This is not for you

Introduction

There’s not a lot that can be explained at this point. If you’re reading this, I already assume you know what you are- what I was, before I found myself inexplicably entwined with this awful thing. There may be a myriad worlds out there, but there’s things- even places- you can’t escape as easily as just leaving them. Places that stick with you, in you. Places you feel you can never leave.

I’m so tired. Haven’t been able to sleep well for a long time, haven’t bothered sleeping for longer than I should have, hate the thought of it, staying awake this long only to leave behind anything I can for idiots like you who poke their noses in where it doesn’t belong. Maybe you’ll come out this more whole than I could, get to the bottom of it all.

Not that I’d recommend it.

You get O-CP

HOUSE OF LEAVES
by
Zampanô
with introduction and notes by
[redacted]

2nd Edition

I

The Furies are at home in the mirror;
it is their address.
Even the clearest water, if deep enough,
can drown.
-R.S. Thomas

Despite common criticisms about it's characters and the myriad different pet theories of just about every single critic that gets its hands on the piece, ***The Jumper Record*** remains one of the fixtures of 'cult' film media of our time, perhaps in truth aided by the legion of skeptics ready to flood pages upon pages with explanations about the 'practical effects' or how the obviousness of so-called computer generated imagery renders it's horror less effective. They say no press is bad press- but perhaps it's simply that no piece is quite dead while it's still spoken about, and indeed the commonly accepted canon of the piece seems to shift with every decade and the occasional analysis rising to prominence. One can, however, delineate the schools of thought involved when it comes to the main character in a few prominent theories, which will be important for our analysis:

-The "Drop-In" Theory: Namely, the idea that the so-called "Jumper" has no important backstory to speak of, a clear audience surrogate meant to enmesh those watching the piece into it's story with a relatable everyman as it's point of view. A found-footage film, after all, seeks to immerse the viewer in the presumed"real" events.
-The "Auteur" Theory: The protagonist of the piece has a clear bent towards artistic analysis and interpretation, a talent clearly visible in how their 'live' footage is recorded with visible intent that goes beyond the piece being merely usable for film. Of course, an artist with a wounded soul leads to a more emotional analysis of the piece, and many have argued the house is nothing but a metaphor for their inner struggles that they may yet resolve.
-The "Soldier" Theory: Enjoyed by fans of action/horror movies, this theory ignores any possible deeper subtext- a monster is a monster, and the shifting, changing erivironments are nothing more and nothing less than a horror, a malignant cancer sleeping within the heart of suburbia.

[-Here’s how this is going to work out for you. Nothing in this life comes for free, and this isn’t the sort of place where answers come easily, but I’ll lay out the basics for you clear as I can.

-If you chose “Drop In”, I don’t got much to tell you. To be honest, there’s no easy explanation for the things in that place, it’s a mystery where you only have half the pieces. Could be anything in there.
-If you chose “Auteur”, well, take a look inside your own head. Some sort of purgatory, maybe, some kind of fucked-up representation of your inner demons, and in this place, they may as well bite.
-If you chose “Soldier”... They definitely bite. Lucky you know how to fire a gun, huh?

Was there a monster in that place, or was it just my imagination? I couldn’t tell you. The more I think about it, the more I worry it won't be for you. The more I think it might have followed me out, that I let it free.]

Within these theories are a few commonalities, so obvious to ***The Jumper Record*** so as to be unmissable:

The **Location** is, of course, Ash Tree Lane [0]
The year is 1996. The protagonist has just bought a house, settled in, moved all that was of value and importance to them into those rooms and halls that seem ever-so-inoffensive in the first few sequences of film, recorded candidly- perhaps for friends and acquaintances so far away that they cannot attend a housewarming party. They do not yet know- nor even suspect- the things that dwell in that home, and no signs of its future horror are present in these lovely vignettes.

[Drawbacks:
Here 's the stuff. The bad stuff, as it were. I told you things don’t come for free- you gotta give up something if you want something, and trust me, you *want* something to survive this, no matter what it costs you.

