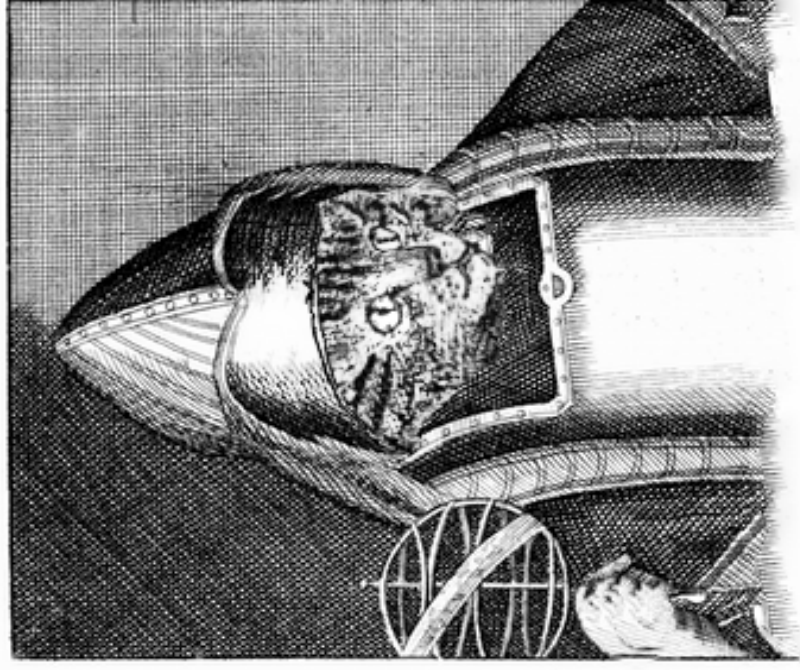


THE POCKET BOOK OF
FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE



COMING MAY

2020

FROM RNN PRESS

ONE LONG
PANEL OF
STONES
(and other stories)

by Thorin Klosowski, with art by Mojferous

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A Massive Cat in Uniform, Observations, Divination, A
World Recovered, &c

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“*Rectangular Pattern in the Distance*,” *Et Et Et*, or describe events (see “*Sphere Behind Figures at Left*,” “*Staff Leading a Large Cone On a Mountain Platform*” *Et Et*). I’ve grown obsessed with cataloging the various geometry in all its forms, though I understand very little of it.

————— **Man with fruit head** —————

HARMLESS, but obnoxious.

————— **People feeding onions** —————

IN MOST worlds I’ve visited, vegetables are grown by planting and watering some type of seed. Here, it’s more of a feeding, which happens like so: every three to four months, the people collect all children under six years old, remove their eyelashes, and feed the eyelashes to the onions. One morning, about a week later, the onions clone themselves, with one clone being edible while the other becomes poisonous. It’s impossible to tell the difference between the two.

————— **People looking at beef** —————

NOT EATING or cooking, just looking.

————— **In conclusion** —————

THE WORLD here is different, filled with all sorts of wondrous creatures. As I unravel the history, I find a violent and chaotic place, a world which manages to make the benign feel malicious. In the present day, it’s recovered—as malevolent as ever, but *organized*. When you arrive here, I beg that you keep your mind open and do *not* allow yourself to feel fear (the tentacles will know). I hope this pocket guide sets you up with beginner’s knowledge you need to not offend the locals, at the very *least*.

-A *Massive Cat in Uniform*

Massive Cat in Uniform, an RNN Leaflet

RNN Descriptions is a sporadically created collection of short stories and art created by Thorin Klosowski and Mojiferous. All the stories and art are independent of each other, and you can read or look at any of them in any order. While each creation is unfettered from the next, they seem incidentally connected by a theme or setting, though it’s not our place to say what threads connect what.

The titles are generated by a recurrent neural network (thus the name, RNN Descriptions). Mojiferous trains the RNN on classic art descriptions to generate absurd art titles. With each new collection of titles, he picks the best, feeds those words back into the network, and it continues to get weirder.

