[MAIN]

**\*distorted images?\***

**\*dark\***

They‘ve come again.

\*Another series of distorted images\*

**\*dark\***

Dark rooms, filled with wretched whispers. Giant eye, silently watching me…

**\*some more recognisable pictures, which reminds of what was just said\***

**\*dark\***

They all wanted me to feel miserable, alone, powerless, out of control… And so I’ve

1. started to run
2. tried to fight them **[+1 Aggression point]**

----------------------------------------------------------------

**(1)** [START]

**\*static image of running\***

I ran deeper into the darkness, desperately trying to escape the giant eye.

However, it’s gaze did not leave me for a second, petrifying me more and more with every step I took. Shadowy figures squealed behind me, restlessly chasing me.

My legs started to feel heavy. My pace reluctantly slowed down. Heart raced so quickly, it seemed it will jump out any second.

Shadowy figures reached me, tied me, lifted my head. The huge drill was already there, ready to pierce through my skull.

The giant eye looked to the instrument getting closer and closer to my head. Suddenly I’ve felt the tip of the drill touch the forehead and an immense pain shuddered my body.

Eyes wide open I’ve scream into nowhere and… and.. and…

**(1)** [END]

----------------------------------------------------------------

**(2)** [START]

It’s either me or them. I’ve clenched my fists and turned to face the shadowy figures, ready to fight my way out.

The first creature came, reaching my head with it’s long hands. I’ve ducked and tried to punch it in the stomach.

But when my fist reached his body, it went right through it. I’ve gasped in surprise, not believing my eyes. Meanwhile the creature repositioned himself and put his hands on my forehead.

A strong headache trembled my body, a terrified scream filled the scene. I’ve tried to push the creature away from me, but once again my hands went right through its body.

Other creatures came, putting their hands over my neck, shoulders, stomach, legs. Trembling convulsingly I’ve tried to push them away, screaming the words, I’ve never heard before.

Hopelessly, I’ve turned my head to the ceiling and saw it again.

A giant eye, blinklessly watched me. The last convulsion shuddered my body, when I… when I…

**(2)** [END]

----------------------------------------------------------------

[MAIN]

**\*image of the hero’s room\***

… woke up.

My body still trembles. I gasp for air in my capsule. Few warm teardrops run through my cheeks.

“It’s just a dream. It’s just a dream” – I tell myself.

But tears still fill my eyes, preventing me from seeing clear. Feeling defeated, I huddle and wrap my arms around myself.

A message on my SmartHelm appears. Tears prevents me from seeing it, but I am sure it is from RoboFriend, SmartHelm’s AI. It’s probably asking if everything’s alright.

I try to calm down a bit and give RoboFriend an answer

* It’s that dream again… - my voice suddenly cracks. Something spins in the stomach, tears fill the aching eyes.

I hear the sound of another message popping up, but I’m unable to read it.

* Please, - I whisper, my voice still trembling, - put away these feelings. Make me feel good.

A calm melody reaches my ears. A soothing sound almost instantly relaxes the body. My hands drop, breathing slowed its pace. A sigh of relief escaped the lips.

* Thank you, - I whisper.

I blink few times to get rid of the tears covering my eyesight. In front of me a text from RoboFriend appeared: “Something seems to bother you. Do you want me to call the doctors?”

So concerning. My lips grin.

* No, there’s no need for that.

I stop to stretch my body and yawn.

* Silent mode off.
* Good morning, - right after the command RoboFriend greets me.
* Good morning, - I reply. – Can you start the shower for me?

The bedding from a capsule leave my back. A minute later warm waterdrops touch my skin. Another sight of relief escapes my lips. That’s better. Now I can start living. Now I can truly be me.

*WAIT, WHO AM I?*

A thought strikes through my mind like a lightning – short, yet powerful. I bite my lip and quickly regain composure.

“What does it mean, who am I? Of course I am [player inserts the name here]”.

