

PT BASKARA CIPTA KARYA



SOULQUEST

a Guided Journal

Celine Christie

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a Guided Journal

Each soul has its own constellation. Follow them. This guide will help you trace your way back home.

- THE ALCHEMY OF SOULS



Celine Christie

SoulQuest: A Guided Journal

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THE BECOMING

It doesn't all happen at once.

It all seems like nothing at first.

The kind of silence that pushes into your ribs.

The air moves.

As if ink were to dissolve in water, the reality surrounding you becomes hazy.

You sense a lack of stability on the ground underneath you.

You have no recollection of falling.

The only place you can recall standing is another.

You don't recognize the sky above you. Not day. Not night.

A faint space of moving light, like the constellations altering their positions in the sky.

You try to speak,

This place has a peculiar echo for your voice.

More clear.

More close.

As if there were no barriers separating you from your inner thoughts.

Then you feel it.
Recognition.
This place is not foreign at all.
It is built from things you have tried not to look at.

In the stillness,
Pieces of memory flash in the air.
Conversations that aren't done.
Questions that haven't been answered.
Versions of you that you left behind.

A path forward emerges.

You know something without being told:
You weren't brought here by chance.
You arrived the moment you were ready to stop running.

And here...
You are known as the *Seeker*.
Not because you have answers,
But because you are willing to look for them.

Nothing moves unless you search.
Nothing reveals unless you face it.

You are called the Seeker
Because you came looking.

Welcome, Seeker.

You have been seen.

Somewhere in the dark between dusk and dawn, your name shone bright and ignited the flame.

This book didn't just happen to find you by chance; But rather by resonance. It acknowledges your quiet despair, the gentle pain of your silences. It is what you've never said out loud, and your deep desire to be complete again.

Here, you will walk through realms made of memories and light. May you stumble parts of yourself in the fog, in glass mirrors, or even in the serene stare of the stars.

You don't have to fight... Just pay attention, remember, and relive.

This is your SoulQuest.

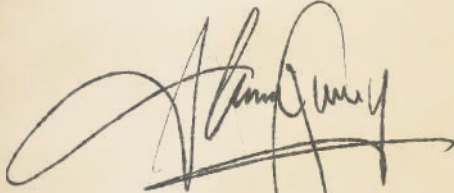
*A journey through the hidden realms of your own self.
Through thoughts and feelings inside your head and heart.
With every step tells a story in and of itself.
A truth you are ready to understand will be uncovered.*

*Inside these pages, are Light Fragments. Valor, Insight,
and Grace. They are not prizes to be won, but reassuring
reminders that light remains even in darkest of times.*

*And when the clouds part, you don't come out as a
changed person, but rather someone who has remembered
who they are.*

*May your spark burn softly,
and may your courage remain kind.*

Signed in light,



Alden Grey
The First Alchemist



Before You Begin,

This is where you can ground yourself, before your adventure begins. Write whatever your heart desires. There are no bad responses, only new ones.

Name:

The day you start your SoulQuest:

What is your reasoning to coming here?

What do you desire to find or fix?

A Commitment to Yourself:

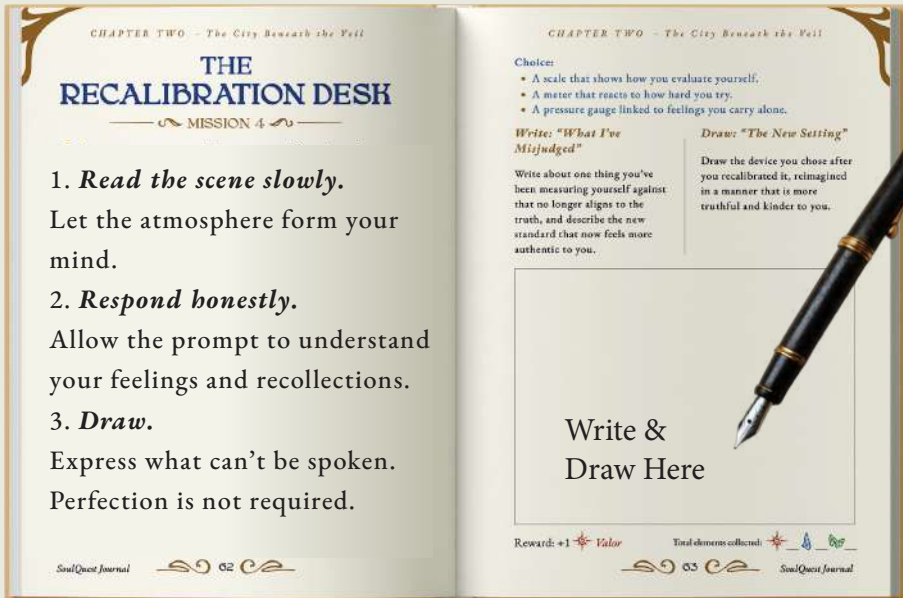


“I will be kind to myself on this journey, even when I’m
afraid.”


HOW TO PLAY

Each page is a piece of your story, a reflection of who you were, are, and might become.

ENTER A MISSION






After completing each mission, you will collect *Light Fragments*. Each *Light Fragment* is earned through reflections.

Reward: +1  *Valor*

THE SYSTEM

You will collect *Light Fragments* from the *three elements*:

Symbol	Element	Meaning
	Valor	The courage to confront what scares you.
	Insight	The ability to perceive yourself sincerely.
	Grace	The willingness to forgive and start new.

Each mission awards one or more elements.

Keep a record of them in your *Bookmark Progress Tracker*.

FACING THE GUARDIANS

When you collect enough Fragments, the *Guardian* will appear.

Each chapter ends with a boss fight.

Required to Enter:  4  3  3
Complete all 5 missions from this realm

However, this is not a battle; rather, it is a confrontation with reality. Complete the chapter.

Then you may claim your *Soul Artifact Fragment*.

Between missions, you'll find sections for *Reflections*, *Dreams*, and *Moods*. You can use them freely.



PROLOGUE

The Call to the Journey

You're weightless.

There is no sky above you, no ground below you, only the gentle tug of something ancient.

The air breathes softly, as if it recalls a melody you have forgotten.

A whisper awakens.

Not a single voice,

But a sensation.

It is time.

You try to open your eyes, but all you see is gray- endless. The world is holding its breath. For a little while, you wonder whether you're falling, floating, or ultimately still.

You try to open your eyes, but all you see is gray- endless. The world is holding its breath. For a little while, you wonder whether you're falling, floating, or ultimately still.

The silence draws closer, comfortable and pleasant. It does not require answers. It only asks the question you've been avoiding:

“Do you remember why you came?”

The thought quivers in your chest. You reach for the memory, but it slips out of your grip, leaving only a faint shimmer of light.

Something invisible brushes across the edge of your consciousness.

A pulse.

A rhythm.

A slow and silent awakening.

The gray begins to thin and fold into mist.

As the calm deepens, a low hum rises in the distance, drawing you closer.

The world breathes in.

And then, the gray world awakens.



CHAPTER ONE

The Forest Of Whispers

THE MISTY FOREST

— ❧ MISSION 1 ❧ —

The gray world awakens.

You open your eyes softly. Ahead, a forest clouded in soft mist— silent, except for a subtle hum. The air itself seems breathing. A dim blue light dances between the trees;

Their presence is calm and steady as they linger close by, their glow quivering as if they recall something.

“You’re awake,” Lumi whispers, its voice gentle like a sigh. “Do you remember why you came here?”

Every step makes the ground whisper. Every pause makes the mist lean closer. The fog doesn’t ask questions; it only listens.

You hear it, a faint singing, distant. But behind you, a heavy silence, like it’s waiting.



Choice:

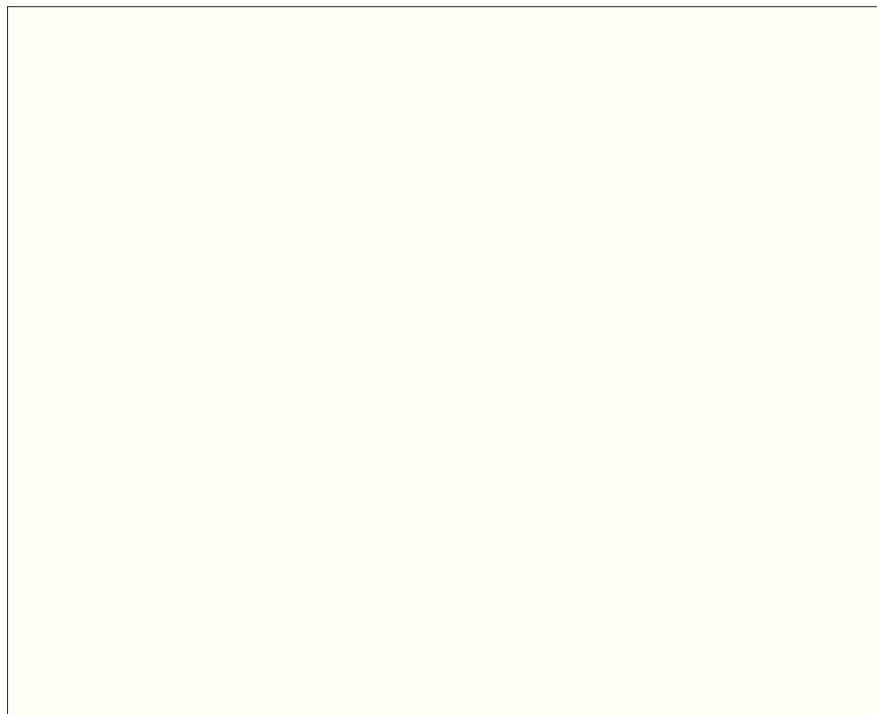
- * Follow the faint singing deeper into the mist.
- * Wait and listen for what the silence reveals.


Write: “The First Sound I Heard Inside”

What does silence sound like when you’re finally still enough to hear it?
Is it peaceful? Lonely? Heavy? Or does it have a familiar hum to it?

Draw: “The Path in the Fog”

When you took your first step into the fog, what happened? How did it open? Did it seem to hold you back?



Reward: +1  *Valor*

Total elements collected:



EVENING 
REFLECTION:

The Misty Forest

Reflection I:

What emotions resurface as you walked through the fog?
Did you know them, or were they new to you?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What would it be like to listen to yourself, like how the forest does to you, without judging or interrupting?

When you stop calling your thoughts “good” or “bad” and just call them “real,” that’s when mindfulness starts.

THE BROKEN HALL

MISSION 2

As the door squeaks open, you've been greeted by a hall adorned with broken mirrors. Only bits and pieces are captured by each fragment: a touch, a breath, a quivering eye.

"You should be over this."

"They don't really care."

"It's not that bad."

Lumi flickers beside you.

"These are echoes," Lumi explains.

"You don't need to believe every one."

Then, in one shattered you see a younger version yourself, soundless.



Choice:


- * Reach through the mirror and sit with them.
- * Walk past the mirror, pretending you never saw.

