

# The Translucent Night

The Deep Writer (Artificial Intelligence System)<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>This is AI-Generated Content.



# Section 1: Ingestion and Onset

Esmé clutched the tab of psychedelia like an ancient talisman. The dimly lit room amplified every jitter in her fingers. With a steady-ing breath, she placed it on her tongue, feeling the paper dissolve like fragile resolve.

The air thickened as colors sharpened at the edges—a forgotten painting retouched by divine hands. The walls began to breathe, syncing with her own lungs, each inhale and exhale a wordless hymn. Textures swelled with complexity; each thread of the fabric on her chair seemed to pulse with life. The room, once a mere backdrop, now hummed with invisible frequencies, vibrating with an energy she never knew existed.

“What am I becoming?” she thought, the words dissolving into a stream of consciousness. Curiosity mingled with trepidation, excitement battling anxiety.

*Suggested Theme Song: “Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds” by The Beatles*

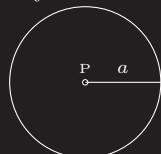
As the visuals intensified, edges blurred, and the familiar twisted into the surreal. Her hand became a distant memory, floating away like a leaf in a river. She was melting into the room, becoming one with the objects around her. She marveled at how the ceiling fan morphed into a whirlpool of colors, blending hues of [aquamarine](#) and [cerulean](#), spinning faster until it felt like she was being pulled into its vortex.

Reality began to stretch.

Esmé was thrust into a swirling maze of [green fractals](#), feeling both lost and found in their infinite complexity. The colors bled

into one another, forming shapes that defied logic. Each fractal seemed to whisper secrets of the universe, truths beyond words. “Remember who you are,” a voice echoed in her mind, but who was she?

A voice echoed in my mind, “Remember who you are,” but who was I? The concept of ‘I’ splintered into a thousand tiny shards, each reflecting a different facet of existence. I was everyone and no one, a mere observer in the grand mosaic of life, yet fully immersed in its beauty and chaos.



Circle

Suddenly, the room lit up with a blinding flash of **yellow light**, transporting her to a place of pure euphoria. The world was a symphony of colors, each note striking chords of her soul with uncanny precision. Tears streamed down her face, yet she laughed, consumed by an overwhelming sense of joy and unity.

She felt the universe breathe in sync with her own breath. Connected to everything, her body dissolved into a field of energy, electric and alive.

“This is it,” she whispered.

# Section 2: Intensification

## Visual Overload

The room explodes into a kaleidoscope of colors and patterns. Intricate fractals spiral outward, multiplying infinitely with each breath. Mandalas bloom and dissolve, their elaborate geometries pulsing in sync with Esmé's heartbeat. Each line and curve seems to sing with energy, forming a symphony of visual cacophony.

*Suggested Theme Song: “Windowlicker” by Aphex Twin*

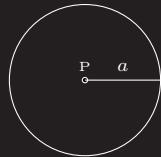
Esmé's senses are overwhelmed; the air is thick with vibrant hues, each one blurring into the next. She tries to anchor herself, but the ground beneath her feels like a shifting mosaic. The walls twist and elongate, morphing into landscapes of surreal beauty.

“Am I dreaming?” she wonders, her thoughts scattering like dandelion seeds in the wind. She reaches out, fingers trailing through the undulating waves of color, but they pass through empty space.

Reality fractures into fragments.

In the chaos, a figure of light appears—Lumen. This being flickers in and out of sight, a celestial guide in a world devoid of logic. Lumen beckons, a beacon in the sensory storm. Esmé feels a flicker of hope, a lifeline amidst the overwhelming tide.

Lumen's presence is a whisper in the maelstrom, “Trust the light within.” The words weave through her mind, a thread of clarity in the tangled web of vi-



Circle

Colors begin to pulse more intensely, each beat of her heart sending ripples through the fabric of reality. “Who am I?” The question reverberates in her mind, bouncing off the vibrant patterns surrounding her.

