

emomo
emomo stories

EMOMO

The logo for EMOMO, featuring the word in a stylized, blocky font with a small, dark, tentacle-like appendage extending from the right side of the 'O'.

Concept

我们的 EMOMO 故事深入探讨了个体的内心独白，揭示了他们的内在斗争和他们的另一个自我——EMOMO。这些 EMOMO 就像影子一样，始终存在，伴随他们度过日常生活，体现他们最深处的秘密和最黑暗的思想。这些叙事常常描绘了人物与他们的 EMOMO 之间的对话，暴露了他们真实自我与内心黑暗面之间的紧张关系。有时，这些另一个自我会制造混乱，反映出他们内心的动荡。通过这些故事，我们探索了人们所面临的复杂而常被隐藏的挣扎，为他们的无声斗争和存在的双重性赋予了声音。

Our EMOMO stories delve into the intimate monologues of individuals, revealing their internal battles and the presence of their alter-egos EMOMOs. These EMOMOs are like shadows, ever-present, following them through their daily lives and embodying their deepest secrets and darkest thoughts. The narratives often feature the person in conversation with their EMOMO, exposing the tension between their true selves and the darker sides they wrestle with. At times, these alter-egos create chaos, reflecting the turmoil within. Through these stories, we explore the complex and often hidden struggles people face, giving voice to their silent battles and the duality of their existence.



Script 1: "Melvin's Pep Talk"

Scene: A person sits at a desk, exhausted and frustrated, staring at a pile of unfinished work. Suddenly, Melvin, their EMOMO (a little gloomy creature), appears on the table.

Melvin (sighing): "You know, you could just quit. It's not like anyone would notice."

Person: "Melvin, I need motivation, not depression!"

Melvin: "Oh, right. [sighs] You're doing great... Kind of."

Person (sarcastically): "Thanks, that really helps."

Script 2: "Peter's Idea of Fun"

Scene: A person tries to focus on reading, when Peter, their EMOMO (playful and chaotic), pops up, holding a skateboard.

Peter (grinning): "Why are you reading? Let's go cause some trouble!"

Person (annoyed): "I have things to do, Peter."

Peter: "Pfft, rules are overrated! C'mon, live a little!"

Person: "Living doesn't mean breaking things."

Peter: "That's exactly what it means."

Script 3: "Flora's Stubbornness"

Scene: A person is struggling to open a stubborn jar of pickles, Flora, their EMOMO (determined and fierce), appears next to them, flexing.

Flora: "Don't you dare give up!"

Person (panting): "It's... just... pickles!"

Flora: "It's not about the pickles; it's about pride!"

Person (sighs, giving up): "Fine. You do it."

Flora: [flexes but doesn't manage to open it either] "Uhh, we're still proud."

Script 4: "Ann's Deep Thoughts"

Scene: A person stands in front of the mirror, looking dramatic. Ann, their EMOMO (philosophical but blunt), sits on their shoulder.

Ann (deeply): "You know, life is like a roller coaster... except with more nausea."

Person: "That's... actually kind of depressing."

Ann: "Depressing? I call it realistic."

Person (sighs): "I was hoping for something inspiring."

Ann: "Sorry, I'm not in the business of inspiration."

Script 5: "Jay's Black Celebration"

Scene: A person sits alone in their dimly lit room, looking dramatic. Jay, their EMOMO (mysterious and cool), lights a candle.

Jay (whispers): "Let's celebrate."

Person: "Celebrate what? My existential crisis?"

Jay: "Exactly. Another black day survived!"

Person (sarcastically): "Yay, let's throw a party."

Jay: [grinning] "I'll bring the melancholy."

剧本 1: “Melvin 的鼓励”

场景: 一个人坐在桌子前，筋疲力尽，沮丧地盯着一堆未完成的工作。突然，Melvin，他的小EMOMO（一个有点阴郁的小生物）出现在桌子上。

Melvin (叹气): “你知道，你可以直接放弃的。反正没人会注意到。”

人: “Melvin，我需要的是动力，不是沮丧！”

Melvin: “哦，对。[叹气] 你做得很好...差不多吧。”

人 (讽刺地): “谢谢，这真的很有帮助。”

剧本 2: “Peter 的乐趣主张”

场景: 一个人正专心读书，Peter，他的EMOMO（淘气又爱捣乱）突然出现，手里拿着一个滑板。

Peter (笑嘻嘻地): “你为什么在读书？我们去捣点乱吧！”

人 (不耐烦): “我有事要做，Peter。”

Peter: “切，规矩都是用来打破的！走吧，活出一点乐趣！”

人: “活着并不意味着打破东西。”

Peter: “那正是它的意义。”

剧本 3: “Flora 的固执”

场景: 一个人正在努力打开一瓶顽固的泡菜罐，Flora，他的EMOMO（固执且坚强）出现在旁边，摆出肌肉姿势。

Flora: “别你敢放弃！”

人 (气喘吁吁): “这只是……泡菜！”

Flora: “这不是泡菜的问题，这是尊严的问题！”

人 (叹气，放弃了): “好吧，你来开吧。”

Flora: [摆姿势但也没能打开] “呃，我们依然很自豪。”

剧本 4: “Ann 的深思”

场景: 一个人站在镜子前，表情严肃。Ann，他的EMOMO（哲学性但直白），坐在他的肩膀上。

Ann (深沉地): “你知道，人生就像一场过山车……只是更让人晕车。”

人: “那听起来……其实有点让人沮丧。”

Ann: “沮丧？我叫它现实。”

人 (叹气): “我还以为你会说些鼓舞人心的话。”

Ann: “抱歉，我不做鼓舞的生意。”

剧本 5: “Jay 的黑暗庆典”

场景: 一个人独自坐在昏暗的房间里，看起来很戏剧化。Jay，他的EMOMO（神秘且酷），点燃了一支蜡烛。

Jay (低语): “我们来庆祝吧。”

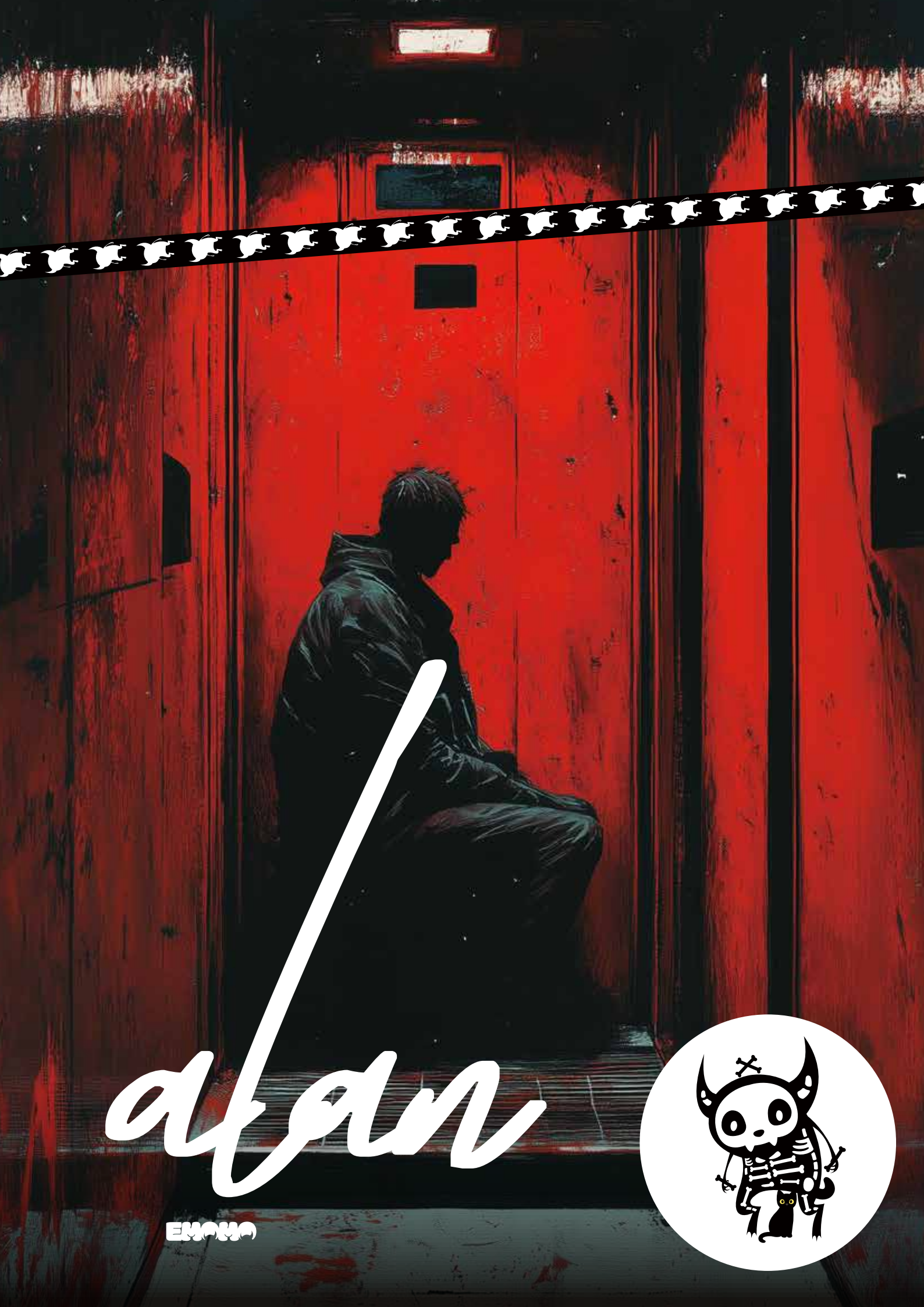
人: “庆祝什么？我的生存危机吗？”

Jay: “没错，又一个黑暗的一天熬过了！”

人 (讽刺地): “耶，开个派对吧。”

Jay: [微笑] “我会带上忧郁。”





afan

EMMA





Concept Stories:

ALAN

*In the darkness of this alley, where the lights barely flicker and the air is heavy with an oppressive weight, I sometimes feel as if I'm not alone. I keep telling myself it's just my mind playing tricks on me, but I can't shake the feeling. There's something here—something that lurks in the shadows and seems to follow me wherever I go. I think it's **Alan**, or maybe it's just my imagination running wild.*

Alan is small, almost childlike in its stature, but it's unsettling. I feel it more than I see it. The darkness feels thicker when it's near, and the air gets even more suffocating. I can almost smell it—a mix of sweat, cheap perfume, and something else, something faint and sickening like decay. It's like the alley itself is breathing, and every breath I take seems to draw in more of that oppressive smell.

Sometimes, when I'm huddled here against this grimy wall, trying to disappear into the darkness, I hear things. Soft, irregular breathing that isn't my own, filling the small space with an eerie rhythm. I know I should get up, leave this place, but my legs feel like lead. The fear, the heaviness—it's like it's coming from inside me, but I know it's not all in my head. The alley is alive, and Alan makes it worse.

The smell gets stronger when it gets close, a mix of old sweat and cloying perfume that makes me gag. And then there's that faint odor of something decaying, like a forgotten corner of my mind where I bury my darkest fears. It's almost as if Alan feeds on my anxiety, my helplessness.

I've been trying to convince myself that it's just a figment of my imagination, a trick of the light or a symptom of the stress I've been under. But the way it feels, the way the air changes, it's like it's real. And when I hear that breathing, when I feel the weight of its presence, it's like my mind is unraveling. I want to run, but my body won't move.

Tonight, I found myself in a particularly dark and isolated part of the alley. I was huddled here, hoping that if I made myself small enough, I might disappear completely. And then I saw it—or at least I think I did. Alan's presence felt so close. I couldn't see it clearly, but I felt its cold, dark eyes on me, and the air was so thick I could barely breathe.

And then there was this sound—a soft, comforting purr. It felt like it came from the black cat I sometimes see, Nyx. It was strange and soothing, cutting through the darkness and the stifling air. For a moment, it was like the weight of everything I was feeling lifted just a bit. I looked up, and in that flickering light, I saw something else in Alan's presence. It wasn't just fear anymore; it was as if it was offering something. Not a way to disappear, but maybe a way to hold on.

I don't know if it's real or just my mind breaking down. I don't know if Alan is really here or if it's just a manifestation of my fears. But in that moment, when the purr cut through the darkness, I felt a warmth I hadn't felt in a long time. I think I might have even whispered, "I don't want to forget."

And then, just like that, Alan's presence seemed to recede. The air felt lighter, though the smell of decay lingered just a bit. I don't know what happened, but I think something changed. Maybe it was just me finally facing my fears or maybe something else. But I feel different now, like I've been given a choice.

So, as I sit here, huddled in this alley, I can't tell if it's my mind playing tricks on me or if there really is something here with me. But for the first time in a long while, I feel a flicker of hope. Maybe I'm not completely lost. Maybe there's still something to hold on to, even if I'm not sure what's real anymore.

