

# SCIENTIST

## **Light - The Rebel**

Escapes from the system and fights it

## **Dark - Dark - The Wrecker**

Cannot be constructive, destroys everything



Life is short!

Often the studies that I'm working on  
Make me anxious, in my head and heart.  
How hard it is to command the means  
By which a man attains the very source!  
Before a man has travelled half his course,  
The wretched devil has to die it seems.

- Goethe (1829)

## **GENESIS**

Coming from a very modest family, Scientist had no other option but to join a religious school to get access to education.

To the great disappointment of their parents, Scientist's fragile health didn't allow them to partake in many physical activities.

This blatant weakness was even more shameful, considering how brilliant their older Sister was in all athletic fields before she joined the military.

It is in the shadow of their brave, strong, and successful Sister, that Scientist studied painfully theology, before they could earn the right to approach sciences.

Eager to demonstrate their value to their family, Scientist decided to interrupt their academic

path and went to war. Only three months after that, the war ended, and Scientist had barely left the training camp, unable to prove themselves.

## **GROWTH**

Going back to their research center, Scientist met Scholar, an older, more established researcher, known to be leading cutting-edge studies.

Scholar immediately saw Scientist's potential and they exceptionally created a new position in their team; a true honour. Professor became a great mentor, and soon, they were calling each other Friend.

Scientist was often the one to spark a new idea, and Friend was the one understanding it fully, and developing it. They completed each other

nicely, and this flow could have been perfectly blissful, had Friend not been shortlisted for the Nobel Prize. This is when Scientist started nurturing some frustration.

## **VERTIGO**

There is no higher achievement and no greater opportunity to live a good life forever, than to get the Nobel Prize. No matter how dear Friend was to Scientist's, Scientist grew bitter. Scared to stay under Friend's shadow for the rest of their career, at best, or to be replaced, at worst. Scientist was becoming agitated.

Scholar was one of the greatest minds in the scientific world, without question, but they were using their privileges to secretly research extravagant conspiracy theories.

And so, in Scientist's heart were fighting two growing emotions.

A warm one, particularly flamboyant during their late work sessions with Friend, which married pride and excitement to a softer feeling;

And a corrosive one, that would spring when Friend would talk about their devious side project, or when someone would cheer their nomination to the Nobel Prize.

Scientist tried to focus on their own work as to calm the explosive raise of those two waves.

Of the lab, they were the most efficient member, by far, but that observation had a sour taste.

Scientist started pondering on what would have been their career like if they had graduated sooner, and if they had graduated from a more prestigious - and expensive - university.

One thing was certain: Scientist would have used their status for the greater good, and they would never have used grant money for unofficial research.

Friend, on the contrary, was nosing around the magnetism of those desolated “Woods”, as they call it, following on long abandoned studies.

Scientist thought: “True science is a field of the future, and it is never a good thing to shake the dust off forbidden files, especially not when it comes to scientific failures”

Then, Scientist thought: “Using so much resources for an illegal, mystical project, is a disgrace to the scientific world. “

Sinking under the work, Scientist decided to stop this nonsense and sent an anonymous

report to the Authority, mentioning Friend's side project.

A few days later, Friend was removed from the laboratory and all their publications were archived.

Perhaps a warning would have been sufficient, but perhaps it was all for the best... Especially considering that Scientist finally got their chance; a true opportunity to prove their worth, at last.

And they did: they took over the official research of the team, and got crowned with success... It all culminated in them getting the highest award of all: the Nobel Prize.

**FALL**



Fame, money, people, projects, everything was suddenly at Scientist's feet. Them who never had but a kind word from their parents.

But the two emotions in Scientist's heart took different tints;

A suffocating one; the guilt of having success, the guilt of having ruined Friend's career, the guilt of being a nobody in fancy clothing,

A chilling one, the craving for warmth, connection, tenderness.

And so, craving for a taste of the past, Scientist opened Friend's notes, and read it - all of it, this time. As they were going from journals to journals, they finally understood Friend's vision. Friend believed that, in the Woods, was a machine capable of bringing one's truest desires to life.

They understood that Friend was intending to destroy it as to prevent selfish and dangerous people to get their hands on it.

Friend's ambitions weren't mystical or grandiloquent; they were rational and wise. Everything became limpid in Scientist's mind. There was one way to evacuate the suffocation and the chill: to walk, again, on Friend's footsteps.

Has Scientist ever done anything better than that, anyway?

## **CRAWL**

Scientist worked on a rudimentary bomb, packed a few things, and left for the Woods.

As Scientist was about to cut the fence and to sneak into the desolated zone, their hand got stopped by a firm grip. Scout was calmly yet strongly holding Scientist's wrist.

A striking glow was colouring Scout's eyes: that same glow that driven people share, the one that Scholar had, the one that Scientist lost.

When Scout told Scientist that they knew their way through the Woods, Scientist believed them immediately, one of those rare feelings of certitude that would overcome any sceptical mind.

They agreed to meet again, and planned a full expedition, straight to the Chamber.

What are two lives for a better world?

If you decide to press that detonator, you will probably wipe Scout off in the same breath.

But...

Perhaps is this your last chance to make it right,

**you may ask yourself**

Has Scientist ever tried to contact Friend after their destitution?

Before they turned bitter, what did Scientist think their relation to Friend would be like 10 years later?

Has Scientist ever seeked comfort out of someone else?

What would they do if someone tried to prevent them from destroying the Chamber?

How long did it take for Scientist to become regretful?

Were their regrets triggered by anything?

Has Scientist done any good with their Nobel Prize? If yes, what?

What do they think about humans' ability to make smart decisions?

Were they in love, have they ever been in love?

**potential things to do**

feel free to ignore and interpret Artist very differently

- ❖ Find out the other's motivations to get to the Chamber, and mock them
- ❖ Ignore another character
- ❖ Lie on your intentions
- ❖ Break down and tell your story
- ❖ Change your mind and enter the Chamber
- ❖ Kill someone/yourself