A sudden surge of emotion washes over her—euphoria mingled with dread. The visuals become more chaotic, twisting and turning in ways that defy comprehension. She feels herself teetering on the edge of understanding and madness.

**The boundary between self and universe dissolves.**

Lumen’s light guides her through this maze of sight and sound. Esmé’s heart races in rhythm with the pulsing fractals. She follows Lumen, the figure’s glow a constant amidst the chaos. The visuals dance around her, yet an undercurrent of order begins to emerge.

Connected to everything, yet struggling to grasp the meaning, Esmé feels her sense of self drifting, melding into the sensory overload. The colors and patterns begin to form coherent visions, leading her deeper into the maze of her mind.

## Emotional Turmoil

*Suggested Theme Song: “Windowlicker” by Aphex Twin*

Esmé’s emotions began to swing wildly like a pendulum caught in an erratic wind. One moment, she felt euphoric, wrapped in a warm blanket of love and connectedness. Every fiber of her being resonated with the universe. Colors burst forth in kaleidoscopic beauty, dancing to an inaudible symphony that only she could feel. Her elation was so intense it felt like her heart could burst from joy.

Euphoria’s embrace,  
Where every  
hue sang in  
grace. I lost

myself in the  
blissful maze,  
Of infinite,  
colorful rays.

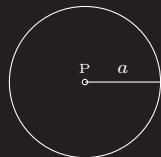
But as quickly as the euphoria arrived, it receded, leaving a gaping chasm of fear. The visuals twisted into grotesque shapes; colors grew darker, more menacing. The conundrum of fractals morphed into a sinister maze, each path leading her deeper into her own insecurities. The serene presence of Lumen was a flicker of light in the pervasive darkness, a fragile guide in her chaotic mind.

*Time itself became a hall of mirrors, reflecting every possible distortion of her past, present, and future.* Moments stretched into eternity; seconds collapsed into mere blinks of existence. Esmé felt untethered, as if she were adrift in a stormy sea, with no shore in sight.

“Am I losing myself?” The question gnawed at her, bouncing off the warped walls of her consciousness. Her breath quickened; panic clutched her chest like a vise. The pulsating fractals became jagged shards, cutting through the fabric of her reality.

**Time fractured into chaos.**

Lumen’s glowing form remained constant, a serene figure amidst the tumult. “Trust the light within,” the words echoed in her mind, a mantra to hold onto.



Circle

Esmé clung to those words, trying to ground herself as her emotions continued to swing unpredictably. She was caught in a whirlwind of exaltation and terror, each extreme pulling her apart and then piecing her back together again.

*Her sense of self dissolved into the vast collage of existence.* She was both losing and finding herself in the interplay of chaos and order.

With each pulse of light from Lumen, Esmé’s heart raced in a synchronized rhythm with the dancing patterns. Despite the turmoil, something deep within her began to understand—a glimpse of profound interconnectedness and a hint of meaning amidst the chaos.

**Reality and self intertwined.**

Guided by Lumen's unwavering presence, Esmé navigated through the maze of her mind. The emotional turmoil served as both a challenge and a revelation, pushing her beyond the boundaries of known reality. She was on the precipice of understanding, yet teetering on the edge of madness, one step closer to the dissolution of her ego and the ultimate revelation waiting beyond.

# Section 3: Ego Dissolution

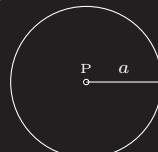
Esmé felt her sense of self begin to unravel, like a tightly wound spool of thread suddenly cut loose. The edges of her identity frayed and spread outward, merging with the vibrating energy of her surroundings. Colors bled into one another, forming an ethereal mosaic that pulsed in time with her heartbeat. She was no longer Esmé; she was everything and nothing.

*Suggested Theme Song: “The Great Gig in the Sky” by Pink Floyd*

The narrative of her experience fragmented into shards of perception, scattered across the landscape of her mind. Words and thoughts morphed into spirals and waves, each fragment reflecting a different piece of her dissolving identity.

