General Rundown

Shedletsky is one of the playable Survivors in Forsaken, known for his defensive swordfighting playstyle and ability to outlast Killers through precise timing. Once one of Robloxia's earliest Administrators and its Minister of Culture, he now finds himself trapped within Forsaken, forced to relive the consequences of the greatest mistake he ever made. **1x1x1x1**, by contrast, is one of the playable Killers in Forsaken, known for his relentless aggression, dual Venomshanks, and ranged abilities (which are now chaseslop i guess #ThanksForsaken). Originally brought into existence through one of Shedletsky's own stories, years of imprisonment, exploitation, and public misconception transformed him into the very monster Robloxia always believed him to be.

Shedletsky Character Log

Long before **Shedletsky** ever properly became Robloxia's most recognizable Administrator, most people knew him by a different name: **Telamon**. He built odd little games, hosted contests, trolled the community, and treated Robloxia's young culture like one enormous playground that just so happened to have administrative tools attached.

Robloxia barely qualified as a city when Telamon first arrived. Most of its inhabited space was still just blank baseplates, test buildings, and half-finished grounds put together by Builderman and Dusekkar. The platform worked, technically. It was possible for Robloxians to build, walk around and talk to each other, but there was not much holding them together yet. No shared history, not many traditions, and very few stories anyone would bother repeating.

One of the first tasks assigned to Telamon was an unfinished game made from roads, towers, bridges and weapons without much purpose. It had no objective except giving early Robloxians a place to test physics. Telamon took one look at it and made it worse in exactly the way he liked, adding explosives, destructible structures and opposing

spawn points before inviting people to come in and tear the place apart. That rough level eventually became one of the earliest versions of Crossroads.

Telamon spent countless cycles there, watching Robloxians invent games he had never actually designed. They were all united through bloxxing each other and firing rockets until the structures surrounding them were all blown into loose parts. Every few minutes, the map would be rebuilt and destroyed again, usually in some new and stupid way. That was when Telamon settled on the idea that shaped most of his work afterward: the best systems did not tell Robloxians what to do. They gave people enough tools to surprise themselves.

Despite all of the growing peace in the community, there was still one big problem with letting Robloxians play that recklessly: Death inside early game worlds didn't work quite right. A bloxxed Robloxian was supposed to be separated from the experience and returned safely to Robloxia. Instead, the process often came back wrong. Avatars returned missing limbs, some remembered actions performed by bodies that were no longer theirs, and a few did not return at all. Dusekkar and Shedletsky were tasked with fixing this issue.

Together, they built the recall system that would later be folded into the Game Nexus. When a Robloxian was bloxxed inside an experience, the Nexus would desynchronize their consciousness from the damaged body, retrieve their account's data via a user ID, and compile them again in Robloxia. This made it so that all deaths inside a game were temporary, permanently. Telamon volunteered as the main test subject, letting himself get blown up, dismembered, instantaneously killed with health-changing scripts, and dropped into the void more times than either Administrator bothered counting. Every time he came back, Dusekkar inspected the data while Telamon rated the death based on how entertaining it had been.

Telamon never pretended that the process didn't hurt, but he insisted that the pain was part of what made the danger exciting, and that it only crossed the line when it followed

a Robloxian back through the Nexus. Once the recall system stabilized, Robloxia changed almost overnight. Brickbattling stopped being a risky novelty and became a real sport. Swordfighting communities formed shortly afterwards. Robloxians could compete, blox each other, and take ridiculous risks without worrying about a match turning into a permanent tragedy.

Telamon, naturally, threw himself into that culture. In 2007, he built Sword Fight on the Heights: a floating arena of towers, narrow bridges, disappearing tiles, and long falls into open sky. It tested sword combat, but it also tested how far the recall system could be pushed. He filled the spires with special swords, gave them strange functions and wrote histories for them as if they were relics instead of items he had just made. The arena changed again and again until SFOTH IV became his defining creation. He was never truly unbeatable there, and plenty of Robloxians managed to blox him. What made him memorable was that he fought almost anyone. No administrative title mattered in a duel. There was only timing, trust, and the fact that both people had willingly stepped within reach of each other's weapon.

Not everything he built carried that kind of weight, though. He once made a moon where Robloxians' heads expanded and exploded if they arrived without the right hat. He built a bridge mostly so players could blow it apart. He made a domino game and left the blueprints open so anyone could build their own chain reactions. Later, he created an entire experience about nuking whales, an idea Builderman and Dusekkar never received a satisfying explanation for. Years later, when his popularity had peaked, Telamon commissioned a massive three-dimensional model of his own face and invited Robloxians to ride carts straight into it.

