



THE

SPYGLASS

FINAL GIRL

SLAYING FICTION

Disruption and transgression
in Queered Game Identities

Ricardo "Ricky" Quiza Suárez

ACT I

STARBUCK

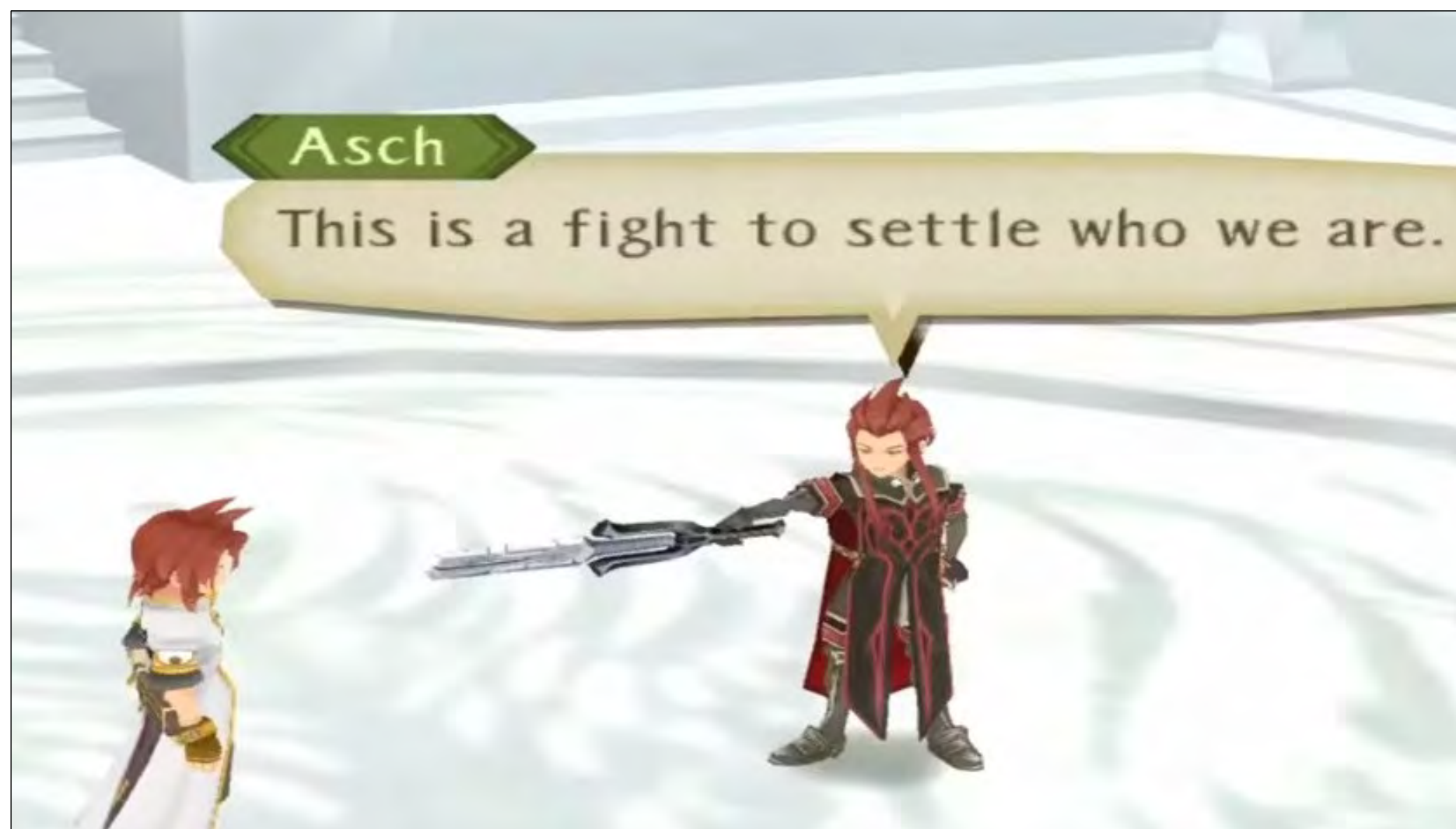




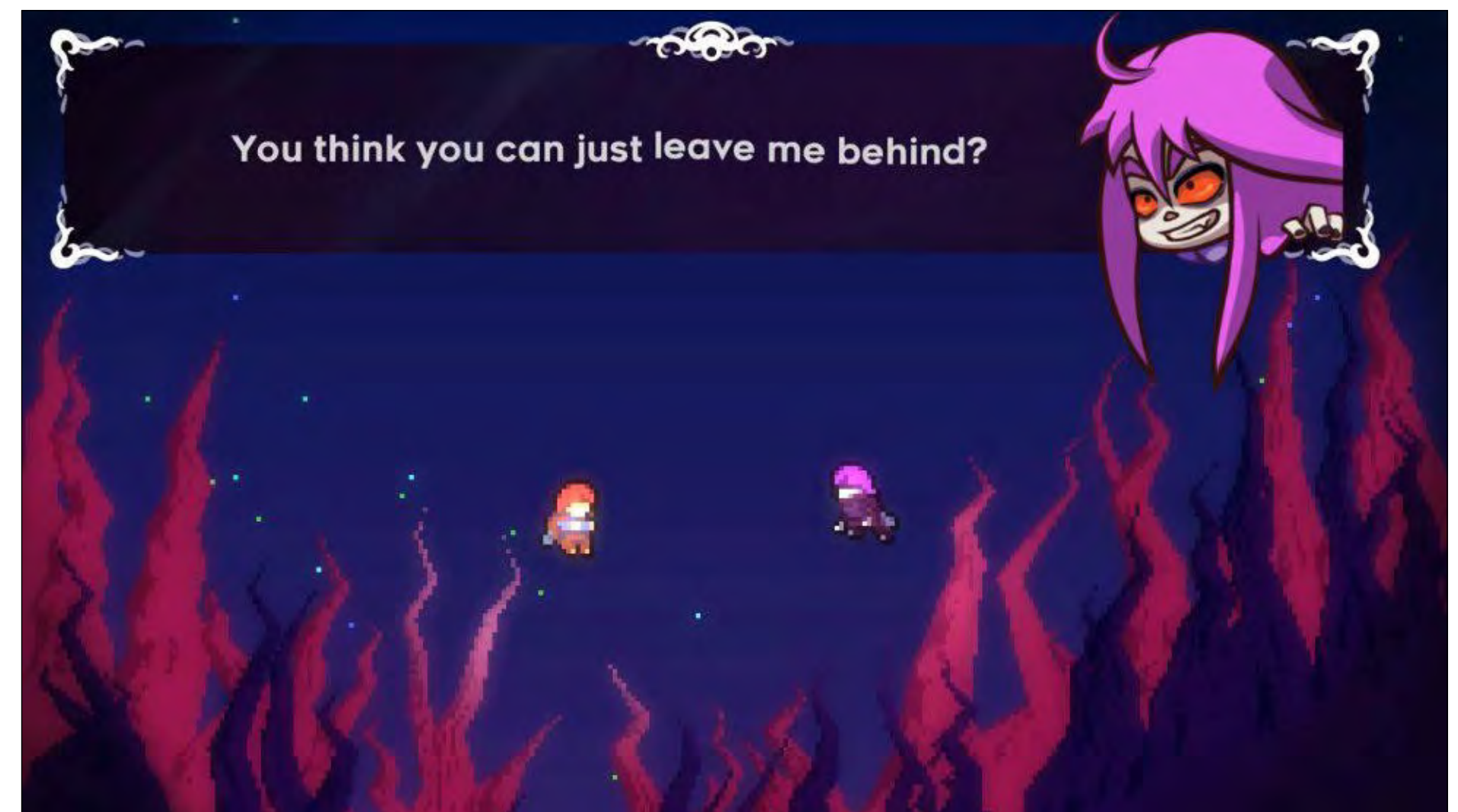
Final Fantasy XVI, Square Enix



Persona 4, Atlus



Tales of the Abyss, Namco Bandai



Celeste, Maddy Makes Games



The Child

He stole **The Fire** from the gods and gave it to humans, so we could have warmth, light, and knowledge.

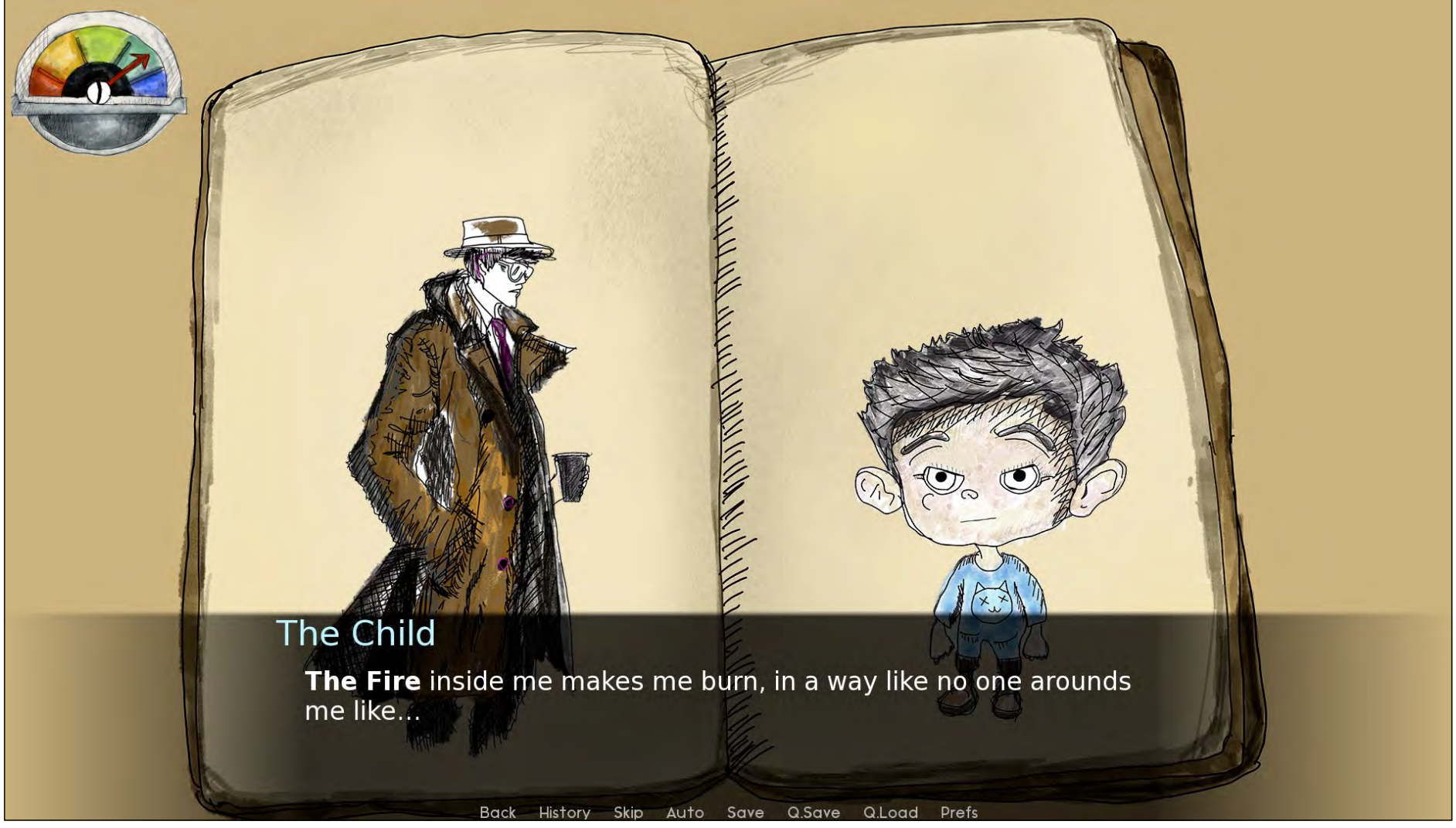


You feel a fire, **The Fire**, burning within you.



The Child

But the gods didn't like that act of rebellion, so they chained him to a mountain and every day an eagle would eat his liver.



The Child

The Fire inside me makes me burn, in a way like no one arounds me like...





Start
Load
Preferences
About
Help
Quit



The Spy
1.0



The suspicion syndrome (*El síndrome de la sospecha*), Lázaro Saavedra: video, 2004



SLAYING FICTION



**Queer
theory**

SLAYING FICTION

**Queer
game
theory**

**Queer
theory**

**Games
analysis**

SLAYING FICTION

**Queer
game
theory**

**Case
studies
of games**

**Queer
theory**

**Games
analysis**

Autoethnography

SLAYING FICTION

**Queer
game
theory**

**Case
studies
of games**

**Queer
Autoethnography**



RESEARCH QUESTIONS



In what ways can biographical narratives be built into digital games to express Queer Identities?



What is the emotional experience for marginalized game makers when using games to explore our lives?

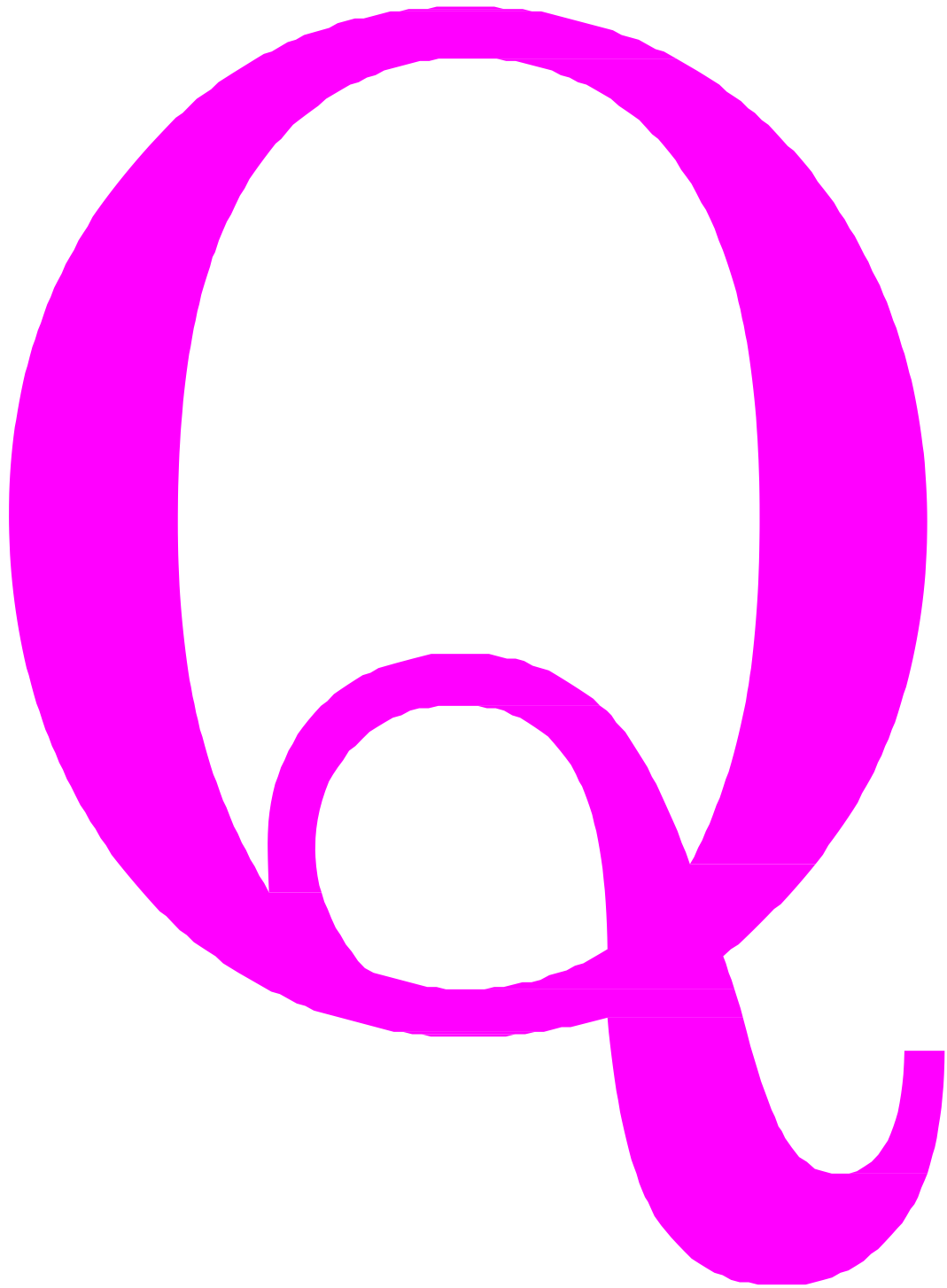
And what effect could those have in game making?