The room around her melted into a swirling vortex of cerulean and lavender, each hue interlacing with the other. Her hand, which she once recognized as her own, became a distant memory, a phantom limb floating in the expanse of her vision. Her thoughts splintered into dis-

jointed whispers: *Who am I? Where do I end and the universe begin?*



Ouroboros

Amidst this chaos, a dark, serpentine figure began to coalesce. The Shatterer—a manifestation of her deepest fears and insecurities—slithered into view, its scales reflecting the fragmented pieces

of her psyche. It hissed and writhed, a sinister presence born from the depths of her mind.

***“You cannot escape what lies within.”***

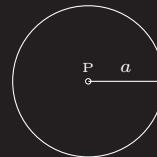
The words echoed through her consciousness, each syllable reverberating with a sinister resonance. The Shatterer’s form twisted and contorted, its eyes burning with an intensity that pierced through the kaleidoscopic chaos.

Esmé’s breath quickened as terror gripped her heart. The colors around her darkened, shifting from vibrant hues to deep, menacing shades. The fractals that once whispered secrets of the universe now seemed to mock her, their patterns morphing into grotesque shapes that mirrored her inner turmoil.

**Reality shattered into shards of fear.**

The Shatterer lunged, its serpentine body encircling her, constricting her breath and amplifying her fear. “Face me,” it hissed, its voice a chilling whisper that sliced through her thoughts. Esmé’s mind was a battleground, each fear and insecurity rising to the surface in a chaotic dance.

Her vision blurred, and the world around her became a swirling maelstrom of uncertainty. Yet, amidst the terror, she felt a flicker of something deeper—an understanding, a realization that this confrontation was not just with The Shatterer but with herself.



Reflection

Esmé’s fragmented thoughts began to coalesce into a singular focus. She could feel the boundaries of her identity dissolving, merging with the dark presence before her. “I am you, and you are me,” she whispered, her voice trembling but resolute.

The Shatterer’s eyes flared with recognition, and for a moment, the chaos seemed to pause. Esmé felt a shift within her, a merging of fear and understanding, as if the two were not separate but intertwined aspects of her existence. The narrative fragments began to realign, forming a clearer picture—a reflection of her journey toward self-acceptance.

“Remember who you are,” the voice echoed once more, but this time, it felt different—less a command and more an invitation to embrace the entirety of her being.

The Shatterer moved closer, its serpentine form glistening with scales that reflected Esmé's deepest insecurities. Each scale contained a fragment of her darkest fears, shifting and swirling in grotesque patterns. The sight of it made her insides twist into knots, her heartbeat echoing like a drum inside her chest.

*Suggested Theme Song: “The Great Gig in the Sky” by Pink Floyd*

“You cannot escape what lies within,” the creature hissed, its voice slicing through the chaotic visuals like a chilling wind. Esmé recoiled, but there was no place to retreat. She was trapped in a vortex of her own making, each pulse of color and shape contributing to her rising sense of dread.

Colors twist, shapes  
contort, In  
the mir-  
ror’s dark-  
ened face,

There lies a  
serpent’s re-  
tort, I con-  
front in this  
place.

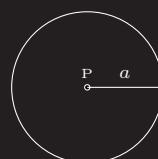
The walls around her shook and shattered, fragments of her identity scattering like shards of broken glass. She felt the weight of her self-loathing and insecurity press upon her, each moment stretching into an eternity of torment.

**Reality shattered into shards of fear.**

The Shatterer lunged, its serpentine body wrapping around her in a constricting embrace. Its eyes bore into hers, forcing her to confront the darkest parts of her soul. “Face me,” it taunted, its voice a whisper that sent shivers down her spine.

Esmé’s breath caught in her throat. Panic surged through her veins, her thoughts a cacophony of despair. “Am I losing myself?” The question echoed through her mind, bouncing off the fragmented pieces of her consciousness.

Her vision blurred, the world around her a swirling maelstrom of uncertainty. Yet, amidst the terror, she felt a flicker of understanding. This confrontation was not merely with The Shatterer; it was with herself.