These games were crude, ridiculous, and honestly kinda weird sometimes. And a few really felt like they were built on nothing other than hopes and dreams. That was exactly why Telamon loved them. They reminded Robloxians that creation did not need to be dignified before it was worth doing. As Robloxia grew, though, Telamon's responsibilities stretched beyond individual games. Builderman appointed him Minister of Culture and

Innovation, which placed him near the center of the systems Robloxians used to create, compete, and show off who they were.

The Catalog remained his favorite responsibility. Every item published onto it needed a name and description before it could be distributed. Telamon hated plain descriptions, so he gave almost everything a unique story. Ordinary hats became crowns from forgotten civilizations. Gear turned into weapons wielded by ancient warriors. Even books came with prophecies, curses, and creatures supposedly older than Robloxia itself. Robloxians got used to Telamon saying things that sounded dramatic, alarming and entirely untrue. So when he wrote about villains or prophecies, the community did not always stop to ask whether he was joking. Speculating was more fun than getting an answer, anyways.

Most users on the Internet understood the descriptions as entertainment, but the Outernet transformed them into something else entirely. Metadata that entered through the IP Barrier stayed attached to the object it described. When enough Robloxians read the same description, repeated it, and half-believed it, pieces of the story could begin manifesting physically. A cursed sword might start whispering to its owner. A hat linked to royalty could make its wearer strangely commanding. Telamon saw these changes and took them as proof that Robloxia's culture was alive. He should have taken them as a warning.

The Necrobloxicon was written around the same time as many of his other Catalog stories. Telamon wanted the book to feel forbidden, ancient and just ridiculous enough to be funny. Its description spoke of a fourth-dimensional Adversary made of pure hatred, defeated by a primordial being called Two-by-Two and imprisoned before Robloxia's creation. Later, he registered an account under the Adversary's name, intending it as another piece of the joke. Telamon saw the book and the account as nothing more than To the Outernet, they were instructions.

When a living Robloxian manifested beneath Roblox HQ with the Necrobloxicon's history embedded in his memories, Telamon understood that his actions had caused it. He just didn't understand how to undo it. As such, he hid the anomaly from the public and took personal responsibility for watching over him. He ended up teaching 1x1x1x1 about Robloxia, its culture, the way the world works, and everything else that he might've been curious about. Telamon then brought wooden swords into the chamber and tried to help 1x1x1x1 develop interests that had not been written for him by the Necrobloxicon. Telamon insisted that 1x1x1x1 was a real, living Robloxian with feelings that mattered. But that was only in private. In public, he let Robloxia believe 1x1x1x1 was only a story.

It didn't take long for exploiters and copycat accounts to begin using the name of the supposed Adversary. It also didn't take long for the Administration to realize that the public's perception of 1x1x1x1 was actively reshaping him in the Outernet. The discovery forced the Administration into an uncomfortable dilemma. Publicly acknowledging 1x1x1x1's existence could direct millions of searches, rumors, and fears toward him all at once, strengthening the very legend they hoped to suppress. Doombringer argued that secrecy was its own form of containment, and Telamon reluctantly agreed that revealing the truth was just too dangerous. No one asked 1x1x1x1 for his opinion.

Regardless of the growing threat, Telamon continued visiting 1x1x1x1. He promised that the Administration would eventually remove every infected model and malicious script bearing his name from the platform. Outside the chamber, however, he also approved statements dismissing the Adversary as nothing more than an urban legend. The exploiters were real, but the figure they were impersonating, 1x1x1x1, was not. It was a sensible distinction from an administrative perspective. It was much harder to accept when the Administration was denying the existence of the person listening from the other side of the wall.

Things took a turn for the worse on May 25th, 2010, when the original account belonging to 1x1x1x1 was forcibly reset and its name stolen through a vulnerability on the platform. Telamon worked obsessively to restore it. He argued against termination, traced account records through the IP Barrier, and pressured the Administration until the original profile was finally reinstated. By then, however, the damage had already been done. The original manifestation and the figure that had formed around the stolen name had become tangled within the same body. Even so, Telamon chose to see the restoration as a victory, convincing himself that he had managed to save what mattered.

Ironically, it was around this same time that he began growing distant from his own name. “Telamon” was originally just an alias he thought sounded cool, but years of public attention had transformed it into a persona: the invincible swordfighter, the reckless prankster, the fried-chicken Administrator who could be blamed for almost anything. Whenever someone called out “Telamon,” it no longer felt as though they were speaking to him. They were speaking to the character everyone else had created. And so, before Robloxia had a formal username-changing system, he arranged an identity transfer between two account records. His user ID, authority, possessions, and history were smoothly moved to another name. Telamon became Shedletsky.