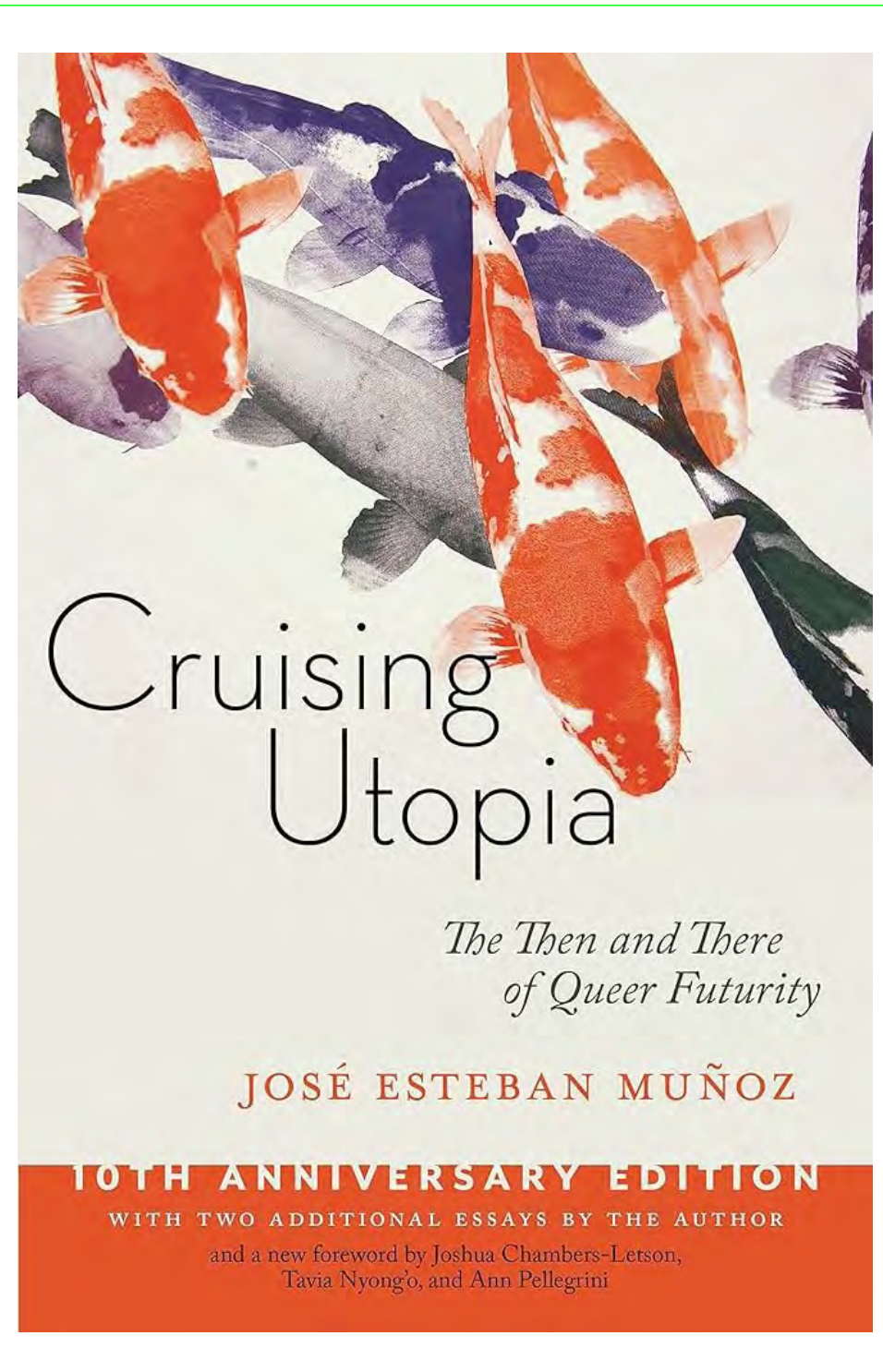
**Queer
positionality**

**Queer personal
games / makers**



**Queer failure /
emotions / politics**

Queer positionality

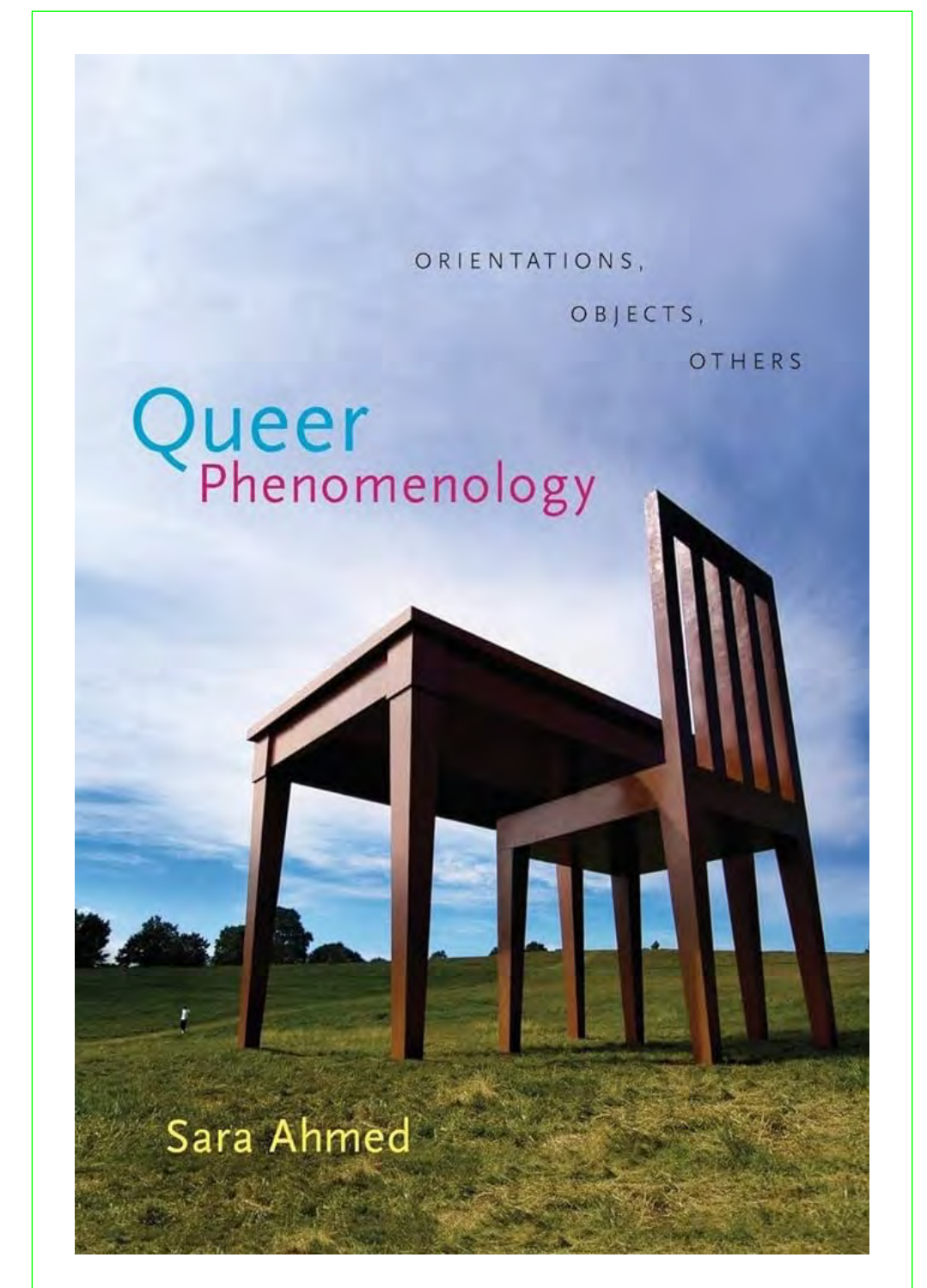


A utopian impetus that imagined another time and place that was not yet conscious

Jose E. Muñoz

Bringing what is behind to the front; allow that which has been overlooked to dance with renewed life

Sara Ahmed



Queer Game Studies



Bonnie Ruberg and
Adrienne Shaw, Editors

BONNIE RUBERG

VIDEO GAMES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN QUEER

Bonnie Ruberg

THE QUEER GAMES AVANT- GARDE



How LGBTQ
Game Makers Are
Reimagining
the Medium
of Video Games

What *Is* Queerness in Games, Anyway?

“Diversifying the content of games and **representation** of **marginalized** identities in the industry”

“To investigate how **to queer** the **structure** of games”



Naomi Clark



What *Is* Queerness in Games, Anyway?

“Diversifying the content of games and *representation* of *marginalized* identities in the industry”

“To investigate how *to queer* the *structure* of games”

stories

Make it personal. Grounded fiction

game design

Challenge expectations

emotions

Undesired, dismissed emotions

mechanics

Re-frame play, control

CELESTIA



www.41a

gone home

**Queer personal
games / makers**

CELESTIA



Anna Anthropy

www.4i1a

gone
home

CELESTIA



www.4ia

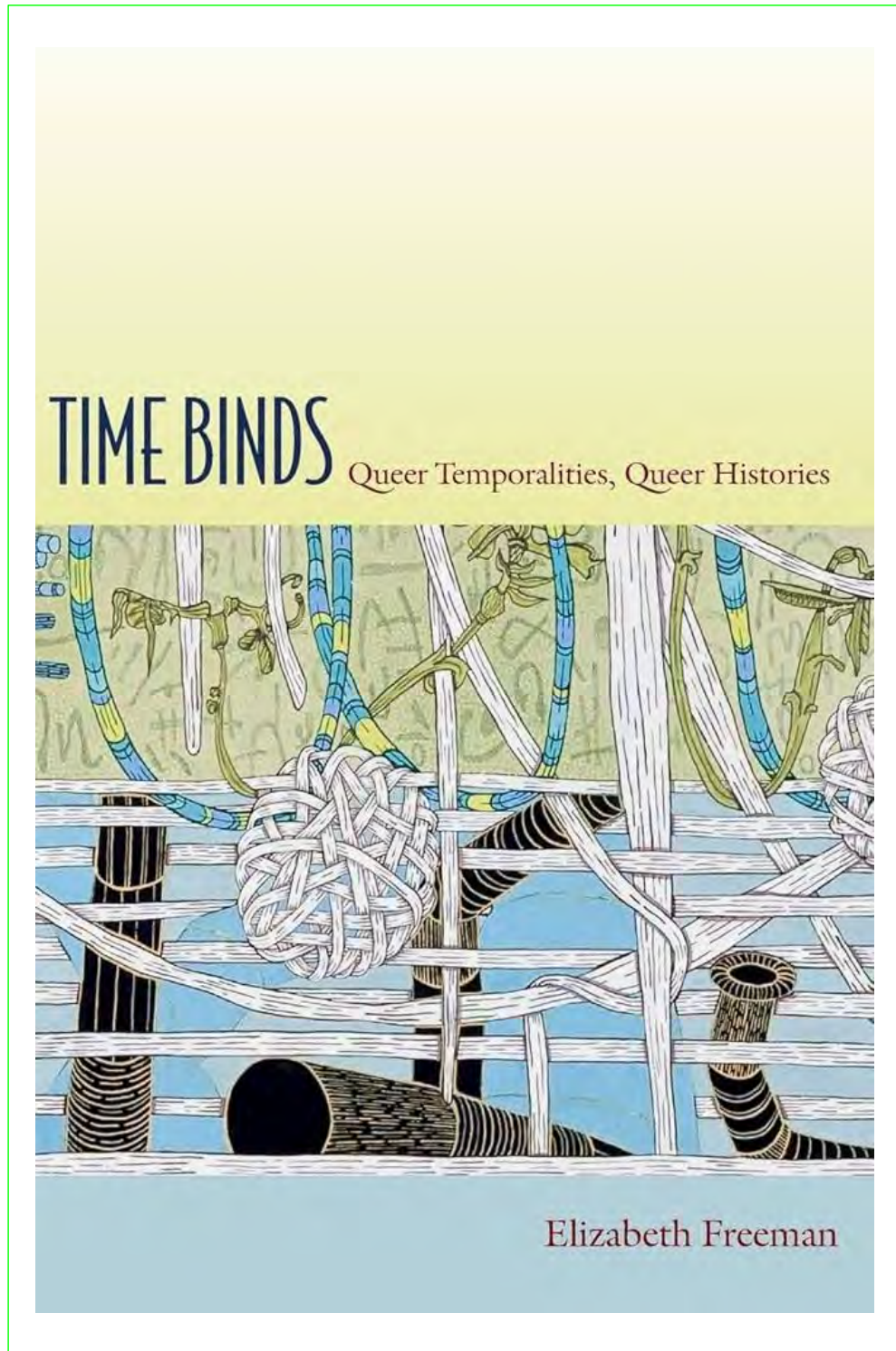
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The Fullbright Company



**Queer failure /
emotions / politics**

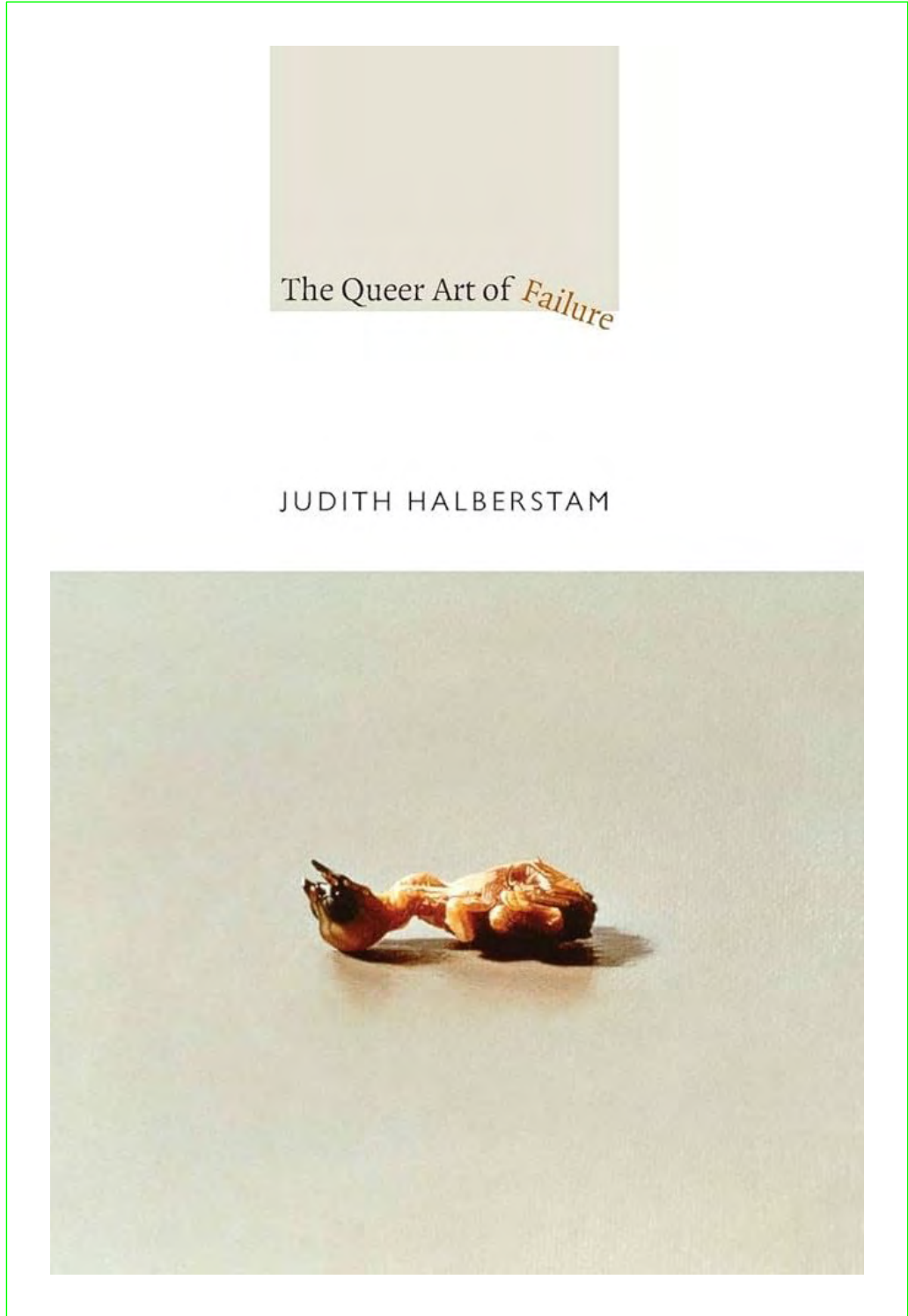


The material by-products of past failures
write the poetry of a different future

Elizabeth Freeman

Opportunity to use negative affects to poke holes
in the toxic positivity of contemporary life

Jack Halberstam



Failure is...



**Sometimes,
the greatest pirates are...**



The ones that would use a rubber chicken as a pulley

Open	Walk to	Use	Use rubber chicken on
Close	Pick up	Look at	174 pieces of eight
Push	Talk to	Turn on	minutes
Pull	Give	Turn off	map
			rubber chicken

GUIDELINES



Rejection

Liberation
Anticipatory Illumination

Failure

Recovery
Full-circle
Win by failing

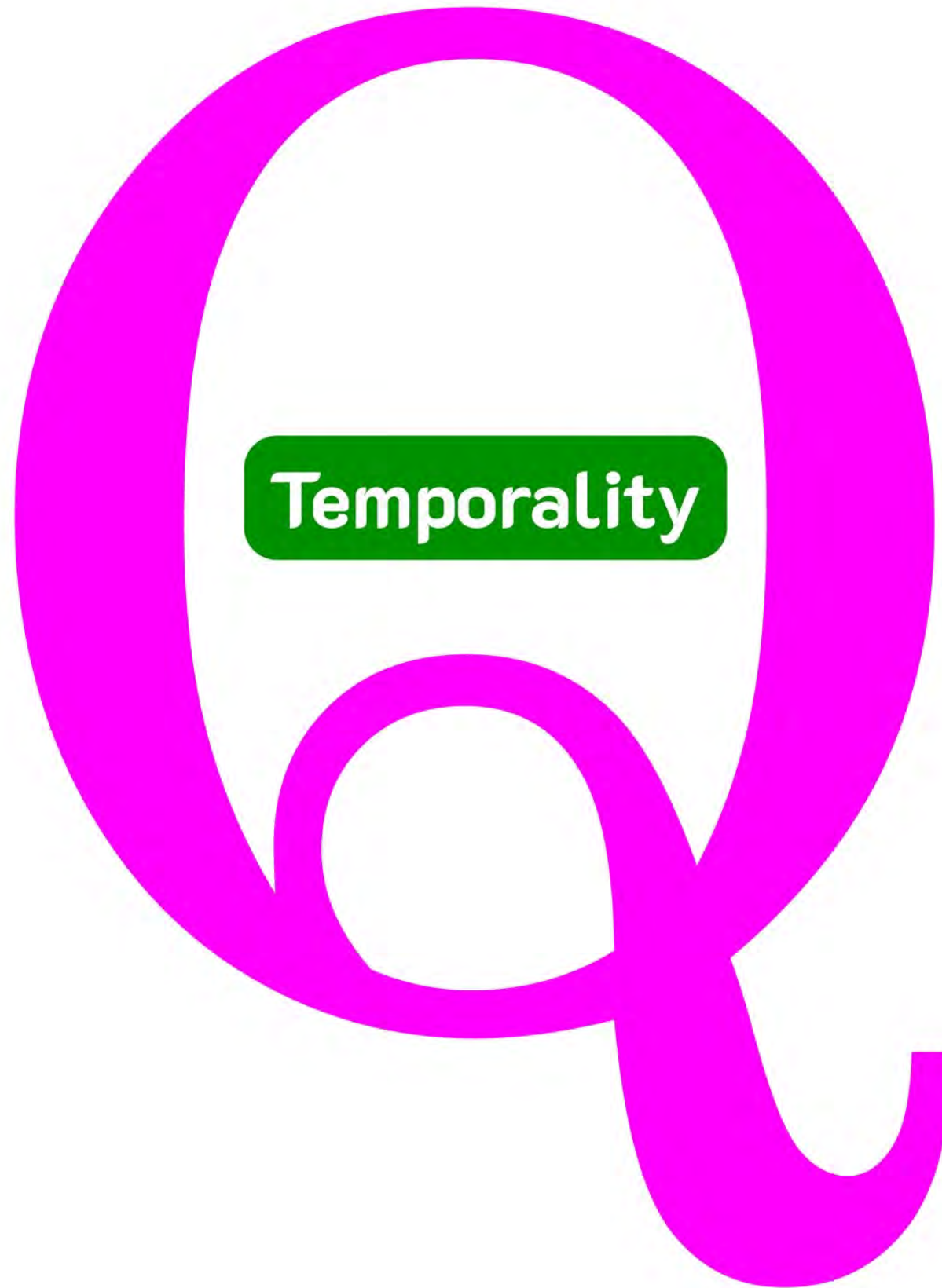
Temporality

Personal

Discovery
Self-reflection
Understanding /
Reflecting / Evolving

-Affects

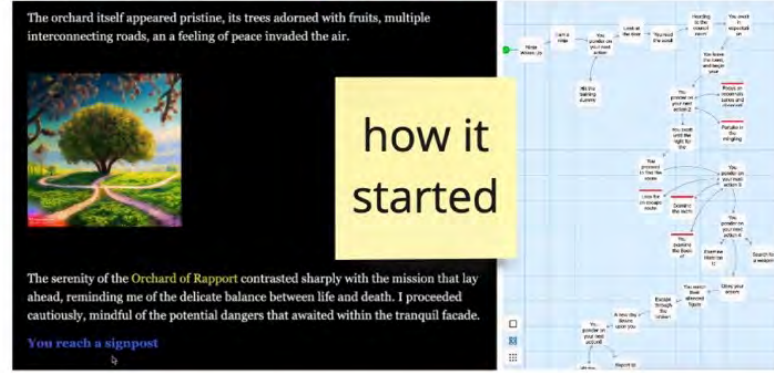
Born in failure
-Embrace
Commune



START

"I am a ninja"

Jun. 18, 2023



how it started

Twine hypermedia narrative

"Dear Rosa"

Jul. 16, 2023



Twine+Unity, point & click adventure

refined telling

"The Spy, v. 0.5"

Aug. 08, 2023



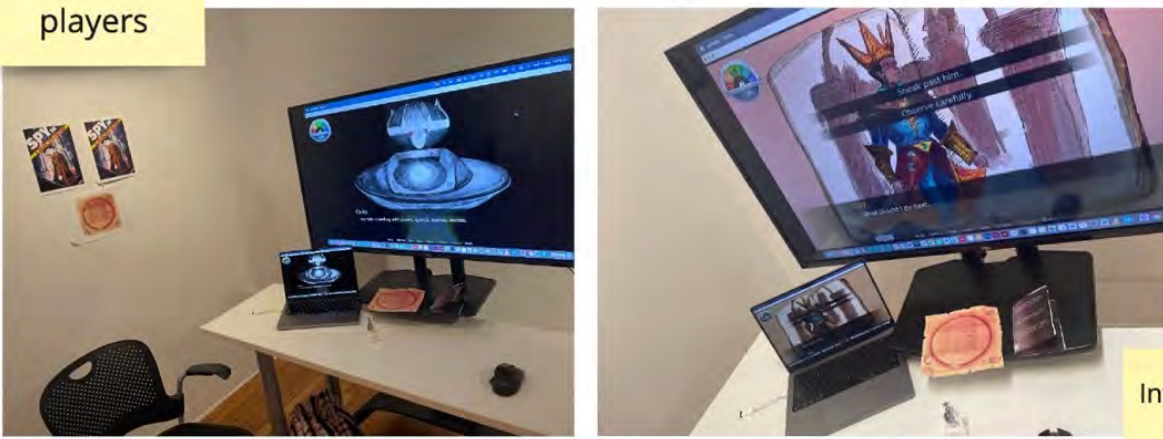
Ren'Py - Visual Novel. Act 1 + Foundations

1st Proof of concept

"Playtesting"

Jan. 15-28, 2024

data collected from players



"The Spy, v. 0.7"

Jan. 2, 2024

Locked on endings / thematics

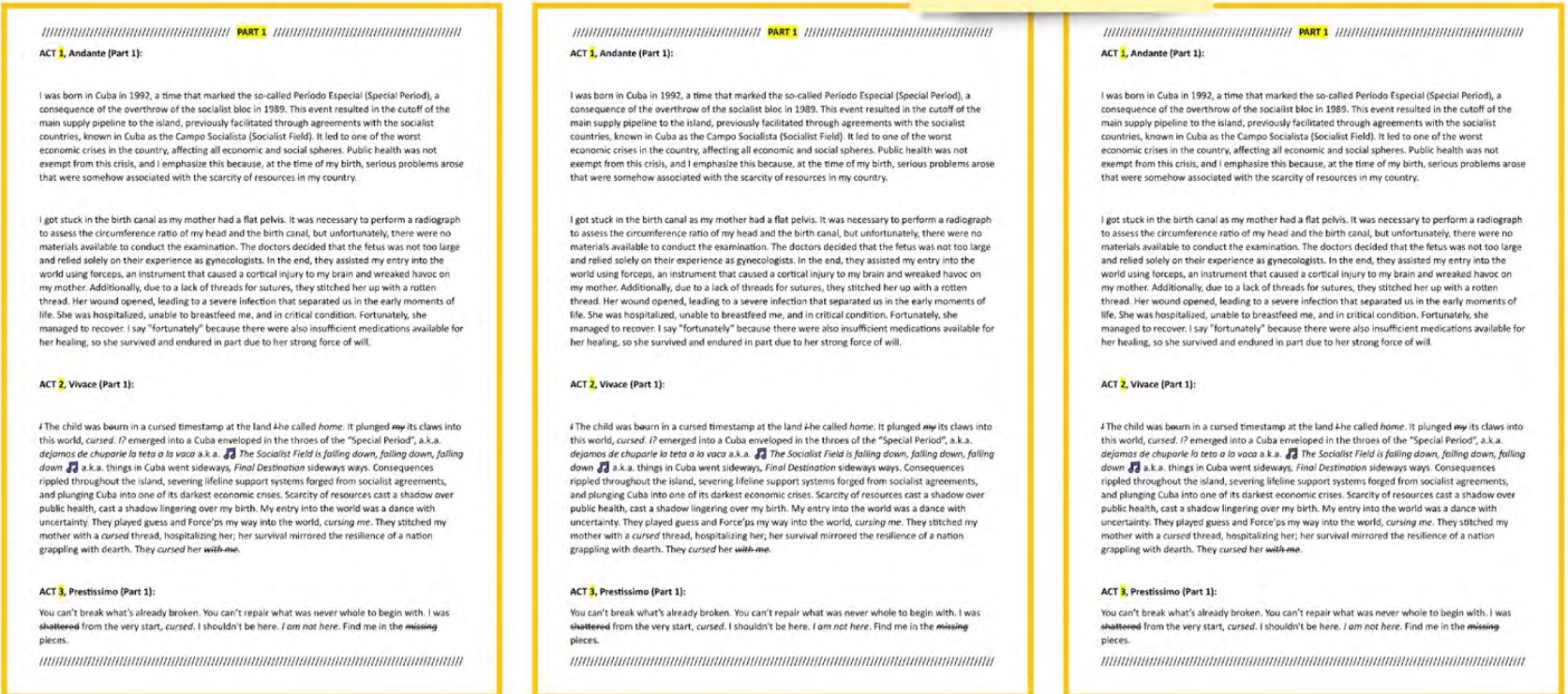


Game Design Structure

"Autoethnography"

Nov. 26, 2023

Fleshes out the game narrative



Autoethnographic writings. Narrative structure. Mapping of key moments.

