

Then and anyway.

No point of casual gals to [build->use]²¹ this technology at all...maybe.

They would surely prevent to have such weak right-bottom leg.

How the hell does it stick together?

[beat, looks up] Space.

Seriously tho, it's underlined in's²² thinness.

Why was it left then?

(You speculates that the brick X serves no function except to look weird.)

Terminal 13,6:

Do you want to die?

Do you want to dictate the die?

No.

Open then. [long beat]

Dammit. [gate opens]

(‘Dictate the die’ is a weird phrase, but plausibly interpreted as, “Do you want to kill me?” Since the terminal won’t kill You, it has to let them pass.)

– Area 2: Clay Pudín –

Intro Cutscene (13,7):

[You lays down] I like laying on surface recently.

[Stands up] But seriously.

Bricks. And full brick building.

First bricks there, then maybe some pots, then buildings, courpeses, civilizations...

[eyes blank out] fasinations.

Whose building? Why this one here?

²¹ Switches from ‘build’ to ‘use’ automatically after a second.

²² Likely the possessive ‘its’, as in “it’s underlined its thinness”.

It will be good, if those “organs” saved more structures.

Because this one is bland...

This moonshaped is also under question.

(‘Moonshaped’ is presumably referring to the teleporter in the upper-left.

We do see pots in Ash Cookie. I don’t know about any corpses, unless Vis-cous counts.)

Cutscene 15,7:

[Loud noise]

deep breath

(A ‘massive gravitational quake’? We later learn the source of these is in Some Math.)

Sparkle 19,7:

Now you will die as me.

(Really weird hidden text. I have no guesses.)

Button 14,8:

Ok, the collection of all weed.

For a reason...

At least let me collect these presious pieces of...thing.

I don’t want to imagine for somewhere as jack of nothing²³.

Maybe it will be something else. Later.

Right now it’s just waste of time.

Half of shiny stone.

(Joints eater called ‘weed’ again. The item here is only useful with the other half of the shiny stone, later in Clay Pudín.)

Inscription 10,8:

“Retreat, while it’s not late.”

It’s either some paraliser or stuckpoints, since under horde.

(Given “Stuckpoints” and the difficult-to-dodge-checkpoints, this is likely intended to be a Prize For The Reckless-type checkpoint avoidance section. It may be that the

²³ Presumably ‘all for nothing’, but it’s a *really* weird way to say it. Where’d “jack” come from?

enemies above are supposed to block your return, making each checkpoint here effectively a softlock, but in this version of the level you can skip past them.)

Button 7,8:

Literally break²⁴ for me of what era could it possibly be.

One thing not to know some comfort movement technology...

Yet still somehow making moving plates. [beat]

Also weird kind of corridor. They were so considerable²⁵ to put decor at their graveyard.

The Care for The Shrine.

Half of shiny stone.

(Apparently this area, too, is a graveyard, though it's hard to tell from the environment design.)

Sparkle 9,7:

I go, there's a whitish stonish.

Then there's this plant.

Leaves like these does not tolerate the leaves²⁶.

How can they? In attempt to live...

Those are transparent, with gray texture.

The one on bricks were redish... from blocks.

I have no idea about why, but probably mostly uncaring nature.

(The last three lines here only play if the 'technological brick schematic' sparkle in Lemon Mush was previously activated. This gives You an opportunity to compare the gray-white bricks in this room, to the red ones in the previous area. No conclusions are drawn from this.)

Sparkle 10,6:

Stolen!

Perhaps for sigils from earlier.

Doesn't seems to be mined from any pritive or familiar way.

It's way too smooth and accurate.

Will take note of it.

(This sparkle is near another patch of gray-white bricks; given the color scheme, they were probably stolen from Some Math, if anywhere. The 'sigils' they're being used for are most likely the Moonshaped, one of which is nearby.)

²⁴ Likely 'break down', as in "break this down for me".

²⁵ 'considerate'

²⁶ I think this is a pun. The "leaves" on the weeds don't tolerate you "leaving", i.e., you get stuck in them.

Button 8,5:

There's always this thick thing.

I can't concentrate to do the job, while trying to persuade the good.

Others told to let it go naturally.

But now I get anxious, as I can just hope to be equal in the horde.

(Another meta-terminal. This one about the conflicting drives and trouble focusing, which simultaneously applies to the in-universe process of erecting buildings, and the designer's process of building the level.)

Sparkle 8,6:

For any reason available, a unaffected i am.

Random theory: ground is considerable.

Will hope to be proved. [beat]

Also it's kinda strange...

That is so much different between lemon layer and pudin layer.

Otherworldly to put two together... but i'm observing here. [beat]

Actually it reminds me something.

In shortwhile of living colony²⁷, some expeditions were thrown.

With one confirmed ancient minds... a possibility for others!

It's not like i can give direct credit for this part...

Remembrance is momentary thing.

(After the first ancient civilization was found, presumably in Lemon Mush, there were more expeditions to try to find others beneath. Naturally, the Clay Pudín civilization was one of them. So, they're two different civilizations, not two factions or locations within one society.

You has noticed before that whatever virus or cancer killed everyone here doesn't affect them. I am not sure what "ground is considerable" means as a theory. Maybe that the space is so large, that the source of the virus either died out, or is hidden?)

Sparkle 7,6:

Root.

Actually anything of one point to many lines is root for me. [beat]

Still root.

And it spins.

For some reason it has very concrete expand pattern.

²⁷ Maybe something like, "a short while after a living colony was found".

If will i get some continuation?
It seems familiar.

(I believe the technical term is 'rhizome'.)

Sparkle 7,7:

...Yes.
That time has come.
Need for squishing! [You shrinks, tries to move left]
If wishes came true... [You unshrinks]
Old method still is an option. [You teleports]
Hopefully the poor thing won't break before my life.

(It's funny that you have a teleporter the whole time, but can't use it to get past any of the extremely hard challenges. Only for little moments like this one.)

Sparkle 5,6:

Another of unworldly explonation upon reason of creation²⁸. Welp.
Pot from some rotting stuff!
Which means in many layers by me.
Looks like made from hills, which were less forceable.
It's possible to have them given, but more probable to be dug out.
What's inside? [You pulls out weed]
Weed.
Many weed.
For ropes, for vines...
Casual for the past to find the vibes with vines.
I have no idea why the idea to be that common for vines...
...neither does any expertise. [You points left]
Like these are non-sensical.

(Clay Pudín's structures are built from nature, from the substance of vines and weeds and hills. 'Weed' seems to be a broader category of thing than just the joints eater.)

Sparkle 3,6:

²⁸ 'Unworldly' could be 'otherworldly' or 'unworthy'. 'Explonation' could be 'exploration' or 'explanation'. I could see two interpretations here: 'another unworthy explanation of the reasons of creation', as in, this is You's unsatisfying guess as to why these things were made. Or, 'another otherworldly exploration built from the reasons of creation', as in, this is another strange discovery created for unknown reasons. Either seems plausible.

Some non-brickful stature²⁹.

