

Gone too deep

This is about me, who has been curious. About me, who was home alone. About me, who has found lots of things today. But most certainly, about me, who has gone too deep.

Surface Web

Today, sometime around noon, my parents left for a visit to a colleague of my dad. I was planning on playing Call of Duty. But there, a message on FriendZone popped up. For those who lived under a stone for the last 5 years, it's the hottest messenger right now. There was a message from my friend Markov. It's not unusual for him to contact me after school, but today was different. "Hey Will! You've told me that you're home alone today, right?", is what he texted me. "Yeah, is there anything that could kill my time?". I expected him to send me some quirky porn, but there he goes and texts me, "Have you been on the DarkNet before?". I genuinely was laughing and answered, "Hell no". And then it was about time for him to tell me about the stuff on there, "Like there's drugs and guns, and all kinds of shit. It's quite interesting.". Guns and drugs, huh? Right then, I decided that I have way more time on my hands, than I needed. So I just inhaled, exhaled, and texted him back, "You piqued my interest, I guess I'll check it out.". "COOL! You gotta tell me about the stuff you find there!". I giggled at his comment, as I was looking forward to my little journey for some reason. But little did I know, that I had giggled for the last time.

Little me, didn't know how to access the Dark Net though. So I activated my IQ of 189, and just typed "how to enter dark net" into Google. There I found all kinds of tutorials. My only issue here was that most of them were satire. But then I came across some site, which looked like a horse took a dump on it. But the resources were actually the right ones. But then upon clicking, the invasion came. The invasion of pop-ups. These were ranging from free games online, to some woman who lives 5 miles away from me. "What the hell?" was the first thought that crossed my mind, not that this thought went away throughout the night though. After clicking a ton of pop-ups away, I got them, the TOR browser, a proxy service tool and NordVPN. Now all that was left, was checking out links to enter into the TOR browser.

Deep Web

On the TOR browser, I accessed some kind of link archive, which had way too many categories to check them all out. So I kept it down to the 'basic' stuff. I took a dip into the drug market, gun market and this and that. I mean, it was shocking and I still was thinking "What the hell?", but there was nothing that terrified me. Not even scary can be applied. But I was intrigued, so I looked into more. First were some satanic sites, which were actually creepy. But especially mysterious, some red eyes and hieroglyphs or something along those lines. Then came the first thing, which actually was disgusting. A site called, "Lolita

Browser". My first thought was "What the hell?", but I looked into it. And there's no real way to describe it, but it felt like my eyes were bleeding. At that moment, I hoped they'd stop working. Well I guess I have to elaborate, what this is. "Lolita Browser", is a child porn site. That most certainly, was the first scar I received today. And it wouldn't be the last one, because then came the first time I was attacked by a hacker, more or less. Some one seemingly got access to my browser, and started opening sites and shit. And that's where the second scar came. This person turned on suicide clips and clips where gore is shown off. I was extremely disgusted, actually so disgusted, that I had to vomit.

Upon coming back to my computer, there were a few pop ups and sites still open, but in the center was a message, typed in Microsoft Word. It said, "You don't know what you are getting yourself into. If that's how you want to end, it's your choice.". Of course I didn't want to end up like that. But I had secured myself, right? So I didn't feel like being in danger. So I typed back "Thanks for the warning, but no one will be able to lay their hand onto me lol.". I was pretty confident writing that. And there was his next message, "Are you sure about that? Then see this." And there he opened a new site, it required a password to enter. While he was entering the password, I noticed the site's name. It was called "Red Room". As he entered the password, a stream turned on. There was a Butcher with a mask on, and a guy bound to a chair, with his eyes covered. "How the hell did you find me?!" is what he was asking again, and again. The Butcher was tinkering with some kind of tools, but as he was finished, he answered with a voice deeper than humanly possible, "No one is secure on here, everyone makes a wrong step at some point.", and afterwards he grabbed a Saw and approached the man, and said "Welcome to the show ladies and gentlemen...". Immediately after that, the hacker turned off all the pop ups and sites. "I hope that's enough for a naive kid like you." was the last thing he wrote, before my softwares kicked them out of my computer. I was frozen in place. But with that, my imagination has gone wild. So I hate to admit that I wanted to see more of what the DarkNet holds for me.