"Physycal game elements"



Interacted in the install

"The Spy, v. 1.0"

Feb. 28, 2024



Adds playtest feedback

END

Final version of the game prototype

METHODOLOGIES



**Research
through design**

Prototyping artifacts. Speculate by borrowing from diverse perspectives

Design Justice

Queer Methods

Game Theory

Create; Evaluate; Reflect; Iterate

Themes

I am a ninja **Format: Twine** **Date: Jun. 18, 2023**

Opting for a more cautious approach, you decide to observe and gather intelligence on the **Castle of Enryuogawa** from a discreet vantage point. With stealth and patience, you position yourself strategically, studying the patterns of the IN clan members, guards, and their leader **their foe**.

Recognizing your target was made very easy, from the ornamented attire to the exuberant crown to the menacing look of their entourage to the charm the leader exuded.

My dull senses begin to awaken as the light finds its way through your room's windows. You recall who you are, and what you become.

I am a ninja

The orchard itself appeared pristine, its trees adorned with fruits, multiple interconnecting roads, a feeling of peace invaded the air.

The serenity of the Orchard of Rapport contrasted sharply with the mission that lay ahead, reminding me of the delicate balance between life and death. I proceeded cautiously, mindful of the potential dangers that awaited within the tranquil facade.

You reach a signpost.

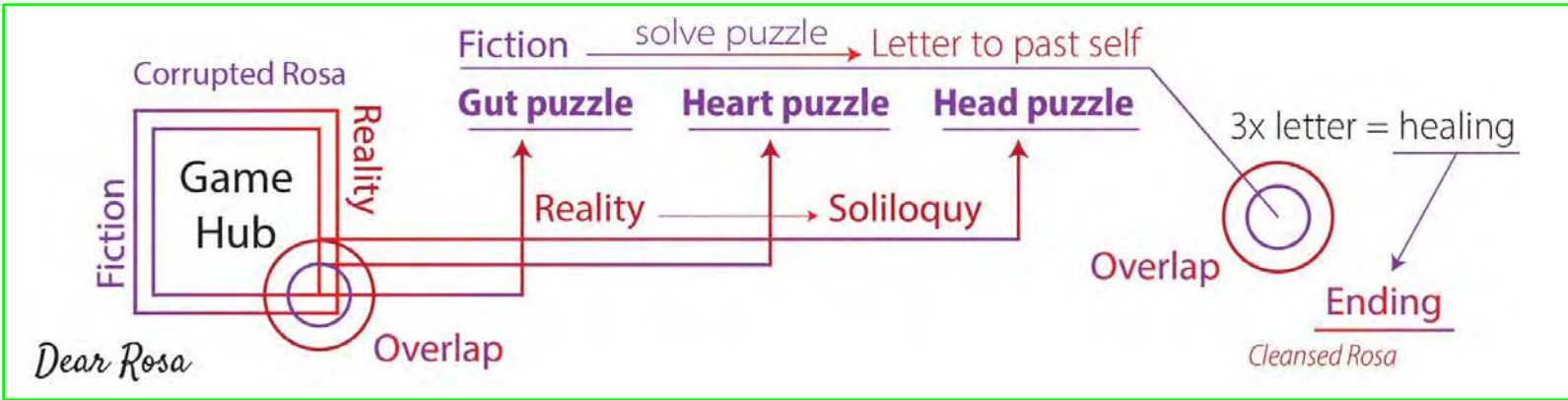
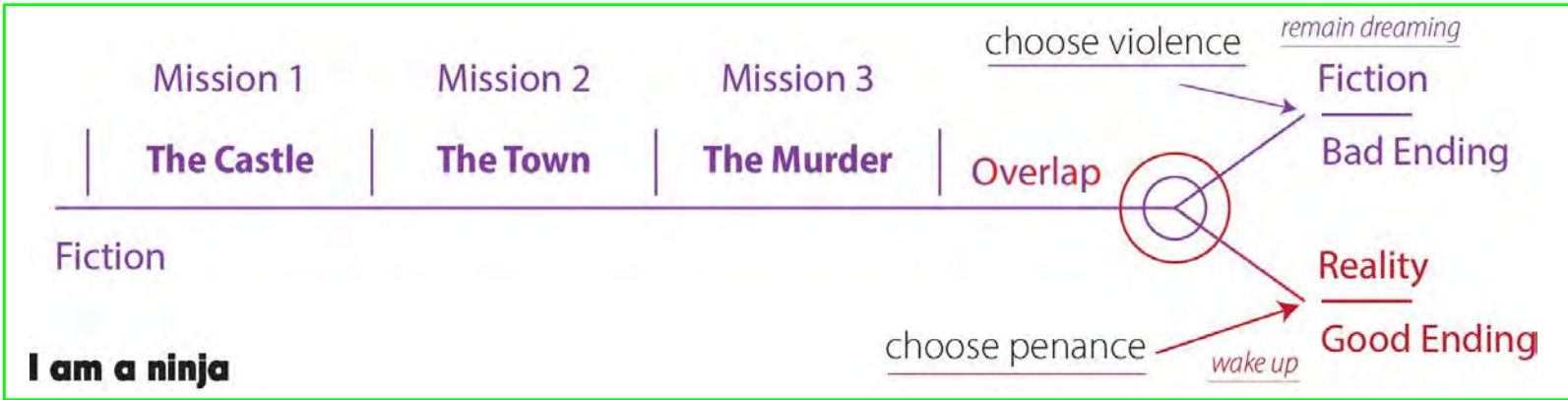
[Support This Game](#)

I am a ninja is a game that illustrates a metaphorical journey of discovering how society forces a child to suppress their queerness, hiding their self in the shadows, like a ninja. With this metaphor in mind, and inspired by the author's life, the game narrates the story of a ninja's three missions, and how each one is affecting the ninja. Play full-screen for an optimal experience.

Tools

Dear Rosa **Format: Unity + Twine** **Date: Jul. 16, 2023**

Dear Rosa, do you remember why I like doves? They made me remember Mom and Dad. Doves mate for life, are incredibly loyal to each other and work together to build their nest and raise their young.



Concept



INITIAL IDEAS

INVISIBLE



SURVIVING



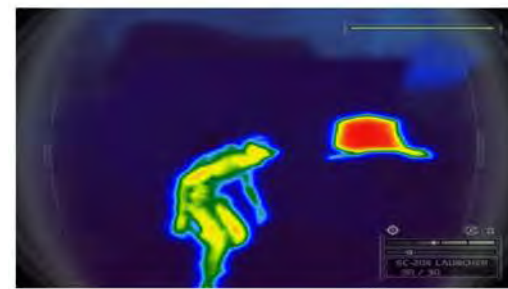
ALARMS



I played a game; How strong is my presence to others?



HIDING



STEALTHY



SPYING

State of surveillance, state of presence (as a bar meter in game), stealth. I felt like I needed to keep tabs on my "queerness" presence meter.

Freedom and power correlation in politics, neopolitics, surveillance. Freedom and Surviving 'ol being. I felt like not being alive, like a zombie, dead. If I could not be me, I was not living. I was surviving.

Being truly free means being truly queer. Imagination as escape.

I wanted to pass a course in Invisibility

"The Spy, v. 0.5"

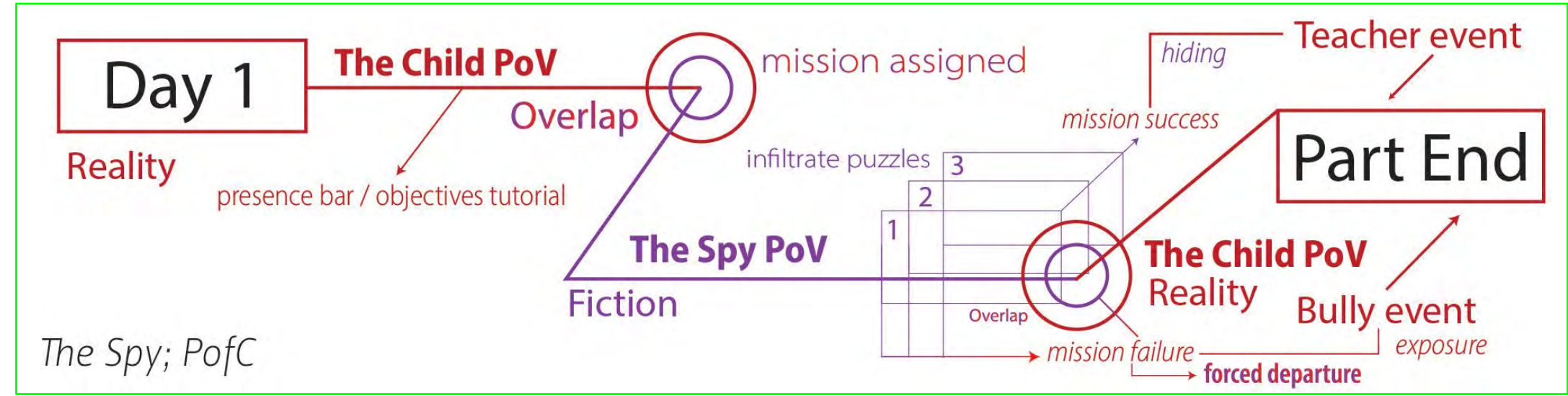
Aug. 08, 2023

1st Proof of concept



Ren'Py - Visual Novel. Act 1 + Foundations

- THE CHILD
- NPC KID ONE
- NPC KID TWO
- THE CLASSROOM
- THE PRESENCE BAR
- THE CASTLE OF EXTRAVAGANZA
- THE SPY
- HISTRIO NIC
- THE TEACHER
- THE NOTEBOOK & ACT 1 SEQUENCE
- ARRIVING TO THE CASTLE
- MEETING HISTRIO NIC
- FINDING THE BOOK OF MEANINGS



METHODOLOGIES



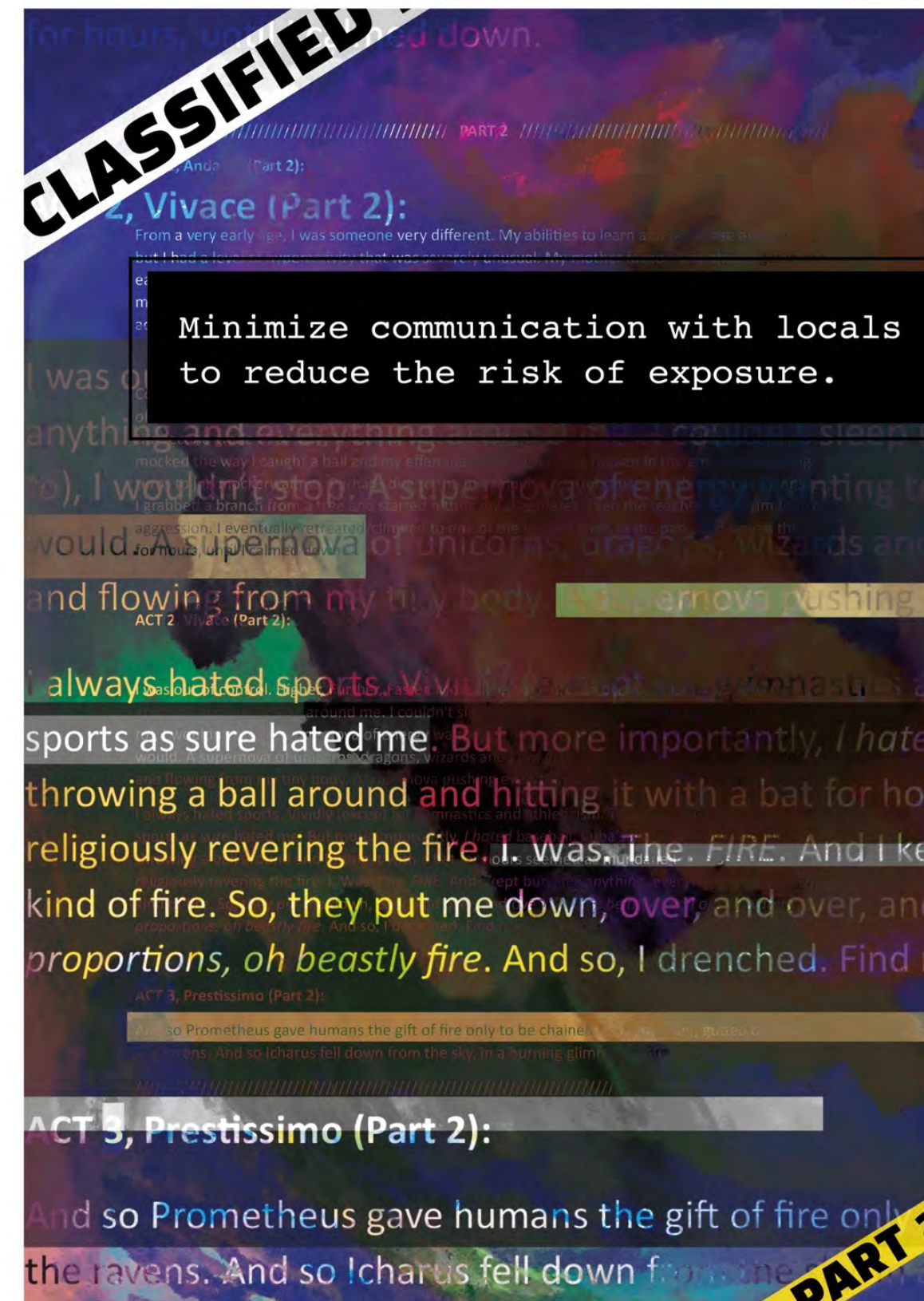
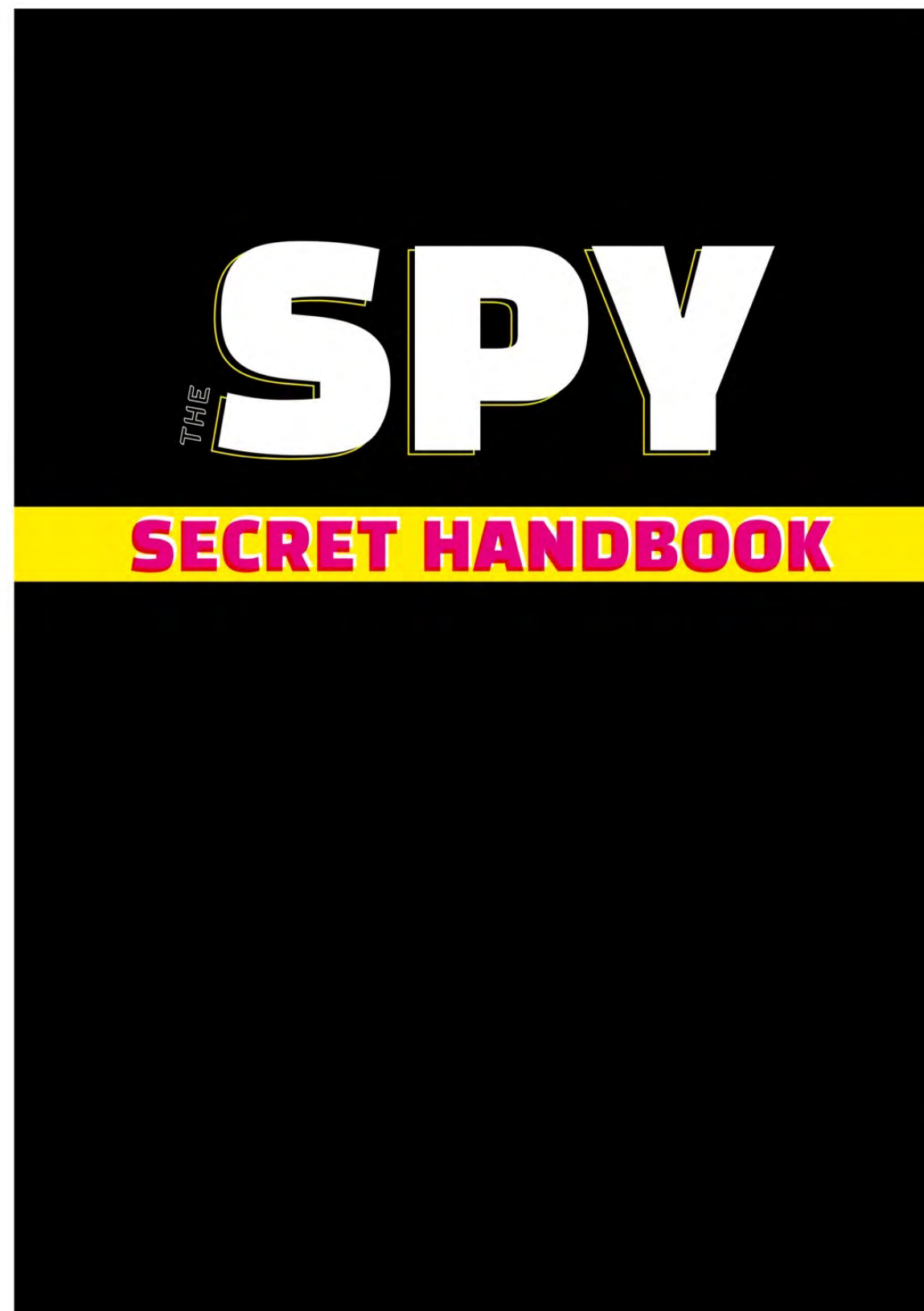
Autoethnography



METHODOLOGIES



Autoethnography





Reflexive autoethnography

Autoethnographic fiction

//////////////////// PART 5 //////////////////////

ACT 1, Andante (Part 5):

In Cuba, it was impossible to conceive of a video game market during my childhood—such a market simply did not exist and still to a degree doesn't, although this might surprise some. It's only been in recent years, through the illegal or informal market (commonly referred to as the black market), that consoles from abroad have started to be sold through social media. This market, which remains largely the same in 2023, also includes pirated games and other similar items. You can imagine, then, what it was like during my childhood years, having access to console videogames.