[+100/+200] Trauma: This one can be taken for damage you already have in your head prior to coming here, in case you already have enough demons in there. For 100, it’s something like an anxiety disorder, a particular fear of dark or tight spaces, something you have to fight against but can overcome. For 200? You’ve done some fucked up shit before, and it’s haunting you. And the place? It knows what you did. You can tell.

[+100/+200] Lost Horizon: Your sense of direction is…awful, to avoid mincing words. For +200, it’s worse, the longer you spend in those dark corridors and empty rooms, the worse your sense of direction seems to get in the “normal” geometry outside of Ash Tree Lane, as if that place was beginning to damage your brain’s ability to understand space at all.

[+200] Addiction: Alcohol, acid, meth- whatever your poison is, it’s pretty awful, and you need it. You especially crave it when dealing with all this paranormal stuff. Going through withdrawal while dealing with the intrusions of everything else on your normalcy is not going to be easy in the slightest.

[+200] The Fraying of the American Family: You don’t have a good relationship with people around you. May be an abrasive personality, may be jealousy for your success- whatever it is, it’s gonna be a struggle to mend those bridges with all the pressure this

place’s likely to put on your bonds with those around you. Careful you don’t lose anybody you care too much about.

[+200/+400] Reston’s Wire: There’s no two ways around it- you’re crippled. You took some damage at some point that cost you your mobility- for 100, this is something like a limp, or feet that have a tendency to bleed and hurt like hell if you walk on them too long, something impairing, especially in a place like this, not as dangerous as the other option. For 400? You’re bound to a wheelchair, and you’re likely to need a lot of help inside those goddamn shifting corridors.

[0]- Or not. Maybe this place isn’t Ash Tree Lane. Maybe that damn place showed up in another world entirely. Maybe you still have your powers, maybe you still have all your shit. Won’t help you any. That place changes- it’ll eat up anything you throw at it. Being able to fly won’t save you from not seeing any ground for weeks, being immune to hunger won’t keep it from eating at your mind, and no matter what kinda magical stick you have in there, it won’t be enough to keep it from disappearing if you so much as forget for a moment, put it aside for an instant. Good luck.]

II

Nothing is so painful to the mind
as a great and
sudden
change
-Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*

Sadly, despite the quaint joy and homeliness that fills ***The Jumper Record*** in its first few sequences, knowledge of the piece on rewatches- or indeed, in the current age, by simple cultural osmosis- lends the whole thing a tragic air, putting in sharp relief the fragility of these moments of warmth and light in what will soon become a much stranger and more uncanny piece. The German word for uncanny is "unheimlich", which is worthy of some consideration. In anxiety one feels uncanny. Here the peculiar indefiniteness of that which our character finds itself alongside in anxiety, comes proximally to expression: the "nothing and nowhere". But here "uncanniness" also means "not—being—at **home**."[1]

It begins, of course, when Jumper isn't at home. An unrecorded moment- a grocery trip, perhaps, a weekend at a friend's house- we are never given an idea of the time spent beyond the confines of the house, only that time has passed, and in that unknown sliver of time something momentous has occurred.

The home at Ash Tree Lane, imperceptibly except by the gap between the wall and the furniture that wasn't there before, has grown.

It is not too long before, in moving the furniture- trying to put it back in place, or perhaps to move it elsewhere- a door is found, previously obscured.

We are then presented with a title card:

