

BEHIND THE PIXELS

ISSUE 7

**Behind The Numbers: An Investigation, of
sorts (By Mark)**



My story begins with me heroically eating a peanut butter sandwich, as most of my stories do. Just as I finished my sumptuous meal my boss came over to my desk. Her eyes were as cold and ungiving as the early morning sun.

"Mark. I have a job for you. Do you have time for a chat?" She said, smiling. The only thing worse than your boss coming over to ask for a chat, is when your boss smiles in your direction.

We went to one of the small meeting rooms and sat down. The room is opposite the toilets, so you can see who goes in, who comes out, and not much else.

"Do you know anything about 514?" She asked me, before I even had a chance to sit down.

"I know nothing." I replied. As is often the case, I really didn't.

"Okay. Well I'm hearing a lot of rumours

"Is it about the explosion in the kitchen? Because I had nothing to do with it, it was all chemistry. And physics. And biology. There might have been some sociology in there as well, I wouldn't want to speculate."

"What? No. I want to know what 514 is, and you're going to find out. Everyone's talking about it, but no one knows anything."

"Why me?" I asked.

"Everyone else is working hard."

"I'm working."

"...Hard."

"Good point."

So I got up and started to explore. I won't go into much detail about my exploits. I don't think anyone has any interest in how I stared death in the face on the winding cliffs of Siberia, or how I was able to travel back in time and create an alternative timeline where Habbo Hotel was called "Gobblers", or how I single handedly ended an intergalactic space war with a rubber band and a paperclip. You might be interested in the huge vault I found which was full of random Habbo Furni prototypes, merchandise and goodies, but that's a story for another time, maybe.

Anyway, after all my struggles I had uncovered the final piece of the puzzle. The revelation came in the form of a post-it note left on my monitor simply reading: "Why don't you just go down to room 514?" I didn't recognize the handwriting, but it was legible, which ruled out myself. Room 514 was hidden deep in the twisting corridors of the Sulake Offices, past the lair of the enigmatic Dayman, across the large demo space where Paul was busy giving his weekly info session, and finally,

through the door which was basically a door, albeit with a picture of some eggs on it.

Room 514, I was here at last, and inside all was dark and spooky like due to the lights being off. In the shadows sat a mysterious figure who motioned me to sit. I sat down on a rickety plastic chair and took off my investigative bunny ears.

"You want to know about 514?"

"Yes." I said. "Speak to me plain and clear."

"I will try my best." The shadow said, "But my words often change their meaning at the most... unfortunate times. I talk of things still in progress, still growing, still changing, what is set in stone today may be washed away by the tides of time tomorrow, or the day after."

"Oh, okay."

"Ask me your questions."

"The aim of the 514 project is to give Habbos the ability and responsibility to help manage and grow the community themselves."

"Which means?"

"Well, there will be a whole host of new abilities, or talents if you will, available to Habbos, depending on what kind of Habbo they want to be. Some Habbos are Socialites, who just enjoy chatting with friends, others are Designers who build fantastic and beautiful rooms and host games to entertain the community, others are Traders who enjoy trading and trying to get the best deals on their items, Business Owners such as Habbos who run schools, hospitals, restaurants, and Helpers who like to help other Habbos with their problems and run help desks."

"Will there be a path for rabbits?"

"That... is not being planned at this time."

"How will Habbos be able to access these talents?"

"Habbos would be able to unlock these additional talents by some form of XP (experience), which is earned by good or positive social behavior, completing

achievements and having a good reputation."

"This is completely new."

"Yes. That is why the system won't be available until May at the earliest."

"That means there's plenty of time for Habbos to give feedback, right?"

"You are correct, my son."

"Wait, what?"

"Just kidding. Back on topic. The new reputation feature will be dynamic, rather than static, and to be able to unlock new talents or skills you will need to have a good reputation. Your reputation can go up and down depending on what other Habbos think of you and how you behave.

"I have a few more questions? Where does this so-called Community Manager rumour fit in to all this?"

"That would be the Helpers. And they wouldn't be Community Managers in the sense that they have jobs or contracts or the ability to ban other Habbos, but they would have access to additional talents or skills that would make it easier for them to help other Habbos- it's about helping Habbos, not getting superpowers to use over other Habbos.

"Okay, so is there a name for this whole project?"

"No, so far it is called only 514."

"Why 514?"

"Because that was the room the idea was thought up in. It's a working title."

The shadow didn't reply, he just turned away and sunk back into the darkness. So I went to lunch and had a tasty steak. I didn't eat much of it, because I was still full after the peanut butter sandwich I had for breakfast. Also, in a Sixth Sense style twist, I was dead, and had been dead since the year 514 because I was really Ælle, King Of Sussex.

If you would like to know more about the 514 project you can talk to Heini, Inka or Paul on our Twitter feeds.

[@inka_vikman](#)

[@heini_kaihu](#)

[@PaulLaFo](#)

If you would like to know more about the king of Sussex, you can look him up on Wikipedia.

If you would like to know more about knowing more, try using Google.