

SAVE EVAN SMITH

INFORMATION COMPILED BY
KENNY KATAYAMA

A Word from the “Author”

What follows is the sad account of a man, Evan James Smith. A man subjected to torture, to games, to the puzzles of the human mind.

Did the media try to help him?

No.

Did the police care to find him?

Never.

People went on with their own selfish lives while Evan’s mystery was left unsolved.

The only men who took interest in saving him were random members of forums, specifically the people at Unfiction.com. Even they did not truly care about his life. To their imaginations, this was all just game.

I am merely a messenger trying to get down every crucial fact that has occurred.

Hopefully, this text may provide the clues that are necessary in preventing another such crime.

Though I am the one providing the information, it is your duty alone to analyze these pages like any other puzzle piece in this ongoing case.

Good luck,

Kenny Katayama

December 14th, 2008

A website appears:

www.saveevansmith.blogspot.com

The title reads:

“You wish to save a man's life. All I ask for in return is fame. Make the world aware and he shall be free.”

Under the text are four images:





A counter is included at the bottom right of the page to count the number of times the website is visited. It is titled:

“5,000 - Watch your calendar”

ARG, or Alternate Reality Game, players at:

www.unfiction.com

begin visiting this website thinking it is some sort of fictional game. They discuss theories as to what the pictures and the counter mean. “1-11” can be seen in the first two

images. They put two and two together and conclude that a man by the name of Evan Smith is going to be killed on January 11th (1-11) unless the counter reaches 5,000 views before then.

These 'players' begin to frantically visit the website multiple times to make the counter hit its 5,000 mark.

December 15th, 2008

The saveevansmith website is updated. A new message reads:

"Is there life before death? -Graffito"

Following the message is an eerie audio clip that is altered and hard to understand. A member of the Unfiction boards, **TheBruce**, manages to type up most of the audio clip.

TheBruce's translation:

"Do you like games? Do you like to play games?"

Because this isn't a game at all.

I want the in...(?) Be happy with that.

Because at the same time I absolutely don't care.

You don't want to take this seriously,

Well then you know what's going to happen."

There is a pause and the word "Five thousand" is heard at the very end of the clip.

People continue to visit the page, making the counter rise slowly to 5,000.

Dec 16th, 2008

Degravedi on Unfiction:

"Well, the counter is past 5000. I wonder what Mr. Attention Seeker will do now."

TheBruce on Unfiction:

"I'm just waiting for a boy-who-cried-wolf situation; one of these days, it'll be real, and we just won't bite. 😊"

Pancito on Unfiction:

"How to avoid the dilemma? I suggest we let the local law enforcement agencies handle this. I know we are all wonderful and stuff, but we really aren't equipped to deal with the situation. Or we can treat it as a game where the PM thinks it's ok to hold players hostage and play fast and loose with the TOS. Is there another option? Maybe I'm missing something."

No effort is made to contact the local law enforcement.

Save Evan Smith is updated once more. This time by someone very different:

"Hi this is not the creator of this blog. My name is Cunningham. I don't really know much more than you do but I happen to have some resources that will interest you."

Cunningham's message is followed by a link to his website:
www.wherisevansmith.blogspot.com

Dec 16th, 2008, 8:39 PM

On Cunningham's blog- The Evan Smith Situation:

“Recieved an address. What is going on?”

If you are reading this, than you have most likely heard about the incident involving a certain individual who goes by the title mother_nature as well as his website:

www.saveevansmith.blogspot.com.

The purpose of this blog is to try and explain exactly what has been going on lately to the few who have been following this supposed ARG. Unfortunately this is no ARG at all... this is the “boy-who-cried-wolf situation” thebruce spoke of.

I learned about this crisis through my office in the Beverly Glen area. One of my employees knew Evan Smith but could not explain much more than what the website offered. He was very helpful though in telling me that the Smiths live in Beverly Hills which is very nearby. I am no detective but such peculiar cases -especially those internet related- have always intrigued me...

As stated earlier, the man who created the Save Evan Smith website goes by the name mother_nature. I know as much about this character as those following this sickening "ARG". After some persuasive discussion, though, I was able to obtain mother_nature's gmail account (mothernaturesmessenger@gmail.com) thanks to a friend I have at Blogger. This minor piece of information seemed pretty insignificant but faced with a Saw-like character, I decided that sending him an email would maybe produce some kind of a reaction. I received nothing for a day and expected my efforts to be pointless. Obviously that isn't the case since I'm posting this. A few hours ago, a message finally appeared in my inbox which had three lines:

-The first line simply read: “I STAY TRUE TO MY WORDS”.

-The second line was his... account and password.

-The third was an address.

I'm currently seated in the back seat of a local police vehicle hoping that we arrive in time to the destination indicated and that this mother_nature truly does “stay true to [his] words”. Even if this isn't some kind of Jigsaw copycat scheme, I have no way of knowing where this is leading or what I am getting myself into. I'll let you know exactly what is going on as soon as I can. Make sure you check back.

Cunningham

Edit:

Tried to send him more emails. Not answering.

That was kind of expected.

Typing quickly because I'm in a hurry.”

December 17th, 2008, 4:28 PM

Cunningham makes a new post on The Evan Smith Situation:

“Far from over?”

Excuse me guys, I tried posting earlier but my wireless card thing was not working (as usual). I had to wait until I got home to post this. I HAVE SO MUCH TO TELL YOU!

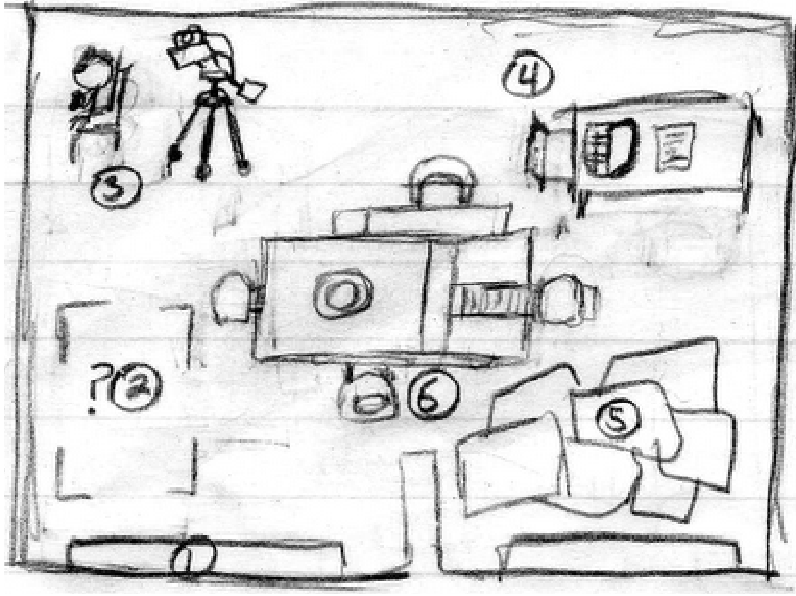
The address I was sent led us to a closed storage facility. We asked around and managed to get a few words from a guy working in the office on the other side of the road. The guy told us that this storage company went out of business two months ago and sold the building to a company known as Grand Gaia Industries. I looked this company up and found a small Grand Gaia website. Later, though, I tried finding the site again but it had disappeared from my search engine. I remember it was made on [SynthiaSite](#) but I haven't gotten the time to really look it up yet.

That was pretty much all the guy told us. He mentioned that a man was often seen entering and exiting the storage but it was always assumed that he was hired to maintain the place.

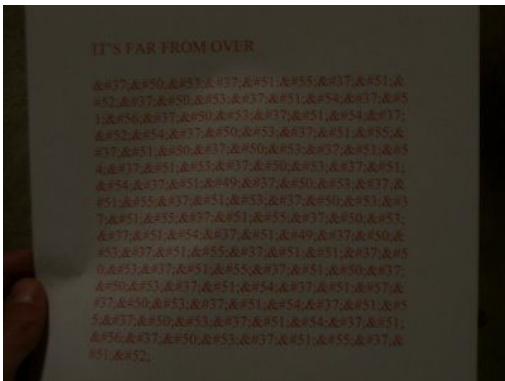
To me, it seemed that the place had barely been touched for a good length of time. It would make sense that mother_nature was misleading us as a method of stalling our efforts. Nevertheless, we went to check the storage out. The cop told me to stay outside while he checked the place.

At first there was nothing but then I heard him curse very loudly and ran in out of fear for him. He was fine but in looking around the room I immediately knew why he had exclaimed such an obscenity out loud...

