

Tanghua script

Act 1

Your name is Tanghua, and you were born in the 82nd year of the New Calendar. Your parents are both teachers and have taught you to read more since you were a child. I hope you can inherit the mantle of a teacher at home. When you were a child, you didn't understand anything. Naturally, you did whatever your parents said. Although you didn't understand why other children were playing happily on the slide on the grass, while you sat on the small bench and stroked your fingers. Learn to write. When you were a child, you didn't have much thought. You just felt that it was a bit boring to sit all the time. The children over there seemed to be more interesting if they played together. But your parents were overjoyed to see you obediently sitting on the stool and learning to write. They thought their child was really great. They knew they had to study hard at such a young age.

Their hope for their son's success grew day by day, and you lived up to their expectations. You followed their instructions from a young age, memorized a lot of ancient poems, learned a lot of things, and were the monitor of the class, a three-good student, and a model soldier since elementary school. You grew up perfectly according to the expectations of others, and all your trajectories seemed to completely overlap with your parents' expectations. They watched you grow up from a child, and they taught you everything they wanted to teach you. Yes, you learned a lot of things, but from the beginning you didn't know why you were learning these things. You memorized a lot of poems, learned a lot of musical instruments, and participated in many competitions, including musical instrument competitions, recitation competitions, ancient poetry competitions, and host competitions. There were always endless competitions in your life for you to participate in, and you never lived up to your parents' expectations, always getting a good ranking and bringing glory to them.

So what? Who is in control of your life? You don't know yourself. What do you like? Classical poetry? Musical instruments? Painting? You don't know either. You seem to do everything well, but only you know that you can't do anything well. You process all these like a machine. When you study, you practice constantly and summarize your experience constantly. When you recite ancient poems, you recite them over and over again. When you write essays,

you read a lot of abstracts and imitate them over and over again. When you learn to play a musical instrument, you practice non-stop. Your life is like a to-do list full of pending events. You tick them one by one and complete them one by one, but after completing them, there are always more things for you to complete.

You think everyone's life is ridiculous. It was not until you were admitted to the Chinese Department of Liguang University with extremely high scores and met Li Chuanshi that you realized that there are people who really love something from the bottom of their hearts, and rely on this little love to gradually grow into a big tree.

That day was the day when the school club recruited new members. You consciously came to the poetry club according to your parents' requirements. You remembered your parents' warnings to you. They told you that you must make more friends at school, participate in more campus activities, and To actively participate in club activities, it is best to find a position in the club so that you can have some experience to put on your resume later. When your parents say this, you don't resist, and you don't feel anything. You just accept your parents' instructions like every time before, and then implement them unchanged.

It was summer, the sun was blazing, everyone was sweating, some people fanned themselves with paper, some ate popsicles, you also felt a little hot and breathless, so you ran to the nearby store to buy a bottle of soda, ran back to the club's booth, found a place to lean against, screwed the cap and gulped it down. While drinking, you chatted with the seniors in the club. Your sophisticated social experience made it easy for you to get to know the seniors. Although you didn't enjoy the chat much, you still chatted, just like any other time.

The sun was shining brightly, you took another sip of soda, turned around, and met Li Chuanshi for the first time. Li Chuanshi was wearing a school uniform skirt and a high ponytail. You saw her squinting her eyes and smiling as she greeted the seniors. You looked at her, but unexpectedly she suddenly looked straight at you.

You can't explain what it feels like. The moment Li Chuanshi appears in your field of vision, the whole world seems to become brighter. You can see that in the hot summer, when recruiting new members for the club outdoors without any shade, most students and club staff have some complaints. Even if they are looking forward to club life, they are speechless due to the heat. Everyone's expression is more or less irritable – but Li Chuanshi is different. She just smiled

with her eyes bent, holding her favorite collection of ancient poems in her hands.