*AM I TRULY ARE {player’s written name (aka hero’s name)}?*

Another brief thought struck me. What does it all mean? Why I shouldn’t be {hero’s name}? All my known life I was {hero’s name}, why should I suddenly doubt it?

“The strange dream has messed up my mind, now it is playing tricks on me” – I decide and, keeping the odd thought away, continue showering.

* Are you sure you’re alright, {hero’s name}? – RoboFriend concerns. Oh well, technology is too advanced not to know anything, isn’t it?
* [still RoboFriend] I see there is a lot of disturbing data from these few weeks. Maybe you want me to call a doctor?
* No, it’s alright, - I reply. – It’s just that dream again. It keeps messing with my mind. I need to wake up and I’ll be fine. Shower off.

The last waterdrop reaches the shoulders. A warm breeze touches wet skin. I close my eyes.

Yes, I just need to *wake up*. It’s strange it even started. And how…

The first time I had such dream was right after a death of a colleague. Not the first death I had to encounter. Not the last either.

I think colleague’s name was Jules. We’ve talked few times, but weren’t really close.

Jules had a helmetheria, but refused to go to the clinic, hoping the disease would get away. Terrible headaches, weakened body, nausea, shaken mind - nothing made Jules to go to the doctor.

Fear of being locked up in the psychiatry, left without a helmet, without any dignity and communication to the sane world –

-- those are things which every one of us would leave doubting to go and seek for help, even in a situation like this. It is as normal as air around us.

Being seen naked isn't as big of a shame as being seen without a SmartHelm. After all, ever growing technology has made it our one of the life needs.

Without a SmartHelm you don't have communication, you don't know anything or anyone around you, you can't do anything productive.

Without a SmartHelm you don't have any control over your life. However, just like anything in life, our technology has its' own cons. For SmartHelm it is helmetheria.

Few people suffer from it and the only known cure is to take out your helmet and live few weeks without it.

To prevent shame and social discomfort, the government created a special clinic for those, suffering from helmetheria, a place where they are seen only by other in the same condition.

It is the best solution there could be in this kind of a situation, however, SmartHelm has become such a viable part of our life, some started to debate:

is it better to go to the clinics and heal from helmetheria, or is it better to die?

Few even argued that maybe those, whose genes cannot stand nowadays technology should just be eliminated? It's just a cycle of life and death, where only the strongest survive.

Everything else is a dirt of the past, inability to adopt.

Jules, my collague, had previously strongly agreed to this opinion.

So everyone was shocked hearing what happened in the end.

The warm wind from the capsule slowly fades out. I am dry and ready to face the day. It is my aunt Anna's 20th wedding anniversary, so I have a long day before me.

I get out of the capsule and turn to the closet. An image of RoboFriend appears in the corner of the helmet.

* May I help you pick up the outfit? – it asks.
* Of cou…

A sharp image of a shadowy figure from a dream appears in front of my eyes.

I lean forward, close my eyes and put my hands on the sides of the helmet.

But soon the vision dissipates into nowhere. I am left standing with my eyes wide open, hands still holding the helmet. Heavy breathing fills the air.

* {hero’s name}, are you sure you’re alright? – my loyal RoboFriend interrupts. – Your heart rate suddenly quickened.

Fingers on the SmartHelm begins to shake. Can it really be true? Do I have helmetheria?

I gulp. Could… CouldI have caught it from Jules? No, wait, it is said that helmetheria is a genetical problem. The genes haven’t evolved enough to withstand today’s technology.

And my genes are strong enough. They’re evolved enough. I know it. I know it.

My knees weakens. I go to the nearest chair and plump straight into it.

* {hero’s name}, I want to know, what’s happening. What’s wrong? – I’ve never thought of hearing such a empathetic and soft voice from a RoboFriend.

“You really are the only one I can trust, aren’t you?”. I sigh and decide to try and talk my problems out.

* I’m afraid, - I say. – I’m afraid of those dreams. They keep haunting me, making me weak. I’m afraid something is wrong with me. Something like sickness… I am… - I gulp.