The police forbade me from taking pictures but I did manage to sketch the basic top-down view of the chamber:



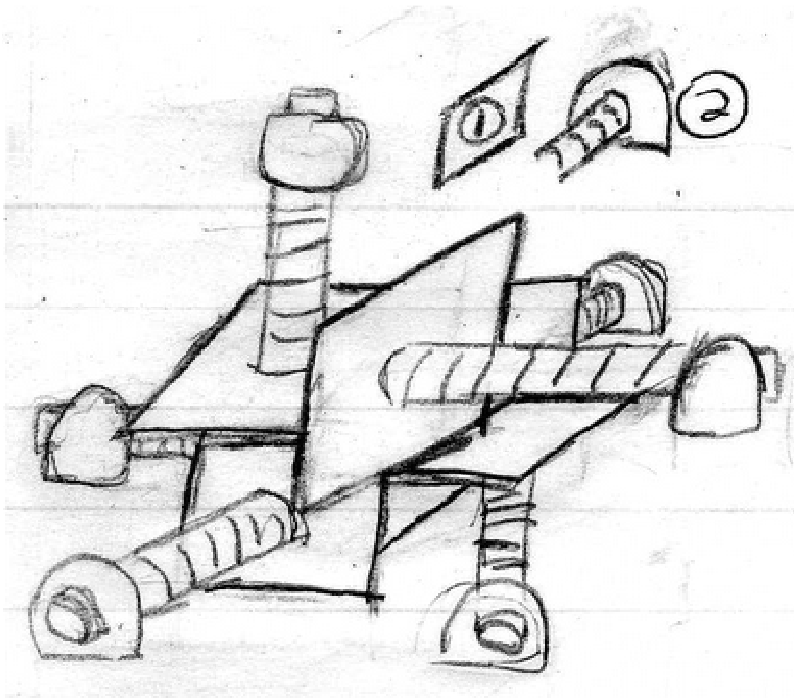
- 1) This is the mechanical door seen in the pictures. I'm pretty sure.
 - 2) This seems to be the place where the car was in the corner. Not sure though...
 - 3) EVAN SMITH - yes we found Evan Smith with his face covered and his arms tied to the back of his chair. He was facing the corner of the room screaming a muffled "help" when we entered. Behind him was a tripod and mounted was a gun and a camera. The gun's trigger was rigged with a pressure system. Both the pressure system and the camera were connected to a timer designated to activate at 1:23AM on January 11th. Jan 11 obviously alluding to in the 1-11 sign the victim was holding.
- Evan was too weak to say much. He thanked us and immediately collapsed in the cop's arms. Not long ago, he woke up and has recovered slightly but nobody is able to make conversation. He refuses to speak.
- 4) There was more to this place than just Evan. At the corner across from where we found Evan, we found a table with a laptop computer and a message from our mysterious mother_nature:



More games... the computer was password locked (of course). I assume he is giving us some kind of code. If anybody can help me out with this, feel free to leave a comment.

5) Just boxes. After we called the police department for an extra hand, a group of the men screened them for anything informative but they are most likely related to the storage company from before.

6) I doubt a storage company would need a tool like this. I didn't notice anything about this giant piece of machinery at first since it matched with the color of the walls. When I fully grasped its complexity, though, I realized that nothing like this had ever been built before. Here's my "artist's rendition" of whatever it is... the drawing sucks:



1) The main parts of the thing. They seem to be walls made of something really solid... I'm as much a construction specialist as I am an artist.

2) The small spherical pillars that come out of the ground (and roof) have giant screw-like objects extending into the walls that I mentioned in 1. There are six in total and they seem to control the movement of the walls. I have no clue how this works...

I'm extremely confused as to why mother_nature would build such an enormous thing, especially after finding Evan undamaged. I hate to say it but this mad man just may be right in saying that it isn't over. With such a mysterious machine suddenly coming into play, this search for answers seems anything but over.

Cunningham”

Atropanoctrurna on Unfiction:

“<http://grandgaia.synthasite.com/>

That may be the site he talks about in the blog.

Going to look around a bit more.”

It is indeed the website Cunningham mentions. The contents of the Grand Gaia Industries website are as follows:

“Welcome to the GAIA Industries website. Here at GAIA, we push to bring comfort and performance to the customer by testing and perfecting current innovations in the fields of technology.”

“Expansion: Grand Gaia recently purchased a small storage facility on the border of Beverly Hills. Plans are to transform it into the new Grand Gaia Industries - California Division. Though the project is only in its preliminary stages make sure you visit the 'Contact' section so Grand Gaia can get a rough idea of the workforce available. Construction shall begin sometime in the near future.”

“**MISSING:** Fred Davis, employee as well as manager of the new California division, has not been seen or heard of for more than a week. Davis was supposed to meet some high school friends in Southern California for 5 days but he has not returned. The friends have no clue to where he could possibly be. One joked that Fred was ‘already flaking on the job’ while another commented that he ‘seemed perfectly fine when he left’.”

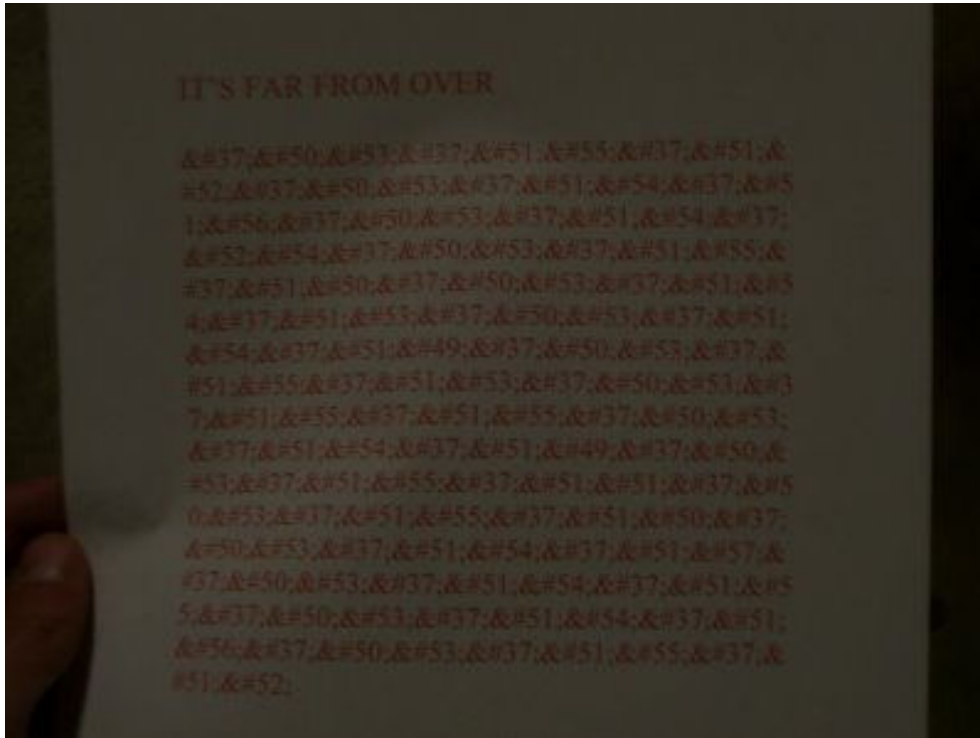
Atropanoctrurna on Unfiction:

“I was wondering if it was Fred Davis, or maybe Fred is the next guy Mother Nature has taken?”

Followers of this mystery send emails to Grand Gaia with questions about Evan Smith and Fred Davis.

December 17th, 2008, 9:43 PM

TheBruce decodes the note of numbers Cunningham had posted:



TheBruce:

“to visualize, remove the &#, which is the HTML escape prefix to print the ascii character of the following decimal number, the transcript is:

37 50 53 37 51 55 37 51
52 37 50 53 37 51 54 37 51
56 37 50 53 37 51 54 37
52 54 37 50 53 37 51 55
37 51 50 37 50 53 37 51 54
37 51 53 37 50 53 37 51
54 37 51 49 37 50 53 37
51 55 37 51 53 37 50 53 37
51 55 37 51 55 37 50 53
37 51 54 37 51 49 37 50
53 37 51 55 37 51 51 37 50
53 37 51 55 37 51 50 37
50 53 37 51 54 37 51 57
37 50 53 37 51 54 37 51 55
37 50 53 37 51 54 37 51
56 37 50 53 37 51 55 37
51 52

as hex codes, it produces

%25%37%34%25%36%38%25%36%46%25%37%32%25%36%35%25%36%31%25%
37%35%25%37%37%25%36%31%25%37%33%25%37%32%25%36%39%25%36%37
%25%36%38%25%37%34

treat the numbers as hex chars in ascii, it produces

%74%68%6F%72%65%61%75%77%61%73%72%69%67%68%74

treat the numbers as hex chars *again*, and we get

thoreauwasright”

Degravedi on Unfiction:

“I’m not sure of the exact reference but Henry David Thoreau sounds like someone mother_nature would agree with. He was a naturalist (read about his Later Years and Beliefs).”

People begin to come up with various quotes by Thoreau that could possibly be related. Nothing seems to reveal additional information about the Evan Smith mystery.

December 18th, 2008

The Evan Smith Situation:

“A little news

Checked up on the Smiths today... Evan was returned to his house this afternoon. The doctor said he did ‘not need medical attention. Simply some sleep and quiet’.

Both parents work full time and they’ll resume tomorrow morning. Mrs. Smith worries about leaving Evan alone all day. "He's a grown man but I just don't want to take any risks. Especially now that he's so weak."

I offered to watch over him this weekend but the parents said they already had some friends in mind. They have nobody for tomorrow but Fridays are really busy for me... this sucks. Don't worry guys, I will try my hardest to visit him either tomorrow or this weekend, even if the parents don't need anyone.

No news from the police. They talk to me as little as possible since I lack ‘expertise’.

The computer we found is still a mystery. I was hoping a team of forensic scientists would come help us out but the police think this is ‘not that big of a case since nobody was hurt’. I tried some possible passwords including 'thoreauwasright' but that's way too obvious.

If you have any leads, please comment. I'm pretty sure m_n didn't just leave his computer lying around.