Then I came across a category on the link archive, it was called "human database". I clicked on it, and there came a few websites, where you could look for all kinds of people. And suddenly, a thought crossed my mind. So I typed into the search bar on one of these databases "Mac Miller High IL". I waited for a few seconds, and there it was. A full list (including pictures) of the people at my High School. I kept scrolling, and scrolling, and scrolling. And there I even found Markov and myself. I hesitated at first, but then I decided to have no regrets at this point anymore, so I clicked. I was quite shocked. I had a grin of fear on my face. There were pictures, my hobbies, birthdate, my height and all my other information. But some information was concealed. But you could buy it for an insane amount of money.

For me, this was already deep shit. But then I imagined, "What is even worse than that?". I mean at this point, I've reached myself there, so what is even further in? Can I even go deeper? Or I think I am asking the wrong question here, *should* I go deeper? But at this point,

I had no regrets *at all*. My curiosity got the worse part of myself to come out I suppose.

Deeper into the rabbit hole

Then I got a message from Markov, "So, how is it?". I felt disgusted, without a doubt. But I simply texted him back, without giving it a second thought, "It's interesting, I feel like seeing more. Do you know a way to do so?". "Well..." is what he texted back. For some reason I sensed, danger. "There's supposed to be a forum, where all the active people on the DarkNet write with each other. Among them are plenty of hackers and other people who'll know how to go deeper." Again, I was disgusted, disgusted by myself. Because I had a smile on my face. "Thanks a lot Markov" was the last message I sent him.

So I looked for all kinds of forums, on the way to this forum Markov described, I found some weird forums talking about things like feet and stuff, my initial thought was "What the hell?". But then on a forum about rare animal trade, I found a person who seemed to know something, "Check out the Black Market, there was something on there" they said. So I got onto the Black Market. I was looking around, and there was a link on a seller's site. The site was called "Rabbit hole". But there it was, "Rabbit hole – We can go deeper than that".

So I simply asked "how do I go deeper than the dark net?". I thought I had to wait. But there came a ton of answers, telling me that the next step was a "Closed Shell System". My thought was, "What the hell?". But there, an admin answered. His name was "Reaper". "You can access this link, and there you can convert your computer, to make it compatible with the system. But kid, don't go too deep." But then, I got a private message on FriendZone from RabbitHole3. "Don't get involved with the Reaper." the text said. "Why's that?" I replied. "Only get involved with him if you want to access the Mariana Web. But good luck with that lol." I was quite confused, so I asked, "What is the Mariana Web?". "It is everything. But not much is known about the Mariana Web, so don't quote me on that." I was for some reason shocked, yet intrigued. But then came, "Kid. Go and hide. You've got some visit."

I was looking at my screen and I couldn't stop myself from taking this as a joke. But there, my heart stood still. "I misheard that, right?". But there it came again, some kept knocking on my door. I approached my door slowly, and there a voice rang out, "Pizza Hut delivery!". I was confused and said, "I didn't order any Pizza." A nasty silence conquered the room. And then the guy slammed against the door and shouted, "Open up! I'll find a way anyway!". For some reason my phone started ringing. I took a glance at it, and I've got messages on FriendZone. "Don't worry, I got your back kid." I was kind of messed up in my head at this point. But then, "3", "2", "1". And then, silence. It seemed like he was gone.

Back at my desk, I asked "What did you do?". The last answer was, " You'll find out soon enough. Good luck, you'll need it." I put my confusion to the side and put my interest above all. So I went back to Rabbit Hole, to look for ways to get into the Closed Shell System. There I found my way back to the Reaper's comment. I wasn't really sure because of the warning BunnyHole3 gave me, as they seemed trustworthy. So before accessing the link, I tried to contact the Reaper directly. So I looked for ways, but no can do. And out of nowhere, I got a message on FriendZone, from the Reaper. "You were looking for me, right?".