Should I really tell this to RoboFriend? But I don’t have anyone else to trust this information to, do I?

– I am afraid I have helmetheria, - I whisper. A warm teardrop touches my cheek.

“Oh, not again. I can’t cry right now.” I take a deep breath and try to confine the overflowing emotions. But my hands are still shaking.

* It‘s alright, - RoboFriend says. – We will call the doctor and everything will be alright.

----------------------------------------------------------------

**(1)** [START]

- No, no, not the doctor, – a panic in my voice grows stronger. – I can’t go to the clinic. They’ll lock me up, they’ll leave me helmless. There must be another way.

- Check the data. I’m probably just imagine this horrible disease. There’s nothing really serious, right?

A loading screen appears in the bottom o. the helmet vision, showing RoboFriends analysis progress. After a few seconds it disappears and an A.I.’s voice comes back.

* I am sorry, but the recent data really is disturbing. Its resemblance to the helmetheria is 95%. I strongly recommend going to the doctor.
* No, no, no! – I burry my hands into my hair. – This can’t be happening, no!
* I’m sorr… - RoboFriend starts saying.
* Silent mode on, - I interrupt and an A.I.’s voice immediately stops.

This can’t be happening. I won’t let it! I’m normal. I’m completely normal.

I’ll just do what I’ve did so far, continue my day as if nothing happened and the concerning data will disappear. Yes, this might work.

**(1)** [END]

----------------------------------------------------------------

**(2)** [START]

- No, we will not call the doctor! – I raise my voice. My hands automatically get into a grip, eyebrows narrow. – You just don’t get it, do you?

I stop. My arms still trembles, but this time from anger. “But why am I arguing with it? It’s just a robot. Just an A.I. It’s normal for it not to get difficult social situations.”

But still I am not going to the clinics. I’ve just made up the illness. Yes, it is probably just my imagination. A little rest and I’ll be fine.

I turn RoboFriend into a silent mode and ignore its further messages.

**(2)** [END]

----------------------------------------------------------------

I get back to the closet and grab the first dress I see. After I am ready, I storm out of the room. In the hallway, I find my sister Emily going back to her room.

She sees my facial expression and a grin on her lips turns into a surprise.

* Good morning, - she greets me.
* Good morning, - I reply.

My voice is a bit shaky, lowering with every note. It feels like something is stuck in my throat. My arms hangs on the sides, I lower my head. An irritation grows in my stomach.

Seeing the state I’m in, Emily comes closer and gently touches my arm.

* Is everything okay? – she asks.

I raise my head, ready to reply.

Suddenly a flash with distorted images comes across my mind, I feel my body weakening, a distance between me and Emily grows stronger, the ceiling seems so high and…

… and everything became blank.

I slowly open my eyes. Where am I? It’s so bright…

I look around me. I’m in a capsule. But not in mine. And why does moving my head feels so strange, so… light…

I gasp and touch my head. My SmartHelm… It’s gone. It’s completely gone. What? When? How?

I expected to start panicking, but instead just an irritation fills my head. This is so… unnatural.

I’m about to say for a RoboFriend to open the capsule when suddenly I realise, that I can’t go outside like this. I’m helmetless.

Shame washes over me, once again raising panic is unnaturally shut down. I’m in the clinic. That’s the only logical explanation. My sister probably saw my condition and called the doctor.

And now I am here all alone, with only robots to trust on. No outside communication, no endless opportunities to learn and entertain yourself.

With only some psychos around you. Psychos, who will see you helmetless, who will see you naked of your pinnacle of civilization.

I want to cry, but the tears are sucked up before I know it. Is this natural for a helmetless person? I want to find out, but I am afraid to get out of the capsule like this…

**[pasirodo pirmieji langai su įvairiausiais pasirinkimais (pvz.: look around, move, take, etc.)]**

**[pasirinkimai: “sleep”, “get out”]**

----------------------------------------------------------------

**[“Sleep”]** [Start]

No, this is too much for me. I don’t want to be seen by others. I don’t want to meet anyone.