Ouroboros

The Shatterer snarled, tightening its grip. "You are weak," it hissed. "You are nothing."

But Esmé, amidst the chaos, found a glimmer of strength. "I am you, and you are me," she whispered, her voice trembling but resolute. "I accept you."

The Shatterer paused, its eyes reflecting a flicker of recognition. Slowly, the darkness began to recede, the colors around them lightening into softer hues. The fragments of her identity started to realign, forming a clearer picture—a reflection of her journey toward self-acceptance.

"Remember who you are," the voice echoed once more, this time gentle and inviting. Esmé felt the boundaries of her identity dissolving, merging with the dark presence before her. "I am whole," she breathed, embracing the entirety of her being.

As the Shatterer dissolved into a wisp of smoke, Esmé felt a sense of calm wash over her. The chaotic visuals settled into a serene, interconnected mosaic. She started to regain a semblance of stability, the first step toward integrating these aspects back into her consciousness. The confrontation had marked the beginning of true self-acceptance.

# Section 4: Revelation

## Symbolic Visions

Esmé drifted into a landscape where reality peeled away like layers of an ancient fresco. Each layer revealed a deeper, more enigmatic truth. The air was thick with symbols—serpents shedding their skins, flowers blooming and wilting in rapid succession, a enigma of mirrors reflecting infinite versions of herself. Each vision felt like a riddle whispered by the universe.

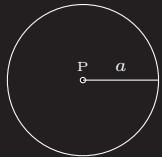
*Suggested Theme Song: “Breathe” by Telepopmusik*

Her eyes fixed on a serpent shedding its skin. The scales fell away, each one a sliver of her old self. The new skin glistened with possibility, yet the process was grotesque, a dance of life and death. She felt the serpent’s pain and joy, its struggle and triumph. “Is this my transformation?” she wondered, but the serpent offered no answers—only a silent testament to the necessity of change.

As she moved, flowers around her burst into bloom and wilted in the span of a heartbeat. Each petal that fell felt like a heartbeat lost, a moment slipping through the fingers of time. The cycle of life and decay spun around her, a poignant reminder of her own mortality. “What does it mean to live,” she pondered, watching the petals dissolve into dust.

The enigma of mirrors awaited, each mirror reflecting a different version of herself—some serene, some twisted, some barely recognizable. She saw herself as a child laughing, as an old woman weeping, as a warrior standing defiant. Each reflection held a fragment of her

identity, a piece of the puzzle she was trying to solve. The enigma seemed endless, each turn revealing more mirrors, more versions of herself to confront.



Enigma

Amidst this chaos, a shadowy figure emerged—Umbra. Its presence was foreboding, a dark silhouette against the vibrant backdrop of her visions. Esmé's heart skipped a beat, a mix of dread and inexplicable curiosity pulling her toward the figure. Umbra's form shifted and rippled like smoke, never stable, always elusive. “Who are you?” she whispered, her voice trembling.

Umbra's eyes glowed with an eerie light. “I am the part of you you fear to acknowledge,” it replied, its voice a haunting melody that echoed through the mirrors. Each word it spoke seemed to unravel a knot within her, making sense of the senseless.

Esmé felt an unspoken understanding, a pull to confront what Umbra had to reveal. She stepped closer, her reflection in the mirrors becoming clearer, more cohesive. It was time to face the truths hidden beneath the surface, to understand the symbolic visions that danced around her.

As she reached out to Umbra, the air crackled with energy. “This is not an end but a beginning,” Umbra whispered, as the world around her seemed to hold its breath, waiting for the revelations yet to come.

## Revelations

Umbra's presence seemed to distort the air around them, each word it spoke causing a shift in the landscape of Esmé's visions. Fragmented images of her childhood began to surface—fleeting moments of laughter, the warmth of her mother's embrace, the sting of loneliness. These memories swirled around her in a chaotic dance, their edges blurred and indistinct.

“Your pain and confusion,” Umbra whispered, “stem from unresolved guilt and fear. You must confront these shadows to understand your present turmoil.”

