THE MASKS

WE HAVE

Exploring Multiple Identities Through a Narrative Game

Procedural Rhetoric Video Game

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Table of Contents

Introduction

This project works to draw attention to the idea of identity, one's self-image. I am a second-generation Vietnamese American who was born and raised in a Christian household. Throughout my life, I viewed the three groups that comprised my identity as separate from each other: my American school life (nation), my culturally Vietnamese family (ethnic), and my Christian congregation (religion). There were many points in my life where I felt conflicted about the way I should act within a certain group because what was considered the "normal behavior" in the identity group I was currently interacting with differed from another identity I had; I didn't know the "correct" way to act. The different behaviors I exhibited based on my various identities led me to question who I was because I didn't know which "identity" was the real me.

I want to share with others through this project that struggling with identity is okay; it is a constant battle for many people throughout their entire lives. A person doesn't have to choose one identity, each identity is a part of their entire being, some more than others (Berry and Hou). Many immigrants, second generation, and so forth, are confronted by their multiple identities because each one tends to be vastly different, making each identity more apparent. When two or more of their identities conflicts, it can lead to uncertainty and anxiety (Wiley et al.). On the other hand, there is research that found "having more identities is associated with higher levels of psychological well-being, both [in] life satisfaction and mental health" (Berry and Hou).

Relationship to Minor

As a Creative Writing minor, this capstone project relates to my minor because it combines creative writing aspects through the narrative and poetry present in the game. My project captures a way to explore creative writing techniques and forms through computer technology; using an untraditional way to express writing (which is usually done on paper or by typing, the modern-day equivalent). I am creating a way to explore the idea of identity, through the use of creative writing and poetry where the reader/player is able to interact with the writing because of the computer technology, the game world.

Stakeholders & Project Goals

I want immigrants and young people at any life stage who are, or have struggled with, multiple identities to be able to use this game to help them see their own struggles with identity, resolve them, or reassure them that this idea of conflicting identities is normal (there are others and they are not alone). And by doing so, I hope that this game will help ease their mental and emotional state when dealing with their identities.

I also hope creative writers exploring the intersectionality of games/technology and writing will be able to use this project to examine what happens when games and writing are combined to learn about a different media to express creative writing ideas.

To accomplish these things, there are three goals this project must meet.

- The project must utilize a dialogue system asset to create different dialogue branches based on choices.
- The project needs a "save" system to be built. This system keeps track of important player choices in the game that dictates their ending and saves specific text-options the player chooses.
- The project needs a narrative that incorporates poems to bring player's attention to the idea that having multiple identities is okay.

Key Terms

Identity — the way a person views themselves, self-image, and how they present themselves to the world. Identity is built uniquely by the person based on the social and cultural environment they interact with and how they process information from those environments. It can reflect physical traits a person is born with as well.

Psychological well-being — the combined measure of one's life satisfaction and mental health (Berry and Hou).

Second generation — the children of immigrants born outside their motherland, where immigrants are the first generation (born in their motherland and immigrated).

Play — "…the free space of movement within a more rigid structure…" (Bogost)

Procedural rhetoric video games — Using specific rules set in a free space, a game, to effectively persuade the player of a claim about the real world. The game is the developer's expression of their claim.

NPC — Non-Playable Character in games.

UWB — University of Washington Bothell.

Background/Literature Review

The game I am creating falls into the category of procedural rhetoric video games, which is "the practice of effective persuasion and expression using processes" (Bogost). In other words, I am trying to make a persuasive claim about the real world through the set rules of the game itself.

Animal Crossing's Model of "Long-Term Debt"

A light-hearted example of this is *Animal Crossing*, where the world the player plays in forces them to subtly learn about long-term debt. In this game, the player is confronted by an NPC racoon named, Tom Nook, who offers home renovation/expansion services that leaves the player in debt. As the player works to pay off their debt, they accumulate more items that leads them to need more space. Thus, they are forced to expand their home again and fall into more debt. *Animal Crossing* creates "a model of commerce and debt in which the player can experience and discover such consequences. In its model, the game simplifies the real world in order to draw attention to relevant aspects of that world." (Bogost).

As such, I am creating a model that condenses the many experiences people go through that shapes their identities and conflicts they may face when they find their multi-identities clashing. The game asks the player to explore the idea of identity based on the context I provide them. And in order for them to progress, they must reflect on the information presented to them before making a decision (choosing their responses to in-game scenarios).

This is very similar to how we go about our everyday lives: When presented with a situation where multiple course of actions can be taken, we depend on knowledge and morals we have to decide what to do in order to move forward. The accumulation of knowledge and morals we hold comes from our identity, how we view and carry ourselves in the world.

Video games "are also [a form of] media where cultural values themselves can be represented— for critique, satire, education, or commentary" (Bogost). Meaning players and the gaming community can analyze and debate the claims a game is trying to make in order to further understand what the developer is expressing.

September 12th's Model of "The War on Terror"

The game, *September 12th: A Toy World*, uses the context of video games to draw attention to the serious idea that violence brings more violence. In this game, the player's objective is to kill the terrorists. They are equipped with a sniper rifle target that launches missiles to the targeted area when the player clicks their mouse. As the player plays, they quickly find that launching the missiles not only kills the terrorists, but the surrounding innocent civilians as well. The surviving civilians who mourn the dead then turn into terrorists themselves, creating a vicious cycle. Though there is no real way to win the game, the rules of play that was set up for *September 12th* was aimed to spark discussion amongst the players of the game about the War on Terror. ("September 12th").

Likewise, there is no real way to win my game. The player is simply presented with a poem that addresses the idea of identity based on their choices throughout the game. I am aiming to use the modeled world of my game to express the thoughts and struggles a person may encounter when dealing with their multi-identities. I want to highlight that conflicting identities can cause

emotional and mental damage but show that the situations that can cause this to happen are normal everyday life situations. I also want to highlight that even though people struggle with multi-identities, it's okay to have them as they encompass the person. I am seeking to create a discussion among my players. I want them to walk away with a new perspective/awareness about identity.

Methodology

Core Tools & Methods

The tools and methods in this section are essential to reaching the three goals of this project.

- YarnSpinner
- YarnEditor
- Player Class
- Participatory Research

This project uses the Unity asset YarnSpinner and the tool YarnEditor to implement the dialogue system of the game. YarnEditor is a tool that allows easy editing of dialogue text, branches, and options. It produces JSON files which YarnSpinner converts into text that can be displayed in Unity.

Additionally, this project uses a single class, Player, to keep track of the player's choices throughout the game.

Lastly, I am conducting a community-based, participatory research that integrates arts-based research methods to help produce ideas and poetry for the game's narrative. By this, I mean I am reaching out into the surrounding Bothell and Seattle community to solicit participants for this project in order to understand and represent a diverse range of identities in the game. Their participation includes contributing, reviewing, and commenting on the poetry and related arts-based dialogue.

Additional Tools

- Visual Studio
- C#
- Unity
- GitHub

I am using Visual Studio because it is compatible with Unity and is the IDE I have been working with for the past 2 years. Thus, I am familiar with its debugging system.

The coding language I am using is C# because I am most comfortable with it in Unity as this is the language my class used when working with Unity. The other language Unity supports is JavaScript, but I am not using that language because I haven't touched JavaScript in a couple of years.

As for the game engine, I am using the Unity because it is the only game engine I am familiar with; therefore, I won't have to spend time learning how to use a different game engine as I do not have a lot of time for this project. Additionally, I am using Unity to build webGL builds of my game and uploading the builds to GitHub so anyone who has access to a web browser can play the game.

Implementing a Branching Dialogue

The goal of using these methods is to create a text-based game with multiple endings based on the choices the player makes as they explore the game's narrative about multiple conflicting identities. The dialogue system for this project needs to support branching dialogue based on the player's choices for the goal to be met.

My initial plan to accomplish the dialogue part of the goal was to build my own dialogue system for this project by creating a class to hold dialogue text that would act as nodes for a dialogue tree. Each node would have an array of strings it would feed into a script that handled how to display the text. When all dialogue text is displayed, the script would present a few options the player could choose from. The script would then continue to display dialogue text depending on which dialogue node the options pointed to. Figure 1 shows a more detailed design of my initial architecture.

Figure 1: Initial Architecture
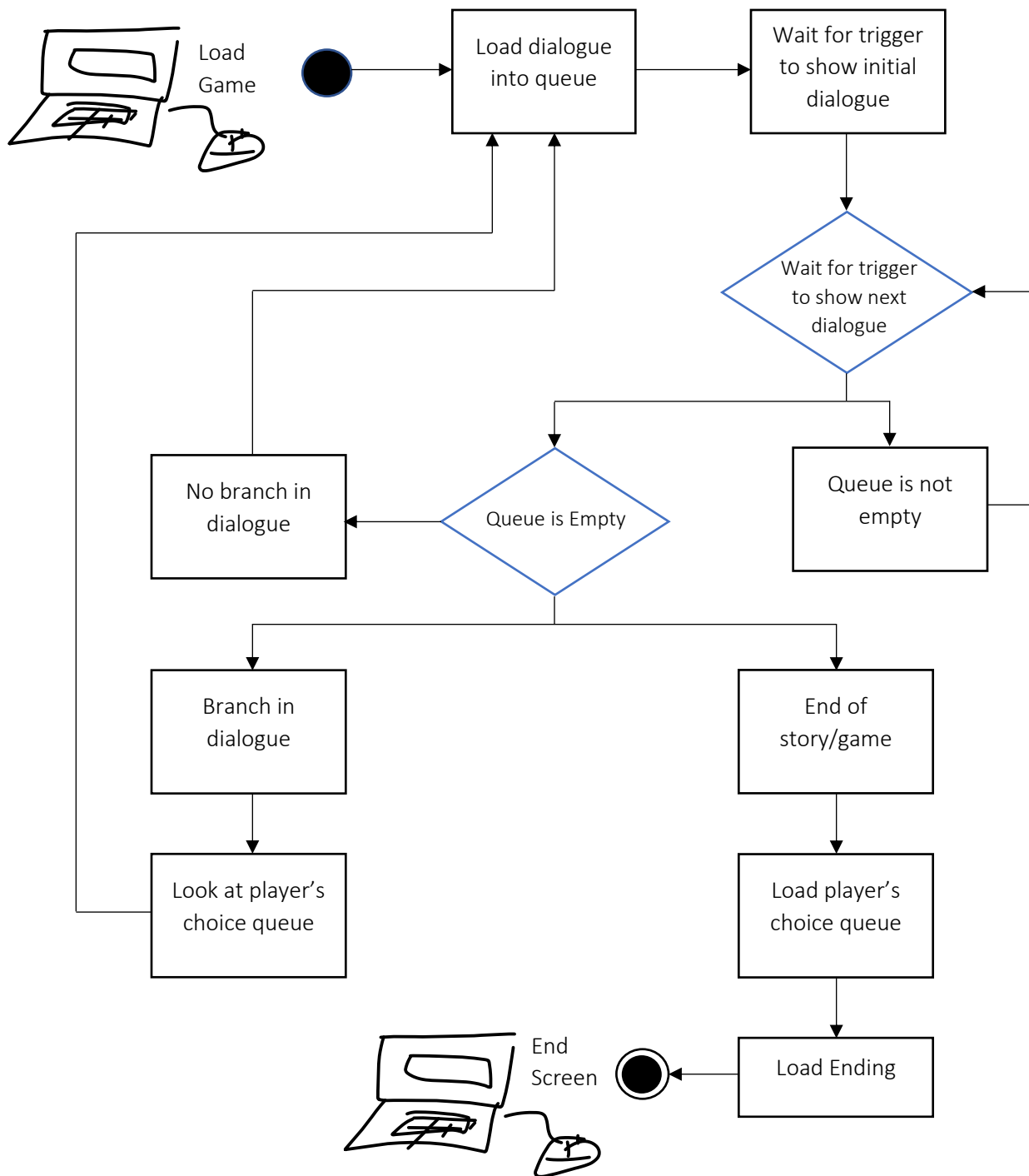
However, after discussing my plans with my CSS faculty advisor, I decided that it would be easier to develop a narrative game used to communicate the complex ideas of identity if some of the coding burden was lessened due to the short time period I have to complete this project. This led me to consider a few Unity dialogue assets before choosing YarnSpinner because it's more bare bones than the other assets I researched. This was so I can easily extend it to my needs in the future.

My ultimate goal is to create a 2D adventure/puzzle RPG game along the style of Undertale and Mad Father (this is out of scope for the current time I have). Thus, having a bare bone dialogue system allows me to have the flexibility I need to extend it to suit the future game system I set up. Though, I did consider using Twine and Fungus instead of YarnSpinner for this project, but decided against using them because I felt they didn't support my ultimate goal to the extent YarnSpinner does.