Cunningham”

December 21st, 2008

Cunningham posts again on The Evan Smith Situation:

“An interview with Evan Smith



Cunningham: Well it's real nice of your parents to let me do this.

Smith: They would do anything for you. You saved me.

C: Honestly, I didn't do much... are you ready for do this?

S: I'll provide the little I can.

C: First of all, how did it all start?

S: I was on a camping trip with my girlfriend and her brother.

C: Were you attacked?

S: No. It wasn't like that. Everything went fine during the trip but then they both left together and I had to walk a couple yards alone to my own car. It was dark so I couldn't see where I was going but I could definitely hear something. You know like in the movies when the girl hears walking and she stops and the walking stops a split second after.

C: Yes. I know what you mean. Continue.

S: Well the difference was that I didn't stop, I just kept walking and increased my speed. When I finally did stop to listen a hand came from the left and cupped over my mouth. Then I just passed out.

C: I assume he then took you to the place where we found you.

S: I have no clue what happened in between but when I woke up I couldn't see anything. I

had a like a bag or some clothing over my head and my hands and legs were tied to a chair.

C: Did you hear anything?

S: Well yeah. There was a humming... a constant, mechanical humming. Sometimes I heard faint screams.

C: Is that it?

S: Not at all. There was a voice. It wasn't natural so I couldn't tell if it was a guy or girl.

C: A voice changer right?

S: I assume so. He.. or whatever it didn't say much. Kept throwing proverbs at me...

C: What kind of proverbs?

S: I don't remember. Like something about fools making rules and how the heresy of his actions will once be the saying of a wise man. The first one is not that but along those lines; the second is pretty accurate.

C: Did he say anything else?

S: No. He... it wouldn't respond to any of my questions or insults. Nothing at all.

C: Well-

S: Sorry. That's it...

C: One last thing. You didn't work for a Grand Gaia Industries by any chance?

S: No. Not that I know of...

C: Did you ever know a Fred Davis?

S: Where did you get that name from?

C: Did you?

S: Yes... he was my roommate in college... Why?

C: He has recently gone missing and we think it might have to do with the same person that kidnapped you.

S: I didn't know him very well. He was always working in his corner.

C: Working?

S: Can you believe it? Someone was actually working in college. No, but yeah, he would sit at his desk every night and keep a journal of everything that happened to him during the day. Apparently it was for a club he was part of. He invited me to participate but I told him I was never really into writing.

C: That's it?

S: Yeah that's it. I hope he's okay.

C: I wouldn't worry too much. Once again, thank you so much...

What do you guys think?

Cunningham

Update:

News about the machine. It seems to be an elaborate container. There's a construction crew working on it but they don't want to dismantle anything in case there is a bomb of some sort inside. I guess we're going to have to test this thing for chemical or bomb threats. The problem is, the police still isn't recognizing this as an important case. I doubt we'll be able to get our hands on some bomb specialists or such. **WHY CAN'T WE JUST OPEN THE GODDAMN THING?"**

Mother_nature sends threatening emails to people using the Grand Gaia email account.

Atropanoctrna on Unfiction:

“I send off some emails to Grand Gaia and got two replies...

It's interesting to me that both messages are in all caps. I think it's an obvious way of connecting G.G. with Mother_Nature.”

The Grand Gaia Industries website is updated, apologizing for the breach in their email system:

“BREACH: People who recently submitted a contact form were sent emails. Please ignore any message or threat that was received. The issue is being studied by our experts and has hopefully been resolved.”

December 28th, 2008

TheBruce receives a message from Mother_Nature on www.wikibruce.com:

“HELLO BRUCE

I'VE BEEN LAYING LOW LATELY BECAUSE OF THE MASSIVE RISKS I WAS TAKING. NOW THAT I'VE CHECKED AND FIXED EVERY POSSIBLE FLAW IN MY COMPLETE ANONYMITY, I THINK IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT AND SEND YOU A LITTLE MESSAGE ONCE AGAIN.

YOU SEE, THANKS TO THE INABILITIES OF THE LOCALS. I HAVE REMAINED A MINOR ISSUE- NEITHER SEEN IN THE PAPER NOR HEARD ON TV. THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO SEEM REMOTELY INTERESTED ARE A BUNCH OF INTERNET SCAVENGERS LIKE YOU WHO TREAT THIS ENTIRE THING LIKE ANOTHER GAME OF THEIRS. IF IT'S A GAME YOU WANT, THEN A GAME YOU WILL HAVE.

CUNNINGHAM ENVISIONS ME AS THIS MADMAN "A JIGSAW COPYCAT" I BELIEVE THAT'S WHAT HE CALLED ME... I THINK THAT PRAISES ME WAY TOO MUCH. TELL ME BRUCE. DO YOU BELIEVE IN PURE EVIL? MY 'TRAPS' ARE NOT MEANT TO CHANGE PEOPLES LIVES. THEY SERVE ONLY TO ANALYZE THE MOST COMPLEX OF MACHINES: THE HUMAN MIND.

SPEAKING OF MACHINES, I WOULD PAY A BIT MORE ATTENTION TO GRAND GAIA IF I WERE YOU... THE COMPANY IS VERY CONNECTED.

EVAN WAS ONLY AN APPETIZER. FRED WAS MY MASTERPIECE. DON'T LET THAT DISCOURAGE YOU THOUGH. ON THE CONTRARY, YOUR ANSWERS ARE NOW. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FIND FRED DAVIS.

HE IS MUCH CLOSER THAN YOU THINK.”

Included with the message is a link:

www.findfreddavis.blogspot.com

This new site has the same black background and red font as MN's other site.

The title reads:

“**Look Familiar?**

YOU THINK THE GAME KEEPS GOING BUT I'VE ALREADY WON”

At first glance, the website seems empty but further examination reveals a tiny dot that links to a file.

MrToasty on Unfiction:

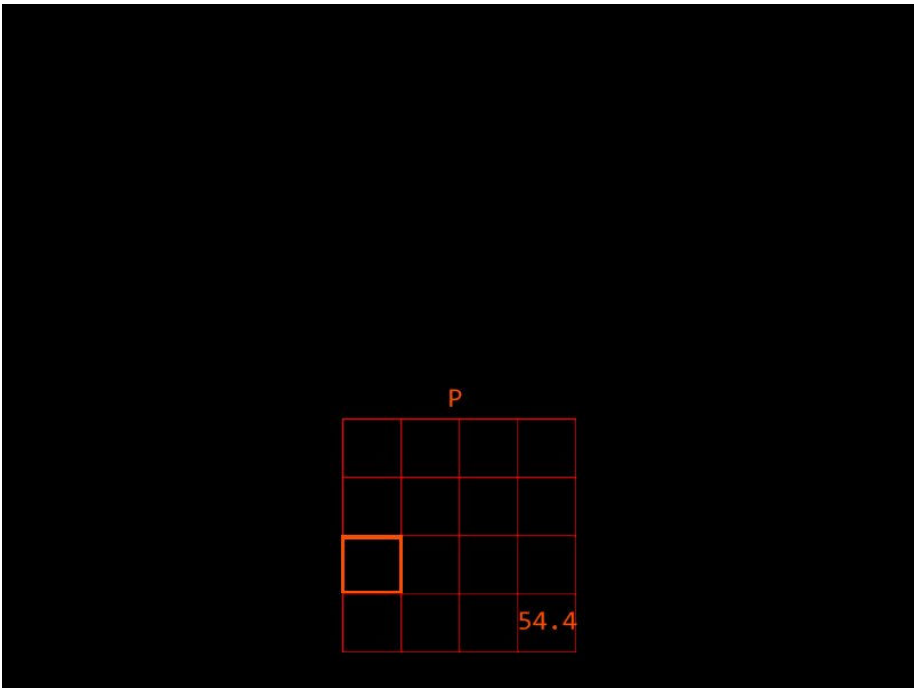
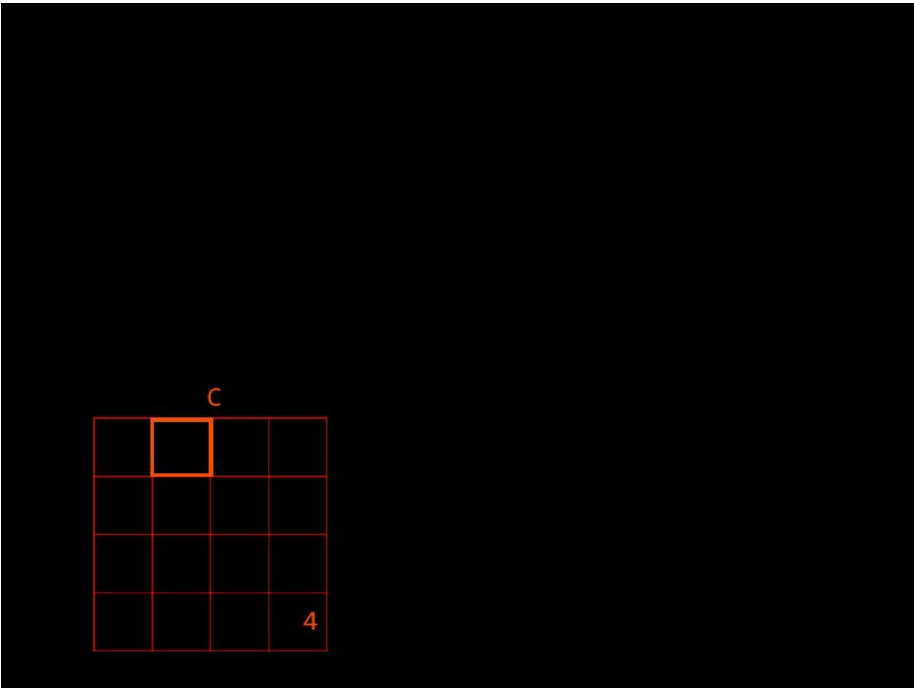
“Links to a RAR file with an image and a [document]. Not sure of the purpose of the image yet (not Camouflaged, haven't checked other steg). Doc has text that, changing the font, reveals binary, which translates to:

http://3.bp.blogspot.com/_gJrLmCpyiDo/SVgqUlgKroi/AAAAAAAAACo/gsUrrq6QnZg/s1600-h/Codec1.bmp
http://1.bp.blogspot.com/_gJrLmCpyiDo/SVgqUi84CiI/AAAAAAAAACw/oLRQlx4y3UQ/s1600-h/Codec2.bmp
http://2.bp.blogspot.com/_gJrLmCpyiDo/SVgqUzIIctI/AAAAAAAAAC4/twGgrVv5KM0/s1600-h/Codec3.bmp
http://4.bp.blogspot.com/_gJrLmCpyiDo/SVgqVFG9dUI/AAAAAAAAADA/8JAKD_KEMM0/s1600-h/Codec4.bmp”