For more text visit rnn.thorinklosowski.com

For art visit mojiferous.com

To the Readers,

WOULD YOU be kind enough to allow me a small space in your first impression? To first carve out a view of my story before we arrive at the story of the place—that of which we're all here to learn about—but to which my personal place is an important first step to understanding.

I appreciate what I assume is your acknowledgement. After all, if you don't acknowledge, you can of course skip ahead or throw this text into the sea (or across a room, if a sea is unavailable).

My name is Archibald C. Frankfurt, but my friends call me Cat, or Massive Cat, or Massive Cat in Uniform, depending on the friends and the occasion. I got the nickname because I am indeed on the rather large size (I'd hesitate to call myself massive) and I am a cat. In any case, with that out of the way, I am a naturalist for the Library of Athanasius. My job is to find new creatures, flora, and sometimes more intelligent folk (and oftentimes more intelligent flora), then attempt to classify, organize, or at the very least, describe, what I find.

I have been at it for many years, and in those years I've encountered plenty of crab insects, sand deer, and creatures this side of the world has presented me. As a kid, my mother told me this would be my course (she had a divine sight, as they say, though she could never see far into the future well enough to prevent burning the bread). One day when I came home covered in dirt after a day full of exploring our back yard, she said to me, "Archibald you will be a naturalist, exploring the world, documenting what you see, and telling everyone about it." She had a lot of incorrect prophesies (I'd be a king for example), but in this case she was right.

experiment too!), would they tell me the story of me writing this paragraph about them? Would telling me that influence how I acted today? Or what I wrote? Seems like poppycock to me.

Butter boats

BUTTER BOATS are the most infamous modes of transportation here. As the name suggests, they're made of butter—and I do mean completely made of butter, from the rotors (they use the *Magnus Effect* for propulsion) to the bow—and they're very comfortable to travel in. I know you're thinking, "That must be slippery!" Right? It can be, but only when you travel through the Butter Triangle, which heats up the boats to a temperature that can sometimes cause the boats to melt. Usually the Butter Triangle is avoidable as long as you perform the Act of Vibrancy before boarding the boat.

Giant clown centaurs

AFTER I fall asleep, the giant clown centaurs usually come into my room, clop around the bed several times, then sit down on the floor. They stare at me until I wake up the next morning. As I awake, groggy and cloudy-eyed, they wink at me then leave the room.

Hand-held geometry

I (AND MANY OTHERS!) use geometry for all sorts of descriptions. It's hard to explain, as it can mean: to open portals to new times (it's unclear whether these portals lead to a set past or future (see "*Doors in Distance*," "*Man Feeding Fractals*,"), or create their own past or future when opened), to classify the people and structures (see "*Triangle People*," "*Geometric Problers with Dark Geometry*," "*Man Wears Geometric Outline of Woman's Head*," "*Triangular Machine with Teeth*,"

Skull people

OF ALL the skull people I've encountered, most have been tricky types who want nothing more than to mess with (but not destroy!) the world a little bit (see "Black Altar in Raised Moss and Skull Man," "Map with Bare Skulls," "Distant Mage with Large Bears," and "Man Looking at Symbol on Arch"). I find them delightful, though I'm always a bit unsettled by the fact that without skin, it's rather difficult to tell how they're feeling.

Spectators

BIRTHED FROM eggs (see "Man Seated on Large Egg"), spectators are gigantic googly-eyed entities that loom over the landscape, observing whatever was going on. Their forms are amorphous blobs dominated by their eyes (from 1 to many), with long legs. They don't speak, nor do they think in the traditional sense, but they do seem to watch an awful lot of the world (see "Time Flying Triangles Around Geometry").

Tentacles

EVERY DAY I take my constitutional at around 3 pm, and everyday, the tentacles speak inside my mind. They've been doing this for a while to people from outside of this place, but it's hard to describe exactly how it feels to have them inside your brain. On some levels, it's comforting, as they practice the art of divination, and can reveal any future event you desire. I avoid this myself, but others take advantage of them when they can (see "Tentacles at Right of Clouds?"). My issue with the tentacles (and divination in general, sorry, mom), is that it rejects the idea of free will in favor of a set path. For example, if I'd asked the tentacles to reveal this day to me (today, that is, the day I'm writing this, not the day you're reading this, though that'd be an interesting

My point here—I'm sorry to belabor this, but I have a tendency to be modest and lack the sort of hubris that most who write letters or books seem to have—is that I have been here for a long time and have a good lay of the land. I am as much as an expert as any non-native and I've spoken with enough natives (those with mouths anyway, some prefer to "speak" into your mind, which I haven't come up with a word for yet) to have a general idea of how things work. That said, I do not believe in describing things in "full," or in "passing" or in "a paragraph of prose."