She is so brilliant. You thought silently. You touched your nose, and you collected your thoughts. You looked at Li Chuanshi again and found that she was also looking at you. You smiled, put down the soda in your hand and walked towards her. You exchanged a few pleasantries with her and learned that she was also a freshman and also studying in the Chinese Department. She asked you excitedly if you also wanted to join the poetry club. You nodded, and then the seniors came over and handed the registration forms to both of you. After you filled them out, the seniors called everyone to play Feihualing together.

You have played Fei Hua Ling many times since you were a child, and you don't like this game at all. You have memorized many poems, some for school exams, some for literary quality, and many more just because you want to participate in some poetry competition. You always get good results in poetry competitions because you really memorize a lot of poems; you have played a lot of Feihua Ling, and you can always quickly retrieve relevant poems from your brain. I don't know how many people have praised my ability.

At first, everyone responded positively, but in the end, somehow only you and Li Chuanshi were left playing this game. You gradually became less comfortable. When you first started playing, you treated it like any other time. Just like Feihua Ling, just keep answering. As you play, you find that Li Chuanshi is really serious. Although she answers quickly, you can see that she really likes ancient poetry. Sometimes you can't answer well. If there is a poem that she especially appreciates, she will be very excited and say to you, "Ah, have you memorized this poem too?" At the end of the game, you suddenly felt that it would be disrespectful to leave Li Chuanshi in the hands of someone like you. You sighed, pretended that you really couldn't think of anything, and smiled at Li Chuanshi, "I'm sorry, I can't remember." I got up more times, and this time I lost. She opened her eyes in surprise, and then smiled in understanding. After the recruitment was over, you naturally went to have dinner with your seniors. You didn't know whether it was by chance or coincidence that you happened to be sitting across from each other. The two of you got to know each other thoroughly because of these coincidences.

The unique vitality of Li Chuanshi seems to be given to you little by little. Sometimes you feel that she is so generous. This most precious emotion and vitality of human beings is shared with you so generously. She is a person who truly loves poetry. She is a person who truly relies

on this love to study literature harder and study Chinese with passion. When you are in the same class, Li Chuanshi will always share her own insights with you, but as you share, you will find that you are also influenced by Li Chuanshi to some extent. Poetry in your brain is no longer a tool for writing and showing off skills, nor is it an abstract and profound collection that is put on the shelf. Each poem is a miniature of a poet, and each poem condenses the most important emotion for the poet at the moment. Li Chuanshi taught you to experience love, taught you to experience feelings, and taught you not to live like a puppet, but to grasp your own passion and climb up little by little.

Not only do you take classes together, you also often have meals together and sit together to discuss the poems you have recently learned and analyzed. Li Chuanshi will occupy a seat for you, and you will sometimes read or study together in the library. You sit here for a whole day, holding books and immersing yourself in your own world. When you look up, you can see each other right next to you. You are like close friends. Like close friends, but with a tacit understanding that no one mentioned love, and no one dared to poke through the window paper. This may be some kind of complex between teenagers and girls. They obviously like each other but they each feel that the existence of love will destroy this precious and extraordinary friendship. Therefore, the two of them have always grasped the sense of proportion and delicately maintained that they are more than friends but not lovers. Relationship.

This went on for a while, and you gradually realized your feelings for Li Chuanshi. You know how precious Li Chuanshi is to you, and you also know how wonderful it feels for a person who has never loved anything before to suddenly fall in love with someone one day: you always think about whether she will be there today. Go to sleep well. Just seeing her smiling in front of you makes you feel uncontrollably happy. That feeling is probably due to human physiological reaction, maybe hormones. Your whole body will feel like it is electrified, even your body. His heart seemed to be beating for her.

A few days before the Mid-Autumn Festival, you decided to confess to her on the night of the Mid-Autumn Festival. You know that she likes to participate in some Mid-Autumn Festival lantern activities, so you decide to make an appointment with her in a park in Liguang City. That park happens to hold a Mid-Autumn Garden Party in the evening, and it is said that the Mid-Autumn Festival decorations in that park will be beautiful. You told her to go to the park to

enjoy the moon together at seven o'clock on the Mid-Autumn Festival, and she agreed without thinking.