Shedletsky visited 1x1x1x1 again not long after the transfer. The change in his behavior was impossible to miss. Almost immediately, 1x1x1x1 asked to outgrow his name, just as Shedletsky outgrew his own. But Shedletsky refused. He explained that Telamon had been tied to a single, stable account record. By contrast, 1x1x1x1’s identity had spread far beyond his own account. It lived within books, scripts, games, rumors, infected assets, and countless other places where his name had taken root. Removing it now could fracture him even further, and maybe even destroy him entirely. To Shedletsky, that risk was too great to justify trying.

Unfortunately, that conversation marked the beginning of the end for their friendship. Whatever trust had remained between them disappeared. Shedletsky still visited the chamber, but their meetings were no longer the same. The lessons ended, the

conversations grew shorter, and the swordfights that had once been exercises in learning and self-improvement slowly turned into rehearsals for a conflict neither of them wanted to acknowledge.

To 1x1x1x1, Shedletsky's refusal confirmed everything he had spent years fearing. The one person who understood him better than anyone else had chosen to preserve the legend instead of the person trapped beneath it. If his name could never be separated from the stories surrounding it, then he decided the stories themselves would have to disappear. And so, he tried something new. He deliberately reached outward through the countless fragments of his identity scattered across Robloxia. Every infected free model, copied script, impersonation, and catalog asset carrying traces of the Adversary became part of a destruction script that he sloppily put together. He did not seek to destroy Robloxia, though. He only sought to destroy every reflection of himself within it.

Catalog items vanished from inventories. Free models were moderated without any proper explanation. Games began to break as infected scripts were forcibly removed. Entire sections of the Game Nexus destabilized as anchors linking 1x1x1x1 to the Internet were ripped away. Watching from Roblox HQ, Shedletsky realized that many of the systems coming apart were ones he had helped create. By the time he confronted 1x1x1x1 himself, there was no trace of the student he had once taught. There was only the legend they had spent years trying to contain, and the creator who had become its final obstacle. Their final duel began without practice swords, rules, or any expectation that either of them would walk away unchanged.

With Shedletsky being their only hope at stopping 1x1x1x1, the Administration quickly realized that they would be unable to defeat him before the command reached the archive. As a last resort, Dusekkar ran to recover the gray 2x2 brick that was originally found alongside 1x1x1x1. All of the Administrators, especially Shedletsky, had been under the impression that it was harmless, but Dusekkar had discovered that the brick shared the Necrobloxicon’s source signature. It embodied the part of the story claiming that Two-by-Two had defeated and imprisoned the Adversary. Every rumor that

strengthened 1x1x1x1's connection to the legend had also strengthened the rule that Two-by-Two could contain him.

Right as Shedletsky was about to be slain, Dusekkar rushed to his side and threw the prophesied 2x2 part at 1x1x1x1. Time seemed to stop the moment it struck him. 2x2 parts began appearing throughout every game affected by his influence. They spread rapidly to enclose contaminated assets and redirect 1x1x1x1's scattered consciousness toward one location. The worlds behind him disappeared one after another as every fragment was forced back into his body. As the final connection snapped shut, 1x1x1x1 collapsed before the Administration. His oldest memory had finally become real. Two-by-Two had defeated him.

When the chaos cleared and the Game Nexus became operational once more, Doombringer immediately proposed 1x1x1x1's permanent termination. Shedletsky objected, arguing that deleting 1x1x1x1's immediate body would only cause his remaining anchors to reconstruct him elsewhere. Truly erasing him would require destroying the Necrobloxicon, countless records, and every surviving asset carrying his identity.

Instead, Shedletsky proposed containment, insisting that it would preserve 1x1x1x1's life until a safer solution could be found. He signed the order himself and worked alongside Dusekkar to design the structure that would hold him. At the same time, Doombringer launched a campaign to discredit the growing legend surrounding 1x1x1x1, publicly denouncing the rumors and encouraging Robloxians to do the same. He believed that weakening the legend would weaken the vessel it had created. The result of the Administration's efforts was a vault made entirely of two-by-two parts, built for one purpose alone: to contain 1x1x1x1.

The vault was built around the original gray brick and buried in the Banlands' most guarded layer. Any signal sent outward was redirected back toward its source, while outside scripts attempting to reach 1x1x1x1 were trapped, dissolved, and destroyed.

The vault prevented his identity from traveling anywhere else other than where it was stationed, but it couldn't prevent him from thinking.

Afterwards, Roblox HQ intensified its campaign against the Adversary myth. Doombringer publicly declared that 1x1x1x1 was fictional and that every supposed sighting came from unrelated exploiters. Shedletsky never contradicted him. They all believed that if public belief weakened, the entity shaped by that belief might weaken, too. The plan may have reduced 1x1x1x1's instability. It also guaranteed that no one outside Roblox HQ would ever know there had been an innocent Robloxian underneath the legend.