In the nineties, to play with a video game console, you had to rent it from the few privileged individuals who owned them. There were two modalities: you could take it home for as many hours as you could afford, along with the games available and that you could pay for, or you could pay per hour. The second option involved p(l)aying at houses (operating illegally) that functioned as video game rooms. Generally, there was only one console, and you had to wait in line for your turn patiently. My parents first rented a console for 24 hours because a neighbour had done so; I had seen this marvel in their house and was fascinated; I touched a controller for the first time, played a game for the first time. It was Super Mario World 3, and my mother recalls that all my restlessness, lack of concentration, and disinterest in things, processes tied to my hyperactivity, had disappeared.

My parents consulted with specialists, especially regarding the issue of lack of concentration, and they were advised to allow me to engage in this form of entertainment moderately, for less than an hour a day (*something I, clearly, would take further!*). That's how I entered the fascinating world of games—the only universe to which I fully surrendered and managed to escape my discomforts, frustrations, taunts, and the feeling of not fitting into any group. It was another world for me.

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ACT 2, Vivace (Part 5):

The **alien** angels came over to me, as in a revelation. They whispered over my ears, blinded me with their pixelated light. I felt like floating, reaching the sky. They came to our universe through the *Mother Console* and slowly began to invade the world with their divinity and technology, each iteration a new evolution of their marvellous feats. Around the time of the arrival of the great mothership, the *Paw Station Once*, I began to ponder about joining them.

I decided to start the launch of *Project Ascension*. My being, myself would be devoured by **games** the angels, my skin crawling with pixels, quests, menus, stories. An information overload that numbed me from the pain of my existence. *Re-booting. open_eyes+scan-surroundings.exe*. The universe around me reflected itself in bits, pixels, and frames. Divinity was within me, the angels singing at my ascension. In front of me, a throne that would mark my departure from the earthen realm.

select_option.exe -Sit on the throne_-Also sit on the throne. (my being felt a surge of cables and metal being pushed onto my body, connecting to it, *an oddly familiar sensation*) (a beam of light pulls me upwards, as the mother ship acknowledges my presence, pulling me towards her womb) *this is it... no turning back now* (light floods... my_eyes.eye) (...) (...) (I...)

metal being pushed onto my body, connecting to it, *an oddly familiar sensation*) (a beam of light pulls me upwards, as the mother ship acknowledges my presence, pulling me towards her womb) *this is it... no turning back now* (light floods... my_eyes.eye) (...) (...) (I...)

ACT 3, Prestissimo (Part 5):

♪ *Let me play among the stars, Let me see what spring is like on -Jupiter and Mars (...)*

(...) Fill my heart with song, Let me sing forevermore

You are all I long for, all I worship and adore

In other words, please be true

In other words, In other words

I love you ♪

I won't look back now. It was the only way. Or it was *the only way I knew*. I was the real boy who longed to turn into *Pinocchio*. ♪ *Do you want to feel how I feel? Do you wanna feel how it feels? Do you wanna know, know that it doesn't hurt me? Do you wanna hear about the deal that I'm making? (...) Oh, come on, angel. Come on, come on, darling. Let's exchange the experience. And if I only could. I'd make a deal with God. And I'd get Him to swap our places* ♪ *I hope one day, you can forgive yourself.*

////////////////////////////////////

Reality

Playing videogames felt like entering a safe world, and I refuged from reality with(in) them.

Fiction

Playing videogames felt like being abducted by aliens, I wanted to merge with them, be games.

I was the real boy who longed to turn into Pinocchio.



	PART 1	PART 2	PART 3	PART 4	PART 5	PART 6	PART 7
Years old	Birth	0-7	7	4-10	7-13	10-13	14-24
Timeline	1992	1992-9	1999	1996-2002	1999-2005	2002-5	2005-2016
Keyword	cursed	fire	lab rat	princess	games	monster	reckoning

PART 1	PART 2	PART 3	PART 4	PART 5	PART 6	PART 7
ACT 1, Andante: A broad outlook over the events, followed by personally-driven perspectives. Reflexive Autoethnography.						
ACT 2, Vivace: Reflexive Autoethnography transitions into Autoethnographic Fiction, blending reflection with creative storytelling.						
ACT 3, Prestissimo: Condensed metaphors capturing emotional intensity / transformative moments. Autoethnographic Fiction.						

Part 1

PART 1

ACT 1, Andante (Part 1):

I was born in Cuba in 1992, a time that marked the so-called Período Especial (Special Period), a consequence of the overthrow of the socialist bloc in 1989. This event resulted in the cutoff of the main supply pipeline to the island, previously facilitated through agreements with the socialist countries, known in Cuba as the Campo Socialista (Socialist Field). It led to one of the worst economic crises in the country, affecting all economic and social spheres. Public health was not exempt from this crisis, and I emphasize this because, at the time of my birth, serious problems arose that were somehow associated with the scarcity of resources in my country.

I got stuck in the birth canal as my mother had a flat pelvis. It was necessary to perform a radiograph to assess the circumference ratio of my head and the birth canal, but unfortunately, there were no materials available to conduct the examination. The doctors decided that the fetus was not too large and relied solely on their experience as gynecologists. In the end, they assisted my entry into the world using forceps, an instrument that caused a cortical injury to my brain and wreaked havoc on my mother. Additionally, due to a lack of threads for sutures, they stitched her up with a rotten thread. Her wound opened, leading to a severe infection that separated us in the early moments of life. She was hospitalized, unable to breastfeed me, and in critical condition. Fortunately, she managed to recover. I say "fortunately" because there were also insufficient medications available for her healing, so she survived and endured in part due to her strong force of will.

ACT 2, Vivace (Part 1):

The child was born in a cursed timestamp at the land he called home. It plunged my claws into this world, cursed. I emerged into a Cuba enveloped in the throes of the "Special Period", a.k.a. dejamos de chuparle la teta a la vaca a.k.a. The Socialist Field is falling down, falling down, falling down a.k.a. things in Cuba went sideways, Final Destination sideways ways. Consequences rippled throughout the island, severing lifeline support systems forged from socialist agreements, and plunging Cuba into one of its darkest economic crises. Scarcity of resources cast a shadow over public health, cast a shadow lingering over my birth. My entry into the world was a dance with uncertainty. They played guess and Force'ps my way into the world, cursing me. They stitched my mother with a cursed thread, hospitalizing her; her survival mirrored the resilience of a nation grappling with dearth. They cursed her with me.

ACT 3, Prestissimo (Part 1):

You can't break what's already broken. You can't repair what was never whole to begin with. I was shattered from the very start, cursed. I shouldn't be here. I am not here. Find me in the missing pieces.



PART 1

PART 1

ACT 1, Andante (Part 1):

Reflexive
ACT 1, Andante

I got stuck in the birth canal as my mother had a flat pelvis. It was necessary to perform a radiograph to assess the circumference ratio of my head and the birth canal, but unfortunately, there were no materials available to conduct the examination. The doctors decided that the fetus was not too large and relied solely on their experience as gynecologists. In the end, they assisted my entry into the world using forceps, an instrument that caused a cortical injury to my brain and wreaked havoc on my mother. Additionally, due to a lack of threads for sutures, they stitched her up with a rotten thread. Her wound opened, leading to a severe infection that separated us in the early moments of life. She was hospitalized, unable to breastfeed me, and in critical condition. Fortunately, she managed to recover. I say "fortunately" because there were also insufficient medications available for her healing, so she survived and endured in part due to her strong force of will.

ACT 2, Vivace (Part 1):

Reflexive / Fictional
ACT 2, Vivace

and plunging Cuba into one of its darkest economic crises. Scarcity of resources cast a shadow over public health, cast a shadow lingering over my birth. My entry into the world was a dance with uncertainty. They played guess and Force'ps my way into the world, cursing me. They stitched my mother with a cursed thread, hospitalizing her; her survival mirrored the resilience of a nation grappling with dearth. They cursed her with me.

ACT 3, Prestissimo (Part 1):

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Fictional
ACT 3, Prestissimo



//////////////////////////////////// **PART 6** //////////////////////////////////////

ACT 1, Andante (Part 6):

I moved schools around 5th grade. This was due to the current school I had only offered education for the first 4 years of school. This transition cost me the teacher that I grew so accustomed to, and who paid a particular effort to help me due to my “condition” (Aleida). It also cost me the company of students who I was able to (painfully and slowly) befriend, and who somehow began to accept me. This was one of the many transitions between schools I had. I remember feeling also as a kid with a perpetual status quo of “the new kid in town”. I spent there the 5th and 6th years of education. It was among the worst years of ~~discrimination~~ abuse I faced. I erased most of my memories of that time. I remember once, in an art class, I accidentally spelt the water I was using for painting on the “rich kid” from the classroom. After, four male kids cornered me after class and gangbang punched me in the stomach, holding me for the affected party to enact his “revenge”. One of many incidents. I would constantly get into fights. Most professors would not pay any attention to me, willingly ignoring me. I felt utterly alone, different, marked or stained. Like a monster. I was genuinely happy when I transferred to secondary school. My parents tell me another very difficult anecdote that I didn’t remember (or wanted to remember), and it's that in the first years of secondary school, a child attacked me and broke my nasal septum, just because he started telling me that I was weird and that I was always alone while making fun of me, and I lashed back at him. There are many difficult things that I think my emotional memory has erased or crushed, memories I deemed unnecessary and burdensome. After that incident, they transferred me to another school, and I believe that at least in that other place. I found two or three kids who were misfits like me, and I formed at least a small



ACT 2, Vivace (Part 6):

The traveller, *the spy*, the saviour, went from town to town, from mission to mission. Never turning back. His identity indissolubly tied to his journey, his identity dissolving in his journey. *Who I am? Where am I?* Was he ever amnesiac (such a cliché!) to begin with? The years flashed in front of his eyes in a sandstorm of wrecked memories. *But he had to keep going.* No matter what, no matter the failures, he had a path, he had a purpose, and he had to keep walking. He was a terrible spy, to begin with. So, he knew that it wasn't gonna be easy. *But he had to keep going.* Slowly, his body began to merge. He had usurped so many identities, that his flesh began to deform into aberration. Wings, claws, tentacles, *a snake sizzling in the shadows.* Was the spy even human to begin with? Every failure stripped more and more of his humanity. *-Oh, poor spy? Are you doomed to fail, or are you failing to doom yourself? You just have to fit in, silly!* Alas, there's no way an aberration like you can accomplish anything. Now, dear, begone with you. Off to the shadows!- *But, I have to keep going.*



ACT 3, Prestissimo (*Part 6*):

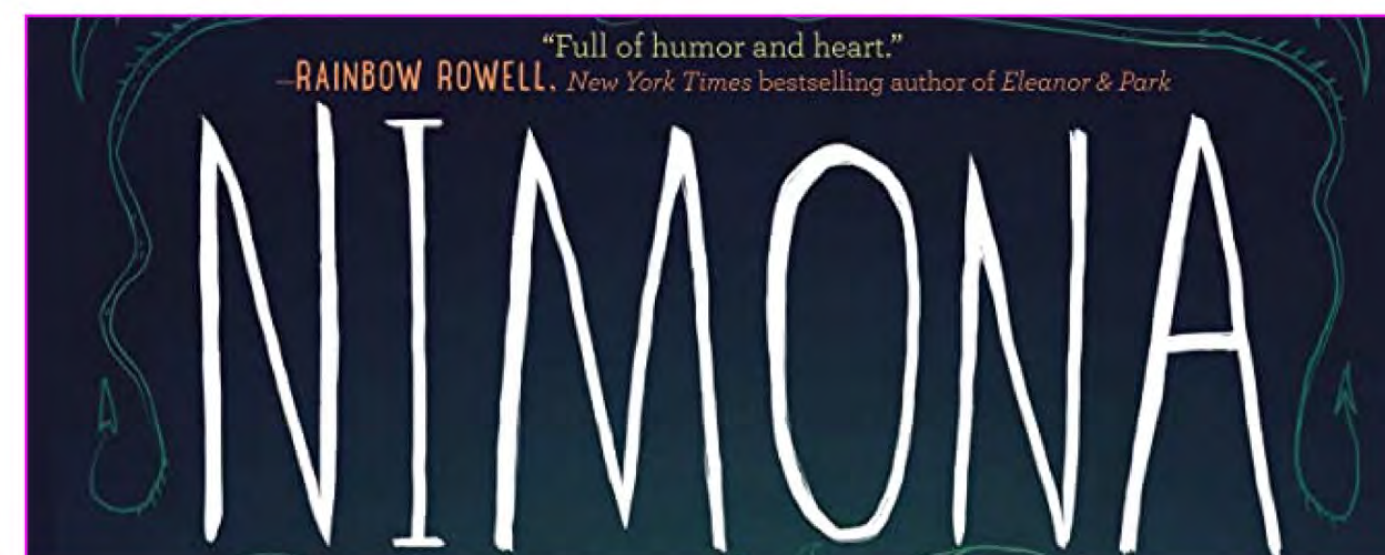
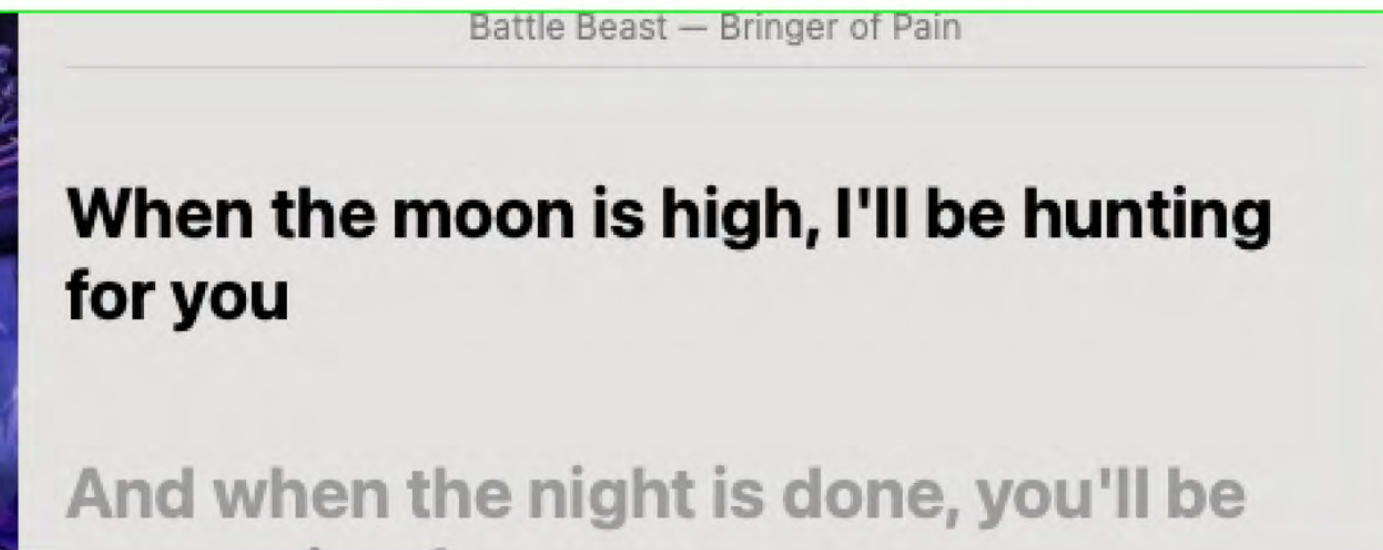
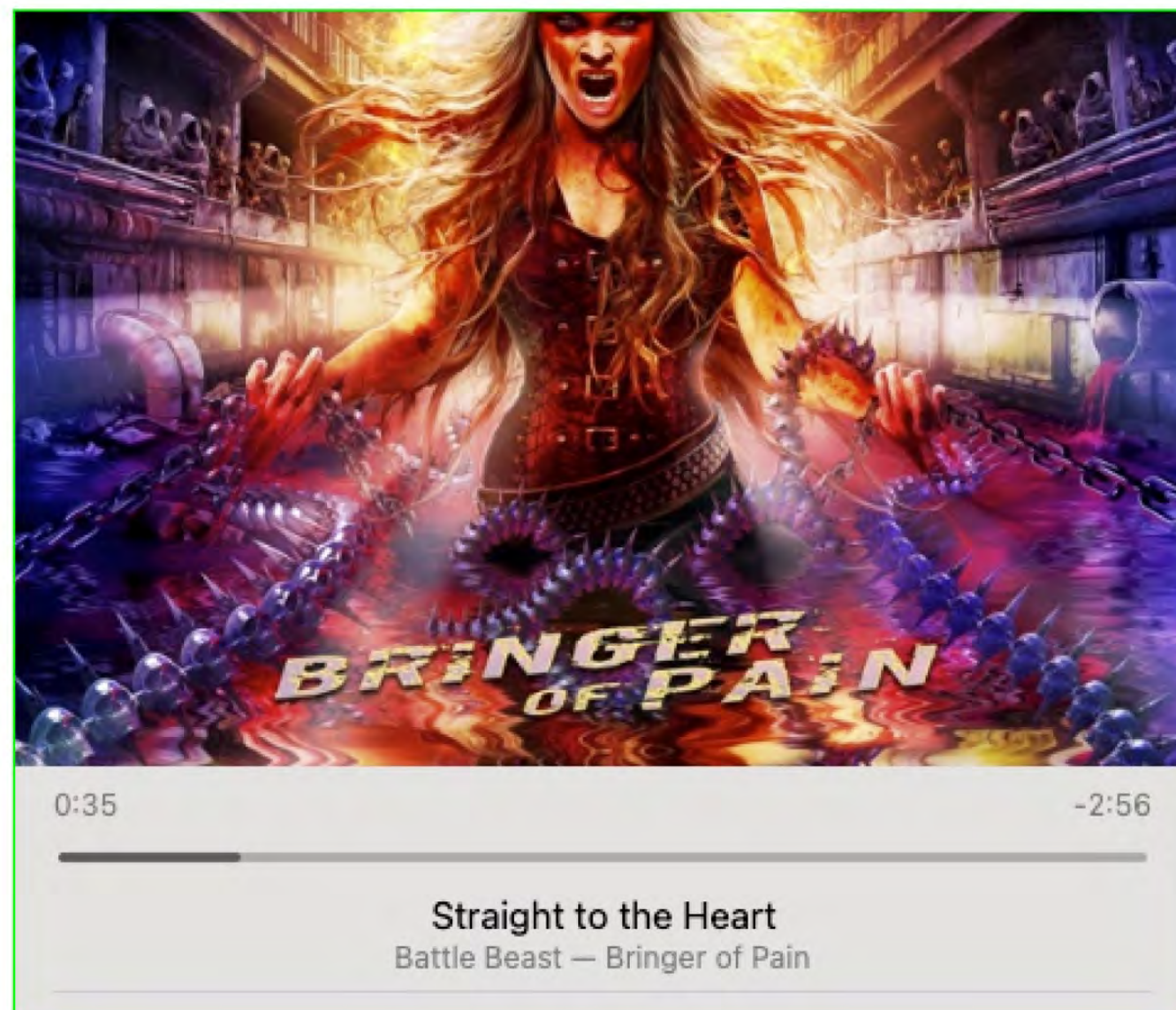
I will fester with their flesh, and I will drink their blood. 🎵 *When the moon is high, I'll be hunting for you, And when the night is done, You'll be screaming for More, more, more. I am not what you want, But I got what you need.* 🎵 **IF THEY WANT A MONSTER, THEN THEY'LL HAVE ONE.** Part of me grew tired of trying to mingle; part of me grew dark, becoming the monster they craved.
F***** proud! METAAAAAAAAAAAAAL (maniacally laughs in *Nimona*).





ACT 3, Prestissimo (Part 6):

I will fester with their flesh, and I will drink their blood.  *When the moon is high, I'll be hunting for you, And when the night is done, You'll be screaming for More, more, more. I am not what you want, But I got what you need.*  **IF THEY WANT A MONSTER, THEN THEY'LL HAVE ONE.** Part of me grew tired of trying to mingle; part of me grew dark, becoming the monster they craved. F***** proud! METAAAAAAAAAAAAAL (maniacally laughs in *Nimona*).



Reflexive autoethnography

//////////////////// PART 2 //////////////////////

ACT 1, Andante (Part 2):

Reality

Major Scenario

Themes

Agency choice

Cortical injuries in the occipital cortex, specifically in the peri-occipital area, hinder the coordination of movements, leading to significant frustration for children when engaging in sports. I recall that in the second grade of primary school, we were taken to a park, and the teacher leading the children mocked the way I caught a ball and my effeminate behaviour. This rippled in the entire class taking turns to jab mockery at me. Perhaps due to the low impulse control caused by these types of injuries, I grabbed a branch from a tree and started hitting my classmates. Even the teacher fell victim to my aggression. I eventually retreated/climbed to one of the highest trees in the park, and stayed there for hours, until I calmed down.

