### August 4, 2022

Today I woke up to the news that an old childhood friend of mine had suddenly passed away. I can't believe it. We were so close when we were younger and I feel like a part of my life is now missing. I feel so helpless, like I can't do anything to bring him back.

I feel so sad and it feels like my heart is heavy. I can't help but think about all of the fun times we had together growing up. All of our adventures, our secrets, and even our arguments. I miss him so much and I can't believe he's gone.

I'm struggling to cope with this news and it's hard to stay focused on anything else. I hope that writing in this journal will help me to process my emotions and come to terms with what has happened. I know that my friend would want me to remember the good times and continue to live life to the fullest.

### August 16, 2022

I attended the funeral of my childhood friend, and I was overwhelmed with grief. As I looked around at everyone else in the room, I could feel the sadness in the air.

The service was beautiful and the pastor said some kind words about my friend that made me feel better. After the service, I went back to my friend's parent's house and spent some time with them.

I was reminded of all the fun times we had together growing up. I never imagined that I would be saying goodbye to my friend so soon. As I sat with my friend's parents, we reminisced about all the memories we shared.

At the end of the visit, his parents gave me some old personal items that belonged to my friend. I was surprised to find a stack of old discs containing some Doom file backups.

It was an emotional moment, but I am grateful to have these items to remember my friend by. When I get home I’ll go through some of his old artwork and see what I can recover from the discs.

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### August 18, 2022

I spent some time looking through my friend’s sketchbook just in case there was something important in there. I had no idea what to expect, but I was definitely not prepared for the strange artwork that I found inside.

The sketches were mostly abstract and dark, with a lot of imagery depicting death, sadness and despair. As I flipped through the pages, the artwork seemed to get increasingly darker, and I began to feel a sense of dread. I decided that I had seen enough and closed the book, feeling a little bit shaken.

After that, I decided to try and take my mind off things and do some Amazon shopping. I need a USB 3.5” floppy drive if I’m going to try and recover some of these old files… lord knows whether anything can be retrieved from these discs—they’re nearly 20 years old. Fingers crossed.

### August 20, 2022

My package finally arrived in the mail so I spent the day going through old floppy discs.

I plugged it in and started to play around with it. I was surprised to find that I could actually recover data from my old floppy discs! I had some old files from my high school days that I thought were long gone, but here they were. My friend and I used to make Doom maps in high school and I was so excited to find them again. But then I stumbled across a map that I had never seen before. It was a map of my friend's house… I was so surprised to learn that he had been working on this map in secret!

Playing this map made me realize that the best way to honor our friendship is to clean up his work and release it to the public. We never made any of our Doom stuff available to others, I guess we were young and intimidated by the great work being produced by the community, but I’m impressed with the quality of what’s currently here in his map and I think it’s a fitting tribute to clean it up for others to enjoy.

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### August 25, 2022

I spent this morning doing something I haven’t done in years—browse Doomworld for the most recent Doom editing tools. I was amazed to find how easy and accessible the new tools were compared to what I was used to back in the mid 00s. I ended up downloading Ultimate Doom Builder and Slade, both of which proved to be incredibly useful.

Ultimate Doom Builder made mapping incredibly easy and straightforward. I was able to quickly create a basic map without much trouble, and I'm excited to see what I can achieve with a bit more practice. Slade was also much better at managing resources than trying to use WinTex, which I remember using back in the day.

I feel pretty comfortable now that I can finish my friend’s map and maybe add some new features to spruce it up as well.

### August 29, 2022

~~I had the strangest dream last night about my childhood friend who recently passed away. We were playing legos in his basement like we used to do as kids and when I turned around, he was gone. The house was empty and silent, everything was so quiet and still. I started to smell smoke and hear screams from upstairs.~~

~~I ran upstairs, and when I got there, the house was just a burned frame. Smoke was getting thicker and thicker, and I could barely see or breathe. I searched for my friend, but I couldn't find him anywhere. I couldn't see anything. I started to panic and then I found myself outside in the fog. I was alone, but I could hear low growls in the distance.~~

~~When I woke up, I wished so badly that it was all just a dream, but I knew deep down that it was real. I just miss my friend so much, and it's hard to think that he's gone. There’s nothing worse than letting your mind dwell on something… after a while it starts to consume you. Just now, I decided to order a replacement set of smoke detectors with CO2 sensors. Just in case.~~

### September 2, 2022

Today I made a post on Doomworld showing off my friend’s map. There’s more to do on the map, but hopefully this is the encouragement I need to finish the map and push it out for release. I thought it would be a simple project, but the more I learn about the new UDMF features, the more things I’ve been adding to make it more interesting.