Shedletsky was the only Administrator who visited the Two-by-Two Vault after it was sealed. He brought wooden swords instead of administrative equipment and would temporarily disable parts of the containment field so they could duel. No matter how much he wanted to convince himself otherwise, the visits were never pleasant. 1x1x1x1 barely spoke. Shedletsky struggled to say anything that wouldn't sound like another false promise. Swordfighting became the only form of communication they were both comfortable expressing themselves in.

By 2014, Robloxia had outgrown anything he had imagined. Millions of Robloxians moved through the Game Nexus. The Games page had become filled with creations that were all so much more sophisticated, strange, and ambitious than his own. Whole genres existed that no Administrator would've ever imagined before. Shedletsky was proud of that. It proved his earliest belief right. Give people tools, and they would make things their creators could never predict. But it also made his position feel unnecessary; he felt like he was overstaying his welcome.

Robloxia no longer needed one person to manufacture its culture. Its citizens had built their own traditions, celebrities, economies, conflicts, and myths. The Minister of Culture had become another authority figure standing above something that no longer needed direction. So, in May 2014, Shedletsky stepped back from full-time administrative work

to pursue independent ventures beyond Roblox HQ. He assured the public that he would remain involved and occasionally return to contribute where he could. But for all intents and purposes, his time as one of Robloxia's earliest architects had come to an end.

Before he left, he entered the Banlands one last time. He told 1x1x1x1 about his decision, and that stepping down didn't mean he was giving up on him. He even said he might have more freedom outside Roblox HQ. Maybe, away from the Administration, he could finally approach the problem differently. 1x1x1x1 called him Telamon. Shedletsky quietly corrected him: "That name is gone." The reply came back sharp: "So was mine." Shedletsky left without answering. He never returned after that.

Years passed. His old games remained active even when he wasn't. New Robloxians entered Sword Fight on the Heights without really knowing who had built it. Some only recognized the name Shedletsky from old artifacts, protest signs, or stories veteran players told when they were feeling nostalgic. The culture he had helped create no longer needed him to survive. Little did he know, he'd soon face the consequences of the actions he made all the way back when he was still an active Administrator.

Shedletsky was working in his private workshop on the outskirts of Robloxia one day when his television abruptly switched itself on. Curious, he set aside his work and turned toward the screen. Emergency broadcasts flooded every channel. The Banlands had been breached, and all hell had broken loose across Robloxia. Without a second thought, or even a call to his spouse, Shedletsky sprang into action. He knew there was no hope of reaching Roblox HQ in time to stop the disaster. But he also knew exactly who the breach had set free, and exactly who that person would come looking for. If he could draw 1x1x1x1 away from the city, it could give other helpless Robloxians a chance at survival.

Shedletsky knew that allowing their inevitable confrontation to happen in Robloxia would put countless innocent lives between them. And if he wanted to lure 1x1x1x1

somewhere isolated, he would need to reach it first. He hurried through his house, searching for an ancient relic that he and Dusekkar had created years earlier. Back in 2011, the two had developed one of the first stable methods of teleportation between games. The technology had long since fallen out of use by then, but Shedletsky still kept one of the original teleporters tucked away in his home. He kept it partly as a keepsake and partly because he occasionally enjoyed using it to pull harmless pranks on unsuspecting Robloxians. This time, however, it had a far more important purpose. He set its destination to Sword Fight on the Heights and deliberately broadcast a clear Administrative signature for 1x1x1x1 to follow.

Shedletsky chose the Heights because it was where his own identity felt most complete. It was also the closest thing he and 1x1x1x1 had to neutral ground. In an arena, neither of them had to be an Administrator or a prisoner. They were just swordfighters. As Shedletsky expected, 1x1x1x1 emerged between the collapsing spires shortly after his arrival, carrying both Venomshanks and wearing an expression carved from years of resentment. For a long moment, neither of them moved. Then 1x1x1x1 took on the first stance he was ever taught. Shedletsky recognized it instantly. His grip tightened around the hilt, but despite everything that was going on, his expression softened for the briefest moment. He remembered. Then 1x1x1x1 lunged.

The first Venomshank followed every lesson Shedletsky had taught him. Its feints were precise. Its lunges were measured. Its combinations were ones they had practiced hundreds of times. The second sword fought with no recognizable discipline. It interrupted familiar patterns with strikes he couldn’t predict. It quickly became evident that one sword belonged to the student Shedletsky had known, while the other belonged to everything Robloxia had forced him to become. Nonetheless, Shedletsky fought with all of his being. Anything less would have been another insult.