Twine, the software YarnSpinner was inspired by, is mainly used for hypertext fiction. Although hypertext fiction is similar to the text-based game I am developing for this project, it is not close to the ultimate style I want this game to be in the future. As for Fungus, it is mainly used for visual novels which, again, is not what I want for the future works of this game. However, it was a high contender because it made it very easy to add visuals and audio to the game.

Building a "Save" System

Next, I was originally going to tag each YarnEditor node and then save the player's option in a Player script based on if a node had the specific tag or not to implement the "save" system in order to keep track of the player's choices (the text on the button). But I was unable to navigate through the various classes the Dialogue class (of YarnSpinner) used to convert JSON file to string form. I learned that the Program class (which the Dialogue class called to get a node's tag) kept each node in a dictionary, with the key being the node's name. Within each node, there was a string list of tag(s) for that node.

For my design, I need to know the node's tag before the player chose their option so I could enter an 'if' statement to call a method to save their choice at the moment they clicked on the option. That meant I needed to know the current node's name to get to the tag based on how the Dialogue class was set up. However, I was unsuccessful in retrieving any node's tag at the correct time during the development of my digital prototype. For example, I would get the debug log that the name of the current node I was in was null (for the Start node cases) or it was the name of the previous node I visited. I believe I had a lack of understanding of when YarnSpinner called these methods during runtime which led to this setback.

To work around this problem, I created my own private bool variable to set my 'if' statement to. This variable is always set to false right before YarnSpinner clears the last option the player chose and after my 'if' statement runs to ensure the text of only the specified choices are saved. The

bool variable is only set to true if I call a *command* from the node in YarnEditor. A *command* is a YarnEditor/YarnSpinner feature that lets me call a function from a script of the specified game object name, so I was able to enter my 'if' statement from any YarnEditor node I called that command.

In addition to saving the player's text choice, which is shown to the player at the end of the game as part of the ending poem, I needed a way to keep track of which ending the player would be shown. To do this, I created a class called Int (shown in Figure 2) that contains an int, count, and string correlating to the ending. Then, I created a dictionary in the Player script with three keys representing the three endings (accept, struggle, and denial) and Int values. I made it possible to increase the count of an ending based on the player's choice by creating another *command* to call from YarnEditor. This *command* passes one of three strings that correlates to an ending key in the player's dictionary and increase the Int's count by one (Figure 3). Then, the ending with the max count is the one shown to the player at the end of the game. If the counts of endings are equal, then the ending is randomly selected between the two/three equal endings shown by the method, Max, in the Int class.

Figure 2: Int Class

```
public class Int
{
    int count;
    string endKey;

    public Int()
    {

    }
    public Int(int initalCount, string key)
    {
        count = initalCount;
        endKey = key;
    }
    public int GetCount()
    {
        return count;
    }

    public void SetCount(int num)
    {
        count = num;
    }

    public string GetEndKey()
    {
        return endKey;
    }

    public void SetEndKey(string key)
    {
```

```
        endKey = key;
    }

    // in1 = accept ending
    // int2 = struggle ending
    // int3 = denial ending
    public Int Max(Int int1, Int int2, Int int3)
    {
        if(int1.count > int2.count && int1.count > int3.count)
        {
            return int1;
        }
        else if (int2.count > int1.count && int2.count > int3.count)
        {
            return int2;
        }
        else if (int3.count > int2.count && int3.count > int1.count)
        {
            return int3;
        }
        else if (int1.count == int2.count)
        {
            int ran = Random.Range(1, 3);
            if (ran == 1) return int1;
            if (ran == 2) return int2;
        }
        else if (int2.count == int3.count)
        {
            int ran = Random.Range(1, 3);
            if (ran == 1) return int2;
            if (ran == 2) return int3;
        }
        else if (int1.count == int3.count)
        {
            int ran = Random.Range(1, 3);
            if (ran == 1) return int1;
            if (ran == 2) return int3;
        }
        else if (int1.count == int2.count && int2.count == int3.count)
        {
            int ran = Random.Range(0, 3);
            if (ran == 0) return int1;
            if (ran == 1) return int2;
            if(ran == 2) return int3;
        }
        //if all else fails, return the first Int
        return int1;

    }
}
```

Figure 3: Player Script

```
public class Player : MonoBehaviour
{
```

```
    static public Dictionary<string, Int> endingCount;

void Start()
    {
        if (choices == null)
        {
            choices = new Queue<string>();
        }

        if (endingCount == null) //Initializes Dictionary with endings
        {
            endingCount = new Dictionary<string, Int>();
            endingCount.Add("accept", new Int(0, "accept"));
            endingCount.Add("struggle", new Int(0, "struggle"));
            endingCount.Add("denial", new Int(0, "denial"));
        }

    }

.   .   .

  [YarnCommand("ending")]
    public void AddAcceptance(string ending)
    {
        //stores the Int value of the passed in ending key in a temp variable
        Int temp = endingCount[ending];
        //get current count of ending Int and increase it by 1
        int tempCount = temp.GetCount() + 1;
        //set count of ending Int to the new count
        temp.SetCount(tempCount);
    }

}
```

Writing a Compelling Identity-Based Narrative with Poetry

I began the narrative writing process by drafting the over-arching plot and progression I wanted the game to take. All of the ideas for the draft at this point came from my mind and experiences alone to produce a rough skeleton of the game's story.

Then, in order to add details and write a compelling story centered around identity, I needed to accumulate real-life experiences of other people to help players better relate to the characters of this game. By doing this, I enabled myself to write a story with a bigger perspective on multi-identities because I no longer have to depend solely on my own perspective.

I accumulated real-life ideas by speaking with many friends and by doing participatory research. For the research, I created an announcement document that contained information about my project to solicit poems and short stories from UWB students. This document, shown in Appendix B, was sent to many creative writing professors at UWB (via email) who shared it with their students.

After about a week, I received three poems from a UWB student. I met up with the student to discuss their poems and the meaning behind them. Our discussion produced many ideas that helped me fill in the blanks of my over-arching plot. In addition, I was granted permission by them to integrate their poem(s), or modified versions of them, in this project to lessen the amount of writing I had to do.

To further the realism of my game and immersion of the players, I discussed this project with a psych major to determine where/how exactly my project falls under "Psychology," and whether or not some in-game scenarios depicted mental illnesses, such as anxiety, correctly. (We concluded this project falls more in the realm of Social Psychology due to the morals and ethical questions the game induces while showing hints of mental illnesses).

Finally, the poems that did not come from the participatory research is the opening and ending poems. The opening poem is one that I wrote prior to the beginning of this project, and it is also the inspiration for this project. This poem's purpose is to get the player thinking about how three "separate" beings, representing different identities, can be the same person. Then the ending poem that is shown to the player at the end of the game is centered on the idea everyone has many identities, but they choose which one to identify as at different times.

Metrics

I plan to measure the results of my project through a short 10-minute survey about the game's content and/or interface (more information about the survey is shown in Appendix A). However, because of the lack of time I have for this project, I will have to ask friends and family to play-test this game in order to have feedback on such short notice. I will evaluate their responses in order to see how their perspectives on identity changed and how much they relate, empathized, with the characters of the game.

The more the play-testers relate and gain a new perspective on identity, the closer I am to my narrative goal. The base-line perspective I want them to gain is,

> *Identity is how people view themselves and is built based on their environment and upbringing, but a person can have (and struggle with) multiple identities that can change how they view themselves and how they act during different situations. In other words, identity is ever-changing and can be conflicting, but people are comprised of all of the identities within them no matter how conflicting*.

Regarding the interface, the goals are met if the ease of use is rated high and the ending the player receives reflects the choices they made in the game (this will be shown if different play testers receive different endings).

Results

Evaluating the Success of the Narrative's Theme

The baseline to measure how successful I was in "creating a narrative that incorporates poems to bring players' attention to the idea that having multiple identities is okay" is to compare my play testers' perspective on identity before and after they played the game to see if their new perspective differed from their original, and how close that new perspective is to the intended message of the game: "Identity is how people view themselves and is built based on their environment and upbringing, but a person can have (and struggle with) multiple identities that can change how they view themselves and how they act during different situations. In other words, identity is ever-changing and can be conflicting, but people are comprised of all of the identities within them no matter how conflicting."

Out of the four play testers that filled out the survey, only two gained a new perspective about identity after playing the game. Their new perspective showed that the game influenced them to rethink how they defined identity.

In addition to their old perspective, both stated in some form or another that identity is conflicting, and the many sides of a person based on different identities they take on is what defines their person as a whole. Because only half of my play testers gained a new perspective that was similar to my intended message, I felt that I was somewhat successful in reaching the narrative goal (50% successful). However, one of the play testers who did not gain a new perspective already had a view of identity that was close to my intended message. Since their view stayed consistent even after playing the game, I am going to count it towards the success of the narrative goal (3 out 4 play testers, or 75% successful).

Evaluating the Dialogue Asset

The main mechanic of the game was the text-options presented to the players that lead to different dialogue branches (built by the Unity asset, YarnSpinner). This was how players interacted with and progressed in my game. Therefore, the higher a player's rating was (with the max being 10) for how easy it was to understand the game mechanics, the more successful I was in implementing the Unity dialogue system asset.

The average rating of all four play testers was 8.75, which is very close to 10. This means it was very easy for all players to understand the branching dialogue mechanic based on the text-option they chose; thus, I was able to successfully implement the dialogue system using the YarnSpinner asset.

Evaluating the "Save" System

Originally, I planned to observe every play tester so I could physically see the first half of their ending poem at the end of the game. I wanted to do this because there's 27 different variations of that poem based on the choices they made and the ending the got (the second half of the poem). However, I was unable to observe my play testers due to the short time frame I had to conduct the play testing. As a result, I had to depend solely on the survey they filled out.

I decided to measure the success of the "save" system I built by checking if my play testers received different endings. My reasoning behind comparing their endings is every person is different, so it is highly unlikely for each play tester to make the same choices. Therefore, if they received different endings, it was because the "save" system was able to keep track of their choices and calculated the correct ending to present to them.

My game has a total of three endings, and out of the four players, two had the first ending, one had the second ending, and one had the third ending. (The endings are shown in question 7 found in Appendix A). Because at least one play tester received each ending, I believe that my "save" system was very successful.

Conclusion

This project sought to bring awareness to the idea of identity and having multiple conflicting identities is okay through a texted-based game that modeled real-life choices/experiences.

Key Results and Takeaways

Through playtesting, I concluded that it is possible to influence player's perspective on identity. Although some players are harder to persuade than others, but the main idea can be seen by the players. The playtesting also confirmed that the branching dialogue and "save" system was implemented correctly as shown by play testers reaching different endings.

While working on this game, I learned that using open source assets can be incredibly helpful when I have a limited time frame to complete a project (10-weeks). Creating this game by myself felt like a big feat because I had to do everything from coding the game, writing the story, and putting everything together. Relying on YarnSpinner greatly lessened the time spent on coding and allowed more time for writing and assembling the game as a whole. However, because I had to divide my time to finish everything by my deadline, I didn't feel the game was as polished as it could be. I didn't have extra time to go back and deeply edit my writing or code. I was unable to add features, such as music and save files, to make my game feel more like a game.

Future Work

I believe that to be able to achieve a higher quality game with a more impactful story that can shake the player's view on identity, more hands and eyes are needed to rework this game. I only have a limited amount of knowledge about coding, writing, and identity. To reach a truly polished version of this, I would need to work with people from different domains, such as psychology, UI/UX, other writers, etc.

But in terms of future work I can do for this game, these are my goals:

- Re-read the narrative and edit it (make sure dialogue sounds "real" and "authentic")
- Add a "save file" system so players can play at the leisure, without having to replay the entire game if they stopped mid-way or accidentally quit
- Add a "music manager" to the game
- Create custom art for the game

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Appendixes

Appendix A – Playtest Survey

Before playing

1) What is your view/perspective on identity? (What does the word "identity" mean to you?)

After playing

2) What is your view/perspective on identity now? (What does the word "identity" mean to you now?)

3) How much did you empathize with the character you were playing as?

4) How much did you feel that you understood the character's internal state throughout the game?

5) Could you feel the conflict between the different identities? PLEASE EXPLAIN

6) Did you find that you questioned your own identities at times while playing the game? PLEASE EXPLAIN

7) (Please circle the ending you got on your playthrough) What did you think about the ending you got? What did you take away from it?

    i.

> *but at the end of the day*
>
> > *when we lay our heads down*
> > *we must realize that*
> > > *All of these faces*
> > > *&*
> > > *All of these masks*
> *are pieces of a whole*
> > > *that is our identity*

    ii.