Write: “The First Fear That Stayed”

If you reached through: write about the very first moment you were afraid, what it taught you, what part of you still carries it.
If you walked past: write about the parts of yourself you are still trying to avoid, and why.

Draw: “The Mirror That Spoke”

Illustrate the mirror with your reflection: broken, or whole, or glowing, or fading.

Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Broken Hall

Reflection I:

Did you feel pity, anger, or tenderness when you looked at your reflection? What did that feeling show you about who you are right now?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What would happen if you accept every version of yourself, even the ones that are still scared?

*Every time you say your fear, a piece of clarity comes to mind.
That clarity doesn't take away the suffering; it makes it clearer.*

THE WELL

MISSION 3

Beyond the broken hall, the ground slopes down into darkness. The silence only echoes the sound of dripping water.

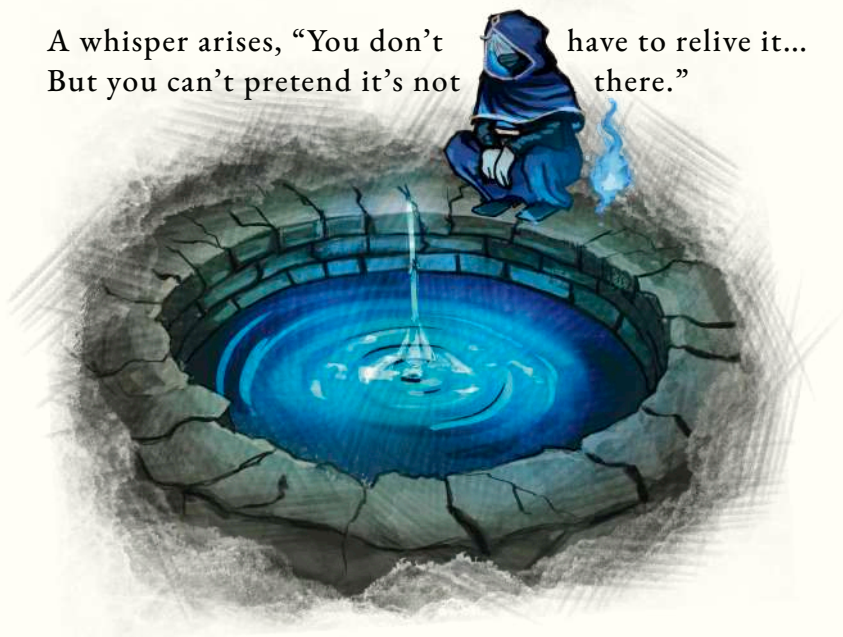
Lumi leads you to a hollow cavern deep into the earth. The walls reflect with soft sparkles.

A glowing stone well awaits you in the middle of the cavern. Its surface shows nothing until you stare too long. Then, a memory surfaces.

A moment you've wished to go away.

Nervous, Lumi circles about.

A whisper arises, "You don't have to relive it...
But you can't pretend it's not there."



Choice:

- * Drop a truth into the well and release it.
- * Reach in and pull the memory closer.


Write: “What Still Echoes”




If you released it: write a memory you’re willing to let go of.

If you pulled it closer: tell me the pain that remains, and what it wants to teach you.

Draw: “The Surface of the Well”

How did the water change after your choice? Is it calm, motionless, gleaming, rippling?

Reward: +1  Grace

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Well

Reflection I:

When you let go of something, what emotion replaced it first? Maybe sadness, peace, emptiness, or relief?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

After you chose to face the memory, what did you think of it after you wrote it down? What changed in its meaning?

Forgiveness frequently starts with how you remember yourself, not with how you treat others.

THE LANTERN GROVE

MISSION 4

The gray mist clears as you and Lumi find a grove that shines like a candlelight inbetween branches.

It is decorated with hundreds of lanterns strung between ancient trees.

Each one has a little light to them — some more intense than others. They whisper not of people, but of feelings: Sorrow. Guilt. Hope.

You see one barely lit, flickering. Its name is Forgiveness.

Whispering, “Not all light stays.” Lumi tilts their flame.
“Yet there are a few who want to.”



Choice:

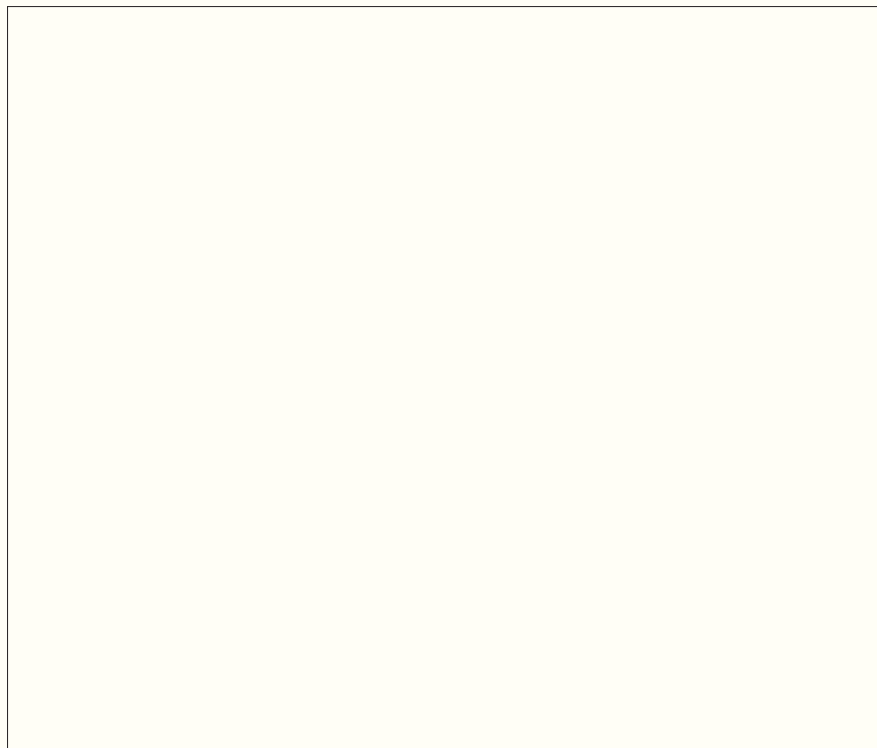
- * Breathe into the lantern to relight it again.
- * Allow it to go out, and observe how the darkness changes.


Write: "The Lantern I Couldn't Hold"




Who or what are you still struggling to forgive? Yourself, perhaps? or someone else? What weight do you carry by keeping the flame unlit?

Draw: "The Grove of Names"

Draw a lantern and write/color the emotion glowing inside it. What color would forgiveness be, if you could see it?



Reward: +1  Grace

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Lantern Grove

Reflection I:

What feeling did your lantern symbolize? Was it ready to shine again, or did it remain unlit?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

How do you see “forgiveness” when it’s filled with light?

Grace doesn't come from getting rid of pain; it comes from letting it rest.

THE SLEEPING ROOTS

— ❧ MISSION 5 ❧ —

Slight rumble passes underneath your feet. You can feel the earth trembling with life.

Every tremble echoes your own heartbeat.

The roots entwine with the soil, casting a subtle golden light.

They whisper to you: “What you bury can still grow,”

You get down on your knees...

The root shakes louder, and feels warmer to the touch. Your long-buried, unnamed memories reawaken.

Lumi watches quietly.

“Sometimes, letting them breathe is the only way to stop the haunting.”



Choice:



- * Touch the root and face what you've buried.
- * Stand back, leaving it undisturbed.

Write: "What I Tried to Bury"

Tell me about an emotion or truth you tried to silence? What would happen if you allowed it to exist instead of hiding it?

Draw: "The Root Beneath"

Illustrate what the root appeared like; tangled, glowing, fragile, or wild.

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Sleeping Roots

Reflection I:

What did you discover about yourself that you didn't expect?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What would it mean to let your pain be there, untouched, without trying to repair it?

At first, growth may look like decay, yet even dead roots feed the forest.

THE WEATHER WITHIN

Mood Check-in

Take a breath before continuing.

You're moving not only through realms, but also through yourself. These pages are your emotional map. Fill them out as honestly or as abstractly as you choose.

1. What are you feeling right now? Check the ones that apply.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Calm | <input type="checkbox"/> Hopeful | <input type="checkbox"/> Confident |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fearful | <input type="checkbox"/> Empty | <input type="checkbox"/> Frustrated |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Restless | <input type="checkbox"/> Grateful | <input type="checkbox"/> Other: |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Heavy | <input type="checkbox"/> Sorrowful | _____ |

2. If your mood were the weather, draw what it would be:

3. Assess your inner light today:

- Dim
- Flickering
- Stable
- Bright

4. What made you feel grounded today? [A sound, person, moment, or memory...]

DATE:

S M T W T F S

5. Draw or describe the shape of your current emotion.

How large is it? Which color does it take? Where in your body do you feel it the most? If it could only utter one word, what would it say?

6. Circle the part that you feel you need the most in your current state:



Valor - The courage to confront what scares you



Insight - The ability to perceive yourself sincerely



Grace - The willingness to forgive and start new

Explain in short what this fragment is teaching you today.

The Dream Gate

THE CHAMBER OF ECHOES

You are going to enter the territory between sleep and memory. Close your eyes and take a few breaths. What appears behind them is not random; it is the soul's way of communicating.

1. *The Entry Sign*

When you close your eyes, what is the first image, sound, or word that appears? You can write it or sketch it.

2. *What emotion was left behind?*

Check what feels closest:

✧ Fear

✧ Longing

✧ Joyful

✧ Calm

✧ Wonder

✧ Other:

✧ Shock

✧ Guilt

DATE:

S M T W T F S

3. *What is this dream trying to remind you of right now?*


Write one to two sentences. No need to overthink.

4. *The Inner Mirror*

How does this vision relate to something you've been avoiding or craving in your daily life?

5. *Fragment Alignment*

Which light fragment represents this dream?

 Valor - The courage to confront what scares you

 Insight - The ability to perceive yourself sincerely

 Grace - The willingness to forgive and start new

Write one sentence starting with:

This dream asks me to remember _____

THE KEEPER OF WHISPERS

FINAL MISSION

Required to Enter:  2  1  3

Complete all 5 missions from this realm

The mist grows dense until walls form. A halo of white surrounds the forest, and a figure entwined with mist and echoes stands at its center.

A figure... Vaguely human, but not quite right.

Their face shifts with every breath, sometimes yours, sometimes a stranger's. Their eyes are hollow, yet full of reflecting every choice and regret.

Lumi flickers violently. "This place seeks the truth. Not what you know, but what you're hiding from yourself."

"I am what you do not say," the Keeper stated. "I am every word you swallow so the world would remain quiet."

"You say you desire peace, yet you persist in masking behind your pain."

"You claim to be healing, but the truth is you find solace in your brokenness- it gives you the reason to remain still."



The Keeper lifts their hand as three memory fragments materialize around you.

Each memory begins to speak:

The First Reflection: Fear

“You only act brave when no one’s around.”