That day, you arrived at the park early and found the best spot to wait for Li Chuanshi's arrival. You imagined her appearing in the moonlight in her carefully selected clothes, and you would hand her a collection of poems you made yourself, each of which was your true love for her. However, Li Chuanshi had not arrived at the park by seven o'clock in the evening. You felt a little disappointed, but it was soon replaced by expectation. Did Li Chuanshi prepare any surprise for you? You sat in the moonlight, gently stroking the collection of poems you were going to give to Li Chuanshi, thinking about the upcoming confession.

However, you never expected that you would sit there until 10 o'clock, waiting anxiously, but no one showed up. You felt a little uneasy, but you consoled yourself that maybe Li Chuanshi realized that you were in a complicated mood to confess, and might not want to accept your confession, so he simply didn't come to you.

At that time, almost everyone didn't have a mobile phone, and it happened to be the Mid-Autumn Festival holiday, so you had no way to contact Li Chuanshi. You spent the Mid-Autumn Festival holiday like this, thinking that you would be able to see her when you returned to school.

As a result, as soon as you returned to school, you saw that almost everyone was gathered around the bulletin board, and everyone was covering their mouths in shock. You were not interested in these things, but you always felt uneasy, so you leaned over to see what was posted on the bulletin board. Before you could see the words, your ears heard the words of the person in front of you first, and you almost couldn't believe it. After a few seconds, you saw the words on the bulletin board clearly: Missing person notice, freshman Chinese department girl Li Chuanshi is missing.

Some people also recognized that you seemed to have a good relationship with Li Chuanshi, and they were about to become boyfriend and girlfriend, so they whispered to you, and you were confused. You told yourself that if she was just missing, could she just run away from home? But before you could think about it for long, the police announced that they had arrested the suspect, who was the driver of the taxi that Li Chuanshi took. The police said that according to the investigation, Li Chuanshi disappeared after getting on the taxi, and the taxi driver had a

criminal record and was almost a bad record. Considering that Li Chuanshi was not found, it was highly suspected that the taxi driver might have killed Li Chuanshi and dumped her body in the ocean.

After that day, your world is filled with all kinds of negative news for some reason. Even if you don't want to think about it, you will see the overwhelming newspaper in the corner of your eye. It says in huge fonts that a quiet female college student was raped by a taxi driver. Words like rape and murder seemed to have erased all traces of Li Chuanshi's existence, and the whole world seemed to have turned into black and white again, just like those overwhelming newspapers. You went to many places to look for Li Chuanshi, but only then did you realize that your so-called conceitedness and how awesome you were were all nonsense. It turned out that you had lived for so long and became the treasure of your parents, neighbors, and teachers, and even loved yourself. I don't know where the people have gone. Your world is dark again. You realize that Li Chuanshi's death has a lot to do with you. If you hadn't insisted on asking her to go to some suburban park, if you hadn't asked her to take a taxi to the park alone, if you hadn't fallen in love with her and wanted to confess to her, Will none of this happen? Will Li Chuanshi live a good life?

In the following days, this incident caused a lot of public outrage, because Li Chuanshi was a very good girl in everyone's eyes. She was kind and generous, cheerful and generous, loved poetry and literature, and had always achieved excellent results. The suspect taxi driver was reported by a reporter named Han as having many criminal records. You read the report. He used concise language to portray the image of a taxi driver who was a heinous and scheming citizen. The reporter firmly believed that the taxi driver had so many criminal records before, and the female college student who disappeared in the taxi must have been killed and thrown away by this driver, so he made many reports about this driver. This report caused an uproar. Everyone who knew about it was furious and felt that the driver could only avenge the female college student after being executed quickly. Soon after that, the verdict came down and the driver was sentenced to death and executed immediately. For a time, all the citizens who paid attention to the matter shouted that they were happy and said that justice had finally arrived.