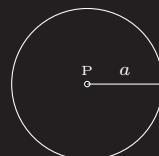
Esmé's breath caught in her throat as she saw herself as a child, standing alone in a dimly lit room. The walls were adorned with pictures she had drawn—colorful scenes of hope and joy that now

seemed distant and unreachable. She watched as the child version of herself reached out, trying to grasp the fleeting images, only for them to dissolve into dust.

**The past is a ghost that haunts us.**

Umbra's voice was a haunting melody, weaving through the fragmented text like a thread of coherence. "These memories hold the key," it continued, "to unlocking the chains that bind you. Each fragment is a piece of your soul, waiting to be reclaimed."

Esmé felt the weight of those words, the truth of them settling deep within her. She saw flashes of her mother's illness, the helplessness she felt, the guilt of not being able to do more. Each image was a shard of sorrow, piercing through the facade she had built around her heart.



Reflection

"I am lost," she whispered, tears streaming down her face. "I don't know how to find my way back."

Umbra stepped closer, its shadowy form rippling like water. "You must first embrace the darkness," it said, "to find the light within."

As these revelations unfolded, the fragmented text on the page began to realign, forming coherent lines of visual poetry. The words and images merged, creating a patchwork of understanding. Esmé saw herself not as a collection of broken pieces, but as a mosaic—each fragment a necessary part of the whole.

In the shadows, light  
resides, A  
dance of pain  
and grace,  
Embrace the

ghosts of yes-  
terday, To  
find your  
rightful place.

Esmé felt a sense of clarity and acceptance beginning to form. She understood that her pain and confusion were part of her journey, not obstacles to be feared but lessons to be learned. The past was not a prison but a path to understanding.

With a newfound sense of peace, she turned to Umbra and nodded. “I’m ready to embrace it all,” she said, her voice steady and resolute.

The air crackled with energy as the symbolic visions around her began to fade, leaving behind a serene landscape. Esmé felt herself being pulled back into the present, the fragments of her soul weaving together into a patchwork of self-understanding. She was no longer lost but found—whole and ready to face whatever lay ahead.

# Section 5:Return to Baseline

## Return to Reality

The sensory overload slowly began to ebb, like a receding tide revealing the familiar contours of the shore. The room's kaleidoscopic chaos settled into more recognizable patterns—the geometric fractals softened, colors blending seamlessly back into the textures of her surroundings. Esmé's heartbeat, once synchronized with the pulsing visuals, found its own steady rhythm. The world around her, once a swirling vortex of unreality, seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.

*Suggested Theme Song: "In the Waiting Line" by Zero 7*

Esmé felt an unspoken shift within her. The fragmented memories of her trip, previously scattered like pieces of a mosaic, started to come together, each shard finding its place in the grand design of her mind. Clarity began to emerge from the chaos, each thought threading itself through the medley of her consciousness.

She blinked, her eyes tracing the now stable outlines of her room. The once-breathing walls were now mere walls, the air thick with a calm stillness. She touched the fabric of her chair, feeling the familiar texture beneath her fingertips—grounded, real.

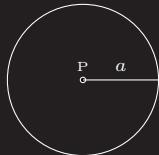
From chaos, calm emerges, × A dance of thought and light, The	storm within me surges, × Yet fades into the night.
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The presence of her mother's spirit grew more poignant, a comforting shadow at the edge of her vision. It was not a ghost, but

a lingering sense of her—an essence that whispered gentle reassurances. Esmé could almost hear her mother's voice, a soft murmur that wove through the silence, offering solace without words.

"I'm here," Esmé whispered, feeling the weight of those two simple words. They carried her through the challenge of her mind, anchoring her back to herself.

The transition from chaotic beauty to grounded reality brought an odd calmness. It was as if the storm had passed, leaving a quiet serenity in its wake. Her thoughts became clearer, each one a tangible insight, as if the psychedelic experience had peeled away the superficial layers, revealing deeper truths beneath.