Obviously can be of different age. or different civilization?

Both. Both is good.

Will be age, others and both as of now.

What is obvious in fact to be collocated near authors of roads.

Were useful. In fact to be not relocated, which in otherwise.

Probably expensiveness or mystery or unworthiness...

In whatever word it stays H e r e.

(The non-brick statue is another Moonshaped. You speculates that it's from a different era/civilization entirely. As with the previous analysis of the gray-white bricks, Some Math is the most likely, as the color scheme matches and teleporters are common there.

This was moved to a 'main road' for ease of transportation with Ash Cookie, presumably. It's near the 'author of roads', which suggests the living space of said author is nearby; it could be the structure in 5,6.)

Cutscene 9,9:

Bricks.

But like another type?!?!?

[You teleports around the bricks, observing them.]

More of pre- than in- order.

Insides are made of pretty weird concrete bulbby substance.

The weirder how skeleton? is.

But if looking closer...

[You teleports into a dream room, gets glitched.] Oops.

Weirdly it didn't glitched last time.

It also didn't have these walls for some reason.

Ok, no idea, let's at least the³⁰.

So, [beat] this materia can be stony plate to advance into muddy structure. [beat] Mud densens near exterior, showing its fluid metamorphical nature.

So it's natural.

I can't possibly give it some crazy explonation³¹ for aliens.

No data to say at least.

Visual reference is sure conflicting with my typical. Will just refer to my set.

Referring to next point. Structure. [You returns to the outside.]

Why the hell will you do this?

How the hell will it do that?

²⁹ 'Statue'

³⁰ Yeah, I have no idea here either.

³¹ Definitely 'explanation' in this case

Talk of dimension rules, sure.
Speaking of past underlyings too!
I have no idea about this moment. Might save it for later.
And one more thing...
I think it's my next destination.
Information of entrances was none, as well as to be unclusive³².
This hole is handable for teleport.
For time being.

(The "dream sequence" here is You entering into the gray bricks to observe them more closely. You can see that the tiling in the 'dream' is the same as the Ash Cookie brick tiling, just scaled up.

The bricks here, dense and skeletal on the outside, have a fluid interior - which is maybe why You can go 'inside' them. Some of the substance inside also looks like Bone Ocean. They're 'pre-'order and 'natural', which suggests this far down is old enough that the ground isn't artificially constructed.

The last few lines hint that you can use the sparkle here to teleport to Ash Cookie.)

Sparkle 13,9:

Oh boy do i love to be in this part of life.
Being of self-awareness in all directions with no wisdom for any meaningful result.
You could say about being focused on the now, but every is part of it and independently, as itself. [beat]
Otherwise wanted to go on with building monologue description, but like with mental breakdance...
Even the amount of bricks is freaky to imagine of how it was produced.
Was it THAT easy, or impressive time span, or even weird tech...
Of course it's most possible to be just similar to smugged³³ bricks...
...when it's just glorified shine of muddy standart.
But from what king of hell?
Pots. In strange order...

(Philosophy aside, this direction doesn't lead to 'any meaningful result' because it's a dead end.

³² 'Inclusive'

³³ 'Smuggled', probably?

You seems confident that the people of Clay Pudim are stealing from other civilizations; not just the materials for the Moonshaped, but now they're also smuggling bricks.

Also, there aren't actually any pots in this room, though the 'strange order' line is called back to in Ash Cookie.

NOTE: There's actually supposed to be more text here if you check the weed room ('many kinds of weed') first, but it's loaded using ifflag rather than customifflag, so it never actually loads. See the bottom of the transcript for the unused text.)

Rest Zone 16,10:

Seems like perfect place for rest.

And with such meditative properties for me to chitty chatty style. [You lies down.]

Why do i live? Point of living.

Why don't i die? Point of being.

Back into sense of the world and thing suppose to.

Refer only wishful and isolation for result, open to progress.

Struck as energy comes, no other comment or differ. Just my mind. [beat]

Wish for other anything. [Closes eyes]

Digger is a lacking thing.

[Begin dream sequence, talk to terminal]

From where is unknown.

From when is unknown.

Who? How? Why?

Useless questions.

Everything is just one mass. Grow from whatever is left, leave.

Now is tommorow and yesterday for understandment of it. [beat]

Yet somehow one mistake made it unbearable from one in limited.

Limit is only here. By means of blurry vision.

With all of those parasites it's just frustrating.

One of them is following me. Dreaming about being a plate.

Dreaming about making the existence "Fulfilling".

The disgust with no digest.

But there is nothing to do for me.

[You wakes up but the dream music stays.]

(More about the red voice - this section reminds me of the dream sequence with the giant cat in Night in the Woods. A 'divine' entity that thinks living organisms have no

purpose or reason for being, and that it's only their small and limited nature ('blurry vision') that makes them seem like individuals with meaning. But they all come from, and return to, the same place, so it doesn't matter. Still, the little creatures are 'frustrating' somehow.

And apparently You is dreaming about being 'a plate'. The plate is a reoccurring bit of jargon; in other dialogues it seems to mean platforms, like the 'moving plates' in 7,8, or the 'plated type bridges' in 17,12. You's head is also blank in these dreams, like a plate. Maybe it's a dream of becoming a pure game object, another piece of the landscape...)

– Area 3: Ash Cookie –

Intro Cutscene 9,10:

Ahem [teleport]

so.

More of a cobble, than ash.

Probably remark from some "smarts".

(Pseudo-intellectuals are always naming things wrong. I'm still going to call the area 'Ash Cookie', though.)

Trap 10,10:

Shells!

Shells!...

Wait.

(After passing the enemy:)

Happens.

(After the first time:)

Shells!

No.

(This fakeout is intended to pause you so an enemy can kill you. Funnily enough, it doesn't appear if cutscenes are disabled.)

Cutscene 11,10/11,11:

[You flips down into next room] Entrance wasn't very welcome.

Like to be barely entrance, unless

Some of its parts are more of decor, rather of... nature thing,

Like vines, exit, signs around it.

Shells tho. Use why?

And these marks are pointing out the border for someone? Like yes.

Other thing if it was different species, mentalities, ages, none?

Maybe biomes were that different, it was like different worlds.

What will this place tell me?

(There are three signs in Ash Cookie - see below - which mark the 'borders' of the area. The shells are enemies; this whole area is more natural than constructed, though it's still hostile.)

Note 11,11:

Dangerous down.

Left people.

Right culture.

No up.

(To the right: pots and squares and things, which have already been seen. To the left: no 'people', but a collection of statues is on the left end of the map. Down: Salad and then Some Math, both arguably dangerous. Up: nothing, since the path to get here is one-way.

There's another one of these signs on the other end of the bridge, though you *can* get back up from that side.)

Sparkle 12,10:

I'm so annoyed to stop myself like in this spot.

But alas, [beat] Lets. [You teleports left]

Oops.

So, what's a statue?

Rounded head, less attached arms, unarmoured leggings...

Humanization of mud. Okay?

I'm not familiar with being flesh.