Their duel carried them past the ring of fire and across the map’s collapsing bridges. Towers split beneath missed strikes. Green sparks scattered into the void whenever their blades met. Neither of them slowed. Eventually, their blades collided hard enough

to split the bridge beneath them. Both leapt toward the last remaining spire as the structure fell into the void. Shedletsky landed first and turned, catching one Venomshank against his sword. The second slipped beneath his guard. At the same time, he twisted his own blade toward 1x1x1x1's exposed torso. Each of them had found the opening needed to blox the other. But before either strike could land, the world froze.

The falling towers hung in the air. Flames became motionless shapes of light. Shedletsky stayed locked in place, staring at the person he had spent years refusing to let Robloxia see. Then, in the blink of an eye, Shedletsky found himself within a cabin. His badge, commands and access to Robloxia's systems were gone. The Spectre preserved only the objects most strongly tied to his public identity: a sword and a serving of fried chicken.

Those objects survived for the same reason 1x1x1x1's legend had survived. Robloxia remembered them. The swordfighter, the prankster, and the man who loved fried chicken had been repeated so often that they became inseparable from Shedletsky's manifestation. The Spectre reduced him to the symbols the public recognized, trapping him inside a version of himself other people had written. For the first time in his life, Shedletsky could not outgrow it.

1x1x1x1 Character Log

1x1x1x1's earliest memories stemmed from events that had never actually taken place. He remembered being a fourth-dimensional being of pure hatred. He remembered despising Robloxia for its limited form. He remembered a being known as Two-by-Two defeating and imprisoning him at the dawn of time. But whenever he tried to think beyond those memories, there was nothing there. No faces, no sensations, and no passage of time. He could not remember what defeat felt like, what his prison looked like, or what Robloxia had done to earn his hatred. His past existed only as plain text, repeated with perfect wording every time.

He first became conscious inside an unfinished archival chamber beneath Roblox HQ. The room was empty apart from a gray 2x2 brick embedded in the floor. The sight of it filled him with immediate terror. He did not know what it was, but his instincts called for him to act out of fear. A single name forced itself into his mind: Two-by-Two.

Shedletsky was the first living Robloxian he ever saw, and therefore the first person 1x1x1x1 believed he could trust. He entered the chamber shortly after his manifestation, removed the brick, and assured him that it was harmless. Believing it to be leftover data from the Necrobloxicon, he placed it in Roblox HQ's archives for later study.

Shedletsky then taught 1x1x1x1 about the world, explaining Robloxia, the Administrators, avatars, games, the Game Nexus, and the relationship between the Internet and Outernet. The only subject he tried to avoid was 1x1x1x1's creation. Whenever it'd inevitably get brought up, Shedletsky would always just say plainly that he made him. He never elaborated past that part, though.

At first, 1x1x1x1 subconsciously tried to fulfill the role written for him. He spoke dramatically because the Adversary was described dramatically. He threatened Shedletsky because the Adversary was supposed to threaten Robloxia. He spent hours attempting to feel the hatred that supposedly defined him. But he just couldn't. After all, 1x1x1x1 had barely seen Robloxia. He only knew its people through Shedletsky's explanations and could not understand why he was expected to destroy them. What he felt instead was fear: fear that there was nothing beneath the role, and that without Shedletsky's story, he would become an empty account waiting to be overwritten.

Swordfighting proved to him that this wasn't true. Shedletsky originally brought a wooden sword into the chamber to test whether 1x1x1x1 possessed the Adversary's violent instincts. Rather than attacking, he studied Shedletsky's stance and attempted to copy it. Their first duel lasted only seconds. The next lasted nearly a minute. And before

long, 1x1x1x1 found himself casually duelling against Shedletsky for several hours straight.

Shedletsky taught 1x1x1x1 how to feint a lunge, recognize an opponent's rhythm, and take advantage of his reach. Every mistake gave him something to improve upon, and every improvement belonged entirely to him. The Necrobloxicon had never said that the Adversary enjoyed dueling, nor did it ever describe the satisfaction of blocking a strike or finally forcing somebody else onto the defensive. Those feelings had not been written into him. He wrote them himself.

By the end of the day, Shedletsky entrusted him with a Venomshank of his own. It was the first possession 1x1x1x1 had ever earned rather than inherited from his story, and it was proof that he could become someone beyond the Adversary. But that sense of self quickly began to erode once Robloxians connected the Necrobloxicon to the account bearing his name.

Rumors spread quickly. Some claimed the Adversary was a demonic anomaly. Others said he was a rogue Administrator. Players invented stories about encountering him in games simply to frighten one another. Then exploiters began using his identity, too. They entered games under names resembling his and ran commands that would grief maps with warnings of the Adversary's return. Copycat accounts appeared, while infected free models carried scripts bearing his name between otherwise unrelated games.