I was really content because of the message. Like not in a way that I'd jump off my chair, but it made matters way easier. "Yeah, I have two questions, do you know who could have approached my home and hacked my computer?", I had to get some intel on who the pizza guy was. And if the Reaper is such an adequate hacker, he should know I guess. He took some time to respond, so I made myself some food meanwhile. While being in the kitchen. I felt like...someone was observing me, so I overcame my despair and turned around. And there I've seen a man smiling towards me and waving his hand behind the window in the kitchen. I instantly shuttered the windows in my home. I felt really anxious for the first time, I thought I'd hyperventilate. But after getting my act together, I returned to my computer. In view was a long text from the Reaper. "Usually people get intel on people who have gaps in their security on the DarkNet. With certain intel, they can do certain things. In your cases two things happened. So the first one was probably an assassin. If you take a look, you'll find assassination sites on here. The person who bought your adress or something along those lines, then contacted an assassin to get you. The bounty must've been relatively small if he let you be now. He wouldn't be on the winning side if he made a commotion.", an assassin? On me? Why would people do that? But he left me alone, so that's good for me. But still, I can't say that I'm not scared. "And the second one was probably a hacker who was sitting around on a website with security gaps and looked for an opening like that. But if you can still text me, I suppose he didn't do anything particularly malicious. So don't worry about it.". Well at least there is one kind of positive information. "Ok thanks a lot!" was my short reply to the story he wrote me. "But don't trust the people here kid." Was his next message.

After his help, I felt like his link was secure, and I decided to click it. My computer started doing all kinds of stuff. Not gonna lie, I felt terrified at first. But the process worked. So I can finally enter the part, which requires a closed shell system. This part of the internet may have looked similar to the rest at first. But upon entering the Closed Wiki. I realised what I've got myself into.

The Closed Shell System

"This looks odd". Like don't get me wrong, it is no disgusting stuff. It just looks like a very protected database. "But why is everyone rejecting the reaper?" was the question that kept bothering. Why would no one trust an admin who gets everyone deeper, like it seems to be

legit. But I didn't want to anchor myself in this thought and decided to check out what's next. And I came across two kinds of "categories" I'd like to say. The first category was just messed up while the other one was interesting, like lots of experiments, ai stuff or world order stuff. But I decided to get the bad stuff out of the way.

So the most disturbing thing will probably remain to be child porn. Only that this one isn't just grotesque. But this shit made me question the existence of humanity as a whole. But I didn't want to look into this stuff too long, as it really messed with me. What was next, was quite confusing at first. Nephilim protocols. Yeah you probably don't know either. But upon looking into it, I found out that it's church experiments to find the descendants of god himself. Rebel angels to be exact here. These protocols are straight up torture though. Next up was the supposedly biggest assassination network on the globe. "Serpent's Head" was its name. There I found two things, which made me tremble. First was the number one assassin on *the globe*, with around 7000 heads on him. And we are talking about publicly given bounties here, so it's probably way more than that. But then, I found the bounty on me. "What the actual hell?" is what I screamed out with my despair conquering the room. Someone put 95 dollars on my head, with the description "This kid is going deep, as soon as someone reports his presence in the closed shell system part of the DarkNet. The reward will go up to 950 dollars.". Wait. No **no no no no, no**. This can't be true. I got onto FriendZone in an instant.

What the hell is going on? My only contacts left on FriendZone were RabbitHole3 and the Reaper. So I contacted the Reaper, "There's 950 dollars on my head?! What should I do?!". His reply came faster than a flash. "Don't worry about it, I'll take care of it." I was sitting in my chair, shaking, shaking and shaking. I cannot describe the feeling that was pulsating through me. But then a sound came from my computer. I got onto Serpent's Head again. And the task was marked as cleared. It actually felt weird. I mean I was at ease now. But now, I was *dead* for the people on there. But I quickly moved on to avoid the situation to get out of hand.

Now I was ready to move on to the experiments and so on. First up was the Order of the Illuminati, "The Law of the 13's". I was shocked by what their plans to dominate the world were. And how much they had grasped already. They were mentioning world leader names as members, like Putin, Trump and some others. Or even some S-tier actors, or businessmen. But as if I would hit an end there. Because then I found a site for Tesla experiments. But it was locked with a password, and so was the world war 2 experiments site. So I tried to look for them on all kinds of sites. I have seen a lot of interesting science while browsing through all kinds of sites. Then I got a FriendZone message once again, it was the Reaper. "You seem to have hit a dead end. Look on sites that could be linked with each other. These passwords are often automatic." was his advice. But I started having doubts about the Reaper, *how* does he know what I'm doing? But I'd rather think he's a nice person like RabbitHole3. So I looked for linked sites. And after a good chunk of time, I got

the passwords. It certainly was exhausting. But as I noticed, it was worth the effort.