You don't know how to describe your feelings. If the driver is really the murderer who killed Li Chuanshi, he can be punished after being sentenced to death. But you would rather

believe that the driver is not the murderer of Li Chuanshi. Maybe Li Chuanshi is staying somewhere and he didn't kill her at all. You also know that you are dreaming. A few days after the murderer was executed, you saw a report that the taxi driver's peasant wife hanged herself with their young son and left a suicide note saying that they only hope that their death can exchange for her husband's injustice. At that moment, you seemed to have found a life-saving straw. You realized that if this is the case, is it possible that Li Chuanshi is not dead? But you denied your thoughts. If the driver is not the murderer, Li Chuanshi may have been killed by other murderers.

Within a few hours after seeing this newspaper, you were eager to know the specific information about the peasant woman who hanged herself. You called the newspaper, but were told that the news was not true and they would quickly remove the newspapers to curb the spread of false information. You felt more and more that something was wrong. You used various channels to find out about it, only to find out that Li Chuanshi's "corpse" had never been found. It was unclear how the police determined that the taxi driver was the murderer, but according to the police, the man had admitted in prison that he had raped and killed the female college student, so the final death penalty was immediately executed.

In the years that followed, this case was gradually no longer mentioned, and not many people in the university remembered that there was a Li Chuanshi. You returned to your previous life, but day after day you put on a mask and faced everyone with a decent smile.

In the year 103 of the new calendar, you are a senior in college. You realize that you can never reconcile with this matter. Li Chuanshi's death means that all the colors of your life have been wiped out again. You read many books about unsolved cases and found a lot of information. You feel more and more that there may be something strange about Li Chuanshi's death, or that Li Chuanshi may not be dead, but has been missing. This year, more and more people began to use the Internet. You also tried to search for relevant information on the Internet. You set up a forum where everyone can discuss some cases that they think are very wrong, and can also discuss based on this information. You found that there are indeed some people who have the same questions as you and feel that the incident that year is very wrong. Some people mentioned the suicide of the taxi driver's wife, which made you feel that this matter may not be that simple.

On the night of Mid-Autumn Festival, you inevitably think of that night three years ago.

You were sitting on a park bench, holding a gift for Li Chuanshi in your arms, waiting for her arrival with joy, waiting for her to completely light up your world, but never expected that the news of her death would be waiting for her. At that moment, you no longer wanted to worry about face, rules, and parents' teachings. You were so drunk in the bar that when you came out, you were already unconscious. You don't know where you've walked. In an instant, you feel a strong light flashing in front of your eyes, and in the next instant, you seem to have been knocked away by something.

What follows is not severe pain. After you finally open your eyes, you find that you are sitting in front of a neatly tidied desk, holding a red pen in your hand, grading homework.

After the car accident, you traveled from the Mid-Autumn Festival in the 103rd year of the New Calendar to September 11th in the 129th year.

Your brain is in severe swelling and pain, and memories of the past twenty years are flooding into your brain crazily.

After you graduated from college, you came to Chenghe Middle School in Chenghe City and became a high school Chinese teacher, starting an ordinary teaching life. You are not married, you stubbornly believe that Li Chuanshi is not dead, and you live alone. In the past 20 years, you have never given up the search for the truth of the year, but there has been no progress. Until last year, when one of your students came to you to discuss whether your forum name is "TH", there was a leap forward.

The student's name was Hankong. During a private conversation with him, he mentioned the forum and told you that he was the "SKY" who often replied to you in the forum. After that, you told him the whole story from his perspective, and he confessed to you the report about his father and his subsequent suicide.