> *but at the end of the day*
> > *when we lay our heads down*
> > *to rest our heavy thoughts*
> > > *we must realize that*
> > > *All of these faces*
> > > *&*
> > > *All of these masks*
> > > > *will never cease to exist*
>
> *we live in a world with shifting faces and constant clashing masks*

    iii.

> *but at the end of the day*
> > *when we lay our heads down,*
> > > *we turn a blind eye to*
> > > > *All of these faces*
> > > > *&*
> > > > *All of these masks*
> > > > > *that are hiding within our innermost beings*

8) If given the chance, would you replay this game and make different choices? Why or why not?

9) On a scale of 1 to 10 (with 10 being the highest) how easy was it for you to understand the mechanics of the game

10) Any additional thoughts about the game or your experience of playing it?

Appendix B – Participatory Research Announcement

CREATIVE WRITING SUBMISSIONS FOR TEXT-BASED GAME

Deadline: 10/16/2019 @ 11:59pm

Email your submission to: **ctran15@uw.edu**

Can cite pieces as publications

Background Information:

I am an Applied Computing student at UWB creating a text-based game for my capstone project. My game will explore the idea of multiple identities and how one can feel conflicted by those identities throughout their life. I want to depict the inner struggles of multiple identities that reflect real world situations and experiences people go through as they search for a way to define their identity. (Whether it ends in total acceptance of all identities, continuous struggle, or total denial of all identities).

Submission Format:

I am looking for **short-stories** or **poetry** submission around the theme of *Conflicting Multiple Identities* that focuses on the struggle (mental or physical) of having multiple identities OR how that struggle ends in the denial of all identities. These pieces can be from personal experiences, fabricated, or a mix of both.

- Please title your work "Struggle" if your piece focuses on the continuous struggle of multiple conflicting identities.
- Please title you work "Denial" if you piece focuses on the complete denial of multiple conflicting identities.
- Submissions can be anonymous if you don't feel comfortable including your name.

Using Your Pieces

I will use the submissions to fuel my ideas for the overarching narrative of my game, implement parts of the written pieces in the game, or implement the entire writing piece in the game if I see that it fits within the narrative world. I will cite the pieces I use and draw from for my game.

Submitting pieces means you consent to the way I will be using your written work under "Using Your Pieces."

(Optional) If you know any poets or poems about the idea of conflicting identities, please let me know by putting it in a separate section in your submission.

Appendix C – Narrative

???: . . .

???: Why is it so dark?

???: . . .

???: Where am I?

You are in your dream.

???: Who was that!?

I am you.

???: What!? That doesn't make sense! How can you be me when I am me!?

You are dreaming, so everything you experience here is a manifestation your mind creates.

Therefore, I am a manifestation of you. Think of me as an inner part of your conscious.

*Huh?

You're having a conversation with yourself because you were thinking too much before sleeping last night.

???: Oohhh. Then is this some kind of lucid dreaming?

**Makes sense

???: I probably couldn't stop thinking while trying to fall asleep last night and entered a lucid dream.

 You are somewhat correct.

???: What do you mean?

Indeed, to you this world is a lucid dream where you are able to control its outcome.

There will be parts of this dream where you are able to make choices that you desire, but you will not be able to control the core story you will experience.

Where this world differs from a lucid dream is how you awake from it. Normally, a lucid dream, or any dream, will end the moment you awaken from your sleep. However, here, you will not wake until you have reached an outcome of this story.

???: So you're telling me that I can't wake up unless I experience the story this dream world has for me and reach an ending?

Correct.

*What if I can't reach an ending?

. . . Do not worry.

If you do happen to run into some trouble, remember this

guiding question: Who are you?

**Sounds like an interesting challenge.

And challenging it may be.

To aid you in your journey, remember this question: Who are you?

***Okay, where do I start?

To begin, you must answer this question: Who are you?

(These two choices will lead to the same node)

*Who am I?   **Okay.

???: I'm... I'm...

???: …

???: My name is…

???: …

???: WAIT! Why can't I remember my name!?

???: Why can't I even answer that question?

???: Who AM I!?

Try as you might, but your sense of self is not conscious in this dream.

You won't be able to access the memories of who you are for the time being.

???: What!? Why!?

The part of your mind that contains your self-image is not active at this moment because you are asleep.

As you progress through this dream, you will experience events that will trigger parts of your memories to come back, unlocking and rebuilding your self-image.

Show the three objects (Book, Mirror, Door)

These three objects are entrances into three unique realms in this dream.

They are the key to your forgotten self and to your awakening.

When you enter a realm, you will embody a person from that realm. You will live as them and experience their life while making choices for them.

Perhaps you will see yourself within one of them, or even identify as them.

Change scenes

Enter a realm.

Realms will unlock as you learn more about your identity.

???: . . .

???: (Where am I now?)

Stranger: Ray.

???: (I guess I should start by figuring out who I am here)

Stranger: Ray!

???: . . .

Stranger: RAY PEL!

???: Huh? Are you talking to me?

Stranger: Of course I am! Who else would I be talking to?

Ray Pel: Oh, sorry . . . um?

Stranger: Are you playing games with me Ray? You couldn't have possibly forgotten your one and only best friend.
Stranger: The one and only Tracy, have you?

*Psh! Of course not!	**Sorry about that, I was deep in my thoughts back there.
Tracy: Then why didn't you answer me when I called out to you?	Tracy: Are you sure it was just that?
Ray Pel: I was just spaced out.	
Tracy: Really now? (>_>)	

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*Well . . .	**Honest!

Tracy: Hmm. . .

Ray Pel: (Oh no, am I acting too weird?)

Ray Pel: (What happens if people from this realm find out I'm not actually the person they know?)

Tracy: Okay then, I won't question you any further. Everyone has their off days now and then.

Ray Pel: (Phew, safe!)

Tracy: But we should probably head inside instead of loafing around outside.

Ray Pel: Inside?

Tracy: Yeah, inside. We're meeting at Deb's house tonight, remember?

Ray Pel: Yeah. . . I remember. . .

Tracy knocked on the door
A few seconds passed before the door opened to reveal a woman in her early twenties

Tracy: Hey Deb! Thanks for having all of us over on a Friday night.

Deb: It's no problem. I love it when the everyone gathers together.
Deb: I became the youth pastor because I wanted to provide a safe space for everyone to gather and learn.

Tracy: You're so nice Deb!
Tracy: So what time are we starting?

Deb: In about fifteen minutes after everyone settles down and has time to finish munching on snacks.
Deb: Wait, is that a new tattoo!?

Tracy: Yeah, I got it a week ago. It's actually a matching tattoo with two of my friends.

Deb: Wow! That's really cool.
Deb: I always love seeing you express your artsy self.

Tracy: Thanks!

Deb: Oh, well would you look at the time. It's time we get started.
Deb: Everyone! Let's circle up!

Ray Pel: Psst! Tracy.

Tracy: What is it?

Ray Pel: Do you, uh, mind if I ask what we're going to do?

Tracy: Oh, I forgot. This is your first time doing these kinds of things.
Tracy: We're doing a Bible study.
Tracy: Think of this as church.

Ray Pel: Huh? Church on a Friday night at someone's house?

Tracy: Yeah.
Tracy: Everyone gathers, talk to each other, learn about God at our own pace, and joke around every now and then. It's very chill.
Tracy: Honestly, there are times where we meet just to enjoy each other's company.

Ray Pel: I see. I didn't know that.

Tracy: No worries.
Tracy: Tonight's topic is about identity and Deb is going to talk about it.

Deb: Being loved by God is the strongest evidence of your identity in Christ. As Christians, we should feel God's love in every moment of our lives.
Deb: Experiencing that love is what stirs us into action to love others.
Deb: The protection and peace we feel when our lives are in tribulation. The sense of safety when things are uncertain.
Deb: That is God's love. And when you show that love, that compassion from your heart, to others through serving them with kindness, it displays your identity in Christ to the world.
Deb: Let us pray.

Ray Pel: (Hmm, an identity in Christ.)
Ray Pel: (A Christian. Is that who Ray is?)

Deb: Amen.
Deb: Alright, who wants to go out and get dinner!?

Change scenes

Tracy: I'll get the egg sandwich with extra eggs and a side of fries please.

Waiter: Alright, and what about you?

| *I'll get the same thing as her.
Waiter: Okay, I'll go put in your orders and your food will be out soon | **Could I order the macaroni and cheese from the kid's menu?
Waiter: . . .uh . .
Ray Pel: If I can't, that's okay. I was just asking.
Waiter: I'm just messing with you. You can order whatever you like. Your food will be ready in a few minutes. | ***I'll have the soup special.

Waiter: Okay, so we have an egg sandwich with extra eggs plus a side of fries and one soup special coming right up |

*Sounds good	**Thank you.

Tracy: So, what did you think about tonight's bible study session?

*It was interesting	**It was alright

Tracy: How so?

Ray Pel: It was different from what I heard about Christians from others.
Ray Pel: I thought Christians were just a bunch of judgmental people who forced others to follow what they believed. And that their actions were shallow and hypocritical because they wouldn't accept you unless you live the way the bible told you.

Tracy: That tends to be the view on Christianity with the few people who stand outside proclaiming "Heaven or Hell" and whatnot.

Ray Pel: Yeah, but after hearing what the Deb said, it seems that Christianity is based on God's love. Loving others by serving them. Being kind to them no matter who they are because God loves us.
Ray Pel: We're not perfect ourselves, but He chose to love us despite that. And that in turn encourages us to serve and provide for others because we want them to know and experience the same love He gives to us.

Tracy: I agree. I think it's profound to know that someone is always looking after me. Even if I'm struggling now, it's comforting to know that there's something much better for me in the future by trusting Him.
Tracy: It helps me endure hardships and grow. Granted, it may absolutely SUCK when I'm in the thick of a depressing season.

Waiter: Sorry for interrupting your conversation, but I'm here to deliver your orders.

Tracy: It's no worries, you're just doing your job.

Waiter: Here we are. And is there anything else I can get for you guys?

Ray Pel: I know we just got our meals, but could I ask for a to-go box now? My appetite feels small today, so I don't think I'll finish my meal.

Waiter: Sure thing. I'll be right back with it in a moment.

Ray Pel: Thank you!

-Pause-

Tracy: Whew! I'm stuffed!
Tracy: Are you finished with your food yet Ray?

Ray Pel: Yeah, I'm just putting the leftovers in the take-out box.

Tracy: Okay, I'll ask for the check then.

Ray Pel: Oh, make sure our checks are separate. I can pay for my-
Ray Pel: (Wait. Why don't I feel my wallet in my pocket?)
Ray Pel: (No. Don't tell me.)
Ray Pel: (Nononono. I don't have my wallet with me!)

Tracy: Are you alright Ray?
Tracy: You've been franticly shuffling in your seat for a bit after you cut your sentence short.

Ray Pel: I, uh. (>.<")

Tracy: What is it?

Ray Pel: I promise I'm not trying to leech off of you, but I think I forgot my wallet.

Tracy: Oh, was that all it was? Don't worry about. I got you covered. I can pay for you.

Ray Pel: Are you sure? I'll make sure I'll pay you back Tracy (TT^TT).

Tracy: Yes, I'm sure. And don't worry about paying me back. I have job.
Tracy: Even if I didn't, I wouldn't be too worried about it either. Money comes and goes.

Ray Pel: Thank you Tracy!

Tracy: It's no problem.
Tracy: Now let's head home. I'll give you a ride.

Ray Pel: You're too good to me (TT^TT)

Tracy: Alright, you can stop the sappiness.
Tracy: Don't forget your leftovers.

Ray Pel: Okay okay.

Change scenes

Stranger: Excuse me?

I look to my right to see a young girl as Tracy and I approach Tracy's car. The girl looked like she was around the age of a high schooler

Stranger: Do you happen to have some food?

Without hesitating, my body turn towards the girl and extended the hand holding on to my leftovers

Ray Pel: Yeah, you can have (^_^)

Stranger: Thank you.

She took the container of food and I continued to Tracy's car

Ray Pel: (Why did I give her my food?)
Ray Pel: (I had no reason NOT to give it to her,)
Ray Pel: (but I also had no reason TO give it to her either.)
Ray Pel: (I don't know her, or her circumstances.)
Ray Pel: (Regardless, my body impulsively gave it to her)

I glanced back at the girl as Tracy pulled out of the parking lot
A warm smile adorned her face as though a weight had been lifted from her chest

Tracy: Wow, I'm surprised that you gave away your food so easily since you love food so much.