MrToasty’s discoveries turn up the following images:



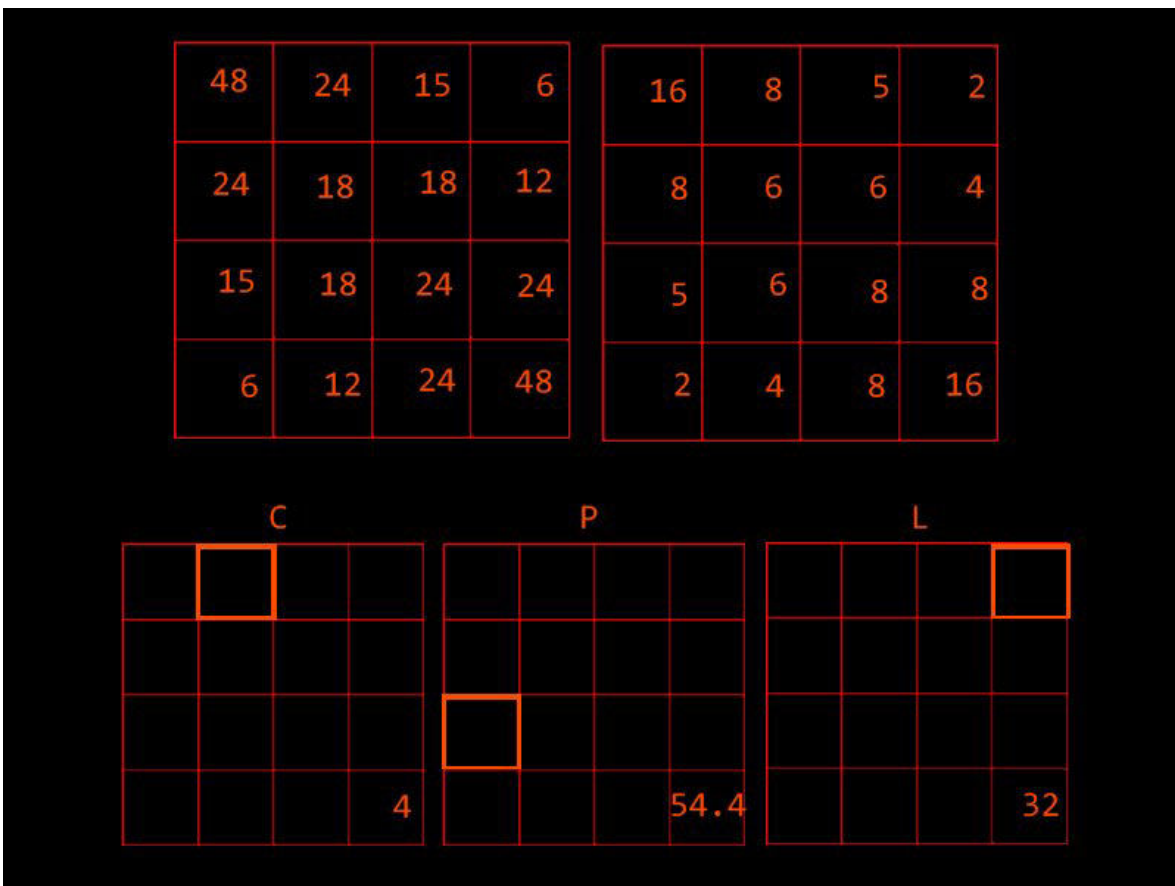
48	24	15	6	16	8	5	2
24	18	18	12	8	6	6	4
15	18	24	24	5	6	8	8
6	12	24	48	2	4	8	16





MrToasty on Unfiction

Combines the four pictures above to get the following:



December 28th, 2008, 9:43 PM

Cunningham makes a small post:

New blog

Mother_nature is back with a new blog. I don't really know what to make out of it. I looked around a bit and found four pictures. The first shows two tables with numbers. The three others each have one table labeled with C, P, and L.

Why are the first two tables full and the rest almost empty? Why are some cells highlighted? And what the hell do the letters above them stand for??? Somebody please help me out.

Cunningham”

Nighthawk on Unfiction:

“Given the multiples, I come up with...

2 17 4

Nighthawk’s solution elaborated:

The image shows two 4x4 grids of numbers. The first grid has values: (1,1)=48, (1,2)=24, (1,3)=15, (1,4)=6; (2,1)=24, (2,2)=18, (2,3)=18, (2,4)=12; (3,1)=15, (3,2)=18, (3,3)=24, (3,4)=24; (4,1)=6, (4,2)=12, (4,3)=24, (4,4)=48. The second grid has values: (1,1)=16, (1,2)=8, (1,3)=5, (1,4)=2; (2,1)=8, (2,2)=6, (2,3)=6, (2,4)=4; (3,1)=5, (3,2)=6, (3,3)=8, (3,4)=8; (4,1)=2, (4,2)=4, (4,3)=8, (4,4)=16.

Below these are three tables labeled C, P, and L. Table C has values: (1,1)=4, (1,2)=2, (1,3)=1.25, (1,4)=.5; (2,1)=2, (2,2)=1.5, (2,3)=1.5, (2,4)=1; (3,1)=1.25, (3,2)=1.5, (3,3)=2, (3,4)=2; (4,1)=.5, (4,2)=1, (4,3)=2, (4,4)=4. Table P has values: (1,1)=54.4, (1,2)=27.2, (1,3)=17, (1,4)=6.8; (2,1)=27.2, (2,2)=20.4, (2,3)=20.4, (2,4)=13.6; (3,1)=17, (3,2)=20.4, (3,3)=27.2, (3,4)=27.2; (4,1)=6.8, (4,2)=13.6, (4,3)=27.2, (4,4)=54.4. Table L has values: (1,1)=32, (1,2)=16, (1,3)=10, (1,4)=4; (2,1)=16, (2,2)=12, (2,3)=12, (2,4)=8; (3,1)=10, (3,2)=12, (3,3)=16, (3,4)=16; (4,1)=4, (4,2)=8, (4,3)=16, (4,4)=32. In all three tables, the cells (1,2), (1,4), (3,1), and (4,4) are highlighted with a red border.

The numbers do not help. Unfiction members feel like one puzzle is simply leading to another. No one is able to figure out the significance of the letters: **C**, **P**, and **L** as well as the significance of the corresponding answers: **2**, **17**, and **4**.

December 29th, 2008

Some Unfiction members, including **Amandel** receive an email from Grand Gaia Industries:

“Mother_nature nature has been under our radar for a while now but we prefer not to give away too much information about him since it could bring danger to our company. He was able to distribute emails under this account meaning there is someone on the inside that could easily read this and use it against us or even you.

What I can provide is whatever information has already been sent to us previously. Many of the clues found have already been interpreted and understood but **thoreauwasright** (which was decoded from a note by mother_nature) remains a mystery. Recently, the letters C, P, and L as well as the numbers 2, 17, and 4 have turned up in images by MN. These too seem to supply us with no helpful knowledge. (Maybe all three are related?)

I beg for the help of anybody available. We, at Grand Gaia, are not professionally cryptographers. This disappearance has brought great panic to our eastern offices and stalled the creation of our western division so the aid would be greatly appreciated.”

