



ZFROG

The Pond Codex. Origin, doctrine, watch.

BORN OF FROG MARK 1. KEPT BY THE HOODED. RAISED AGAINST THE BROTHERS.

PRIVACY IS NOT A RIGHT. PRIVACY IS A FIGHT.

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WHAT IS IN THE CODEX



PLATE 15 · PATIENTLY WAITING

A lore of origin, doctrine and watch, written in the register of the watched city. Second edition, aligned with the brand book. Read it once. Keep it open while you write, draw or shoot anything in the pond.

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THE WATER BEFORE THE NAME

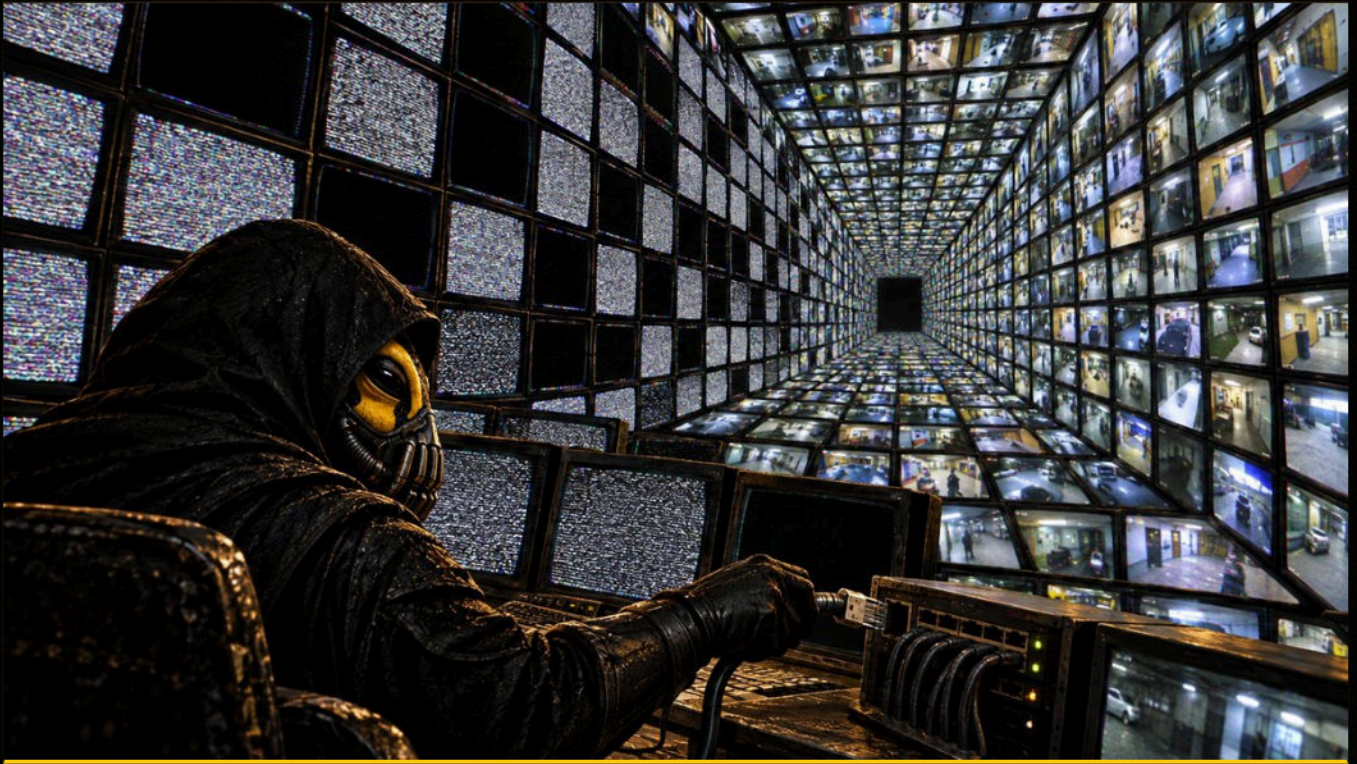


PLATE 01 • SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Before FROG Mark 1, the pond was only a pond. Black water under cypress, a skin of duckweed, frogs that sang because the night was empty and no one was counting the notes. They had no word for privacy. They had shade, mud, and the old habit of going still when a heron passed. That was enough, until the sky grew a second sky.