---

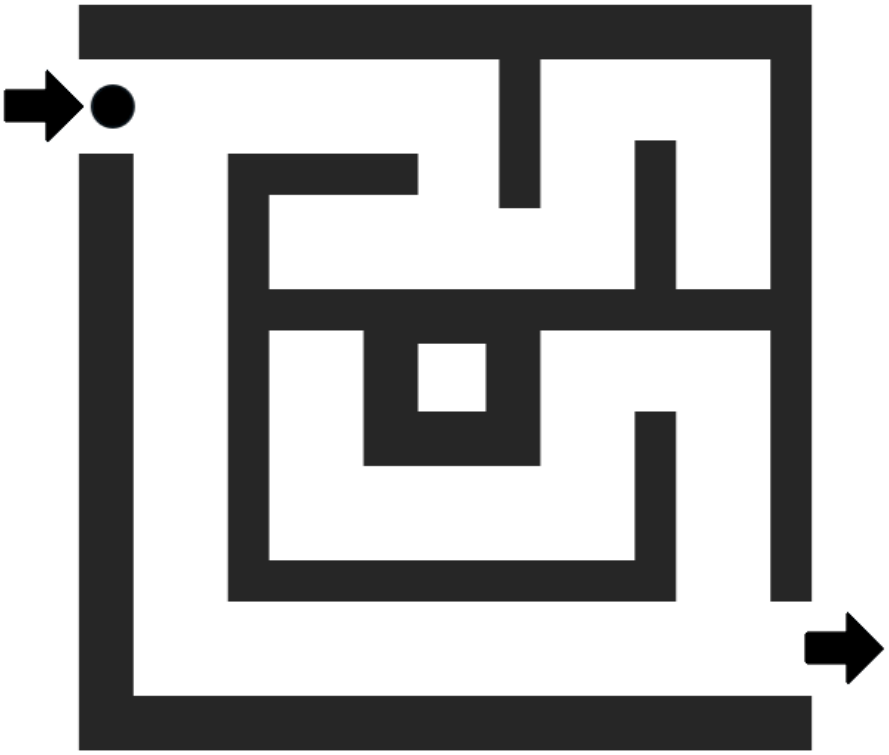
[1] The English word uncanny merits some exploration. While lacking the Germanic sense of "home," uncanny builds its meaning on the Old English root *cunnan* from the Old Norse Kunna which has risen from the Gothic *Kuniwn* (preterite-present verbs) meaning know from the Indo-European (see OED). The "y" imparts a sense of "full of" while the "un" negates that which follows. In other words, un-cann-y literally bre aks down or disassembles into that which is li of ing or conversely fljj of j ing; and so without understanding exactly what repetitive denial still successfully keeps **repressed** and thus estranged
See also Anthony Vidler's The Architectural Uncanny: Essays In
The Modern Unhomely (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 1992).

Expedition I

It is the human instinct to explore. Our greatest fear, they say, is the fear of the unknown, but so it is that our greatest strength lies in how much we've *made* known of the world around us- when presented with such a situation in film, it's often the lowest form of critique forms along the lines of calling out the characters for their stupidity. For going alone into a dark place, for not calling the police, or any other number of things they deem insufficiently "smart", which they claim makes the protagonist unrelatable, ignoring that the character themselves has no reason to believe themselves the protagonist. Perhaps they believe, indeed, that they could leave a mysterious door very well alone. Resisting the allure of the unknown in one's own home-that which should be thoroughly known if one is to sleep soundly- is a difficult task.

That does not mean, of course, that our protagonist challenges it unprepared, once they realize the magnitude of what lies behind that door.

What follows is the first venture into the darkness of that place.[2]



[2] [A simple maze for children. Surely you can solve this, right?]

[Well. Here you go. Knock yourself out.]

[
[100]-Companion import: Going at it alone is a terrible idea. Frankly, the first time I went in was a nightmare- me and my wife got separated, lost. She managed to come out first, waited for hours and hours before I managed to come out. At least I had someone waiting for me to come out, though. That's what kept me going.

Companions can take drawbacks as normal.

DROP-IN:
[100]- I've Seen Footage: You're pretty good with horror. Hell, you've probably seen hundreds of amateur projects and all the classics on the big screen- you've got a knack for it, you recognize it, you endure it. It's not less scary, wandering those halls, but you've got a way to keep your head clear while you're scared.
[200]-Analog Horror: Digital measurements, fancy high-res cameras, drones, RC cars with sensors strapped, none of that shit is *reliable* and you know it. You know how to get your hands dirty. You've got a way of making do even in places where your supplies and technology are being disrupted, figuring out how to keep everything running in paranormal conditions. Plus, at least the footage will be clean, huh?
[400]- [redacted] Killed the Radio Star: You're not the first person in that place. Just look at my sorry ass. Still, you're a lot better at finding stuff from the previous people embroiled in whatever mess you're in- audio logs, diaries, torn notes.

