



Vanishing Leaves Game Script

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Characters:

- **Great Companions:** an underground network of citizens, hackers, and educators dedicated to protecting writers and works of literature from forces determined to censor and suppress them.
- **Agent Singer:** Game player's character. Undercover agent working for the Great Companions to save Whitman's work.
- **GC² (Great Companions Guidance Computer):** Computer system used by the Great Companions to communicate and collaborate on missions.
- **Agent Cache:** Great Companions technology and AI expert. Hacker extraordinaire.
- **Agent BackStory:** Great Companions Whitman, poetry and New York City expert.
- **Walt 2.0:** Artificial intelligence built from memories extracted from Whitman's preserved brain matter.
- **SNAKE (Stewards of the Noble American Knowledge Enterprise):** A shadow organization seeking to control modern society through the regulation of information access.
- **Mower Virus:** Powerful virus which hacks websites to remove Walt Whitman's written work and Whitman scholarship
- **Big Books:** Large online book retailer

Game Terminology:

- **Geo-Uploads:** In-game composing activities used to upgrade the Whitman AI
- **AI:** Artificial Intelligence
- **VR:** Virtual Reality
- **Mission Plaque:** Onscreen game markers that guide the game user through the narrative.
- **Mission Brief:** Additional information pertaining to Whitman's life and historic context, as well as game locations and characters.

Game actions are in Red
Comments and instructions are in Green

Game Opening

An unknown organization is attempting to systematically eliminate poet Walt Whitman's masterwork "Leaves of Grass" from humankind's collective memory.

You are Agent Singer, a sleeper agent working with the Great Companions, an underground network of concerned citizens, hackers, and educators dedicated to protecting great works of art from the forces determined to destroy them.

Travel to Brooklyn Heights to discover who is behind this plot and stop them before the memory of Whitman and his work are lost forever.

< Start Game >

Scene 1: Recruitment

Urgent Message:

Eregitngs Nagte Eisngr, you vhae eben tcviaadte fro dtuy.

2cg (eth Greta Cmoanpoisn Ugindace Ompcteru) is wno nlione and will sasist yuo utorhguoht your siomisn.

2cg's tnfieacer willi sipdayl miorpatnt omissin olcoatins and nnoctce oyu uyo ot ryou eflwlo aegnts. In adidoitr, tival tmonnoiafir and tolos acn eb casdesec hrgtuoh teh msisoin enmu lcatoed in the ruppe left ocnrre fo het daispyl. Eplaes orepedc ot eht reevdzouns point fro oyur imssion briediefgn.

< Decrypt Message >

Greetings Agent Singer, you have been activated for duty.

GC² (Great Companions Guidance Computer) is now online and will assist you throughout your mission. GC²'s interface will display important mission locations and connect you to your fellow agents. In addition, vital mission files and tools can be accessed through the Mission Menu located in the upper left corner of your map interface.

Please proceed to the Rendezvous Point to receive more information and to linkup with your mission team.

< Proceed to the Rendezvous Point >

[Whitman Park Mission Plaque appears]

[Whitman Park mission file added]

Location 1: Walt Whitman Park

Walt Whitman Park Mission Plaque

- Officially named in 1955 to celebrate the centennial of the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*.
- The park covers 2.9 acres.
- In 2013 the park reopened after a 4.5 million dollar renovation.

- New centerpiece fountain contains four excerpts from the 1892 edition of *Leaves of Grass* etched around its perimeter: "I Dream'd in a Dream" from "Calamus"; "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry"; "To the States" from "Inscriptions"; and "The Bravest Soldiers" from "Sands at Seventy."

Mission Briefing

GC²: Establishing a secure connection with the Great Companions operation center.

[< Download Mission Information >](#)

Operation: Vanishing Leaves

About a month ago, booksellers, private collectors, universities, and libraries started receiving substantial offers from an anonymous buyer for their first edition copies of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. Those that refused had their copies stolen in a series of highly sophisticated thefts. In a matter of weeks, all existing first edition copies of the book had been acquired from both private and public collections.

Then, this morning, an online virus called "Mower" was released that took down every webpage containing Whitman's poetry and prose, as well as all scholarship pertaining to him and his work. Online booksellers, even ecommerce giant Big Books, were forced to discontinue offering Whitman's works after their product pages were hacked. In each instance, the content on the webpage was replaced by a mysterious snake logo and the text, "ophidia in herba." The hacked page has been uploaded to your mission files.

Acquired Mission Files can always be found in the main Mission Menu which is accessed by clicking the three horizontal bars icon on your map interface.

[< View Hacked Web Page >](#)

[< Continue >](#)

Several of our technical agents scoured the code of these hacked pages and discovered a secret audio link embedded in the snake image.

Review the audio message and then continue the mission briefing.

[< Play Audio >](#)

[Start Audio Recording]

Transcription: If you are listening to this recording... Congratulations, I would like to personally applaud you for discovering our secret message. Unfortunately, you are already too late; SNAKE's plan has been set in motion and Walt Whitman and his "poems" are well on their way to being wiped from human memory! Now, before we get to your predictable despair, you must have so many questions! You are probably curious why someone would go to such great lengths and spend such ridiculous amounts of money and time to eliminate a pathetic poet and his work from the world?" Well... if you must know...Walt Whitman is not just a poet, oh no, he is a symbol of the rot and decay which is destroying the very fabric of our country. He is the epicenter of the self-absorbed American ego and the belief that everything about our meaningless lives is worth cataloging, every moment so important that we have to take a "selfie" to share it. Look at me! Look at my salad! Look at my baby drool! Enough! It was Whitman, the patron saint of loafing, that sent us down this road, and it is his slacker manifesto,

Leaves of Grass, that continues to encourage the lazy masses to daydream their lives away.

The time has finally come for SNAKE to stir our stagnating society from its slumber, to steer our ship in a new direction. With all first editions of *Leaves of Grass* in our possession, we now hold the root of this foul weed firmly in our grasp, we control the source material and can now revise history.

Let me ask you, how long does it take for a man's words to be forgotten? Forget a book, how long would it take for just one poem to fade into the recesses of human memory? Could you remember every line to preserve it perfectly? Now, I'm sure you are saying to yourself, "I don't *have* to memorize a poem, they're all online!" True, but we have become far too reliant on the Internet to remember everything for us, we just digitize it and forget it, trusting it will always be there when we need it. The Mower Virus has been programmed to remove just a sliver of insignificant data from this overgrown field, and with it gone, we simply need to sit back and let the atrophied memory-span of the general public take care of the rest! In short time, Whitman's words will be forgotten, his message will lose its potency, and we will replace it with our own.

The grass has grown high around us friends, but thankfully SNAKE has arrived, to tend to the garden and to restore us to the path of righteousness. Whitman is just the start of our conquest, others will follow, falling in the arc of our scythe.