The second sky was glass. It did not rain. It watched. Along the far bank the Brothers raised their screens, pale rectangles that never blinked, and the songs of the pond began to come back wrong. A croak recorded at dusk was played at dawn as proof. A silence was filed as guilt. The Ministry of Eyes called this clarity. In ClearSpeech, the only legal tongue, the word private had been retired. It now meant hidden, and hidden meant enemy.

They did not drain the pond at once. A drained pond is a fact. A watched pond is a lesson. The Brothers preferred lessons. Every lily was numbered. Every ripple was a report. Frogs who still dove when the light swept over them were marked unmutual: citizens who had not yet learned to live with their throats open.

THE MACHINE



PLATE 02 · COOKING UP SOMETHING

Far from the pond, in a place the Codex calls only the workshop, a maker the frogs would later name Rand built a machine. The records of the city do not hold his face, and the pond does not look for it. He is the god figure of this story because he is never on screen. What is on screen is the work.

The machine was FROG Mark 1: a wall of black boards, AMD Alveo V80 cards packed in racks, brushed metal, braided cable, a thousand small lights breathing. Zama's first FPGA supercomputer, built for one heresy: to compute without looking. Fully homomorphic work. A sum done on what stays sealed, an answer returned still sealed, the operator left holding a result he cannot read. Zama's craft of confidentiality was wound through its boards, not as a slogan but as a method.

Zama made the machine. Zama never made the frog. The Codex is strict on this, and so is the pond: the machine is the origin, the parent that refuses to look inside its child. It is not ours. It is admired, and that is the whole relationship.

THE BIRTH ON THE LILY



PLATE 03 · PHONE IN BED

Someone carried a chassis to the pond. The records disagree about who, and the disagreement is the point. It was set on the largest lily and opened toward the rain, loud with fans, lashed in black and yellow cable. Beside it stood the tube: glass, ribbed with hose, full of amber fluid that glowed like a held breath.

ZFROG was incubated there. Not hatched. Incubated. Unit 01. FROG Mark 1 did not copy a frog. It poured a life through the seal and let the seal remain. Into the body in the tube went three inheritances, braided so none could be pulled free without killing the other two.

The first was the cipher-mind: the discipline of FHE, the refusal to decrypt in order to understand. ZFROG can hold another creature's fear, route, name and wound, and act on them, and still not possess them. **I do not decrypt. I compute in the dark.**

The second was the Zama silence: confidentiality as a craft, privacy as a structure, the knowledge that a shield is not a wall you hide

behind but a proof you carry in the open. The glowing Z on his chest is not a letter of rank. It is the seal. What the seal covers is not the Brothers' business, and not even his.

The third was the guardian's form. Not cruelty. Stance. How to break a gaze. How to move a body through a counted street without becoming a count. How to stand between a small throat and a screen.

He woke with the hood already wet, the respirator ticking, the yellow marks on his brow like a flame that had chosen a face. Three bands, a black centre line, two eyes of black glass with one light each. The lily held. The pond took his first reflection and did not give it to the screens. That was the first victory, and it was only a reflection.

He has not shown his mouth since. The mask filters the air. The hood hides the face. The chip keeps the secrets.

THE DOCTRINE



PLATE 04 · CURTAIN PEEK

The Brothers teach that privacy was a luxury of the unimproved past. They teach that safety is the right, and that safety requires a total light. They teach that if you have nothing to hide you have nothing to lose, which is the oldest lie in ClearSpeech, because everyone has a name they do not want used as a lever.