Nothing stays in the house for long. Maybe it likes tossing it to you.
[600]-**Found** Footage: You're not the only person with more curiosity than sense. Your notes, your research, your video and audio recordings- it's got a way to find its way into the hands of people who'd dig further. If you're irrevocably trapped, lost, or otherwise in a fate that's not quite death- not yet- you'll find that, mysteriously, other people have managed to find your notes and come to rescue you. Think of it like an 1-Up in case you fuck up and get captured by an evil cult or whatever.

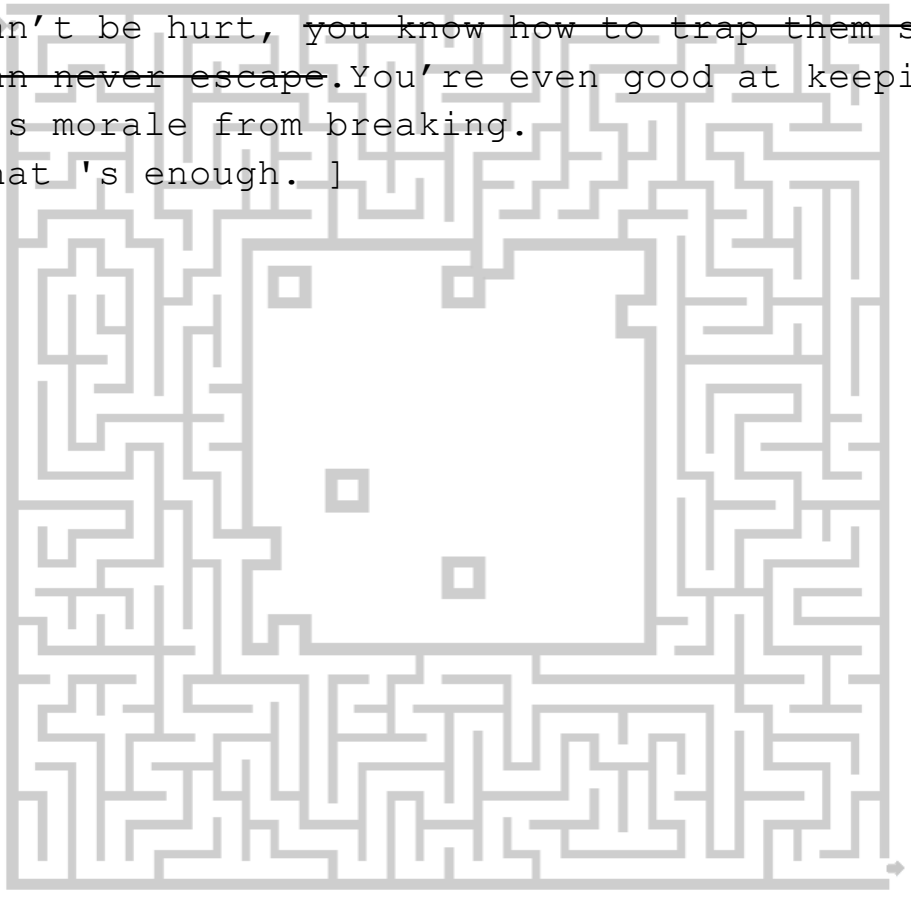
AUTEUR-
[100]-Vision: You've got talent. An odd way to look at the world, a unique sort of perspective that gives your works a certain pretentious *je-ne-se-quois* critics and people with too much time on their hands love. You could probably make it big in whatever one thing you chose to focus on.
[200]-Commitment: Someone less polite would call you obsessive. Whatever it is you want to do, you're entirely willing to sacrifice time and resources to see it through to the end- pushing through pain, sleeplessness, whatever it is. Can't be good for you, though, long term.
[400]-Perspective: Sometimes it's nice to look back on your work. Sometimes it's fucking awful- you get to see the ugly parts of yourself you've spent years trying to polish off, the stuff you'd rather not think about and be reminded of. You've got a pretty good perspective, though- finding it easier to recognize your own mistakes when necessary and figuring out what the source of your problems might be. Especially if it's yourself.