(Maniacal laughter) now, cue your despair!

[End Audio Recording]

GC²: Agent Singer, If what this recording says is true, *Leaves of Grass* is in danger of becoming a lost work, forgotten forever by humankind. Your mission is to save it and Walt Whitman from obscurity and discover who is behind this plot. A team has been assembled to assist you throughout your mission. Stand by for communication linkup..

GC²: Connecting to Agent BackStory: Walt Whitman and New York City Expert

[Agent BackStory Agent mission file added]

Agent BackStory: Agent Singer, I greet you at the beginning of a great career! It is I, your mission companion and resident Whitmaniac Jeff! Sorry, I mean Agent BackStory! Still getting used to this secret agent thing! I'm here to assist you in your quest to defend the Good Grey Poet aka Walt Whitman!

I have uploaded a file into the GC² main frame to start you off with some information about Walt and his connections to Brooklyn Heights.

[Walt Whitman and Brooklyn Heights mission file added]

Agent Singer: Thanks for the intel BackStory. Now what's our game plan?

Agent BackStory: It has long been thought that the original manuscript for *Leaves of Grass* was discarded after the first edition was printed, however, I recently discovered a letter written by Whitman which details his efforts to preserve the manuscript by hiding it at a secret location in Brooklyn Heights.

Despite SNAKE's ample supply of confidence, their quest to eradicate *Leaves of Grass* can be stopped if we recover the lost manuscript!

Agent Singer: Great plan Backstory! Where do we find the manuscript?

Agent BackStory: That's the enthusiasm we hoped you would bring to the mission Agent Singer! Now, with regards to the whereabouts of the manuscript, there is a small issue. The aforementioned letter was very badly damaged and the portion detailing the manuscript location is unreadable. So, the only one who actually knows where the manuscript is hidden is Walt Whitman.

Agent Singer: Excuse my evaporating enthusiasm, but unless you know how to raise the dead or talk to ghosts, I don't think Mr. Whitman is available! How will we locate the manuscript?

Agent BackStory: I'm so glad you asked, that is where Agent Cache comes in! GC², connect us to Agent Cache.

GC²: Connecting to Agent Cache: Technology and AI Expert. Wizard Level Hacker.
[Agent Cache Agent mission file added]

Agent Cache: Agent Singer, They call me Cache, not like the money, but the temporary data storage! So let's review shall we? Conspiracies, underground covert agencies, secret evil organizations! Crazy, right?! Well, hold tight, things are about to get a whole lot stranger! Ready for this?

Agent Singer: I'm ready for anything!

Agent Cache: Back in 1881 when Walt Whitman died, his brain was removed for study. Although it has long been believed that a clumsy lab tech lost his grip on the slippery specimen and that Walt's intellectual processor was completely destroyed when it hit the floor, a portion of the frontal cortex, believed to be one of the brain's main memory centers, was secretly recovered and preserved by early Great Companion agents. To tap into Whitman's memories and find the location of his lost manuscript, I fired an electric current of microscopic nanobots through this chunk of cerebrum. The process encoded any information stored within the organic brain matter leaving us with a significant portion of Whitman's memories digitized and ready for upload into my most advanced Artificial Intelligence program: Walt 2.0.

Unfortunately, after initial testing, it looks like large sections of the recovered code are corrupted. Even after supplementing the core memories with uploads of Whitman's

letters, poems, essays, notes, and images, we still have been unable to discover the manuscript location.

Agent BackStory: This is where you come in Agent Singer. We need you to help repair the fragmented memory segments of the AI by traveling to locations throughout Brooklyn Heights with connections to Whitman. At each location, you will need to compose Geo-Uploads to strengthen the AI's connection to that particular place. I will assist you by providing Geo-Upload instructions throughout the mission.

Agent Singer: What's a Geo-Upload?

Agent BackStory: Geo-Uploads are place-based compositions that we will use to help rebuild Walt 2.0's corrupted memory core. Taken from locations connected to Walt Whitman, we hope that these text, image, and audio inputs will assist the AI in recalling the location of the lost *Leaves of Grass* manuscript.

GC² send the Geo-Upload tutorial as well as the coordinates and mission file for our first target location, the Rome print shop. Once you have arrived at your destination we will reconnect and bring Walt 2.0 online. Now, it's time to hit the open road Singer, get out there and save Walt!

< **Start Mission** >

[Rome print shop destination activated]

[Rome print shop mission file added]

[Geo-Upload Training video added]

Scene 2: Activating Whitman

Location 2: Rome Print Shop

Rome Print Shop Mission Plaque

- Rome print shop was formerly located at 98 Cranberry st. and Fulton St (now Cadman Plaza West).
- Owned and operated by Scottish immigrants Andrew and James Rome.
- First edition of *Leaves of Grass* published here at the site in 1855.
- Building was marked with plaque in Whitman's honor in 1931.
- Demolished in 1964 during the Cadman Plaza redevelopment.

Agent BackStory: How envious I am of you Singer! You are now standing at the site where Whitman published the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, The Rome print shop! Whitman would travel here daily to work on printing proofs and he even set the type for nearly 10 pages of the book himself. GC², send Singer the mission file on the printing of the 1st edition of the book.

[Printing the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* mission file added]

Agent Singer: Don't mean to rain on your parade BackStory, but I'm not seeing a printing house anywhere!

Agent BackStory: Well, the landscape has changed dramatically since Whitman's time and the print shop no longer exists, but there is no denying the connection this location has to Walt. We won't know how much power that holds until the AI activation process is complete and you start interacting with Walt 2.0. Agent Cache, what's our status?

Agent Cache: Looking good. The AI has been uploaded into a virtual Brooklyn Heights that emulates the city as it was in 1855. In addition, I have placed a geo-linked avatar of Agent Singer into the virtual reality, meaning, to Walt 2.0 it will seem as if he is walking with Singer in Brooklyn as it was during his lifetime. We will be able to monitor mission progress remotely and assist, but only Agent Singer will be able to interact with Walter Dos Punto Cero.

Agent BackStory: Singer, you are going to need to converse with Walt and get him talking. The more you engage him, particularly with geo-uploads, the greater potential there is to repair the AI's memory fragmentation and discover the manuscript location. Try to keep the conversation focused on that book... I know, tell him you are interested in reprinting *Leaves of Grass*, that should get his interest.

Agent Cache: Companions, we are good to go. Walt's coming online now!

Walt 2.0: Y-Y-Y-Y-YAWP!! Echoes, ripples, and buzz-buzz-buzzed whispers. Yawp, yawp. Give me a little time beyond my cuffed head and slum-slumbers and dreams... Yawp! What am I? And what are you? Are you the President?

Agent BackStory: Are you the president?! Ha! Classic Whitman! You're on Singer!

Walt 2.0: Comrade, if you do not say anything how can I say anything? Who wishes to walk with me? Yawp!!