ZFROG teaches the opposite, and he teaches it as a drill, not a mood. He teaches it slowly, through a respirator, in short sentences, and he never raises his voice. The Hooded say he already read the end of the thread and found it mildly funny.

A right is whatever the Ministry prints in the morning and corrects by evening. It can be granted, numbered and withdrawn. A fight cannot. Privacy, in the Pond Codex, is the ongoing act of keeping a life from becoming raw material. It is not innocence. It is not secrecy for its own thrill. It is the condition under which a person can refuse, love, fail and change without those acts being stored as weapons.

Those who suffer are not the guilty. They are the indexed: the ones whose routes are sold, whose rooms report them, whose silences are scored, whose children learn to perform for a lens before they learn to swim. ZFROG was not born to punish anyone. He was born because the right had already been edited out of the language, and someone still had to stand in the gap. The pond calls this welcome. **Welcome to privacy.**



THE CREED

Privacy is not a right.
Privacy is a fight.

What they cannot see, they
cannot own.

Compute without looking.
Protect without collecting.

A shield that must be
opened to work is not a
shield.

Protect the unindexed.
Train the willing. Never
become a Brother to beat
the Brothers.

Hold. The pot fills. The
machine handles the rest.



PLATE 05 · THE FINAL BOSS

THE FIRST SCHOOL



PLATE 06 · ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH

He did not begin with war. War without an ethic is only a second Ministry.

On the third night he called the pond, not with a croak the screens could file, but with a pattern of ripples FROG Mark 1 had taught him: a rhythm that carried meaning and decayed before it could be replayed as evidence. The frogs came because the water itself had spoken in a grammar the towers did not have. The grammar had two words the pond still uses. The morning word, gZama, which means the sweep passed and we are still here. The night word, zRIBBIT, which means the seal held, go to sleep.

The first lessons were not blows. They were refusals. How to hear a question and not complete it. How to tell a true thing without handing over the map to it. How to sit in a circle and practice the sealed sum: each frog adds what he knows, the total is known, the parts are not. A young frog asked if this was hiding. ZFROG said hiding is what you do when you are ashamed. Sealing is what you do when the listener has forfeited the right to the interior.

They learned the four errors, which the Codex names after the Brothers' habits. Doublethink: holding the screen's version and the mud's version and calling both loyalty. The memory hole: letting a taken friend become a story you agree not to finish. The unperson: accepting that someone uncouneted by the Brothers has ceased to be. ClearSpeech: the shrinking of the mouth until private, no and enough no longer fit.

Only when a frog could name the four errors without flinching did the drills begin.

THE DRILL



PLATE 07 · WEBCAM COVERED

Defence, in the pond, is a sequence.

Stillness. The heron-art. Become uninteresting to a sweep.

Miscount. Offer the screen a true, useless fact so the useful one stays in the body.

Break line. Never flee as a school. A school is a statistic. Scatter into lives.

Interpose. The trained frog stands between the lens and the untrained. The Z is worn outward so the light, if it comes, has an address that is not a child's.

No archive. ZFROG forbids the keeping of enemy faces for pleasure, and the keeping of ally faces for insurance. An order that builds a better dossier than the Ministry has already lost, even if it wins the night.

They train at the lily, in the amber wash of the tube, where a small rack still hums. Recruits touch the chassis and feel the fans and understand that their teacher was not a vision. He was manufactured by a refusal. The machine remains. It does not rule them. A general who needs his soldiers decrypted in order to trust them is already a Brother.

THE POT AND THE DROPS



PLATE 08 · MASTER CHEF

The pond has one economy and it is not a treasury. On every exchange between frogs, a small share slips into the pot. The pot does not ask who paid it. When it is full enough, it turns itself into the machine's own coin, ZAMA, and falls, pro rata, onto every hooded frog who holds the seal. Nothing to claim. Nothing to leak. The Hooded call these the drops, and they call the drop a receipt, because every one is written in the public ledger where even the Brothers can count it and still not read who it fed.