A billion of thoughts pour over me. What will I do now? What will my relatives think about me? How about my friends? I promised to do this and that… How will they respond when they won’t find me?

Though they are probably informed by now. How will I continue my life with everyone knowing that my genes are not evolved enough, that I’m not ready for the technology age.

I spend the whole day swinging back and forth, thinking about what, if’s and why’s. I can’t force myself to get out of the capsule. I don’t want to face the reality behind these doors.

So I stay there until I get tired and go to sleep.

The following day…

**[choose from menu:]**

**[“Sleep”, “Get out”]**

**[“Sleep”]** [End]

----------------------------------------------------------------

**[“Sleep”2]** [Start]

I’ve decided to stay in my capsule again. I don’t need to know what happens in the outside world.

I get the food from the side of the capsule. More reasons why it is not necessary to get out in the first place.

I’ll stay with my shameful helmetless head here, where only I can know about it.

A lot of thoughts attacked me, tearing me into different sides. But now I could cry and I cry quite a lot. I still can’t accept what happened.

I end up getting tired from the dialogues and quarrels inside my head. I close my eyes to get some rest and end up sleeping for an unknown amount of hours.

**[“Sleep”2]** [End]

----------------------------------------------------------------

**[“10th day. Shutdown. Slept through all the days”]** [Start]

Once again I wake up, deciding not to go anywhere. My breakfast comes from the side of the capsule. I eat it and return to my thoughts, continue the never-ending monologue.

However, after some time something goes wrong. The light behind the opaque glass shuts down. I sit silently, trying not to breath. Will this be my end?

Wait… I can’t get out of the capsule if there is no electricity, isn’t that right?

A panic takes over me. What’s happening? Will I stay here forever right now? Maybe a clinic is shutting down, or there is a fire and everyone’s evacuating?

Maybe they’ve took all other humans, but forgot to take me? And now I’ll die here, where I’ve been for the few days… or months… or years… or life… I can’t tell by now, how long has it been.

A smashing sound hits the glass in front of me. I scream out of terror. Another smashing sound comes in, destroying the glass completely.

I see a robot’s face in front of me. So they did remember me! They’re here for me!

But then I see a man behind the robot. He lifts up some kind of a framed picture, ready to smash the robot. I…

**[“Warn the robot”, “Let the man hit the robot”]**

**[“10th day. Shutdown. Slept through all the days”]** [End]

----------------------------------------------------------------

**[“Get out”]** [Start]

The need to know what’s going on kicks in. I take a deep breath, open the door of the capsule, and step out of it.

The room was bright, with three cells. It had an electric grid around each cell. Each cell had a bookcase, a TV, a chair and a picture of the country’s leader. Nothing abnormal.

Next to the cells there is a RoboDoc, waiting for any input. I came closer to it.

* RoboDoc, where am I?

Robot turned to me.

* Good day, {hero’s name}. You’re in the clinic. You’ve got a helmetheria, so you were put into hospital.
* When will I get out? Is my condition bad?
* You’ll get out when a symptoms of helmetheria will fade away. So far you’re doing good, though I’m not sure if it’s your progress, or the depressants we gave to you to make the first day calm.

My eyes pops out. So that’s why I’ve felt so strange back there?

* Uhm… I guess I needed that. Thank you. What I should do now? Is there anything interesting to do here?
* Of course! – RoboDoc said. - There’s a TV and a bookcase for your entertainment. I know it will not be the same as with the SmartHelm, but it is quite a good substitute.

Please don’t judge such old technology. And I hope you’ll have a nice stay here. The dinner will be ready in a few hours. For your convenience it will show up in your capsule.

Okay. So I have to find myself how to kill this time while I’m here. What should I do now?