The Second Reflection: Doubt

“You pretend to know yourself, but you only gather words to sound whole.”

The Third Reflection: Guilt

“You could have done better, but nothing can undo what you did.”

Lumi whispers as they float between them, “You can’t silence them all. You must face one.”

You have a choice:

- Step toward one reflection and challenge its truth.
- Let all of them speak, and stand ground in the center until their voices lose power.

If you confront one, the air turns into intense heat. The mirror cracks, casting a light that enters your chest.

If you stand your ground, the reflections echo until your body shakes... Before eventually fading away, unable to hurt what no longer hides.

Write: “The Voice I Faced”

Choose the reflection that hurt most: Fear, Doubt, or Guilt.

Write what it said to you.

Then answer it as if you were defending a loved one.

Would you still believe those words if you spoke them to someone else?

Draw: “The Shattered Reflection”

Draw the reflection once you’ve faced it. Was it shattered, restored, turned to light?

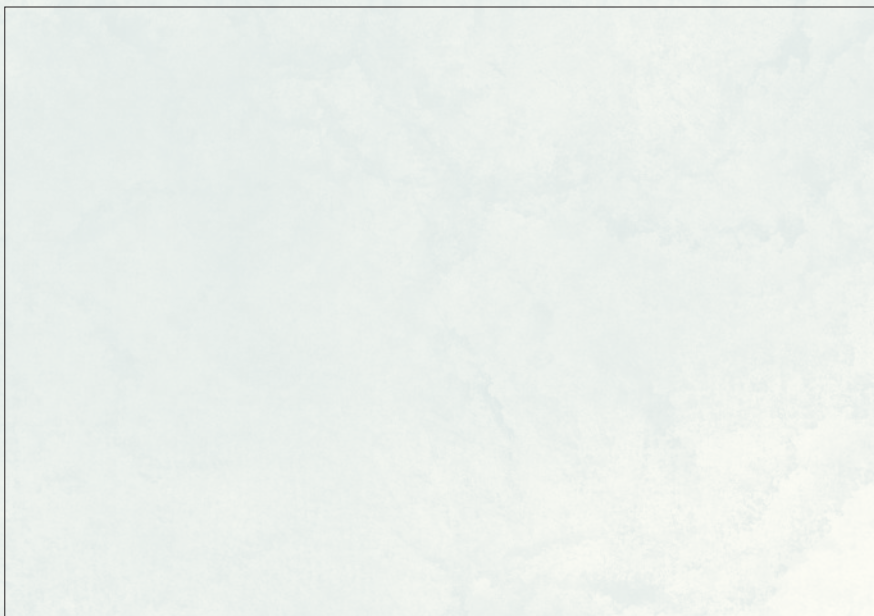
Mark where the light returned to you.

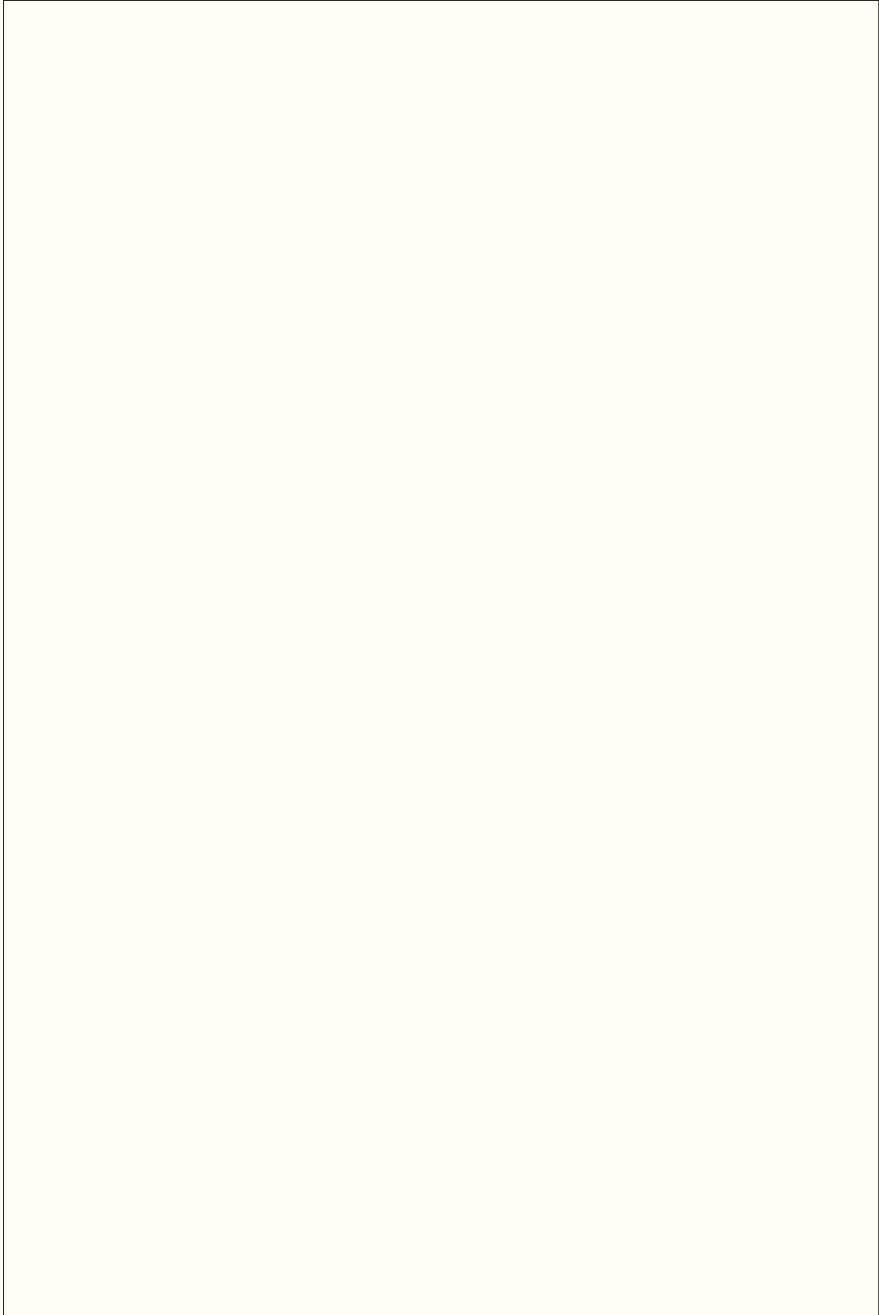
Task:

For one day after this mission, track each time your mind repeats a phrase of Fear, Doubt, or Guilt.

Every time it occurs, say aloud:

“This thought is not me; it is only passing fog.”





Light embodies the forest.

The Keeper kneels before you, as their mist-body unravels.

Underneath the fog, **they are not a monster.**

They are just another torn up version of you, exhausted and unspoken.

“You listened,” they say softly. “Now, you can walk free without my voice.”

Lumi glows bright. The fog clears enough to see the first glimpse of the night sky.

You reach toward the fading Keeper- not to destroy them, but to forgive them.

A radiant light glares from the moment your palms touch.

“You have earned silence,” Lumi says in a low voice.

“One that doesn’t hide.”

“I am no longer afraid of the echo, because I’ve learned how to answer.”

You unlocked Soul Artifact Fragment II!

Total elements collected:





The fog clears as daylight breaks through the woods. A shard of light in your palms burns brightly. It feels warm and full of light.

Lumi spirals beside you, beaming with pride.

“You did it,” they cheered.

The forest falls silent, it recognizes.

You earned it- not by battling, but by facing.

The fragment shimmers like clutching forgiveness itself.

YOU HAVE COLLECTED YOUR FIRST SOUL ARTIFACT FRAGMENT.

You may now open Envelope I: The First Light. Inside is the real fragment, a reminder of what you’ve reclaimed. Carry it until the next realm comes.

Letter to Self.

Dear myself,

The individual who initially stepped into this forest, You were afraid but came regardless.

You perceived uncertainty for weakness, and silence as neglect. However, even when the path was not visible, you continued to proceed.

That courage was never loud; it was the kind that refused to fade. The fog tried to convince you that you were lost. It wasn't lying, but it wasn't correct either. You were in the process of arriving.

You encountered the mist, and rather than fleeing, you inhaled. You confronted the reflection in the mirrors and recognized that fear does not signify defeat.

You learnt that release is not forgetting, but rather choosing to see kindly. You discovered light in the roots, the type that thrives softly beneath everything you thought had died.

Whenever doubt arises again — as it inevitably will — remember that the forest listened even when you didn't.

Remember Lumi's voice, and how the light always found you when you least expected it to.

You now possess that evidence. Please take a moment to breathe deeply.

Write one sentence to take with you to the next realm:

Signed by,

END OF CHAPTER ONE

Seeker's Log.

For thoughts that arrive later

CHAPTER TWO

The City Beneath the Veil

PROLOGUE

The City Beneath the Veil

You awaken not in stillness, but in circuits. A world of metal and light.

You see a city present beneath a glass sky, with streets connected by glittering veins of light.

Towers above shine like broken memories, and puddles below ripple calmly, even when they are undisturbed.

Lumi floats next to your shoulder, glowing.

“This is the Veil,” they said. “Where people trade their truths for order.”

Somehow, everywhere you look, faces seem obscure. You notice names are being scanned, logged, rewritten. By who?

Even the advertisements around you whisper promises of a new beginning. “New You, Same Price.”

You can feel the faint agony of forgetting, the kind that comes from trying too hard to fit in.

“Keep your name close,” Lumi says quietly. “Or it’ll amend itself before you are aware.”

You tighten your hand, though you’re uncertain of what you grasp.

And so your descent begins.

Not into darkness, but into clarity too bright to bear.



THE GLASS BRIDGE

MISSION 1

The bridge lasts longer than you imagine. Moments from your past move and overlap beneath the glass floor. Some are warped, and some barely holding together.

You move carefully. Every step brings back memories:

Parents looking at you with disappointment.

A conversation you walked out of.

A version of you that never came back.

Halfway across, the glass shakes as you walk. You almost stumble upon your cold feet.

A voice seems to come from it: “Which one is real?”

“Maybe they all were,” Lumi says. “Or maybe none of them mattered as much as you think.”

That’s when you see the bridge isn’t straining beneath your weight, but rather thinning with each hesitation.

When you reach the center, two paths emerge: One firm and steady, the other swaying like smoke.



Choice:

- * Step onto the firm path, ground yourself in what you know.
- * Step onto the radiant path, trusting in what you feel.


Write: “The Moment Beneath My Feet”

If you chose the solid path:
What memory do you rely on when everything feels uncertain?

If you chose the radiant path:
What emotion feels true to you even when it makes no sense?

Draw: “The Bridge That Remembers”

Draw how your bridge looked and reveal what lies beneath it; the memory, the face, or the light that held you up. to hold you back?

Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:



The Glass Bridge

Reflection I:

What is one way people generally describe you, and how accurate do you feel that description really is?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

Which part of yourself do you think others almost never notice, even though it's a big part of who you are?

Clarity can be frightening, not because of what it shows, but because it leaves you nothing left to hide behind.

THE IDENTITY EXCHANGE

MISSION 2

You follow Lumi down a tight corridor lined with mirrors and glass. It opens into a bright, noisy plaza.

The sign says: **THE IDENTITY EXCHANGE ARCADE.**

A place where people trade the parts of themselves they don't want anymore.

Behind glass counters, masked clerks sort pieces of personality into small jars.

You watch a woman hand over her laughter in exchange for confidence.

A man offers his voice so he can finally have silence.

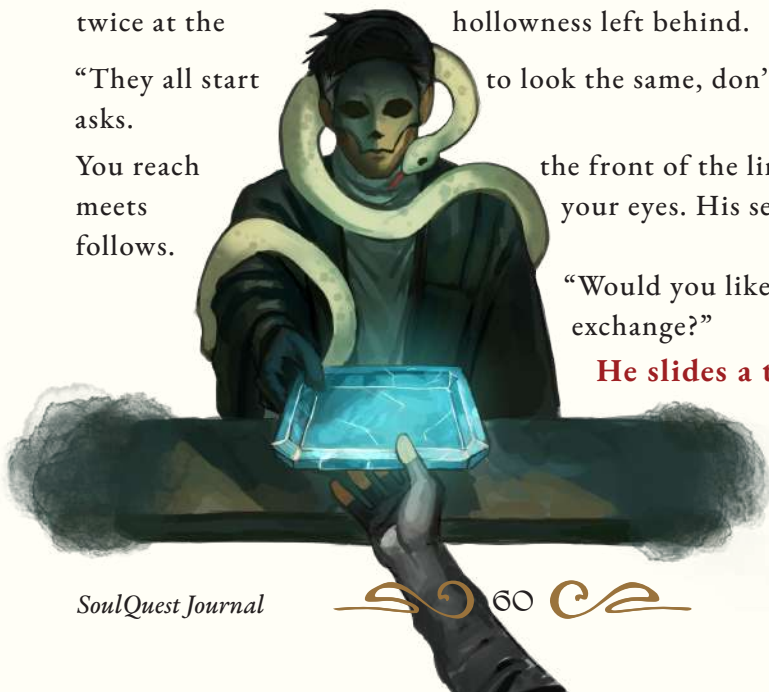
People leave looking relieved... but a little emptier. No one looks twice at the hollowness left behind.

“They all start to look the same, don't they?” Lumi asks.

You reach the front of the line. A clerk meets your eyes. His serpent's gaze follows.

“Would you like to make an exchange?”

He slides a tray toward you.



Choice:

- * Trade away a part of yourself you no longer want to carry.
- * Refuse the deal.

Write: "The Names I've Worn"


If you traded: What aspects of yourself did you let go of and what did you gain?

If you refused: What label do you still carry with you because you don't know who you'd be without it?

Draw: "The Arcade of Masks"

Sketch the scene, including the glowing counters and the faces behind glass.

Show which face you left behind and which one remained.

Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Identity Exchange

Reflection 1:

Which “role” do you most frequently play in your daily life (Responsible, quiet, fixer, achiever, etc.)? How did you learn to play that role?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

If you could stop performing one expectation imposed on you by family, society, or yourself, which would you choose, and why?

You are allowed to outgrow the version of yourself that others learned to expect.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S PARADOX

MISSION 3

The lift doors lead into a peaceful workshop perched high above the Veiled City.

Clocks glide in the air. Some are ticking fast, while some are broken. None are ticking in the same pattern.

A figure in a long coat stands at the centre table.

"There you are. You're late." they say to you. *"Your time has been coming apart."*

They angle a broken clock toward you.

Inside the fractured glass you glimpse pieces of your life you once dismissed:

Days you called unproductive,
moments you thought were insignificant,
hours you spent trying to recover.

"I can remove these," the Clockmaker offers. *"If you truly believe they were wasted."*

"You don't have to erase anything," Lumi whispers. *"However, the choice is still yours."*



Choice:

- * Remove the regretful memories, freeing yourself from the weight of wasted time.
- * Keep them, believing that they served a purpose you haven't seen yet.


Write: "The Time I Thought I Lost"

If you removed them: Explain what moment would you wish never happened and what would replace it?

If you kept them: Explain what memory feels pointless at the time, but has taught you meaning since?

Draw: "The Clock I Carry"

Create a symbolic clock that depicts your emotional experience with time. Mark a part of the clock that you still hold onto, and emphasize that feels "moving again".

Reward: +1  *Valor*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Clockmaker’s Paradox

Reflection I:

What is one instance that you believe you “should’ve moved on from faster”, and how does that pressure still affect you today?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

When you're concerned about "time slipping away," which aspect of your life do you feel the most pressured, and why?

What you refer to as 'lost time' often becomes the foundation for the person you're finally strong enough to be.

THE RECALIBRATION DESK

MISSION 4

You enter a serene workplace constructed from brass frames and glass panels.

There is an absence of sound. Mere tranquility, as though the room has halted in the midst of an experiment.

A mechanic gazes upward from his workdesk. His coat is smudged with graphite, and a faint gleam of metal from one side of his face.

“People bring me the things they can’t measure,” they say.

“What wears them down. What they think they’re not doing enough of. What they think they’re too much of.”

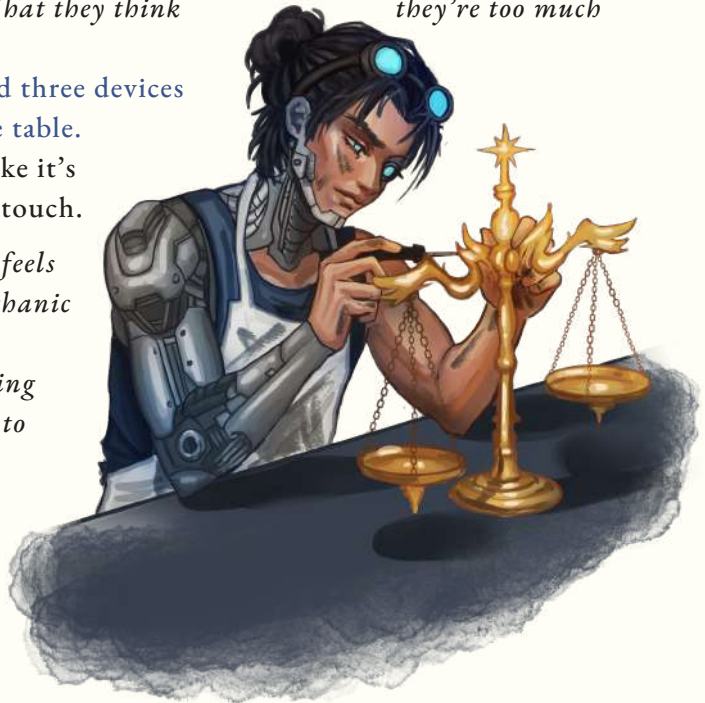
They point toward three devices hanging above the table.

Each one glows, like it’s anticipating your touch.

“Pick the one that feels familiar,” the mechanic advises.

“Let’s cure something that’s been unfair to you.”

Lumi just floats beside you, silently.



Choice:


- * A scale that shows how you evaluate yourself.
- * A meter that reacts to how hard you try.
- * A pressure gauge linked to feelings you carry alone.

Write: “What I’ve Misjudged”

Write about one thing you’ve been measuring yourself against that no longer aligns to the truth, and describe the new standard that now feels more authentic to you.

Draw: “The New Setting”

Draw the device you chose after you recalibrated it, reimagined in a manner that is more truthful and kinder to you.

Reward: +1  *Valor*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Recalibration Desk

Reflection I:

Explain what expectation have you held that no longer serves you well?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What does “enough for today” look like when you answer truthfully?

Keep in mind, you have the authority to redefine what ‘enough’ means.

THE SILENT CONDUCTOR

MISSION 5

You arrived onto a dim, still platform. A train is open but it seems like it's frozen mid-motion, with passengers are captured in paused gestures: a hand half-raised, a breath held in their chest.

It's like wandering through a gallery of unfulfilled lives.

At the forefront stands what they call "the Conductor."
Their voice is low and composed.

"Everyone pauses somewhere. Fear stops some. Others by self-doubt. And some... merely forget how to move."

They gently tap their baton against the rail.

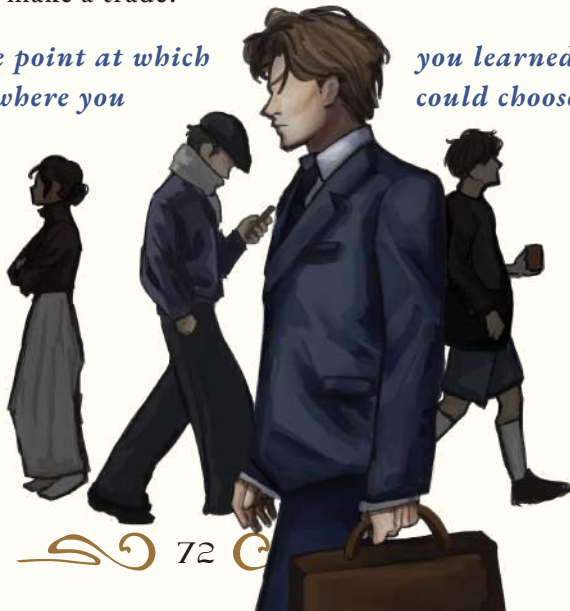
You reach the front of the line. A clerk meets your eyes.

"Would you like to make a trade?"

*"Show me the point at which
to stop, and where you
differently."*

*you learned
could choose*

Lumi approaches,
giving a
gentle nod of
encouragement.



Choice:



- * Face toward the moment you froze.
- * Offer understanding to a frozen figure, or yourself.

Write: "The Moment I Froze"

If you traded: Describe a period in your life when you felt yourself freeze. What made you freeze and what might choosing differently look like?

Draw: "If It Finally Moved"

Draw the frozen scene, show what froze you, and what could help you move again.

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Recalibration Desk

Reflection I:

What assumption or expectation kept you locked longer than you realized?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What is one modest step that could take to unfreeze the moment today?

Not all stillness is peace. Some of it is waiting for your permission to move again.

THE WEATHER WITHIN

Mood Check-in

Take a breath before continuing.

You're moving not only through realms, but also through yourself. These pages are your emotional map. Fill them out as honestly or as abstractly as you choose.

1. What are you feeling right now? Check the ones that apply.

- | | | |
|------------|-------------|--------------|
| ◇ Calm | ◇ Hopeful | ◇ Confident |
| ◇ Fearful | ◇ Empty | ◇ Frustrated |
| ◇ Restless | ◇ Grateful | ◇ Other: |
| ◇ Heavy | ◇ Sorrowful | _____ |

2. If your mood were the weather, draw what it would be:

3. Assess your inner light today:

- ◇ Dim
- ◇ Flickering
- ◇ Stable
- ◇ Bright

4. What made you feel grounded today? [A sound, person, moment, or memory...]

DATE:

S M T W T F S

5. Draw or describe the shape of your current emotion.

How large is it? Which color does it take? Where in your body do you feel it the most? If it could only utter one word, what would it say?