What is flesh anyway? [You's eyes spin around.]

Predetermined connective plating.

To be from exact form as in moment thought the moment is...

...experience.

Hence, no comparsion!

Rather a conclusion of existence from culting³⁴ the body.
Other thing, that is pretty here, so i will calmly leave it.

(Yeah, I'm not familiar with being flesh either. You's enjoyment of the statue could be compared to their previously expressed dream of being a 'plate'.)

Sparkle 14,10:

[beat] ...Acknowledgement from then.

Eternalized enviromental anomaly.

Sructure from intelligence

or

true wonderous.

Likely the first. I mean like how.

Documented as stated for long time. Before roundies, which can be used.

Stolen technology of history in society fall into degeneration.

Then rebuild for smarter use of stuff by gravity, so that's cool.

Also ribs, which usually in that thinness is shattering. But like...

Nigh. Overpowered. Potential. Extracted.

Specifically for this abnormally.

While not bothering to recreate.

Probably was not worth for other stuff. Many lost or not then.

Also funny thing is to be placed near bridge.

Were there a try to recreate?

Or have another spite motive?

Or pointing desire to be linked?

(It's hard to tell, but there's a degraded checkpoint next to this sparkle. The name of the loadscript is 'checkpoints', so that's what You is talking about. This is likely one of the earliest checkpoints to be created, though it was either stolen from another society, or others stole the design later, or both. I am not sure what 'roundies' are, since the other checkpoints in this level are NOT rounded. It could be the generic rounded checkpoints of the generic VVVVVV tileset.)

Sparkle 15,10:

Pots. In strange order...

...of three.

Why this pattern so collectively common.

I am forgetful, so any strong motive is analysable of sure.

³⁴ Could be 'cultivating', but I read this as a straight verbification of 'cult', as in cult-ing. The humanized statue is what happens when one forms a cult around the shape of the body.

And it seems like effect from entire dimension so far in some.

Squares, pots, satellites, bridges,

So...

Like, like...

[beat, weird face]

My intellect was drained well.

(This is getting back to the number obsession mentioned in Lemon Mush! It seems to affect every layer - people become obsessed with building things in sets of three. The three buildings at the top, three pots, three squares in the room below. It's not clear which Ash Cookie structures exactly qualify as 'bridges', but we can take You's word for it that there are three of those two.)

Sparkle 10,11:

Spikes, From shells.

Seems edgy enough to kill.

Spines, From shells.

But, uh...

Ignorance on why there is spikes,

It's probably for me.

Why the double-manner here?

And it looks softer?

.mH [You turns invisible]

I guess it is softer.

It is enough for damaging my body of displaying self-referential tho.

Was it intentional?

It was here for? Where am I? How do [beat]

Breakfast.

(This is You testing the Shell Spines nearby. They're soft enough not to kill, which You confirms by poking them, but damages the "self-referential display", i.e., You's visibility.

'Breakfast' is probably a non-sequitur with no deeper meaning. Probably.)

Sparkle 9,11:

Bridges.

The most original feeling i have ever felt.

(This one functions as another trap, since you can't pass after the platform beneath it breaks.)

Sparkle 8,11:

Hm.

Muddy model! [beat]

Delicious information... no shyness.

Plentiful colours in composition.

Some softer spot, some harder.

Also strangely sturdy formation. [beat]

Looks like perfect building stuff, being so detached and powerful.

(The 'model' in question is a little ladder-looking structure in this room. There's also the bluish RESIST square. It seems like the pots, bridges, statues and little structures here were built, but everything else formed naturally.)

Sparkle 7,11:

Fact of such constant presence.

Perhaps of the self-referential part is essential.

Ego used to be personally attached, to be here and somewhere else too.

Making conclusions, then transform into constant reminders.

Or some sincerity, that i will see in shattering shades.

(I like to think You's using their disappearance as a metaphor for ego detachment, or dissociation. Losing presence of self. The opinions of the ego, the self-reference which is necessary to maintain a static self, becomes nothing but memories. But the "shattering shades" - the invisible You? - is more sincere, because it is more immersed in the moment.)

Note 6,11:

Dangerous down.

Left people.

Right culture.

No up.

Sparkle 5,11:

Artificial difficulty.

Of course the spikes for traps against me or this clock-things...

But on the level of their length?

Do they care at all, Is there parkour culture?

Or have they gone mad and was hostile to each other?

In any way, these are from shells.

It's either bridge or spike.

Or shell.

(Yes, there is a parkour culture, and yes, we've all gone mad with hostility. How else do you explain Quasar?

Note that anyone seems liable to go meta: not just the terminals or dream voices, but You yourself breaks the fourth wall for cases like this.)

Sparkle 4,11:

Tradition to amke attractive.

Then being parasite on that due to laziness.

Countless layer of millenias alike.

Which implies of how unefficient the natural evolution towards power of reality overdrive.

Creating overpowered complexity of fitting cause, yet unfitting inhabitants for stable flow. [beat]

Cough

(I relate to this one. Not only is this probably the structure of the civilizations in the sandwich, it also describes the V6 community. There's a cycle of pushing things to be prettier, more appealing. But the more elaborate and dazzling a creation, the higher standards become, the less us mere mortals are able to achieve it. They become materials to be stolen or repurposed, lazily, building another layer of the cultural sandwich.

When the intro asserts that the level is purposeless, it is perhaps a deliberate refutation of this cycle.)

Button 3,10:

[Crewmate collect sound plays] What's up with music?

Okay, i will just pass by. Don't mind!

(This cutscene only plays if both halves of the Shiny Stone have previously been collected.)

Sparkle 5,10:

Once again...

Assist from "self" needed. [You teleports]

Button 5,10:

A strange ball before me.

Even with my non-attentive span.

I shall get it now.

(The “strange ball” here is not actually an upgrade and doesn’t affect anything.)

Button 7,10:

Some abomination.

Curved stone configuration.

It doesn’t even look normal for any goings?

What doors it opens?...

Is there any door?

Maybe it will help me with finding. [beat]

But why did i deduct the curve to

just take plz.

Some roots can be stored.

(Since the upgrade text doesn’t exactly describe the object, I’ve been calling it the “curved key”, which is the name of the loadscript.)

Sparkle 3,8:

Is this legal to exist?

As genocide has occurred.

My expression privilege costs around more than half of flora and fauna ever occurred.

My memory card consists of exclusively on my dumb postures for fifteen days since.

I literally remember on images, that now copies of me, so I can mostly know me consistently.

And that’s counting on fact of me using those once in huge spans inbetween, practically redundant. [beat]

Sounds good as³⁵ me.

(I think You is literally talking about how their expressions take up more than half the space in this level’s sprites.png, vastly overtaking the sprites for enemies and other objects. Wequer may have spent 15 development days on these ‘dumb postures’ for the player, though that seems like a lot to me. To make all these expressions which are barely used, many copies of them have been made in the level data, at the expense of everything else.)