I want the project to maintain the original aesthetic my friend was working on, but I’m trying to find that fine line between the original vanilla map and a cleaned-up release that feels a little less 90s.

### 

### October 3, 2022

October already? Been super busy with work so I haven’t had time to work on the map. I did, however, go back and look through the sketch book again and started scanning some of them into the computer for posterity.

As I scrolled through the drawings, I could see that my friend had taken a dark turn. Each sketch seemed more unhinged and disturbing than the last. I felt a chill of worry run down my spine as I realized that my friend's mental health might have been in a very fragile state.

### October 8th, 2022

Today was a long day at work, but I was really looking forward to coming home and getting some mapping in. I decided to order a pizza first, so I called up my favorite pizza place and placed my order. It felt so good to be able to relax and enjoy some good food.

Once the pizza arrived, I set it aside and got to work on my Doom map. I've been working on it for a while now, and I'm making good progress. I'm determined to make my friend proud. I spent the next few hours tweaking and refining the map, and it felt really good to mess with some of the new UDMF features. It’s fun to align floors without having to draw new textures.

Eventually, after a few hours, I decided to take a break and have some of that pizza I ordered earlier. After dinner, I went back to work on my map, making some more tweaks and finishing up some of the details.

I can't wait to release it. I think people are going to love all the doomcute elements in the map.

### October 13th, 2022

I know that sharing is a big part of the Doom community, but a small part of me doesn’t want people to make modifications of this map. Mostly because I feel like this is a tribute and just a vessel for my feelings and emotions… someone else making changes would feel inappropriate.

But more importantly, I feel like *something* wants *me* to be the only one to work on it. I can’t explain it, but when I reached out to ZDoom discord members for help, it seemed like something didn’t want me to upload it for others to work on… It sounds stupid because I ended up uploading a copy, but for a moment I felt compelled to keep it for myself.

Fortunately my post on Doomworld was received well and it seems most people aren’t bothered by the idea that an author doesn’t want to make their map available for modifications.

### 

### November 4, 2022

I had an incredibly vivid dream last night. This has been happening for several weeks now so I feel I should start documenting them. I’ll do my best to recall the events of my dreams…

I awoke in a cold sweat, my heart pounding in my ears. I felt a chill run down my spine, and I knew something was wrong. I lay in bed, too afraid to move, when I heard a faint, ghostly cry coming from the attic. I had heard this sound before, but this time it was louder and more insistent.

I tried to ignore it, telling myself it was just my imagination, but the more I tried to push it away, the louder it became. I had no choice but to investigate.

I got out of bed and slowly crept up the stairs to the attic, my heart pounding so hard I thought it would burst. As I entered the attic, I noticed a trail of children's toys leading out the window. I followed the trail, feeling a strange compulsion to do so.

The trail led me to an abandoned daycare center near the edge of town. I stayed back, afraid to enter, but I couldn't help but feel drawn to the place. I knew something was waiting for me inside, something dark and dangerous.

I took a deep breath and stepped inside. The place was dark and silent, but as I walked around I noticed the walls were covered in eerie drawings of children and babies. Then I heard the sound of a baby crying again, coming from the back of the room.

I followed the sound, and when I reached the back of the room I saw a crib with a stillborn baby inside. I felt a chill run down my spine as I realized what was haunting me. The stillborn baby was the one in the attic.

I backed away slowly, my heart pounding in my ears. I knew I had to leave this place, and I quickly ran out the door, never looking back.

### November 13, 2022

It's been a long day, and I'm exhausted. I had every intention of getting some rest earlier, but here I am, still wide awake and struggling to keep my eyes open. I can't help but feel like I'm forgetting something, but I can't put my finger on it. I had so much planned for today—or did I?

I'm trying to remember what I did yesterday, but it's all a blur. Was I working on a Doom map? I feel like I must have been, but I can't remember adding any new geometry or details, and all the new scripts seem completely foreign to me. I don’t remember writing them. I'm so frustrated, and I'm starting to get really worried that maybe this insomnia is making me crazy.

It's late now, and I'm determined to get some proper sleep tonight. Hopefully I can make some sense of all this in the morning.

### November 23, 2022

I was actually able to get some sleep last night, however I continue having these vivid, cryptic dreams, and they keep feeling more personal and unsettling… I’m starting to prefer the tiresome days to my dreams.