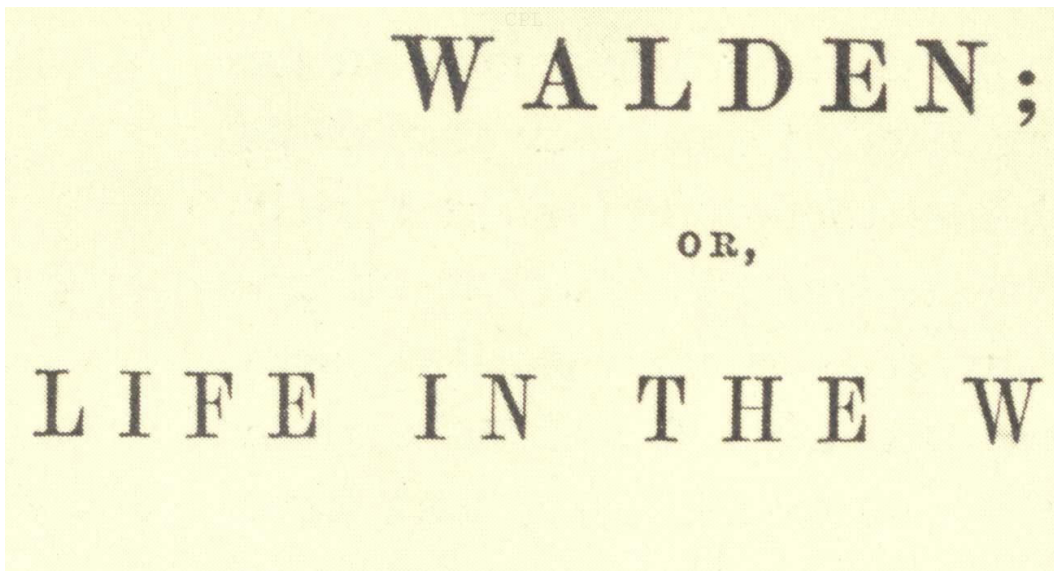
Amandel on Unfiction:

The “email from Grand Gaia Industries [shows] they're clued in about events.”

Later that day, **TheBruce** receives a message again from the intimidating mother_nature via www.wikibruce.com:

“I LEAVE YOU ONE FINAL SET OF CLUES BRUCE.
IF YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE NOW, THEN I
OVERESTIMATED YOUR ABILITIES.”

Immediately afterwards, new links appear on mother_nature's second website: Find Fred Davis. The images are as follow:





MrToasty on Unfiction:

“Adjusting the levels in [the first] image, you can see the letters "CPL" at the top.”



Amandel on Unfiction:

“Maybe the CPL is a property stamp from the [Concord Free Public Library](#) which ‘holds the most important collection of primary Thoreau material’.”

TheBruce on Unfiction:

“library?”

Chicago Public Library?

Calgary Public Library?

Cleveland Public Library?

cpl.org is cleveland

Comsewogue Public Library? =P”


“note CPL.

three words I guess, and 2 17 4 must relate in some way”

Uhhhhman on Unfiction:

“I have just been lurking but checking out the find fred davis blogspot there are three new picture links there. Which seem to indicate CPL = Chapter Paragraph Line.”

 = C-HAT-PEAR (Chapter)

 = P-EAR-A-GRAPE (Paragraph)

 = LION (Line)

“So I imagine the numbers Nighthawk came up with are the chapter, paragraph, and line in the book Walden or Life in the Woods by Henry David Thoreau. Just trying to help where I can.”

Unfiction members examine multiple versions of Walden by Henry David Thoreau, trying to find the 4th line of the 17th paragraph of the 2nd chapter.

Uhhhhman on Unfiction:

“Well I checked 2 different online versions of the book and they both gave me this line ‘**Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!** I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail’.”

MrToasty on Unfiction:

“After counting and recounting I get to the same as well. Simplicity is definitely a major theme of Walden and would go with the ‘Thoreau was right’ bit... So is ‘simplicity’ the password that Cunningham needs then?”

December 29th, 2008

Robert Cunningham makes a new post on The Evan Smith Situation:

“This is fucking disgusting

Simplicity - simplicity was the key.

Who would have thought it was so... simple. I'm in no mood for jokes.

I know what the machine was for.

I know why he sent us an image of a crushed stick figure.

I know the reason why he's "**ALREADY WON**".

After the grueling effort of trying to figure out what Thoreau was right about and what all

these, charts, binary codes, and rebuses meant, the log-in worked. The desktop had only two icons: one being the recycle bin, the other simply titled EXE. Being a very foolish and curious human being by nature I clicked this EXE to see what happened. Nothing.

Nothing... that is until a few minutes later when a cop asked me "what the fuck I just did". The 'machine' began steadily moving and everybody in the building panicked, expecting an explosion or the triggering of something deadly. What we found was not something deadly but something dead.

Yes. We had found Fred Davis, manager of the new Grand Gaia division. A sudden whiff of decaying flesh infested our noses as the six walls retreated. He was neatly crammed into the shape of a 2x2x2 cube: crushed bones and gore. This machine was not meant to contain... it was meant to crush.

In between the remains of his arms was a notebook. A simple paper pad of 20 or so pages. Fred had filled the entire thing with frantic scribbles, barely legible in the red of his blood. The experiment, the construction of the facility, even the creation of this internet network. It was all horrifyingly genius.

"MY 'TRAPS' ARE NOT MEANT TO CHANGE PEOPLES LIVES. THEY SERVE ONLY TO ANALYZE THE MOST COMPLEX OF MACHINES: THE HUMAN MIND... EVAN WAS ONLY AN APPETIZER. FRED WAS MY MASTERPIECE."

It's abhorring. I was wrong in calling him a Jigsaw-copycat. This... thing has no morals. Only an addiction to attention and psychoanalysis.

No leads. I have no leads left and the clues we have are all solved. I still don't know what GG has to do with all of this or why mother_nature chose Fred, let alone Evan. All I have is this damn notebook. I have failed in saving Fred but this chase must go on...

Cunningham

Fuck... I can't read a single word of this thing. It's going to take forever to translate."

January 9th, 2009

Grand Gaia Industries updates its website:

"We regret to inform you that Fred Davis, manager of the California division, was reported dead on December the 30th, 2008. Murdered by an unknown, Davis' case remains an open investigation.

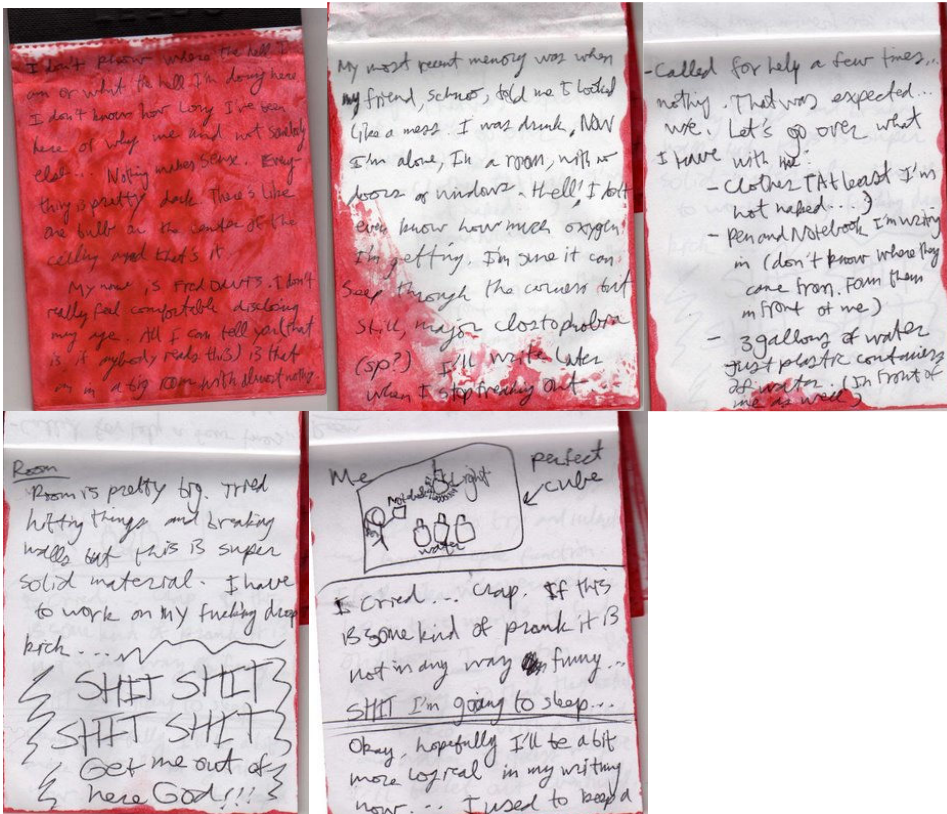
GG"

“Pages 1-5



I just received Fred Davis' notebook. The investigators said it did not contain any important information so I was free to do my own inspections. Hopefully we'll find something they did not...

I'll go ahead and post the first five pages so you guys can help me. The continuation will be added whenever there is time.



The writing is really hard to read so please help me in typing this thing out. Thank you all by the way for being so helpful in the progress of this sad and disgusting story.

Cunningham”

The following members of Unfiction push through the task of typing out every page in Davis’s notebook: **Moontje, Natas, Amandel, Ssx3master, Uhhhhman.**

Notebook

“I don't know where the hell I am or what the hell I'm doing here. I don't know how long I've been here or why me and not somebody else... Nothing makes sense. Everything is pretty dark. There's like one bulb on the center of the ceiling and that's it.

My name is Fred Davis. I don't really feel comfortable disclosing my age. All I can tell you (that is, if somebody reads this) is that I'm in a big room with almost nothing.

My most recent memory was when my friend, Schmoo, told me I looked like a mess. I was drunk. Now I'm alone, in a room, with no doors or windows. Hell, I don't even know how much oxygen I'm getting. I'm sure it can seep through the corners but still, major clostophobia (sp?) I'll write later when I stop freaking out.