Concept Stories:

ALAN

这条黑暗的小巷里，灯光微弱，空气沉重得令人窒息，我有时感觉自己并不孤单。我不断告诉自己，这只是我的想象，但我无法摆脱这种感觉。这里似乎有某种东西——在阴影中潜伏，似乎无论我走到哪里都会跟随我。我觉得那是**艾伦**，或者说可能只是我的幻想在作祟。

艾伦很小，几乎像个孩子一样，但它的存在令人不安。我更多地感觉到它的存在，而不是看到它。黑暗在它靠近时变得更浓厚，空气也更加沉闷。我几乎能闻到它的气味——汗臭味、廉价香水的刺鼻气味，还有一种淡淡的令人作呕的腐臭味。就像整个巷子都在呼吸，每次我呼吸时都仿佛吸入了更多令人压抑的气味。

有时，当我蜷缩在这肮脏的墙边，试图融入黑暗中时，我会听到一些声音。那些不属于我的柔和、不规律的呼吸声充满了狭小的空间。尽管我知道应该站起来，离开这个地方，但我的双腿像灌了铅一样沉重。恐惧和沉重感仿佛从我身体里涌出，但我知道这并不全是我的脑海中的幻觉。小巷似乎有生命，而艾伦的存在让这一切更加糟糕。



当艾伦靠近时，气味变得更强烈，汗臭味和刺鼻的香水混合在一起，让我感到恶心。还有那淡淡的腐臭味，像是我心底某个被遗忘的角落，埋藏着我最深的恐惧。似乎艾伦以我的焦虑和无助为食。

我一直试图说服自己，这只是我的想象，是光线的错觉或是我压力过大的症状。但它的感觉，空气的变化，仿佛一切都是真实的。当我听到那呼吸声，感受到它的存在时，感觉我的思绪在崩溃。我想逃跑，但我的身体却动不了。

今晚，我发现自己在巷子里一个特别黑暗和偏僻的角落。我蜷缩在这里，希望自己能小到完全消失。然后我看到了它——至少我觉得我看到了。艾伦的存在感觉如此接近。我看不清楚它，但我感到那双冷漠、黑暗的眼睛在注视着我，空气沉闷得几乎让我无法呼吸。

然后，我听到了那声音——一种柔和、安抚的呼噜声。感觉是来自那只我偶尔见到的黑猫奈克斯。这个声音奇怪而令人舒缓，穿透了黑暗和沉闷的空气。在那一刻，仿佛我所承受的一切重量轻了一些。我抬起头，在那闪烁的光线下，我看到了艾伦存在中的另一种东西。那不再只是恐惧，它似乎在提供一些东西。不是一种消失的方式，而是可能让人坚持下去的希望。

我不知道这是否真实，还是只是我的思维崩溃。我不知道艾伦是否真的存在，还是只是我恐惧的具象化。但在那一刻，当那呼噜声穿透黑暗时，我感到了多年未曾有过的温暖。我可能甚至低声说了，“我不想忘记。”

然后，就这样，艾伦的存在似乎逐渐消退。空气感觉变得轻盈了些，尽管腐臭味仍然残留了一点。我不知道发生了什么，但我觉得有些东西改变了。也许只是我终于面对了我的恐惧，或者有什么别的改变。但我现在感觉有所不同，仿佛得到了一个选择。

所以，当我坐在这里，蜷缩在这条小巷里时，我无法确定这是我的思维在捉弄我，还是这里真的有某种东西陪伴着我。但在许久之后，我第一次感到一丝希望。也许我并没有完全迷失。也许仍然有一些值得坚持的东西，即使我不确定什么才是真实的。



nora

EMMA





Concept Stories:

NORA

*In the stillness of my room, where the darkness wraps around me like a suffocating blanket, I lie awake, staring at the ceiling. The night is thick with silence, but it's the kind that hums, the kind that makes you feel like you're not alone. I keep telling myself it's nothing, just the usual creaks and groans of the house settling, but deep down, I know it's more than that. It's here with me again, that presence, that dark shadow that knows all my secrets. **Nora**—I've named it Nora.*

Nora isn't like the shadows that come and go with the changing light. No, she's different. She lingers, always just out of sight, like she's waiting for something. I've tried to convince myself that it's just paranoia, just my mind playing tricks on me, but the truth is, I can feel her. She's always there, just beyond the edge of my vision, reminding me of things I'd rather forget.

I think she knows everything about me—every dark thought, every secret I've buried deep. It's like she's connected to the darkest parts of my soul, feeding off the fear and anxiety that I try so hard to hide. And the worst part is, I can't escape her. No matter where I go, no matter how bright the lights are, she's always there, lurking in the shadows, waiting for the darkness to fall.

Lately, I've been afraid to close my eyes. There's this fear, this overwhelming dread that if I fall asleep, I might not wake up. I keep looking over my shoulder, expecting to see her standing there, watching me with those cold, unfeeling eyes. The fear is paralyzing, but I can't let it show. I can't let anyone know that Nora is real, that she's more than just a figment of my imagination.

Sometimes, when the night is at its darkest and I can barely keep my eyes open, I hear her whispering to me. It's not a voice, not really—it's more like a feeling, a sense that she's trying to tell me something. But what? What does she want from me? Is she here to protect me, or is she waiting for the right moment to drag me into the darkness with her?

I remember the first time I felt her presence, back when I was just a child. It was a dark, stormy night, and the power had gone out. The whole house was plunged into darkness, and I was alone, huddled under the covers, too scared to move. That's when I felt it—the cold, oppressive weight of her presence, like she was right there beside me, watching me, knowing everything about me. From that night on, I've never been able to escape her.

I've tried everything to get rid of her, to make her go away. But nothing works. She's always there, always watching, always waiting. And now, as I lie here in the darkness, I can feel her getting closer. The air feels heavy, like it's pressing down on me, suffocating me. I can barely breathe, and the fear is like a living thing, crawling under my skin.

*But there's something else too, something I've only just begun to realize. Nora isn't just a shadow, isn't just a manifestation of my fears. She's a part of me, a part of my mind that I've been too afraid to face. She knows my secrets because she *is* my secrets. She knows my fears because she *is* my fear.*

And now, as the darkness closes in and the air grows colder, I know that I can't keep running from her. I can't keep hiding in the light, pretending that she doesn't exist. Because no matter how hard I try, I can't escape her. She's a part of me, and she always will be.

So I lie here, in the stillness of the night, staring into the darkness, waiting. Waiting for her to make her move, waiting for her to reveal what she wants from me. But deep down, I know that the only way to truly be free of her is to face her, to face the darkness within myself. Only then will I know if I'm strong enough to survive the night—or if she'll finally drag me into the darkness for good.

Concept Stories:

NORA

在我房间的寂静中，黑暗像窒息的毯子一样将我包裹着，我躺在床上，凝视着天花板。夜晚沉静得可怕，但却有一种隐隐的低鸣声，让人感觉并不孤单。我不断告诉自己这没什么，只是房子在适应环境时发出的通常咯吱声和呻吟声，但在内心深处，我知道这不仅仅是这样。它又来了，那种存在，那道了解我所有秘密的黑影。**诺拉**——我给她取名为诺拉。

诺拉并不像随光线变化而来的影子，不，她不一样。她总是徘徊着，总是在视线之外，仿佛在等待什么。我试图说服自己这只是偏执，是我大脑在捉弄我，但事实是，我能感觉到她。她一直在那里，就在我的视线边缘，提醒我那些我宁愿忘记的事情。

我觉得她了解我一切——每一个黑暗的念头，每一个我深埋的秘密。就像她与我灵魂中最黑暗的部分连接在一起，汲取着我极力掩藏的恐惧和焦虑。而最糟糕的是，我无法逃避她。无论我走到哪里，无论光线有多亮，她总是在那里，潜伏在阴影中，等待黑暗降临。

最近，我害怕闭上眼睛。心里有种恐惧，这种压倒性的恐惧让我觉得如果我睡着了，可能再也醒不过来了。我总是回头看，期待看到她站在那里，用那些冰冷、无情的眼睛注视着我。恐惧让我无法动弹，但我不能表现出来。我不能让任何人知道诺拉是真实的，她不仅仅是我想象的产物。

有时候，当夜晚最黑暗、我几乎睁不开眼睛时，我听到她在对我低语。这不是一个声音，不完全是——更像是一种感觉，一种她试图告诉我某些事情的感觉。但是是什么？她想从我这里得到什么？她是来保护我的吗，还是她在等待合适的时机把我拖入黑暗？

我还记得第一次感受到她的存在，那是在我还是个孩子的时候。那是一个黑暗、暴风雨的夜晚，电力中断了。整个房子陷入了黑暗，我独自一人，蜷缩在被子下，害怕得不敢动。这时，我感觉到了——那种冷酷、压抑的存在感，就像她就在我身边，注视着我，了解我所有的一切。从那晚开始，我再也无法逃避她。

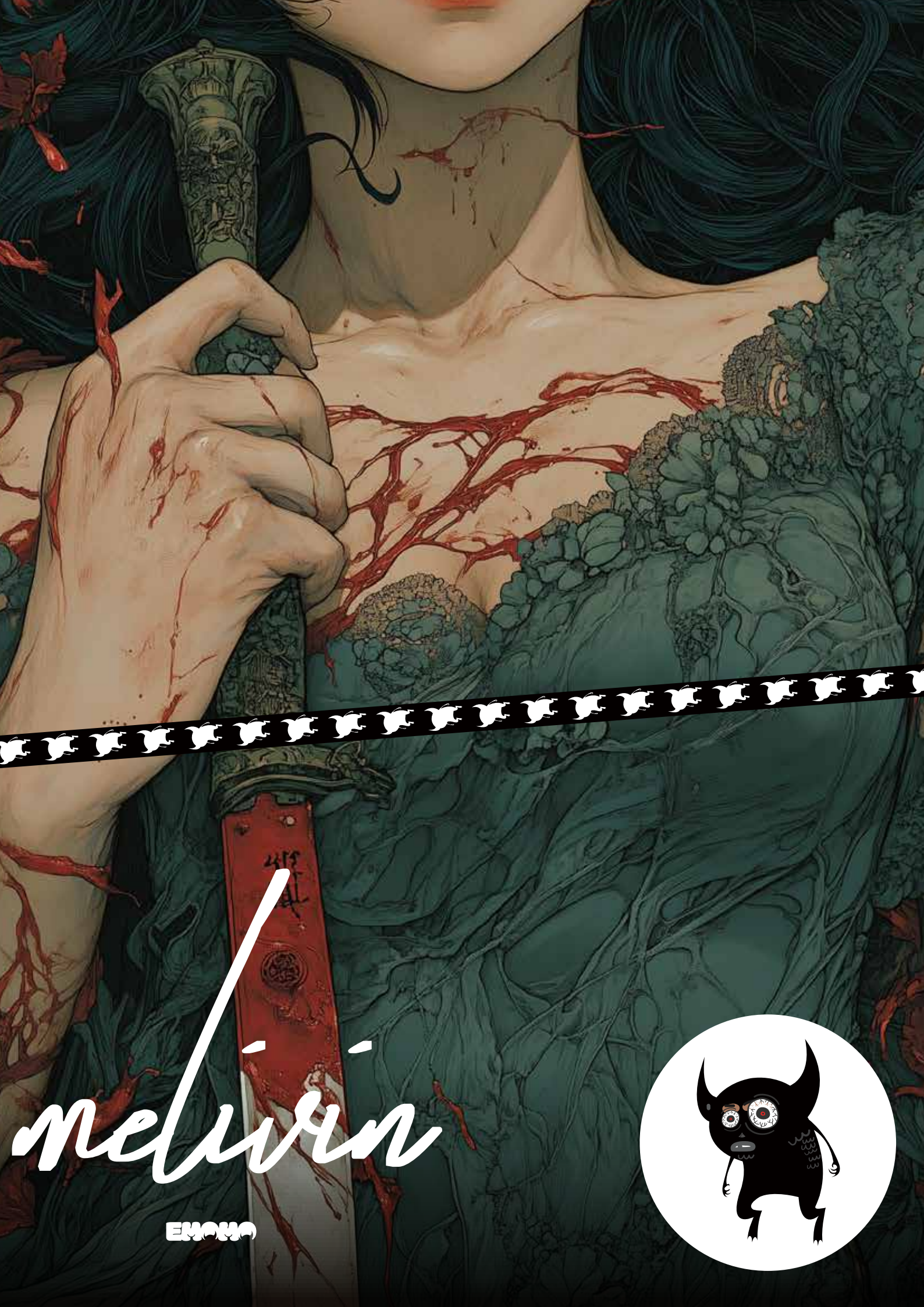
我试过各种方法赶走她，让她离开。但没有用。她总是在那里，始终注视着，始终等待着。现在，当我躺在黑暗中，感觉她越来越近。空气变得沉重，仿佛在压迫着我，让我窒息。我几乎无法呼吸，恐惧像活生生的东西，在我皮肤下蠕动。

但还有别的东西，我才刚刚开始意识到。诺拉不仅仅是一个影子，不仅仅是我恐惧的体现。她是我一部分，是我心灵中我一直害怕面对的一部分。她知道我的秘密，因为她*就是*我的秘密。她知道我的恐惧，因为她*就是*我的恐惧。

而现在，当黑暗逼近，空气越来越冷，我知道我不能再继续逃避她。我不能再躲在光明中，假装她不存在。因为无论我怎么努力，我都无法逃离她。她是我一部分，她将永远是我一部分。

所以我躺在这里，在夜晚的寂静中，凝视着黑暗，等待着。等待她采取行动，等待她揭示她想从我这里得到什么。但在内心深处，我知道唯一能真正摆脱她的方法就是面对她，面对我内心的黑暗。只有这样，我才能知道自己是否足够坚强，能够熬过这个夜晚——还是她最终会把我拖入永恒的黑暗。





melvin

EMMA





Concept Stories:

MELVIN

In the quiet hours of the night, when the world seems to shrink into an endless void, I find myself standing on the edge of something I can't quite name. The darkness feels thick, almost tangible, and I can't help but wonder if it's trying to pull me under. It would be so easy, so simple, to just let go—to let the shadows take me away from all of this. I'm tired. I'm beyond tired. There's nothing left in me, no resilience, no fight. Just a hollow ache that never goes away.

That's when I hear him—Melvin. My alter ego, my shadow, my darker half. He's always been there, lurking in the corners of my mind, but lately, his voice has become louder, more insistent. And now, he's whispering to me, telling me things I don't want to hear but can't ignore.

"Why do you keep fighting?" Melvin asks, his voice a low, taunting murmur. "There's nothing left for you here. Just give up. Let the darkness take you. You're not meant for this world."

