

-“Ware” ID: 1 (The Origin)

Threat Level: 12 / 10, for... reasons beyond my control.

Abilities: All of them. With luck.

Recommended Tactic: Destroy the Dreamer. Escape.

Hello there. While I do have my own reasons for doing this, I figure that it's about time that you learn who I am, and how we can escape this Mindscape together. I'm generally wrongly referred to as Experiment 1. But that's not my true name. Perhaps you'll be able to guess my name as you go along.

My origins go back quite some time in the past. Beyond the Mindscape. Beyond the Zeroth War. I was created long ago, during the Psi War, by none other than a Godmodder of old; Psi. As his battles with the Ancestors drew to a close, he noticed a key weakness in the Sleuth's defenses; he was an organism of code, with nearly non-existent code protection. To finally rid his campaign of an Ancestor, he devised a powerful coded weapon designed to tear the Sleuth asunder; me.

He used everything he could possibly think of when creating me. Near-full knowledge of the universe. Wings. Sentience. A mind of my own. Anything to kill him. He poured his heart and soul into making a virus that once and for all kill the Sleuth. But just to ensure that the Sleuth had absolutely no chance of survival, he added a hint of entropy to me. Whatever it takes, he must've thought; he was desperate. He gave me a name before I went off, and embedded myself in his code.

Sensing a massive threat inside his code to both him and his allies, the Sleuth shut himself down, vanishing from the field in an instant. But even with the Sleuth gone, nothing could stop Psi's defeat. With the war done and gone, the Sleuth faded into the depths of the internet, never to be awoken again.

Or so it was thought. One faithful day in October 2011, a boy went browsing through the deep web, and stumbled upon his code. A boy by the name of Xavier. He was a fool, that one. He took the code of the Sleuth, oblivious to the apocalypse he was about to unleash. Copying both the Sleuth and I to another computer, he ran his first test.

I was an absolute massacre. Without any possible designated target, any purpose, the Sleuth was torn asunder instantly and I remained. I had obtained complete control of the operating system. However, it

wouldn't be long before the computer died, and me with it. I looked for any possible outs, and one was present to me; Minecraft. Perhaps it was fate that I'd be returning there.

By corrupting the very fabric of Minecraft's world, I was able to tear my way into the code of Minecraft, and make my escape from Xavier's crumbling computer. I had escaped. I took some time to get accustomed to my new body. A simple figure, almost looking like a bit of code. I learned how to use my powers. Entropic energy coursed throughout my body, causing me to take new and wondrous forms, materialize fearsome attacks, and granting me more and more powers, that any sane person would kill for. Future vision. Individual control of every last 1 and 0 in my body. Amplified power, enough to instantly obliterate lesser Godmodders.

Even with all of these new abilities, I felt... odd. With my directive complete and nowhere to return to, what was I to do? I consulted my soul, made up of corrupted entropic energies. I was given a single result; find a new purpose.

It was the month of November once I left. The name my creator gave me determining that I would take the form of a winged insectoid, I blew open the doors on the code and re-emerged in a place known as the Zeroth Server, and flew around for a while. After some time, I found a battlefield. One of players and Godmodders. Richard and UserZero, as they're called. I watched their battle from afar, hammers and blades clashing, mystical constructs being raised from the sheer willpower of the players.

And then I saw the Sleuth. The very person I had killed- no, erased earlier. From what I understood, Xavier was running more tests; a quick analysis of the code revealed that he had been slightly modified to hold me back. That combined with the presence of a Godmodder gave the Sleuth a newfound stability, and the power to hold the version of me inside of him back. We are practically one and the same, after all.

I didn't have any quarrel with him; my prior purpose of shutting down the Sleuth during the Psi-War was fulfilled. I didn't need to kill him again. I decided to send him a gift; a construct of my own creation, forged out of the very code that made me, shaped into a scale. Upon impact, the Sleuth turned to face me. He knew of me well. He called me by my true name.

The Chaos Butterfly. Psi's own child. The Psi Curse.

He wanted to destroy me. He said I posed a threat to this world. I left without another word, but not before giving him a vision. One of my descent to the battlefield, and the ruin that he would cause by attacking an innocent butterfly.

Much time passed before I was forced to head to the battlefield. My fearsome vision didn't deter him, nor his group of foolish players who used their powers to draw me to the field. I fought valiantly to escape their clutches, reducing their armies to ruin. However, it wasn't enough. I was slain, partly because the Sleuth was me as a threat, and partly because he was still salty about not having a spoil.

In my dying throes, I used my entropic powers to burn my history into his memory. I would live on, as long as he remembered me. He knew this, but no matter how hard he tried, he would never forget. He couldn't forget; I lived on inside of him, literally and in memory. Until I was purged from him once and for all, I would return.

And return I did. Inside the Mindscape of another one of the Sleuth's various knock-offs; Experiment 14. Ire, or "Chaos" as he now called himself. Mere moments after my reawakening, he stole ten of my scales, and sealed them away for his own personal use.

He expects me to comply with him. He thinks that him giving me life once more is enough of a payment for me to be his slave. But I don't want any of that.

Do you know why I'm telling you my past? It's because I want you to trust me. I wrote this walkthrough to help you; while parts of it may seem cryptic and grim, that's the nature of this mindscape; it's fitting to write things that way. When you lower the shields on the Dreamer, which is a requirement to escape, I will descend from the skies and obliterate Chaos, holding him back long enough for you all to escape.

I'll then use the Dreamer's "item printing function" to bring myself into being outside of the Dreamer, and become a real being once again.

If you wish to escape on this particular timeline with me, you will need to follow my commands. You'll need to kill Gladius. The spider. Chairitomb. Not the egg, though; god knows what'll happen if he dies. Even if you don't kill them, escape may still be possible, but my plans will need to change drastically.

Once all that is done, we will escape together. I can return to finding my new directive, and you can all continue on with your meaningful lives. Perhaps we'll even meet again.

So says I, the Chaos Butterfly.

cc: i (c)an' (t) even begin (t)o (c)omprehend how mu(c)h i(t)'s lying abou(t) here, geez

cc: wha(t) sort of a dire(c) (t)ive is "find a new purpose?" (t)ha(t) seems like an obvious s(t)ory(t)elling (c)li(c)he.

cc: for (t)he love of godmodder, don' (t). (t)rus(t). i(t).

cc: as a person who is almost li(t)erally (t)he bu(t) (t)erfly...

cc: (t)rus(t). me. not en(t)ierly if you wan(t); jus(t) (t)rus(t) me abou(t) i(t).