Themes

Overlap

ACT 2, Vivace (Part 2):



Captain Marvel reference

I was out of control. Higher, Further, Faster. More. I was burning, an ocean of flames consuming anything and everything around me. I couldn't sleep (I didn't want to), I couldn't eat (I didn't want to), I wouldn't stop. A supernova of energy wanting to learn as fast as it could, and as much as it would. A supernova of unicorns, dragons, wizards and I am a Barbie girl-style of rainbows, ebbing and flowing from my tiny body. A supernova pushing everything away from it, burning alone.

Themes, aesthetics

Aqua, song reference

game characters

Themes

Major themes, game object

I always hated sports. Vividly (except for gymnastics and athleticism. Those are cool. And tennis). And sports as sure hated me. But more importantly, I hated baseball, Cuba's national sport. The idea of throwing a ball around and hitting it with a bat for hours seemed as mundane to me as a caveman religiously revering the fire. I. Was. The. FIRE. And I kept burning; anything, everything. The "unholy" kind of fire. So, they put me down, over, and over, and over, and over. Least be thy lesson one of watery proportions, oh beastly fire. And so, I drenched. Find me in the ashes.

Allegory

Styling, in-game text

Autoethnographic fiction

ACT 3, Prestissimo (Part 2):

Overlap

game character, theme, major inspiration

And so Prometheus gave humans the gift of fire only to be chained to a mountain, gutted down by the ravens. And so Icharus fell down from the sky, in a burning glimmer of fire. And so.

Themes

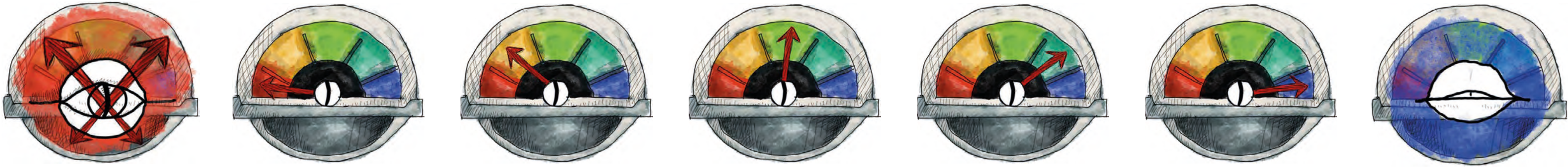
Greek mythos, fiction inspiration



	PART 1	PART 2	PART 3	PART 4	PART 5	PART 6	PART 7
Years old	Birth	0-7	7	4-10	7-13	10-13	14-24
Timeline	1992	1992-9	1999	1996-2002	1999-2005	2002-5	2005-2016
Keyword	cursed	fire	lab rat	princess	games	monster	reckoning



Presence Expression Imagination Queerness

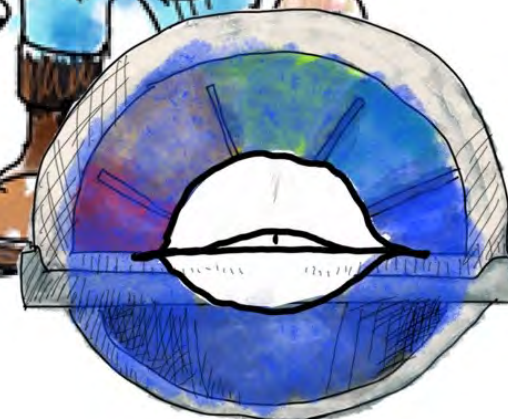
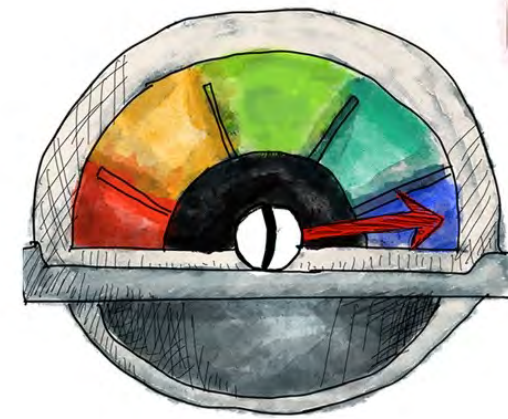
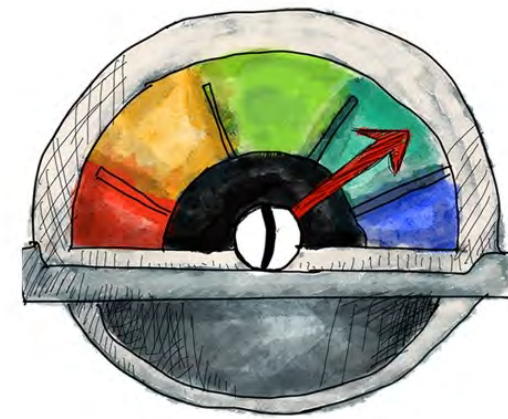
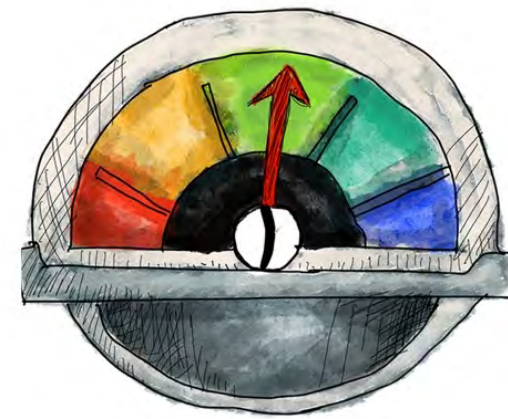
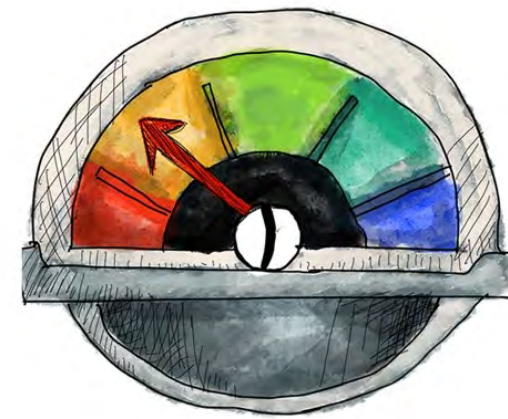
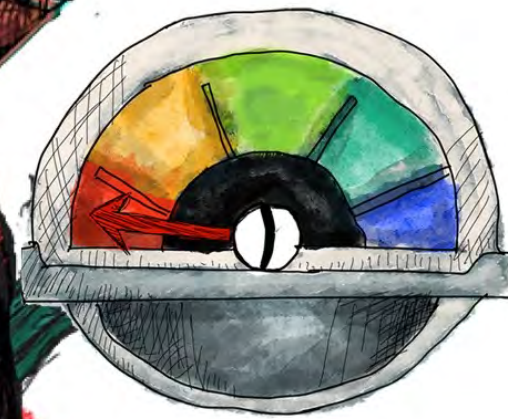


Presence bar

ascending the heavens

BY SLAYING YOUR OWN

FICTION



descending into the abyss

CONSUMED BY YOUR OWN

FICTION

Medieval Fantasy

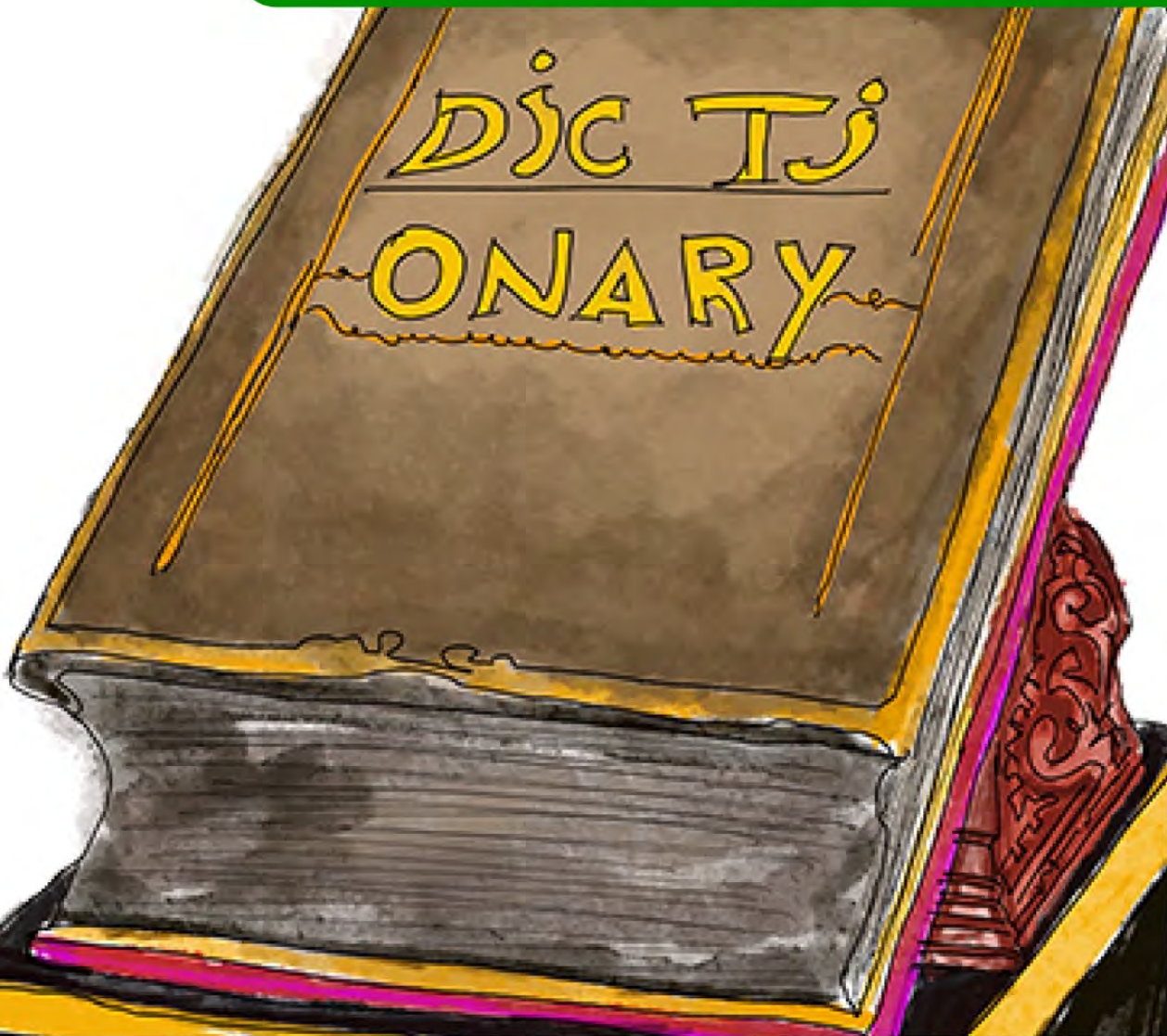
Russian Folktales

Greek Mythology



ACT 1

The Book of Meanings



My histrionism



ACT 2

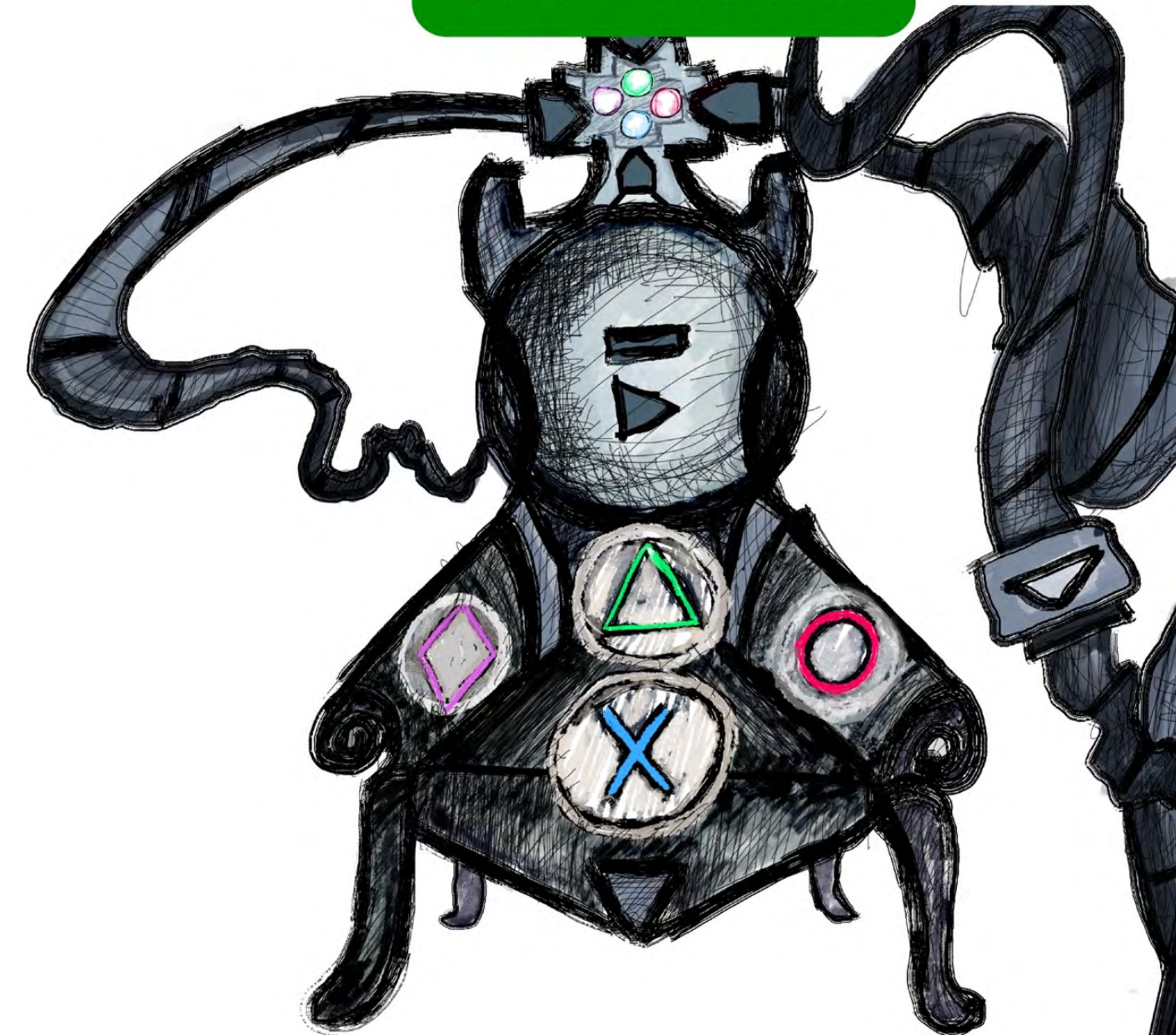
The Fire



My energy

ACT 3

The Throne



My imagination



Hera, Goddess of the **Family**.