Last run

These were experiments, I couldn't even closely comprehend. Weapons which would be capable of destroying our globe, tools which could be making use of hypnosis and so on. Knowing how to apply this information. Could make you powerful as hell. If not, equal to a god. However, I noticed a bar on the right, it said '2 users online - Dawn (Which was me); Turtle'. Who the hell is Turtle? I decided to ask my medium, the Reaper. "Who is Turtle?". The Reaper replied "I'd say, people like to call him the library. He is among the people who have gone the deepest. Only thing is, he can't find a way out anymore. People have all kinds of theories, like that he's an FBI agent or that he's the founder of the DarkNet." The founder of the DarkNet?! And I seem to be on par with him right now. I'm actually impressed with what I achieved so far. So I decided to contact Turtle on the site. But before that, the Reaper sent another message, it was a quite cryptic one. "You seem to be hitting the end, watch your step, or you'll fall too deep. The next move is up to you."

On the site, I started a chat with Turtle. Or no, actually he started it:

--Turtle entered the chat--

--Dawn entered the chat--

"Hey Dawn. What brings you so deep?"

"Me being intrigued by what I can find."

"Isn't looking at banned footage, books, games and music interesting enough? Wish I had stayed at that point."

"I feel like there's more behind every corner. And science always ceases to pique my interest."

"If that's the case, there are two corners left for you to see."

"What are you getting at?"

"You're almost there. Right now you're at Ufos, World obliteration tools or basically guides to rule the world. Next up is the answer and what lies beyond. I've never had the balls to look at what lies beyond. But I have sources to confirm that that's what's last."

"How do I access the answer?"

“Click on my profile, there you’ll find a claimable badge. It comes with a link on it. Type it into the browser. And see what’s left. But I’ve got one question.”

“Thanks, what is it?”

“Have you been in touch with the Reaper?”

“Yeah, he helped me throughout this journey!”

“...”

“What about him though?”

“You shouldn’t go deeper then.”

--Turtle left the chat--

Hm? What does he mean by that? Can’t he decide on what I should do next? But that doesn’t matter now. I’ve decided to have no regrets. So I got the badge and entered the link. There, I found ‘CAIMEO’. This is an AI Superintelligence. So I typed “Hello”, “Hello William” was its reply, which made a shiver go down my spine. “How do you know my name?” I asked to make sure. “There’s nothing I don’t know.”. So if that’s the case, there are three questions left. “What’s inside Area 51?”, “I don’t know the exact information. But I know that it lies below me, inside the Mariana Web.” this only got me more hyped to look into the Mariana Web. “Is the Mariana Web the only thing left from here on?” was my second question. “Basically yes. Inside the Mariana Web, is a cyber war zone to get to the pinnacle of the internet. But it all lies in the Mariana Web.” how would I not be hyped after such an answer?! And last but not least, “Who is the ‘Reaper’?” I have to make sure. “The Reaper is--” huh? “Error occurring, firewall upload. Code 183206Alpha676Omega. --force disconnect (time 2 hours)--” what the hell is the meaning of this? “**attack detected-**” the site was closed down.

Then came a message from the Reaper, “Have you talked to Caimeo yet?”. I gave the honest reply and said, “yeah, but the site crashed”. Then my shine of hope came, “Did it give some kind of code?”. That’s when I realised it gave me a code. “Yeah it did”. “Good, then I’ll send you the server address with the site to access the Mariana web. Now there’s no going back. You already know too much to chicken out.” he’s right, there’s no point of return now. Then he sent me the address with a message. “Remember what I said in the beginning.”

I didn’t feel like thinking too much about it and I entered the site and typed in the password.

'183206Alpha676Omega'..."Access granted, welcome."

Finally, I did it. But some loud music started playing. And the starting page was loading for ages. Like it literally took an eternity, and I wasn't able to turn the music down. Meh, I'll just deal with it. But I couldn't wait, what was gonna happen next? Will I find out the biggest secrets of the internet, or hell, even the whole globe. Will I be able to reach the so called pinnacle? Oh there it is, the url name loaded...huh?

"IFoundYou.tv/WilliamStingray"

What's the meaning of this. Suddenly my webcam started blinking, I tried thinking about what this could be. But then I had a flash of wit. I just realised. It all makes sense now, or does it. Then the site loaded. And on the screen am I...wait what? And behind me a man dressed like the Reaper. The whole night just flashed before my eyes. And I remembered a thing, "Don't trust anyone". Then man behind me, leaned towards me and just said,

"You've gone too deep."