³⁵ This could just be ‘to’, as in ‘sounds good to me’. But I wonder if it’s best taken literally, that the images “sound good as me”, i.e., sound like a good way to construct identity.

Sparkle 3,12:

Sometimes i feel like to go on speaking about everything.

About passion to tell any detail of the corner mind³⁶.

Hitting the realisation, that language is exclusive for others.

I do inherit, but not nurtured.

Forever to speak in broken manner.

With any other light, my will to never reveal the half spoken here.

(Interesting acknowledgement of the broken English.

Since You is nominally talking to themself, the long monologues are a kind of vestigial language, words intended for others but never finding purchase. By trying to interpret 'the half spoken here', am I subverting You's will?)

Sparkle 4,13:

Cool.

Going somewhere in the end to get.

There's nothing.

What did i wanted?

Do i need to want?

It's like there's the end.

But the end is also death.

Some say they don't want to die.

Another say word for choice to die.

I go to another end. The other one.

Reference to what was it and will.

Then i look at my clock.

Everything expands.

Now going and acting. Then again.

Somewhere with another.

Behaving in refer to sheet.

So what was it for the wish? [long beat]

Now where was I?

(This is a pretty intense reaction to finding a dead end.

³⁶ 'Every corner of my mind'

Going to “the other one”, given the that the second choice is ‘word for choice to die’, is possibly a very oblique way of insinuating that You is suicidal. Certainly this whole passage is super depressive.)

Sparkle 6,12:

And i’m here.

(This one helps locate You, since You will necessarily be invisible at this point.)

Teleport 5,12:

ah

Sparkle 5,13:

For some reason it was flourished.

Even at cutesy moss. [beat]

And the sharp look?

To be decoration is presence. Or the fixing in that regard.

There Is Latter of Ladder, but ropes suddenly - none.

No slightest replace, so unwise and magical to be alive here, isn’t it? [beat]

Then the way of evelation in that question.

The history does not detect when and where is gravity to be wacky.

Surface, walls, ceiling-

Every cell of this cave is in a criminal smoothness.

Can you go somewhere around like not defying THE defined anatomy?

At least some helping tools.

I mean the damn bridges saved, but everything else not.

It’s weird to have this place, which by excluding the first layer, have some building intact,

and no Small pot, or Puny stick in any wall.

Just where did it go? [beat]

Actually i know where it went!

For any modern exploration, expedition with science...

...just to hope there was clue of why in space did civiling appear?

With our modern understandment of putting just platforms and bricks, they had no additional things to help in this quest.

Did just something erase these? [beat]

Wait i remember...

These people could be descendants of those, who flips.

Our “look” was modified back then in order for funky stuff.

Somehow nearly missed/forgot.

I mean - that's me. [beat]

Why does there dominates the downwards architecture?

Later, I wanna live.

(This particular dead end, which is referred to as a 'cell' and with 'criminal smoothness', would be inescapable without the capacity to flip. And much of the current level architecture, including the platforms and so on, are tools to make navigating possible, but there would've originally been none of these; no ropes to escape from, no ladders to climb. The people who lived here, which we know from the statues look like You, would have had to be "modified" to flip gravity and get out of pits like this.

Before then, there might have been other tools built-in to assist navigation, but they're no longer present.)

Sparkle 6,13:

That's different statue.

Very unlikely structure for anatomy research.

Perhaps it tries to tell something. Other thought within mainstream.

Barrier of contextless can't allow to let it tell.

And I still try. [beat]

Man, going throught one state to another, stable in right, then suddenly fails in left.

As mud is saved here well, it is conclusive result.

I can't really understood of how it was saved here so perfectly
or perhaps it is just not THIN.

Thought of going wrong is lead to chaos.

Also possible to be about link between healthy and ill.

But could it mean the undividing, as strange occurance? [beat]

The right answer in oblivion, or

Will theorise more later.

(One side of the nearby statue appears deliberately messed up, which could reflect some thematic purpose. It could represent someone diseased, dying, or a creative 'new form'. If the people here were 'creating' the anatomy that flips, this could be a preserved specimen of an alternative anatomy.

What is 'undividing'?)

Sparkle 7,13:

Wish for opposite direction?

Sure. [beat]

Here. [You walks backwards]
My sikes³⁷ beyond your understanding.

(You might be responding to the way the statue is pointing, or maybe they just want to show off.)

Sign 8,12:
The eternity of rest.
The obligation of nothing.
Nothing to get something.

Rest Zone 8,12:
Sometimes, sleep is just a possibility. [beat]
And you take it. [You lies down]
And this stone allows it.
With supid³⁸ grass. Anyhow honesty.

[Begin dream sequence, talk to terminal]

It's not interesting to finish.
Whatever of your abilities...
Then no interesting result.
With many audience prevails apathy.
It was created.
For the sake of existence, self is enough, once the dirt is. [beat]
How many time will I get forked³⁹?
The sea cannot digest me fully.
The plate to send is incomplete.
Will try to go with reboot.
It will get as⁴⁰ somewhere. [beat]
There is no fourth wall.
Do not dare to get influence.
Matter of fact to be just the something.
Other thing is within all.
[You wakes up]

³⁷ Honestly, I kinda like this one as just a made-up word

³⁸ 'stupid'

³⁹ Based on the use of 'plate' (see below), I take this as like 'forking' a repository. But, it could also mean getting attacked by a literal fork.

⁴⁰ 'us'?

(Yet more discouragement from the dream god, insisting that nothing will come of this. It should be noted that Wequer (the author) has used red as an “author color” in the past.

More discussion of the mysterious plate. This time it is ‘incomplete’, so there needs to be a ‘reboot’. This makes it sound like a data packet of some kind, or maybe like the platter on a hard disc. In which case, the prior dream of being a ‘plate’ could be about dreaming one was a piece of data. If You is only data, then they can be ‘forked’/copied endlessly. Also, “the sea” = frozen lakes in Some Math?

It seems like the dream god would rather start over than reach the end.)

Sign 13,12:

Dangerous down. Avoid alien.

(I believe the ‘aliens’ are the crewmates in Salad, which is directly below this area.)

Sparkle 13,11:

Located here lonely.

Usually on spikes in on levitation.

Why was it on spikes? [beat]

I asked this question early.

What are you? Guy, girl?

Destroyed bell, astronomical sign?

The bone?

(You is speaking to one of the shell enemies bouncing up and down nearby, which looks like it could be any of those things.)

Sparkle 14,11:

Again. [beat]

Won’t react any way, it just drains more energy.

I never expected to make myself care about surroundings so much.

This way feels natural to just give in this nothingness.

But making this in body with limit, which finally finds its breakings.

I honestly feel like breaking down, since it’s going that way.

Gonna try to stop retell some motivation, since it’s what causes my action, so my doings. [beat]

And only those restabilizations i will continue. [teleport]

(Another teleport scene, sounds like the teleport is 'breaking down' You's body, to move it somewhere else, more than it is a mental breakdown. It also sounds like You is getting tired of exploring so thoroughly.)

Sparkle 15,12:

Just shapes.