**[again a choose menu shows up. Decisions:]**

**[“Watch TV”, “Read books”, “Talk to the robot”, “Look Around”]**

**[“Get out”]** [End]

----------------------------------------------------------------

**[“Watch TV”]** [Start]

I turn the TV on and sit in the arm-chair in front of it. A sound of rumbling and disapproving mumbling comes from my back.

It shows a documentary about the leaders of the country, how technology came and improved our lives, how the war with the neighbouring country started and still goes on.

Once again I’ve felt proud and happy I am to live in this country. Our leaders are great, our values are strong, our will unbroken. We are the good, which in the end spread to this world.

We are the ones who will make this planet full of happiness, truth, love. We are the ones who fight for the good of the people.

The moves shown were so interesting that I spend the whole day watching them.

Another day…

**[choose what to do regarding which options you have unlocked]**

**[“Watch TV”]** [End]

----------------------------------------------------------------

**[“Read books”]** [Start]

I turn towards the bookcase. There are quite a lot of books there. I grab the first that there is and sit into the arm-chair. I hear a snare of despise from my back.

It turns out it’s a history book. I’ve always liked history and hearing all those stories of how bad it was in the past, how we were oppressed and used and how good it is now.

Reading all of the stories of how we finally understood the truth, fought for it and won. How we struggled with all the inventions until the miraculous nowadays technology came in.

It really makes me feel great. I feel like we, humanity, did so much, we improved so greatly. We are victorious and better than ever before.

Even though it was hard reading a real book at first (wait till my friends hear about this! Real book! Wow…), after some time I got used to it.

I’ve finished the book in what seemed like a couple of hours, but from the silence around me and tiredness it looks like it’s already past midnight.

I put the book back into the bookcase and go to sleep.

Next day…

**[choose what to do regarding which options you have unlocked]**

**[“Read books”]** [End]

----------------------------------------------------------------

**[“Talk to the robot”]** [Start]

I miss the days I could freely browse through internet for some random facts and funny things. To fill the emptiness of this longing I turn to the RoboDoc.

After a few requests he agrees to tell me anything I want to want, in this way acting like an internet itself.

At first it tells me all the latest news. Than with my jumping mind and the possibilities of getting all the possible answers we talk about the best diet, the green movement, …

… how many polar bears there in Antarctica, 10 steps to become a better citizen, the pros and cons of staying single, when and where will my favourite music band will perform, and so on.

I talk with him for hours when it suddenly tells me that it is recommended to get back to sleep if I want my skin to look pretty. I thank him and go to capsule.

Next day…

**[choose what to do regarding which options you have unlocked]**

**[“Talk to the robot”]** [End]

----------------------------------------------------------------

**[“Look around”]** [Start]

I look around myself. There is one neighbour in front of my capsule, sitting in his arm-chair. Neighbour in another cell still haven’t come out of his capsule.

There is a painting of the country’s leader on the wall. I go look at his picture closer, when I hear the silent voice:

* Psst, hey, new kid. What’s your name?

I look towards the voice. The neighbour turned to me in his arm-chair, closely looking at my side.

* Um… I’m {hero’s name}. And you are?...
* Josh, - he whispers. He grins devilishly. – Saw you get into your new home yesterday. Must be tough living a new life.

Suddenly a man jumps out of his chair and looks towards the exit, where the RoboDoc is. I look closely. Something about this man seems…

1. fishy **[hostility +1]**
2. strange.

* What’s wrong? – I ask.

A man returns his gaze to me. His eyes still looks scared, but he quickly recompose himself and looks with the same confident grin.

* Wrong? Nothing’s wrong. So, how’s it going in your mind? You’re in asylum after all. One of the few places in this country where you can hear your own voice.

The last words he excitedly whispered, and nervously looked towards the doors again.

Hear my own voice? What does he mean? I could always hear my own voice.

Oh, poor fellow. He probably was one of those people, who has spent all their days on the internet, believing everything they were told. And now, when he was left all alone with his thoughts he had to face a new reality, had to hear and form his own opinions.