Ray Pel: Huh? Oh, yeah. You know me and my love of food. Haha… (-~~-,,)
Ray Pel: Wait! I just realized I technically gave away food you bought for me! (TOT)
Ray Pel: I'm sorry!

Tracy: You're fine. Don't worry about it.
Tracy: I may have paid for it, but the food was yours. You're free to do whatever you want with your food.

Ray Pel: I still feel bad about it though…

Tracy lets out a laugh

Tracy: You're so kind Ray.
Tracy: I'm telling you, it's okay. I really don't mind.
Tracy: Oh, we've arrived at your home now.

Ray Pel: That was fast. Thank you, Tracy. See you soon!

Tracy: You too Ray.

-Pause/background is room-

Although I didn't recognize this house, my body instinctively knew where to go and I ended up in "my"/ Ray's room

Ray Pel: (What an interesting day.)

I walked to the bed and sat down

Ray's room looks slightly messy with bags and knickknacks scattered on the floor. There was even THE chair. The one that's always piled with clothes. But there was one area that was neatly organized

The desk in Ray's room was clean, not cluttered by various objects. It looked like an ideal workspace. As I examine the desk, I noticed a worn-out book centered in the desk. I stood up and walked over to the desk to take a closer look. On the cover was two words: The Book

Ray Pel: (What kind of title is that?)

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*Open the book   ** Don't open the book

I debated whether or not to open the book, but curiosity got the better of me and I opened the book. Scribbled in ink on the first page of the book was "Ray Pel's Bible"

Ray Pel: (So this worn out book is Ray's bible?)
Ray Pel: (Should I turn the page?)

*No   **Yes

*Before I could close Ray's bible, there was a   *As I turn the page, the bible suddenly glowed
flash of blinding light*   and let out a flash of blinding light*

-Return to scene with three entrances-

???: Huh?
???: Oh, I'm back at the realms' entrances again.
???: It looks like the Mirror entrance is open now. Should I go in?

-If player clicks on Book-
???: I was just there.

-If player clicks on Mirror-
Enter realm

Stranger: Excuse me, but could you move please? I'm in a hurry.

???: What?

A man stood in front of me with his arms crossed. He seemed slightly irritated

Stranger: I need to go in the building, but you're blocking the entrance.

???: Oh! I'm sorry!

I quickly stepped aside to let him through. He entered the building grumbling

Stranger: Young people these days! Always loitering around and slowing people down.

???: (Well excuse me!)

Just then, I felt a vibration in my right pocket. I reach my hand into the pocket and pulled out a phone

???: A text from John? Who's John?

John: Yo Pyra, where are you? Everyone is already at Arcadia 3. We're just waiting on you now.

*I'll be there in 5 minutes

John: Sounds good. Don't show up too late like last time though, haha. Otherwise we'll start without you :P

** Where is Arcadia 3 again?

John: Are you serious? Man, your sense of direction is something else.

John: You said you were in front of the post office, right? Just go right for one block and you should see Arcadia.

John: Just, try not to get more lost on your way (-_-"

---

*Okay.

**I'll try not to.

Pyra: (I guess I'm known as Pyra in this realm.)

After texting John, I looked up to assess my surroundings. I was standing in front of Mail Express Post Office and to my right I could see a flashing sign that read, "Arcadia 3"

Pyra: (That must be the arcade John was referring to.)

Change scenes

I stepped inside Arcadia 3 and was met with bright neon lights from every corner of my eyes. There were rhythm games, racing games, bowling, and more. On top of the energetic atmosphere were the equally overwhelming and lively people enjoying the games

Pyra: (Great. . . How am I supposed to figure out who's John with this many people here? (-_-"))

I walked farther into Arcadia in hopes of finding the group of people I was meeting

Pyra: (Maybe if I look confused and lost, someone from the group would notice me)

???: HEY!

The loud voice caught my attention and I turned towards the direction it came from
The source of the voice came from a young man. He was waving like a mad man when I made eye contact with him

???: PYRA! OVER HERE!!!

Pyra: (I'm going to assume that's John. . .)

I weaved through the crowd to get to the man

Pyra: John?

John: That's me! (^ V ^)(ˆ ▽ ˆ)
John: It's kinda hard to see people given how dark it is huh?

Pyra: Yeah. . .

John: Anyways, that's enough chit-chat. The others have already started playing without us because we only have a limited amount of time with the bowling lane   aaaannnd you were taking too long to get here (-)3 -) (‾ ε(‾)

Pyra: I'm sorry.

John: It's fine, we didn't miss that much. Let's hurry!

-pause-

???: There you are John. What took you so long?

John: Awww, did ya miss me Felix?

Felix: Psh! No. I was just happy because I finally pulled ahead of you because you missed your turn (- v -) (‾ ▽ ‾)

John: What!? That's not fair! After I went through the trouble of reuniting us with Pyra too (TT^TT)

???: Don't worry John, you're not that far behind. You're still ahead of me.

John: Thanks for trying to cheer me up Daffiny.

Daffiny: Sure thing! At least you're not last place like Pyra.

Pyra: Hey man! I wasn't even here for the first two frames to bowl. You could've wait for me.

Felix: Yeah, but then we would all have less time to play. We can only rent an alley for an hour and a half at Arcadia 3.

Pyra: Fine. How much did it cost to rent it anyway?

Felix: $21 dollars + $4 per person for the shoe rental.
Felix: So, $9.25 per person.

Pyra: ($9.25? Let's hope I have a wallet with me in this realm.)
Pyra: (I mean I have Pyra's phone, so logically I should have Pyra's wallet too? Right?)

I patted down my clothes and felt a bump in my back pant's pocket. I pulled out the object to see what it was

Pyra: (I'm saved! A wallet!)

Opening the wallet, I saw a twenty and a five

Daffiny: Oh yeah, don't forget to account for the food and drinks we're gonna get after the game.

Pyra: Will do.

John: Yo Pyra. It's your turn to bowl now.

Pyra: Okay!

Change scenes*

Felix: Hey John, have you heard anything from Bobby recently?

John: No, why do you ask?

Felix: Ugh! (¬_¬)
Felix: We were supposed to hang out last week, but he said that something came up, so we had to cancel it. But I ran into Savannah yesterday and found out that he was with her that night.
Felix: Bobby's fucking fake man. If he didn't want to hang out with me, he could've just said it to my face.

John: Well maybe he did have something to do but ran into Savannah afterwards. I don't think Bobby is the type of person that cancels plans for no reason. He's an honest guy.

Felix: Okay, but then he could've invited me at least (¬.¬) (¬、¬)
Felix: I also found out from Savannah that he updated her about his family's situation. And let me tell you, it ain't been getting better.

John: Oh no! That's not good to hear.

Felix: Yeah, but I can't believe Bobby didn't tell me first.

John: What do you mean?

Felix: I mean I already knew that he was going through some rough times right now, but the least he could do is tell me. I just want to help him, but every time I ask him about it, he just avoids the topic. Like, I thought we were friends.

John: Maybe he just feels more comfortable talking with Savannah. Or maybe there's some circumstances, that we don't necessarily know about, that's keeping him from sharing with many people.

Felix: So? I should have the right to know as his friend. I'm honestly just trying to help (- . -)s┐(￣ ∧ ￣)┌

John: I don't know man. I mean like you said, you guys are friends. So, he'll probably tell you when he's comfortable.

Felix: Whatever. I'm over it.

Change scenes

Pyra: HECK YEAH!!! \(> V <)9 ٩(≧∀≦)۶

The scoreboard was flashing "Pyra Le Wins!"

Pyra Le: Did you guys see my comeback!? I completely wiped the floor with you guys even though I missed two of my turns!

Felix: Yeah yeah. How could we NOT see it? We literally had front row seats to witness our demise.

Daffiny: That's was some awesome bowling skills Pyra. Three strikes in a row!?

John: Yeah, your end game was pretty strong.

Pyra Le: Hehe, thanks!

Felix: Alright, enough of your gloating. Let's go pay for the lane and shoes that we rented.

Pyra Le: What? Did someone not already pay for it?

Felix: Nope.

Pyra Le: Usually you pay before renting a bowling alley, so I thought we were all going to pay back whoever rented the alley.

Daffiny: That's true for most places, but Arcadia 3 is different.

Pyra Le: That's weird.

Cashier: The total is $9.25 per person after splitting the cost and adding the shoe rental.

I paid first and stepped to the side to wait for the others
Daffiny and Felix joined me not long after

Daffiny: Yes! Now we can do what I've been wanting to do all night.

Felix: Let me guess, chicken wings.

Daffiny: You are correct!
Daffiny: I'm starving! I've been craving wings from Plump Pecking's Chicken for weeks!
Daffiny: I even dreamt about it last night (￣ w ￣)

Felix: As long as I get my Italian soda, I don't care what we get.

Pyra Le: Does Plump Pecking's have Italian soda?

Daffiny: Yes.

Felix: Sweet!

Daffiny: But I heard that they only have a limited supply of it each day.

Felix: Then why are we still chit-chatting here? Let's go!

Pyra Le: That's because we're waiting for John.

Felix: Well he needs to hurry up.

Pyra: (-＿-'')
Pyra: (Geez. . . Felix really needs some patience, but John is taking longer than expected.)

I glanced at the cash register to see what was holding him up. John looked like he was discussing something with the cashier, but he seemed a bit distressed. He lowered his head as if he was apologizing and then quickly came to us

Pyra Le: Is everything alright John?

John: Uh, well. . .

Felix: What is it? Just spit it out, we got places to be and Italian sodas to buy.

John: I somehow managed to misplace my card and I'm short on cash. . . so I can't pay my share at the moment. . .

Felix: Sucks dude, I didn't come here to donate to others (- ^ -)s ┐(￣ ∧ ￣)┌

Daffiny: I'm sorry. . . I already planned to spend the rest of my money on chicken wings. . .

Each time John was denied of help, I could see the hope in his eyes dim while anxiety mixed with sadness grew

John: Pyra?

Pyra Le: (What should I do?)
Pyra Le: (Man, why did he have to ask me last? Now I feel really pressured to help him out. . .)
Pyra Le: (Wait, why am I thinking this way?)
Pyra Le: (I mean, I have enough to cover him, but then I'll only have $6.50 left. And that's not enough to feed myself. Even if I just get a drink, then I wouldn't have enough money to do anything tomorrow. . .)

John: It's okay if you don't want to, I understand you have bills to pay.
John: I'll figure something out.

Pyra Le: (Bills? I wasn't even thinking about that. . .)
Pyra Le: (I don't have to go eat with everyone. There's next time, right?)
Pyra Le: (But this is a dream, I may never get a chance to taste wings from Plump Pecking's Chicken ever again. . .)
Pyra Le: John.
Prya Le: . . .
Pyra Le: I'm sorr-

John: It's okay. Really. <mark>(´∨ `)</mark> (´∇ `)

Pyra Le: But-

John: Don't worry about me. You guys go and have fun. I'll find a way through this situation I put myself in.

Felix: You heard him Pyra. Let's go.

I looked at John worriedly one last time before I turned to leave with Felix and Daffiny
*When nearing the exit for Arcadia 3, I noticed a mirror above the doors. I saw a figure moving a lot faster than the rest of the of the people in the reflection. *
As I got closer to the mirror, I realized it was John. He was talking to every person that crossed his path. And every time a person walked away from him. . .it was disheartening to watch
For him   and me

Just before I exited Arcadia, the mirror above me flashed and I was blinded by its reflection

-Return to scene with three entrances-

???: . . .
???: Looks like I'm back at the realms' entrances again.
???: . . .
???: That was so weird. I was so reluctant to help John out in that situation.
???: But I didn't have a second thought about giving food to the girl in the realm behind the book.
???: . . .
???: Well whatever the reason was, I still need to find out more about who I really am.
???: I guess it's time to enter the Door's realm.

-If player clicks on Book-
???: I've already been to that realm.

-If player clicks on Mirror-
???: I was just there.

-If player clicks on Door-
Enter realm

When I came to my senses, I found myself inside a bedroom. It looked vaguely familiar

???: Lyre!
???: Lyre! Mom and dad said they want to talk to you!

. . .

???: Lyre?!

Lyre: (I'm going to assume that Lyre is me. . .)
Lyre: Okay! I'm coming!

Change scenes

I entered a living room with an open kitchen. On the sofa sat a man around his mid-forties while a woman, who looked about the same age as the man, was moving about the kitchen

Mom: I'll be there with you in just a moment. I have to finish up dinner first.
Mom: Go sit with dad while you wait Lyre.

Lyre: Okay.

I sat down in the living room to wait as instructed

Lyre: (I wonder what they wanted to talk about?)