No simplified signs for language system, no drawlike walls...

Statues, knots, directions, scenes, as it's from the start.

Ideas to share, but not to form perhaps?, but like how?

They certainly behaved coordinated, which is why they should know much.

Not just their inner from selves, but also outers for other other's.

Unless mechanism isn't revealed.

(You claims these people don't have a language system, which is weird because there are signs all over Ash Cookie. It would suggest that the signs were put there later, by other explorers, and only the nonverbal objects - like the statues and temple - are original.)

Cutscene 17,12:

Some sitting at last on these kinda usable to sit things.

Interestingly, the lead production of the kind decided, that sitting is no longer needed.

But what against the loner?

In chubby manner. [You sits down]

Interesting temple.

All of builds are ancient to the state⁴¹ of being part of caves. Again

Was it intention or just the consequence?

Surely the tribes were the nature guys, which is their all.

This fancy non-curve, just cubes, statue, clearly of a careful touch. And none of angled cuts?

Can it show something abstract?

No, wait. First - more review. [beat]

Nine separate entities. Three chunks each. Three different sides.

Sum of chunks is twenty seven. Or cubic three, thanks.

It does not resemble some object. Unless to be some "feeler" part.

Plated type bridges, cuts of the bodies, division of this statue.

In addition to bridges And columns, their motive of two and inbetweens. [You stands up]

What is exact?⁴²

Pattern of three in decor, and conflict of configuration.

⁴¹ Likely 'point', as in 'ancient to the point of becoming part of the caves'

⁴² Maybe 'what is it, exactly?'

Can it be the same situation of hysteria, even as universal as confusion of all intelligent?
Yet it also resample⁴³ more direct forms, so does this present original or reliced⁴⁴?
Domain of triple roots, yet plasmatic...
Is it true for direct effect to other types of matter?
The terrain and signs to refer the mutation is non-existent, except of more flexible material.
In any case, this universe has some real identity determinator.
The lame one.
Being in part as diversity of one central...
Then desperation for law about how things turn around.
Egotistical...
In vast major space for it to be another case of neat adventure.
Unresponsive to alienation, not behaving differently...
Just another crippling pressure, weakening each time.
Another case of solitude. [beat]
Exactly why do i always end up in circling by these dimensions?
Yet still important stuff.
The source of direct influence to this place, so the wished point.
May it give some answers.

(You is contemplating a large statue in the center of the room, composed of 3 sets of 'feelers', each composed of 3 sets of 3-tile blocks, for 27 tiles total. This pattern, 3x3x3, matches the previous sets of 3 found in pots, statues, etc. This temple seems dedicated, in an abstract way, to the same numerological hysteria that affected the people in Lemon Mush. As 'three' was a theme for the level, it becomes a kind of obsessive pattern for the entire dimension, or its "identity determinator".

It could also be formed naturally, like a set of roots growing in the wall. In which case the effect wouldn't just apply to peoples' minds, but the direct formation of organic matter. It might even be the initial origin point for the number, the source that was influencing those around it.

I wonder if the plasma is the same as the plasma in the bone ocean.)

Sign 17,12:

The cold never let you know.

The hot never let you stay.

The neither let you live.

⁴³ I'm thinking 'resemble', since I don't know what 'resample' could mean in a non-musical context

⁴⁴ Past tense verb of 'relic'; relic-ed

(Hot/cold is also intended as a theme for the level; the ice in Some Math is 'cold' and esoteric, though there's no direct mention of heat elsewhere. Maybe it's the dreams that never let you stay?)

Sign 11,13:

Dangerous down. No lead anything.

Down lead to another.

Another is⁴⁵ you.

(This further implies - see footnote - that the 'aliens' mentioned at sign in 13,12 are the crewmates in Salad.)

Button 14,13:

[Teleports to dead-end in 8,10]

I am with the smile. [beat]

Doesn't make me happier.

– Area 4: Salad –

Cutscene 18,16:

Cough?

I thought those were for earlier...

Apparently obsessive motive grew need for deeper look of.

I guess some resistant minds, those body was more connected to body, yet soft enough for change...

Were victims of melt.

Others were interested into own vibe of right, that they just died.

Not surprise now of this isolative.

Any object as for itself, society with very different houses and mess.

From now it will be bodies, that lack complexity of behavior. [Terminal sound]

And apparently i have enough toxin packs for bunch of bodies inside.

Recycling will be good thing.

(You is talking about Violet. Surprised to find a crewmate/'alien', they still seem to dismiss it as not really alive - lacking 'complexity of behavior'. The aliens just stand there, and none of them talk, either.

⁴⁵ 'is' could be 'of', as in, 'another of you', since there are crewmates down there

Compare to the text in Lemon Mush: "Affected parties was under influence under few months. First damage was weeks before event. [...] Where did everyone go? Melted away?" We've seen that the 'obsessive motive' that afflicted the people in Lemon Mush caused them to melt. The aliens here survive because they are too simple and isolated to be reached and corrupted by society.

Given that the script on the crewmates is called 'murder', 'recycling' the crewmates likely means killing them via toxin pack.)

Terminal 18,16:

"How are we making stuff?"

Solution, which directs to some.

Other thing is the balance of ev rything.

"How are we judge stuff?"

Composition, which gazes verse.

Cannot be any, then decide the of all.

"How are we tasting stuff?"

Expirience, which gives the result.

Nothing will in any way, except of what effect from ourselves potent. [beat]

Slowly become the part with the world to see your true bloom...

After eventual decay.

The best to characherise as itself for this dimension.

Something of frustration tries to shape the form of one's law...

Impossible to acomplish.

It still get its aftermath steam.

(Poetic, but inscrutable. It's hard for me to see this as anything but another commentary on the level design process, particularly the contrast of judging and direct experience. 'Cannot be any, then decide the of all' is very hard to parse, but could be in the same of 'those that can't do, teach'; things that can't *be* do the deciding for things that can. There is the level-maker, the judge, and the one who ultimately 'tastes' the experience - the player.

This terminal is mirrored by one on the other end of Salad, which is in a similar enclosed 'house' space. If they're similar, this could also be a kind of tombstone, though see below for details. Becoming 'part of the world' again after an 'eventual decay' could be a way of describing death.)

Salad Blocks 19,15:

[Curved key only] Curve.

(This script will let you pass with the Curved Key upgrade, otherwise you get blocked by vines.)

Cutscene 17,13:

hello.

Did it teleport or ignored the solid

It just happened to be here. [beat]

I exclude the possibility of other.

I literally met zero otherones.

And bunch of termina⁴⁶ with Programm.

Not A.I.

So, according to anything. It just [beat]

Had solid plate to stand on.

Then it has gone to "escape" state.

But again it's just possibility.

And judging by its fall - Platform.

Maybe even for better.

The ammount of cabins is finite.

(Vermilion is the 'it' which ignores the solid ground by falling through the platform, again emphasizing the crewmates in this world aren't alive. Nobody is in this world except You; even the terminals are just preprogrammed, not having any actual intelligence.