He sighed, and then told you that his father was a reporter who had reported a case of a female college student being raped and murdered in a taxi. He used concise language to portray the image of a taxi driver who was a heinous and scheming citizen. He firmly believed that this taxi driver had so many previous criminal records, and the female college student who disappeared in the taxi must have been killed and dumped by this driver, so he made many reports about the driver's motive for killing. After that, his report aroused public outrage. All citizens criticized the driver and constantly urged the police to investigate the truth and punish

the murderer. Soon after that, the verdict came down and the driver was sentenced to death and executed immediately. For a time, all the citizens who paid attention to the matter shouted that justice had indeed arrived. But just a few days after the execution, a peasant woman in a remote village hanged herself with her son. On the table was her suicide note written in blood. The peasant woman must not have a high level of education. There were many typos in the suicide note, and many of them were even circled and corrected. She used the best words she could think of to explain everything. She reiterated over and over again that her husband could not have raped and killed the female college student. She didn't understand why her husband could be labeled as an unforgivable rapist just because he stole something when he was poor in the past. She said that when there was no food to eat, who could maintain their conscience and not do something? The suicide case was quickly settled within a few days. The police used a lot of power to suppress the matter, but Hankong's father, who was a reporter, could not let it go for a long time. He vaguely felt that he had wronged someone, and whether he had just killed a good person by mistake under the banner of justice...? Hankong's father often talked to him about this matter, which naturally aroused the interest of the young Hankong in these things. However, when Hankong was twelve years old, his father died in a car accident. After that, Hankong and his mother depended on each other. But when Hankong was fifteen, his mother also died of cancer. On her deathbed, she told him the truth about the so-called car accident that year. In fact, his father regretted the accident so much that he couldn't eat. After many years of entanglement, he chose to commit suicide after struggling between conscience and self. After knowing all this, Hankong had a completely different view on life, life and death, and the so-called certainty.

After that, you often communicated with Hankong, either mentioning the past, or talking about some big goals in life. Having someone who can accompany you to move forward in this long dark night with no light is already a blessing for you. What a huge relief and blessing.

And it was thanks to Hankong meeting Dong Shuhua's son, Dong Yijiu, in the hospital that you learned all the truth.

Dong Shuhua is the star teacher in your school. Almost everyone in the school knows that he has spent decades taking care of his son who is seriously ill and mentally retarded. Everyone thinks he is pitiful and tired. After working at school all day, he comes home and takes care of

his son. And Li Chuanshi... Although he was not really raped, killed and dumped in the wild, he was locked in the basement for more than 20 years. The horror level can only be said to be worse. It turns out that the truth that I have been pursuing for so long...is related to someone so familiar to me. Li Chuanshi, whom you have been chasing for so many years, turned out to have been imprisoned in the basement of his colleague's home for more than 20 years.

Dong Yijiu told Hankong that because of his father's control, he had no way to contact him by phone or online, and he basically had no chance to go out alone. The only place where he could communicate with him was in the hospital, and he would come regularly every week. The hospital injects medicine. If he is willing to help, he can leave a reply at the agreed place the next time you come to the hospital.

Hankong also told you what he learned about his subsequent chat with Dong Yijiu. You are determined to make Dong Shuhua punished for his actions through reporting and legal means. You and Dong Yijiu made an agreement. If the report is successful at noon on September 10, you will find Dong Yijiu in the hospital for a routine injection and rescue him.

September 10

You think about what you experienced on September 10th.

This morning you saw Li Ye reporting to Dong Shuhua outside the office that she had been sexually assaulted by the school teacher Zhang Guochao. Due to this matter, you decided to put the report on hold for now, because Dong Shuhua is the person in charge of handling this matter. If he is arrested or investigated, it will be difficult to solve Li Ye's case.

Today at noon, you and Hankong had agreed to go to the hospital to see Dong Yijiu after the report was successful. You hurriedly went to find Hankong and told him that because you saw Li Ye reporting to Dong Shuhua that she was sexually assaulted today, and that something was wrong with this matter now, Li Ye, in retrospect, she might not have been sexually assaulted. Only one person violated, and you decided you wanted to figure it out now.