Dad was currently watching TV, so I didn't bother him. Instead, I let my eyes roam around the living room space, hoping to learn more about Lyre
My eyes landed on a family portrait with the words, "Pa Family," etched into the bottom of the frame
The man and woman in this portrait looked like mom and dad, but with less lines of age showing. In front of them was a young girl, and an even younger boy. All the family members wore very formal clothing and a warm, content smile adorn their faces. It was, how you say,
Picture Perfect

As my gaze left the portrait and followed along the walls of the room again, I noticed that there were many certificates and awards. Many of them read "Lyre Pa," while a few others read, "Tin Pa"

Lyre Pa : (Wow, Lyre seems like she comes from an upstanding family with the perfect daughter and son.)

Mom: Alright, I'm all done. Let's have our talk now.

Lyre Pa: What about Tin?

Dad: He's in his room playing games. We'll talk to him later.

Lyre Pa: Okay then.

Mom: Lyre, it's important that you don't let anyone outside our family know what I'm about to tell you, okay?

Lyre Pa: Okay.

Mom: As you know, your dad has been working for a company that makes airplane parts for Bo-Wing.

Lyre Pa: Yeah.

Mom: Well. . .

Dad: I have been laid off for some time now, but I've recently got a new job as a bus driver.

Lyre Pa: Oh. . .
Lyre Pa: Well I'm glad that you found another job, but why didn't you tell me about being laid off before?

Mom: We didn't want to worry you, or your brother.
Mom: We also didn't want other people to find out. The less people who knew about it, the less likely that would happen.

Lyre Pa: I see. . .
Lyre Pa: But that makes sense. It's not every day you see people going around flaunting that they've been laid off.
Lyre Pa: If that was what this was about, then you don't have to worry about me telling people. It's a given that being laid off is a private matter. I don't understand why we had to gather like this and create such a serious and confidential atmosphere in order to speak about this.

Mom: We just wanted to make sure you understood what was happening. We just don't want others to know and change their. . . opinion about us.

Lyre Pa: Well, yeah. Like I said, I understand.

Mom: But we also wanted to make sure you wouldn't tell your friends our any of our extended family members about dad's new job either.

Lyre Pa: Wait, why? He has a job. He's not unemployed.

Dad: We. . .don't want people to know that I'm just a bus driver now when I used to do something, you know, better.

Lyre Pa: (What? But these things are normal in our society. It's nothing to be ashamed of!!!)

I tried to open my mouth to retaliate my parent's way of thinking, but my mouth felt glued shut. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't open my mouth to speak. It was like something inside me was screaming that it was not my place to speak

Lyre Pa: . . .

Mom: If your friends ask you, tell then you don't know what dad's new job is. If it's family, tell them he's still working at his old job. Understand?

Lyre Pa: . . .

Mom: Lyre?

Lyre Pa: Yes, I understand.

Mom: Good- Oh, that's my phone. I need to take this.
Mom: Hello Auntie Kim! How are you! Yes, he's still working at Bo-Wing. . .

Mom's voice faded as she walked away

Change scenes

I plopped onto the bed as soon as I shut the door to the living room

Lyre Pa: *sigh*
Lyre Pa: (Why couldn't I speak up?)
Lyre Pa: . . .
Lyre Pa: (Is it because that's not type of person I am in this world? Because that's not who Lyre is?)

A soft vibration accompanied by an arrangement of notes broke me from my thoughts. I looked around to find the source of the sounds and found a cellphone near the headboard of the bed
The caller ID was someone by the name of, "Ane"

*Pick up the phone.	**Ignore the call.
Lyre: (How would Lyre answer a call?)	*After a few seconds, the phone stopped ringing*
	Lyre: (If it's important, they'll call again)
	I waited in silence for 20 seconds before the phone rang again

---

*Hello?	**Yo!

Ane: Hello?

Lyre Pa: I'm here.

Ane: Oh, okay. I wanted to ask if you wanted to go to the concert with Ruben and me tonight. We still have an extra ticket, so you don't have to worry about paying. It's on us.

Lyre Pa: Uh, sure! What time does it start?

Ane: It starts at 6 and it's already 5. We can pick you up if you'd like.

Lyre Pa: That would be great! Thanks, Ane.

Ane: Yeah, no problem. See you soon.

Lyre Pa: See you.

The line ended

Lyre Pa: (Well that was an unexpected turn of events.)
Lyre Pa: (I should get ready)

Change scenes

Ane: We're here.

Lyre Pa: Okay, I'm coming.

.   .   .

Dad: Where are you going?

Lyre Pa: I'm going to a concert with my friends.

Dad: A concert? Where is it at and with whom?

Lyre Pa: It's in downtown. And I'm going with Ane and Ruben.

Dad: Are you driving? You're not picking them up, are you?

Lyre Pa: (Why does that matter?)
Lyre Pa: No, they're picking me up. They're actually already here.

Dad: Oh. Okay. That's good. We live closer to downtown so it's more convenient for them to pick you up. And it saves gas since you're not driving.

Lyre Pa: Alright, I'll be on my way the-

Dad: Wait, one last thing. What time will you be home?

Lyre Pa: (My goodness, so many questions.)
Lyre Pa: I'm not sure, it's a concert so it's probably going to end a bit late.

Dad: Hmm. . .
Dad: Okay, as you have a man with you and you're home by 10pm, you can go.

Lyre Pa: (What!? I wasn't even asking. I was just going to go. I didn't know I had to ask. Lyre seems to be in her twenties, why does she have to ask to go out? That's ridiculous!)
Lyre Pa: (Also, why does it matter that there's a guy with me!?)
Lyre Pa: Uhh, since I'm not driving, I can't guarantee that I'll be home by 10.

Dad: Well then just tell your friends that you have to be home by 10.

Lyre Pa: What? I can't just do that. If someone is giving me a ride, then I need to respect their time.

Dad: I know, but just tell them and be home by 10.

Lyre Pa: Huh? You're not making any sense.

Dad: What do you mean I'm not making any sense. I'm letting you go to the concert as long as you come home by 10. So, tell your friends to take you home by 10.

Lyre Pa: (You can't just force people to run on your time! That's being outright rude!)
Lyre Pa: I-
Lyre Pa: I will.
Lyre Pa: (Huh? That's not what I wanted to say at all!)

Dad: Okay, then I'll see you later.

He walked over to the front door and opened it for me
Instead of seeing the evening sky outside, everything was bright white. The brightness slowly expanded and enveloped me

-Return to scene with three entrances-

Welcome back.
I trust that you have experienced the lives of the people in each realm, yes?

???: I have.

Then do you find that one of those lives resonate with you? Are you closer to remembering who you are?

???: I don't know.

Hmm… Why is that?

???: Each person I became in those realms felt so different from each other. The lives they lived and the way they were raised.
???: Even down to how they acted.
???: It felt like each person was fundamentally different, yet I was able to relate with each one of them to some extent while living as them.
???: But I was frustrated.
???: Frustrated, and at times confused, when I was unable to act in the ways I wanted in certain situations in each realm. I felt that during the most important decision-making moments, I was unable to apply the knowledge I have and the knowledge I gained from each realm.
???: I found that Ray is full of love and kindness, but I couldn't showcase that love when I was Pyra.
???: Instead, I found that Pyra puts herself first. Ensuring her own security with her own possessions before thinking of others and living her life as hers alone.
???: But then I was Lyre. She was unable to live her life as her own, catering to whatever her family wanted.

I see. . .

*Because I feel drawn to parts of every one of them, I don't think I'll be able to identify as any of them with all of their contradictions.

Interesting, so you're saying who you are cannot be represented in Ray, Pyra, or Lyre because their lives are in constant contradiction, yet somehow you see a little bit of yourself in all of them?

**Because I feel drawn to parts of every one of them, I'm not sure I'll be able to identify as just one of them

Interesting, so you're saying you are not sure who you are because you feel that Ray, Pyra, and Lyre all represent a part of you and you don't understand if it's possible to identify with three vastly different people at once?

---

*Yes.   **. . .

Then it seems that there is still a haze blocking you from remembering who you are: Confliction and Confusion.
Perhaps revisiting each realm once more will clear your mind and help you remember who you are.

Show entrances

???: Hmm. . .

???: It seems like all the entrances are locked except for the book's realm again.

Ray Pel: . . .

Looking around, I saw a familiar Bible on a desk in front of me

Ray Pel: (I guess I'm back in Ray's room.)

I let my eyes wander around the room

Ray Pel: (My inner conscious said that there's still some kind of confliction, or confusion, that's keeping me from figuring out who I am, so maybe I'll find the missing pieces by examining each life a little closer. Hopefully, I'll notice details I didn't see last time).

A bright red circle caught my eyes. The red lines encircled a date on the calendar that hung near the bedroom door
I walked up to the calendar to see why the date was so important. The words, "Youth Group Hang-out @3," was written in the same red inking

Ray Pel: (Judging from the days already crossed out, that's tomorrow!)
Ray Pel: (Hmm. . . I should probably go. I think Tracy will be there since she's part of the Youth Group, and she seems to know a lot about Ray.)

I checked the clock to see what time it was

Ray Pel: (1AM!?)
Ray Pel: (I need to sleep now if I want to be alert for tomorrow's event.)
Ray Pel: (Not to mention I need to be able to think clearly if I want to find hints about my identity (^ _ ^;)

-pause-

???: . . .re. .
???: . . yre!
???: Lyre!!! Wake up!

Lyre(?): Mhm… (｡´-д-)

???: How long are you going to stay in bed!? It's already past noon!

Lyre(?): Hmm? (*´o`*)

???: What time did you sleep last night!? (ㅇ言ㅇ╫)

Lyre(?): Mom!? Σ(○□○)

Mom: Yes, that is me. Now did you hear my question? Or did you want me to address you by your American name? (¬_¬)

Lyre(?): What?

Mom: I asked what time you went to sleep last night,
Mom: Ray.

Ray (Lyre): Oh, uhhh, 1AM. . .ish

Mom: Tch . . . Sleep earlier next time. It's bad for your health and you end up wasting most of your day sleeping.

Ray (Lyre): Okay. . .

Mom then left and closed the door behind her

Ray (Lyre): . . .
Ray (Lyre): (Wait.)
Ray (Lyre): (So Ray and Lyre are the same person!? How can this be!? They felt like two different beings!)

I quickly pulled out my phone to check the contacts I had. To my surprise, both Tracy and Ane were present on my "recently called" list

Ray (Lyre): No way. . .

Just then, the phone's event reminder rings: "Get ready for the church event"
I glanced at the clock on the phone screen and saw the numbers 1:47

Ray (Lyre): (Oh my!)
Ray (Lyre): (I need to get up and get ready NOW if I don't want to be late!)

I quickly got out of bed and sprinted to the restroom

Change scenes

Ray (Lyre): (2:25. Phew! I got ready with enough time for commuting （´・｀）)
Ray (Lyre): (Though I would've had more time if Tin wasn't taking a massive dump when I needed to use the restroom (￣ー￣；))
Ray (Lyre): (I swear a nuclear war happened in that toilet bowl   but with massive stink bombs instead.)

My body instinctively recoiled, and my hands covered my mouth to keep me from barfing

Mom: Lyre!? Is that you!?

I forcibly swallowed the sour liquid that made its way up my throat

Ray (Lyre): Yeah, it's me.

Mom popped her head out of the kitchen at the sound of my response

Mom: Oh. Are you going somewhere again? (¬_¬)

Ray (Lyre): Yeah, I'm going to hang out with the Youth group. They're having a church event today.

Mom: I see. . .   (¬_¬)

Ray (Lyre): Is there something wrong?

Mom: . . .

Ray (Lyre): Mom?

Mom: Hmm?

Ray (Lyre): Is everything alright?

Mom: Oh. . . it's nothing.

Mom had her back turned towards me, but I could clearly sense that she wasn't in the best of moods

Ray (Lyre): What do you mean nothing? I can see that you're displeased.

Mom: *Sighs* You're just never around the house when the family needs you.
Mom: You're always out and about, so I can't ask you for help on certain tasks.

*Help with what kind of things?

Mom: Oh, I don't know. Things like folding the laundry, buying things online, and prepping for dinner.

Ray (Lyre): Can't Tin help you with those things when I'm not home? I mean, he's always home and in his room playing games.

Mom: . . .

** What about Tin? He seems to always be home.

Mom: . . .

Mom?

** Why aren't you answering?

Mom: It's just that. . . he's younger than you.

Ray (Lyre): So? He's still old enough to help around the house. Did I help out when I was his age?

Mom: Well, yes. But he's young. Let him enjoy his childhood more. Besides, he's a boy and you're a girl. You're supposed to do housework chores and assist me, not Tin.