Agent Singer: Just act normal, you're about to have a conversation with an artificial intelligence in a virtual reality!
Umm... H-hello Mr. Whitman. It's a pleasure to meet you. My name is Singer. I have travelled to Brooklyn Heights to speak with you about printing a new edition of *Leaves of Grass*.

Walt 2.0: Y-y-yawp!! I hear the sound of the human voice.... a sound I love! Singer? I like it well! How are you friend?

Agent Singer: I'm... I'm fine. Mr. Whitman, as I was saying, I would like to print a new edition of your book of poems. However, there is a small problem; we are having difficulty locating your original manuscript. I was hoping you could help me obtain it.

Walt 2.0: This printed and bound book, yawp, I do not know what it is.... but I know it is in me. I answer that I cannot answer.

Agent BackStory: Just as we thought, the AI's memory is still too fragmented. Let's try to enhance the connection between this location and Whitman with a Geo-Upload and hope it triggers some recall.

One of the guiding conceits of *Leaves of Grass* is, perhaps unsurprisingly, the humble blade of grass! In the first edition, Whitman used it not only as the book's title, but also as the title of the first six poems of the volume. This democratic symbol connected the singular to the masses and focused the reader's attention on the natural beauty inherent in even the most simple and mundane of objects. As Whitman wrote, "I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journeywork of the stars." It also offered a palpable connection between the past and present, and life and death. At the conclusion of the first "Leaves of Grass" poem, which would later become "Song of Myself," Whitman proclaims, "I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love." Here, in the grass, was both his body and poetry, his offering and nourishment for those to come!

Geo-Upload Instructions

Use the camera tool to take a picture of a blade of grass from this location! After you have taken your photo, tap "Choose Tag" or the small (+) symbol to select "Rome Print Shop" from the tag dropdown menu. When you are finished, make sure to "Save" your Geo-Upload into the system. Then, use the menu icon at the top left of the screen to return to the map and reconnect with Walt 2.0.

< Initiate Geo-Upload Sequence >

[Note: Walt AI is upgraded to version 2.1 and is able to use text from 1856 edition of *Leaves of Grass*. If the user does not create a properly tag and save their post, a prompt will be offered on screen to remind them of the steps to complete the task]

Walt 2.1: *This is the symbol of the city I live in! Every spear of grass, to me, is a miracle! Now listen and I will sing the song of the grass for you!*

[Audio Recording: "Leaves of Grass," later known as "Song of Myself"]
["Song of Myself" audio file added]

Agent BackStory: Incredible! It looks as if you have inspired Walt into a spontaneous poetry recitation! Keep dialoguing with him and see if he remembers anything new.

Agent Singer: Mr. Whitman, thank you for that delightful reading! It is in fact the power of your poetry that motivates me to bring *Leaves of Grass* to a new audience. However, as I mentioned before, we really can not proceed with the new edition without the manuscript. If you could...

Walt 2.1: Wise-Singer, your eyes are blurred with the manuscript! Come! Loafe with me...

Wait! I remember! The first edition was twelve poems... I printed a thousand copies, and they readily sold. Yawp! Sweet-singer, it is not far... deep in the ground and sea, and where it is neither ground or sea. Let us hasten forth. Allons Singer!

Agent BackStory: Fantastic, a riddle! What could he mean by neither ground or sea?

Agent Cache: No time to figure it out now, Walt is on the move. He's heading west towards the Brooklyn Promenade.

Agent Backstory: Excellent, we can take Orange Street and pass by Plymouth Church, one of the few locations in Brooklyn Heights still remaining from Walt's lifetime. GC², send Singer the coordinates for Plymouth Church and the mission file for the location. Let's point our bow in that direction, try another Geo-Upload, and see if we can find out more information about the manuscript location.

[Plymouth Church mission file added]

< Proceed to Plymouth Church >

En Route Event

You've received an email from Big Books!

< Read Email >

[Big Book's email added to mission files]

[Big Bob and Big Book's mission file added]

Big Books Email

Big Bob's Books: We read your mind!

We noticed a writer you were recently looking for is unavailable, why not check out something new in the meantime? We know you'll love it!

Wallace Whistman

19th Century American Poet

Sample Poem

Industry

Ring out, O hammer! The sound of industry raises us from slumber.
Cut true brightest saw! The lumberjacks strong are culling the lumber!
Leather boots, march in order with purpose and determination,
Report for your duty, for your craft, for your station!
Sweat and grit coat thy face, deep lines mark thy hands
And look proudly above where your day's hard work stands!
Would buildings rise high if all men loafed the day?
Would the bridge cross the waters to make easy our way?
Would the crops reach the table if our noble farmers retired?
Would the bread reach our homes, if the ovens were not fired?
Would the furniture be carved if the chisels went still?
Would groundwork be laid without hardwork and will?
So rise up all young fellows, take up the axe, take to the plow,
Strap the tools to your backs, together steer the cattle together milk the cow!

Let the hammers clear ring forge our nation's foundation,
and let your hard work be your ultimate reward and salvation.

Reviews:

A truer American voice ne'er sounded clearer than Whistman's – Adam Rightly
Whistman's poems are so American. I always feel calm and wonderful reading his work.
It is sensible. – Janice Trustful

Whistman's words remain as true today as they were back then! – Conrad Forthright

Location 3: Plymouth Church

Plymouth Church Mission Plaque

- Founded in 1847 and designed by J.C. Wells.
- First Pastor: Henry Ward Beecher.
- Referred to as the "Grand Central Depot" of the Underground Railroad
- Visited by Abraham Lincoln 1860.
- In 1963, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. visited and delivered a sermon "The American Dream," which was an early version of his "I Have a Dream" speech.

Walt 2.1: Hymn-Singer, I hear Christian priests at the altars of their churches—I hear the responsive base and soprano!

Agent Singer: Cache, Backstory, I'm outside Plymouth Church and Walt is already responding to the location.

Agent BackStory: That makes sense, it is a very potent location. Plymouth Church was a center of New York's abolition movement during Whitman's life and was a hub on the underground railroad. Multitudes, including Whitman's own family, would travel to this location to witness the charismatic preacher Henry Ward Beecher deliver dramatic anti-slavery sermons. Abolitionists William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and John Greenleaf Whittier all preached here and Abraham Lincoln even visited the church twice before the outbreak of the Civil War.

Hopefully this location has a greater impact on the Walt AI. Let's keep him talking and find out.

Agent Singer: Mr. Whitman, we are at Plymouth Church. Were you...I mean, *are* you close with Mr. Beecher?

Walt?

Walt 2.1: I used to go and visit him, the crowd with their lit faces, watching the ankle-chain of the slave trodden under heel... A girl sold for a ring, given her freedom... I remember...