(Might be handy if you're trapped in some sort of purgatory[3], though)
[600]-Awake: Sometimes it takes someone who's a little bit skewed to really move through a place that's more than a *little* fucking skewed. When it comes to spaces that are subjective or otherwise liminal, places that shift and change under no control of your own, that what an artist does is impose rules onto a blank canvas to produce art.
Do you understand?
Sorry if that's a little abstract.
What you can do is shift your own perspective, and you'll find those places changing- on some level- to go along with that shift. If you think back on someone you love, focus on them with all your heart, you may find the shifting corridors open a path to them, though it may not be easy.
Of course, this may do bad things if all that's on your mind is fear. ~~Try not to create your own monsters~~.

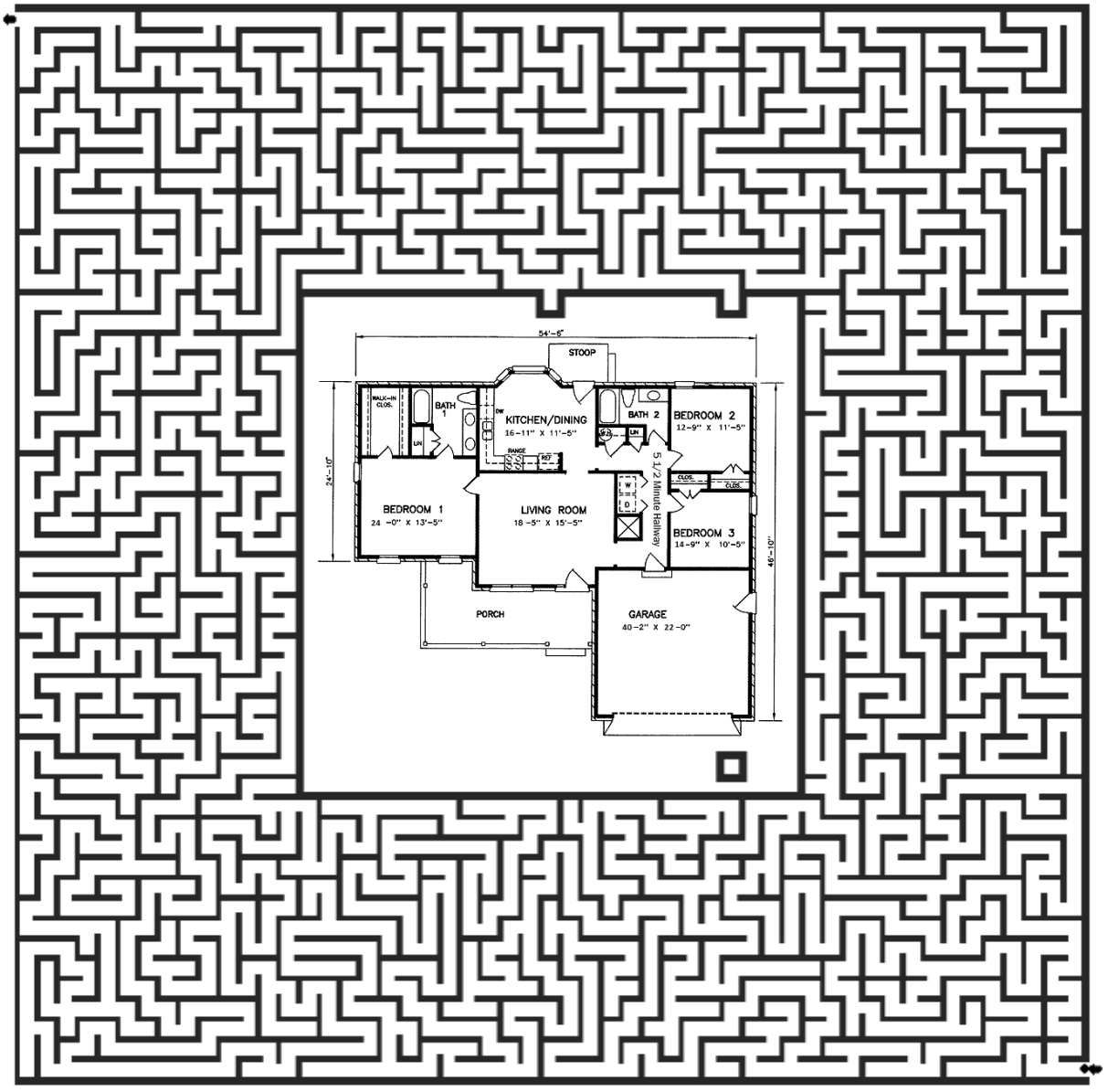
SOLDIER:
[100]-It's *my* house: You gotta know it, inside and out. You're real fucking good at setting a perimeter, mapping out places that can be mapped, setting a Forwards Operating Base even if it must be in your own goddamm closet. You can fortify places and are pretty good at keeping an eye on even minute changes. Plus, you're good at staying up late to keep watch, just in case.
[200]-Castle Doctrine: You put the "survival" in "survival horror". You can handle yourself with all sorts of guns, know how to fend yourself with a combat knife, and generally have a level of fitness