So, I'd like to introduce you to some of the residents of this place through my own notes.

Boar holding foliage

THESE BOARS, often found "in the distance" or sometimes "on a mountaintop far away" are, as the name suggests, boars who tend most often to be holding foliage (in their mouth, as they don't have hands... yet). It is unclear why the boars hold foliage, nor is it clear why they tend to behave as rainbows, impossible to get near.

Crab insects

OUR SCHOLARS call these Frackna, but they're known as crab insects because they look like tiny crabs with wings. The smallish creatures tend to live in damp crevices, burrowing deep into such places as tree roots, beneath rocks, and into the backside of your knee while you sleep. They do not bite or sting, but can (and will) burrow into your soul and replace your most pleasant memories with memories of their own.

Sand deer

SAND DEER, found in the southern most regions of this place, are the only burrowing deer known to me and the only creature I've seen travel beneath the sand, like worms, but with legs and antlers. Sand deer rarely surface in the daytime, likely because it's too darn hot, but at night I see them popping up all over the dunes, hunting and mating in the twilight glow of the moons.

Squat card dragons

SQUAT CARD DRAGONS, as every school children knows, live near urban centers, hunched over small tables playing games. The dragons themselves are harmless, but they do tend to ramble on for a while if you get them going.

Whale man

CONTRARY TO its name, a whale man is rather small, about the size of a mouse. It's also genderless, but like many things here, gets the "man" name regardless of such details. It has the upper body of a whale and two legs like a human. Whale men don't live anywhere near the water, they live in the mountains, where they're hunted by the cave robots for their blubber.

Egg dog

EGG DOGS, often found near the alpine regions, are hatched and raised by the Skull Cloud people (don't confuse them with the Skull people, detailed later). The Skull Cloud people use the egg dogs for transportation in the highest regions, where in the right conditions they can fly for several moments of the day (when the moon is right, *yes, the moon*). Egg dogs live for hundreds of years and when the Skull Cloud people aren't looking, they often put on theatrical plays mocking the Skull Cloud people's rituals.

Bird people

THERE ARE many types of bird people, but most fall into one of two sects, "white mage" and "black mage." Despite the naming convention, I don't know much about their practices, and if I'm honest with you (which I'll do here, but don't hold it against me

if I change my tune in more official correspondence), I don't know the difference between white and black magic anyway. I'm not even sure such things matter here. Which isn't to say the bird people don't dress in cloaks and gowns while holding staff (*staffs?*), because they *do that* (see "*Bird Man with White Staff?*"). I don't know *why*.

Eagle figures

AH YES, see here, I've landed on the word "figure" for these genderless beings, which works much better than "men." I don't know why I didn't do this before, but it's far too late now, I've named many things "men" and we'll have to leave it at that. Knowing me I'll continue to do it, completely forgetting my new and much more useful word. Eagle figures are larger bird people but they have a tendency to scream anytime I get too close. Therefore, I do not know much more about them, as the screaming makes it hard to concentrate.

Gold mask cult

THE GOLD MASK CULT, or Gold Mask Cult, or *Gold Mask Cult* or **Gold Mask Cult** (which do you like most? I'm leaning toward **Gold Mask Cult** for my official correspondence, as the boldness has a sort of ominousness the other formats lack) is a group of cultists who wear gold masks. I suppose it's important here to talk about what I mean when I talk about cults. As there is no one religion, the idea of a cult being unusual, extreme, or "wrong" doesn't make much sense. Instead, I'm using here because it's a bit *spooky*. And these people are very into their gold masks, which is different from me, and thus uncomfortable. I don't know what they do with their time and as best as I can tell they skulk around being *weird* in the background of things.