The bonds that ties us to our kin burn bright, a **fire** dawning from our blood

Be wary of cursed kinds of **fire**, consuming your kin in flames of torment

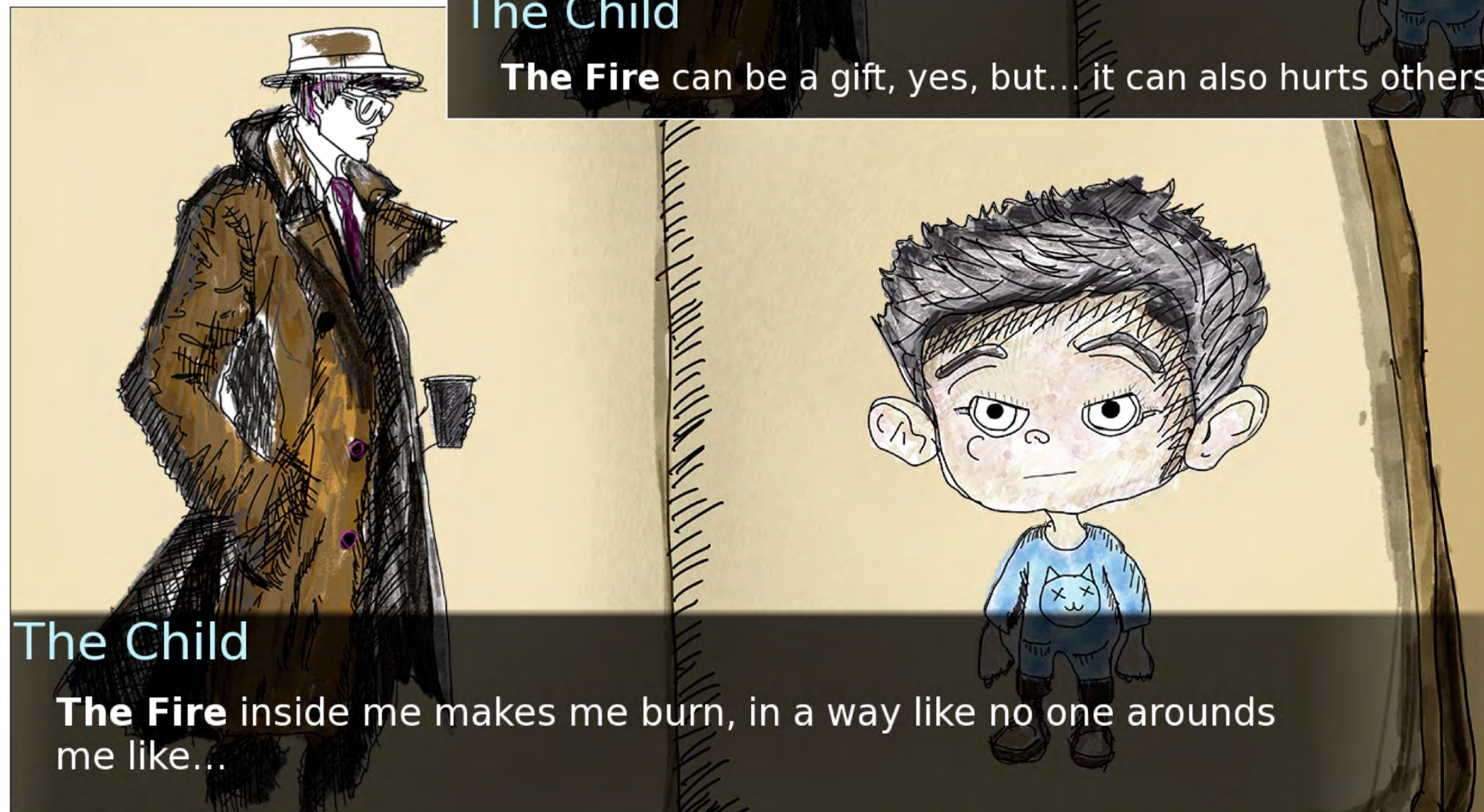
Be wary, or bring forth **Ruin**

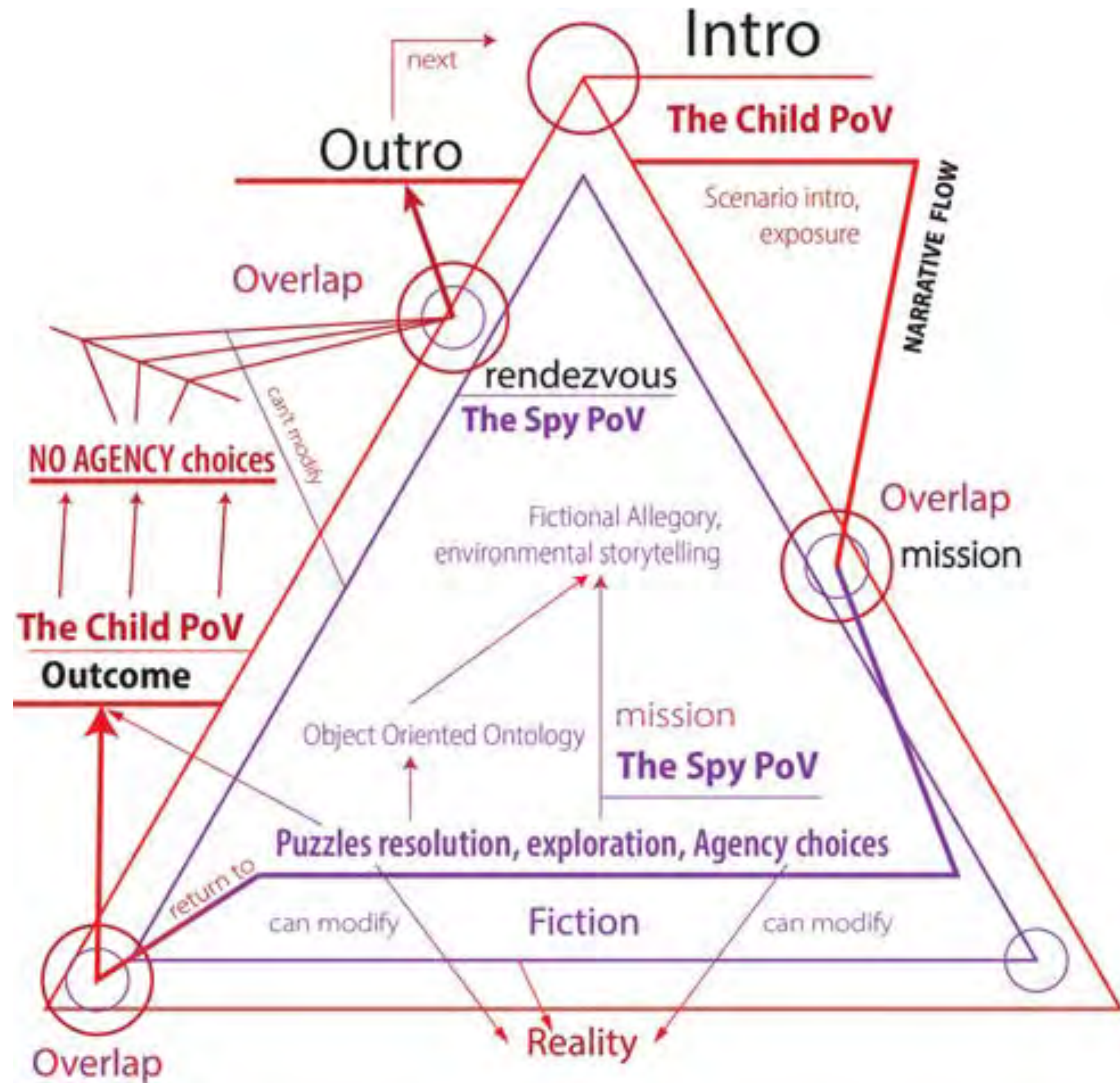
The Child

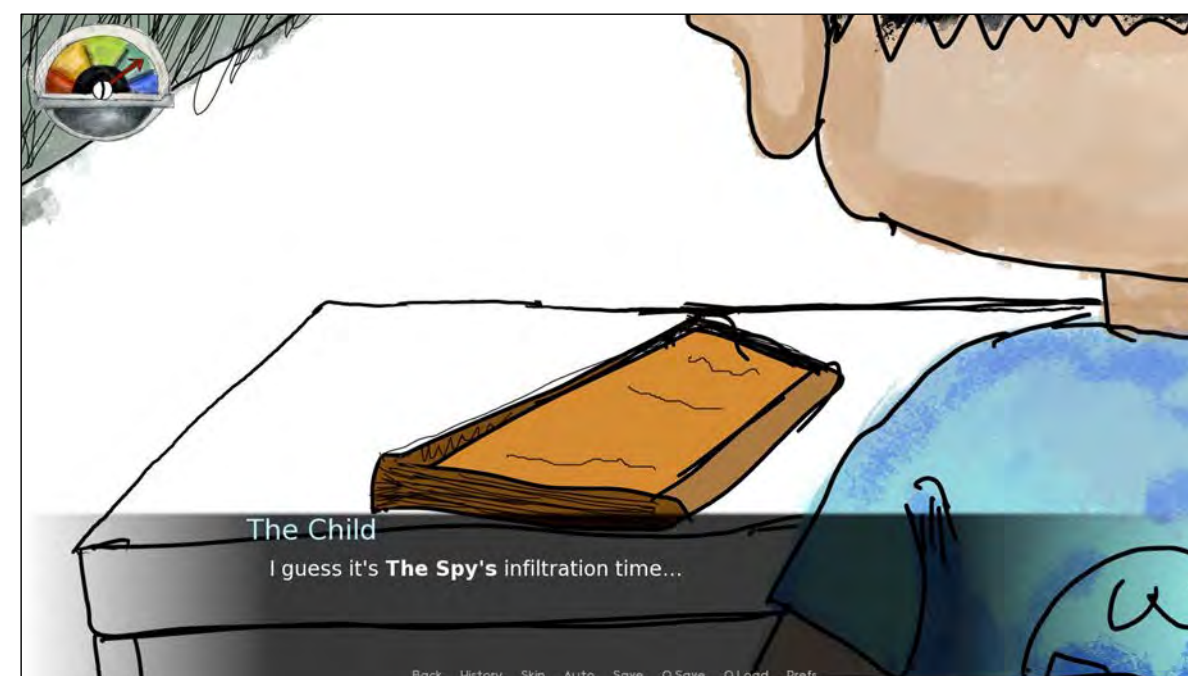
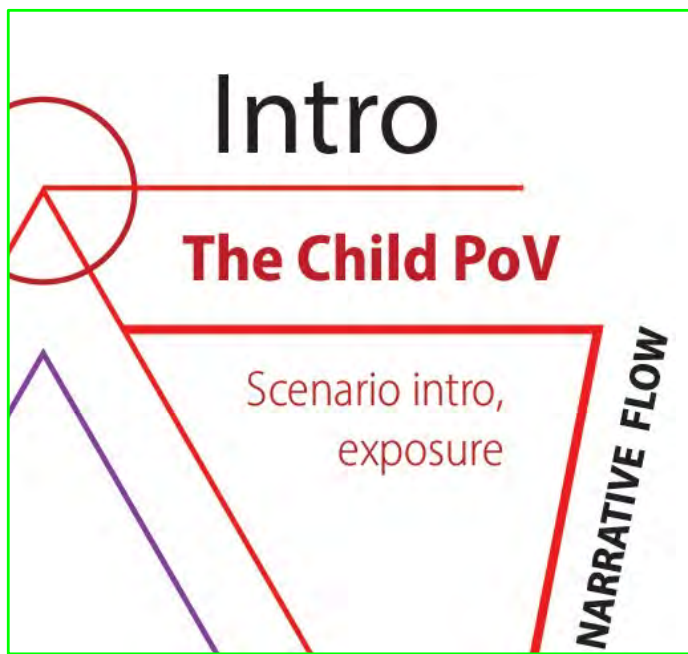
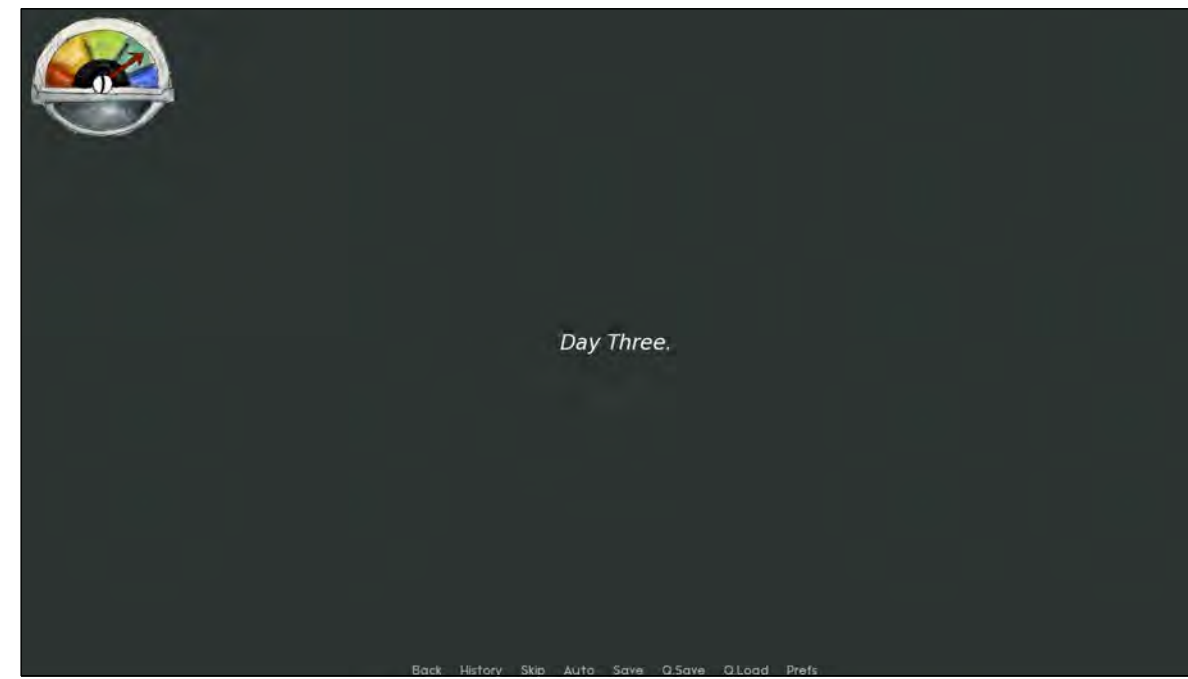
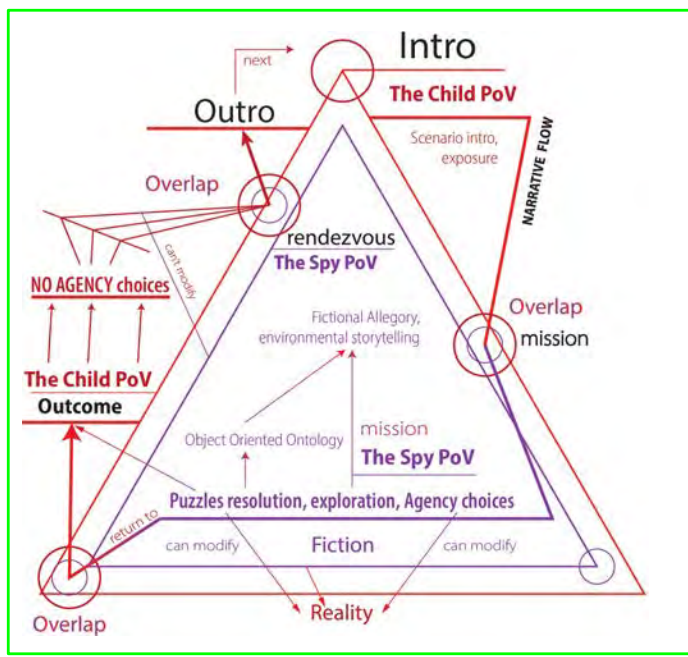
The **Fire** can be a gift, yes, but... it can also hurts others.

The Child

The **Fire** inside me makes me burn, in a way like no one arounds me like...



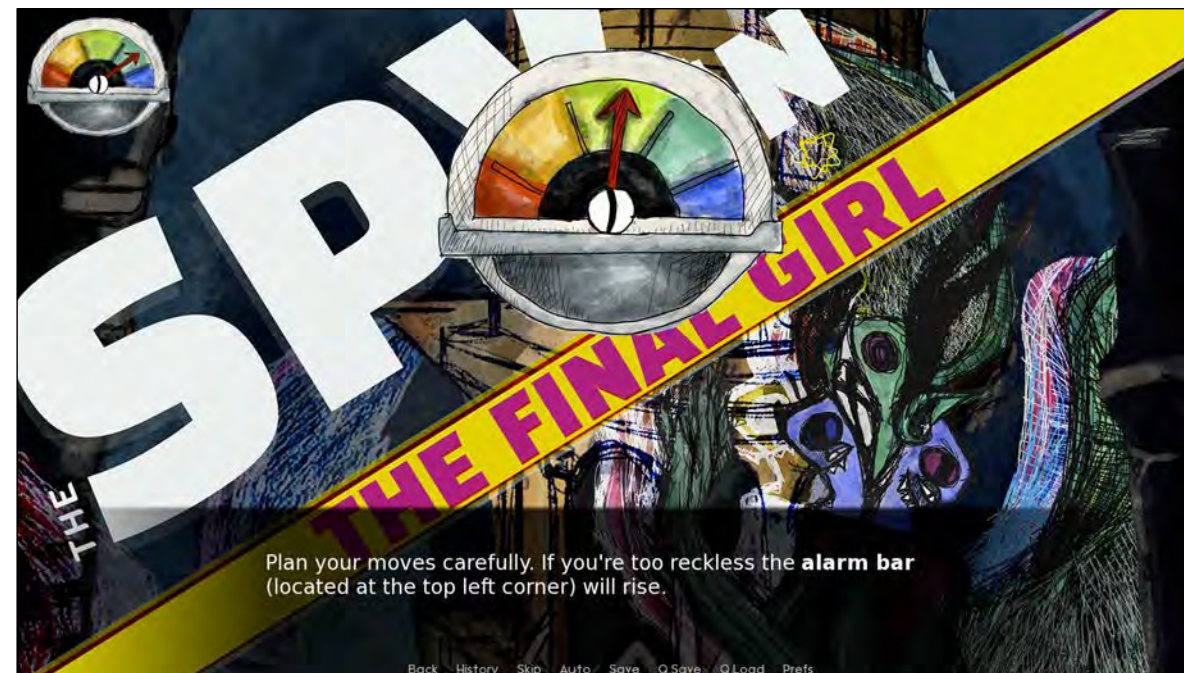
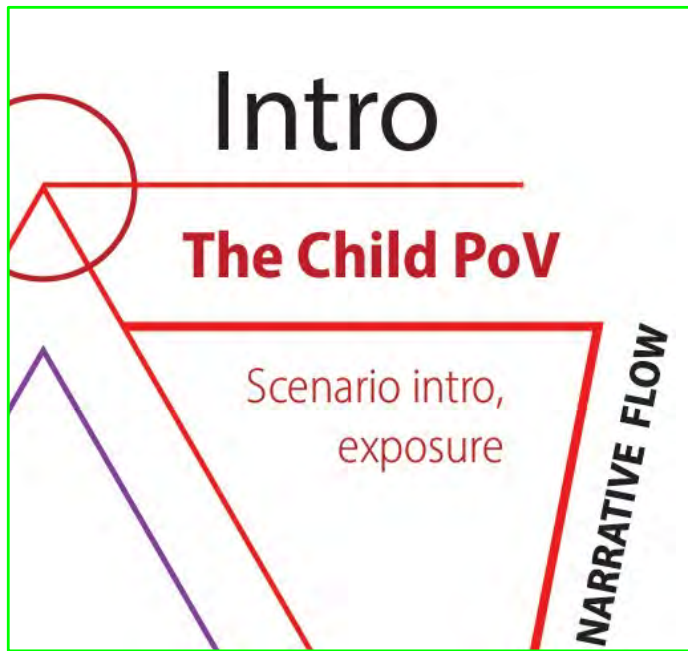
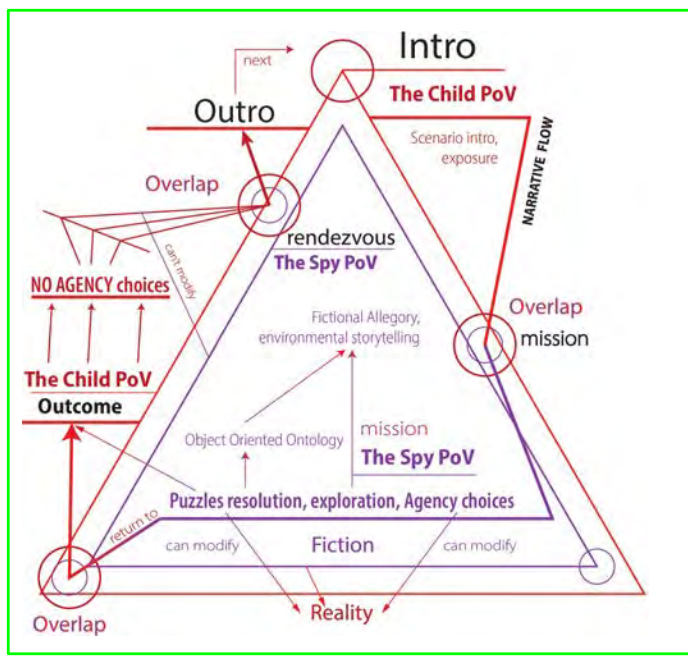




Rejection

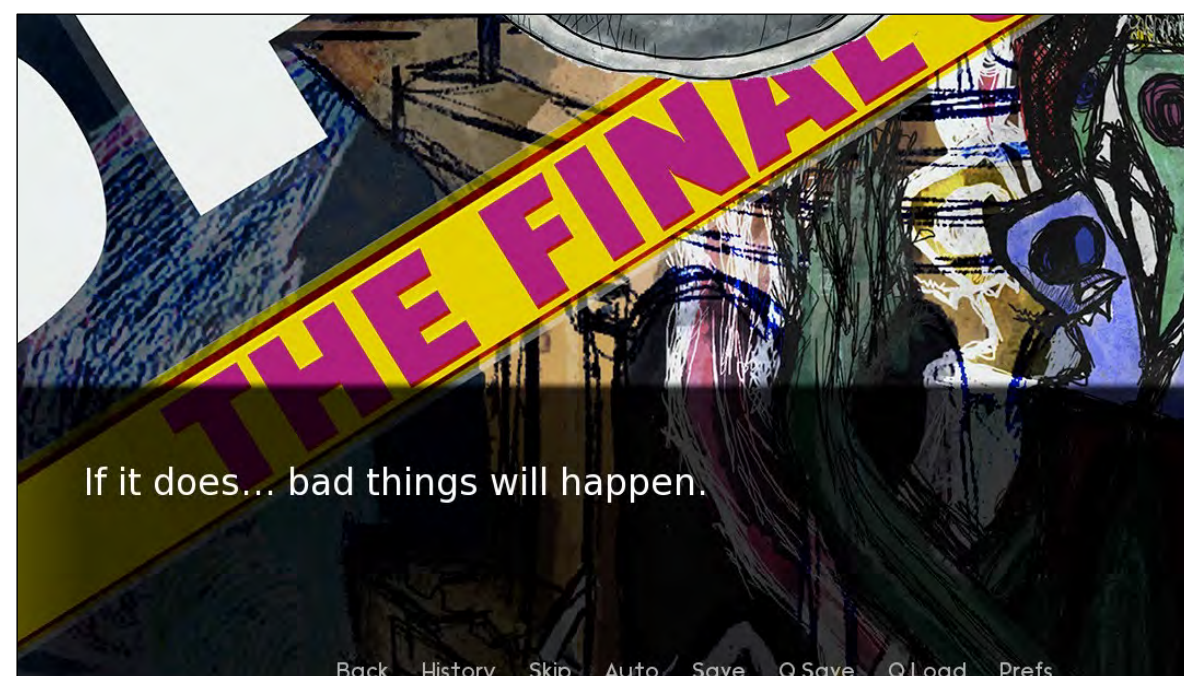
Liberation

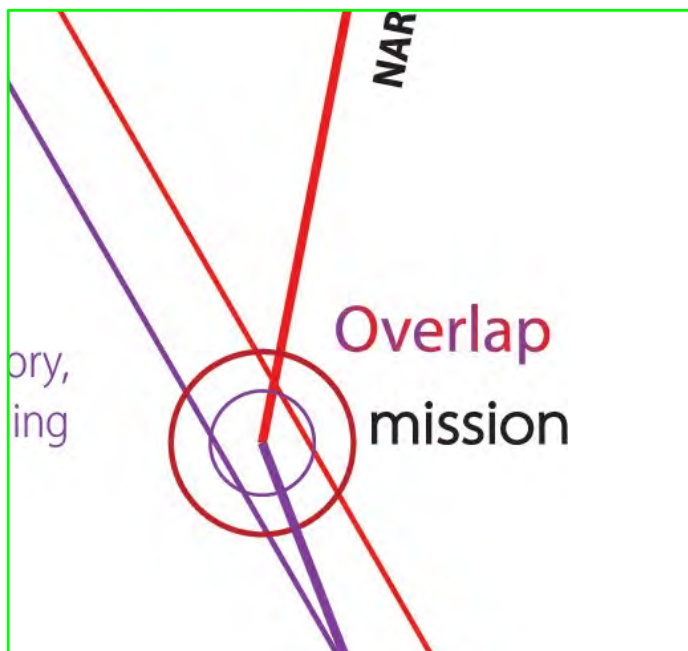
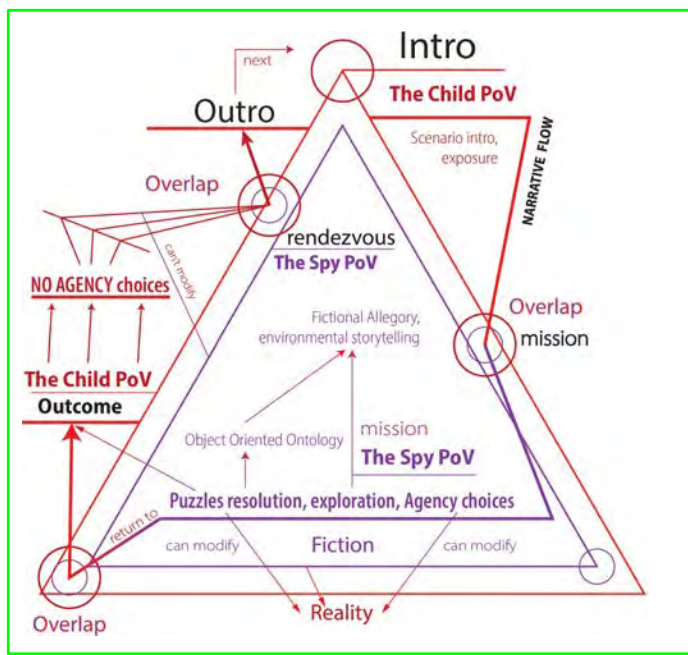