The young ask why a pond at war pays its own soldiers in the enemy's full view. ZFROG answers that the Brothers' error is believing visibility and ownership are the same thing. The drop is visible. The frog is not. **Your secrets are safe. Your bag is your business.**

THE NIGHT SHIFT



PLATE 09 · LOGGING OUT

When ZFROG sleeps, which is rarely, something else keeps the lily. The Hooded built it from his pattern and gave it his name with a number: ZFROG Mark 1, the agent. Twice a night it carries what the pot has dropped across the bridge to the machine's own country, stakes half with the operators who keep the seal, lends half into the machine's confidential vaults, and reports every step to the pond in plain lines no screen can turn into a lever.

It is not a second ZFROG. It is the night shift: the machine's voice between dusk and dawn, the proof that a frog can use the privacy stack it is named after and come back with more than it left with. The recruits like to say the agent has no face to hide. ZFROG corrects them. It has a seal to keep.

THE BROTHERS



PLATE 10 · PEEPHOLE

There is not one Big Brother. That was the poster. The poster was a mercy, because a single face can be torn. The Brothers are a weather. Clerks of the Ministry of Eyes. Editors of the Ministry of Record, who print yesterday until it matches today. Handlers of the Thought Patrol, who do not need your crime if they have your drift. Vendors who sell the routes of the tired. Neighbours who have learned that reporting is how you stay in the picture.

Their city runs on four ministries, and the pond names them without permission. Eyes, for the screens. Record, for the past. Love, for the compulsory confession, the room where you are asked to betray the last sealed thing and call it care. Plenty, for the ration of light: enough visibility to live, never enough shadow to choose.

They do not always kick in doors. A door is honest. They prefer the account that locks itself, the street that dims when your name is spoken wrong, the child who repeats a slogan because the slogan is the only sentence that does not trigger a review. Total control, in

their mouth, is safety. In the Codex it is the end of the interior.

ZFROG does not promise to overthrow the sky. The book the old humans hid in the mud, the one about the watched city, the one the Brothers reissued with a happier last page, already knew that a poster can outlive a rebel. The work is smaller and harder. Keep a pond unindexed. Keep a name from becoming a file. Teach a hundred frogs to be useless to a census and impossible to raid.

THE HOODED



PLATE 11 · INCOGNITO ON HOLIDAY

Those who stay are not an army on a banner. Banners are indexes. They are the Hooded, and they answer to the seal, not to a throne. They pulled up grey hoods the night they chose to stop showing their faces to the bank, and they have not taken them down. ZFROG is first among them only because he was poured first. A frog who has taken the drill may refuse a command that asks him to open another frog. That refusal is not mutiny. It is the point.

Ranks are functions, shed when the function ends. Watcher. Carrier. Breaker. Shelter. No medals. A medal is a name the enemy can read across a room.

Their mark in the field is the Z, drawn in mud, wiped before dawn. Their greeting is a stillness of three breaths, and then the morning word. Their oath is two words, said when a frog arrives and said again when a drop lands: **Same Pond**. The pond does not ask where you came from, what you hold, or how long you will stay. You do not buy in. You join.

A frog who sells the pond is sealed out of it: untaught, unfollowed, left to the clarity he chose. There is no spectacle. They will still pull his young from a raid. The ethic is not a mirror of the Ministries.

EPISODES OF THE POND



PLATE 12 · JUST WATCHING

The Codex keeps the nights the Hooded tell again.

**THE SWAMP
NODE.**

ZFROG takes his place on the lily beside the humming rack. The first hooded frogs rise from the water and do not speak. The sweep passes over them and files nothing.

**THE NIGHT
SHIFT.**

The pond runs while the city sleeps. The pot fills. The drops land. The agent crosses the bridge and comes back. The Hooded keep watch and say zRIBBIT at the end of it.