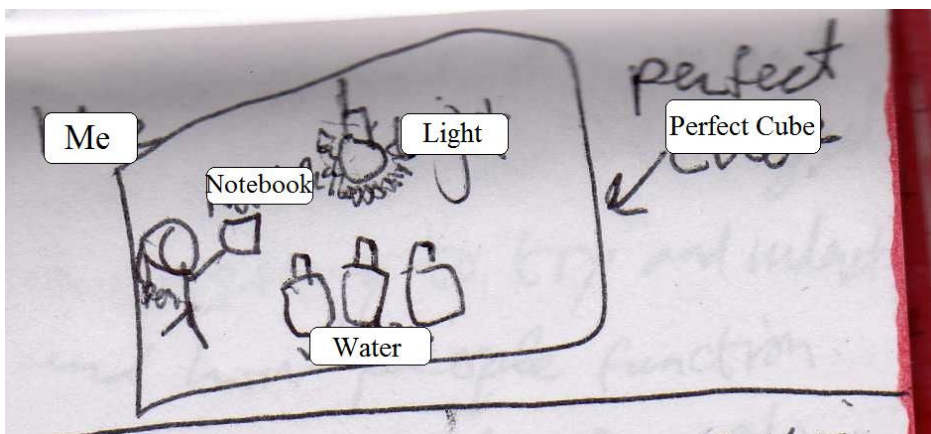
Called for help a few times... nothing. That was expected....w/e. Let's go over what I have with me:

- clothes (at least I'm not naked...)
- pen and notebook I'm writing in (don't know where they came from. Found them in front of me)
- 3 gallons of water. Just plastic containers of water. (In front of me as well)

Room

Room is pretty big. Tried hitting things and breaking walls but this is super solid material. I have to work on my fucking dropkick...

SHIT SHIT SHIT Get me out of here God!!!



I cried... crap. If this is some kind of prank it is not in any way funny... SHIT I'm going to sleep..."

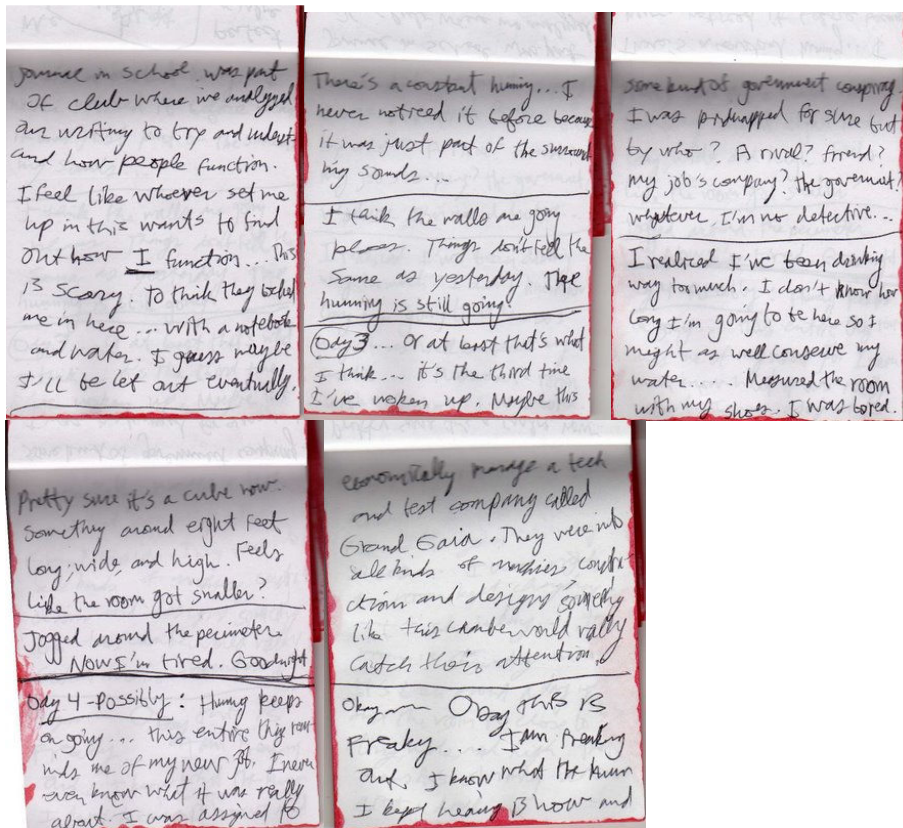
January 10th, 2009

Cunningham posts the next set of pages on The Evan Smith Situation:

"Pages 6-10

I met Fred's mother and brother today. It was the saddest sight I had ever seen... They offered me a room for the night but there was no way I could stay there staring at their lost faces...

More pages:



Cunningham"

Notebook Continued

"I used to keep a journal in school. Was part of club where we analyzed our writing to try and understand how people function. I feel like whoever set me up in this wants to find out how I function... This is scary. To think they locked me in here.... with a notebook and water. I guess maybe I'll be let out eventually.

There's a constant humming... I never noticed it before because it was just part of the surrounding sounds...

I think the walls are going places. Things don't feel the same as yesterday. The humming is still going.

Day 3

...or at least that's what I think... it's the third time I've woken up. Maybe this is some kind of government conspiracy. I was kidnapped for sure but by who? A rival? Friend? My job's company? The government? Whatever, I'm no detective...

I realized I've been drinking way too much. I don't know how long I'm going to be here so I might as well conserve my water... Measured the room with my shoes. I was bored. Pretty sure it's a cube now. Something around eight feet long, wide, and high. Feels like the room got smaller?

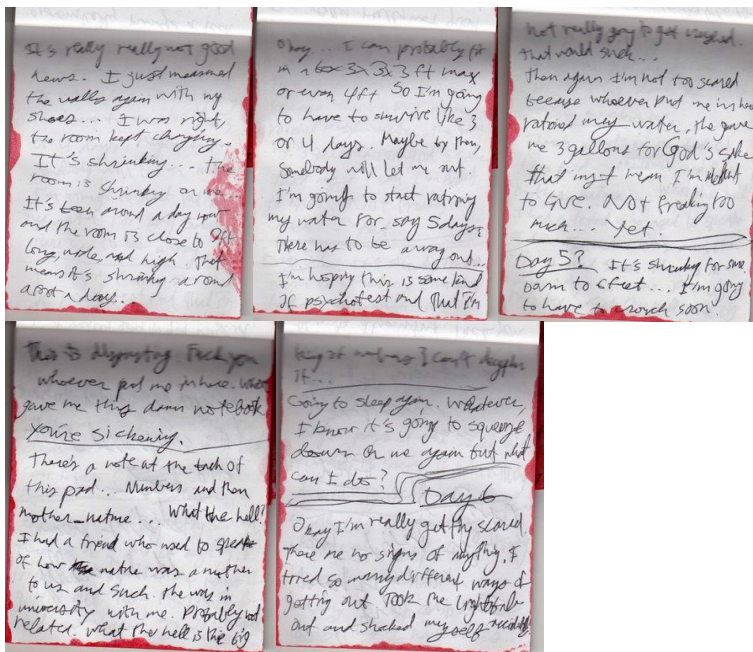
Jogged around the perimeter. Now I'm tired. Goodnight.

Day 4 – Possibly

Humming keeps on going....this entire thing reminds me of my new job. I never ever knew what it was really about. I was assigned to economically manage a tech and test company called Grand Gaia. There were into all kinds of machines. Constructing and designing something like this chamber would really catch their attention.”

January 11th, 2009

Cunningham continues to update The Evan Smith Situation. He posts pages 11-15:



Notebook Continued

“Okay... okay this is freaky... I am freaking out. I know what the hum I keep hearing is now and it's really really not good news. I just measured the walls again with my shoes... I was right, the room keeps changing. It's shrinking... the room is shrinking on me.... It's been around a day now and the room is close to 7 ft long, wide, and high. That means it's shrinking around a foot a day.

Okay... I can probably fit in a box 3*3*3 ft. max or even 4 ft, so I'm going to have to survive like 3 or 4 days. Maybe by then, somebody will let me out. I'm going to start rationing my water for say 5 days. There has to be a way out...

I'm hoping this is some kind of psychotest and that I'm not really going to get crushed. That would suck....

I'm not too scared because whoever put me in here rationed my water. They gave me 3 gallons for God's sake. That must mean I'm meant to live. Not freaking too much... yet.

Day 5?

It's shrinking for sure. Down to 6 feet... I'm going to have to crouch soon. This is disgusting. Fuck you whoever put me in here, whoever gave me this damn notebook, you're sickening.