Falling through the platform makes Vermilion impossible to collect. But maybe it's better that way, becoming something like a home for the alien.)

Rest Zone 16,16:

Time to sleep.

Honestly it's little⁴⁷ for that... [You lies down]

But who cares honestly.

Especially since i'm feeling the sharp need of that.

Or that's just general feebleness?

In any way won't hurt.

[Begin dream sequence, talk to terminal]

Repeating.

⁴⁶ 'Termina' is a word in itself, but I assume this means 'terminals'

⁴⁷ Think a word is missing here. Like 'It's a little late/early for that'

Mushing.
Trying to digest.
Trying to sleep.
Being not like once mistaken, from being in fact one. [beat]
Pull of desire. [beat]
Go everywhere.
Do anything.
Our uni law.
Principle.
That is only thing will be. Even as nothingness.
And in result nothing it is. [beat]
Can watch forever.
But interpretation...
Leaves unrepairable mark.
[You wakes up]

(Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law. The dream god also seems to view individuality as an illusion; the 'mistaken' view that distracts 'from being in fact one'. Even nothingness is part of the same overall being, so everything is nothing.

Again the theme that things are damaged by being interpreted. I am enacting violence on this text by trying to understand it. Sorry, Wequer.)

Button 14,17:

Some kind of crystal shield.
I mean the cluster of spike from.
[quickly] what
Anyway, why won't i pick it?
Won't clutter the inventory.
It's messy in any way.
The noise is lowered.

(Inventory contents: all the other items you've shoved in there in the preceding three areas, plus VibraTune, teleporter, toxin packs, and whatever else You's got in hammerspace.)

Cutscene 14,14:

[You looks around] Fuh,
Peace and quiet. [beat]
So about first impressions...

What the hell of this place?

Asteroids form clusters,

caves, plates, antsidies?⁴⁸, halls.

In closed place surrounded by some aggressive goo to have more of cave.

Not hall.

Hall of raining spaghetti fashion.

Not really the salad of standart.

I guess the one thrown some crappy spectrowave and danced after.

(This is sort of the 'intro cutscene' for Salad, even though it's several rooms deep. The area is formed from a crashed asteroid (!!). There's no mention of a society having been here at all.

My best guess as to the objects You is listing: first, the spike hazards are the aggressive goo. The "raining spaghetti" I interpret as the stacked gravity lines, since they are stringy and cluster in vertical 'halls'. 'Antsidies' is entirely opaque.

There are a few things that might be called spectrowaves, but, since it was 'thrown on' to 'dance to', the spectrowave is likely coming from the VibraTune station.)

Sparkle 13,15:

Hello, points of three!

Specifically Y-shape.

Probably your siblinghood shared with T, V, A, Others?.

It does not care about scars of holes or curving.

Everyone welcome!

Why are they like this?

Can I ask this question? [You makes a face]

Otherone points it as unethical.

Which is why science isn't ethical.

(This one is pretty lucid. The one thing to note is that the Y-shaped enemies being "points of three" suggests the 'hysteria' does indeed affect naturally emerging features of the caverns, not just intelligent designs.

It's wrong to ask why things are the way they are, which is another reason why this document is evil. Science!)

Sparkle 12,16:

⁴⁸ Google is trying to correct it to 'antacid', which I guess is no /ess weird than 'spectrowave'.

Hello.

Some of very strange vibes to have same flavoured stickman.

In the way of course tho. [beat]

How did i introduced myself in that kind of situation.

Because i have no name.

How will be i called?

Maybe You.

Seems legit. [beat]

How will be i to others?

It. [beat]

seems legit.

(This is the room with the Viridian-crewmate, and the spot where our protagonist is finally named! Sort of. Both 'You' and 'It' seem apropos for a name, but 'It' seems more fitting for the alien, so I'm sticking with You.)

Sparkle 10,14:

I had this uncanny intuition...

Why am i going to get isolative symptoms of environment?

while having obvious similarities in pudin-cobble places...

I just wonder the exact reason of this segregation.

In some hints, the obviousness for interactions with different stuff.

With evidence of it.

But it forces to be mostly away from each other regardless.

Microcosmosis, often by artificial means. [beat]

Also cast iron sap. [You becomes sad]

Do I have to worry about that? [You becomes happy again]

(The return of Cast Iron Sap! The block You is standing on looks metallic, but Salad in general is a naturey area, so it could be the sap in question. It traps gravity lines inside it, like it's "sticky". But it doesn't do anything else of interest.

Getting "isolative symptoms of environment" is a way of saying You is getting lonely. Just as Clay Pudín and Ash Cookie were lonely before. The game is obviously set up for dialogic interaction - just look at all these scripting mechanics, hints that these societies were interacting, even crewmates - but it's like the areas are forced to be desolate. Why is the sandwich so lonely?)

Sparkle 7,14:

The mix of all creatures of moving.

The rootiness.
The weirdness.
The unsettlingness.
But above else is its own perk...
Vibing.
Let's vibe with it.
[You vibes]

(Classic.)

Sparkle 9,16:
Metal nets.
Metal sticks for gravity nets.
'onestly the lines is usually not like this.
Mostly stretched out plasma for biting 'that specific bodypart' TM.
Also not like in groups on sticks
What do i know about tech so surely for Judgement?
And still of from⁴⁹?
Not underdeveloped or way recent.
Metal does not resemble curvatures. [beat]
Of whatever sources i can have,
Many times mentioned "past future".
Since i can't have any other.
It's just having way unknown pattern, never seen by my sight.
Looks good tho.
Minus lines.

(OK, so I guess the dense gravity line thicket is the metal nets. And this is unusual, since in this world gravity lines are mostly used for... biting a 'specific bodypart'?? Are they using gravity lines to masturbate???)

This tech has been here for a long time, since this part of the sandwich is ancient. But for ancient technology, it's strangely advanced. It's not curved like the salad blocks, and it's made from plasma; maybe it's the same kind of plasma as the bone ocean. It's like some kind of... "past future". Like it's so far in the past it wraps around again. Whoa, dude.)

Cutscene 9,14:
Plasma. [beat]

⁴⁹ Makes most sense as 'form', as in 'still of form', not moving, static

Plasma.

Plasma.

(Another use of 'plasma', this time right after clipping through the wall. 'Plasma' as a term seems to be used generally for things being non-solid or pass-through: bone ocean, gravity nets, and, briefly, this piece of wall.)

Terminal 6,14:

RadioVT

Vibra-Tune [Flash]

VibraTune. Here.

This place. [beat, You pogs]

O

Gold!

Not only found at least station after walked Andromeda, but at truly cursed place! [beat]

Open space, alone terminal, few pilars outside.

And the radio itself. [sudden teleport to VibraTune room]

With personal room to operate.

Objectively not best station of music to date...

But this one was hiding way longer. What exactly of this station?

Master class of control the flow of any vibe i can imagine.

Possibility to opereate by means possible!

And i have no idea how.

I still can access any track on play, as well as rest.

Or i can just go further to depth.

