

# AUTHOR

## **Light - The Star**

Unlocks stuck systems, creates paradoxes

## **Dark - The Tyrant**

Imposes their views and actions, lacks humility

-

You are a king. Live alone. Take a free road  
And follow where your free mind leads you,  
Bring to perfection the fruits of well-loved  
thoughts

Ask no reward for noble deeds accomplished.  
Rewards are within you.

Your supreme judge is yourself.

None will ever judge you more sternly.

- *To a Poet, Pushkin (1888)*

## **GENESIS**

Author has always written and Author never found their fuel in misery. They come from a loving, supporting family: the youngest one, the favourite one, the child that comes once all the mistakes have been made and washed away. This net of tenderness seemed like a fairy blessing, always spreading wider and wider, as Author would effortlessly gain the affection of many romantic prospects.

The purest love of all, however, was the one that ignited inspiration right into the core of Author and revealed them to their own universe: the love of Muse.

It is in this warm coat of affection, on this foundation of comfort, that Author's career started. And again, the blessing spread. With only one book, Author became a favourite

among the crowds; a young prodigy, the promise of a new literature.

## **VERTIGO**

Time passed, from unique events to amazing travels, from going walkabout in the crowds to diving back into their family's arms, when fame would get too exhausting.

Time passed, and, during all these years, Author didn't write a single chapter. Their flow had stopped. The more Patron would nag them to get manuscripts of that long-lost standard, the further Author would drift away.

Cringing at the work that built up their status and their fame, Author was internally, at least partly, blaming their block on Muse.

Author used to write for Muse, to Muse, with Muse; a passionate relation doused in turmoil

and jealousy. They broke up and made up repeatedly, and, each time, it left more scars.

How to make that new masterpiece?

You must understand, ink was running on the paper on its own, and now it had stopped and every pen seemed dry. Inevitably, Author's mind would loophole around the same issues: what has never been written? What's the point of regurgitating ancient ideas? How to settle for one style? How to be Great?

Two feelings were fighting in Author's rib cage: the terror of losing Muse, who, each day, was putting more and more distance between them, and, at the same time, the idea that Muse might not be such an inspiring spirit anymore, that they were stagnating and dragging Author down.

Perhaps did they have to let go of everything, to find themselves again?

This wasn't without paradoxes: Author did enjoy their place in society, their level of comfort, and had no interest in encumbering their mind with practicalities.

But what was Author without their words? Their lack of productivity hadn't been unnoticed, and even their parents were joking about them having to eventually take the family's business over.

It is in this vertigo that Author met their double. Storming off from Patron's office after yet another suffocating meeting, they bumped into a young Artist, sitting on the editor's doorstep and writing frenetically, their flow only being curbed by the speed of their hand. How not to envy that?

As Artist raised their eyes, Author immediately understood that they had been recognised, and, they left hurriedly as to avoid a discussion that

would have been either depressing or fraudulent.

Author decided that this person was their alter ego; the mirror of another reality, of the authentic one.

### **FALL**

The spiralling, the doubts, combined to Muse slipping away; Author was dwelling on apathy and indifference.

Author eventually cut all contacts with their family, to the point they ignored their brother's message - the one in which he announces that he's having a child.

But why forcing oneself? No guilt, no obligations, no rules could find their way through the phlegm that grew on Author like a second skin. Author had been searching for thrill, angst, suffering: anything that would make them feel like something mattered.

They got themselves a gun, and often fiddled with the idea of shooting a bullet in someone's head, just to make a splash. Maybe their own head. The last night Muse came to Author's apartment, their interaction escalated to a heated fight, culminating in Author handing their gun to Muse, asking to get put down, and Muse leaving the building, yelling and screaming.

The air was too heavy in their flat, and so Author left too, with their gun, in their big, black and glossy beetle car. They drove for a day, until they got to a desolated city.

People there seemed to be spectres of sorts, all covered with soot and misery; an ironic literal modelisation of the world that Author perceives everywhere, under the filter of their depression.



## **CRAWL**

Author went straight to the bar, hoping to hear a terrible, dreadful story that would bring but a tiny, soft jerk of life in their veins. And Author did find a spark that night.

Not within themselves, but in the eyes of a stranger showing some elaborate rope knot to a wino with more fervor than any fancy professors they had ever encountered. When the stranger looked at Author, their gazes clicked. Author asked the stranger what was that spark; that thing they could see burning behind their eyes, and the stranger explained it all.

The Woods, being a Guide, the Chamber where everyone's deepest desires come true.

How not to think this is the hand of fate, finally reaching out to you, Author?

Guide agreed to you to the Chamber. You settled a date for the journey. Perhaps is that your last chance, but there is Hope.

Note: You carry with you a gun. In this version of the prototype, it will appear in the final act (Truth). Only you and Artist can decide to pick it up.

### **you may ask yourself**

Has Author seeked comfort from other people than Muse?

Can Author fall in love again?

Could Author project themselves in an ideal future?

Does Author think about making an impact on the world?

What would Author do, if they were to bump into Artist again?

What type of content has Author written before? Can they write about themselves?

What qualities do Author admire? And despise?

### **potential things to do**

feel free to ignore and interpret Artist very differently

- ❖ Provoke Scholar to get them talking
- ❖ Fail or succeed to write in game (you can mime it or speak as though you were writing)
- ❖ Make a scene if you fail
- ❖ Try to find inspiration in others
- ❖ Give someone your gun
- ❖ Kill someone/yourself