I was dreaming about taking a nice hot bath. I felt myself sinking deeper and deeper into the warm water until I couldn't breathe. I tried to scream, but no sound escaped my lips. I was drowning in my own bathtub.

Suddenly, I felt a jolt, as if I had been pulled out of the water. When I opened my eyes, I found myself in a subterranean cave, illuminated by a faint, eerie blue light. I could feel a chill in the air, and I could hear the echoing of demons in the distance.

I tried to scream, but my voice was muffled by the darkness of the cave. I felt a chill run down my spine as I realized I was being hunted by something unseen. I heard the scraping of claws on the rocks and felt the ground shaking beneath me.

I was terrified, and I started to run. I ran and ran until I found a small crevice in the wall of the cave. I squeezed through it and hid in the darkness, hoping the demons wouldn't find me.

Eventually, I awoke in my own bed, safe and sound. But I couldn't help but feel a lingering fear that the demons were still out there, watching and waiting.

### December 7, 2022

It's 4:30am and I'm still up working on this map for Doom. I can't believe I've been up this late, I must be exhausted. I'm not sure why but I'm having trouble sleeping lately, I just can't seem to shut my mind off. I'm really starting to feel the effects of it too, I've been more irritable than usual and my coworkers have said they've noticed a change in my behavior. I'm also a lot more on edge and jumpy than I used to be.

I'm playing back the map to check my work, and I'm finding all these new additions I don't remember adding. It's almost like the map has a mind of its own, but that's impossible right? Maybe I'm just exhausted and not thinking straight. I guess I should take it as a sign that I need to get some rest.

### December 16, 2022

Today i desided to take a day off work. i was just so tired, i couldn't focus anymore. I've been having trouble sleeping for weeks now, and i just needed to rest. I'm glad christmas is coming soon, so i can spend time with my family. i'm looking forward to it, even though i don't really feel like being around people. it'll be nice to have some time away from the school, and to just relax. i'm sure they'll be a lot of fun and there wilL be plenty of laughter and good times. here's hoping that i'll be well rested and ready to face the world again soon!

### December 17, 2022

Don’t attempt to type while sleepy.

### December 18, 2022

I was in the bathroom, standing in front of the mirror, shaving. As I looked at my reflection I noticed it winked at me. It was so strange and unexpected that I threw my razor at the mirror. I was so scared that I expected the mirror to shatter, but instead it stayed intact. I was even more surprised when I put my hand through the mirror and I could feel the glass

I kept going and I was able to climb all the way into the mirror. It was like a tunnel. When I looked back, I saw myself in the mirror, and this time I winked back. It was so surreal, but I felt like I belonged there. There was something comforting about being in the mirror, like it was my home. I woke up feeling so confused and shocked, and I still can't believe it was just a dream.

### January 4, 2023

Today was supposed to be my first day back at work after the holiday break, but I decided to take one more day off to work on *myhouse*.wad. I've been spending hours every day mapping out and organizing the project, but I'm starting to feel like it's taking on a life of its own. Despite being unable to remember making many of the changes, I keep finding new things appearing in the project.

I'm starting to feel a little paranoid, like someone or something is watching me and is controlling the direction of the project. It's a strange feeling, and I'm not sure how to explain it, but I just feel like I'm not in control anymore. It's a little unnerving, but I'm determined to finish this project.

### 

### January 7, 2023

I was driving along a road in the woods, when all of a sudden, my car veered off the road and crashed into a tree. I woke up to find myself in the driver's seat, with an injured and bleeding leg. My head was spinning and I felt disoriented.

I dragged myself out of the car, and hobbled my way through the woods in hopes of finding help. My leg was in agony and I felt like I was going to faint. Through the trees I saw the lights from a lonely gas station.

I was relieved to find it open, but then I realized that there was nobody there. I had no idea where everybody had gone. As I was standing there, I heard some strange noises coming from the woods around me. I was too scared to investigate, so I just stood there, feeling scared and alone.

Suddenly, I heard a car in the distance and I limped towards it. Thank goodness, it was a taxi driver who was able to take me to the hospital.

I eventually woke up in a cold sweat, not sure if I was relieved or disappointed that it was just a dream.

### January 13, 2023

I Have an extended weekend because of MLK Day so I thought I’d try to wrap this thing up before March. I had trouble opening the map; Doom Builder and Slade both reported being unable to locate the file. Apparently, during a previous editing session, I compiled the map as a pk3 file and both editors were looking for a previous copy in .wad format.