6. Circle the part that you feel you need the most in your current state:



Valor - The courage to confront what scares you



Insight - The ability to perceive yourself sincerely



Grace - The willingness to forgive and start new

Explain in short what this fragment is teaching you today.

The Dream Gate

THE SIGNAL ROOM

You are going to enter the territory between sleep and memory. Close your eyes and take a few breaths. What appears behind them is not random; it is the soul's way of communicating.

1. The Distortion

When you close your eyes, What is the initial image, voice, or memory that surfaces in your mind?

Write or sketch it here.

2. The Emotional Trace

What emotion does this image leave behind?

Check what feels closest:

✧ Fear

✧ Pressure

✧ Longing

✧ Calm

✧ Confusion

✧ Other:

✧ Curiosity

✧ Relief

DATE:

S M T W T F S

3. *What is this signal directing your attention to?*

Write one to two sentences. No need to overthink.

4. *Daily Significance*

How does this signal relate to anything you've been procrastinating, desiring, or overthinking lately?

5. *Fragment Alignment*

Which of these accurately conveys the message of the signal?

 Valor - Facing something you've been avoiding

 Insight - Seeing truth behind the distraction




 Grace - Being gentle with your expectations

Write one sentence starting with:

This signal is asking me to notice _____

THE ORACLE OF THREADS

FINAL MISSION

Required to Enter:  4  3  3

Complete at least 4 or 5 missions from this realm

The fall ends in a circular cavern beneath the city, which is quiet, except for the gentle snapping of threads that's pulled too tight.

A massive loom, made of metal and light, rises in the center. A large amount of luminous threads weave themselves into shapes that change, like people you know or futures that almost happened.

Lumi moves forward to inspect a thread—
All of the sudden, a snap of light quickly wraps around them, pulling them upward like a snare.

A tall figure appears behind the loom. A silver fabric band covers their eyes.

Their hands move with unnatural precision, managing the tension of every thread.

"I am the Oracle of Threads," they say with a firm tone. Voice so haunting yet captivating, it fills up the entire room.

"I weave the versions of your past that still shape your path."

Lumi struggles, their glow turned purple, flashing sharply.

CHAPTER TWO - *The City Beneath the Veil*



“Let them go!” you yell.

The Oracle tilts their head, smirking.

“Then choose which thread should break.”

Three threads appear before you, each connected to Lumi:

1. The thread of who you wish you were.
2. The thread of who you are frightened of becoming.
3. The thread of who people expect you to be.

“You may cut one,” the Oracle says.

“But the others will tighten until you understand them.”

You Step forward.

The three threads shakes, and each one carries a weight you’ve been lugging for years.

You have a choice:

- * **Cut the thread of the ideal self (Valor)**
Face the burden of perfection that you’ve been trying to accomplish.
- * **Cut the thread of the dreaded self (Insight)**
Confront the version of yourself shaped by fear, shame, or past mistakes.
- * **Cut the thread of expectations (Grace)**
Release the heaviness of what others expect of you.

The moment the chosen thread snaps, an explosion of light enters the room.

Lumi collapses free, landing close to you. The flame is weak, but alive. You picked Lumi up and held them in your arms.

The Oracle lowers their hands.

“Your truth is chosen,” they say.

“Now show whether you understand it.”

Write: “The Thread I Let Go”

If you cut the ideal self: What standard have you been chasing, what changes would occur if you stopped pursuing it?

If you cut the feared self: What memory still shapes your choices today, what truth are you ready to see instead?

If you cut expectations: Whose voice have you been trying to please, and what part of you goes unheard because of it?

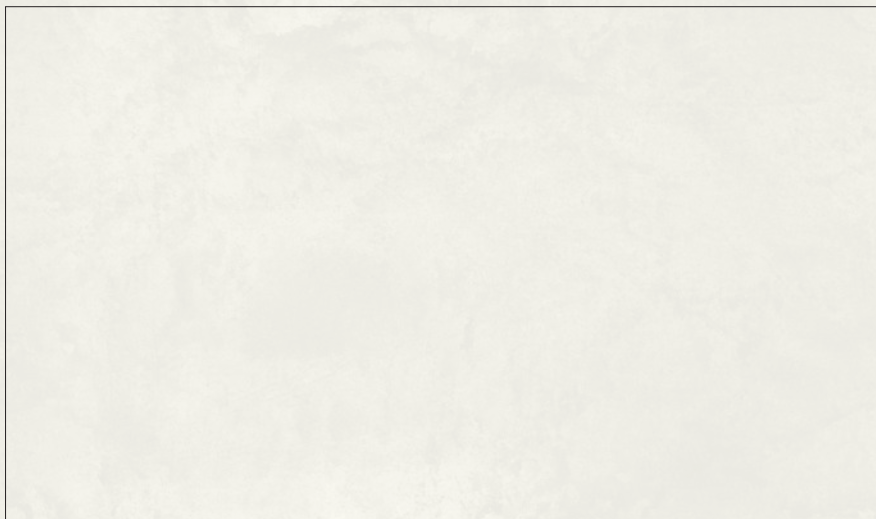
Task:

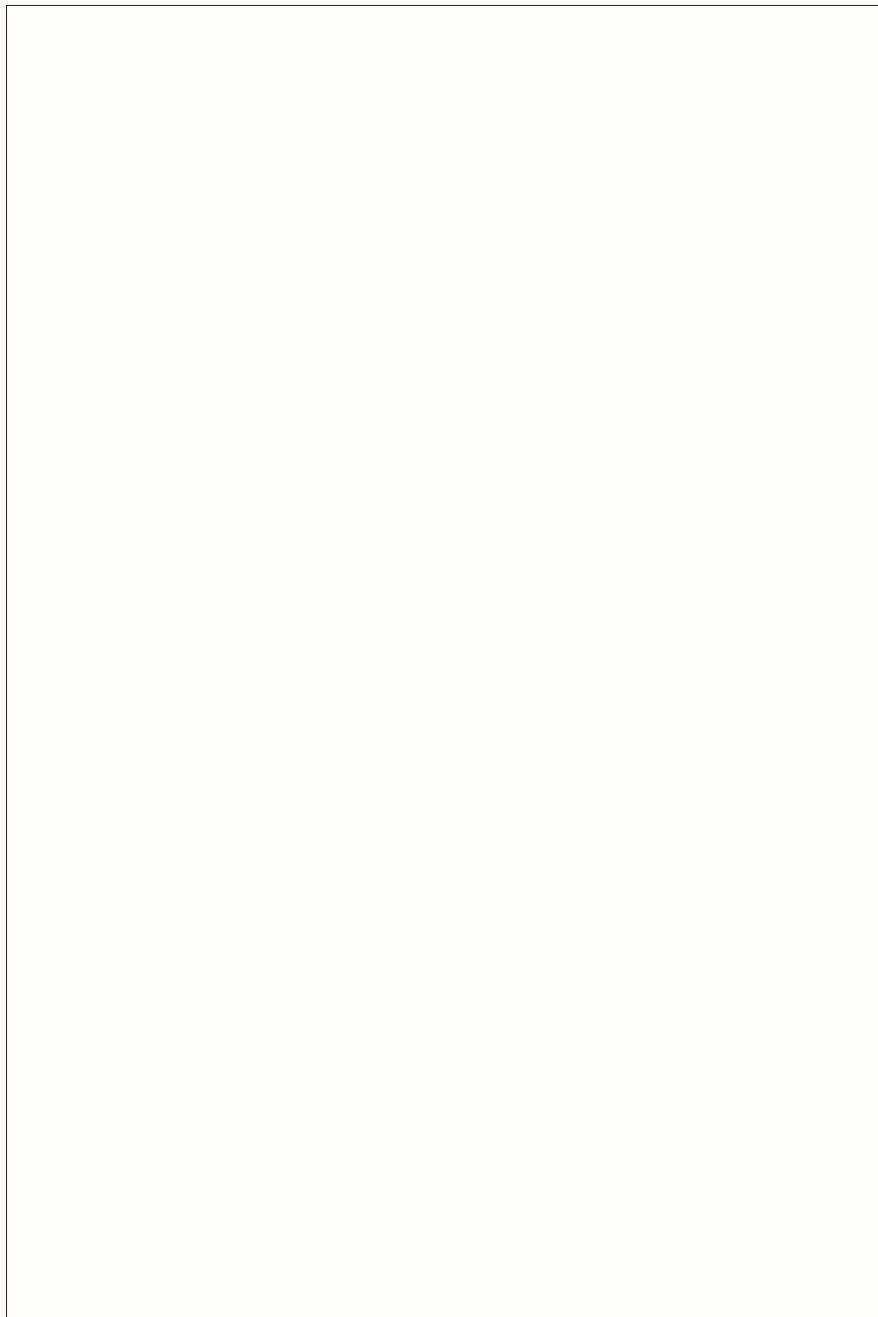
Each time you feel drawn to an old identity that you no longer owe, pause and say aloud:

“That thread no longer leads me.”

Draw: “The Pattern That Remains”

Illustrate the remaining threads as a simple pattern, knot, or line. Mark where the tension remains & where the thread has space to move again.





The Oracle steps back as the loom quiets.

They remove their blindfold for a brief moment, revealing eyes that bear no destiny, no fate, simply clarity.

*“You do not break because you bend,” they say.
“And now one thread no longer owns you.”*

Lumi stabilizes themselves and floats beside you. Shining more than before.

You place your hand on the severed thread.
It breaks up into a piece of light.

“You’ve earned another fragment,” Lumi says jubilantly.
“And you saved me. Thank you.”

Beaming light fills your hands.

You unlocked Soul Artifact Fragment III!

As you rise, you hear the Oracle’s final words:

“Walk forward as the person who finally belongs to themselves.”

Total elements collected:



CHAPTER TWO - *The City Beneath the Veil*



When the thread calms down, the chamber exhales with release.

The Oracle's form withers into faint silver ash, leaving you standing in the midst of the court.

A faint glow gathers on your palms, slowly growing brighter.

*Not forced, nor taken.
Simply given.*

Lumi drifts nearer, their flame trembling from the ordeal, then brightening again as they see what forms in your hands.

“Look, you held on.” Lumi smiled. Their voice full of pride.

The fragment rises, catching the light of the city shine through the veil.

It turns once, then twice, showing you everything you've gotten in this world: not perfection, but honesty.

**YOU HAVE COLLECTED YOUR SECOND SOUL ARTIFACT
FRAGMENT.**

You may now open Envelope II: The Veiled Glass. Inside is the real fragment, a reminder of what you've reclaimed. Carry it until the next realm comes.

New road awaits.

Letter to Self.