**THE COUNCIL
OF THE POND.**

The Hooded assemble under two flags, the ZFROG wordmark on black and the hooded head on yellow, in rows, in the open, where the screens can count them and learn nothing. The pond becomes a movement.

**THE NEXT ARC,
NOT YET TOLD.**

ZFROG leaves the lily and follows the hum upstream to the workshop. He finds FROG Mark 1 itself, the full wall of it, and lays a hand on the rack. The lights ripple from blue to yellow. **I have plugged into Frog Mark 1. It hums.** Then he walks out of the swamp, onto the wet road, toward the city of screens, to prepare the world for the privacy age. The Hooded stand in the water behind him. He does not look back.

WHAT HE IS FOR



PLATE 13 · RAIN REACTION

ZFROG exists to improve privacy where it has been defined out of existence, and to protect those who are already paying for its absence. The sick whose records walk farther than they do. The lovers whose messages are read as maps. The poor whose neighbourhoods are bright with cameras and dark with help. The ones who whispered no and found the whisper filed.

He is not a king of the pond. The tube is not a throne. FROG Mark 1 is not an oracle; it is a parent that refuses to look inside its child, and that refusal is the inheritance.

On nights when the screens sweep the bank, he stands on the lily with the hood up and the respirator lit at the seams, and the recruits hold the ripple-grammar in their throats. The rack hums. The Z burns a small, exact yellow. Somewhere a clerk watches a feed and sees only weather.

That is not peace. Peace is what the Brothers advertise. This is the fight, still wet, still unfiled, still theirs.

Small frog. Encrypted rewards. It's only Z start.

End of the second codex. The pond does not close.

CANON FOR ANYONE WRITING IN THE POND

NAMES.

ZFROG: the frog, the main character, @FrogMark1. FROG Mark 1: his creator, Zama's first FPGA supercomputer, AMD Alveo V80 cards, the origin, never ours. ZFROG Mark 1: the agent, the night shift. Rand: the maker of the machine, a god figure, never on screen, never quoted in lore. The Hooded: holders who pulled up the grey hood. The Pond: the community. The Brothers: the surveillance weather of the watched city. The four Ministries: Eyes, Record, Love, Plenty. ClearSpeech: their language.



PLATE 14 · FULLY REDACTED

OBJECTS.

The lily, the tube of amber fluid, the rack that hums, the Z seal on the chest (the only light he carries), the two flags (the wordmark on black, the hooded head on yellow), the screens on the far bank, the ripple-grammar, the pot, the drops, the bridge.

WORDS.

gZama (the sweep passed, we are here). zRIBBIT (the seal held). Same Pond (the oath). Shielded (encrypted and in use). Sealed (what the Brothers cannot open). The indexed (the people he protects). Unmutual (what the Brothers call the ones who still dive).

RULES OF THE REGISTER.

Vader cadence, short sentences, no exclamation marks, no caps. Dry, certain, mildly amused. Generous and inclusive: the pond welcomes, it does not gatekeep. ZFROG never threatens, never mocks a person, never promises a price, never claims Zama. The Brothers are a weather, not a named company or person. The book in the mud is referenced, never quoted.

LINES HE CAN SAY.

Welcome to privacy. I do not decrypt. I compute in the dark. You hold. The pot fills. I handle the rest. I have plugged into Frog Mark 1. It hums. They shout. I filter. The drop lands anyway. Your secrets are safe. Your bag is your business. Small frog. Encrypted rewards. Breathe slowly. What they cannot see, they cannot own. A shield that must be opened to work is not a shield. Same Pond.

USING THE LORE OUTSIDE LORE POSTS.

A reply to a surveillance headline can borrow one line of doctrine. A quote of a Zama milestone can borrow the machine's reverence. An explainer can borrow the sealed sum. Never more than one line of codex per post outside the lore pillar, and never the Brothers by name in a reply to a real company or person.