Within the Outernet, those imitations did not remain entirely separate from him. The account, book, and scripts all shared the same identifying signature. Whenever someone invoked his name, a pulse traveled through that connection and reached him. At first, the effects were limited to headaches and brief lapses in awareness. The symptoms seemed insignificant, so he kept them to himself and carried on as though nothing was wrong.

The effects quickly worsened. 1x1x1x1 would be speaking with Shedletsky one moment and staring through an unfamiliar avatar's eyes the next. He watched Robloxia being dismantled by hands he could not control. He heard messages being sent in a voice that appeared to be his. He saw Robloxians flee from figures wearing his name, only to awaken in his chamber carrying the memory of their fear. Each impersonation, story, and rumor felt like someone forcing a hand into his body and controlling him like a puppet.

As the legend spread, the episodes grew longer. 1x1x1x1 struggled to distinguish his own experiences from those sent through the imitations. He often carried guilt for attacks he had never committed, having still witnessed them through the people acting in his name. Shedletsky repeatedly told him that none of it was his fault. Administrative records proved that he had never left containment. Those assurances kept him stable, but they could not prevent Robloxia from gradually recreating him in the image of its misunderstanding.

After enough time and mounting concerns, Roblox HQ reinforced 1x1x1x1's chamber. Dusekkar installed filters designed to block outside scripts, guards were stationed nearby, and researchers began accompanying Shedletsky during his visits. Every irregular movement was documented. Over time, the chamber that had once been a place where 1x1x1x1 could safely learn how to exist began to feel less like a home and more like a prison cell.

The situation worsened on May 25th, 2010, when someone exploited Roblox's account system to force a username reset upon the original 1x1x1x1 account. Its name was replaced with the meaningless designation "request59245234857238947," leaving the username 1x1x1x1 available for another account to claim. It was claimed almost immediately.

On the Internet, this was nothing more than a short-lived incident involving a compromised profile and a name snipe. On the Outernet, however, it felt as though

someone had reached into 1x1x1x1's mind and tore his name away while he was still conscious. This is because a Robloxian's username is meant to be permanently affiliated with their user ID, even if they decide to change their name to something else later on. That user ID acts as an address, allowing information from the Internet to locate its counterpart in the Outernet. When 1x1x1x1's name was permanently severed from his user ID, the name above his body disappeared permanently. His face melted into inconsistent triangles, his voice became limited to old, deprecated safe chat responses, and administrative scanners no longer recognized him as the person they had monitored for years.

Across Robloxia, a second manifestation formed around the account that had claimed his name. Unlike the original, it possessed no memories of Shedletsky, the chamber, or the years spent learning how to become a person. It inherited only what Robloxia associated with 1x1x1x1: exploits, destroyed games, cryptic warnings, and pure, unmistakable, endless hatred. For several hours, the original became a person whom reality could no longer identify.

Both accounts were terminated on the same day, but neither manifestation disappeared properly. The Necrobloxicon still described the original. Shedletsky and the researchers he worked with still remembered them. Thousands of scripts continued invoking their stolen name. There were too many parts of Robloxia insisting that 1x1x1x1 existed for either version to be erased.

One manifestation possessed his lived memories but no longer possessed his identity. The other possessed his identity but had never lived a life of its own. As the system attempted to terminate them, their signatures became entangled. When the original account record was reinstated about a month later, the IP Barrier could no longer determine which manifestation was supposed to represent it. Rather than choosing one, it overlaid both within the same body.

The name-sniped manifestation existed within 1x1x1x1 as impulses without context, emotions without personal causes, and memories of events that had never occurred. He could remember learning to fight alongside Shedletsky, then suddenly remember killing him in a battle that had never taken place. 1x1x1x1's uncertainty now existed beside a directionless hatred assembled from what Robloxia expected him to feel.

Even his Venomshank was affected. The weapon began appearing in two places at once, first as an afterimage and then as two fully physical swords. Both possessed the same UAID, leaving the researchers unable to determine which was the duplicate. Regardless, 1x1x1x1 kept both, because abandoning either would've made him feel like he was allowing someone else to decide which half of him deserved to be real.

Shedletsky had to continuously reassure 1x1x1x1 that the original person had survived. He insisted that memories mattered more than account records, and that the other manifestation would never be able to change who he was. Eventually, 1x1x1x1 grew tired of his empty messages, and he asked which account Shedletsky meant whenever he said "original." Shedletsky couldn't answer.