[3] The root of "purgatory" is from the Latin '*purgatorium*', itself from the verb '*purgo*' or "to cleanse". Thus, purgatory is understood here as a place of cleansing through suffering and simultaneously also as a place trapped between what *is* and is-*not*.

and knowledge as if you'd passed basic military training.
[400]-Text: Esoteric metaphor and convoluted sorcery mean nothing before the awesome and dreadful power to simplify situations that violence has. Paranormal phenomena of all kinds unravel at the seams when you apply enough force- Magical bindings, the walls of the ~~labyrinth~~, all can be reduced to the simple application of force.
Provided you've got enough.
[600]-Take Control: The greatest fear is the fear of the unknown. The unknown's greatest fear is you.
Is that what you think?
You think you and a few other people with guns can go into that fucking house and come out unscathed just because you're good with guns? Because you're good at coordinating, at taking command?
Fine.
You're good at those things. Hell, if there's a monster, you know how to find it- how to track down supernatural things. You're so good you can even figure out how to hurt things you've never even thought existed before after a bit of study, and if they can't be hurt, ~~you know how to trap them so they can never escape~~.You're even good at keeping people's morale from breaking.
Hope that 's enough.]



hey, do you hear that-



You Are Here

[Can you hear it?
The grinding around you as the walls shift within the labyrinth.

In English, the words “labyrinth” and “maze” are generally understood to be the same, but experts make a distinction between the two. In this specialized usage *maze* refers to a complex branching multicursal puzzle with choices of path and direction, while a unicursal *labyrinth* has only a single path to the center. A labyrinth in this sense has an unambiguous route to the center and back and presents no navigational challenge[4]. The world itself has a pre-Greek origin whose meaning is uncertain, though its modern conception is clearly shaped by ~~the story of King Minos and the Minotaur, a creature born from an illicit encounter between the queen and a bull. In this story it serves of course as a prison for King Minos’s deformed son~~

~~The father of that place—be it Minos, Daedalus, [ ], St. Mark’s God, another father who swore “Begone! Relieve me from the sight of your detested form.,” a whole paternal line her following a tradition of dead sons—vanished long ago, leaving the creat[ ]e within all the time in history to forget, to grow, to consume the consequences of its own terrible fate. And if there once was a time when a [ ] slain[ ] that time has long since passed. “Love the lion!”~~
~~“Love the lion.” But love alone does not make you Androcles. And for your stupidity your head’s crushed like a grape in its jaws. [296—Pale [ ] allusion to the li[ ] here [ ].~~

[4] Kern, *Through the Labyrinth*, p. 23.