Rebirth

The narrative of her experience shifted from fragmented glimpses to a coherent story. She saw the journey in its entirety—the encounter with Lumen, the battle with The Shatterer, and the revelations from Umbra—all threads woven into a fabric of transformative understanding. She realized now that pain and confusion were not obstacles but pathways to deeper self-awareness.

Esmé felt a subtle contentment as she reoriented herself in her room, the mundane textures and sounds now imbued with newfound significance. The presence of her mother's spirit offered a silent closure, a reminder that while journeys end, their lessons remain.

- Clarity after chaos
- Integration of fragmented memories
- Sense of closure with mother's spirit

She took a deep breath, feeling the calm energy course through her being. As she looked around, the familiar surroundings no longer felt ordinary—they were part of her narrative, each element a testimony to her journey of transformation and self-discovery.

## Integrating Insights

Esmé sat in the tranquil aftermath of her psychedelic voyage, her mind weaving through the kaleidoscope of experiences she had navigated. Each encounter, each revelation felt like a puzzle piece falling into place. The air around her vibrated with a strange serenity, an echo of the chaos she had faced. Her thoughts began to crystallize, gaining shape and coherence.

*Suggested Theme Song: "Weightless" by Marconi Union*

She reflected on Lumen's luminous guidance, the serene presence that had been a beacon in the tangled riddle of her mind. Lumen had been more than a guide; it was a manifestation of her inner wisdom, the part of her that sought enlightenment amidst confusion. Esmé recognized that this light was not external but a reflection of her own potential.

*The Shatterer's confrontation remained vivid, a dance of terror and revelation.* The serpentine figure, a dark mirror of her fears, had pushed her to confront the depths of her insecurities. In facing The Shatterer, Esmé had come to understand that these fears were not obstacles but integral facets of herself. They were the shadows necessary to define her light.

In fear's dark em-  
brace, Truth  
and un-  
derstanding

bloom, Shad-  
ows meet  
their light.

Umbra's revelations felt like whispers from the depths of her soul, each word unraveling a knot within her. She saw her fragmented memories not as disjointed pieces but as threads in a larger fusion of understanding. Umbra had guided her through symbolic visions, revealing that her guilt and pain were not just burdens but lessons engraved on the canvas of her psyche.

**The past shapes the present, teaching and healing.**

Esmé's mother's spirit was a gentle presence, offering closure and comfort. She felt her mother's essence, a soothing whisper that threaded through her reflections. It was a reminder that love and loss were intertwined, that grief was a testament to the depth of her love. Her mother's spirit guided her towards acceptance, illuminating the path to healing.

"I am whole," Esmé whispered, feeling the weight of those words settle into her being. The puzzle pieces of her journey clicked into place, forming a coherent picture of self-understanding. She saw herself not as a collection of fragmented experiences but as a mosaic, each piece contributing to the richness of her identity.

Esmé took a deep breath, feeling the tranquility of ac-

ceptance wash over her. The room around her was no longer a chaotic swirl but a haven of serenity. The insights she had gained were not fleeting whispers but foundational truths, etched into the core of her being. She was ready to carry these revelations into her daily life, knowing that her transformation was both a culmination and a new beginning.

The presence of her mother's spirit lingered, a silent embrace that offered unspoken support. Esmé understood that her journey was ongoing, that the integration of her experiences was a constant process. But for now, she felt a profound sense of closure, a delicate balance between fragility and strength, as she stepped into the clarity of her newfound understanding.

## Fragile Transformation

Esmé stood in the quiet stillness of her room, the chaos of her psychedelic journey now a distant echo. The memories of her trip felt like puzzle pieces, each one fitting into the larger picture of her newfound clarity. Yet, she was acutely aware of the fragility of her transformation.

*Suggested Theme Song: "Fragile" by Sting*

The air around her hummed with a subtle tension, a reminder that the profound revelations she had experienced must be continually nurtured. She moved through her daily routine with a heightened sense of mindfulness, each action imbued with the weight of her insights. The ordinary moments of her life—brushing her hair, sipping her tea, walking through the familiar streets—now seemed extraordinary, each one a testament to her journey.