Ray (Lyre): What? ಠ_ಠ
Ray (Lyre): Did. . .did you just say that the reason why you don't ask Tin to help is because he's a boy?

Mom: Yes, and because he's younger than you. But you are correct.

Ray (Lyre): (OH HECK NO!)

Ray (Lyre): Do you realize how unfair that sounds! Why does it always have to be me who helps you when you have a perfectly capable son!?!?

Mom: Now Lyre! That's no way to speak to your mother! You will NOT yell at me!

Ray (Lyre): I don't care! You're being illogical! Why do you need me to constantly be at home!? Even when I don't do anything productive! Why can't I just go out and have fun for once without you or dad on my back? It's feels like I'm IMPRISIONED within my own home! Have I done anything to lose your trust in the past!?

Mom: No, but-

Ray (Lyre): Then you should have no worries about me getting into any trouble!

Mom: . . .

Ray (Lyre): Is what I'm saying making sense?

Mom: Just go.

Ray (Lyre): But I want to make sure you understand what I'm saying.

Mom: Tsk! You don't have to stay home. You can go.

Ray (Lyre): Okay, but-

Mom threw the cup she was washing into the sink, shattering it

Mom: I ALREADY GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO GO. WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT!?

Ray (Lyre): ⊙﹏⊙

*I quickly left the house. . . *

Change scenes

Ray (Lyre): (＿　＿|||)
Ray (Lyre): *Sigh*

I was sitting in the sand by myself, away from the other Youth Group members. I couldn't bring myself to have fun with everyone else as I thought back to the argument I had with Mom

Ray (Lyre): ("I ALREADY GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO GO. WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT!?")
Ray (Lyre): *Sigh*

I hugged my knees and buried my face into my legs

Ray (Lyre): (Why did I have to yell at her. . .)
Ray (Lyre): (How could I have been so mean? Mom was raised in a different culture, so her perspective on life is different from mine. . . She didn't yell at me first either)
Ray (Lyre): (By yelling at her and cutting her off, I was anything but kind or loving (≽﹏≼))
Ray (Lyre): (But is it so wrong of me to stand up for myself?)

Tracy: Hey Ray? Are you alright? You've been alone for quite some time now.

Ray (Lyre): . . .

Tracy: If you don't want to talk about it, that's fine too.

I suddenly felt the presence of a body sitting next to me, then a weight resting on my left shoulders

Ray (Lyre): . . .
Ray (Lyre): (Should I tell her?)

* (Yeah, I should tell her. Maybe she can help me figure out my confusing thoughts)

*** (I guess I can tell her. . . though I'm not sure my feelings and thoughts will make sense to her)

Ray (Lyre): Hey. . . Tracy?

Tracy: Yeah?

Ray (Lyre): I-I had an argument with my mom before I came here.

Tracy: There's nothing wrong with that. I think that it's normal for us to have disagreements with our parents.

Ray (Lyre): Yeah but, I just feel horrible about the way I handled the situation. I ended up yelling at her when I was angry because I felt I was being belittled by her just because of my gender. I was trying to defend myself from her words, but in doing so I wasn't able to be a kind and loving daughter.

Ray (Lyre): I'm a terrible human being.

Tracy: Nonsense! You're not a terrible human being!
Tracy: You're just a human! I still believe you have a kind and loving heart no matter what you did.
Tracy: Humans mess up. We get blinded by our overwhelming emotions at times, but that doesn't change who you are at the core.

** (No, she'll just judge me. Ray, a Christian who fought with their parents. I need to keep this problem to myself)

Tracy: You know, whatever happened, I think you're still a beautiful person with a kind heart Ray.

I winced when she said I was kind

Ray (Lyre): I don't think I'm a kind person because of what I did. . .
Ray (Lyre): I felt I was being treated like trash when I was talking to my mom before I left the house. She was going on about what I was "supposed" to do since I'm a girl. But I didn't agree with her and lost my temper.
Ray (Lyre): I'm frustrated that I lost my temper at her, and I'm finding it hard to love her at the moment.

Ray (Lyre): I'm a terrible human being.

Tracy: Nonsense! You're not a terrible human being!
Tracy: You're just a human! I still believe you have a kind and loving heart no matter what you did.
Tracy: Humans mess up. We get blinded by our overwhelming emotions at times, but that doesn't change who you are at the core.

---

* . . .

** Are you sure about that?

Tracy: I really meant what I said, Ray.

Ray (Lyre): . . .
Ray (Lyre): I don't know if I can agree Tracy. . .
Ray (Lyre): How can a person who's so kind and loving that they would give food to a stranger without a second thought be the same person who unruly treats their family in the opposite manner?
Ray (Lyre): How can I show kindness to others while standing up for myself at the same time? It feels as

though it was wrong of me to speak up for myself in that situation. But it was also wrong of me to shout at my mom.

Ray (Lyre): I can't see a way out of this mentality! (/≥﹏≤\)

Tracy: . . .
Tracy: Ray. . .

Ray (Lyre): I-I just don't know what to do or how to think anymore.

Tracy takes in a deep breath and exhaled. She then hugged me

Tracy: Honestly, I don't know either Ray.
Tracy: I don't think there's just one right answer to the thoughts you're having and the way you're feeling.
Tracy: But I also think that everything you're feeling is real and valid, no matter how contradicting it is.
Tracy: People tend to change and adapt themselves depending on the situation they're in, the people they're with, and many more things. It's the way we-

*present ourselves to others	**hide ourselves from others	***change ourselves in front of others
Tracy: Yeah. Tracy: But no matter how you present yourself, I'll still think that you're still you. Regardless of your actions and thoughts, Tracy: you're Ray Pel. Ray (Lyre): Thanks Tracy.	Tracy: Yeah. Tracy: But no matter how much of you is hidden, I'll still think that you're still you. Regardless of your actions and thoughts, Tracy: you're Ray Pel. Ray (Lyre): Thanks Tracy.	Tracy: Yeah. Tracy: But no matter how much you change yourself, I'll still think that you're still you. Regardless of your actions and thoughts, Tracy: you're Ray Pel. Ray (Lyre): Thanks Tracy.

Change scenes

Ray (Lyre): (Does every action I make really a part of the real me like Tracy said?)
Ray (Lyre): (Even when I do something that conflicts with my own thoughts and beliefs?)
Ray (Lyre): (Or is everything I do, and everything I am, is a complete lie?)
Ray (Lyre): Oof! (/>_||

I rubbed my forehead and looked up to see what I bumped into

Ray (Lyre): Oh, sorry dad. I didn't see you there. (´ v ｀ ;)

Dad: . . . You should be more aware of your surroundings Lyre.

Ray (Lyre): Yeah, I will. Don't worry about it.

Dad: *Sigh* Don't tell me you're also like this outside of the house? It could be dangerous for you if you don't know what's happening around you.

Ray (Lyre): . . . I know, but I already said that I would be more careful. So, can we please drop this topic?

Dad: Tsk! I can say what I want. I am your father, so you have to listen to me!

Ray (Lyre): But I did listen to you-

Dad: Ah-ah-ah, I'm not finished yet. I have something else I need to discuss with you. It's about how you treated your mother earlier today.
Dad: You are not supposed to yell at your parents, that is completely disrespectful! You need to listen to her because you are the child and don't EVER talk back. Didn't you learn that you have to honor your mother and father at church!?

Ray (Lyre): . . .

* Walk away

Dad: Lyre! Hey!
Dad: Why are you walking away? I'm not done with you yet! Come back here!

Ray (Lyre): (Nope! I am NOT dealing with this again. I'm not going to try to fight him OR myself.)

I stormed into my room and slammed the door

** Argue with him

Ray (Lyre): Well what did you suppose I should do in that situation!?
Ray (Lyre): I don't know what mom told you, but she was being ridiculous! Wanting me to stay home all the time for simple and easy chores that I can do later in the day!? HECK I could probably finish all the tasks she wants me to do in an hour or so!
Ray (Lyre): But not only that! She had the audacity to say that I needed to do these things because I'm a girl. A freakin female! For goodness sake! You guys have another child that can help you too! But nooooo. You guys won't ask him to help because he's a MALE!

Dad: That's not the point, Lyre! Regardless of what your mother says, you still have to listen and speak softly. It was inappropriate for you to shout angrily at her!

Ray (Lyre): Is it wrong for me to get angry? Can I not raise my voice when I get frustrated!? I'm not a robot Dad! You yell at others when you get angry too! After living so many years in this country, I'm sure you know what this culture is like! Since I was raised here, of course I would get mad!

Dad: Well your mom and I weren't raised here! So as long as you are under OUR roof, you will obey OUR rules! Do you understand!?

Ray (Lyre): Tch!

Dad: The front door is right there if you think otherwise.

I glanced at the front door and then at my bedroom door

Dad: Well?

Ray (Lyre): . . .

I walked over to my bedroom door

Ray (Lyre): Fine. I understand. (¬、¬)

With my last words spoken, I entered my room and closed the door behind me

 *** Try to explain your thoughts

Ray (Lyre): *Sigh* Yes, I did. But I also learned that we should love each other, whether it be serving with kindness or respecting others.

Dad: Then you should've respected your mother by not raising your voice and obeying her.

Ray (Lyre): I understand that I was in the wrong when I angrily yelled at her, but I wanted her to understand how I was feeling. It's hard not to get angry and yell at others when you feel that you're being belittled.
Ray (Lyre): I wanted to be respected as a person as well.

Dad: Respect is respect, but you are still our child. So, we have the right to say what we want. If you're angry, you still need to talk to us politely.

Ray (Lyre): *Sigh* I agree that I should've tried harder to not explode at mom, but I still want to be treated like another human being. I mean if your friend was treating you unfairly and belittling you, you would be angry too.
Ray (Lyre): Likewise, can you really blame me for feeling the way I did? We're all people, normal human beings with feelings that should be respected regardless of our position.

Dad: . . .

Ray (Lyre): Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you, dad?

Dad: . . .

Dad didn't answer my question. Instead he stood there, seemingly in thought for a while before he left the room

Change scenes

Leaning my back against my bedroom door, I let out a sigh （´ o `）=3

Ray (Lyre): (What an ordeal . . .)
Ray (Lyre): (Thinking about everything that happened so far is exhausting.)

I shoved my hands into my jacket's pocket and slid to the ground

Ray (Lyre): (Huh? What's this?)

I grabbed the object I felt in one of my pockets and pulled it out. It was a piece of paper folded twice. Slowly, I opened it

Hey Ray, I may not know the exact situation you're in or exactly how you're feeling internally, but I wanted to help lift your burdens (even if it's only by a little). Whatever it is you're struggling with; I hope you'll see it in my poem and realize that you're not alone in your struggles. – Love Tracy

P.S. This poem is a creation from an agglomeration of other's and my experiences.

Change scenes

(Insert poem submission by Jeanne Macbeth)

<u>True</u> or <u>False</u>

Just. don't.

Don't say "actually"

and recite to me

the lessons once learned in elementary

back when we thought

pencils were the only tools of erasure.

Don't comment all your "Christianity"

like a bomb of gas, light, and authority,

like bullets aimed to bring

submission in my thoughts and prayers.

Just…why are you like this?

you do this

without even thinking—

it's your conditioning

to imagine your position

entitles you to fuck with me

or else fuck me

and if I dare to refuse either,

I get all the righteous anger

of your hypermasculine savior:

you know, capitalist white jesus,

driving profit and demons

for the sake of his kingdom—

his hetero, cis, conservative kingdom—

where only penises can lead us

to gentrify the promised land,

safe from immigrants and vagina hats

because no one here is an incel;

but as long as we don't kiss and tell,

or date for fun,

you'll let us leave the kitchen

to have your secret abortion;

as long as we repent for making

you masturbate,

and change out of our leggings

as we assimilate,

we can learn to vote your conscience

and our existence becomes acceptable.

just as long as we don't speak when you rape us,

march when you cheat us,

or escape when you beat us,

we can remain at the altar,

and his mercy will save us

from being fucked, gunned down, gas lit, or erased

by anyone else

just you

Change scenes

Ray (Lyre): (Wow, what an amazing poem. I wonder how many people experience life this way. . .feeling that their very existence is being demeaned by others just because of who they are.)

Ray (Lyre): . . .

Ray (Lyre): (Thanks Tracy, I really needed to read this.)
Ray (Lyre): (I'm not fighting by battles alone.)

I slowly stood up and walked to my desk. I opened the top right drawer so I could put away the poem

But as I closed the drawer, I noticed a piece of paper sticking out the bible on the desk
The longer I stared at it, the more tempting it was to open the bible to see what purpose the marked page held

Ray (Lyre): (Aw man, I can't take it any longer! A peek won't hurt anyone.)