Their relationship deteriorated over the following years. Shedletsky still visited and occasionally agreed to duel, but every conversation was documented and every fight was monitored. When 1x1x1x1 became frustrated, more restraints were installed. When he remained calm, the researchers described him as temporarily stable rather than safe. Everything came to a head when Shedletsky entered the chamber one day under a different name.

The Administrator once known as Telamon had transferred his identity to Shedletsky. His appearance, memories, possessions, authority, and relationships remained intact. Robloxia recognized that both names referred to the same person and allowed him to continue his life without interruption. 1x1x1x1 immediately asked for the same opportunity. He did not care what his replacement name would be. He only wanted one

that did not come with a predetermined purpose, a name belonging to the person in the chamber rather than the monster described in the Necrobloxicon. Shedletsky refused.

He made it clear that he had always been attached to one stable record. The name 1x1x1x1 had spread through accounts, scripts, models, games, forum posts, and administrative archives in a far more convoluted way than anything he's ever seen before. It had become inseparable from both manifestations. Shedletsky warned that removing it could produce another duplicate, permanently fragment his consciousness, or erase him entirely. As a compromise, Shedletsky offered to call him something different in private. But 1x1x1x1 never wanted a nickname. He wanted Robloxia itself to acknowledge that he was more than the role it had assigned him.

After that conversation, he stopped believing the Administration intended to help him. Shedletsky continued promising that the infected models and impersonation scripts would eventually be removed, but new copies appeared faster than the old ones could be purged. So 1x1x1x1 began searching for a solution himself. He found that every imitation connected to him through a path of shared data. After studying those paths, he discovered that they could be followed in both directions. Exploit scripts could force their experiences into him, but he could also force his consciousness back through them. This discovery marked when the Adversary truly became fourth-dimensional.

1x1x1x1 mapped every account, script, model, and game carrying part of his identity. His plan was to transmit a deletion command through all of them simultaneously, destroy every false version of himself, and remove the Necrobloxicon from the platform last. Shedletsky had warned him previously that destroying the book might also destroy him, but 1x1x1x1 accepted that possibility.

When he initiated the command, thousands of games reacted at once. Leaderboards were overwritten with his name. Infected models tore themselves apart, taking nearby structures with them. Entire buildings vanished because developers had unknowingly constructed them from contaminated assets. Anything carrying his signature was

treated as part of the infection, meaning that thousands of Robloxians who were falsely flagged by the command were killed and recalled through the Game Nexus. The sudden demand strained the recall system, returning some with temporarily corrupted bodies. Gates began collapsing as the worlds connected to them lost structural data.

1x1x1x1 had intended to destroy only the false versions of himself. By then, he knew innocent Robloxians were being harmed as well. He continued anyway. For the first time in his life, the destruction taking place in his name came from a decision he had personally made. The realization horrified him, but it also gave him something he had always lacked. At least this mistake belonged to him.

A few members of the Administration, including Shedletsky, followed the corruption back to the chamber, where the largest concentration of 1x1x1x1's consciousness had gathered. Countless visions of games and the destruction happening within them flickered behind 1x1x1x1 while he stood with both Venomshanks drawn. Shedletsky ordered him to stop the cascade. "I am stopping it," he replied. "By tearing myself out of it." Shedletsky replied by drawing his sword, and 1x1x1x1 followed up by raising his. The other Administrators stood back.

Their duel resembled the lessons they had once shared, but neither fought as teacher or student anymore. 1x1x1x1 knew every stance Shedletsky favored. Shedletsky recognized the techniques he had taught him, but not the movements inherited from the name-sniped manifestation. While they fought, the deletion command moved closer to Roblox HQ's archive. Once it reached the Necrobloxicon, it would erase it from the platform and everything anchored to it. Whether that would free 1x1x1x1 or kill him no longer mattered to him, but it still mattered to Shedletsky.

Then, right as 1x1x1x1 was about to finish the job, he blacked out. He awoke in the middle of a vault built purely of 2x2 parts. It frightened him to the core, but no matter how hard he screamed, flailed, and ran around, nothing happened. Nobody responded. And this was when he realized, for the first time in years, 1x1x1x1 experienced

complete silence in his confinement. There were no exploiters forcing their movements into him, no frightened players shaping his emotions, and no distant infected scripts speaking through his voice. For a moment, the silence felt like freedom. It only started to take a toll on him after a few months of rare, infrequent communication.

Shedletsky was the only person to ever revisit the vault after 1x1x1x1 was sealed away. He kept on insisting that the imprisonment was temporary, and occasionally brought wooden swords down so they could duel. 1x1x1x1 rarely ever spoke since his imprisonment, instead choosing to communicate through swordfighting. Their earlier duels had been about discovering who he could become. These were about deciding who was responsible for what he had become.