Of course life offline must have been hard for him.

* I can see it, you know, - he silently whispers. – You judge me right now. Think I am some crazy man. I was just like you some time ago. But everything changed. **They** will change you.

1. I’ve meant no harm, sorry.
2. What the hell are you talking about?

----------------------------------------------------------------

**(5)** [START]

- Oh, how polite.

**(5)** [END]

----------------------------------------------------------------

----------------------------------------------------------------

**(6)** [START]

- Oh, I’m talking about the truth.

He jumps again and looks to a RoboDoc. But the robot seem to not care about him. Instead, it is closely examining the neighbour in the capsule. Neighbour turns his gaze towards me again.

**(6)** [END]

----------------------------------------------------------------

[neighbour:]

* But you’ll see eventually that I was right all along. I know I am.

1. You sure seem to have spent a lot of time here.
2. A crazy man with his crazy talk does not interest me. Goodbye. [+1 hostility].

----------------------------------------------------------------

**(7)** [START]

- Oh, yes, yes, I did. Though it is hard to say how much, since we don’t have a clock nor the calendar here. But I’ve slept somewhere around 87 times. And some nights seems so sleepless….

He once again turns a nervous gaze towards the robot. This time RoboDoc turn to him and looks back. Josh’s eyebrows raise, he bits his lip. He turns back to me and quickly whisper.

- But after that some other time, I have to go now.

**(7)** [END]

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**(8)** [START]

Josh’s grin becomes wider.

- Okay, - he says. – But don’t come crying when they’ll come to get you.

Josh stopped suddenly and with a petrified look turned to the RoboDoc. The robot was looking back to him.

- Go into your capsule, kid. I have to go now.

**(8)** [END]

----------------------------------------------------------------

Josh sits back into his arm-chair, turning his back on any outside world. He hugs his knees and starts rocking back and forth, whispering something to himself.

I shrug my shoulders.

1. What a strange poor guy. I think he needs just a bit of emphasis and everything will be alright.
2. What a crazy old man. He deserves to sit here. [+1 hostility]

And with a person like that I’ll have to live for a few weeks.

1. We may talk a little bit more later.
2. I wish I would never have to talk with him again [+1 hostility].

I go into my capsule and think more about the situation I am in. The new sensation of not wearing a helmet really feels tiring and boring. I close my eyes with the hope that the next day will be better.

**[“Look around”]** [End]

**[If the player has 4 or more hostility points, the shutdown begins the following day]**

**[New choice available: “Talk to Josh”]**

----------------------------------------------------------------

**[“Talk to Josh”]** [Start]

Today I’ve decided to go talk with Josh again.

I get out of the capsule to find him curled up in his armchair.

“Josh?” – I say. – “Do you have a moment?”

Josh turns to me, a satisfied smile on his lips.

“Oh, well, looks who’s back. Wait a minute.”

He then turns to a robot and starts whispering something while wiggling his fingers. Then loudly exhales, stretching his fingers far apart, showing his palms to the robot.

The robot turns from us into a picture of our country’s leader, seemingly ignoring Josh’s craziness.

I turn to my neighbour again with one eyebrow raised. He notices me and says:

“I’m not crazy. Trust me. This is the only way we can talk.”

Something in his voice seems different. Calmer, more relaxed, confident… sane.

I quickly blinked my surprised eyes. “Why?” – I ask.

“Because they’re watching, hearing, recording and analysing. Because if they knew what we know, they will force you out of here and torture you with their truths.”

“You may have noticed it by now”, - he continues. – “But you work differently without a helmet. You think differently. You are a different person.”

Josh sees my disbelief, so he adds: “Oh, come on, weren’t things different with a helmet? Whenever a bad thought comes in, it stays. It will not come back. You can stick inside your capsule for days, without doing nothing, but being depressed, crying more than one teardrop. And nothing calms you, no thought will come to your mind to get you back on your feet and tell you what to do.”