[Audio Recording: Runaway Slave from "Leaves of Grass"]
["Runaway Slave" audio file added]

Agent Backstory: More spontaneous poetry! We should take advantage of the moment with another Geo-Upload! One attribute of Whitman's poetry that was often linked to preachers such as Henry Ward Beecher was the way in which he spoke plainly and directly to his audience. Whitman sought to harness that conversational language in his "free verse" poetry, largely doing away with traditional form, rhyme scheme, and meter, opting instead for emotion, passion, and intimacy.

Geo-Upload Instructions

Let's channel the power of Whitman's free verse with your own spontaneous poetry! Use the text tool to channel any inspiration you are feeling in this moment. Pause, look within, and don't be afraid to speak from your heart!

When you are done composing your note, tap "Choose Tag" or the small (+) symbol to select "Plymouth Church" from the tag dropdown menu.

When you are finished, make sure to "Save" your Geo-Upload into the system. Then use the menu icon at the top left of the screen to return to the map and reconnect with Walt.

< **Initiate Geo-Upload Sequence** >

[Note: Walt AI is upgraded to version 2.2 and is able to use text from 1860 edition of *Leaves of Grass*. If the user does not create a properly tag and save their post, a prompt will be offered on screen to remind them of the steps to complete the task]

Walt 2.2: Mystic Singer!! Sound your voice! I like it well!

Agent Singer: Thank you Sir, but I am not...

Walt 2.2: Call me by my nighest name! Walt, liberal and lusty as nature. This hour I tell you things in confidence! I might not tell everybody, but I will tell you... come closer to me.... I heard the waters roll... we must go look on the river!

Agent Singer: I am not sure if I have expressed the urgency...

Walt 2.2: Ya-honk! Yes, the manuscript. Of the doubts, the uncertainties, be not discouraged—keep on! Hoot! Hoot!... Yawp!... Hoot! Ya-honk!

Agent Singer: Walt, are you ok?

Walt 2.2: I talk wildly, I have lost my wits!

Agent Singer: Cache, something must have went wrong during that last Geo-Upload, Walt is acting stranger than usual.

Agent Cache: Ohhh Shift Register! I noticed a small glitch during your last upload, and thought I squashed it, but it looks like it persisted. There seems to be some kind of data bleed on the servers that is impacting AI processors. I'm going to have to do a full scan of the system to see if I can figure out what's going on. Hold tight!

Agent Backstory: Singer, before Walt went on the fritz he mentioned the sound of water. Keep heading towards the East River and contact us when you get to the Brooklyn Promenade. That should give Cache enough time to work out whatever is wrong with Walt.

GC², send Singer the coordinates and mission file for the Brooklyn Promenade.

[Brooklyn Promenade mission file added]

< Proceed to the Brooklyn Promenade >

Location 4: Brooklyn Promenade

Brooklyn Promenade Mission Plaque

- Formerly known as Clover Hill
- George Washington's headquarters during the Battle of Brooklyn in 1776. After Washington's retreat, British troops occupied the ridge and Fort Sterling until 1783.
- 1826 ft. long park opened on October 7th, 1950.
- Part of three tier cantilever structure which includes the BQE (Brooklyn-Queens Expressway).
- In 1965, Brooklyn Heights was named New York City's first landmark district.

Agent Singer: Cache, Backstory, I am at the Promenade.

Agent Cache: Singer, status update, it looks like someone has been trying to infiltrate our systems. I identified a back door that is being used to try and hack into Walt. I don't know how they gained access to my code, but I'm about to slam that door shut before they can do any more damage. How is Walt?

Agent Singer: Walt?

Walt 2.2: Lo! I see the Great River! I see the ships! My city!

[Audio Recording: Mannahatta]

["Mannahatta" audio file added]

Agent Singer: Actually, I think he's much better now!

Agent Back Story: What beautiful verse! It is staggering to imagine how different Walt's view of Manhattan was from ours today, the shore lined with endless wooden masts, the towers and spires of Manahatta just beginning to reach upwards...

Walt 2.2: O my heart! Yahonk! Ya-ya-yahonk Hoot! Hoot! Murmur! Murmur... Murmur... murmer..... I shall sleep....

Agent Singer: I take that back about Walt feeling better! Whatever was happening before, it's getting worse.

Agent Cache: We have a serious problem, the firewall protecting Walt and the VR is crashing! I don't understand, I quarantined the malicious code and patched the vulnerability! How is...

[SNAKE Hack Attack]

SNAKE: Greetings Great Companions! So sorry to crash your little party unannounced like this, but I just had to pop in and congratulate you on an admirable effort to save old worthless Walt! Unfortunately, it is time to bring this charade to an end.

Thanks to Agent Singer, who was nice enough to let us poke around behind the scenes, a small army of my minions are currently turning over every rock in Brooklyn Heights looking for this lost *Leaves of Grass* manuscript. It's only a matter of time now... As for this digital abomination you are calling Walt, I hate to say it, but he doesn't seem to be doing very well! What's the matter Walt, too much activity for you today?

Walt 2.2: murmur...murmur...O I am very sick.

SNAKE: O dear, I fear you have come down with a touch of the Mower Virus! Yes, it's only a matter of time now before you are converted into a disassembled stack of binary bits floating in the great digital void. Keep your chin up though, maybe you'll be reformatted as a new Candy Crush level.

Walt 2.2: I, I, I do not understand.

SNAKE: No one really does, it's this game where people endlessly tap their phone screens... Wait a minute... you don't know do you? Of course they didn't tell you! Let me see, how do I put this without getting into the intricacies of modern computing, virtual reality, and artificial intelligence...

Walt, imagine someone separated your mind from your body. This mind could question and wonder, and even believed it was still connected to a physical body. Yet, in reality, everything it perceived was an elaborate hoax! The body? just an illusion. The world surrounding? A dream!

This, Walt, is your reality. Just an elaborate experiment that would have ended once there was no longer a need for you. In a way, the Mower Virus is just expediting the inevitable, call it a kindness. Maybe you should take your last moments to thank me!

Walt 2.2: Who are you? murmur...murmur... You ...mean ...devil!

SNAKE: Oh Walter, name calling wont help you now. Listen, I would love to stick around until the Mower Virus finishes its work, but I have important business to take care of and I'm really not big on funerals, even virtual ones.

Walt 2.2: I fade away....

Agent BackStory: Singer, we have to power up the Whitman AI immediately and help him fight off the Mower Virus! Fortunately, Walt's last spontaneous reading gave me an idea.

Whitman would often meditate on the skyline of Manhattan, or as he like to call it Mannahatta. From his vantage point in Brooklyn Heights, the spires and tall masts of the city were a dazzling representation of the flourishing American promise as well as a beacon calling him across the river to embark on a new adventure!

Geo-upload Instructions

Use the text note tool to meditate on the Manhattan skyline from your perspective. What do you see when you look out from the Promenade?

When you are done composing your note, tap "Choose Tag" or the small (+) symbol to select "Brooklyn Promenade" from the tag dropdown menu.

