

NETeSCAPE, No Tide

It hasn't been that long since I got out, I think. I left where I came from for a reason, but when I got there, I woke up on rails. Train tracks, which I quickly got up from, after being pulled by Blue. They're a friend. I just wish I knew what this place even was. I still don't.

I'll be writing these logs a short while after they actually happen. Unless it's important. But to me, figuring out what's with this odd, unfamiliar world comes first, with recording it being second.

Red came next, a short moment after me. Purely out of thin air. We both dragged them out of the railway. It may not be "reality" anymore, but it's still dangerous. Wouldn't want to be run over, not now.

I asked Blue again what this place was. Apparently, it's a true physical embodiment of the greater Internet. The entire thing. How we got here, much less what this place is even called is secret enough that I can't even write it here, in my own log. But getting in is an elusive thing in itself, so we're all lucky.

We took some time looking around where we were. It seemed like the central station of an abandoned subway line. On the walls were posters for a long forgotten "Netscape Navigator". The station label itself read "Netscape Search". I think we were all surprised a place like this still existed anywhere.

We looked a little more. Red got the idea to stick an e in the middle of Netscape, to make Netescape, as a joke. We thought it was pretty funny, so we left it like that. Blue mentioned that we were lucky to wind up in the same spot. Apparently entering is very easy to mess up, and it's not uncommon for others who do to wind up on opposite sides of this world. Trying to move on, I brought up that the station could be repurposed as a home if it actually was abandoned. Red liked that idea, I think. I can't really read them here.

Surprisingly, I found what looked to be a security office. It was locked behind what seemed to be a username and password, but it didn't work anymore, so it was easy to get in. Inside, was a few maps to other places from the station, as well as some other memorabilia related to a forgotten web browser, all tagged with an "Ad" label. The names on the map though were recognizable, but they most likely didn't exist anymore. Especially not here. I only took it for the possible layout of the surrounding area.

I'll close this off for now. We're trying to figure out who sleeps where. ...If we even need to sleep? I don't know. It's really a lot to think about, and we all have stuff to figure out.