Rejection

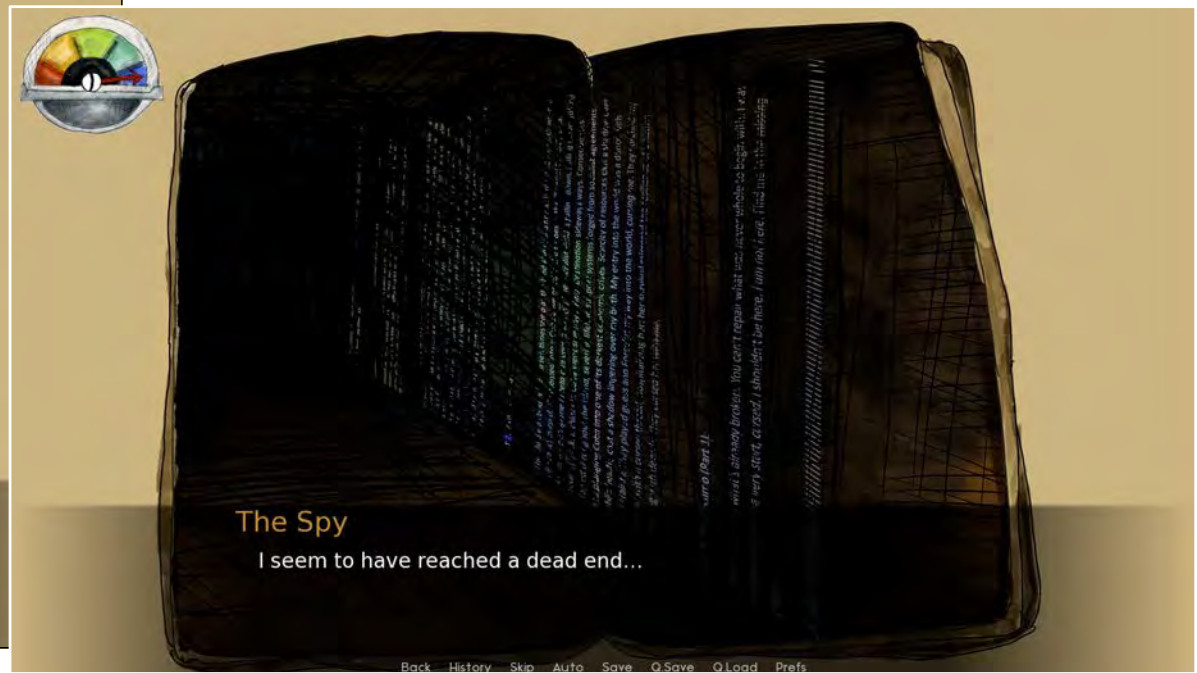
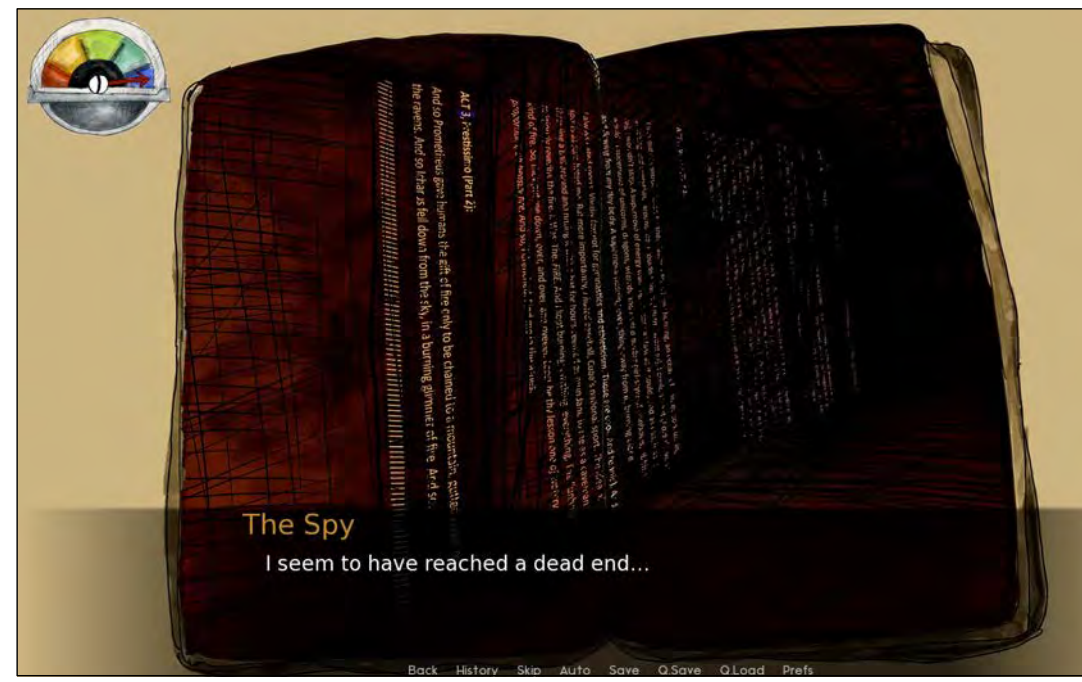
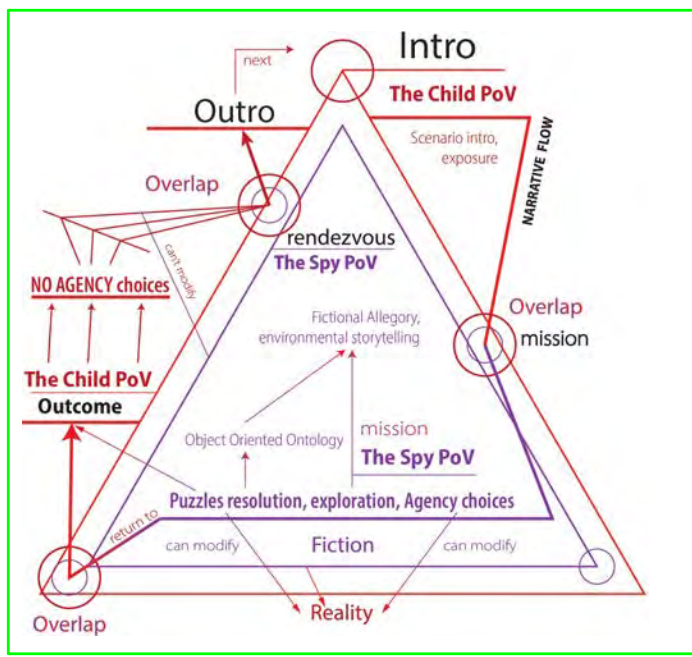
Liberation





Rejection

Anticipatory Illumination



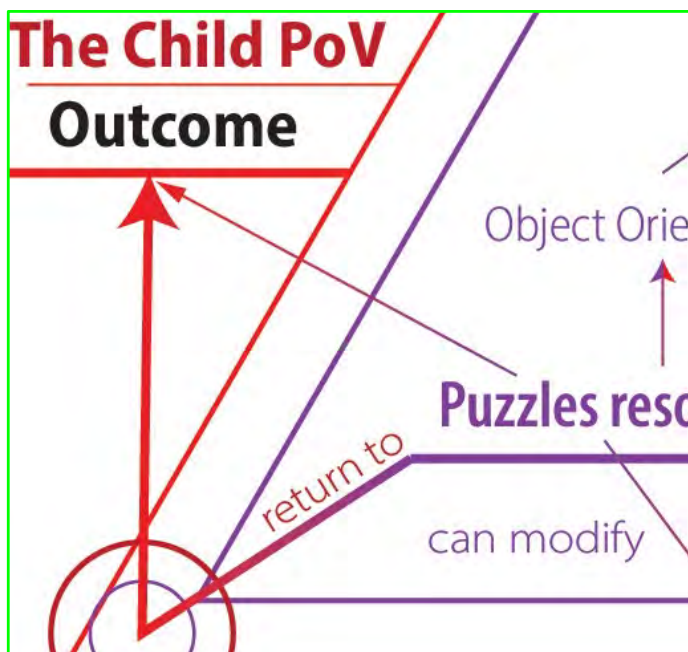
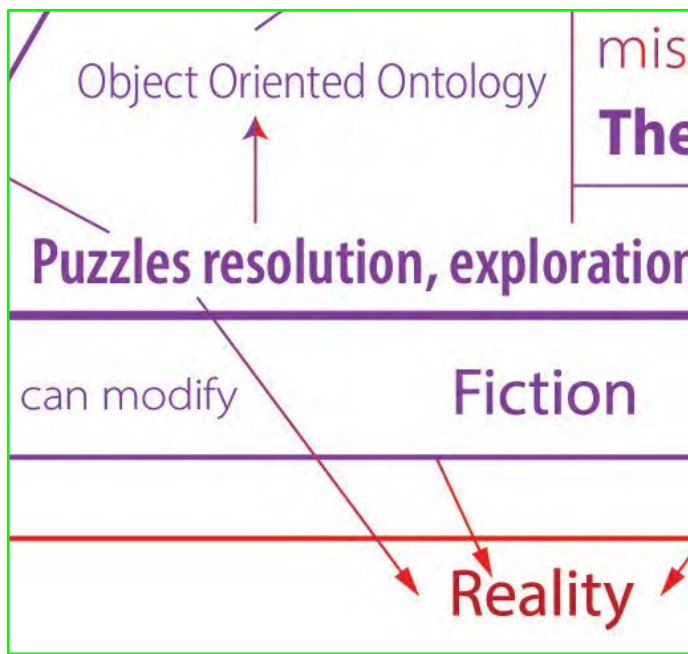
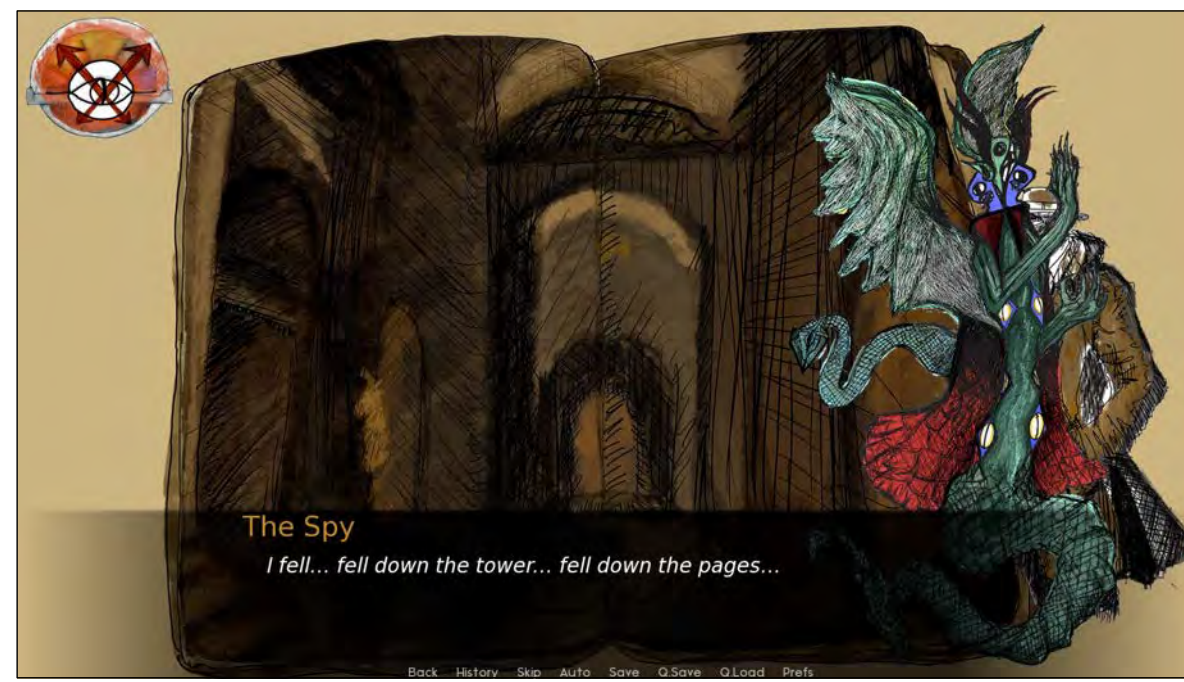
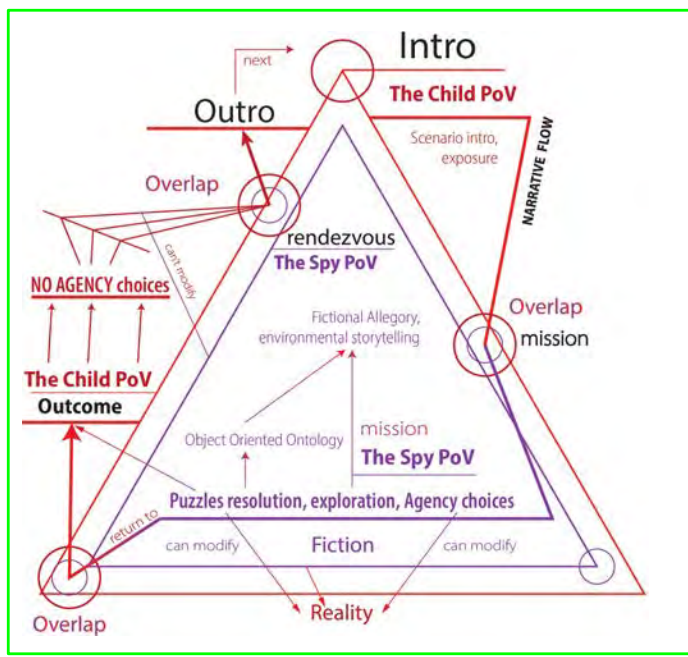
Failure

Win by failing

Personal

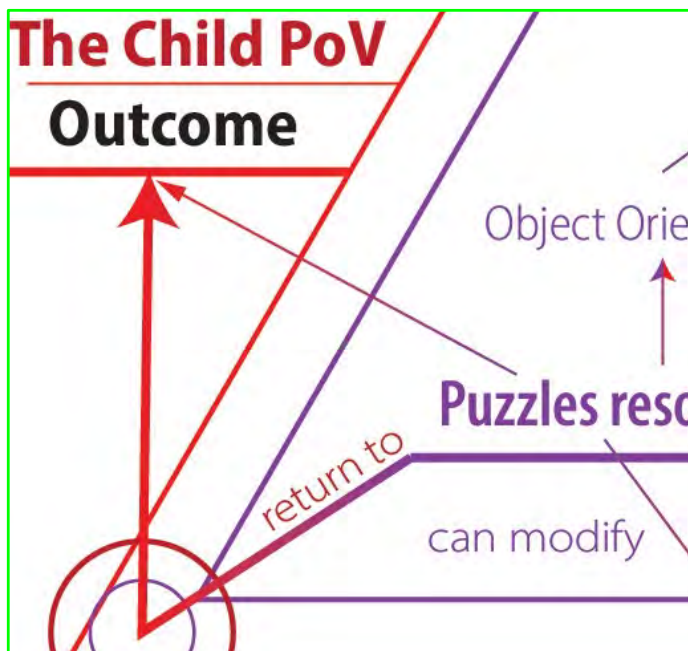
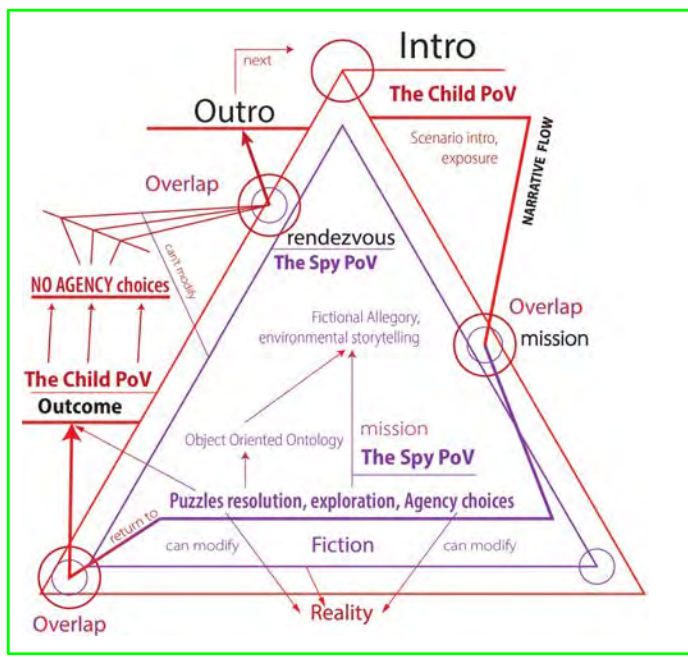
Discovery