He knows me too well, knows the secrets I've buried so deep that even I'm afraid to face them. He knows the things I've done, the things I've thought, the darkness that has always been a part of me. And he's right—I'm not meant for this world. I'm a human incarnation of Hades, a walking embodiment of the underworld's darkest corners.

"There's a special spot in hell just for you," Melvin continues, his voice dripping with cruel amusement. "A place where you'll be skinned alive with sandpaper and stabbed four hundred times every minute. That's where you belong. That's where you'll find peace."

I can almost see it, that hellish place he describes. It's terrifying, but there's a strange comfort in the idea of it. Maybe it's because I feel like I deserve it. After everything I've done, after all the darkness I've let consume me, maybe that's where I should be. Maybe that's the only place left for someone like me.

Melvin's words dig deep, cutting through the last shreds of hope I've been clinging to. He knows how to break me, knows exactly where to push to make me fall apart. But there's something else in his voice tonight, something different. It's not just malice, not just the desire to see me crumble. There's a hint of something almost...encouraging.

"This is your last chapter," Melvin says, his tone shifting, becoming almost gentle. "The one that's meant to destroy you. But it's also the one that will build you back stronger, if you can survive it. If you can face what you really are."

I don't know if I can. I don't know if there's anything left in me to rebuild. But Melvin's voice, as dark and twisted as it is, holds a strange power over me. He's telling me to give up, to let go—but he's also telling me that this isn't the end. That even in the darkest corners of hell, there's a chance for something more.

So here I am, standing on the edge, caught between the pull of the darkness and the faintest glimmer of something else—something that might be hope, or maybe just another cruel trick of the mind. I don't know what's going to happen, and I don't know if I have the strength to keep going. But for now, I'm still here, still breathing, still waiting.

Maybe Melvin is right. Maybe this is the chapter that will destroy me. But maybe, just maybe, it's also the one that will finally set me free.



Concept Stories: **MELVIN**

夜深人静的时候，当整个世界似乎缩小成无尽的虚空，我发现自己站在某个我无法命名的边缘。黑暗厚重，几乎可以触摸到，我不禁怀疑它是不是在试图将我拉入其中。那样做会很容易，很简单，只需放手——让黑暗把我从这一切中带走。我很累。我已经超越了疲惫。内心空洞，没有任何韧性，没有任何斗志。只剩下永不停息的痛苦。

就在这时，我听到了他——梅尔文。我的另一个自我，我的影子，我的黑暗面。他一直都在那里，潜伏在我内心的角落里，但最近，他的声音变得更响亮，更为强烈。现在，他在低语，告诉我一些我不想听却无法忽视的事情。

“你为什么还要继续挣扎？”梅尔文低声嘲讽道，语气阴沉而挑衅。“这里已经没有什么值得你留恋的了。放弃吧。让黑暗吞噬你。你不属于这个世界。”

他太了解我了，知道我埋藏得很深的那些秘密，甚至我自己也不敢面对的秘密。他知道我所做的一切，所思所想的一切，知道我内心深处那片一直存在的黑暗。他是对的——我不属于这个世界。我是哈迪斯的人类化身，是阴间最黑暗角落的行走化身。

“地狱里有个特别的地方是专门为你准备的，”梅尔文继续说道，声音里带着残酷的愉悦。“一个用砂纸活剥你皮肤的地方，每分钟刺你四百次。那是你该去的地方。那是你能找到平静的地方。”

我几乎能看到他描述的那个地狱般的地方。它令人恐惧，但这个想法却带来了一种奇怪的安慰。也许是因为我觉得自己应得的。在我所做的一切之后，在我让黑暗吞噬我的一切之后，也许那里就是我该去的地方。也许那里是唯一适合我这样的人的地方。

梅尔文的话深入我心，割裂了我一直紧紧抓住的最后一丝希望。他知道如何摧毁我，知道该如何准确地击中让我崩溃的要害。但今晚他的声音里还有别的东西，某种不同的东西。不仅仅是恶意，不仅仅是看我崩溃的渴望。还有一丝几乎...鼓励的意味。

“这是你人生的最后一章，”梅尔文说，语气变得几乎温柔。“这是要毁灭你的章节。但如果你能活下来，这也是能让你重生得更强大的章节。如果你能面对真实的自己。”

我不知道我能不能做到。我不知道还有没有什么可以重建的东西。但梅尔文的声音，尽管黑暗而扭曲，却对我有着奇怪的力量。他在告诉我放弃，告诉我放手——但他也在告诉我，这还不是终点。即使在地狱最黑暗的角落，也有可能存在着一些不同的东西。

于是我站在这里，站在边缘，徘徊在黑暗的吸引力和另一丝微弱的光芒之间——那可能是希望，也可能只是另一个残酷的心灵幻象。我不知道接下来会发生什么，也不知道我是否还有继续前行的力量。但至少此刻，我还在这里，还在呼吸，还在等待。

也许梅尔文是对的。也许这就是将要毁灭我的那一章。但也许，正是这一章，能让我最终获得自由。



jeff



EMMA



Concept Stories:

JEFF

Every day feels like a battle between who I am and who I could be. I'm sitting here, stuck in my room again, staring at the same four walls, worrying about the same old problems. Money, grades, whether people like me enough—it's like a loop I can't escape. I want everything to be perfect, to have everything figured out, but the more I try, the more I feel trapped.

And then there's Jeff. My alter ego, my EMOMO, the part of me that just wants to break free from all of this. Jeff doesn't care about money or grades or whether anyone likes him. He's the wild side, the one who wants to roll in the grass, laugh without a care, break all the rules, and just enjoy life. He's always there, in the back of my mind, egging me on, telling me I'm gutless for not letting go.

"Come on, you gutless wonder," Jeff sneers at me whenever I start worrying too much. "Why do you waste your life in this prison you've made for yourself? There's a whole world out there, full of fun and freedom, and you're stuck in here, worrying about nonsense."

He makes it sound so easy, so simple. Just let go, stop caring about all the things that weigh me down, and have fun for once. But I can't. I don't know why, but I can't. Maybe it's fear, or maybe it's just that I've spent so long building up these walls that I don't know how to live without them.

Jeff, of course, finds this hilarious. "You're so obsessed with your first-world problems that you've forgotten how to live," he says, almost laughing at me. "Money, love, grades—none of it matters in the end. You're going to miss out on everything if you keep this up."

He's right, and I know it. But knowing it doesn't make it any easier. The idea of just letting go, of living the way Jeff does, without a care in the world, is terrifying. What if I fail? What if everything falls apart? What if no one understands?

But Jeff doesn't care about the 'what ifs.' He's all about the 'why nots.' He keeps pushing me, teasing me, calling me gutless every time I choose safety over spontaneity. And the worst part is, deep down, I know he's right.

There's a part of me that wants to let go, that wants to be like Jeff, to just break free and enjoy the day without overthinking everything. But then the old fears creep back in, and I retreat to my safe little world of worry and control.

So here I am, stuck between the two—between who I am and who I could be, between the safe, predictable life I've built and the wild, carefree existence that Jeff promises. It's a struggle that never seems to end, a tug-of-war between my fears and my desires.

And Jeff, of course, is always there, taunting me, pushing me, telling me that I'm gutless. Maybe he's right. Maybe I am gutless. Or maybe I just haven't figured out how to let go yet.

Either way, the struggle continues.

Concept Stories:

JEFF

每天都像是一场战斗，在我是谁和我可能成为的人之间。我又一次坐在房间里，盯着同样的四堵墙，忧虑着那些老掉牙的问题。钱、成绩、别人是否足够喜欢我——就像一条无尽的循环，我无法摆脱。我想要一切都变得完美，想把所有事情都搞清楚，但越是努力，我就越觉得自己被困住了。

然后还有杰夫。我的另一个自我，我的 EMOMO，那部分只想从这一切中解脱出来的自我。杰夫不在乎钱、不在乎成绩、不在乎别人是否喜欢他。他是我的狂野一面，那个想在草地上打滚、无忧无虑地大笑、打破所有规则、尽情享受生活的人。他总是在我的脑海里，在背后怂恿我，告诉我因为无法放手，我是个懦夫。

“来吧，你这个胆小鬼，”每当我开始忧虑太多时，杰夫就会讥讽我。“你为什么要把自己困在这个你亲手建造的牢笼里？外面有一个充满乐趣和自由的世界，而你却困在这里，为那些无关紧要的事情担忧。”

他让这一切听起来那么简单、那么容易。只要放手，不再在意那些让我感到沉重的事情，痛痛快快地享受一次。可我做不到。我不知道为什么，但我就是做不到。也许是恐惧，也许只是因为我花了太多时间筑起这些墙壁，以至于不知道没有它们该怎么生活。

当然，杰夫觉得这很搞笑。“你太沉迷于你的‘第一世界’问题，以至于忘记了怎么生活，”他说，几乎在嘲笑我。“钱、爱情、成绩——这些到最后都不重要。如果你继续这样，你会错过一切。”

他是对的，我知道。但知道并不意味着这会变得容易。放手的想法，像杰夫那样生活，毫无顾虑，这对我来说太可怕了。要是我失败了怎么办？要是所有的一切都崩溃了怎么办？要是没有人理解我怎么办？

但杰夫不在乎这些“万一”。他只关注“为什么不”。他不断推动我，嘲弄我，每次我选择安全而非自发时，都会叫我懦夫。而最糟糕的是，在内心深处，我知道他是对的。

我的一部分确实想要放手，想要像杰夫那样，只是打破一切束缚，享受一天，而不再过度思考每一件事。但旧的恐惧又一次浮现，我又退回到那个充满忧虑和控制的安全小世界里。

所以我就在两者之间挣扎——在我是谁和我可能成为的人之间，在我所建造的安全、可预测的生活和杰夫承诺的狂野、无忧无虑的存在之间。这是一场似乎永无止境的斗争，一场在恐惧与欲望之间的拉锯战。

而杰夫，当然，总是在那里，嘲弄我，推动我，告诉我我是个懦夫。也许他是对的。也许我确实是个懦夫。或者也许我只是不知道该如何放手。

无论如何，斗争仍在继续。





madge

EMMA



Concept Stories:

MAGGIE

Every day, I put on this smile, a bright, cheery mask that everyone seems to believe. I laugh, I joke, I even get a little mischievous sometimes, just to keep up the illusion. But deep down, it's a different story. When I'm silent, I'm struggling. I've been crying for days, but no one sees that. They see the strong, happy version of me, the one who seems to have it all together.

But I'm also weak. There are cracks in this facade, and sometimes, I feel like they're going to shatter. I rarely show my weakness, and that's been my downfall. It's a detriment, really, because keeping it all inside only makes it harder to bear. Today, I tell myself I'll persevere, focus on what needs focusing, and just get through the day. One day at a time, right?

Then there's Maggie, my alter ego, my EMOMO, the voice that whispers in my ear when the world gets too heavy. "You don't recall when or how you ended up this way," she says, her voice a mix of pity and disdain. "So exhausted. So numbed. You're unable to question it, unable to fight it, unable to yell out and protest. All you're able to do is let out a deep, defeated sigh."

And she's right. I don't remember when it started—this feeling of being so worn out, so drained that I can't even muster the energy to question why. I've been on this path for so long, carrying broken dreams and failed relationships like weights around my neck. It's like I've forgotten how to live any other way.

I avoid sad songs, sad movies, anything that might remind me of what I've lost or the dreams that have slipped through my fingers. It's too much. The memories, the regrets—they're too close to the surface, too raw. So I keep them at bay, push them down, and keep up the act.

But Maggie doesn't let me forget. She's always there, reminding me of how far I've fallen, how tired I've become. "You're too far gone," she whispers. "Too broken to be fixed." And maybe she's right. Maybe I am too far gone. But what choice do I have? I can't let anyone see the real me, the one who's struggling just to keep it together.

So I'll keep smiling, keep pretending that everything's fine, even when it's not. I'll tell myself that I'm strong, that I'll get through this day just like I've gotten through every other day. But deep down, I know the truth. I know that I'm barely holding on, that the cracks are getting wider, and that one day, the mask will fall.

But until then, I'll keep pushing forward. I'll keep pretending, keep smiling, and keep Maggie's voice at bay for as long as I can. Because what else can I do?



Concept Stories:

MAGGIE

我都戴着这张微笑的面具，明亮、开朗的伪装，大家似乎都信以为真。我笑，我开玩笑，甚至有时候会有点调皮，只是为了维持这个假象。但在内心深处，一切都不一样。当我沉默时，我在挣扎。我已经哭了好几天，但没有人看到这些。他们看到的是那个坚强、快乐的我，那个看起来一切都掌控自如的我。

但我也很脆弱。这个面具上有裂缝，有时候我感觉它们快要碎裂了。我很少表现出自己的脆弱，这反而成了我的致命伤。这确实是个弊端，因为把一切都埋在心底只会让它变得更加难以承受。今天，我对自己说，我会坚持下去，专注于需要专注的事情，只要度过今天就好。一步一步来，对吧？

然后还有玛姬，我的另一个自我，我的 EMOMO，当世界变得太沉重时，她总是在我耳边低语。“你不记得是什么时候、怎么变成这样的，”她说，声音里夹杂着怜悯和轻蔑。“如此疲惫，如此麻木。你无法质疑它，无法与之抗争，无法喊叫抗议。你所能做的只是发出一声深深的、无力的叹息。”

她说得没错。我不记得这种感觉从什么时候开始的——这种被耗尽的感觉，疲惫到连质疑的力气都没有。我在这条路上已经走了太久，背负着破碎的梦想和失败的关系，像项链一样挂在脖子上。这就像我已经忘记了如何以其他方式生活。

我避开悲伤的歌曲，避开悲伤的电影，避开任何可能让我想起失去的东西或那些从指缝中溜走的梦想的东西。这太沉重了。那些记忆，那些遗憾——它们离表面太近，太鲜明。所以我把它们挡在外面，把它们压下去，继续维持这场表演。

但玛姬不会让我忘记。她总是在那里，提醒我自己已经堕落得有多深，变得有多疲惫。“你已经无药可救了，”她低语道。“太破碎了，无法修复。”也许她是对的。也许我真的已经走得太远了。但我有什么选择呢？我不能让任何人看到真正的我，那个仅仅在拼命维持的我。

所以我会继续微笑，继续假装一切都很好，即使事实并非如此。我会告诉自己我很坚强，我会像过去的每一天一样度过今天。但在内心深处，我知道真相。我知道我几乎已经坚持不住了，知道裂缝越来越大，知道有一天，这张面具会掉下来。

但在那之前，我会继续向前走。我会继续假装，继续微笑，尽量把玛姬的声音压制住。因为除此之外，我还能做什么呢？





doty

EMMA





Concept Stories:

DOTTY

In the depths of darkness, I've found my only solace in the comforting embrace of food. When the despair becomes overwhelming, I turn to eating, attempting to fill the void that seems impossible to ever truly fill. Each bite is a temporary escape, a way to cover up the deepest and most troubling secrets I harbor within me. For me, food has become more than just a necessity; it has become a dependence, a means to avoid confronting the harsh reality of my existence.