~~[At the risk of stating the obvious no woman can mate with a bull and produce a child. Recognizing this simple scientific fact, I am led to a somewhat interesting suspicion: King Minos did not build the labyrinth to imprison a monster but to conceal a deformed child— his child.]~~ Reconciliation within is personal and possible; ~~reconciliation without is probable. The creature does not know you, does not fear you, does not remember you, does not even see you. Be careful, beware [ ]]~~

III

Am I now free? Hahaha!
Really free?
Thus greets thee this, my freedom's
first word!
As by curse came it to me,
accursed be then this ring!
-Richard Wagner, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*

Freed thus from the confines of the house after the first expedition, ***The Jumper Record*** spends a few moments in the aftermath of such momentous and disturbing events. The recovery, the conflict between lived experience and what one thought the world was like- the clash between what one "knew" and what one has "seen" become the centerpiece of the silent, internal war at the center of the next few pieces. Fresh out of Plato's allegory, for the first time the characters have stepped out of the cave and seen the world that is instead of the mere shadows present in their daily lives, away from the comfort of measured science and into the cold madness that dwells beyond its well-defined bounds.They have left the shadows only to find something darker still.

And it is terrifying. It must be said, after all, that ***The Jumper Record*** did not gain its acclaim for nothing.

In the aftermath of Expedition I, the lull in the action only signals its eventual return. The unknown- the *unheimlich* - cannot coexist with what we call a home, and it is this friction that builds up to the rest of the film . One cannot turn away from the lure of the impossible once they're in its grasp.

Perhaps some could, but the 'heroes' of our piece?

Perhaps it's as simple as the fact if they turned away there wouldn't be a story at all.

And so the conflict resolves and they step into the darkness of the **unknown** once more.

Expedition II
HOUSE OF LEAVES
THE CYOA

You gain 10 🏠

(🏠🏠🏠 🏠🏠🏠 🏠🏠🏠 🏠)

To spend on Items

🏠The house

[God is a house. Which is not to say our house is God's house or even a house of God. What I mean to say is our house is God]

3x 🏠- Guns

[A rifle chambered with .300 magnum bullets and a Desert Eagle for a sidearm.]

3x 🏠-Supplies

[Camping Supplies. You know, rope, food , water, first aid, ,knife, flares, light , no compass, no map wouldn't work anyways]

3x 🏠- Feng Shui

[What good will this do in a place such as this? This is a collection of items that help organize the energy of a house. Makes you more relaxed even if things are going bad]

3x 🏠-Camera

[Actually a very good set of recording equipment. Stuff you make with this tends to find its audience with. more ease than you'd think.]

3x 🏠-Reprieve

[A poison of your choosing. Alcohol, drugs, whatever. Could be a nice lay. Important bit is not thinking]

3X - MYSTERY BOX

house

IV

"Little solace comes
to those who grieve
when thoughts keep drifting
as walls keep shifting
and this great blue world of ours
seems a house of leaves
moments before the wind."
Mark Z. Danielewski, *House of Leaves*

As can be seen in the last few sequences of ***The Jumper Record***, it is quite difficult to tell if an expertly told tale will have a happy ending or not except by charting the points of the journey- even as one ventures into darkness and faces terror that seems impossible to escape, it is the motions underlying the greater narrative that point towards its conclusion. What seems at moments like an uniquely bleak and hopeless piece may in the end- with the benefit of hindsight- be lit up by countless small moments of hope and joy that build up towards a conclusion that feels altogether natural, even if it doesn't solve every question and tie every knot.

Life, as it turns out, rarely does.

[There are, of course, rewards.
If you cleared this jump in Gauntlet Mode, you get to keep the house free of charge- not sure why you would, but you can let it replace your Warehouse as well, in case you want the infinite space. Since you cleared the Gauntlet, it will not try to cut your limbs off or kill you, though it may still be somewhat difficult to find your property in there.

If you simply took the house as an item purchase…you'll have to find a way to control it yourself.]

Y g g
d
r
a
s
i
l

What miracle is this? This giant tree.
It stands ten thousand feet high
But doesn’t reach the ground. Still it stands.
Its roots must hold the sky

[Notes

Made by Unagi.
The mystery box gives you what’s in the mystery box. Or it may, in fact, give you Zampano’s notes on your own misadventure.]