At noon that day, Dong Yijiu and Dong Shuhua will go to the hospital for injection as usual. Before that, you promised Dong Yijiu that if you successfully reported him, you would come to the hospital to find him and rescue him. When you arrived at the hospital, Dong Shuhua was always by Dong Yijiu's side, and you couldn't find a chance to get close to him. In desperation, you called Dong Shuhua on the phone. Hankong stopped Dong Yijiu while Dong Shuhua's phone

rang and went outside to answer the call, and quickly told him the current situation:

Dong Yijiu seemed to be constantly recalling, and his expression revealed something was wrong. He said that he felt that Dong Shuhua seemed to have communicated something with some big shots before, and suspected that Dong Shuhua might be related to the rape case, and that the other people who violated her mentioned by Li Ye might be related to those big shots. He warned Hankong to tell Li Ye not to alert the enemy for the time being, and not to let her say that she remembered that more than one person violated her at that time, otherwise it would be very dangerous.

September 11

After time travel, it turned out that you didn't give up your university major and actually became a Chinese teacher.

It is too shocking for you to know so many past events in an instant, but as a teacher, you have to pretend that nothing happened and go to class. In Chinese class, you were surprised to see a poem written on Li Ye's notebook. You clearly remembered that this poem was a poem Li Chuanshi had written himself. You think, it turns out that Li Chuanshi's poems are still remembered by some people today, and you think of Li Ye's experience, and you can't help but wonder why two such beautiful girls have experienced these things.

After the Chinese class, Hankong and Liye explained to you that Dong Shuhua might have a relationship with the person who raped Liye, and that Liye might be threatened. After the discussion, you received a call from Dong Yijiu, who said that Dong Shuhua suddenly fainted today and was sent to the hospital. He found the key on him, and Hankong, Tanghua and Liye could go to his house. On the one hand, he wanted you to meet the person you had been looking for for so many years, and on the other hand, he wanted to discuss how to solve the problem with Liye.

You saw your missing lover at Dong Shuhua's house. The scene was shocking to you. Your heart almost stopped beating at that moment, and all the air seemed to be sucked out of the room. Your heartbeat accelerated, and every breath was a heavy burden. The musty smell and the smell of disinfectant in the air mixed together, making it almost difficult for you to breathe. The dim light bulb could only barely illuminate this small space, and the long-term dimness made your eyes need a while to adapt.

You see her huddled in a cold, damp corner, her clothes ragged and covered with patches. These clothes have long lost their original color and shape, and have become like a symbol of her closed life – dim and broken. Her hands were wrapped around her knees, and her body was trembling slightly, as if to resist the coldness of the unforgiving basement, or perhaps out of fear of the unknown.

When her eyes meet yours, you can feel her mind trying to make out the figure ahead. Her lips moved slightly, as if she wanted to say something, but only a few weak grunts came out. Her state clearly showed that the loneliness and mental stress she had suffered for a long time had brought her to the verge of collapse.

Your lover, this once vibrant girl, can now only spend countless lonely days and nights in this closed space. No one communicated with her, no kind voice. In that dark basement, the air was frozen, and time seemed to slow down. The yellow light on the wall casts her thin shadow, and every day she spends here seems like an eternity. There are no windows in the basement, no vents, no corners that the sun's rays can never reach. In such an environment, the beginning and end of each day appear blurred, and the sunless days distort the sense of time.

In this endless loneliness, she found a way to stay sane – scratching the concrete walls of her basement. These scratches were intricate and densely packed all over the wall. Every trace represents the day she spent in this darkness, proof that she tried her best to stay awake. She used any sharp object she found, sometimes keys, sometimes nails, even broken edges of cutlery, as her tools to record time.

These scratches are not only a record of time, they are also a reflection of her desire for freedom. Every scratch is her way of fighting despair, her silent cry for survival in an isolated environment. They show that despite her physical imprisonment, her spirit refused to surrender.

