

December 31st, 2048

Dear Diary,

I am barely grasping onto the edges of reality. I have mentally worn out from accomplishing my darkest desires, from material to feats I have lost ambition to attempt.

On top of this, my thoughts of flawlessness eat me alive. I have forgotten who I was before Arca. If I WAS anything before Arca. My doll is nowhere to be found - I was trying to fix it up and sharpen up its bleak appearance, but I guess too much revision has made it lose its originality.

One thing remains: Imperfection is the root of my existence.

I am tired of seeing the perfectly chiseled buildings, the tiles never in disarrangement, and all of society afraid to do any wrong. Mothers frightened when their children drop items, terrified that if the toys drop in between the lines of the street their kids will fade. Fade out of existence: it's been seen, but no one remembers who the kid belonged to, what his name was, or sometimes what action made him disappear.

All we know is that this world is just as perfect, as it is eternal. I want to see a single flaw, a single ripple in the mirror of the world. Just one. I feel as though the rush of one mistake would fulfill me. I love it here, I really do, I just feel as though this world needs my mark.

I scratched my nail on the library's side. It felt so nice...to mark my...

[Redacted]