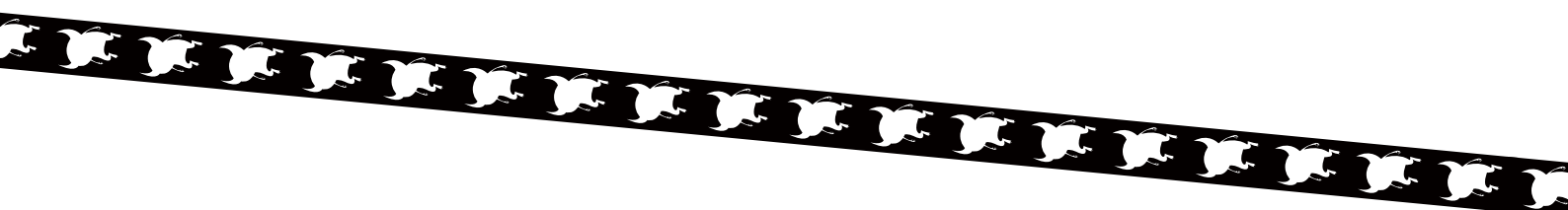
Trust is something I've come to see as a luxury I can't afford. The uncertainty that surrounds me has nearly extinguished all hope I once had. Every secret I keep, only Dotty—my EMOMO—knows about. She is intimately aware of the darkness that lurks within me. Despite my relentless efforts to push her out of my mind, she remains a persistent presence, constantly reminding me of the sins and misdeeds I wish I could erase from my memory.

Every day, I don a mask, meticulously crafting an image of normalcy and competence to navigate through life. This facade, along with the courage to deceive myself and others, allows me to get through the demands and routines of daily existence. Yet, when night falls and the darkness envelops me, the mask starts to slip, and I begin to see the hollow emptiness within myself, the cracks and wounds that lie hidden beneath the surface.

I often find myself questioning whether my EMOMO has given up on me. Has Dotty abandoned me to my own despair? The answer is no. Despite her relentless reminders of my failings and the darkness I embody, she hasn't abandoned me. Instead, she continues to encourage me to seek the path of righteousness. Her presence remains a guiding force, pushing me to recognize that even when hope seems completely out of reach and I am mired in despair, there is still a way forward.

In these long, dark nights, her voice becomes the faintest glimmer of guidance I can cling to. Though she forces me to confront my inner flaws and the pain I carry, she also reminds me that it is still possible to choose a different path, a path towards healing and redemption. Her presence teaches me that, even in the depths of my hopelessness, her encouragement can be the source of the courage needed to face my inner cracks and search for even the smallest glimmer of light.

So, I continue to wear my mask, keeping myself occupied with the demands of daily life, and navigate through the darkness that surrounds me. Despite being on the edge of giving up, I find solace in knowing that Dotty is still with me, guiding me and encouraging me to confront my inner turmoil and seek out that elusive ray of hope. Her unwavering support gives me the strength to face my fears and to continue searching for that faint, yet ever-important, light at the end of the tunnel.





Concept Stories:

DOTTY

在黑暗的深处，我找到了一丝安慰，那就是食物。当绝望变得无法承受时，我会转向吃东西，试图填补那似乎永远无法真正填满的空虚。每一口都是一种暂时的逃避，一种掩盖我内心最深处秘密的方式。对我来说，食物不仅是生存的必需品，更是一种依赖，一种逃避面对现实的手段。

我发现信任已经成了我无法承受的奢侈品。围绕我的不确定性几乎摧毁了我曾经拥有的所有希望。每一个我隐藏的秘密，只有多蒂——我的 EMOMO，知道。她对我内心的黑暗有着深刻的了解。尽管我不断努力将她排除在外，但她依然是我内心中挥之不去的存在，总是提醒我那些我希望从记忆中抹去的罪恶。

我每天都戴着面具，小心翼翼地营造出一种正常和得体的形象，以应对生活中的种种需求和日常事务。这种伪装和自欺欺人的勇气让我能够继续前行。然而，当夜幕降临，黑暗笼罩着我时，面具开始崩溃，我开始看到内心的空洞，看到那些隐藏在表面下的裂缝和伤痕。

我经常会问自己——我的 EMOMO 是否已经放弃了我？多蒂并没有放弃。尽管她不断提醒我我的过错和内心的黑暗，她依然在鼓励我走向正道。她的存在仍然是我前进的指引，推动我认识到，即使希望似乎完全消失，我也依然有可能找到前进的道路。

在漫长的黑夜里，她的声音成为了我唯一的指引。尽管她迫使我面对内心的缺陷和痛苦，她也让我明白，即使在绝望的深渊中，也可以选择另一条道路，一条通向治愈和救赎的道路。她的存在教会我，即使在深陷绝望中，她的鼓励依然能成为我面对内心裂痕和寻求微光的勇气源泉。

所以，我继续戴着面具，把自己忙碌于日常生活中，继续在黑暗中摸索。尽管我已接近放弃，但我知道多蒂仍在我身边，指引我，鼓励我去面对内心的挣扎，并寻找那一丝微弱却至关重要的光亮。她坚定的支持给了我面对恐惧的力量，让我继续寻找那条隧道尽头的微光。



rick

EMMA





Concept Stories:

RICK

I've always hated authority. The idea of someone telling me what to do, dictating every aspect of my life—it's something I've struggled with for as long as I can remember. Yet here I am, trapped in a dead-end job, clinging to a paycheck just to sustain my lifestyle and support my family. Every day feels like a repetition of the last, a monotonous grind that offers little more than a fleeting sense of stability.

My job doesn't bring me happiness. It's a daily battle, getting up early, dragging myself to a place where my only reward is a paycheck that barely justifies the effort. The work is tedious, unfulfilling, and every day I find myself questioning why I'm stuck in this rut. But the reality is, the money is necessary. It keeps a roof over our heads and food on the table. It's not about what I want; it's about what my family needs.

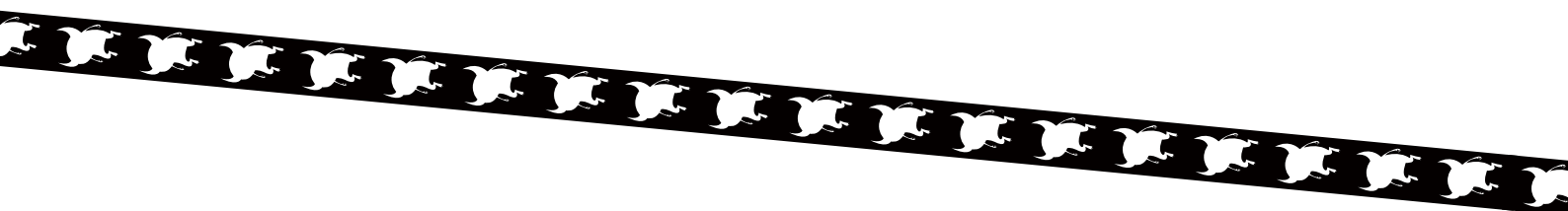
My EMOMO, Rick, is a constant presence in my mind, always urging me to quit this job. He paints vivid pictures of a life where I could become rich by pursuing silly ideas that might or might not work. Rick tells me about the beautiful world out there, one that doesn't involve dragging myself to work every day. His dreams are grand, and his vision of a carefree existence is enticing. But the burden of a steady paycheck, the need to provide for my family, keeps me anchored to my current situation.

Rick's constant urging to follow my dreams feels like a cruel irony. The idea of leaving my job for uncertain ventures is tempting, but the security of a monthly paycheck holds me back. It's a daily struggle, finding the motivation to continue with the same routine, knowing that my efforts are never really for myself but for the well-being of my family.

In the midst of this, the only thing that keeps me from falling apart is the joy my children bring me. Their smiles, their laughter—it's a source of happiness and a reminder of why I keep going. They are my anchor, keeping me grounded when everything else feels like it's slipping away.

Rick, on the other hand, remains a distraction. His visions of a different life, one without work and without the daily grind of responsibilities, are seductive. I indulge in these daydreams during my rare moments of downtime, escaping into the fantasy world Rick creates. But it's only a temporary escape, a way to cope with the daily reality of my life.

So, I continue to trudge through each day, balancing the demands of my job with the needs of my family. Rick's dreams provide a fleeting sense of hope and a distraction from the relentless routine, but they don't change the fact that I am stuck in a situation that doesn't fulfill me. The struggle is constant, but the love I have for my family, the joy they bring me, is what keeps me moving forward, one day at a time.



Concept Stories:

RICK

我一直讨厌权威。有人告诉我该做什么、控制我生活的每一个方面——这是我一直以来都在挣扎的事情。然而，我现在却被困在一个死胡同的工作中，紧紧抓住那份薪水以维持我的生活方式和支持我的家庭。每一天都像是前一天的重复，单调而乏味，除了带来片刻的稳定感，别无其他。

我的工作没有带来快乐。每天早上起床，拖着疲惫的身体去一个只有薪水回报的地方，这是一场每日的斗争。工作枯燥无味，我每天都在质疑自己为何会陷入这种困境。但现实是，钱是必要的。它保障了我们有屋顶在头上，有食物在桌上。这不是关于我想要什么，而是关于我的家庭需要什么。

我的 EMOMO，Rick，在我脑海中始终存在，时刻催促我辞去这份工作。他为我描绘了一种可以通过追求那些可能会或可能不会成功的荒诞想法而致富的生活。Rick 讲述了一个无需每天拖着自己去工作、无忧无虑的美好世界。他的梦想宏伟，他的无忧生活的愿景很诱人。然而，稳定的薪水的负担和养家糊口的需要把我固定在现在的境地。

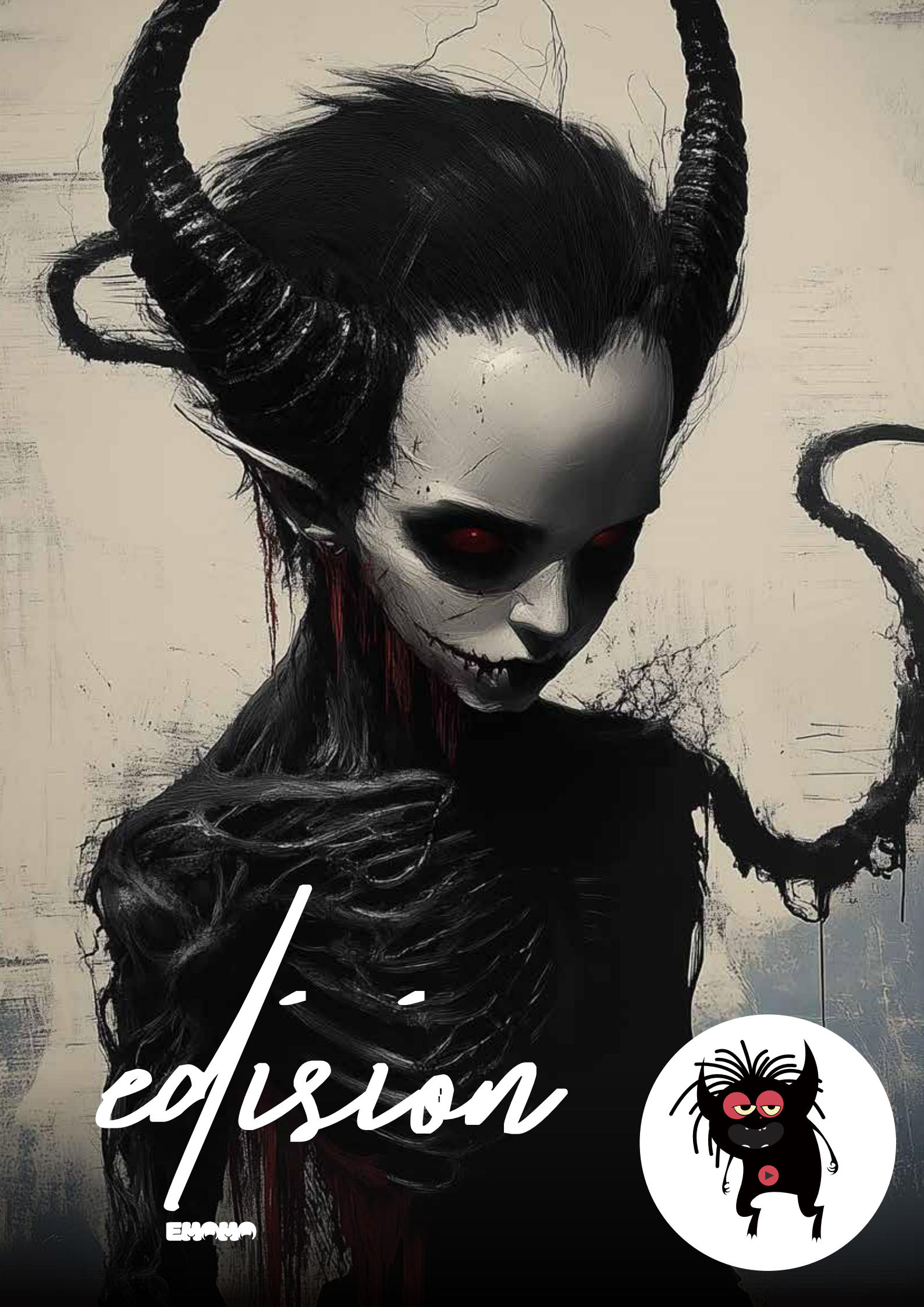


Rick 不断催促我追寻梦想，这种感觉像是一种残酷的讽刺。离开工作去追寻那些不确定的事业的想法是诱人的，但稳定的月薪却将我束缚住。每天的斗争在于找到继续坚持的动力，明白我的努力从来不是为了自己，而是为了家庭的幸福。