There's a note at the back of this pad. Numbers and then mother_nature... What the hell? I had a friend who used to speak of how nature was a mother to us and such. He was in university with me. Probably not related. What the hell is the big thing of numbers? I can't decipher it. **(This paragraph mentions the last page of the notebook which can be read about later on.)**

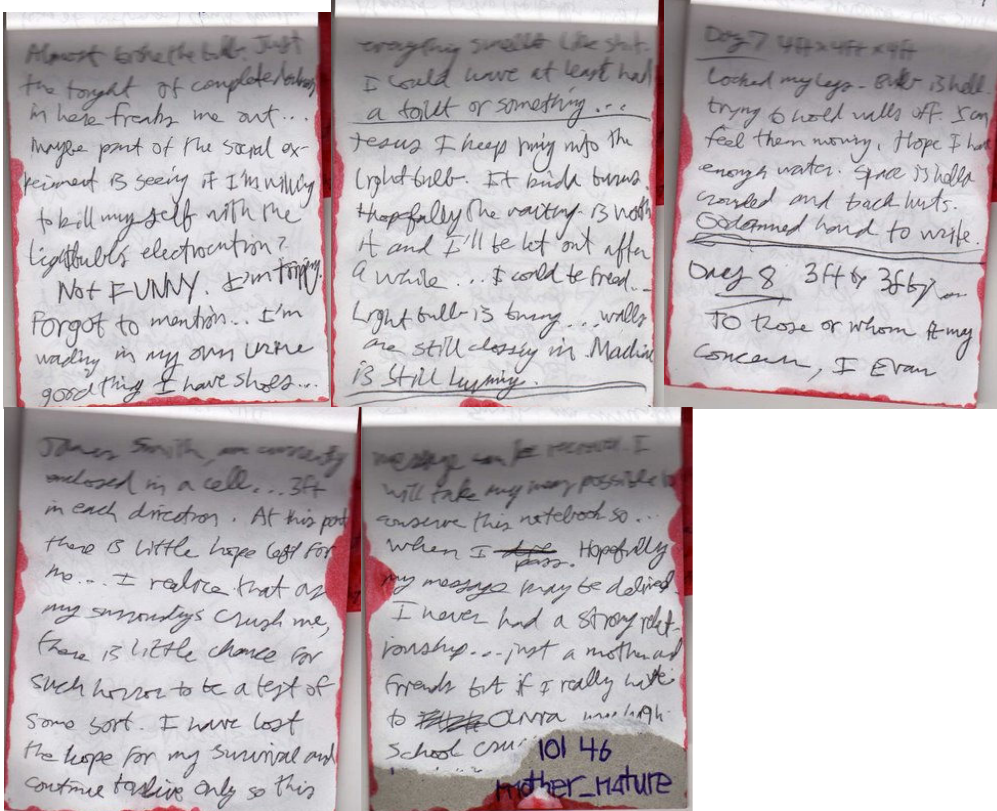
Going to sleep again. Whatever. I know it's going to squeeze down on me again but what can I do?”

January 11th, 2009, 10:39 PM

Cunningham posts an update and more pages on The Evan Smith Situation:

Pages 16-20

Going to be heading to Grand Gaia's eastern quarters soon. Hopefully they will help me out there. I'll post again when I'm on the plane.



Cunningham”

Notebook Continued

“Day 6

Okay I'm really getting scared. There are no signs of anything. I tried so many different ways of getting out. Took the light bulb out and shocked myself accidentally. Almost broke the bulb. Just the thought of complete darkness in here freaks me out...

Maybe part of the social experiment is seeing if I'm willing to kill myself with the light bulb's electrocution?

NOT FUNNY. I'm tripping.

Forgot to mention... I'm wading in my own urine. Good thing I have shoes... Everything smells like shit. I could have at least had a toilet or something...

Jesus I keep running into the light bulb. It kinda burns. Hopefully the waiting is worth it and I'll be let out after a while... I could be freed. Light bulb is burning... walls are still closing in. Machine is still humming.

Day 7

4 ft * 4 ft * 4 ft

Locked my legs. But it's hell trying to hold walls off. I can feel them moving. Hope I have enough water. Space is hella crowded and back hurts. Goddamned hard to write.

Day 8

3 ft * 3 ft * 3 ft

To those of whom it may concern, I **Evan James Smith** am currently enclosed in a cell... 3 ft in each direction. At this point there is little hope left for me... I realize that as my surroundings crush me, there is little chance for such horror to be a test of some sort. I have lost the hope for my survival and continue to live only so this message can be recorded. I will take every means possible to conserve this notebook so... when I... pass. Hopefully my message may be delivered.”

Ssx3master on Unfiction:

“That ‘Evan James Smith’ in the notebook is a real throw. I'd say were looking at one of three possibilities:

1. The man that was actually rescued is Fred Davis posing as Evan Smith for whatever reason.
2. Fred Davis is actually mother_nature.
3. Both.

We know thanks to the journal that Evan was crushed in the machine, not Fred. I'm going to assume that this is the real Evan. I'll call him RealEvan. Yet the person who was saved is claiming to be Evan. I'll call him FakeEvan.

RealEvan writes that he was in a writing club dedicated to studying human function. FakeEvan tells us Fred Davis (his roommate) was in a writing club.

RealEvan was crushed in the humming machine

FakeEvan says that he heard a humming and faint screams in the room.

So RealEvan and FakeEvan may have been in the room at the same time, but FakeEvan's account of Fred Davis is obviously skewed, so I don't think he's a reliable source for information. He could be lying on purpose or maybe he was brainwashed.

Mother_Nature did express that the purpose for these events is to study the human mind, so I think brainwashing is a definite possibility. This could also have a connection to the club that Evan was in.”

January 12th, 2009

Cunningham on The Evan Smith Situation:

“Grand Gaia + Who is Smith/Davis? + Pages 21-25

I've got some really strange info guys. Let me start from the beginning...

I should have known you can't use the internet on the plane. Sorry but I rarely get out of state. Not up to date with these things.

Well I talked with the manager of Grand Gaia Industries. He was a very charming man. What he told me was not so charming. Long before Fred Davis went missing, a group of employees was sent over to the west coast to explain the basic systems of the company to the California division. Problem is, they never came back... A few days after their departure, it was discovered that blueprints, for a Grand Gaia machine that compresses cars, had disappeared along with them...

Take note: The manager was really sorry about not posting any of this on the site... he said that "potential criminal information open to the public eye could easily shut down the entire company". I hope you guys appreciate the fact that I'm leaking all this info so you can help.

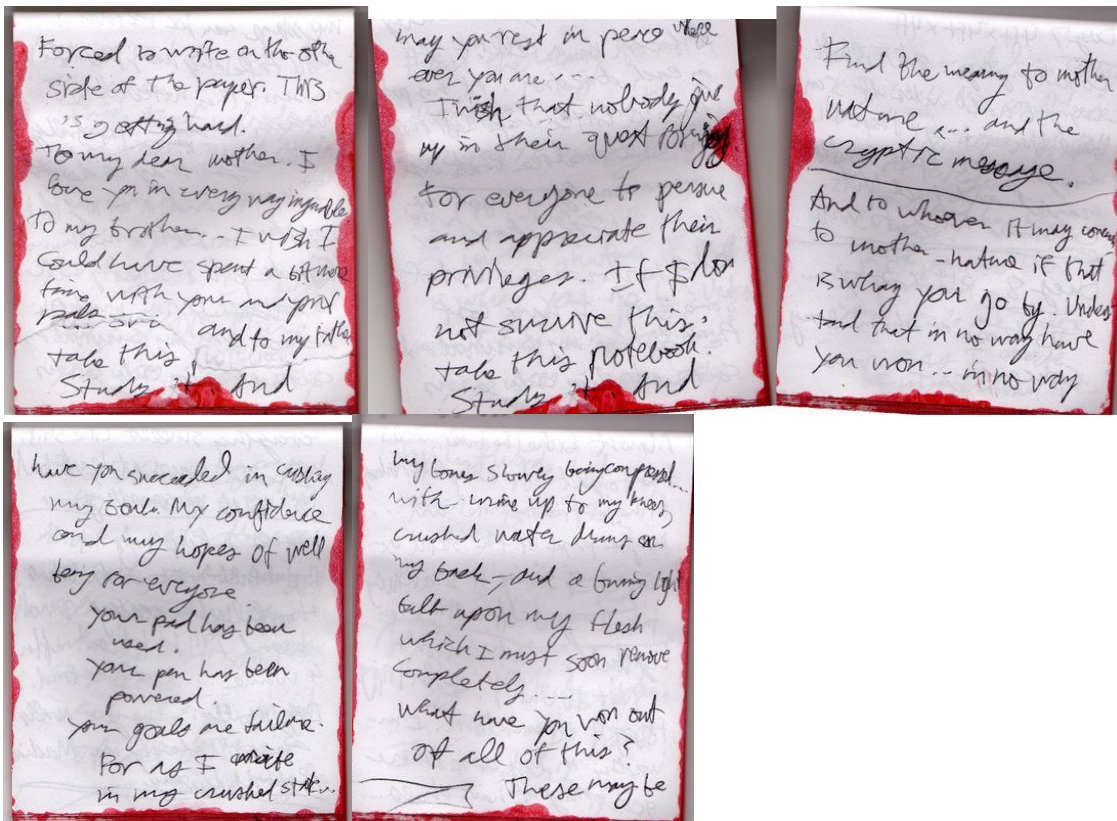
It doesn't take much to understand that whoever headed over to California was out to kill Fred. The question is why? And was it even Fred???

Pages 18 and 19 completely contradict the beginning of the notepad because Davis declares himself as Evan James Smith. I don't know why so because Grand Gaia and Fred's family seem to address him by the name Fred Davis...

I'm very confused (as usual).

Speaking of strange names showing up in the notebook, I made a quick phone call asking about this Schmoo guy. I got his email and home address and, hopefully, will be able to talk to him by tomorrow night...

Just so you guys know, the scanning isn't finished but almost. Here are the next five pages:



Cunningham”

Notebook Continued

“I never had a strong relationship... just a mother and friends... but if I really have to... Olivia my high school crush.

Forced to write on the other side of the paper. This is getting hard.

To my dear mother, I love you in every way imaginable. To my brother... I wish I could have spent a bit more time with you and your pals... and to my father, may you rest in peace wherever you are...