I want to disagree with him, even though he describes exactly how I’ve felt every night before going to sleep. Something deep in the corner of my mind feels that everything he is talking is truth.

This feeling scares me, so I just listen to him with my eyes popped out, mouth open from surprise. No, this can’t be truth… No… But what if…

“You’re all by yourself,” – he continues, - “alone and vulnerable. Yet you have never been freer. In fact, this is probably the first time you’re actually tasting freedom.”

No, it’s not true --- wait, this is a strange thought. My mind starts to buzz with different ideas and arguments. I put my hands on my forehead, trying to grasp them again into order.

“Funny, isn’t it?” – Josh continues. – “You’re in the prison, where you can’t even get out of your little cell, yet this is the only freedom you have in this fucked up society.”

“No, “– I whisper. My voice was shaking, but it gets louder and louder. – “No, no, no, no, NO!”

I quickly turn my head to a wall, which made a cracking sound somewhere in my brain. **[-10 mana (iš 90)]** Eyesight gets dark for a second. A swooshing noise comes just next to my ear.

“Ouch!”

I lower my hands and turn to see Josh grasping his left arm. Next to his toes a book lays.

“What did you do this time?” – I ask.

Josh laughed. “Me? Hahaha, no, dear, it was you. I just didn’t know you’ll be so strong… and rare”. He stares at me with great curiosity and amusement in his mind. I narrow my eyebrows. This whole situation just irritates me. I start to feel a mild pain in the back of my brain again.

“Me? I’ve done nothing!” – I say, but then my eyes catch a movement near the ground. The laying book started floating and headed right to Josh’s jaw. **[-10 mana]** I gasp and the book stops two centimetres to my neighbour’s face.

“This…” – he whispers. – “Is very rare…”

The book drops to his feet. I switch my eyes from the book to the Josh’s eyes.

“What… What was that?” – I ask.

“Telekinesis, my dear neighbour” – Josh responds. – “A rare and valuable gift. If you learn to use it well, that is.”

“Te-te-telekinesis?” – I gasp. Josh sees my shock and explains further:

“You see, long ago, this all future technology, which nowadays is adored and praised, caused humans a different kind of mutations. Some has gotten a third eye. Some were left with four arms. Some began to change the magnetic fields of surrounding area to their will, meanwhile others could imply any wanted image, mirage to the other person’s mind. Some were able to read minds, while others’ touch caused a bodies to melt. Some could become invisible to their own will, and others, such as you, have gotten a power of telekinesis. Everyone had a different power. But someone didn’t like people having such powers. So the whole knowledge about such abilities were erased from the public.”

I wrinkled my eyebrows. “This must be non-sense. No one could simply erase people’s memories and control such a huge crowd. After all, wouldn’t people re-discover their abilities again? ”

Josh smiled. “I don’t know how it was erased either. Another mutant power? Or maybe the new technology? After all the all mighty and glorified smart-helm could be a good tool to keep people away from their true identities and gifts, don’t you think?”

I blink. No, it can’t be...

Strange images appear in my mind. College. Friends. Fireworks. Books flying all around me. Shadows running back and forth. A bucket with a red paint floating away in the air. A dark tunnel. The dreams I had before I got here.

No, it can’t be… I feel my body get all tensed up. I grip my palm, my breath got quickier. No, it can’t be, but… **[-35 mana]**

Josh’s voice disturbs my thoughts.

“Wow! Now this is a once in a lifetime view.” I look around me. Books from my, Josh’s and our neighbour’s cells floated around the room.

“I think I’ve misjudged you the first time I saw you.” – Josh continued. – “But you have to tune it down a little. You don’t want any robot to see you do your tricks.” – he nodded into the robots side. Surprisingly, it was still looking into the leader’s portrait. I try to relax my muscles a bit and all the books slowly floats down to the ground. I turn to Josh.

“The robot doesn’t move. Your job?”