I had been reading tutorials on how to convert wad files to pk3 and I must have thrown everything into a new file at some point in an exhausted stupor because I don’t remember actually converting the project into a different format.

### January 14, 2023

Last night I had a nightmare that felt so real I can still feel the fear and terror coursing through me as I write this. I was on an airplane, and I was the only passenger. I looked out the window to see the ground below and noticed that the terrain was unfamiliar. I had no idea where I was or where I was going. Suddenly, the plane started to shake violently and I heard a loud noise coming from the engine. In the distance, I could see a huge storm cloud coming towards me. I tried to communicate with the pilot, but I couldn't hear him over the sound of the engine.

The plane began to dive and suddenly I felt a huge jolt. I looked out the window again and saw that the plane was heading for some kind of structure. I closed my eyes and felt the plane crash. I felt the impact and heard the screams and cries from the people around me. I then woke up, my heart pounding and my body drenched in sweat.

### January 21, 2023

I don’t know if it’s the memories of my friend that keep flooding back while working on this map, but I need to take a break. This project, which began as a simple cleanup and release as a memorial, has consumed all my free time; hours pass and I’m not aware of the time or familiar with the work added to the map.

I’m going to stop mapping for a while and come back later when I’m in a better place.

### January 22, 2023

I mapped again last night.

### January 23, 2023

And tonight.

### January 31, 2023

I’ll take a break for real this time–I hope it will let me.

### February 14, 2023

Happy Valentines day to the only person I ever loved. For a short time, you brought a little happiness to this painful existence called life. I hope we can be together again one day. In the meantime… I’ll keep looking for that other someone who can be the ray of light in my life that you turned out to be.

### February 19, 2023

I didn’t make this area of the map. I’m sure of it. It’s still the house that Thomas started all those years ago, but different. It has changed. The map I’ve been detailing and cleaning up for release is still here, but it is now intertwined with too many tags and sector references to separate it from these new areas.

I would be more disturbed if wasn’t so beautiful.

### 

### February 20, 2023

I took more time off work to finish the map. After 13 years, I’ve got the hours, but more important… the map needs me. Without my guiding hand, the map doesn’t know what to build. But I can help it. Guide it. It seems to respond to my designs, changing them to match my emotional state. It knows what I’m feeling. It knows how Thomas felt.

### February 26, 2023

I can no longer tell what elements of this map are my friend’s, which are mine… and what the map has created. I am no longer afraid that the map is creating itself. It needs me as much as I need it. Which reminds me of a dream I had the other night. I’m not sleeping much, but I recall

this one with surprising clarity. I was standing on a beach staring out at the placid water, the ocean stretching out as far as the eye could see. Seagulls cawed overhead and the gentle caress of water lapped the sand in front of me. I dipped my toes into the water. At least I tried. There was no water. No ocean. It was an illusion. I realized everything around me was fake. The trees, the birds, the sand… it was all a one-act play, and I was Willie Loman. A damned fool who believed in something greater. But there was no happiness to be found. I wandered the set only to find myself staring into oblivion… it was the end of time itself. No joy, no misery, no sadness… only emptiness. Men of faith tell us the afterlife is for eternity, but is it possible to keep your sanity for eternity? A day passes in the void. A month. A year. Two. Five. Ten. Is this an eternity? Twenty years. A hundred years. A thousand years. I’ve sat in this room for a million years now entertaining the same thoughts, pondered the same questions, and ruminated on every mistake in my life… anguishing over them for centuries. A billion years now. Double that. Now double it again. I am still nowhere close to the end of eternity. I pray for death but it never comes… just me, and my thoughts and my mistakes and my insecurities and my regrets and my loneliness. Somewhere, in another dream, the version of myself that winked back is sitting on the real beach, happy and content, knowing life is finite, there is no afterlife, and happiness is found in the small things around us that we can control. Happiness has to be fought for.

### March 2, 2023

I was wrong. The map is using me. This morning I loaded a Doom Builder backup file from late October and spent a few hours preparing the map for release. I tried to delete *myhouse*.pk3 but I keep getting a ‘file in use’ error. I don’t think the map will let me. I’m going to post it on Doomworld tonight, but I don’t want anyone playing anything other than the original vanilla release–whatever this map is doing to me, I can’t let it do the same to others.

### March 9, 2023

I swear I uploaded the safe copy, but *myhouse.pk3* was uploaded by mistake. I don’t know if a lot of people were able to download the map before I fixed the link, but hopefully I caught it in time