

September 8th, 2048

Dear Diary,

I've become a world class pianist!

But...so has everyone else. Because of Arca's accessibility, anyone can become as talented as I am. With time, I think anyone could get as talented as me! Cannot tell if that is good or not. I keep on finding new things in this town, it is almost like the city adapts to me and my interests, giving me a multitude of skills I have forever to learn!

Sometimes I feel joy, but then I remember.

The fear of disappearing keeps me consistently on edge, and makes me question what is a crime. Arca shouldn't be feared though, they repeat that we're free. Though, it doesn't help that I get antsy everytime I don't do something according to the rules.

I took the wrong route home today and my mind flooded with panic. The chance of fading by forgetting a mere law perturbs me. *This isn't against the law is it?* I feel as though we are not individuals here; we are flawless components of an optimal system.

Is a person who has never made a mistake truly virtuous, or merely perpetually afraid? Virtue requires choice; we have only compliance.

I brought a doll from my old house. The 'Outside,' as so many folks here address it as. Don't worry! I checked many times-it's not illegal. My doll reminds me that I still remember some things, like the pink flowers surrounding my old bed and my thousands of manuscripts coating my desk. My hope still lies, but not for long.

Life becomes restless when all you could possibly yearn for is at your fingertips. I will end up completing all I have ever wanted to try soon.

My *parents* were too shy to accompany me in applying to Arca. I'm starting to forget what that word means. Parents. It's people who are meant to guide and protect, but Arca does all that for me.

There's no need for family here.

Love,

Elara - the content