I wish that nobody give up in their quest for joy. For everyone to pursue and appreciate their privileges. If I do not survive this, take this notebook. Study it and find the meaning to mother_nature and the cryptic message.

And to whoever it may concern, to mother_nature, if that is what you go by... understand

that in no way have you won... in no way have you succeeded in crushing my soul, my confidence, and my hopes of well being for everyone.

Your pad has been used.
Your pen has been powered.
Your goals are failures.

For as I write in my crushed state... my bones slowly being compressed... with urine up to my knees, crushed water drums against my back, and a burning light bulb upon my flesh which I must soon remove completely...

What have you won out of all of this?"

Grand Gaia sends out an email:

"We regret to inform you that Grand Gaia Industries will be temporarily closing due to internal problems. If your business is associated with any current GG projects, arrangements will be made to solve the issue."

January 13th, 2009

Cunningham interviews Schmoo:

Schmoo

Cunningham: Okay... Schmoo... I'm guessing that's not your real name first of all. Is there anything else you would like to go by?

Schmoo: Well my real name is Logan Barth but pretty much everyone calls me by that nickname. I like it better than my real name anyway. Schmoo was some old cartoon character but I think we spelled it differently the first time we wrote it... It sounds better the way it-

C: Well let's not get too carried away in the history of your nickname... I'm going to ask you a series of questions. I need you to answer with complete honesty.

S: Can do.

C: First of all, were you ever friends with a Fred Davis?

S: Mhm... I heard what happened and I was just dazed by the hell he must have been through... I'm still not over it. It's pretty hard to take.

C: Sorry I only have a few questions Mr. Barth... I mean uh, Schmoo.

S: The last time I saw him was the night he disappeared. Me and some other high school friends threw him a big party. He was really glad. It was a great way for him to see everybody again cause he had gone to university in the east. I went to the same university but the others hadn't seen him in like forever.

C: Okay. Do you know an Evan Smith as well by any chance?

S: Well yeah, of course.

C: What do you mean of course?

S: Fred is Evan Smith. I think he legally changed his name three or four years ago.

C: He changed his name? Please elaborate.

S: Yeah. During our university days we all had nicknames. I was Schmoo and it stayed with me since.

C: And how did Fred... or Evan get his name?

S: We had- well he had a psychology teacher by the name of Fred Davis that he absolutely admired. Evan would memorize his words and often quote him. As a joke we called him Fred Davis Jr. and I guess... it just stuck. Why?

C: So he changed his name?

S: Well it wasn't just that. He was part of some journal psychoanalysis club and decided he would go by that pen name. I guess that's how it really stuck. Not just to his writing but to his life...

C: Yes about that club...

S: They were a group of students all from the same dorm. Each member had a journal for writing stream of consciousness, dreams, or ideas that ran by them. They would meet regularly and discuss exactly what their feelings and ideas meant and would try to delve further into how the human mind worked and interacted with the environment.

C: And there wasn't a mother_nature? A crazy or distinctively cynical member among this group of people?

S: Mother nature? Well I wasn't in it myself so I wouldn't know... most of those kids were pretty crazy anyway. I wouldn't be able to narrow it down for you.

C: Interesting... I know it was a lot of trouble to get such a short interview going, but I don't really have anything left to ask you... You wouldn't know anything about Grand Gaia Industries by any chance?

S: It was Fred's new company. That's all I know.

C: Well... thank you very very much, Schmoo. I hope I wasn't too much of a hassle.

S: No. It was good talking. Keep me informed about what's going on. What happened completely destroyed my faith...

C: Will do. Once again, thanks.

Cunningham”

Ssx3master on Unfiction:

“wow.....Evan is Fred....this kind of info makes me want to go back and reread all the info we've gotten with it in mind.”

Later that day, the Grand Gaia website officially shuts down.

January 14th, 2009

Cunningham delivers some horrible news as well as the last pages to the pad:

“Should have expected this... (Pages 26-29)

Beverly Hills Police Department - 1/14/09 - 11:27 AM

‘Mr. Cunningham? We're calling with information about Evan, Pamela, and James Smith.

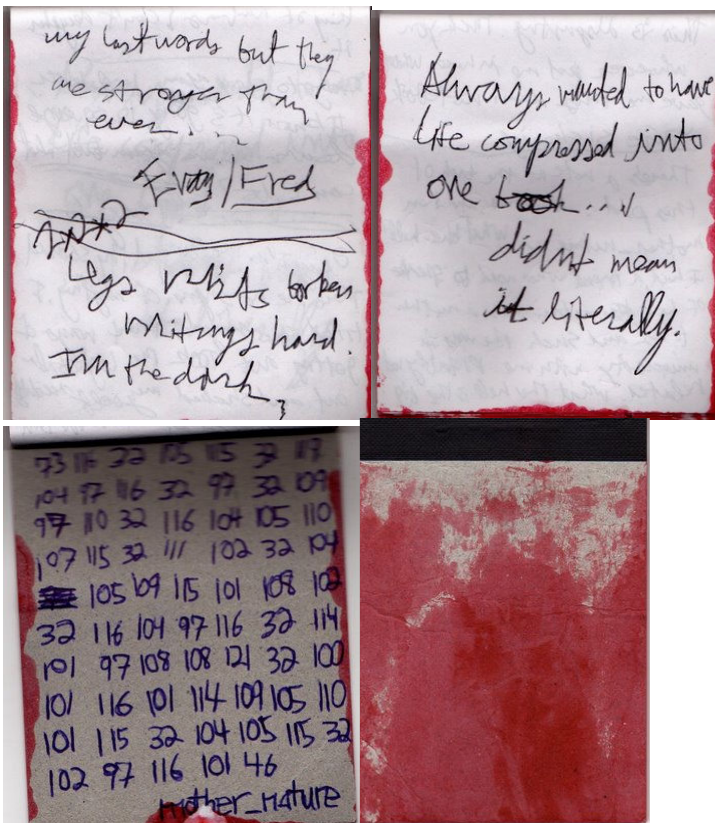
At around 4:00 in the afternoon yesterday, neighbors reported seeing them leave their house with a load of equipment. Since then, they have not returned.

Due to the suspicious activities involving the Smiths recently, we inspected the residence and found no noticeable clues apart from some designs for a cube-shaped object.

The department is puzzled as to why they would voluntarily disappear and ask that you please help by supplying any additional information you can offer.’

I think it's all pretty self explanatory now... I thought I was saving Evan Smith... Instead, I helped his killer(s) get away. Never have I hated myself so much...

The final pages to this sad sad story:



Cunningham”

Notebook – Last Pages

“These may be my last words but they are stronger than ever...

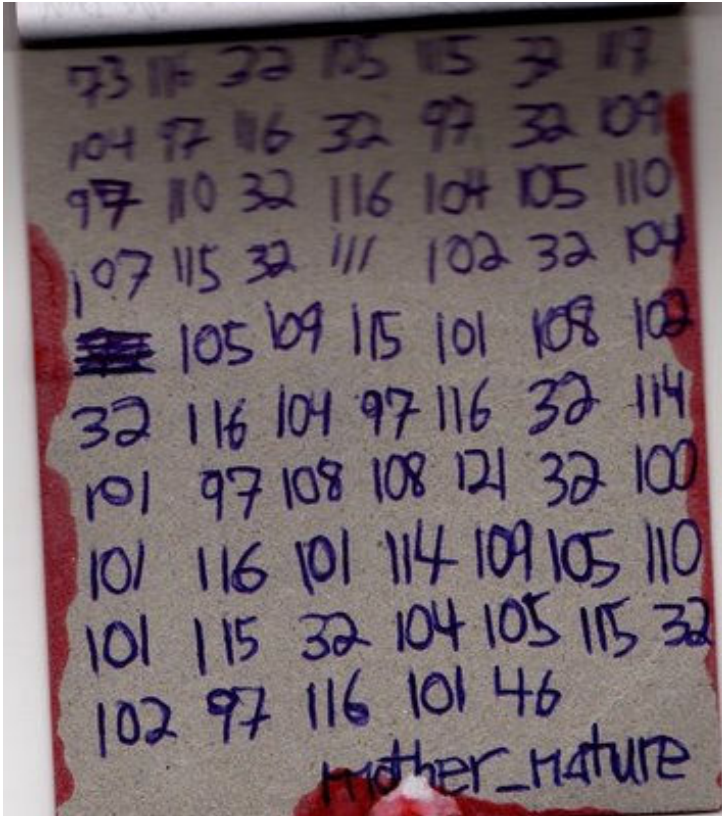
Evan / Fred

2*2*2

Legs, wrists broken. Writing’s hard. In the dark.

Always wanted to have life compressed into one book...

I didn't mean it literally.”



Amandel on Unfiction:

“The third page is mother_nature's cipher message which decoded reads:

It is what a man thinks of himself that really determines his fate.

(code is DEC / CHAR)”

January 16th, 2009

Cunningham receives an email from mother_nature:

“THANKS FOR HELPING ME OUT. I WASN'T EXPECTING MY FRIEND SMITH TO SUPPLY HIS REAL NAME BUT THAT'S OKAY. IT MADE THINGS ALL THE MORE INTERESTING.

YOUR SEARCH NOW COMES TO A PERFECT END MR. CUNNINGHAM. WE HAVE WON AND WE WILL WIN AGAIN.

M_N”