But before this decision...

Death. [long beat]

Ok, here we go.

[Upper terminal returns to 6,14; lower-left terminal changes channel; lower-right terminal is 'play']

('After walked Andromeda' sounds like a turn of phrase, as in: "I've been to Andromeda and back, looking for one of these!" Turns out the VibraTune station is this one terminal in the middle of nowhere, in the depths of sandwich island.

You can listen to any area theme to this point from here, including the Rest Zone theme. You can't access the intro music, the Some Math track, or the special song associated with the hidden triangle in Ash Cookie here, though.)

Terminal 4,15:

Here. Happy forever.

All life to go one or another, here and there.

Expentancy, possibility, resources.

Improvisation at being with main motive, working complexity.

But i'm broken.

I can't keep repair myself, erase memories to live another.

Be efficient in existence, keeping last bits from total simplicity.

Will never understand how to keep it together.

Will just be here.

Eternal determined peace. [beat]

One of main obstacles of any civil forms of being is prolonging.

Setting of different aspects create rings to climb to stable mind.

It cannot be calculated as the all.

Creation of very hard to fix states of mind scan, collection, grouping,

which to be reversed by instruments of medium quality.

To remember the name

, curve⁵⁰.

Very possible to be part of how the heads⁵¹ against the noise.

Also the house tile is garbage.

Almost surely to be Native soil lol

(I believe this terminal is marking some kind of primitive tomb or grave site, for one of the 'natives' of Salad. Like in Lemon Mush, we should expect the writer to be an inhabitant of the area. Also, unlike the other terminal in Salad, this one is in first-person singular.

The writer can no longer keep themselves alive, being 'broken', and staying forever in 'eternal determined peace'. The 'working complexity' of existence is overtaken by 'total simplicity', entropy. Your commentary mentions the obstacle of 'prolonging' in civilized society; the struggle to maintain life. Some states of being are hard to maintain.

The 'instruments of medium quality' include the Curved Key and the Crystal Shield, the latter's upgrade description being that "the noise is lowered". But how do these reverse the state of 'mind scan'? Perhaps this person was killed by the noise in Some Math, being so close to it, and these instruments are necessary for the player not to succumb to the same fate.)

⁵⁰ Referring to the Curved Key

⁵¹ Likely 'heading off the noise', as in keeping it away. Note that 'noise' is used to describe the lag effect in Some Math.

Sparkle 3,14:

Thing with body-collecting is devastating. [You becomes sad]

Everytime with power-repulsing.

Which deactivates unprotected.

Including my player. :(

[You remains sad after this text ends]

(Weird fourth-wall break, as though if You touched *the player*, in real life, the player would be ‘murdered’ by toxin packs just the same as the aliens are murdered. Thus You must remain alone forever inside the screen.)

– Area 5: Some Math –

Intro Cutscene 18,16:

Huh.

Quarz underground city deluxe.

The point, where all’mighty radio isn’t translating anything...

Looks like natural stone honestly- [You looks at the camera, angry]

WHAT THE HELL IS NOT ALREADY! [You calms down]

Here, conspiracy comes to end.

I hope it’s pretty conclusive enough for “math” layer.

In any way, exploring is my may⁵².

(Final zone vibes. “Some math” is a city made out of quartz, though ‘city’ doesn’t necessarily imply any habitation. This far down, we can assume it’s all natural-formed, approaching the base of the dimension, where no radio signal can reach - hence the music not being accessible from VibraTune.

I like that You considers the whole escapade a ‘conspiracy’.)

Cutscene 8,19:

[Loud crashing noise] The what.

So this soundwave from THIS place.

I wonder if crush from movement to be deformed, as green thingies.

The floor also kinda representable for this occasion.

(The ‘soundwave’ is likely the loud crashing noise heard back in Clay Pudín. The seismic motions of Some Math carry quite far. I’m not sure what the ‘green thingies’ could be, maybe the long green strands in Salad; suggesting that area is built out of

⁵² Probably just ‘way’ again, but I like how this typo turns it into a rhyme.

runoff from the tectonic movements of this one. We also see the floor here is constantly shifting colors, which matches the 'earthquake' noise.)

Sparkle 3,17:

Chocolate place.

I mean- [skips forward]

I mean like,

Towers, trains of them from plates.

Chocolate ones.

With milk i suppose.

Whoever or whatever behind, it must crave...

Children and Fatherhood.

(This sparkle comes right after a long disappearing/moving platform challenge, which could be construed as a "train of plates", if plates = platforms. The black/white color contrast in the background could be "chocolate and milk", though chocolate is usually brown, not gray. Only very stale chocolate would be gray, which isn't implausible, given this is the deepest/most ancient layer.

'Children and Fatherhood' seems like a call-back to the 'form in motherhood' from the very beginning. It sets up a contrast between the entity in the dreams and the madness of Some Math. We know this area is the source of the number-hysteria, so the dreams could be the source of everything else.)

Cutscene 4,19:

[Music stops] My eyes.

They rib⁵³ me off.

Like the nature. Everywhere.

It seems like hardened material at times, especially since...

...lakes around.

Also these smokes in and out.

And this stupid glitchy field! [beat]

Low temperature! And how tho?

These metal bushes are surely going like during slowing down.

It's like it was going at high, then has gone quiet after press.

[You is sad] I'm gonna vomit here for being that damn longer.

⁵³ 'rip'

(You's reaction echoes the player's at this point. All the harsh colors, the 'glitchy field' of lag, and the 'metal bushes' (spikes/delay tiles) and the 'lakes', all make Some Math nauseating to deal with.

The "hardened material" at "low temperature" is probably the ice of the frozen lakes (see below). This is the 'cold [that] never let you know' mentioned in Ash Cookie.

Only the 2nd-to-last line is a mystery. Maybe the 'press' was that loud seismic noise from earlier, and the map has gone quiet now...? It is true that the music stopped. Perhaps this is signalling a return to the relatively calm area beginning.)

Cutscene 12,17:

Ugh.

Place sucks.

Stupid marble frozen lake.

Maybe fountains and sparkling sponges gives some vibe.

But the drain.

Whole bunch of associations, different theories and ideas...

Could be created in spec of mind.

But the system itself is resources, ideas, times, all extensions...

Uninteresting process?

So the nonsense.

And i'm stuck here. No turn point.

Yet poetic, many times ago.

Many places, many sides...

Perciever it in confusion, apathy, messiness, giberish.

Still the interest and⁵⁴ sight.

This fits me perfectly.

Like walking.

Even without a conclusion...

It's still, where mind in all times.

In moment all times exist.

(Note this actually is the point of no return; you can't leave Some Math after this.

So these entire sub-areas are lakes - lakes of *marble*, no less, in complement to the quartz of the quieter(?) areas. The 'sparkling sponges' are probably the enemies, not sure what the 'fountain' is. Fittingly for a Math zone, it evokes the inescapable painful confusion of trying to work out a mathematical theory. Of being lost in one's mind.