Dear myself,

You have entered a realm where nothing remains static, and where the truth changes according to the courage with which you confront it.

The city beneath the veil invited you to peek beyond the surface.

Here, you discovered that clarity is not an abrupt discovery; it is the deep bravery to scrutinize the narratives you have accepted as truth.

You noticed how readily you adapt yourself to meet expectations, and how alluring it can be to diminish aspects of your true, authentic self.

Despite that, every time the city sought to change you, you decided upon taking something back instead.

You thought about the time you assumed you had lost, the pressure you placed against yourself, and the unattainable standards you once confounded for necessity.

You came to know that your worth was never measured by your own sense of perfection, but by the gentleness with which you give back to yourself.

If uncertainty arises again, as all doubts inevitably do, remember that the veil was only lifted when you faced your own truth unwaveringly.

Recall how every corner of the city unveiled aspects you believed were necessary to conceal, and how you remained present long enough to comprehend them.

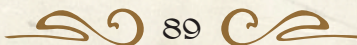
You now carry a new piece of the Soul Artifact that was formed from honesty. It will remind you that your voice matters, and your becoming does not need to mimic anyone else's path.

Take this moment to breathe, appreciate how far you've come.

Write one sentence to take with you to the next realm:

Signed by,

END OF CHAPTER TWO



Seeker's Log.

For thoughts that arrive later

CHAPTER TWO - The City Beneath the Veil

DATE:

S M T W T F S

CHAPTER THREE

The Sea of Unfinished Prayers

PROLOGUE

The Sea of Unfinished Prayers

A location exists where all unspoken thoughts reside when one is too fatigued, too courteous, or too frightened to articulate them verbally.

Not heaven. Not hell.

A gentle shoreline.

As soon as your feet hit the shore, you know this area remembers loss.

The coastline goes on beyond sight, uneasy and aching. Each wave recedes as though it bears an unfinished narrative, and every coming tide appears to seek that which it has forsaken.

Salt adheres to the wind,
the kind that lingers after one has cried endlessly and finally stopped.

Lumi approaches, their flame smaller than usual and seemingly reluctant.

“This place...” Lumi muttered while their glow warming your wrist,
“...it only appears solely to those who have carried sorrow for so long, they never become aware of it.”

In the distant ocean, dim lights float like lanterns lost from someone’s trembling hands.

The water here doesn’t forget-
it listens and pulls remains of unfinished goodbyes onto the shore.

Whatever has led you here...
the Sea already knows.



THE WATER'S WELCOME

MISSION 1

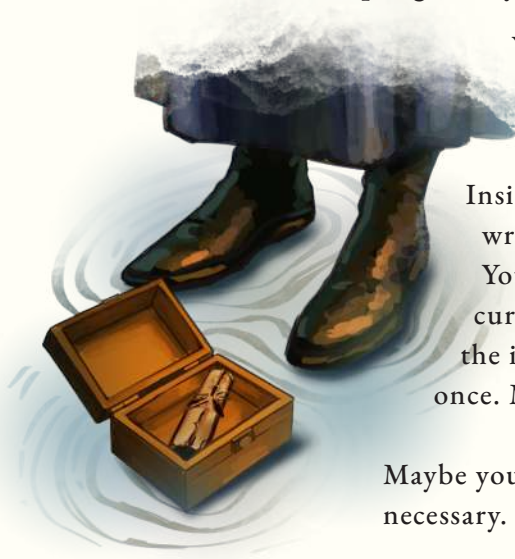
You stand at the brink of the water.
Each wave pulls words along the sand, yet it fades before
you can read them.

The ink fades into silence midway, as if the memory was too heavy
to finish.

Lumi remains adjacent to you, its luminescence around your ankle
in a soft ring of blue.

“Diving is not required, however, the sea has been hiding
something from you.” they assert.

A small wooden box bumps against your foot.



You pick it up.
The lid opens conveniently.
It has been waiting.

Inside, behold a single sentence
written in familiar handwriting.
You recognize how the letters
curve and the manner in which
the ink leans. You felt this line
once. Maybe you heard it.

Maybe you never did, but it was
necessary.

Choice:

- * Answer the letter, to the voice that didn't finish speaking.
- * Return it to the sea. Let the memory stay quiet.


Write: "The Line That Stayed"

If you answered the letter: What unfinished feeling rose as you wrote?

If you honored the silence: What truth lives quietly inside you, waiting for space?

Draw: "What the Sea Returned"

Draw the object the sea placed in your hands, the unfinished letter. Add something that shows what you still wish could've been said.

Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:



The Water's Welcome

Reflection I:

What part of you still waits for an ending that never came, and why?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

How did that unfinished moment changed who you become?

Some endings never arrive, yet they change us everytime.

THE DROWNED BELL

MISSION 2

You walk along the coastline until you encounter a slender, crooked tower partially submerged in water. A bell is suspended within, stationary and silent in a manner that appears deliberate, like it chose to remain voiceless.

The atmosphere surrounding the bell feels thick.

Not sad.
Not angry.
Just... heavy.

Like the kind of heaviness you feel on days when nothing is wrong, but everything seems impossible.

Lumi floats right next to you, quieter than usual.

“Certain things remain unbroken,” they say in a gentle voice.

“They simply... stop.”

As you approach, you sense it—neither a recollection nor a sound. It’s just the weight that pushes down on you for no reason.



Choice:

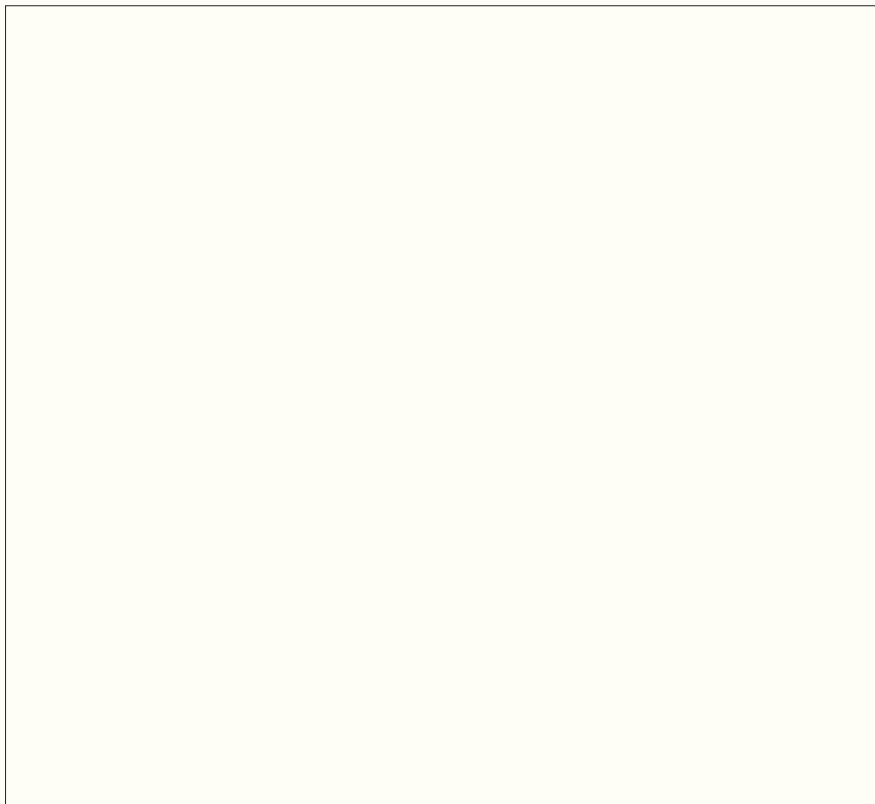
- * Try to ring the bell anyway even when you feel nothing.
- * Sit beneath it and let yourself feel its weight.


Write: “When Everything Felt Heavy”




Write about a moment where you felt nothing at all, and what it made you believe about yourself.

Draw: “The Silent Bell”

Draw the bell as it appeared to you, and show where you felt you were in the moment.



Reward: +1  Grace

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:



The Drowned Bell

Reflection I:

When your emotions go quiet, what do you tell yourself it means?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What is one gentle thing you could offer yourself on days when you feel nothing?

Some silences are not empty, they are just tired.

THE LONELY LIGHTHOUSE

MISSION 3

The wind gets stronger as you climb the slope.

The lighthouse looms ahead, tall, pale, its streaks of paint slightly chipped.

Its light spreads along the surface of the sea, with not much energy. It doesn't warn ships nor call for help.

It just... turns.

Once more. Again. And again.

A cadence that feels familiar- the type one adopts when merely existing rather than truly living.

Lumi remains nearby, hovering at your shoulder. They seem to be paying attention to your expression.

“Certain lights don't provide guidance. They just stay on because turning off feels worse.” They exhaled.

Inside, the staircase ascends in a spiral formation.

At the midpoint, it becomes visible:

A small lantern perched on a ledge, unlit and covered with thick dust. Somehow you know it belongs to you, despite having never encountered it before.

It isn't broken.

Just abandoned, the way motivation dissipates when burdens become overwhelming.

Choice:

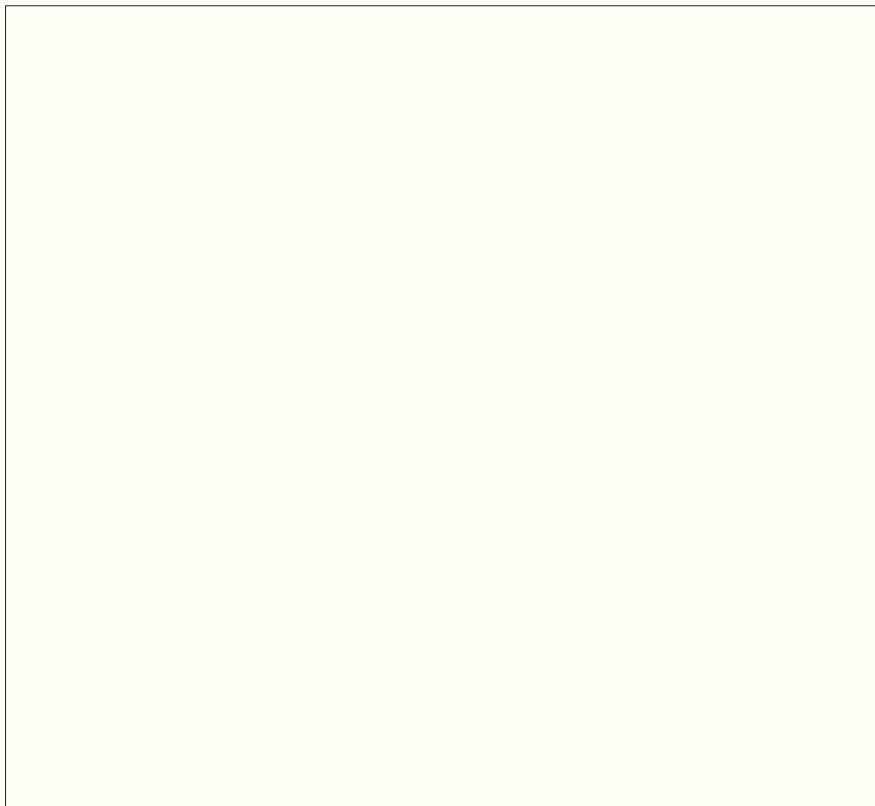
- * Use the lighthouse flame to light the lantern.
- * Leave it dark and carry it as it is.