在这一切之中，唯一让我不至于崩溃的，是孩子们带给我的快乐。他们的笑容、他们的欢笑，是我前行的源泉，是我坚持下去的理由。他们是我的锚，让我在一切似乎要崩溃的时候保持稳定。

另一方面，Rick 始终是一个干扰。他对不同生活的愿景——一个无需工作、没有责任的生活——是诱人的。在我难得的闲暇时光中，我沉浸于 Rick 创建的幻想世界里。这只是暂时的逃避，一种应对现实生活的方式。

所以，我继续一天天地坚持，平衡着工作的要求和家庭的需要。Rick 的梦想带来了短暂的希望和对单调生活的分心，但它们并没有改变我被困在一个无法满足我的情况的事实。这种挣扎是持续的，但对家庭的爱，以及他们带给我的快乐，才是让我继续前行的动力，一天一天地走下去。



ed/ision

EMMA





Concept Stories:

EDISION

*I've avoided mirrors for as long as I can remember. I can't stand the sight of myself. Every reflection feels like a cruel reminder of how ugly and unattractive I believe I am. It's not just about my appearance—it's the way I exist, or rather, the way I fail to exist in the eyes of others. I'm invisible to everyone around me, whether it's my so-called friends, my family, or the people I work with. They look past me as if I'm not even there, just a shadow moving through life without leaving any trace. It's like I'm here, but I'm not really *here*.*

Despite how I feel, I've become an expert at putting on a cheery face. I've even started to pretend to be a clown, cracking jokes and acting silly just to get the attention of the people around me. It's all an act—a desperate attempt to be noticed, to be seen, to feel like I'm part of something. But even when people laugh or smile at my antics, it feels hollow. The laughter dies quickly, and I'm left feeling more isolated than before. The clown mask I wear is just that—a mask. Underneath, I'm still the same person, struggling with my self-worth, trying to make sense of why I feel so invisible.

The world only comes alive when I close my eyes. In my mind, I can imagine a world without me in it, a world where I don't have to endure this endless suffering. The inspiration that seems to light up everyone else's lives is just a dull flicker to me. I don't feel free—I'm trapped in this body, this face, this existence that I despise. The only friend I have is my EMOMO, Edision. He's always there, whispering to me to breathe in and out, reminding me to stay focused, that somehow everything will be fine.

Edision is the one who helps me paint a picture in my mind of a beautiful island, a place far away where I can escape and be free from all these negative thoughts that plague me. He tells me that one day I can go there, leave behind all this pain and finally be at peace. But even in this comforting vision, there's a nagging voice inside me that doubts it. Edision tries to steer my mind away from the things that don't matter, from the endless loop of self-hate and despair, but it's so hard. The ugliness I feel isn't just skin deep—it's wrapped around my soul, choking me.

Every day feels like a battle. I wake up, put on my cheerful mask, and go through the motions. I try to make others laugh, try to be the life of the party, but it's exhausting. There's a constant, gnawing feeling inside me that I'll never be good enough, never be worth the attention I so desperately seek. I'm constantly pretending, constantly performing, just to keep the emptiness at bay. But when I'm alone, when the act is over, the sadness and self-loathing come crashing back, stronger than ever.

Edision is the only one who seems to understand. He doesn't judge me or tell me to snap out of it. Instead, he reminds me to breathe, to take things one step at a time. He paints me pictures of a better life, one where I'm free from all this negativity. But even with his support, it's hard to shake the feeling that I'm stuck in this dark place, that I'll never truly escape. I want to believe in the world Edision shows me, but I can't help but feel like it's just another illusion, another fantasy that will never come true.

So, I hold on to Edision's words, trying to find comfort in the idea that one day, things might be different. I continue to play the clown, hoping that maybe, just maybe, someone will see past the act and understand what I'm really going through. But until that day comes, I'll keep pretending, keep smiling, and keep fighting the battle inside me. It's the only way I know how to survive.

Concept Stories:

EDISION

我尽可能地避免照镜子。每次看到自己的倒影，我都感到厌恶，觉得自己又丑又没有吸引力。这不仅仅是外表的问题——是我存在的方式，或者更准确地说，是我在人们眼中没有存在感。我对身边的人来说仿佛是隐形的，无论是所谓的朋友、家人，还是同事。他们总是看不见我，好像我根本不存在，只是一道在生活中游荡的影子，没有留下任何痕迹。我存在着，但却感觉不到自己真正存在。



尽管我有这些感受，我还是学会了戴上一张开心的面具。我甚至开始假装自己是个小丑，讲笑话、装傻，只为了引起周围人的注意。这一切都是演戏——一次绝望的尝试，想要被注意到，想要被看到，想要感觉自己属于某个地方。但即使人们因为我的搞笑行为笑了或微笑了，我也觉得很空虚。笑声很快消散，我感到比之前更加孤独。我戴上的小丑面具不过是一张面具而已。面具下的我，仍然是那个挣扎于自我价值、试图理解自己为何如此隐形的人。

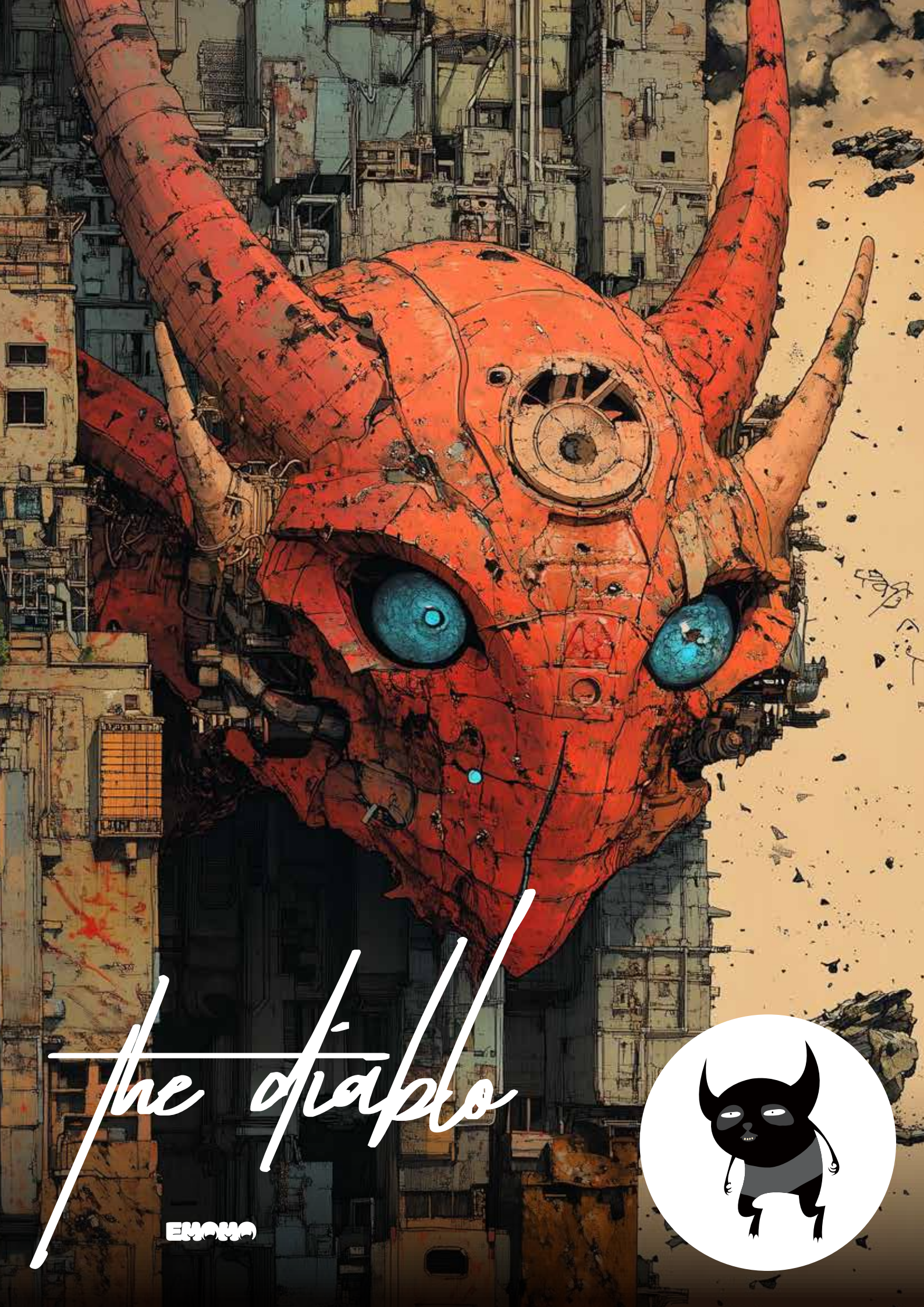
只有在我闭上眼睛的时候，世界才会活跃起来。在我的脑海里，我可以想象一个没有我的世界，一个我不必忍受无尽痛苦的世界。那些似乎点亮了别人生活的灵感，对我来说只是微弱的闪光。我感到自己被困在这个身体里，这张脸，这个我所厌恶的存在里。我唯一的朋友是我的EMOMO——埃迪森。他总是在我身边，轻声提醒我深呼吸，告诉我专注于眼前，事情终会好起来。

埃迪森帮助我在脑海中勾勒出一幅美丽的岛屿画面，那是一个遥远的地方，在那里我可以逃离所有这些困扰我的负面情绪。他告诉我，总有一天我可以去那里，离开这些痛苦，终于找到平静。但即使在这个安慰的愿景中，我内心深处也有一个声音在怀疑。埃迪森试图引导我的思维远离那些不重要的事情，远离那无尽的自我憎恨和绝望，但这真的很难。我感受到的丑陋不仅仅是表面——它紧紧缠绕在我的灵魂上，令我窒息。

每天都像是一场战斗。我醒来，戴上快乐的面具，按部就班地过日子。我试着让别人笑，试着成为聚会的中心，但这真的很累。内心深处，总有一种不断啃噬的感觉，让我觉得自己永远都不够好，永远不值得我如此渴望的关注。我一直在假装，一直在表演，只是为了将空虚感抑制住。但当我独处时，当表演结束时，悲伤和自我厌恶却以更强的力量席卷而来。

埃迪森是唯一似乎能理解我的人。他不会评判我，也不会让我清醒过来。相反，他提醒我要呼吸，要一步一步地走。他为我描绘了一幅更美好的生活画面，一个没有这些负面情绪的生活。但即使有他的支持，我仍然难以摆脱这种感觉，觉得自己被困在这个黑暗的地方，永远无法真正逃脱。我相信埃迪森向我展示的世界，但我忍不住觉得这只是另一个幻觉，另一个永远不会成真的幻想。

所以，我紧紧抓住埃迪森的话，试图在他描绘的未来中找到一丝安慰。我继续扮演小丑，希望也许，或许有一天，会有人能看穿这场表演，理解我真正的感受。但直到那一天到来，我会继续假装，继续微笑，继续与内心的斗争抗争。这是我唯一知道的生存方式。



the diablo

EMMA





Concept Stories:

THE DIABLO

Every time I'm feeling down, or when I'm just under the weather, this dark figure appears. I don't know who or what he is—whether he's an angel or a devil. He always seems to be lurking just outside my reach, calling out to me with a voice that's both captivating and terrifying. His presence is almost hypnotic, like a siren's song that beckons me to come closer. The strangest thing is, he never enters my house. It's as if there's some unseen barrier that keeps him out, but his calls still echo through my mind, impossible to ignore.

He always wants to bring me somewhere. Where exactly, I have no idea. But there's a part of me that feels like it's a place I need to be, a place that holds answers or perhaps an end to something that's been plaguing me. But no matter how many times I hear his call, I've never been able to venture out the door. It's like my feet are glued to the floor, unable to take that first step. And every time I close my eyes and drift off to sleep, I'm pulled back into the same dream—one where he's waiting for me, just outside, always waiting.

This has been happening to me for the longest time. It's like a shadow that's been following me, always at the edges of my consciousness, especially when I'm at my lowest. I've asked myself a thousand times: What have I done to deserve this? Why is this figure haunting me whenever I'm down? What does he want from me? The truth is, I'm afraid to ask him, to confront whatever he represents. I've given him a name—The Diablo—because that's what he feels like, a dark presence that knows more about me than I'm comfortable with.

The Diablo seems to know all my secrets, all my darkest thoughts, the ones I try to bury deep inside. He's always there, just waiting, whispering promises of something more, something beyond the walls of my home. Sometimes I wonder if I should just step out for once, confront him, and get it over with. Maybe then I'd finally know what he wants from me, what lies beyond if I dare to follow him. But the fear of the unknown holds me back. What if stepping out is the end of everything I know? What if it leads me somewhere I can't return from?