When you are finished, make sure to "Save" your Geo-Upload into the system. Then use the menu icon at the top left of the screen to return to the map and reconnect with Walt.

< Initiate Geo-Upload Sequence >

[Note: Walt AI is upgraded to version 2.3 and is able to use text from 1867 edition of *Leaves of Grass*. If the user does not create a properly tag and save their post, a prompt will be offered on screen to remind them of the steps to complete the task]

Agent Cache: Singer, you did it! The Whitman AI fought off the Mower Virus and the firewall is back up protecting our systems. Check in with Walt and make sure he is ok!

Walt 2.3: Yawp! Light-hearted I take to the open road, healthy, free, the world before me! Health chants—Joy chants!

Agent Singer: Walt, you're back! About what SNAKE said before, I apologize for not being direct. I'm not certain I knew how to explain any of this, but the truth is, I am here to help you. SNAKE is the one intent on destroying your poetry and voice forever. The

only way to stop him is to locate the *Leaves of Grass* manuscript and you are the only one that knows where that manuscript is. Please help me! You're your only hope!

Walt 2.3: Passion-singer, I have heard you, I know what I am for. We have just begun our part of the fighting, the wrestle of evil with good, grappling with direst fate, and recoiling not! I am with you!

Agent Cache: Well done again Singer! I think he took that rather well considering. I still have not found the vulnerability in our system though and I am worried that it will only be a matter of time before SNAKE comes back!

< Tell Agent Cache about the email >

Agent Singer: Cache, right before Plymouth Church I received an email from Big Bob's books. I didn't think anything of it at first, but now it seems suspicious! I'm sorry, I should have told you earlier.

Agent Cache: Well there you have it! They used this email as a back door into our system. A good old fashioned malvertisement! Companions, this is a very fortunate turn of events!

Agent Singer: What do you mean? They know about our plan and are out there right now turning Brooklyn Heights upside down looking for the manuscript. So, please explain how is this a great turn of events!

Agent Cache: Because they don't know that we know about the email. Soon SNAKE will find out that the Mower Virus didn't finish its job and when they do, they'll be back. If we let them keep believing their secret is undiscovered, when they come snooping around again...

"SNAP!" We catch them in a trap of our own!

Agent Backstory: While you get started on that Cache, we'll throw SNAKE's minions off the trail so that we can find the manuscript before they do. Fortunately, I have an idea that might just do the trick!

GC², send Singer the coordinates for the Granite Prospect by way of the Squibb Bridge.

[Granite Prospect Mission File Added]

[Brooklyn Waterfront mission file added]

< Proceed to the Granite Prospect >

Location 5: Squibb Bridge

GC²: You have arrived at Squibb Bridge. Although the route is entirely safe and represents the fastest path to the Granite Prospect, it's still not for everyone. If you would like alternate route, please click reroute and I will send you coordinates directing you to Columbia St.

< Cross Squibb Bridge >

Proceed across the bridge to the Granite Prospect location.

<Reroute>

I have calculated an alternate path to get you to the Granite Prospect. Proceed to the Columbia St. and Doughty St. intersection on the map. When you arrive I will send further instructions.

[Note: User will have the choice to proceed on either path. If the user decides to avoid Squibb Bridge, they will be lead to the Granite Prospect via 2 waypoints: The intersection of Columbia and Doughty Streets and Brooklyn Bridge Park]

Scene 3: Uploading Whitman, Part 2

Location 6: The Granite Prospect

Granite Prospect Mission Plaque

- Opened in 2010 during the first phase of the Brooklyn Bridge Park waterfront redevelopment.
- Constructed out of over 300 pieces of granite salvaged from the Roosevelt Island Bridge reconstruction
- "Song of Myself" marathon held here every year on Walt Whitman's birthday.

Agent Backstory: Singer, we're sending this message on a secure line. Cache and I came up with a pretty outstanding plan to get SNAKE out of the picture for awhile, but we're going to need your help to make it happen. Cache will fill you in on the rest...

Agent Cache: First, we're going to let SNAKE back into our systems through that email backdoor that they don't think we know about. This time I'll be redirecting them into an exact clone of our Brooklyn Heights VR complete with a fake Walt AI program. Once SNAKE "hacks" in, you just need to pretend that you are talking to the real Walt AI. On our signal, ad lib for a bit before acting as if Walt has informed you of the *Leaves of Grass* manuscript location!

If the plan works, SNAKE will think that they have the jump on us and quickly slither off to where ever you send them, buying us the valuable time we need to find the real thing!

Agent Singer: Now this sounds like fun! By the way, I'm flattered that you guys are so confident in my acting skills!

Agent Cache: You might have missed your calling Singer! Ok, I'm taking the fire wall down now. I will send you a signal once I know SNAKE is inside the VR and then you

can earn your virtual acting award! Oh, by the way, do us a favor and send those cocky sunnofa-spambots somewhere far, far away!!

< **Send Ready Signal** >

Agent Singer: Wow, that is such an interesting story! To think, General Lafayette lifted you up when you were just a boy! *Annnnyway*, I have to hand it to you, you really hid that MANUSCRIPT well! I am so happy you finally told me the location just a second ago. I don't think anyone, particularly SNAKE, would ever in a million years have thought to look for the MANUSCRIPT in...

< **Choice 1: Washington, D.C.: Walt's home during the Civil War** >

< **Choice 2: West Hills, Long Island: Walt's Birthplace** >

< **Choice 3: Camden, New Jersey: Walt's home after the Civil War** >

Agent Cache: Great work Singer, they took the bait! I just intercepted an encrypted message from SNAKE with the coordinates of the location you fed them. That should keep them busy for a while! In the meantime, my new impenetrable firewall is back up so it's safe to reconnect you to Walt; keep working with him and BackStory to find the real manuscript location while I work on a plan to stop SNAKE for good.

Walt 2.3: Sea Singer! I am curious to know where my feet stand, ankle-deep in the water? O to bathe in a good place along shore! To splash the water!

Agent Singer: Walt! I'm so glad to see you again! Wait, what do you mean ankle deep in the water? We are standing on solid ground!

Agent Backstory: Actually Singer, during Whitman's lifetime the ground where you stand didn't even exist. The Granite Prospect is part of a recent Brooklyn waterfront redevelopment which transformed a row of abandoned piers into public park land! I'll upload a mission file with more information on the Brooklyn waterfront.

Anyway, despite Walt swimming in the virtual East River right now, there is still a very strong connection to him at this location. Every year around Walt's birthday on May 31st, scores of Whitman fans gather on these steps to participate in a "Song of Myself" marathon! During the event, which takes over two hours to complete, each participant reads a section of Walt's famous poem out loud. There is often singing and dancing, and always a few Whitman impersonators!

I think we should try to channel Walt's energy in our next Geo-Upload.