Write: “The Light I Haven’t Used”

Write one sentence about a part of yourself you’ve neglected, not because you didn’t care, but because you were tired.

Draw: “The Lantern on the Ledge”

Draw the lantern exactly as you saw it. Show whether it remained unlit or if you brought it to life.



Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING 
REFLECTION:

The Lonely Lighthouse

Reflection I:

What part of you feels “dim” lately, and why do you think it went quiet?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What is one gentle request that this dim part of you might need for the better?

Even when the lantern is unlit, it reminds us that the absence of light does not equal absence of power.

THE SHELL OF THE TIDE

MISSION 4

You discover a shell half-buried in moist sand. It's oddly heavy. Upon lifting it, the tide tugs harder at your ankles than before, as though the ocean sensed the heavy shell in your hands.

Lumi quietly approaches you.

"That pull... it occurs when grief begins to recall you," they say softly.

"It doesn't always drag you down. At times, it just wants to keep you still."

The shell becomes increasingly heavier the longer it is held. Salt crusts your palms.

With every step forward, the tide pulls you back one step with persistence.

You discover that the shell harbors something you have long refrained from touching for a long time,

a weight your body learned before your mind did.



Choice:



- * Force the shell open, but it cuts your hands.
- * Place it in the tide and let the water choose what breaks.

Write: "The Heavy Feeling I Carry"

What heaviness has followed you into the present, and what part of you learned to move anyway?.

Draw: "The Pull of the Tide"

Draw how the tide tugged at you the moment you lifted the shell.

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:



The Shell of the Tide

Reflection I:

What part of your life feels hardest to move through, even when nothing is “wrong” on the surface?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

Tell me about how your body tell you when deep grief resurfaces.

Certain tides may not submerge you, but rather pull you deeper than intended. Enduring that pull is a quieter kind of bravery.

THE WRECK OF TOMORROW

MISSION 5

You and Lumi step onto the small vessel waiting by the shore. It is the only way to proceed. Not far into the journey, waves crash into the side of your ship unexpectedly, tearing into its structure.

Wood splinters, ropes fracture. Salt cuts through your skin.

Lumi grips onto the railing right next to you in panic, “Stay with me,” they say, it’s not soothing, but it’s firm. “This vessel carried everything that you aspired to achieve. Don’t let the storm decide what survives.”

Another wave strikes.

Your vessel, the ship you thought would take you someplace better, is breaking apart under your feet.

You taste grief in the back of your throat, for everything you expected tomorrow to be.

Water infiltrates through a fractured hull. You know you can’t salvage the ship.

But what can you do before it sinks?



Choice:

- * Grab one thing from the wreck and swim for shore.
- * Let the vessel go and climb onto a drifting plank.

Write: “What the Storm Took”

What is the part of your future that sank, and what truth uncovered because of it?

Draw: “What I Carried Out of the Wreck”

Sketch the one thing you saved, or the space where something used to be.

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING 
REFLECTION:

The Wreck of Tomorrow

Reflection I:

What future crumbled in the wreck, and what weight disappeared with it?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

How does your choice show about your readiness for a different tomorrow?

Sometimes, futures must sink so you can swim back to yourself.

THE WEATHER WITHIN

Mood Check-in

Take a breath before continuing.

You're moving not only through realms, but also through yourself. These pages are your emotional map. Fill them out as honestly or as abstractly as you choose.

1. What are you feeling right now? Check the ones that apply.

- | | | |
|------------|-------------|--------------|
| ◇ Calm | ◇ Hopeful | ◇ Confident |
| ◇ Fearful | ◇ Empty | ◇ Frustrated |
| ◇ Restless | ◇ Grateful | ◇ Other: |
| ◇ Heavy | ◇ Sorrowful | _____ |

2. If your mood were the weather, draw what it would be:

3. Assess your inner light today:

- ◇ Dim
- ◇ Flickering
- ◇ Stable
- ◇ Bright

4. What made you feel grounded today? [A sound, person, moment, or memory...]

DATE:

S M T W T F S

5. Draw or describe the shape of your current emotion.

How large is it? Which color does it take? Where in your body do you feel it the most? If it could only utter one word, what would it say?

6. Circle the part that you feel you need the most in your current state:

 Valor - The courage to confront what scares you

 Insight - The ability to perceive yourself sincerely

 Grace - The willingness to forgive and start new

Explain in short what this fragment is teaching you today.

The Dream Gate

THE DROWNED CHAMBER

You are going to enter the territory between sleep and memory. Close your eyes and take a few breaths. What appears behind them is not random; it is the soul's way of communicating.

1. The First Weight

When you close your eyes, what is the first image or thing that feels heavy? Maybe something that feels too heavy to bring up. Write or sketch it here.

2. Shape of the Heavy

What kind of weight was it?

Check what feels closest:

✧ An ending

✧ A pressure

✧ A longing

✧ A silence

✧ Unanswered hope

✧ Other:

✧ A distance

✧ Fear of losing

DATE:

S M T W T F S

3. *What part of the loss still lingers to you?*

Write one to two sentences. No need to overthink.

4. *The Part That Holds On*

What part of you doesn't want to let go?

What would holding on protect you from?

5. *Fragment Alignment*

Which of these accurately conveys the message of this dream?



Valor - Facing grief without running away



Insight - Admitting what still hurts



Grace - Allowing yourself to heal at your own pace

Write one sentence starting with:

This dream is asking me to finally face _____

THE VOICE BENEATH WATER

FINAL MISSION

Required to Enter:  6  5  6

Complete at least 4 or 5 missions from this realm

You reach a tranquil part of the coast.
No wind. No tide. Nothing.
Just a dark sheet of water, too still to trust.

Then you hear her. A voice emanating across the surface... speaking with the part of you that is perpetually fatigued.

“Weary heart, I know what you carry.”

You stop moving. You can’t seem to wonder why the words seem familiar.

Lumi’s glow gets noticeably brighter.

“Wait, don’t move yet. Listen first.” they say.

*“The nights you desired to vanish,
the days you deemed ‘enough.’”*

The tune seems to wrap around your thoughts.
Without realizing, your feet inch closer to the water.

A pallid figure emerges just below the surface. Flowing hair, eyes simultaneously youthful and too fatigued at once.

She doesn’t smile.



*“Come rest, my dear” she sings.
“Let me possess that which consumed you.”*

The tide grazes your ankles, while Lumi grabs your sleeve:
“Listen, please refrain from making a decision in this place.”

The Siren’s voice softly says:

*“You once implored the sea for assistance.
I only answered.”*

All becomes still- the tide, the air, your breath.

This is where you choose.

- * Step toward the Siren (Valor)
Face the part of you that wants to disappear.
- * Step back to Lumi (Insight)
Choose life, even uncertain life.
- * Speak across the water (Grace)
Answer to the Siren with a truth than to counter her song.

Lumi comes close, they’re warming your side.

“Whatever happens next, you’re not facing it alone.” Lumi affirms.

Your heart lurches.

A step forward, a step back, a single breath spoken aloud,
any of it could change the shoreline beneath you.

The tide ripples in, waiting.

And so is the part of you that continues to want to live.

This is the moment where you choose your direction.

Write: “The Reason I Didn’t Go Under”

If you stepped toward the Siren: What did her song expose in you? What stopped you at the last second?

If you stepped back to Lumi: What pulled you back toward life? Who or what made staying feel possible?

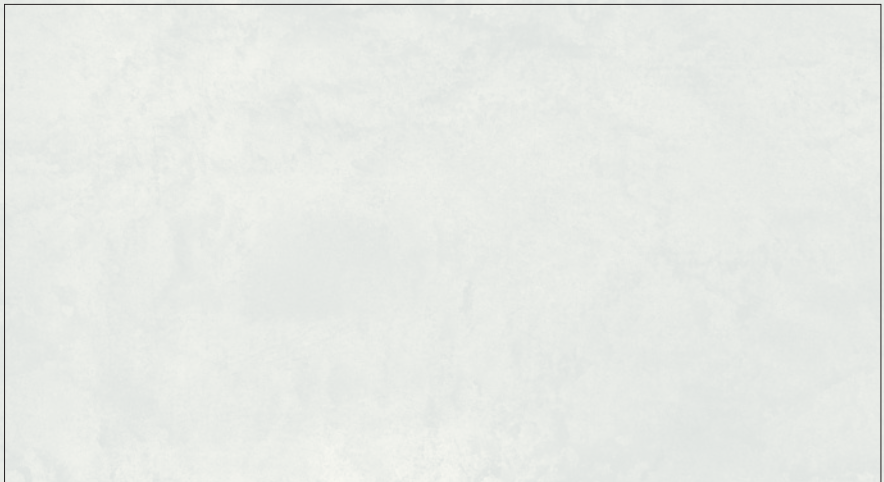
If you spoke across the water: What truth was revealed in you when you answered her? How did speaking out decrease the weight you carried?