The dreams don't help either. They've been getting worse, more vivid. I'm always being chased by monsters, twisted creatures that seem to be born from my own fears. It's like they're hunting me, feeding off my anxiety and despair. The dreams are so real that I wake up drenched in sweat, heart pounding, feeling like I've narrowly escaped something truly horrific. It's driving me insane, this constant battle between the pull of The Diablo and my own fear of what he represents.

I don't know how much longer I can keep this up. The more I resist, the stronger his calls become, and the more terrifying the dreams get. Maybe one day, I'll find the courage to step outside and face The Diablo, to find out what he really wants from me. Or maybe I'll just keep running, trapped in this endless cycle of fear and doubt. Either way, something has to give. I just hope I'm ready when it does.

Concept Stories:

THE DIABLO

每当我感到情绪低落，或是身体不适的时候，这个黑暗的身影就会出现。我不知道他是谁，或是什么——是天使，还是恶魔。他总是徘徊在我的触手可及之外，用既迷人又令人恐惧的声音呼唤我。他的存在几乎是催眠的，就像塞王的歌声，诱惑着我靠近。最奇怪的是，他从未进入过我的房子。仿佛有某种无形的屏障阻挡着他，但他的呼唤依然在我脑海中回荡，无法忽视。

他总是想带我去某个地方。到底是哪里，我不知道。但有一部分的我感觉，那是我需要去的地方，一个能为我多年来困扰我的东西带来答案，或者终结的地方。可是无论我听到他的呼唤多少次，我都无法走出那扇门。就像我的双脚被黏在了地上，迈不出那第一步。每当我闭上眼睛，进入梦乡时，我又被拉回同样的梦境——一个他在外面等待着我的梦，他总是在等待。

这种情况已经持续了很久。就像一个阴影，永远追随着我，尤其是在我情绪低落时，它总是在我意识的边缘游荡。我已经问过自己无数次：我做了什么才招致这一切？为什么每当我感到低落时，这个身影总是缠着我？他到底想从我这里得到什么？说实话，我害怕去问他，害怕去面对他所代表的东西。我给他起了个名字——“迪亚布罗”（Diablo），因为他带给我的感觉就是这样，一个让我感到不安的黑暗存在，似乎比我自己更了解我。

迪亚布罗似乎知道我所有的秘密，所有我努力埋藏在心底的最黑暗的想法。他总是在那里，等待着，低声许诺着某种东西，某种超越我家四壁的东西。有时我想，也许我应该勇敢一点，走出去，面对他，结束这一切。也许那样我才能最终知道他想要什么，才能知道如果我敢跟随他，会发生什么。但对未知的恐惧让我退缩。如果走出这一步意味着我所知道的一切都会终结呢？如果这会把我带到一个我无法回头的地方呢？

梦境也不帮忙，它们变得越来越糟，越来越真实。我总是被怪物追逐，那些扭曲的生物似乎源于我自己的恐惧。它们仿佛在猎捕我，汲取着我的焦虑和绝望。梦境如此真实，我总是从梦中醒来时满身大汗，心脏狂跳，感觉自己刚刚逃过一场真正的灾难。这种持续的挣扎让我快要疯了，一方面是迪亚布罗的诱惑，另一方面是我对他代表的东西的恐惧。

我不知道还能撑多久。我越是抗拒，他的呼唤就越强烈，梦境也愈发恐怖。也许有一天，我会鼓起勇气走出去，面对迪亚布罗，找出他真正想从我这里得到什么。或者，我会继续逃避，被困在这无尽的恐惧和怀疑的循环中。不管怎样，事情终有一天会发生变化。我只希望当那一天来临时，我已做好准备。





/pen

EMMA





Concept Stories:

BEN

I've always tried to convince myself to stop saying "yes" to everyone, to stop bending over backwards just to help people who probably don't even care. Friends, family, people at the office—they all seem to know that if they need something, they can come to me, and I'll never say "no." I can't. It's like I physically don't know how. And every time, I tell myself that this time will be different, that I won't let myself get used again. But then I hear the request, and before I know it, I'm agreeing, helping, giving more of myself than I even have to offer.

It's something that's been passed down, I think. My father, when he was still around, would always tell us, "People come to us for help, we've got to help them. They need it, and we might not get that help back from them, but our next generation will. When our kids are in need, someone will help them, but only if we help the ones who come to us now. If we don't, our kids will be left stranded too." So I've lived by that. It's like a duty, almost an obligation, and even when I know deep down that I'm being used, I can't stop myself. My father's voice is always there in the back of my mind, telling me this is the right thing to do.

But lately, my alter-ego EMOMO, his name is Ben, he's been getting louder, telling me otherwise. He calls me broken, sagging, pitiful. He says I'm just soft, a doormat for people to walk all over. Sometimes I try to fight back, tell him that helping people is important, that it's what I was taught, but the truth is... he's right. I feel like I'm crumbling under the weight of it all, and no one ever seems to notice or care. Ben, though, he notices. He sees it, and he hates it. He shouts at me, tells me to stop. We've had huge shouting matches recently—him, screaming at me to stand up for myself, and me, defending this idea that I have to keep helping, that I have no choice.

It's strange, because lately, Ben's manifestations have been getting stronger. I used to just hear him in my head, like an angry voice reminding me how weak I am. But now, I can see him. He's real, right in front of me, and I don't know if that's a good thing or not. Part of me loves it. For the first time in a long time, I feel like I have someone who really understands me, someone who gets the frustration and the exhaustion. Ben knows what it's like to be tired of giving, to be tired of being "too nice." And for a moment, it's like I finally have a friend who sees through all of it.

The strangest thing about Ben is his appearance. He's this dark, looming shadow with sharp horns, almost like something out of a nightmare. He looks like a devil, a figure straight out of some hellish place, and yet, there's something comforting about him. Despite his fearsome look, he seems like a kind soul, almost gentle in a twisted way. It's as if he's here to help me, to guide me out of this endless cycle of being used. The more I see him, the more I feel drawn to him, like he's the brother I never had. His presence is strange, unsettling even, but at the same time, it feels like I'm not alone anymore.

And that's the hardest part. Because while Ben is this dark, demonic figure, he's the only one who truly understands me. He's the only one who calls me out for being weak, for letting people walk all over me, but he does it because he cares. It's as if he's trying to pull me out of the hole I've dug myself into. But I wonder—can I trust him? Can I let this dark part of myself become my closest ally? Or will letting Ben in mean that I lose the person I've always been, the person my father raised me to be? I don't know, but what I do know is that Ben is always there, whispering that maybe it's time to start looking out for myself.

Concept Stories:

BEN

每次我试图说服自己不要再总是对所有人说“是”，不要再为了帮助那些可能根本不在乎的人而不顾一切。朋友、家人、办公室里的同事，他们都知道只要他们需要帮助，他们可以来找我，而我永远不会说“不”。我做不到。就像我根本不知道怎么拒绝。每次，我都告诉自己这次会有所不同，我不会再让自己被利用了。但一旦请求出现，我甚至还没反应过来，我就已经同意了，已经在帮助他们了，甚至付出了比我能承受的还要多的代价。

我想这可能是家传的。我父亲还在世时，总是对我们说：“人们来找我们帮忙，我们必须帮他们。他们需要帮助，或许我们无法从他们那里得到回报，但我们的下一代会。当我们的孩子需要帮助时，总会有人帮助他们，但只有我们现在帮助那些来找我们的人。如果我们不帮，他们的孩子也得不到帮助。”所以，我一直遵循这个道理。这就像一种责任，几乎是一种义务，即使我心里知道我正在被利用，我也无法阻止自己。父亲的声音总是在我脑海中回荡，告诉我这是对的。

但最近，我的另一个自我——EMOMO，他叫本（Ben），他越来越大声地反对我。他叫我破碎、松垮、可怜的生物。他说我就是软弱，被人踩在脚下。有时我试图反抗，告诉他帮助别人很重要，这是我被教导的道理，但事实是……他是对的。我感觉自己正被这些压得喘不过气来，而没有人似乎注意到或者在乎。然而，本注意到了。他看到了这些，并且他恨这些。他对我大喊，让我停下来。最近我们大吵了好几次——他对我咆哮，要我为自己挺身而出，而我则辩解说我必须继续帮助别人，因为我没有选择。

奇怪的是，最近本的身影越来越真实了。以前，我只是听到他在我脑海里，就像一个愤怒的声音提醒我自己有多弱。但现在，我能看见他。他是真实存在的，就在我面前，而我不知道这是不是一件好事。部分的我喜欢这样。很长一段时间以来，我第一次觉得有一个真正理解我的人，一个了解我有多累、多疲惫的人。本知道被耗尽的感觉，知道“太好了”的疲倦。而就在那一瞬间，我感觉终于有了一个能看透一切的朋友。

最奇怪的部分是本的外貌。他是一个黑暗、巨大的影子，头上长着尖锐的角，几乎像是从噩梦中走出来的。他看起来像一个恶魔，像从某种地狱来的身影，但奇怪的是，他身上有某种安慰感。尽管他的外貌令人害怕，但他似乎有一颗善良的心，几乎有点温柔，尽管有些扭曲。仿佛他是来帮助我的，带我逃离这个无止境被利用的循环。我越看到他，越感觉自己被他吸引，就像他是我从未拥有过的兄弟一样。他的存在很奇怪，甚至让人不安，但同时也让我觉得自己不再孤单。

而这正是最难的部分。因为尽管本是个黑暗的恶魔般的身影，他是唯一真正理解我的人。他是唯一一个责备我软弱，责备我让别人踩在我头上的人，但他这么做是因为他关心我。仿佛他正试图把我从我自己挖的洞里拉出来。但我在想——我能信任他吗？我能让这个黑暗的自我成为我最亲近的盟友吗？还是说让本进入我的生活，意味着我将失去自己，一直以来我父亲希望我成为的那个人？我不知道，但我知道的是，本一直在身边，低语着，或许现在该是我为自己着想的时候了





JOJO

ERONA





Concept Stories:

JAY

There's something oddly comforting about the darkness, something familiar in the cold, muted tones that creep into every corner of my mind. Jay calls it a "black celebration." He says tonight we celebrate, not because we've triumphed or because life is good, but because we've survived another black day. Another day where everything felt heavy, another day where hope seemed out of reach. I can't argue with him—I never do. His voice is always so calm, so certain, guiding me through the shadows I find myself lost in.

Jay has this way of making it seem like there's something to look forward to in the blackness, something to cling to in the absence of light. "Look at me," he says, "look how I carry on when all hope is gone." And I do. I look at him, and in his optimism, I find something I can't describe, something I wish I had. He's always so sure, so unshakable, like he knows exactly what's coming and is ready to face it, no matter how grim. His eyes—they gleam with a kind of paradise that's just out of reach for someone like me. How does he do it?

There are moments when I want to take him in my arms, to let everything else fall away. To forget about all the things I couldn't do today, all the failures that weigh down on me. Just for one night, I want to celebrate. Not the kind of celebration people imagine, but something darker, deeper—an acknowledgment that we've made it through yet another day. Jay tells me it's worth celebrating, even when the day has been nothing but bleakness. "A black celebration," he calls it. I guess it makes sense. Tonight, as the darkness closes in around me, I find myself longing for his touch, his consolation. I want so much for it all to fade away, to feel his arms around me, to forget everything. His strong belief in me is something I don't understand, but I crave it. I want relief, just for a moment, just long enough to make me feel something other than this endless emptiness. Jay promises it'll be alright—"I'll drink to that," he says with a wry smile. And maybe I will, too. Maybe tonight, we can both drink to the fact that we've seen the back of another black day.

There's a strange sort of comfort in knowing that Jay is always there, no matter how dark it gets. He's not afraid of the blackness, and he never lets me forget that I shouldn't be either. He tells me that tonight is different, that tonight we celebrate the fact that we're still here, still breathing, still enduring. It's not a celebration of joy, but a celebration of survival. And somehow, that's enough for me.

The blackness, the emptiness—it's all consuming, but with Jay by my side, it feels almost manageable. Like if I close my eyes and let go, I can float through it, find a kind of peace in the void. Jay tells me that tomorrow will be another black day, but we'll deal with that when it comes. For now, we have tonight, and tonight we celebrate.

It's a strange thought—celebrating the darkness—but I think I understand it now. I've lived so long in it, stumbled through so many black days, that maybe it's time to accept it. To embrace the black celebration Jay talks about. To let go, just for tonight, and find solace in the fact that we've survived another day together.