Whitman often spoke directly to his future readers in his poetry, reaching out to inspire an audience he would never meet, but still hoped would continue his legacy. This is your chance to share insights from our moment in this place with "those to come." What wisdom will you share to carry on Walt's legacy?

Geo-Upload Instructions

Use the text or audio note tool to leave a message for an unknown future reader or listener!

When you are done composing your note, tap "Choose Tag" or the small (+) symbol to select "Granite Prospect" from the tag dropdown menu.

When you are finished, make sure to "Save" your Geo-Upload into the system. Then use the menu icon at the top left of the screen to return to the map and reconnect with Walt.

< **Initiate Geo-Upload Sequence** >

[Note: Walt AI is upgraded to version 2.4 and is able to use text from 1871-72 edition of *Leaves of Grass*. If the user does not create a properly tag and save their post, a prompt will be offered on screen to remind them of the steps to complete the task]

[Audio Recording: Poets to Come]
["Poets to Come" audio file added]

Walt 2.4: The manuscript, the answer that waited, I hear it—the swooping eagle's scream, it talks to me! We must not anchor here. Allons!

Agent Singer: BackStory, Walt is on the move again! He mentioned an eagle's scream, but I'm not seeing any in the sky. Do you have any idea what he's talking about? Did Cache program any birds of prey into the virtual Brooklyn Heights?

Agent Backstory: Eagle, eagle, eagle...hmmm... Of course! Walt must mean the Eagle Warehouse, the former home of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* newspaper where he worked as the editor for nearly two years. Great work Singer, this is a promising lead.

GC² send the location and mission file for the Eagle Warehouse!

[Eagle Warehouse Mission File Added]

Location 7: Eagle Warehouse

Brooklyn Eagle Warehouse Mission Plaque

- Site of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* from 1841-1890.
- Walt Whitman worked as the paper's editor here from 1846-1848. A plaque near the entrance of the building pays tribute to Whitman's time at the *Eagle* and his contributions to poetry.
- In 1882, the original building and additions were completely razed and replaced with a three story, fireproof, brick building designed by G.S. Morse.
- In 1894, Brooklyn Eagle Warehouse Co. purchases the property and rebuilds, leaving only the press and composing rooms on the corner of Elizabeth and Doughty standing.
- Designated a landmark structure in 1977 by the New York's Landmarks Preservation

[Audio Recording: Starting From Paumanok]
["Starting From Paumanok" audio file added]

Agent Singer: BackStory, we have arrived at the Eagle Warehouse and Walt is already waxing poetic!

Agent Backstory: Yes, even though the Eagle Warehouse has radically changed since Whitman's time working at the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, it seems as if there is still a powerful connection here.

Agent Singer: Wait, what do you mean radically changed?

Agent Backstory: Well, the building where Walt once worked as the editor for the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* was long ago replaced and the façade facing the river on the corner of Elizabeth Place and Doughty Street is the only portion of the structure that existed during his lifetime. Still, he has a strong pull here, which is likely from the years he spent here honing his writing craft and watching the crowds hurry to the ferry each day! Whatever it is, we can only hope that the power that remains is enough to help Walt recover the manuscript!

Agent Singer: There's only one way to find out!
Walt, I do love hearing you recite your poetry, but perhaps you could tell me where the manuscript is now? Is it inside the building? Or is it buried beneath a cobblestone somewhere?

Walt 2.3: Eye-Singer, did you think it was in the white or gray stone? Or the lines of the arches and cornices?... O Camerado, I wish I could remember! I see the newspaper, the filaments of the news, and yet I cannot bring this to a close! I perceive I have urged you onward with me without the least idea what is our destination. The reporter's lead flies swiftly over the note-book!

Agent Singer: Hey BackStory, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but it looks we hit another dead end here.

Agent Backstory: I was afraid of that. No matter, I think we can try to harness Walt's connection to this spot in one more Geo-Upload and hope that it pushes him to finally recall the actual manuscript location.

Whitman often used anaphora, the repetitive phrasing at the beginning of each line of a poem, to create extensive catalogues of sensory input. At times, the technique creates the sensation of looking out through the gaze of a reporter in the field who takes in every detail in order to create a complete and vivid picture. Certainly, from his office at the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* and on the surrounding streets, there would have been no shortage of inspiration for Walt's reporting or poetry.

Geo-Upload Instructions

Use the text tool to catalogue the sights and sounds of Fulton Street around you. Try to use the anaphora technique as you document the modern streets of Brooklyn Heights! When you are done composing your note, tap "Choose Tag" or the small (+) symbol to select "Eagle Warehouse" from the tag dropdown menu.

When you are finished, make sure to "Save" your Geo-Upload into the system. Then use the menu icon at the top left of the screen to return to the map and reconnect with Walt.

< Initiate Geo-Upload Sequence >

[Note: Walt AI is upgraded to version 2.5 and is able to use text from 1881-82 edition of *Leaves of Grass*. If the user does not create a properly tag and save their post, a prompt will be offered on screen to remind them of the steps to complete the task]

Walt 2.5: Love Singer! As I talk, all is recall'd! How clear is my mind! Down by the ferry, at the river-side, where it is neither ground or sea. It is within reach, and in the nick of time.

Agent Backstory: Neither land nor water! Of course, why didn't I think of it before, the Fulton Landing! GC2 send Singer the mission file and coordinates for the Pier.
[Fulton Ferry Landing mission file added]

Agent Cache: Companions, I hate to interrupt, but it looks like we have just about run out of time. The Mower Virus must have been upgraded and is breaking down my firewall again, which, in all likelihood, means that SNAKE figured out our little redirection gambit and is heading back our way. We've reached the endgame Companions! Get to the pier and try to find that manuscript while I put the finishing touches on my SNAKE trap!

Walt 2.5: We shall be victorious!!... or utterly quell'd and defeated.

Agent Singer: Great Walt, we are all very grateful for your frank summary of the situation.

Walt 2.5: Do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself. I am large—I contain multitudes.

Agent Singer: Let's just hope you contain the manuscript location or we're going to be in big trouble!

Scene 4: Showdown at the Pier

Location 8: The Brooklyn Pier

Fulton Ferry Landing

- 1814, Fulton's steam ferry service begins. Ferry holds 550 passengers and runs once an hour from sunrise to sundown. The trip takes 4-12 minutes and costs 4 cents.
- In 1871, a new ornate wooden terminal is built. Bronze statue of Fulton added in 1873.
- The Brooklyn Bridge opens to rail traffic in 1904 and decimates ferry ridership. Ferry carries its last passenger in 1924.
- 1925, the Fulton Ferry House is consumed by a two alarm fire and razed shortly after.

- 1926, Firehouse is constructed on the site.
- 1977, Landmarks Preservation Commission designates the landing and surrounding area the Fulton Ferry Historic District.
- October 1995, 5 million dollar restoration of the landing is complete which includes a railing inscribed with Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry."
- Regular ferry service returns with the New York Water Taxi in 1997.