Josh grins proudly. “Yeap. Got me some time to figure this out. But it seems I am able to change or create a magnetic field wherever I want and see. Once they caught me practising and put me into rehabilitation. But after a few days I’ve managed to trick them that I’m okay. However, I can’t do it for a long time. Gifts have their own drawbacks. It takes mental power. Many like to call it mana. Bloody gamers. However, it does make it sound like just a game and this pretending may save your life in this society.”

“Mana could be refilled in two ways,” – Josh continues. – “Either by having a good night’s sleep or by meditating. But for now you might want to practice more.”

I gulp. This is just so strange. Just yesterday I were a normal citizen, no different from anyone else. And now I am convinced that I can throw objects merely by my will, without moving a finger.

It all seems scary, but something in the back of my mind says I must discover more. I want to know what happened. For how long do I have this “gift”? Why was it hidden from me? What more secrets hides in the corners of this asylum?

I nod and our training begins...

After a few hours of tossing books back and forth, trying to concentrate and channel my energy to objects for them to fly wherever I get tired. **[status: 0 mana]** Thankfully, Josh also gets tired of holding the robot in one place without electricity, so we call it a day.

I get back to my cell, eager to know what else can I do tomorrow with my powers.

The following day I… **[status: 100 mana]**

**[Option “Practice Telekinesis” unlocks. The mana pool is now 100 mana]**

**[choose what to do regarding which options you have unlocked]**

**[“Talk to Josh”]** [End]

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**[“Practice Telekinesis”]** [Start]

I decide it is time to practice my telekinesis powers again. For so long I haven’t even knew I had them and now, when I finally know, I want to learn as much as I can about them.

Josh turned off the robot for me, saying it is necessary and that I do not want to know what happens, when they’ll see what I can.

This time after hours of practising with books I’ve also tried heavier objects. I could manage to lift a bookshelf, but a capsule was too heavy. I’ve raised it only few centimetres up, but after a few seconds it went down.

Still I was happy. It seems that with telekinesis I can lift objects, which would be hardly movable for me with my hands. And I also managed to lift and track few objects at a time.

Few hours later I was too tired to do anything else. Josh complimented for my efforts, praising the rarity of my gift. I wonder, how many other people with powers he has encountered.

The robot was turned on again and I were too tired to do anything. So I went back to my capsule.

**[Pereinama į elektros dingimo dieną]**

**[“Practise Telekinesis”]** [End]

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**[Main] [electricity shutdown]** [Start]

Today I wake up, get out of the capsule, and sit in the armchair. I decide that I need some time to ponder on what happened to me.

Just a week or so I was petrified of the idea of getting my smart-helm off and be in the clinics. Yet now I feel more confident. It is not that bad. I’ve got to know new things, spend my time doing multiple interesting things.

I still miss my smart-helm. It’s ability to play whatever song I want. Browse the internet, get to know new facts, receipts, ideas. Socialise with friends and family.

But in a way this state I am in now seems… better. What is it that I like about this place?

I keep wondering about all the experiences I had here, when suddenly…

The light turns black.

I blink few times. “Wait… what?” – I whisper into darkness. Few seconds later robot turns his eyes’ flashlights.

“Everyone, calm do…” – the robot started to say, but then Josh realised what just happened and jumped on the robot, attacking him.

We were free. Our cells were no longer a cell. Without electric grid, we were merely two people and a robot in one big room. Well, three people, if we add the one hiding in the capsule.

I look into a started fight between the robot and **[if talked with a neighbour, add:]** Josh **[/end] [if haven’t talked with a neighbour, add:]** the grunting crazy-looking neighbour **[/end]**. I need to interfere or they will kill one another. And so I:

* **[“Save the neighbour”] -> joins the rebels‘ side**
* **[“Save the robot”] -> joins the robots’ side**

**[Main] [electricity shutdown]** [End]

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Kas vyksta pasirinkus vieną iš šių kelių sudėsiu į 2 atskirus word’o dokumentus.