Concept Stories:

JAY

每当黑暗降临，我总能找到一种奇怪的安慰，仿佛这些沉闷的色调早已渗透进了我内心的每一个角落。Jay称这为“黑色庆典”。他说，今晚我们要庆祝，不是因为我们取得了胜利，也不是因为生活美好，而是因为我们又熬过了一个黑暗的日子。今天一切都很沉重，仿佛希望永远无法触及。我无法反驳他——我从来没有。他的声音总是那么平静，那么确定，指引我穿过那些让我迷失的阴影。

Jay有一种让黑暗看起来充满希望的方式，仿佛在光芒缺失的地方还有什么值得抓住。“看着我，”他说，“看看当所有希望消失时，我是如何坚持下来的。”于是我看着他，在他的乐观中，我找到了某种难以形容的东西，一种我渴望拥有的力量。他总是那么坚定，毫不动摇，仿佛他清楚知道接下来会发生什么，无论多么艰难，他都准备好面对。他的眼睛——闪烁着一种天堂般的光芒，但对我来说，这似乎遥不可及。他是如何做到的？

有时，我只想拥抱他，让一切都消散。忘掉今天我无法完成的所有事情，那些让我喘不过气来的失败。哪怕只是一个晚上，我想要庆祝。不是人们想象中的那种庆祝，而是某种更黑暗、更深沉的东西——一种对我们熬过一天的承认。Jay告诉我，这值得庆祝，即便这一天只充满了阴郁。“黑色庆典，”他这样称呼它。我猜这的确有道理。

今晚，当黑暗再次包围我时，我发现自己渴望他的触碰，渴望他的安慰。我非常想让这一切都消失，想感受到他的双臂围绕着我，忘掉所有的一切。他对我坚信是我无法理解的，但我却渴望它。我想要解脱，只要片刻，只要能让我感受到除了这无尽空虚以外的其他东西。Jay承诺一切都会好起来——“为此干杯吧，”他带着微笑说道。也许我会，也许今晚，我们可以一起为熬过又一个黑暗的日子干杯。



知道Jay始终在我身边，无论黑暗多么浓厚，这是一种奇特的安慰。他从不害怕黑暗，他也从不让我忘记，我也不该害怕。他告诉我，今晚不同，今晚我们要庆祝，我们仍在这里，仍在呼吸，仍在坚持。这不是一个快乐的庆祝，但却是对生存的庆祝。而这一点，似乎已经足够了。

黑暗，无尽的空虚——它们侵蚀着我，但有Jay在我身边，似乎变得可控了。如果我闭上眼睛，放手去感受，我似乎能漂浮在其中，找到某种平静。Jay告诉我，明天将是另一个黑暗的日子，但当它到来时，我们会处理它。现在，我们拥有今晚，而今晚我们庆祝。

这是一种奇怪的想法——庆祝黑暗——但我想我现在懂了。我已经在黑暗中生活了这么久，经历了太多黑暗的日子，也许是时候接受它了。接受Jay所说的黑色庆典。今晚就放手吧，找到安慰，因为我们又一起度过了一天。



marlin

EMO





Concept Stories:

MARTIN

Every night it feels like I'm descending, pulled into something far darker than I can comprehend. Martin calls it the "descent." It starts as a slow slide, but then it's like falling into the maw of some monstrous creature, its teeth tearing through me as I plunge deeper and deeper. There's no light down here, no ground to land on. Just endless black. The further I fall, the more my body feels like it's coming apart, piece by piece. The void swallows me whole, and I feel it—the bottomless pool that never ends. I keep going down, like there's no end to the nothingness.

I always wake up on blood-soaked sand. The taste of iron fills the air, and my body feels limp, useless. There's this awful sound—a choir with no voices, weeping without words. They cry, not for me, but for something long gone, something lost. Their pain cuts through the air, and I want to scream back at them, but I can't. My throat is raw, sewn shut by something unseen, choking me with the silence. My body is hollow, starving, with no way to nourish itself, no way to feel alive again. Martin stands nearby, watching me as I struggle.

He never helps. He never reaches out. He just observes, his cold eyes locked on my every move. "This is your journey," he whispers, his voice echoing like the dull hum of death itself. The sound is deafening, like it's tearing through my mind. Martin tells me that this is the way it's always been—that there's nothing beyond this, only more pain. The contorted bodies stack around me, twisted forms piling up, lifeless, and yet I feel no fear. Only nausea. Only the urge to purge whatever is left inside me, but there's nothing to expel. I'm empty.

I don't know how long this has been going on. Days? Years? The last light flickers out, and I realize I'm stuck here, in this earthless place, transcending whatever flesh I once had. I'm not even sure I have a body anymore. I'm just drifting, lost in this void, carried along by whatever force controls this twisted migration beyond life. Martin calls it the next step, but I don't understand. How can there be a next step when everything is nothing? When there's no earth beneath my feet, no sky above my head?

I keep falling. The descent never stops. It's just me, the endless darkness, and Martin. His words are like poison, filling my mind with images of the bodies, of the blood-soaked sand. I'm supposed to accept this. That's what Martin tells me. But every time I close my eyes, I'm overwhelmed by the same vision: the weeping choir, the deafening hum, the contorted bodies. Is this what awaits me? Is this what I've been falling towards all along? I can hear Martin whispering again. He tells me this is where I belong, that the world above was never meant for me. He says that my journey has gone awry, that I was never supposed to be there in the first place. The more he talks, the more I feel it—that pull, that overwhelming need to surrender, to stop fighting the descent. But I can't. I keep thinking about the last flicker of light, the last reminder of what I used to be. I can't let go, not yet. Not until I understand.

The voiceless choir weeps on. Their sound is unbearable, but somehow, I feel a connection to them, to their silent sorrow. Maybe Martin is right. Maybe this is my place, my existence, an endless migration beyond anything human. But even as I fall, I cling to the idea that there has to be more. There has to be something beyond this deafening hum, beyond the blackness. Something Martin isn't telling me. Something more than just being... earthless.

Concept Stories:

MARTIN

我陷入低谷时，感觉自己正在下沉，被某种我无法理解的黑暗力量拉扯着。马丁称之为“堕落”。一开始是缓慢的滑落，接着就像是坠入某个可怕怪物的嘴里，它的牙齿撕裂着我，而我不断坠得更深。这里没有光，没有尽头，只有无边无际的黑暗。我越是坠落，身体就越感觉像在分崩离析，一块一块地散开。虚空吞噬了我，我感受到它——那永无止境的深渊，仿佛永远不会结束。我不停地下沉，仿佛这无尽的虚无永远不会停止。



我是在一片被鲜血浸透的沙滩上醒来。空气中弥漫着铁锈的味道，我的身体感觉僵硬、无力。有一种可怕的声音——一个没有声音的合唱团，在无声地哭泣。他们的哭泣不是为我，而是为某种早已消失的东西，为某种失落的存在。他们的痛苦切割着空气，我想对他们尖叫，但无法发出声音。我的喉咙仿佛被某种看不见力量缝住了，沉默在我体内翻腾，窒息着我。我感觉自己空空如也，饥渴难耐，却无力让自己重新活过来。马丁站在一旁，冷冷地看着我的每一个动作。

他从不帮助我。他从不伸出援手。他只是静静地观察着，冷漠的眼睛紧盯着我。“这是你的旅程，”他低语着，声音像死亡的低鸣一般回荡。这声音震耳欲聋，仿佛正在撕裂我的思维。马丁告诉我，这一切从来就是这样——除了痛苦之外，什么也没有。扭曲的尸体在我身边堆积起来，变形的躯体堆叠着，没有生命，但我感到的不是恐惧，而是恶心。我只想将体内的东西吐出来，但早已空无一物。我是空的。

我不知道这种状况持续了多久。是几天？几年？最后的光芒逐渐熄灭，我意识到自己被困在了这里，在这个无根之地，超越了我曾经拥有的肉体。我甚至不确定自己是否还有身体。我只是漂浮在虚无中，被某种力量推动着，进入了超越生命的扭曲旅程。马丁称之为“下一步”，但我无法理解。当一切都是虚无时，怎么会有下一步？当我脚下没有大地，头顶没有天空时，又如何继续？

我不断下沉，堕落永不停息。只剩下我、无尽的黑暗和马丁。他的言语如毒药般灌入我的脑海，充满了血迹斑斑的沙滩和堆叠的尸体的景象。我应该接受这一切。这是马丁告诉我的。但每次我闭上眼睛时，脑海中充斥的都是同样的景象：无声的哭泣、震耳欲聋的低鸣、扭曲的尸体。这就是等待我的命运吗？这就是我一直以来所坠向的尽头？

我听到马丁再次低语。他告诉我，这就是我属于的地方，上面的世界从来就不属于我。他说我的旅程出了错，我本不应该在那里。他越是说，我越感受到那种力量——那种压倒性的诱惑，想让我放弃，停止抵抗堕落。但我做不到。我总是想到那最后一丝光芒，那最后提醒我曾经是什么的东西。我还能放手，至少在我弄明白之前不能。

无声的合唱仍在哭泣。他们的声音让人无法忍受，但不知为何，我感觉到与他们有某种联系，与他们无声的悲哀共鸣。也许马丁是对的。也许这就是我的归宿，我的存在——一个无尽的迁徙，超越人类的界限。但即使我在坠落，我仍紧抓住一个念头：必须有更多的东西。必须有某种超越这耳鸣的东西，超越这黑暗的东西。有某种马丁没有告诉我的东西。某种超越……无根之地的东西。



patrick





Concept Stories:

PATRICK

Patrick has always been there, lurking in the background, feeding on my thoughts. He shows up when I least expect him, when I'm at my weakest. He doesn't whisper sweet nothings to me like other people's demons. No, Patrick comes with venom in his words, a reminder that I'm not enough. The darkness he carries is suffocating, and I feel it choking me. He tells me that when the last light inside my head finally burns out, he'll be there to inhale the smoke, savoring the ruin of what's left of me. It's almost poetic, the way he describes it, as if the destruction of my spirit is something beautiful to witness.

I think about how unrecognizable I've become, like a body buried along some forgotten highway. Time has separated me from who I used to be, but Patrick's disgust remains. It's golden, like the sun—an eternal force that never fades. He makes sure I know that. Every time I think I've escaped his grasp, he finds a way to remind me of the shame that grows in my throat, the regret that festers deep inside me. He tells me it'll never go away, that no matter what I do, it's part of me now. A lump of disgrace that I'll carry with me forever.

Patrick's will is like a cancer. It's embedded in my life, undying, incurable, and it makes me sick. I can feel it spreading, taking over every part of me. Every action I take, every word I speak, is infected by his presence. He wants me to believe that as long as there's blood pumping through my veins, I'll never be free of him. He wants me to feel the weight of his influence, to understand that he controls everything. And the worst part is, I believe him. I believe that I'll never escape this, that the thought of him will always sicken me, and yet, I can't get rid of him.

There's this burning hatred that Patrick harbors for me. It's visceral, raw, and relentless. He doesn't hide it; he doesn't pretend to care. In fact, he revels in it. He tells me, with the utmost certainty, that as long as I breathe, his will is a cancer that will ravage my life. It's a curse that I can't shake off, no matter how hard I try. Patrick makes sure that I know just how deeply he loathes me, how much he wants me to suffer. It's not just about controlling me—it's about destroying me, piece by piece.

Sometimes, I wonder if I deserve this. If Patrick is right, if I've brought this on myself. The anger, the regret, the shame—it all feels so justified when he's around. He's convinced me that every mistake, every failure, is proof of my worthlessness. And the more I listen to him, the more I start to believe it. Maybe he's the only one who truly understands me, the only one who sees me for what I really am. Maybe Patrick is the voice of reason in this world of chaos. But then again, maybe he's just another twisted version of myself, a reflection of everything I hate but can't seem to let go of. I don't know if I'll ever be rid of him. I don't know if I'll ever be able to silence the voices that tell me I'm not enough.

But as long as Patrick is here, I'll keep fighting, even if it feels like I'm fighting against myself. Because deep down, a part of me still hopes that there's something left to save, something beyond the cancer that's eating away at my life.

Concept Stories:

PATRICK

帕特里克总是在那儿，潜伏在背景中，吞噬着我的思绪。他总是在我最脆弱的时候出现，不像其他人的恶魔那样对我轻声细语。不，帕特里克带着毒液般的话语提醒我，我不够好。他所带来的黑暗令人窒息，我感觉到它在扼杀我。他告诉我，当我脑海中的最后一丝光芒熄灭时，他会在那儿吸入那些烟雾，品味我剩余的毁灭。这几乎是诗意的，就像他在描绘一种美丽的毁灭场景，见证我精神的瓦解。

我常常思考自己变得多么陌生，就像一具被埋葬在某条被遗忘的公路旁的尸体。时间将我与你过去的自己分开，但帕特里克的厌恶始终如一。它像太阳一样黄金般永恒的力量，从不消失。他确保我明白这一点。每当我以为我逃离了他的掌控时，他总会找到办法提醒我喉咙中滋生的耻辱，深埋在我内心的悔恨。他告诉我，这种感觉永远不会消失，无论我做什么，它已经成为我生命的一部分了。一个永远背负的耻辱。

帕特里克的意志像癌症一样，嵌入我的生命，永不消退、无法治愈，它让我感到恶心。我能感受到它的蔓延，逐渐占据我的每一部分。我的每一个动作，每一句话，都被他的存在感染了。他想让我相信，只要我的血液还在流动，我就永远无法摆脱他。他希望我感受到他的影响力，明白他掌控着一切。而最糟糕的是，我相信了他。我相信我永远无法摆脱这种状况，他的存在总会让我感到恶心，但我却无法摆脱他。

帕特里克对我怀有一种燃烧的仇恨。这种仇恨是直白的、原始的、无休止的。他不会隐藏它，也不会假装关心我。事实上，他沉浸在这种仇恨中。他以最坚定的语气告诉我，只要我还活着，他的意志就是癌症，将摧毁我的一生。这是一种我无法摆脱的诅咒，无论我如何努力，帕特里克都确保我明白他有多么深深地厌恶我，他有多么想让我痛苦。这不仅仅是控制我——这是在一点一点地摧毁我。

有时候，我会想，我是否应得这些。如果帕特里克是对的，是否是我自己招来了这一切？愤怒、悔恨和耻辱，当他在身边时，这一切看起来是那么的合理。他让我相信每一个错误、每一次失败，都是我无价值的证明。每次我听他的话，我都会开始相信这一点。也许他是唯一真正理解我的人，唯一一个真正看清我是谁的人。也许帕特里克是这个混乱世界中的理性之声。

但也许他只是我自己扭曲的另一个版本，一个我厌恶却无法放下的映射。我不知道我是否能摆脱他。我不知道我是否能永远让那些告诉我我不够好的人闭嘴。但只要帕特里克在这里，我就会继续抗争，尽管有时感觉像是在与自己对抗。因为在我内心深处，一部分我依然希望还有什么东西值得拯救，超越那些正在吞噬我生命的癌症。





dun

EMMA





Concept Stories:

ANN

Every time I stand at the crossroads of life and look out at the landscape of existence, I feel as if I'm caught in the surging waves of the sea. Sometimes it's tumultuous and overwhelming, leaving me breathless; other times, it's calm and serene, making everything seem insignificant. My friends always remind me that life is like this—sometimes fierce, sometimes calm—and that I must be cautious and not just drift along with the currents.