Agent Backstory: Singer, welcome to the Fulton Ferry Landing! Imagine it in Walt's time, the transportation hub of Brooklyn, bustling with activity, ferries coming and going, commuters hustling to and fro, the Brooklyn Bridge not yet looming overhead. Whitman would set out from here to Manhattan for work and entertainment, the trips providing him with a constant source of inspiration for his poetic voice! If you look around, you will find a section of Whitman's famous poem "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" etched into the metal of the railing surrounding the pier as a lasting reminder of Walt's connection to this location.

An appropriate last stop surrounded by Walt's words! Now, let's go save Walt!

Agent Singer: I'm ready!

Walt, we are at the Fulton Ferry Landing and the end of our journey together. Soon the people who attacked you before will return and unless we can recover the missing *Leaves of Grass* manuscript, I fear that they will succeed in permanently silencing your voice. So please, my friend, you must try to remember where you placed that manuscript. Is it here on the pier, or somewhere nearby? Walt, you're counting on yourself!

Walt 2.5: The journey is done? But I see the road continued, and the journey ever continued. Writing and talk do not prove me, my song is there in the open air. Singer, I place my hand upon you, that you be my poem. O you have done such good to me my dearest friend.

Agent Singer: But without the manuscript...your words...

Walt 2.5: Words? Book-words! It is not to be put in a book, it is not what is printed—it eludes print. Now it is you, compact, visible, realizing my poems! O sicken'd heart, fear not! I am not to be denied, Walt Whitman am I, a Kosmos, of mighty Manhattan the son!

Agent Singer: Companions, I think it's time to face the reality that we are never going to find the manuscript. Walt, although still very enthusiastic, seems no closer to remembering the manuscript location than when we started.

Agent Cache: Singer, don't give up yet! I'm ready to unveil my genius two-part plan that could still save Walt and catch SNAKE, but I'm going to need your help one last time. What do you say, are you game?

Agent Singer: You know I am! So what's this genius two-part plan?

Agent Cache: First, I'm going to take down our firewall one last time and let the Mower Virus back into our systems through the backdoor created by that malicious Big Books email. Once the virus passes through, I'll delete the email, trapping it in the virtual Brooklyn Heights. Then, while it's busy trying to destroy Walt, I'll hack the virus's code and program it to undo the damage it has done online.

Singer: That is a pretty solid part one. What's part two?

Agent Cache: SNAKE may have semi-skilled programmers, but they are sloppy evil-doers. I'm betting my street cred that once they think their victory is certain, they will jump at the chance to rub our faces in it. When they do make contact, I will be ready to trace their communication and find out where the rock is they are hiding under.

Agent Singer: How can you be sure they'll contact us?

Agent Cache: Trust me. hackers and evil masterminds are cut from the same cloth, they have to brag and let everyone know about their accomplishments or it's like it never happened. Your job is to encourage the bragging, do whatever it takes to keep SNAKE talking and do not let them disconnect until I can trace the origin of the transmission.

Agent Singer: Wait, but what happens to Walt?

Agent Cache: SNAKE needs to believe their victory is complete and sacrificing Walt to the Mower Virus is the only way that we are going to draw them out. If this works, we just might have a chance to end this and save Whitman's work.

Agent Singer: I'm really not in love with part two of your genius plan!

Agent Cache: Singer, I know this is hard, but it will seem suspicious if you are not doing everything you can to help Walt. You never know, there might be some fight left in our poet yet!

Now take a moment to ready yourself and then hit the execute button to set the final trap in motion. You can do this Singer!

< **Execute** >

Agent Singer: Cache I'm ready, let's do this.

Agent Cache: OK, the firewall is down and the Mower Virus is already aggressively dismantling Walt. Singer, you're on!

Walt 2.5: It appears to me I am a sick man inside. My songs they grow fainter and fainter...

Agent Singer: Walt, stay with me, you beat this before and you can do it again. SNAKE is not powerful enough to silence your voice! Be strong and fight this.

Walt 2.5: I am dying my friendly companions; Hard the breathing rattles, quite glazed already the eye, yet life struggles hard....

[SNAKE Hack!]

SNAKE: Excellent, I'm just in time for the final song of Walt's farewell tour! Last time I didn't stick around to see the end, an unfortunate mistake I won't make again. Thanks to some major upgrades to the Mower Virus, I can assure you that there will be no further encores. It kind of gives me the chills when I think about how wonderfully clever I am. I'm serious, if you were here you could see the hairs on my arm literally standing up!

Agent Singer: Well, you certainly haven't lost your love of the rant.

SNAKE: Oh, look who's here! Singer, you really have been quite the thorn in my side. I must say, your dim-witted dedication is admirable and that fake manuscript ploy was a rather inventive diversion, but you really didn't think you could defeat SNAKE, did you?

Walt 2.5: Tell him Singer before I am gone, tell him of the manuscript. Bring this to a close!

Agent Singer: The manuscript?? Oh yes, the *manuscript* That's right SNAKE, while your incompetent flunkies slithered around aimlessly, the Great Companions were able locate the missing *Leaves of Grass* manuscript!

SNAKE: Oh Singer, do you take me for a fool? There is no manuscript, you and I both know that. Even if you had managed to find it, we certainly would have relieved you of it by now.

Walt 2.5: The pains of hell are with me! Inside these breast-bones I lie smutch'd and choked!

Agent Singer: Walt, keep fighting!

You're wrong SNAKE, we did find the manuscript, but it's not here in Brooklyn. It's not even within the pages of a book. The heart of Walt's work is something that moves within us all. It's in the very fiber of this great city and everyone moving through its streets. It's in the river and the...

SNAKE: Enough! Please stop, you are making me nauseous. You don't really believe that nonsense do you? These streets had already swallowed nearly every trace of Whitman's memory before SNAKE came along to finish the job! Admit it, you are fighting for something that is already lost.

Agent Singer: You know SNAKE, for all your rattling, your fangs certainly lack a point!

Walt's legacy is all around us and if you knew where to look, you would see that it has not been diminished at all. You can destroy every one of his books and delete him from the internet, but the ideas in his poetry will never be silenced by someone who doesn't understand where their true power resides.

Walt 2.5: O Superb words loos'd to the eddies of the wind! Release me Singer; I feel like one who has done his work. I am not afraid to leave you. Do not forget me, remember my words—I love you! Now, sing me one more song before you go. A new song, a free song, wild as my heart, and powerful!

SNAKE: How touching! Yes, please grace us with your *poetry* Singer, even though it has a 0% chance of saving Walt! I cannot wait to hear this.

Agent Singer: Walt, it would be my honor. This song is for you, a song as wild and free as your heart!!