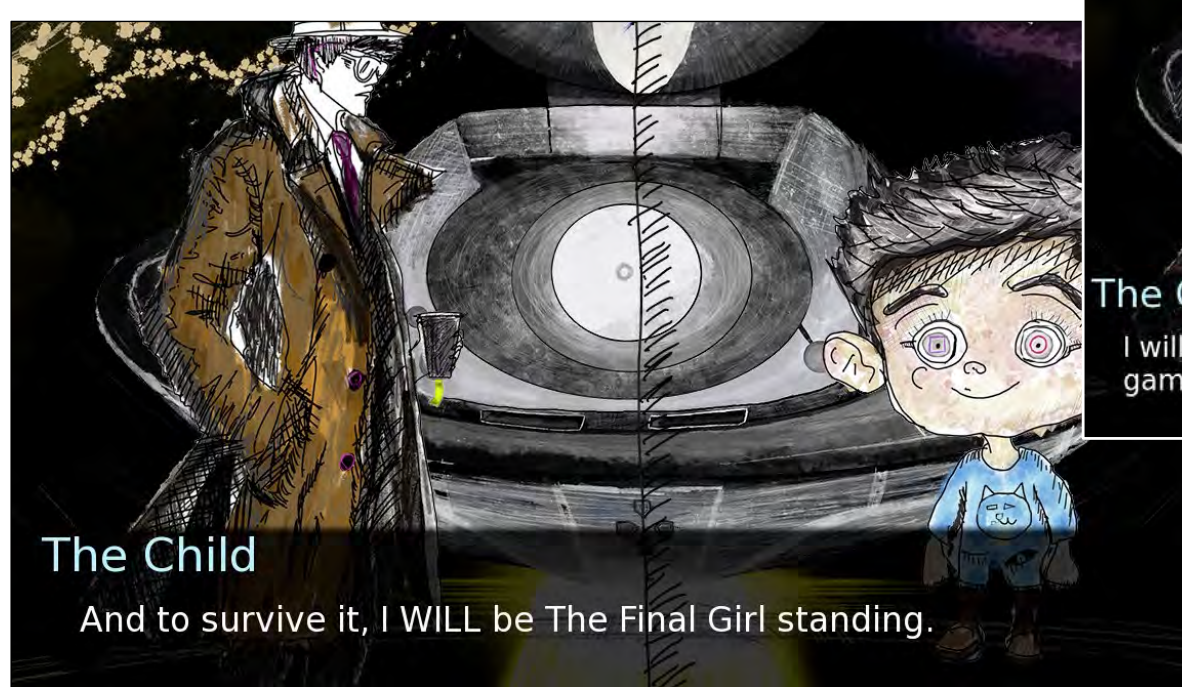
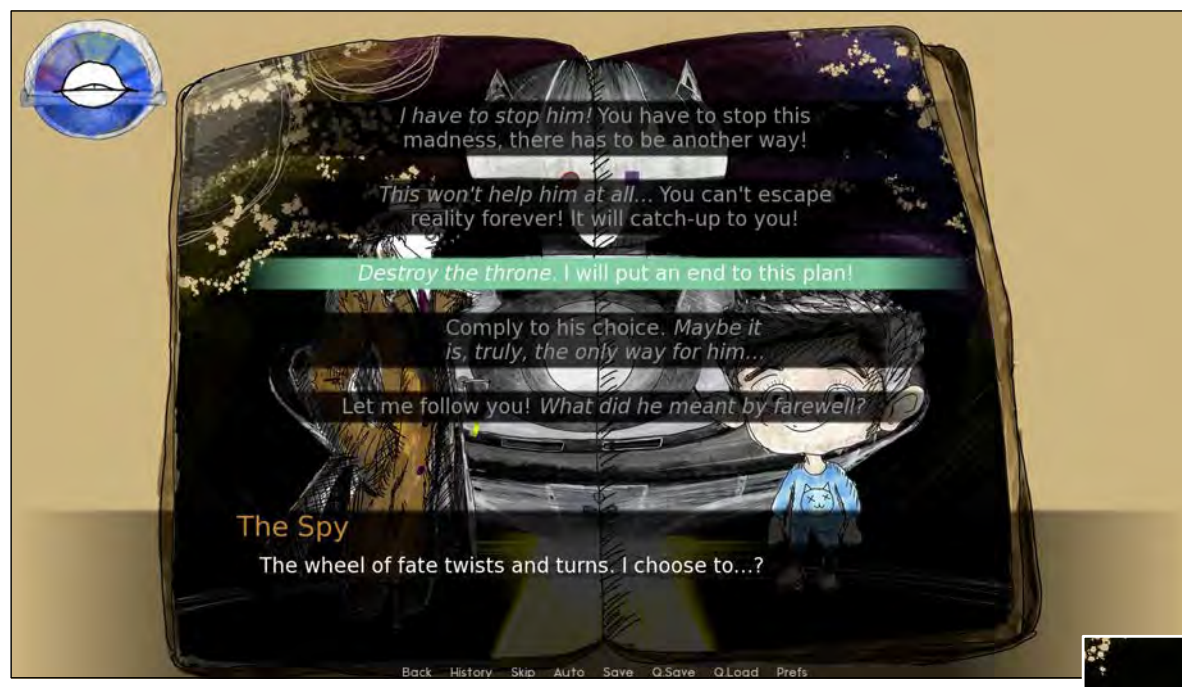
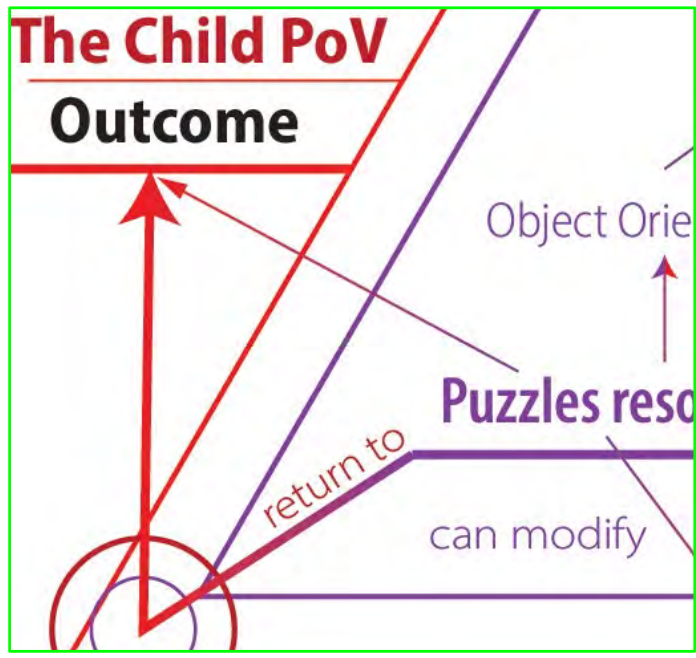
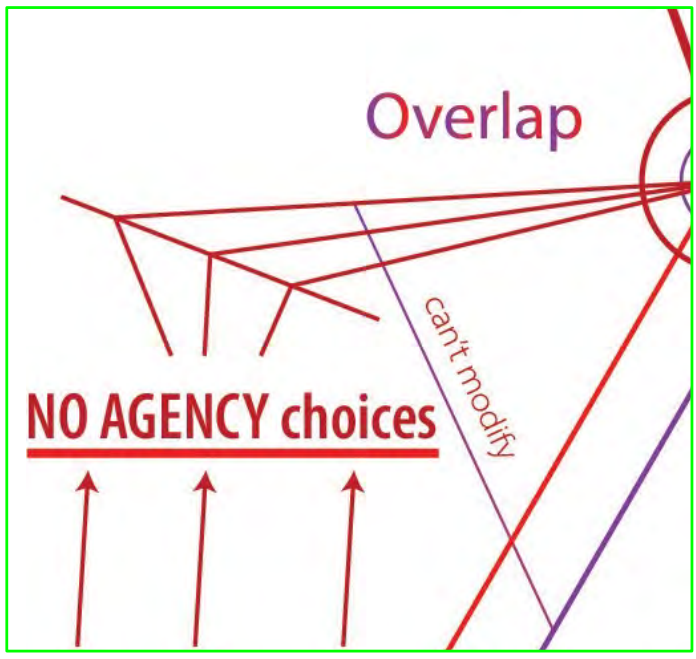
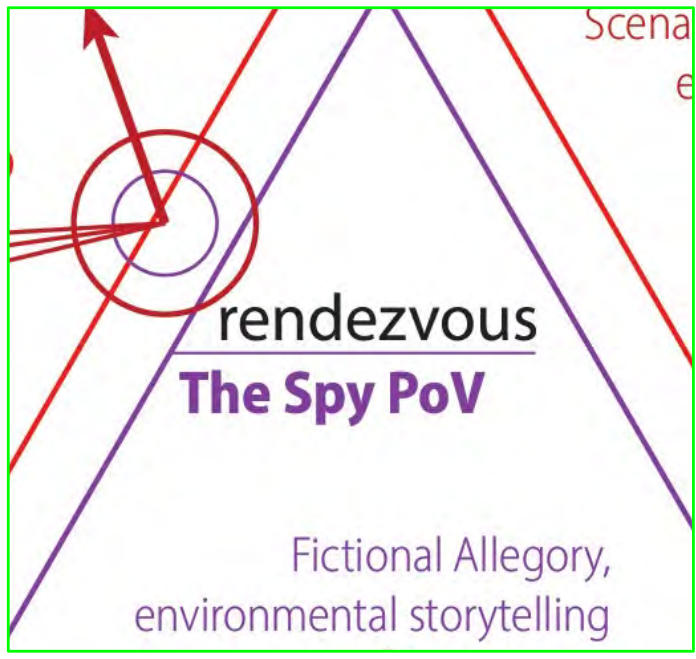
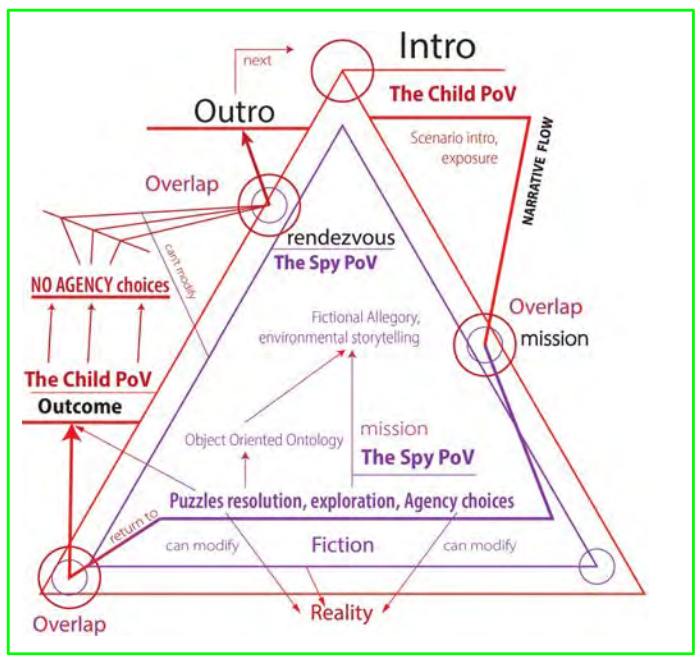
-Affects

-Embrace



Failure

Recovery of the failed



Failure

Full-circle failure

Playtest feedback

It's about **different power dynamics**, he was trying to **gain power in his imagination** that he didn't have in real life. Yeah, I feel like the character had two **identities** (...) I felt like he was **suppressed** in real life, like he **couldn't really express himself** (...)

He's **different** (...) **than** all of **the guys**.

Big Queer themes. It's also this **internal struggle** of **man versus society** almost, like a person who doesn't necessarily **fit the mold of society**. There's the **struggle against it**

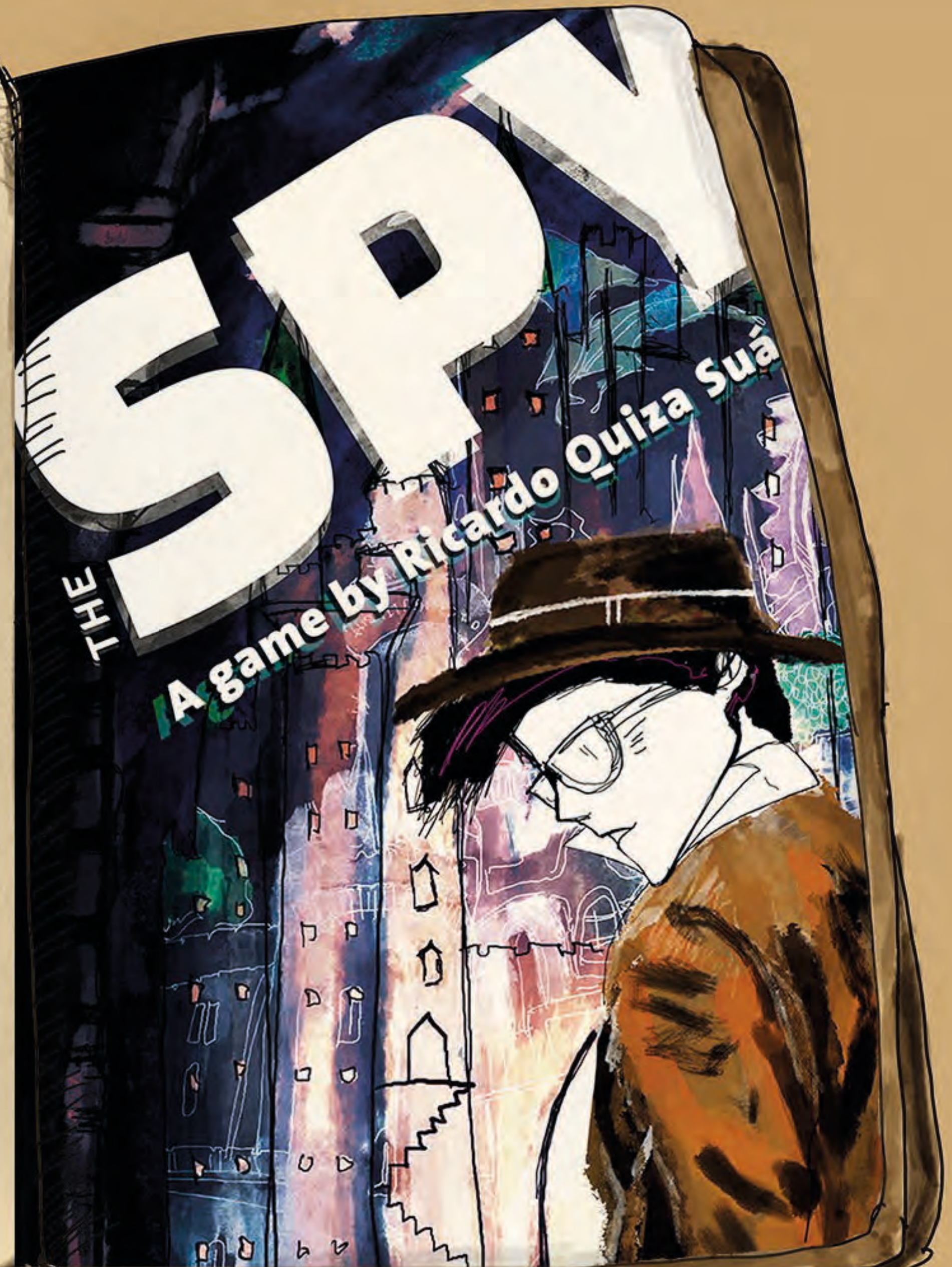


Exhibit feedback

An experience that talks about **childhood**, **escapism to fiction** to escape reality; it was really poignant and moving.”

“I think it’s about childhood, **being accepted**, being **different**, creating an imaginary world where **you can be the hero** and **find meaning**. I really want to see more of it.”

Mental health, childhood **imagination**, **escaping** with **imagination**, **through mythology**, there’s **science fiction**; A lot to analyze.”

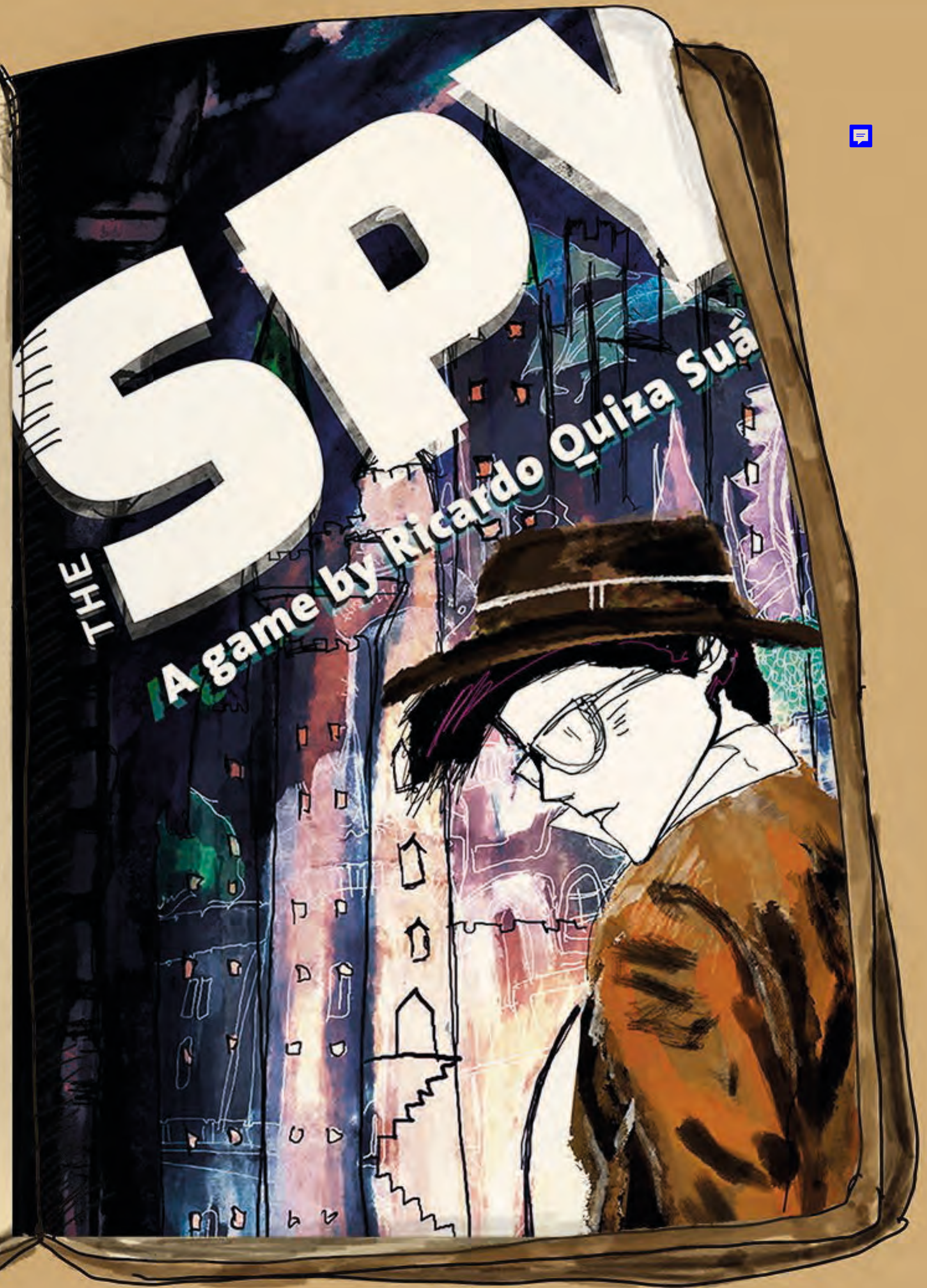
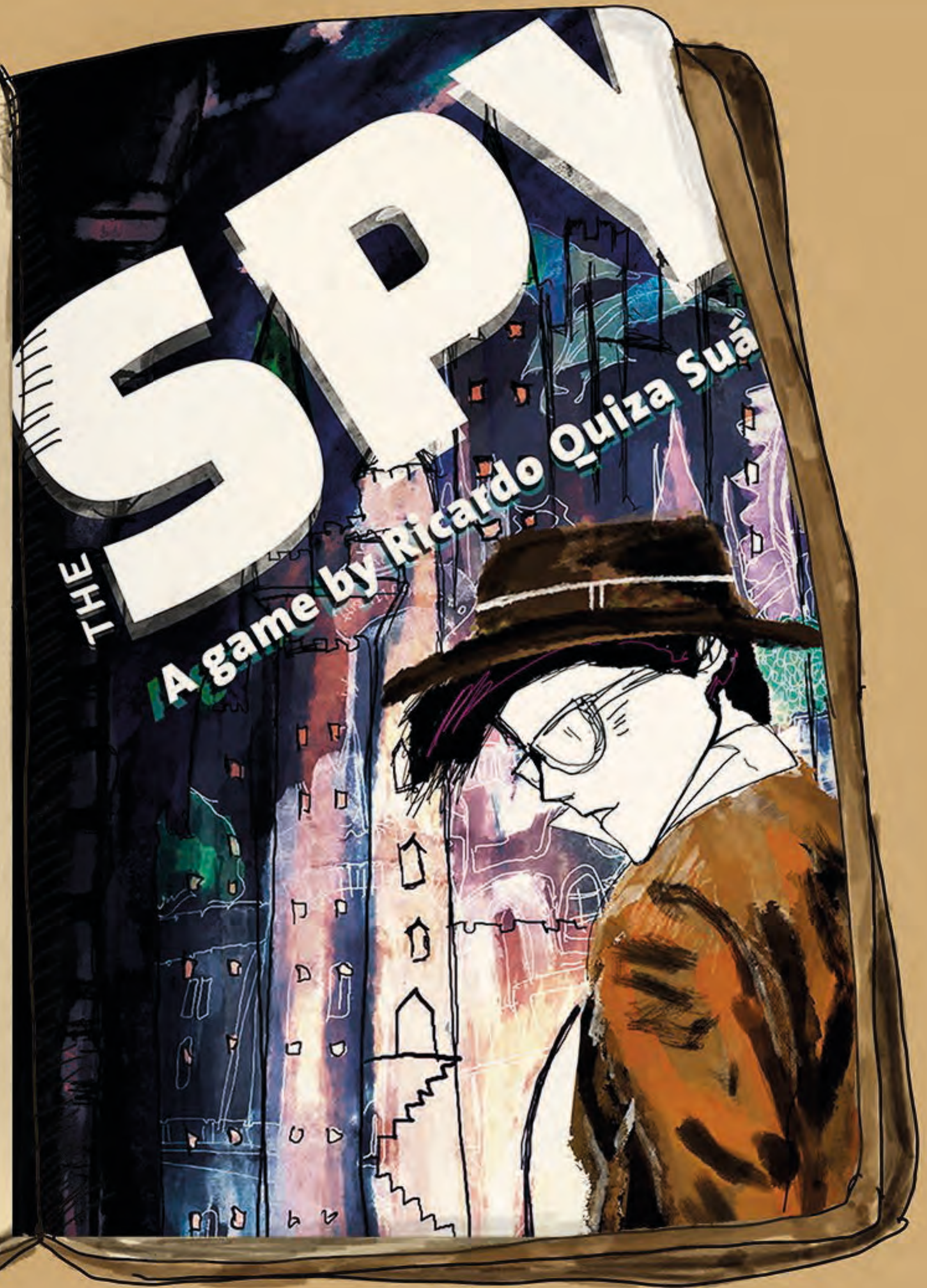


Exhibit feedback

It was a **horror story**, like a **psychological horror**. It's like these movies that start '**Based on true events**', like, the moment you connect that these **events happened in reality**, it can be really **terrifying**.

Reminds me of Death Note, talking to a diary, **exploring yourself**; pretty good.

It's about having this vision of what it's like being **Queer as a child**. And, I think it truly stand out to me, because most of the stories I have seen about Queer folks are of teens. The moments the character starts talking, he has this very '**child**' way of expressing, and it's like (...) 'oh, it really is a kid'. I like the notebook because, you're just lost in its games, and then you **come back to reality** and sort of **everything clicks with you**.







NPC- Kid Two

What a freak. Couldn't keep your
whore.



the Child
This is MY story





The Child

What the hell is **that** thing!?

me. Slaying my own fiction.



NOVEL



WISUAL

Hi! It was wonderful to talk to you today your game had a certain quality to it (that I can't quite discern or describe coherently at this late hour lol) that made me want to cry right then and there. I hope you know that you've created something really special and I am beyond excited to see where you take it!! As a first-year DF grad student, especially, very **inspiring** to see.



GUIDELINES



AUTOETHNOGRAPHIC

METHODOLOGY

NARRATIVE

MODEL

GAME

Action

Adventure

Strategy

Simulation

Platformer

Musical/Rhythm

Turn-based battle

Shooter

Tower Defense





NEW GAME? +

Temporality



Thank you for listening!



Thank you for listening!