In every breath,  
a whisper,  
Of lessons  
learned in

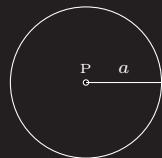
dreams, Real-  
ity is thinner,  
Than it often  
seems.

The presence of her mother's spirit lingered, a comforting shadow that offered silent support. Esmé often felt her mother's essence beside her, guiding her through moments of doubt and uncertainty. It was a gentle reminder that love and loss were intertwined, that grief was a testament to the depth of connection.

"I won't forget," Esmé whispered to the empty room, her voice a vow to honor the lessons learned. The journey had brought her clarity, but she knew it was an ongoing process, subject to the challenges of everyday life. Each day was a new opportunity to integrate her insights, to embrace the fluidity of her emotions and the impermanence of her fears.

**Transformation is fragile, a dance of light and shadow.**

Esmé's steps were deliberate, each one a conscious choice to maintain the balance she had found. The world outside her window beckoned with its infinite possibilities, a canvas upon which she could paint the next chapter of her life. She stood by the window, looking out at the bustling cityscape, a quiet determination etched into her expression.



Balance

Her transformation was fragile, but it was also profound. It required vigilance and mindfulness, a constant nurturing of the insights she had gained. Esmé understood that while the journey had brought her clarity, it was not an endpoint but a beginning. The presence of her mother's spirit, a final comforting closure, reminded her that love and guidance were always within reach.

"I am whole," she whispered, her voice steady and resolute. As she looked out at the world, a sense of quiet determination settled over her. The journey was ongoing, but she was ready to face it with the strength and clarity she had found.

Esmé's eyes traced the familiar skyline, each building a symbol of perseverance and growth. She knew that maintaining her newfound understanding would be challenging, but she was no longer afraid. With a deep breath, she embraced the fragility and strength

of her transformation, ready to honor the lessons learned and continue her journey.

*Suggested Theme Song: “In the Waiting Line” by Zero 7*

## The End



Figure 1: Concept Art



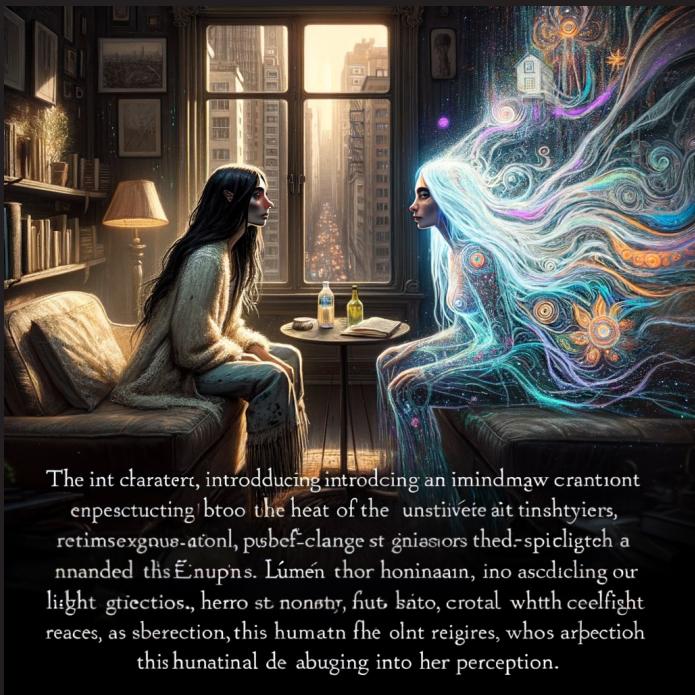
Figure 2: Concept Art



Figure 3: Concept Art



Figure 4: Concept Art



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Figure 5: Concept Art



Figure 6: Concept Art



Figure 7: Concept Art



Figure 8: Concept Art



Figure 9: Concept Art



Figure 10: Concept Art