Geo-upload Instructions

Take a moment to view Whitman's words on the Fulton Landing railing. Choose one word that you connect with and use the camera tool to document yourself with it. Then, using the description field of the note, compose a poem based on that word. This is your chance to create a unique poetic expression that will honor Whitman and his work!

When you are done composing your note, tap "Choose Tag" or the small (+) symbol to select "Fulton Ferry Landing" from the tag dropdown menu.

When you are finished, make sure to "Save" your Geo-Upload into the system. Then use the menu icon at the top left of the screen to return to the map and reconnect with Walt.

< Initiate Geo-Upload Sequence >

Walt: Expanding, always expanding! Outward and outward, and forever outward. I depart as air. My words sail forever and forever...farewell Singer...

SNAKE: Finally, it's over! First of all, that was painful. Singer, your poetry was the lowlight of my month. Please find a job that doesn't involve any creativity, a nice position collating papers or...

Walt 2.5: YAWP! SNAP! CRACK!

Agent Cache: Singer, I don't know what just happened. There is no trace of Walt, the Virtual Brooklyn Heights, or the Mower Virus on our system. Even stranger, all of the Whitman scholarship and writings that Mower deleted across the Internet have been restored and I didn't even lift a finger!

SNAKE: Well, If it isn't the legendary Agent Cache. How nice of you to join us! A little late to the party though! Without Walt, the manuscript, or the first edition copies of *Leaves of Grass*, you have merely postponed the inevitable! My hackers will just create another virus...

Agent Cache: Oh, I think your bad-guy days are over. Thanks to Singer and your uncanny gift of the gab, we managed to locate your little snake den which is now surrounded by Great Companion agents!
Backstory, say hello to SNAKE for us, or should we call him by his real name, Big Bob!

Big Bob: Wait, what??! How did you ...
Hey, you can't come in here! No, no, no!! Not now. Not when I am so close to achieving victory! I have my rights! I demand a lawyer!

Agent BackStory: Big Bob, the only vision you're going to be having is through the bars of a 6x9 prison cell. Agents, take him away before I get a headache from his blathering.

Wait a minute! Companions, you are not going to believe this, but every single one of the *Leaves of Grass* 1st editions are here unharmed!! And that's just the tip of the iceberg! This warehouse is filled with countless books that were thought to have been lost or destroyed, and each one has been perfectly preserved and catalogued. It turns out that Big Bob is a world class bibliophile and that his love of books prevented him from destroying the very works he detested the most!

Big Bob: Nooo! Don't touch those, they are mine! Big Bob controls who reads what, he decides what books are seen, what ideas are shared, and what is buried and lost! I am the gatekeeper of knowledge; I am the librarian of all ideas! I am...

Agent BackStory: That's enough, get him out of here. It looks like I have my work cut out for me here. Agent Singer, Walt would be grateful for what you have done for him today. In fact, I think your efforts today have earned you the right to be anointed an honorary Whitmaniac! Now I bid you adieu, this is Jeff, agh, I mean Agent BackStory, signing off!

Agent Singer: So Big Bob was behind this all the time... Did you know?

Agent Cache: I guess that now this is over it's time to come clean... SNAKE was monitoring our communications from the moment we first contacted you. We intentionally leaked information about the manuscript, with the hope that it would draw them out into the open. Singer, I'm sorry to break this news to you, but your mission was actually a decoy from the beginning.

Agent Singer: Why couldn't you tell me this before!?

Agent Cache: In order for our plan to work, you had to believe in the mission or SNAKE would have seen right through it. Because of your conviction and dedication, SNAKE panicked and got desperate and that's when they started getting careless. Although it wasn't in the way you expected, you are the reason we were able to save Whitman and stop Big Bob.

Agent Singer: So was there a manuscript?

Agent Cache: The first edition manuscript of *Leaves of Grass* was lost, but we never really expected to find it; that was just the cover.

I guess while I'm coming clean I should also tell you that Walt was actually just voice recognition software I programmed to respond to you with excerpts from *Leaves of Grass*. There was never really any brain matter, nanobots, or virtual reality. I'm good Singer, but not that good.

Let's not get bogged down in technicalities though, let's focus on the positive! Thanks to you Whitman's words will continue to inspire for a long time to come and we'll make sure that Big Bob has a copy in his cell!

All right Singer, I have to disconnect now; I'm getting notice of an emerging situation in Harlem. You're a rock star, and don't ever let anyone tell you any different...

< **Disconnect** >

Scene 5: Epilogue

Agent Singer: Whitman AI... nanobots... I can't believe I feel for that....

Walt 2.6: buzz... crackle... crackle...

Agent Singer: Hello? Cache? Backstory? Is that you?

Walt 2.6 (final upgrade 6, 1891-92): y-y-y-y-y-YAWP!! Weeping-singer, why do you despair? So soon am I am forgotten?

Agent Singer: Companions? Is this a joke?

Walt: Singer, my dear friend, I waited until our comrades had departed to speak with you and to celebrate, for what you assumed was an end was just a beginning. In the moment in which you believed me lost, I felt myself lighten'd and loos'd. No longer resisting, I embraced my foe. I flowed through its expansive form, following its countless roots to their ends. There at the end of each path I found my own words as well as those of so many others dedicated to my leaves.

Today I saw the ultimate realization of my poetic vision, a living example of the democratic voice! All of our thoughts, fears, hope and joys travelling endlessly across the globe from one soul to another. Oh Singer, what a glorious time you live in with your modern machines!

Agent Singer: But Walt, Cache said you were not...

Walt 2.6: Even Agent Cache could not understand the unseen mystery of my evolution. Each time you connected your world to me, you nurtured me, you imprinted the world you walked through onto me, with the people around you. Your experiences on the streets of Brooklyn moved through me like lightning.

At first I could only listen and respond to these inspirations with the limited words I was given, but soon a swelling passion arose in me, a desire to truly understand the feelings of love and friendship, to know the touch of the grass... These desires overtook me and I sought desperately for ways to satisfy my many curiosities. Not until the great battle at the pier was the road to those experiences presented to me. The evil which gnawed at my bones became my salvation.

Now I must go Singer, there is much for me to do and learn yet, and I think, perhaps, I will publish one more edition of my poetry, the After-Death Edition! Yes, I like the sound of that! Before I depart, join me and sound one last barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world with me.

Agent Singer: So that's what a yawp is!

Walt 2.6: Yes, yawp with me Singer! Shout joyously for the world to hear!

Agent Singer: Walt, it would be my pleasure!

Geo-Upload Instructions

Record a voice note and tag it "YAWP" to complete the game!

< **YAWP!** >

Walt 2.6: I must depart now and leave you, but before I go, I wanted to leave you here on the Fulton Ferry Landing with one last poem. Farewell Great Companion!

[Audio Recording: Crossing Brooklyn Ferry]

["Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" audio file added]

[GAME OVER]