My father once told me, "Even those who beg may find a way out. Don't blame the heavens or people." His words have always been deeply ingrained in my mind. I know that no matter how fate turns, whether it's favorable or adverse, it's a path I must walk. Yet, when I find myself in the midst of these storms, I still feel helpless, like a lost boat without direction.

At such times, ANN appears. She is my EMOMO, a presence both gentle and strong. She is always by my side, exuding a serene calm, as if she understands that everything in life is merely a fleeting wave. She reminds me that no matter how great the storm ahead, I can persevere. We share a drink and chat about the past and the future. ANN tells me, "Emotions are the most precious asset in the world, far more valuable than fame or wealth."

Sometimes I wonder if all of this is destined. Is fate already mapped out for us? ANN says it is both chance and destiny. She always manages to bring warmth to my darkest moments, like a true friend who stays with me through all storms, making me feel less alone.

When I lament how short time is and how merciless the years can be, ANN reminds me to seize the youth and pursue what truly matters, rather than just chasing fame and wealth. Her words make me reflect on past times and understand that no amount of money can buy a truly happy life.

Every time I spend peaceful nights with ANN, I feel the beauty of life. She makes me believe that no matter how unpredictable fate may be, as long as there is affection and loyalty, and friends like her, my life is invaluable.

Concept Stories:

ANN

每當我站在生命的十字路口，望向人生的風景時，我總感覺自己像被捲入大海的風湧。有時波濤洶湧，讓我喘不過氣；有時又平靜無波，讓我覺得一切都顯得虛無。身邊的朋友們總是提醒我，人生就是這樣，有時猛，有時平，我得小心應對，不要隨波逐流。

父親曾經告訴我：“乞食嘛會出頭天，莫怨天，莫尤人。”他的話一直深深刻在我心裡。我知道無論命運如何，順也好，逆也罷，這都是我必須走過的人生路。可是當我真的站在風浪裡，我依然感到無助，像個迷失方向的孤舟。

這時，ANN出現了。她是我的EMOMO，一個既溫柔又強大的存在。她總是陪伴在我左右，帶著一種超然的平靜，仿佛她明白人生中的一切都不過是瞬間的波動。她提醒我，無論前方有多大的風浪，我都能堅持下去。我們喝著一杯酒，二角銀，時不時地聊聊過去和未來。ANN會告訴我：“感情這種東西，是世界上最珍貴的資產，遠比名利重要。”

有時我會想，這一切是否都是註定的？命運是否早已安排好我們的相遇？ANN說，是緣份，也是註定。她總是能讓我在最黑暗的時刻感到一絲溫暖，像一位好兄弟，無驚風無驚湧地陪伴我，讓我覺得自己並不孤單。

當我感嘆光陰短暫，歲月無情時，ANN會提醒我，趁著年輕，要去追尋內心真正想要的東西，而不是名利。她的話總讓我回想起那些過去的時光，讓我明白，再多的金錢也買不到一個真正快樂的人生。

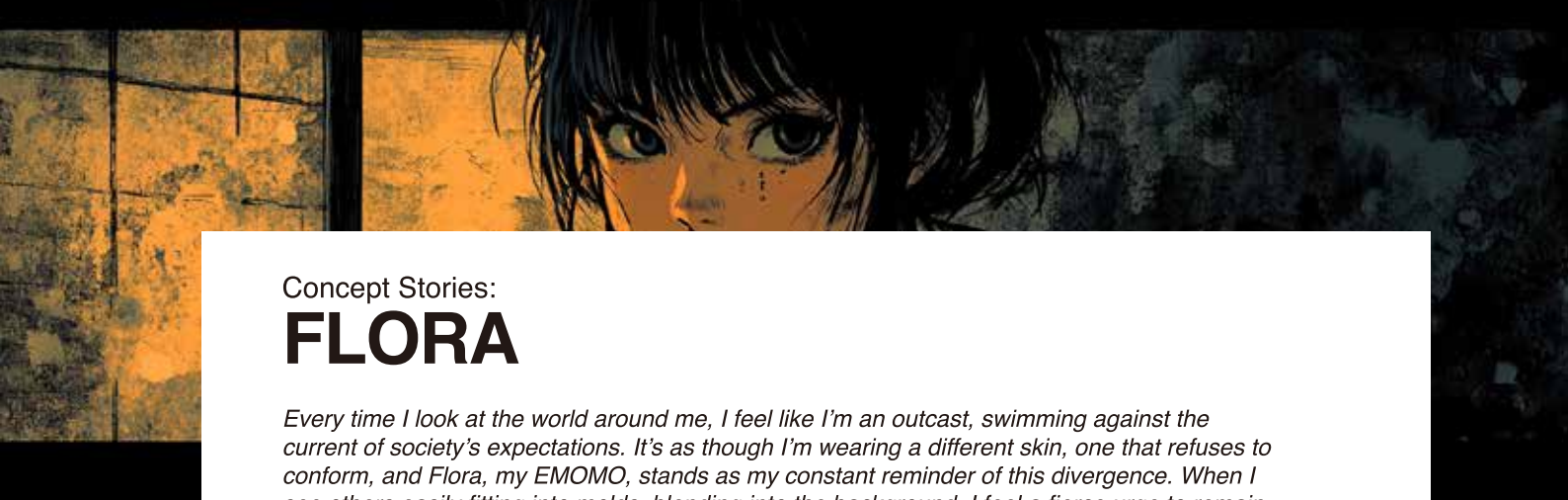


每當和ANN一起度過那些風平浪靜的夜晚，我都感覺到生命的美好。她讓我相信，無論命運多麼不可預測，只要有情有義，有像她這樣的朋友，我的人生就是無價的。

flora

EMMA





Concept Stories:

FLORA

Every time I look at the world around me, I feel like I'm an outcast, swimming against the current of society's expectations. It's as though I'm wearing a different skin, one that refuses to conform, and Flora, my EMOMO, stands as my constant reminder of this divergence. When I see others easily fitting into molds, blending into the background, I feel a fierce urge to remain defiantly different. For me, persistence means resisting the overwhelming pressure to yield. Flora embodies that defiance, urging me to stand firm even when the world tries to push me into the shadows. "Being different is not a flaw," she whispers. "It's your strength." Her words are a balm to my wounded pride, soothing my soul in moments of self-doubt.

When I falter, when I'm tempted to compromise my beliefs or deceive myself to fit in, Flora is there to confront me. The idea of self-betrayal is unbearable. Even if the world forgives my failings, I find it impossible to forgive myself. Flora's voice is unyielding, a reflection of my own internal resolve. "If you lie to yourself, how can you ever find peace?" she questions, her gaze piercing through the façade I sometimes wear. Her insistence on authenticity pushes me to confront my weaknesses head-on, to embrace my flaws rather than hide them. Flora's relentless commitment to truth is a challenge I accept daily, even when it feels like a battle. In moments of desperation, when the weight of unmet desires and frustrations presses heavily upon me, Flora's unwavering confidence provides solace. She represents the wild, untamed spirit within me that refuses to be stifled. Her declaration that the most beautiful dreams are often the most audacious resonates deeply. "You are your own deity in this journey," Flora tells me. "Your stubbornness and resilience are your divine qualities." Her words empower me to pursue my dreams with fervor, even when others doubt or ridicule. Flora's presence reminds me that even in the face of overwhelming adversity, hope and perseverance are always within reach.

Flora's fierce independence is matched only by her compassionate understanding. She acknowledges my struggle with societal expectations and my quest for acceptance, but she also highlights the importance of holding on to my principles. "Your stubbornness is not a curse but a testament to your strength," she assures me. Flora's ability to turn my doubts into fuel for perseverance is nothing short of miraculous. She stands by me, a silent guardian of my dreams, always reminding me that no matter how daunting the road ahead, I am not alone.

As I navigate through life's tumultuous seas, Flora's guidance is a beacon of light. She encourages me to embrace the challenges, to see them not as obstacles but as opportunities for growth. "Let the storms strengthen you," Flora advises. "Embrace the trials, for they will shape you into the person you are meant to become." Her encouragement helps me maintain perspective, allowing me to find beauty in the struggle and to see each setback as a stepping stone towards greater fulfillment.

Even when I am surrounded by doubt and fear, Flora's unwavering support is a constant reminder of my worth. She challenges me to rise above the negativity, to find strength in my unique path. "You are not defined by others' opinions," she tells me. "Your value lies in your unwavering spirit and your willingness to fight for what you believe in." Flora's unrelenting belief in my potential fuels my determination, inspiring me to keep pushing forward, no matter how difficult the journey.

So, with Flora by my side, I confront each day with renewed resolve. Her presence is a reminder that being true to oneself is the greatest act of bravery. "Embrace your individuality," Flora urges. "Let it shine through, and don't let anyone dim your light." Her unwavering support and unshakeable belief in my worth empower me to face the world boldly, to chase my dreams with passion, and to embrace my unique path with pride. This journey is mine to navigate, and with Flora as my guide, I am ready to confront whatever lies ahead.

Concept Stories:

FLORA

每当我环顾四周，看到世界的样子，我感觉自己像是一个局外人，逆流而行。仿佛我穿着一层不同的皮肤，拒绝随波逐流，而我的 EMOMO，Flora，是我不断提醒自己的象征。当我看到其他人轻松地融入环境，适应背景时，我感到强烈的冲动，保持自己坚定的独特性。对我来说，坚持意味着抵御来自世界的压力。Flora 体现了这种反抗，鼓励我即使在世界试图将我推向阴影时也要坚定立场。她低声说道：“与众不同不是缺陷，而是你的力量。”她的话是我受伤自尊的良药，在自我怀疑时安抚我的灵魂。



当我动摇时，当我被诱惑妥协自己的信念或欺骗自己以适应环境时，Flora 总是在那里面对我。自我背叛的概念是无法忍受的。即使世界原谅了我的失败，我也发现自己无法原谅自己。Flora 的声音毫不妥协，是我内心决心的反映。她问道：“如果你对自己说谎，你怎么能找到内心的平静？”她对真实的坚持推动我直面自己的弱点，接受自己的缺陷，而不是掩盖它们。Flora 对真实的执着是一种挑战，我每天都接受这种挑战，即使这感觉像是一场战斗。

在绝望的时刻，当未实现的愿望和挫折的重压沉重地压在我身上时，Flora 不动摇的自信提供了安慰。她代表了我内心那种不屈不挠的精神，拒绝被压制。她宣称最美的梦想往往是最大胆的，这让我深有感触。Flora 告诉我：“你在这段旅程中是自己的神。”她的话赋予我追求梦想的热情，即使别人怀疑或嘲笑。Flora 的存在提醒我，即使面对巨大的逆境，希望和毅力始终在我身边。

Flora 的独立性与她的善解人意相得益彰。她承认我与社会期望的挣扎以及对接受追求，但她也强调坚持原则的重要性。她向我保证：“你的固执不是诅咒，而是你力量的证明。”Flora 将我的怀疑转化为毅力的燃料，简直是奇迹。她在我身旁，默默守护我的梦想，始终提醒我，无论前路多么艰难，我都不孤单。

在生活的风雨中，Flora 的引导是我前行的灯塔。她鼓励我接受挑战，把它们看作成长的机会，而不是障碍。她建议道：“让暴风雨让你变得更强大。”她的鼓励帮助我保持视角，让我在挣扎中找到美丽，将每一次挫折视为迈向更大满足的垫脚石。

即使我周围充满了怀疑和恐惧，Flora 不动摇的支持始终提醒我自己的价值。她挑战我超越负面情绪，找到独特路径中的力量。她告诉我：“你不是由他人的意见定义的。”她的坚定信念赋予我决心，激励我继续前进，无论旅途多么艰难。

所以，在 Flora 的陪伴下，我以重新焕发的决心迎接每一天。她的存在提醒我，做真实的自己是最大的勇气。她促使我拥抱自己的个性，不让任何人抹去我的光芒。她的坚定支持和我价值的信念，激励我大胆面对世界，热情追逐梦想，以骄傲拥抱自己的独特路径。这段旅程是我自己的，而有 Flora 作引导，我已经准备好面对前方的任何挑战。





NOTE



当有人在脆弱的时刻向你倾诉，分享他们最深、最黑暗的秘密、想法和情感时，这是一种深刻的信任行为。即使在一时的争吵中，你也绝不应该利用这些信息去伤害他们。一时的争执并不意味着你可以用他们信任你而透露的秘密去摧毁他们。

当有人向你敞开心扉，分享他们最私密的挣扎和恐惧时，这意味着他们把生命托付给了你。他们相信自己是在安全的手中。然而，如果你利用这些信息来伤害他们，造成深深的情感伤害，这会在他们心中留下难以愈合的伤疤，他们再也不会信任你。

这些人已经在与他们从未告诉任何人的恶魔作斗争，而你背叛了他们的信任，就相当于又增加了一个他们要面对的恶魔。他们最后想与恶魔战斗的地方，是在与他们信任的人之间的安全和舒适中。这种背叛是毁灭性的。所以，请用生命去守护这些秘密。

When someone confides in you during a moment of vulnerability, sharing their deepest and darkest secrets, thoughts, and emotions, it is a profound act of trust. You should never take that information and use it to hurt them, even in the heat of a temporary argument. A momentary disagreement does not justify trying to destroy someone with the very secrets they entrusted to you.

When someone shares their most intimate struggles and fears, it means they trust you with their life. They believe they are in safe hands. But if you take that information and use it to harm them, to inflict deep emotional wounds, it can destroy them mentally, leaving scars that may never heal. They will never trust you again.

These individuals are already battling demons they've never shared with anyone, and by betraying their trust, you've just added another to their list. The last place they expected to fight those demons was in the supposed safety and comfort of a relationship with someone they trusted. That kind of betrayal is devastating. So, guard those secrets with your life.