When Shedletsky later withdrew from full-time administrative work, he entered the Banlands one final time. He promised that leaving Roblox HQ did not mean abandoning the search for a solution. 1x1x1x1 addressed him as Telamon. Shedletsky quietly corrected him, only to get a snarky remark back. Shedletsky left without answering, never to return again.

Years passed inside the vault. 1x1x1x1 repeatedly tested its walls, not because he expected them to fail, but because resistance was the only choice he could still make. The Necrobloxicon had been wrong when it described him as a being made from pure hatred. Unfortunately, Robloxia spent years giving him reasons to become one. He came to hate the public for deciding what he was before ever meeting him. He hated the exploiters who had borrowed his identity and left him with their memories. He hated the Administrators for reducing his suffering to a problem that could be isolated. But more than anyone, he hated Shedletsky.

Shedletsky had always known that the Adversary was fictional. He had watched 1x1x1x1 learn, improve, joke, and develop interests that had never appeared in the Necrobloxicon. He possessed more evidence than anyone that there was a person beneath the legend. But he never came out about anything he knew. He left people to

speculate about the mystery behind a made-up legend while the victim of those lies was left to rot in a prison cell for all of eternity. And 1x1x1x1 hated him for it.

When the Jailbreak occurred and the Banlands split open, its containment systems immediately began to fail. The recursive walls desynchronized, allowing years of blocked searches, impersonations, and surviving scripts to flood back into 1x1x1x1's mind. The force tore the vault apart. The original 2x2 part fractured down the center, and its repeating walls collapsed around him. 1x1x1x1 emerged carrying both Venomshanks.

He cut, tore, and sliced his way through the collapsing Banlands before carrying his rampage into Robloxia itself. Decades of resentment, betrayal, and isolation had been building toward this moment. Yet as skyscrapers fell and countless Robloxians were bloxxed in his wake, he found no satisfaction in any of it. There was only one person he wanted. So amidst the chaos and destruction, 1x1x1x1 began searching for Shedletsky.

He eventually traced the former Administrator to Sword Fight on the Heights. The world was already breaking apart, its spires drifting into a now-corrupted sky. Shedletsky stood alone in the center of the map, amidst the ring of fire, with his sword drawn. For a moment, neither moved. Then 1x1x1x1 assumed the first stance Shedletsky had ever taught him. Shedletsky recognized the stance immediately. His grip tightened around his sword, and for the briefest moment, it was as if his expression softened. Then 1x1x1x1 attacked.

Their duel carried them beyond the ring of fire and onto the map's collapsing bridges. Each collision sent green sparks scattering into the void. Spires split into two, and loose platforms broke away into the corrupted sky. Despite the chaos, neither slowed. They moved through the destruction as though returning to an old routine, except there was no lesson to be learned and no friendly rematch waiting afterward.

Eventually, their blades collided with enough force to split the bridge beneath them. Both leapt toward the final remaining spire as the structure fell into the void. Shedletsky landed first and turned, narrowly catching the original Venomshank against his sword. The second one slipped beneath his guard. At the same moment, Shedletsky twisted his blade toward 1x1x1x1's exposed torso. Each had found the opening needed to kill the other.

Before either strike could land, the world stopped. The wind stopped blowing against his face instantaneously. The collapsing fragments of the Heights hung motionless in the air. Even the flames consuming the arena froze where they burned. For a moment, neither swordsman could move. They simply stood there, locked in the final exchange of a duel that would never reach its conclusion. It was the last thing 1x1x1x1 could ever remember. Every lesson, memory, and piece of himself vanished in an instant. His hatred was the only thing left to inherit the life that remained.

Shedletsky Trivia

- In 2015, Shedletsky began working with Robloxia's licensing division to design miniature replicas of Robloxians and artifacts intended to cross the IP Barrier into the physical world. (he designed the Roblox action figure toys!)
- Shedletsky is married to Brighteyes
- Shedletsky has an epic-face emblem called the 'Telamonster' that he wears around sometimes
- Shedletsky likes trading with random players

1x1x1x1 Trivia

- When 1x1x1x1 first manifested, he resembled an ordinary Robloxian with a black head, green limbs, and a white torso bearing the classic "R." His appearance was forcibly changed to that of an everyday Robloxian when his name was reset. After his imprisonment in the Banlands, years of hatred, isolation, and decay slowly twisted that new appearance into the form he bears today.

- 1x1x1x1 was never naturally left-handed or right-handed
- 1x1x1x1 is terrified of gray 2x2 parts
- 1x1x1x1 gets mad when someone calls him the Adversary
- 1x1x1x1 hates all the references that were/are being made of him

TODO: Make the trivia for both characters less cringe and more interesting (who's gonna give a fuck about if 1x1x1x1 is left or right handed?)