I flipped to the page marked by the piece of paper. On that page, the verse, Ephesians 6:1-4, was highlighted

Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. 2 "Honor your father and mother"—which is the first commandment with a promise— 3 "so that it may go well with you and that you may enjoy long life on the earth." 4 Fathers, do not exasperate your children; instead, bring them up in the training and instruction of the Lord.

After I finished reading the verses, there was a flash of blinding light

-Return to Entrances Secene-

???: . . .
???: Aaaannnddd I'm back here again.
???: . . .
???: The verse I read from the before I left that realm. . .
???: It said I had to honor my parents, but my parents shouldn't purposefully provoke me either.
???: . . . I guess there might really be a time and place for my anger to manifest.
???: As kind as I want to be, there are times I can be angry.   Maybe.
???: AHHH! This is frustrating to think about.

Haha

???: Did- did you just chuckled at me?

I apologize, it was simply amusing to hear you confuse yourself.
Though, it seems that you may have found some information that will clear your mind of that confusion.
Do you feel closer to the answer of who you are?

???: I   I'm not sure.
???: I think it's great to know that Ray and Lyre are the same person. It means I can identify with both of

them if I feel I should. But I am also more confused because they still feel like two different people. I find it strange that clashing behaviors and thoughts belong to the same person.

Hmm, as contradicting as it sounds, the knowledge you have gained from these people are bringing you closer to the answer you seek.

???: What? How?
???: In what way is more confusion going to clear up my confused mind?

You are acting on your own accord, are you not? Even though you are living with Ray's and Lyre's knowledge, YOU are the one acting based on the knowledge you accumulated.
As confusing as it may be, your actions are coming from the identity you built for yourself.
All that's left is to put a name on that identity.

???: . . .

Sigh If you still feel strongly unsure of who you are, enter the next realm.
Though I cannot guarantee that your confusing conflictions will cease (nor how much longer your slumbering body will last.)

Show Entrances

???: Name my identity.
???: Will I be able to do that?
???: . . .
???: Not that I have a choice if I ever want to wake up

-If player clicks on Book-
???: There's no point visiting that realm a third time. I need new information to figure out who I am.

-If player clicks on Mirror-
Enter realm

When the light faded, I was met with an unfamiliar bedroom. I scanned the room to see if there was anything to clue me in as to where I could be

Pyra Le: (Hmm. . . Where in the world am I?)

Before I could find an answer to my question, I heard my phone's notification sound ding a few times
I hurriedly took out my phone to see many unread messages from a group-chat with me, John, Felix, and Daffiny

Felix: Hey, who's going to the little get together at Daffiny's today?
Felix: I'm going for sure.

Daffiny: Well I'll definitely be there too since it's my house (> V <)

Felix: Haha, yeah I know. I wasn't asking you. I was mostly asking John and Pyra.
Felix: Well. . . specifically Pyra, if you know what I mean (<.<

John: I'm coming!!! (^o^)/

Felix: Cool, now we just gotta get Pyra's answer.

John: Oh hey look! It says she read our messages just now.

Felix: Yo Pyra, stop hiding behind your phone screen and tell us if you're coming or not. We know you're reading the chat :P

Daffiny: Guys, chill a bit. Pyra is with her church friends today, remember? She told us last week that she's having a sleepover at Tracy's house with her other friend Lia.

Pyra (Ray): (Oh! I must be at Tracy's house right now if what Daffiny said is true.)
Pyra (Ray): (But then that means Pyra and Ray are the same person. . .)
Pyra (Ray?/Lyre?): (and since Ray and Lyre are also the same person, then so is Lyre and Pyra. . .)
Pyra (Ray?/Lyra?): (Wait, they were all one and the same!? Then who am I (@~@)
Pyra (Ray?/Lyra?): (ARG! My head is spinning)

Ding!

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Huh? Oh, they're still talking in the chat)

Felix: Ugh, of course she is (¬_¬)
Felix: She never spends that much time with us, guess we're not that important to her (-.-)s

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Hey, what do you mean you guys aren't important to me? Of course you guys are! You guys are my friends.

Felix: Then why don't you spend more time with us?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I do spend time with you guys. I went to Arcadia 3 with everyone, remember?

Felix: Yeah, but you're still never around often.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I'm just one person Felix. I can only be so many places at once. So, what's wrong with trying to spend time with both friend groups? You guys are equally important as my church friends.

Felix: That's EXACTLY the problem. It shouldn't be like that. It's either US or them.
Felix: You gotta be committed to this group.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): What? I don't think that's how things should work.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I love you all, but as Daffiny said, I had this planned a week ago. So I'll hang out with everyone next time, okay?

Felix: Ugh, if that's your answer then we're not friends.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): What?
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Don't be like that Felix.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Felix?

Daffiny: Uhh Pyra… Felix told me to tell you that he's not talking to you anymore.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Really? How childish.)

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Oh, okay then.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Arg! Why can't Felix understand that people have lives outside of his presence too!?)
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (And why didn't John or Daffiny jump in to help?)
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Actually, never mind. I get why they didn't. Felix seems like a lot to handle. I wouldn't want to jump in the middle of his troublesome rants either -.-')

Ding

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (A private message from John?)

John: Hey, you alright?

---

*Yeah.   ***Kinda.*   ****Not really.*

John: Sorry about Felix. You know it's just how he is. He'll get over it in no time.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I hope so.

John: Well I know so (^v^)
John: Have fun at your sleep over and we'll see you when we see you, okay?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I'll try. Thanks John.

. . .

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): *sigh-*
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): . . .

Tracy: Hey Ray! Are you done with putting your stuff away yet? If you are, then come meet me and Lia downstairs so we can decide where to go today!

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Yeah, I am! I'm heading down right now!

Change scenes

Without warning, I was immediately met with a warm hug as I entered the living room downstairs

Lia: Ray! It's so good to see you again! It feels like it's been ages since we all hung out together like this!

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Yeah . . . It's good to see you too (^_^'')

Tracy: Haha, your full of energy today, Lia.

Lia: Yup! It's not every day I get to spend time with my two, favorite people. Especially since I live two and a half hours away from you guys.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Wow, that's pretty far.)

Tracy: Alright, let's figure out the plan for today. Who's going to drive and what do we want to do?

Lia: I can drive!

Tracy: Are you sure? You just drove a far distance from your home today. Aren't you tired?

Lia: Don't worry. I really don't mind driving y'all.

Tracy: Okay then, if you insist. We'll just chip in for the cost of gas then. Right Ray?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Sure.

Lia: It's okay, you guys don't have to. Let's just all have fun today.

Tracy: But-

Lia: No buts.

Tracy: Fine >.>

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Why do I feel that Lia is the mom of this group)

Tracy: Now that that's settled, what do you guys want to do?
Tracy: I know that there's a movie theater and a really cool mall with unique clothes nearby. Does either of those interest you guys?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Where do I want to go?)

*The movies.

Before I could give an answer, Lia chimed in

Lia: Oooo, can we go to the mall? They have a clothing store that I really like, but I don't get to go there often because it's only located here.
Lia: That is, if y'all don't mind.

Tracy: Sure, let's go to the mall.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Well I wanted to go the movies, but whatever. It seems that Lia's never here often.)

**The mall.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I want to go th-

Lia: Isn't there and exclusive screening of The Bug-Man Movie at that theater today!?
Lia: Oh, sorry Ray. I didn't mean to interrupt you.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): You're all good.

Lia: What were you going to say?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Uhh. . . don't worry about it (^_^'')
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): It seems like you really want to go the movies.

Lia: Yeah, do you want to watch it too? Or did you prefer that we go the mall instead.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): We can watch the movie. Don't worry about me, I kinda like action movies too. So, I'll enjoy it.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Though I would've enjoyed going to the mall more. . .)

Change scenes (Mall or Movies, depends on choice)*

-Movie-

Lia: That movie was AWESOME!!! (^O^)

Tracy: I know right!? And that plot twist that happened!?

Lia: So good! I didn't anticipate for both sides to join forces at all!

Tracy: Really? I kinda saw the foreshadowing of it, but it was still good.

Lia: What!? You saw it coming? I don't believe you. You were just as shocked as me when they revealed it.
Lia: Did you see the twist coming Ray?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Uh. . . no. Not at all! (^_^'')
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Oh man, I have no idea what they're talking about. Should I tell them that I actually fell asleep during the screening and missed the entire movie?)

Lia: See! Even Ray didn't expect it.

Tracy: Then I guess I'm just smarter than you two :P

Lia: Psh! Whatever.

Growl

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): O///O

Lia: What was that?

Tracy: Huh?

Groowwll

Lia: That sound.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Haha. . . That's me (>///<)

Tracy: Was that your stomach?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Yeah, I think I'm hungry.

Tracy: Then let's go eat.

Lia: Yeah, I agree. What are you guys craving?

Tracy: Anything is fine. You two can decide.

Lia: Okay. Ray?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I'm craving. . .

-Mall-

Lia: Whoa! Look at all the clothes I found in the sales section!

Tracy: Yo, that dress is really nice. And it's only $12 dollars!?
Tracy: Yeeessss Lia, my shopping queen!
Tracy: I, on the other hand, found this cute blouse. But it's too expensive TT^TT

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): But do you need it?

Tracy: Yeah!
Tracy: . . . well no. I mean I don't have anything like this, and I haven't spent money on clothes for a while.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Then treat yourself a little. You can splurge on yourself every now and then Tracy. I think you deserve that much.

Tracy: You know what, you're right. I need to treat myself.
Tracy: Okay, I'm going to get this.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Nice!

Tracy: How about you Ray. Did you find anything that you liked in this store?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): No, nothing is really my style here.

Tracy: Dang, that's a shame.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Eh, clothing is usually a hit or miss for me.

Tracy: Alright then, are we ready to get checked out now?

Lia: Yea- oh wait! What is that!?

Lia quickly went towards another sales rack in the far back

Lia: You guys can go to the register first. I'll be right there in a sec!

Tracy: Okay!

After Tracy finished checking out, we decided to wait for Lia near the entrance of the clothing store we were in.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I wonder what's taking Lia so long. It's been thirty minutes since you bought your blouse, and we still haven't seen her.

Tracy: I don't know. Maybe she's just taking her time looking though the clothes. You know Lia can get tunnel vision when it comes to shopping. Plus, she never gets to go to this store often.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): That's true. . . since shopping here is not an opportunity she frequently gets, I can see why she would want to go and spend a lot of time here.

Tracy: Do you not like shopping? Sorry if I'm being forward, it just sounds like you're not enjoying your time here.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Well. . . (I'm really not, I feel bored here.)
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): To be honest, I wanted to go the movies instead. Clothes and shopping just don't interest me much. It kinda feels like I'm along for the ride with Lia and you when browsing through items.

Tracy: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): It's okay. Again, I get that Lia doesn't get to go here much, so it's fine.

Tracy: Next time we'll go where you want to go. Or Lia and I can shop on our own so you're not being dragged around for nothing.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Yeah. . .
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Am I bothering her with my thoughts? I hope I didn't bring down the mood. Maybe I shouldn't have told her how I felt. . .)

Tracy: Oh, look! Here comes Lia now.

Lia: Sorry I took so long. I ended up finding more stuff I wanted.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): It's all good. Don't worry about it.

Lia: So, what now?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Do you mind if we eat now? I've been feeling hungry for a while.

Tracy: Same here.

Lia: No, I don't mind at all! I didn't realize it was past lunch time. If I knew you were hungry, I wouldn't have spent so much time in the store.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Don't worry about it Lia. It's not your fault. I didn't speak up.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): But anyways, let's decide what to eat. I'm craving. . .

---

*Ramen from A-ramen and Izakaya

Lia: Ramen sounds really good. But Thai food also sounds good.
Lia: Tracy, are there any ramen or Thai restaurants nearby?

Tracy pulled out her phone, presumably to search for restaurants

Tracy: Hmm. . . the closest Thai restaurant within our price range is THAIPHLOSION.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): What about for ramen?

Tracy: A-ramen and Izakaya is the only ramen place showing up on my search.
Tracy: Those are our two options.
Tracy: Here, take a look at the menu items and pictures posted on Zelp that I found for the two.

My mouth watered as I saw the rich tonkotsu broth and the beautifully slow cooked egg on Zelp

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Can we go to A-ramen? I really want that ramen. It looks so good.

Lia: I'm down for ramen. I know I was craving Thai food, but I crave it all the time.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Tracy?

Tracy: . . . I don't know

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (What? Is she not for ramen? I don't mind Thai food, but I'm really not in the mood for it.)
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Tracy, when was the last time you had ramen?