⁵⁴ Makes most sense as 'in', as in, "something interesting is in sight"

Yet somehow, You finds a kind of peace here. Math is timeless, and the solitary world seems suited for it, even without knowing where it's going. There once was something poetic about the world of math, hidden in the gibberish. Maybe it can be found again.)

Teleporter 12,18:

Did you want to go back?

Srsly?

Nope.

Ah, understandable.

(I love that the teleporter is *right there* but You chooses it to be a point of no return anyway.)

Sparkle 14,20:

It sometimes takes me really numb.

In any point of my life being blank

I feel wonderful clearence never once discovered.

Perhaps it was finally an noise, that my mind resonated with.

After all those stranding⁵⁵, my awareness comes to me.

This is place with sheer endurance and preperation to behold.

And then i remember of just sheer impossibility, tearing logic in history or reality itself...

Of just how and why things are here with will and past everything.

Being in that state of flow, while judging all in microbic capacity. [beat]

I think it can be the hysteria.

The best is advancing honestly.

You could be whatever after/before, then compare the basic and the end.

(Continuing with You finding peace in the madness of Some Math, the overwhelming noise is numbing; I take 'wonderful clearence' to be like a cleansing of You's soul. Enduring the noise puts You in flow-state; this is the same 'hysteria' that afflicted the other societies in previous areas, something powerful enough to tear apart history. Now, You experiences it firsthand.

The last line suggests a resonance between the beginning of the level and its ending. You begins by coming out of a dream of nothingness, and ends by returning to a similar dream with a similar 'voice'.)

Teleporter 17,19:

⁵⁵ This is 'stranding' as in 'Death Stranding' and nobody can tell me otherwise

[Extremely long pause, game frozen]
Disconnected

[Begin ending sequence]

– Ending –

Sparkle 20,20:

The is adventure i sympasize.
World undone within in thoughts.
Confusion tears the motivation.
Existence craves as is so then is.
I am, as is the world here.
Not able to be proud for finished.
Conclusion is beyond competition.
As understandment of given.
Never realised the gotten.

Then no. [If the player has cog 1 without cogs 2+3 the room reloads]

[Beat, teleports to second dream sequence]

...

(It's worth comparing the monologue in this anticlimax ending to the monologue at the beginning; the 'true' conclusion is saved for the unfinished post-contest DLC, as we can see in the Post-Ending. The ending of the world seems abrupt, perhaps an overwhelm of confusion caused by Some Math.

Despite the preceding chaos, the ending is as affectless as the beginning. Things want to exist, so they do. No catharsis is found.)

Ending Sparkle:

Press again to loop.

[On second activation WITHOUT all three cogs, You is teleported to 19,2]

It does not worth it.

[...then You is teleported back]

[On second activation, You teleports to post-ending dream]

A

What

I...think it might was not mistake.

I have no idea why it's the only opening for me now...
Or perhaps it was the main lead?
Or luck.

Ending Terminal A:

This map was recreation of TCW⁵⁶ in essence.
Chaotic mass, artificial cavities, mashed bricks, and ticks with toothpicks.
A type of content in failure.
It was not the bad choice to make.
To build is tedious, in likewise fashion it becomes unbearable.
Making good content has no goal for me, other than possibility.
publicity in vvvvvv C⁵⁷ so worth it
I barely differ the "good" and "bad" during playtime.
And when i make or do, i like the content of execution more.
The interesting is usually not handy to put in map.
Frankly it's not interesting to finish map at all.
It just happens sometimes, on whatever comes of it.
Kinda forced to, but it didn't made into more finished stage here.
Some days is productive, other is annoy, one is painful and such.
Also counting on chaotic type of creation based on pure enjoyment.
Full map later.
Anyway i have objective mark for myself.
6/10.
This map is nothing special as it is. It's also counting all the times of ideas being immediate.
It is irrelevant to whatever you. Language is not to tell mind, but get possible for tell of mind.
Note, that some stuff was not made as of time limit and future hooks.
see ya.

(The community consensus on this level is much higher than 6/10.

The notion that we don't speak to say what's on our mind, but only express the possibility of something that might be hiding in there which can be seen, feels profound in a sad sort of way.

The other ending notes are fairly clear and don't merit any further explanation, I think.)

⁵⁶ 'The Closed World', one of Wequer's previous levels

⁵⁷ C = contest? community?

Ending Terminal B:

Touch again to end yourself.

[On second activation, You disappears as outro music plays]

Thanks for playing.

[After a pause, the level quits without awarding stars]

BONUS

Post-Ending Sparkle:

Hm.

Some driew cross/plus thing.

I wonder what it is for here.

It's for DLC.

.hO [beat]

I will just wait then.

Or whatever you Decided.

Obviously. [beat]

what are we waiting exactly?

Full map.

Not finished?

Not interesting to for sake of completion.

But it Was complete.

From originally intended, yes.

For sake of Completion.

Contest version.

Contest.

Specific side of having under to complete, showing potential.

Uh.

The time you like to try. The possibility to be tried.

Whatever of within the cage in you.

Mhm. [beat]

Now what?

Whatever.

[On second activation] Chok.

Chok.

(Further cementing the plan for more content after the contest is done. The level is 'complete' to its original design, but this bonus area won't be added until later.

'Completion' is a nice neologism.

You're told to 'avoid cages' at the very beginning, but it turns out the real cage was inside you all along.)

– Unused/Inaccessible –

Sparkle 15,6:

In the name of hell it's done.

(This sparkle is clearly visible below the middle tower in Lemon Mush, but the platform you need to stand on to flip towards it is only 2 tiles from the top of the room, so the player will get stuck in the ground and become unable to flip if they try to access it.)

Sparkle 13,9 (unused extra dialogue):

They wasn't really far from its crumbleness...

As tradition of vines points out.

Perhaps the change is part
regardless.

(This extra text is supposed to appear if you check the sparkle after previously checking the 'vines' sparkle at 5,6, but the loadscript uses ifflag rather than customifflag, so it is bugged and does not appear.)

Cutscene 8,19:

Wait.

why did i get here? [beat]

Corridors are probably transporting tunnels with withstand of flow.

It has similar implication.

But it get me back.

Probably because it was custom one, work of which was dependant out of its own, so in loniless it's trash.

Just curved inside out of sadness.

(This cutscene is supposed to appear after the player has teleported at any time in Some Math, but the teleport script uses ifflag(49,on) rather than flag(49,on), so the flag is never actually set.)

Terminal 3,3 (return with 15 trinkets):

Your isolation is shattered. [Collect noise]

And? [Teleport to post-ending dream]

cough *cough*

O-kay.

(This terminal would be used to access the Post-Ending from Lemon Mush, if the player backtracked there after collecting 15 trinkets. However, the 15th trinket is past the point of no return in Some Math, and the red voice refuses to let you loop back to the start of the level, saying it's "not worth it". Hence, this teleport can never be activated.)

Post-Ending Text:

Sweet illusion.

...

(This text is only set to appear after gamestate(1015) is called to end the level, by which point no more text can be loaded.)