You stand in front of this wall full of scratches, with mixed emotions in your heart. Each scratch is like a scratch on your heart. You can feel her desperation and perseverance in every lonely night. These scratches seem to tell a story about pain, hope and survival. Looking at these scratches, you deeply feel everything she has endured and all the efforts she has made to maintain a glimmer of hope. Sitting there, listening to her intermittent words, your heart is filled with anger and sadness, and you swear to end this, seek justice for her, and let her see the light of day again.

But you didn't find the key to the basement at that time. You just saw Li Chuanshi above the basement, and you had no way to get her out immediately. Even at this juncture, the most important thing is to find the person who raped Li Ye except Zhang Guochao, otherwise Li Ye may be targeted by the gang and hurt again because of the report. The four of you discussed Li Ye's matter, but due to the scarcity of clues, the connection between Dong Shuhua and Zhang Guochao, or the connection with the rape case is still not very clear. Everyone has their own plans and ideas. , and then left separately.

September 12

You seemed to hear Dong Shuhua's voice when you passed the office. He seemed to be talking about something related to Zhang Guochao and Li Ye. Then Hankong directly told you that he seemed to have discovered that Dong Shuhua was probably another intruder. Li Ye's people are very likely planning to kill and silence them.

At the same time, you also heard what you heard Dong Shuhua mutter, "It's all that crazy woman's fault. Just kill her! Yes, just kill her! As long as I can kill her tomorrow night, everything Everything will return to normal! "You know you can't sit still and wait for death, you must kill Dong Shuhua to solve all this.

But something incredible happened. Dong Shuhua actually sent you an invitation, telling you to meet at a place next to the school office at 8:10 on September 13th. He would tell you everything you wanted to know.

Task:

Find out the truth behind Li Chuanshi's disappearance.

Concealing the fact that he came from time travel.

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act 2

Your timeline on the day of the incident, Saturday, September 13th

Before eight o'clock that night, you were constantly planning how to kill Dong Shuhua. You were well prepared and planned a plan to kill Dong Shuhua and a route to dump the body. You decided to kill Dong Shuhua at school after eight o'clock in the evening at the time Dong Shuhua and you had arranged to meet.

20:00

You arrive at school with a utility knife at the ready. It's a Saturday and there's no one there.

20:15

You meet Dong Shuhua at a surveillance blind spot in the school. You cleanly drew out the utility knife and approached him from behind, slashing his neck to death. Dong Shuhua's blood splattered and he died on the spot.

At that time, you seemed to vaguely hear the sound of heavy objects hitting something, but you focused on dealing with the scene and didn't pay much attention.

You found the tools you prepared to deal with bloodstains and cleaned up the bloodstains, fingerprints, etc. at the crime scene. While you were dealing with it, you found that there seemed to be a needle hole on Dong Shuhua's arm, but you didn't pay much attention to it.

After cleaning up, you moved Dong Shuhua's body into the trunk of your car and drove to the beach to dispose of the body.

20:30

When you got off the car and were about to leave after you had disposed of the body, you saw a man who looked exactly like Dong Shuhua on the beach. You were stunned. Didn't you kill Dong Shuhua and throw him into the sea? Who was this man? You felt something was wrong, but you didn't have time to think about anything else. You pushed him into the sea when he wasn't paying attention, and you killed Dong Shuhua again.

24:00

You received the news of Dong Shuhua's death. The police called you, Dong Yijiu, Li Ye, and Han Kong to find out the truth of the case.

Please judge whether you are the murderer. If you are, please hide. If not, please find out the real murderer.

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Act III

From now on, remember that what happens in dreams is absolutely real.

Why not think about everything that has happened to you? Why do some people travel through time? Why do some people keep being reborn?

If what happens in dreams is absolutely real, then what is false?

You are only one step away from the truth.