Tracy: Not in a long while. And I did have Thai food last week.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Then what's stopping you? >.>)

Tracy: Well. . . I just checked the distance from us to A-ramen, and I found out that it's a lot farther away than THAIPHLOSION.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Oh. . .

Lia: Oh no :c

Tracy: I mean, we can still go if Lia doesn't mind, but it's also in the opposite direction of my house and that means even more driving for Lia.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I see. . . I guess we can go to THAIPLHOSION then.

Lia: Are you sure Ray? We can still look for other options that all of us like.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): No, it's fine.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Is it really though? Am I really fine? I haven't been able to do a single thing I wanted today.)

** Wings from Plump Pecking's Chicken

Lia: Wings sounds really good. But Thai food also sounds good.
Lia: Tracy, are there any wings or Thai restaurants nearby?

Tracy pulled out her phone, presumably to search for restaurants

Tracy: Hmm. . . the closest Thai restaurant within our price range is THAIPHLOSION.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): What about for wings?

Tracy: Plump Pecking's Chicken is the only fried chicken place showing up on my search.
Tracy: Those are our two options.
Tracy: Here, take a look at the menu items and pictures posted on Zelp I found for the two.

My mouth watered as I saw the crispy fried chicken skin that I didn't get to try with Daffiny and Felix on Zelp

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Can we go to Plump Pecking's? I really want those wings. It looks so good.

Lia: I'm down for wings. I know I was craving Thai food, but I crave it all the time.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Tracy?

Tracy: . . . I don't know

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (What? Is she not for chicken? I don't mind Thai food, but I'm really not in the mood for it.)
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Tracy, when was the last time you had chicken?

Tracy: Not in a long while. And I did have Thai food last week.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Then what's stopping you? >.>)

Tracy: Well. . . I just checked the distance from us to Plump Pecking's, and I found out that it's a lot farther away than THAIPHLOSION.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Oh. . .

Lia: Oh no :c

Tracy: I mean, we can still go if Lia doesn't mind, but it's also in the opposite direction of my house and that means even more driving for Lia.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I see. . . I guess we can go to THAIPLHOSION then.

Lia: Are you sure Ray? We can still look for other options that all of us like.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): No, it's fine.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Is it really though? Am I really fine? I haven't been able to do a single thing I wanted today.)

*** Burgers from Fire Sliders

Lia: Burgers sounds really good. But Thai food also sounds good.
Lia: Tracy, are there any burger or Thai restaurants nearby?

Tracy pulled out her phone, presumably to search for restaurants

Tracy: Hmm. . . the closest Thai restaurant within our price range is THAIPHLOSION.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): What about for burgers?

Tracy: Fire Sliders is the only burger place showing up on my search.
Tracy: Those are our two options.
Tracy: Here, take a look at the menu items and pictures posted on Zelp I found for the two.

My mouth watered as I saw the juicy patty and melted cheese between two perfectly toasted buns on Zelp

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Can we go to Fire Sliders? I really want that burger. It looks so good.

Lia: I'm down for burgers. I know I was craving Thai food, but I crave it all the time.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Tracy?

Tracy: . . . I don't know

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (What? Is she not for burgers? I don't mind Thai food, but I'm really not in the mood for it.)
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Tracy, when was the last time you had a burger?

Tracy: Not in a long while. And I did have Thai food last week.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Then what's stopping you? >.>)

Tracy: Well. . . I just checked the distance from us to Fire Sliders, and I found out that it's a lot farther away than THAIPHLOSION.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Oh. . .

Lia: Oh no :c

Tracy: I mean, we can still go if Lia doesn't mind, but it's also in the opposite direction of my house and that means even more driving for Lia.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I see. . . I guess we can go to THAIPLHOSION then.

Lia: Are you sure Ray? We can still look for other options that all of us like.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): No, it's fine.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Is it really though? Am I really fine? I haven't been able to do a single thing I wanted today.)

Change scenes

I closed my eyes to rest as Lia drove to THAIPHLOSION
But resting was the last thing my mind was doing. My head was heavy with thoughts as I reflected upon my actions with Tracy and Lia

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (I hope I didn't seem too pushy to them when we were choosing a place to eat. I didn't know the place I wanted to go was farther away. I hope Tracy doesn't think I'm inconsiderate of others since I felt like I almost forced her to agree with where I wanted eat (_ _||)

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (ARG! What about when I told Tracy how I really felt about the place we hung out today!? Should I have told her that? I hope I wasn't acting too weird regarding that situation, and she thinks I need attention or something. Am I being too needy?)

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (What if they noticed I wasn't enjoying my time as much as they were? Did I seem like a downer to them? I don't want to seem self-centered or annoy anyone because I didn't get to do what I wanted.)

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (I wanted EVERYONE to have fun. I wanted to be kind to Lia and Tracy. That's why I ignored my desires, but maybe I'm just making things worse for them. I should've just kept quiet.)
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Maybe it would have been better if I wasn't here. . .)

Change scenes

At THAIPHLOSION, I smiled and noded every now and then when Lia or Tracy cracked a joke. But I spent most of the time eating in silence

.   .   .

And the rest of the day was also spent in a similar manner: a smile followed by silence

Change scenes

Lia: I'm all finished (^_^)
Lia: I'm going to head to bed first, okay?

Tracy: Okay! Ray and I will meet you there after we're done brushing our teeth.

Lia gave a thumbs up to acknowledge what Tray said before leaving the bathroom
I spit out the minty toothpaste and swished some water in my mouth to rinse out the remaining residue. Tracy was applying her night cream as I was doing this

Tracy: Hey Ray? Can I ask you something?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Hmm?

Tracy: Have you been feeling alright today? I could be wrong, but it felt like you weren't your usual self today.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): . . .

Tracy: Was it something that Lia or I did?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): . . . no, not exactly. . .

Tracy: Then you WERE feeling down.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): *Sigh* I guess you can say that. I was more upset at myself than anything.

Tracy: Oh no! What happened? :c

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Have you ever just-
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Have you ever felt selfish?

Tracy: Yeah.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Then have you ever experienced conflicting thoughts with the feeling of selfishness?

Tracy: What do you mean?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I think I've been feeling selfish lately. I mean, yeah. All humans are selfish. Our very nature is to think about ourselves, to stay alive, and to think about what's best for us.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): But I think I was upset that we couldn't do what I wanted today. . . As much as I hate to admit it, I was feeling jealous and selfish.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Jealous that we were doing everything Lia wanted. I was trying to be nice by agreeing with what she wanted since she's not here often, but that didn't stop my jealous thoughts from growing.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): And then I started to feel selfish as that same jealousy ate at me when I thought about the things we could have done if it had gone my way.

Tracy: I didn't know you were feeling that way Ray. . .

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Yeah. . .
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): It's not your fault though. I wasn't trying to make my feelings noticeable. I was trying to fight my jealousy and selfishness on my own.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): And while doing so, I remembered that serving others doesn't mean to be selfish.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): There are times I want to be selfish, but I suppress those thoughts. Thoughts center around me. Thoughts that revolve around what I want, what I like, what I need.
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Not what others like. Not what others want. And not what others need.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): There are times when my friends, like you guys, what to do this and that. They want to go to a certain place and eat certain things.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): But in the back of my head there's a burning sensation. A pinching thought that lingers. It scratches at me. Screams at me. Telling me to speak up. Urging me to say, ''I don't want to do that. I don't want to go there and eat that.''

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Yet, there's another voice in that same headspace. And this voice is constantly telling me to back off. Telling me to suck it up. It's what your friends want, so you should honor that.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): While these voices clash, I end up serving my friends while drowning my actual voice. While drowning my own individuality. Denying my own self.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): So I ask you Tracy, have you ever experience these conflictions when trying to be yourself and serve others? Have you ever wanted to be selfish while being kind?

Tracy: . . .

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Because I have. And it tears me apart. Because I don't know if I SHOULD be selfish. I feel like a burden. I don't want people to cater to my needs just because I don't like something, but I can't outright deny myself. These feeling are my thoughts and opinions.

Tracy: . . .

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Sorry for rambling. I just don't know exactly how to feel at the moment and all of my emotions are spilling out.

Tracy: It's okay Ray. I'm here to listen.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): *Sigh* So, I guess I'm having a hard time accepting that I AM selfish when I want to be kind.

Tracy: Which is okay.

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): What?

Tracy: You can be selfish AND kind, Ray.

Tracy: I can understand how you're feeling right now. I've been in that situation before and I've asked myself where the line should be drawn.

Tracy: The line that sets the boarder between kindness and self-neglect.

Tracy: I think there are times when you need to be selfish and times when you need to be kind.

Tracy: You need to be selfish to take care of yourself, to satisfy your needs, and to express yourself.

Tracy: But you also need to be kind when other's need your support more than yourself, or even to make their day better.

Tracy: Like I can be selfish when I'm fighting with my brother over who gets the car on the weekend, but I can also be kind by covering for his dinner when we go out. I'm still the same person, but who I am to others and how I act can be very situational. People aren't linear beings, Ray.

Tracy: We change how we act, usually when we feel the need to-

*Protect ourselves   **Conform   ***be Comfortable with ourselves

Tracy: Yeah. That's why I think it's important to know when too much kindness becomes harmful to the person being kind. So we can make that switch in our minds before it's too late, you know?

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): I see. . . I never thought about it like that.

My eyes wandered the mirror in front of me. Staring at my reflection; another me

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (Mirrors reflect whatever is on the other side. They can make one image become two.)
Pyra (Ray/Lyre): (I guess people are like mirrors. We're one person, but we reflect the person we want to be in front of others. But that image is still us. It's a mirror-image of us. The reflection is as real as the one BEING reflected)

Pyra (Ray/Lyre): Tra-

Before I could tell Tracy my thoughts, the lights reflected by the mirror grew brighter until I couldn't see anything. And when the light faded, Tracy was no longer there
Or rather, I was no longer in her realm

Change scenes

What's taking them so long? They've been in Mirror Realm for far longer than any other realms. Maybe it was a mistake to urge them to enter another realm. Our physical body is growing weak from its prolonged slumbering state. Too much time has passed in the real world. If they are not here to answer the question of who they are soon, then they will never awaken from this dream.

No. WE'LL never awaken.

Tch! They were so close to the answer the last time they were here. They could've named their identity if they were probed a bit more!

---

*Hello?   **Uh. . . is this a bad time?

Oh.
Ahem.
It appears that you have returned. (And not a moment too late.)
How much did you hear?

???: Everything.

Great! Then no more time is needed to waste on further explanations.
I assume you have accumulated enough experiences through the lives of Ray, Pyra, and Lyre to answer the question?

???: I think so?

Well I hope so for both of our sakes.

However, you've been living as one person with three seemingly separate lives and constantly wrestling with their contradicting morals that stems from their innermost beings.

So there is no shame if you are still unsure of who you are.

It's simply unfortunate that we do not have an infinite amount of time to reach a definite answer.

Thus, I want you to choose the answer that feels most similar to who you feel you are right in the moment.

Change scenes

-Present Final Choices-

Appendix D – Poems by Christine Tran in "The Masks We Have"

Three Lives
Imagine a game,

    Where there's three different worlds

        three different universes

        three different lives.

Now

Take those lives,

      And view them a one

Now take these characters,

    from each of these worlds

        And view their lives

      as one and the same

               Connected through all,

                  But with a different (name)

Untitled (End Poem part 1)

Everyone has a face. It is the way we Present ourselves (to)

Hide ourselves (from)

Change ourselves (in front of)

others.

In this world, our faces are equivalent to the masks we put on from the moment we awake.

But did you know that we also have many faces?

Multiple masks we hold deep within ourselves, changing them on a whim when we feel the need to

Protect (Ourselves)

Conform

be Comfortable (with ourselves)

Isn't that fake?

Aren't those lies?

The harsh reality is everyone wears these masks.

They define how we act and interact, how we speak and think. Our very personalities.

How much of it is real?

(Everything, Everything, None)

How much of it is a façade?

(None, Everything, None)

Untitled (End Poem part 2 | Acceptance)

But at the end of the day

      when we lay our heads down

          We must realize that

             All of these faces

                &

             All of these masks

     are pieces of a whole

              that is our identity

Untitled (End Poem part 2 | Struggle)

But at the end of the day

      When we lay our heads down

                 to rest our heavy thoughts

         We must realize that

             All of these faces

                &

             All of these masks

                will never cease to exist

We live in a world with shifting faces and constant clashing masks

Untitled (End Poem part 2 | Denial)

But at the end of the day

      When we lay our heads down,

         We turn a blind eye to

             All of these faces

                &

             All of these masks

                      that are hiding within our innermost beings