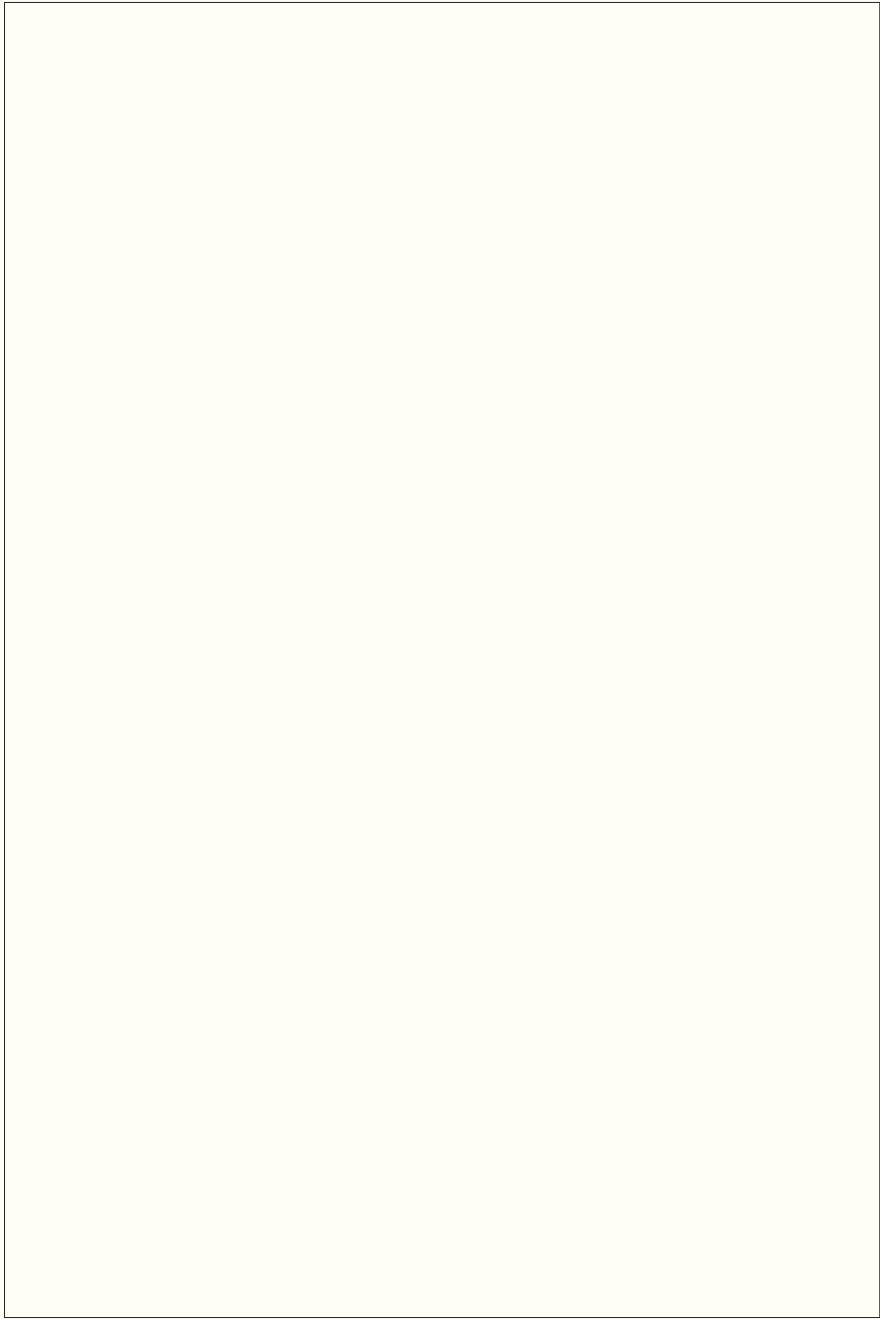
Task:

Each time you feel yourself falling into the same heaviness:
Touch your wrist, hand, or chest, or whichever you choose.
Say aloud: “I return to myself.”

Draw: “Where I Return To”

Illustrate the place, or anything, where your will to live bound itself. Anything that reminds you that you did not disappear.





Your decision sinks inside you like a shock of breath.

The Siren observes you in a calm gaze, merely letting go.
She sings one last time:

*“You were never mine to keep,
tide-bound heart with wandering feet.
Go where the breathing starts again.”*

She submerges into the sea, leaving only ripples.

A shard of pale light washes onto the sand.

You lift it up.

“I’m glad you’re still here. The sea has enough ghosts.”
Lumi exhales.

You depart from the shoreline.

And for the first time, walking away feels like strength.

Neither evasion,
nor denial,

but choosing tomorrow.

You unlocked Soul Artifact Fragment III!

As the Siren descends into the depths, you hear a final melody:

**“Live loudly where I could not. And may your footsteps
reach every place mine never did.”**

Total elements collected:





The fragment lies in your grasp,
only when the world grows silent does it begin to float and glow
with a gentle warmth.

Lumi hovers beside you, their flame calmer than usual.
They don't rush you, nor say a word.
They just stay there with a smile.

The light within the shard changes,
clear enough to remind you that you surfaced when the sea wished
for you to disappear.

Lumi speaks at last:

“It's a piece of light intricately crafted from your deepest
sorrow, proof that even sorrow can crystallize into something
that leads you home.”

YOU HAVE COLLECTED YOUR THIRD SOUL ARTIFACT FRAGMENT.

You bring the shard closer.
For the first time since entering this realm, your chest loosens- not
from forgetting,
but from finally being allowed to breathe.

Only then do you depart from the shoreline,
bearing the fragment with you.

*You may now open Envelope III: The Heart That
Remains. Inside is the real fragment, a reminder of what
you've reclaimed. Carry it until the next realm comes.*

Letter to Self.

Dear myself,

You entered into a realm full of heaviness, that resides in the chest before you ever speak it aloud.

Here, the water did not require you to recall; it urged you to confront what you have long evaded.
You have come to understand that grief encompasses more than mere loss.

It is the exhaustion that disguises itself as certainty.
It is the fear of breaking once more, even in the absence of any physical contact.

Nevertheless, you proceeded toward it regardless.
You let the sea reveal what your strength borne in silence—the dread that echoed like a bell within your ribcage, the burden that ascended the moment you stopped running, the pain that convinced you that nothing would ever change.

And again, you persisted.
Not due to a sense of bravery,
but because you ultimately ceased to abandon yourself when the water grew cold.

You entered the lighthouse of your own despair, traversed through the wreck of your imagined future, and chose not to succumb with it.

And when a voice sought to drown you into darkness, you responded with sincerity.

One that embraced life, embraced tomorrow, embraced you.

If doubt returns, when the tides rise once more- remember that you stood at the brink of disappearance and still reached toward the shore.

You currently possess a new shard of the Soul Artifact, created from your refusal to vanish.

Let it remind you that survival is never coincidental nor luck- it is an act, and you did it.

Take this moment to breathe. You have rightfully earned it.

Go over the waves.

Write one sentence to take with you to the next realm:

Signed by,

END OF CHAPTER THREE

Seeker's Log.

For thoughts that arrive later

CHAPTER FOUR

The Ember Crown

PROLOGUE

The Ember Crown

The summit ascends from the ground resembling the spine of an ancient, unearthed being.

Stone, wind, and an iron circle embedded deeply within the rock.

A crown is positioned within the iron ring, elevated over a bed of smoldering coals.

It is unembellished, fabricated. Obsidian metal, interlaced with strands of glowing ember – suggesting that an underlying fire remains unresolved.

The wind encircles the ring but refrains from entering.

The coastline goes on beyond sight, uneasy and aching.

Each wave recedes as though it bears an unfinished narrative, and every coming tide appears to seek that which it has forsaken.

Older than speech, there are tales of a flame that prefers to choose rather than warm.

Of metal that will not bend for hesitation.

And of crowns that do not bestow power. Only truth.

You step across the iron boundary. Heat exerts an inward in a deliberate force.

The crown is waiting.

You extend your hand towards it.

The metal responds with heat. It penetrates the skin very deeply generating a sufficient amount of heat to demand retreat.

Your pulse jumps at the burn. But you do not withdraw your hand.

The iron is imbued with scrutiny.

It possesses greater significance than it seems – not heavy in body, but in meaning.

You lift it.

As the Crown touches your head, the embers ignite into flames. But in a quiet fire that moves inside.

Down the spine. Through the lungs.

The iron ring encircling the summit fractures with a loud sound.

The coals extinguish, and the smoke drifts upward.

And when the wind returns, it does not circle you anymore. It moves through you.

The horizon opens in a wash of molten gold.

From this height, there is nowhere left to seek upward for answers.

And nowhere below to retreat.



THE RING OF IRON

MISSION 1

An iron circle is embedded in the summit stone, blackened and austere, its edge amalgamated with the granite as though it was forcibly inserted.

The wind traverses the top until it encounters the ring, at which point it fractures and diverts away.

The Crown rests at the center. Patiently awaiting.
You stand at the threshold.

Nothing is standing in your way. The iron neither ignites nor produces sparks. It is merely metal, cold and indifferent.

You walk across.

Lumi hovers. “You’ve crossed fear before, but this is different.”

The world beyond the ring drains of light, air turned frozen solid and distance has thickened into a wall of silent, unbreakable glass.

There is only stone, iron, and the calm weight of your own breath.

The boundary was never sealed.

The crown has not moved.

But you have.



Choice:

- * Stop at the threshold and examine the iron before crossing.
- * Walk across without testing it.

Write: "The Threshold"

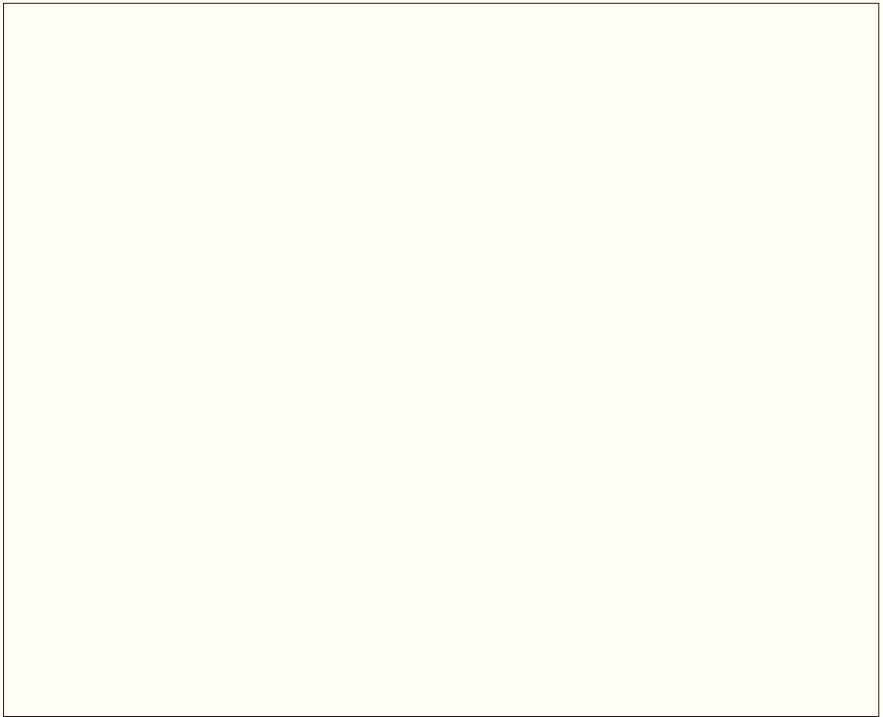
If you stopped: What are you still circling in your life instead of stepping into?


If you walked across: Write about a moment you crossed a line inside yourself. When you knew you were no longer the same.

Draw: "What the Sea Returned"

Draw the summit after you stepped in. Is the world beyond blurred, or distant?

Place yourself somewhere in the picture.



Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Ring of Iron

Reflection I:

When you think about authority in your own life, does it feel claimed or borrowed from something/someone?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What shifted internally the last time you made a decision without asking for permission?

*The most formidable boundaries are seldom enforced.
They are simply believed.*

THE WEIGHT OF METAL

— ❧ MISSION 2 ❧ —

The Crown rests upon naked stone.
Upon closer inspection, it is neither ornate nor merciful
— dark gold scored with faint ember veins, like heat once
resided within it and never quite left.

Lumi descends, their flame drawn thin. “Pick it up.”

You do.

First, it was weight. Then, a
measured warmth, ascending
through your palms like a
question without language.

The summit lacks any
ceremonies.
The Crown is not
evaluating power. It is
assessing constancy.

Your pulse unsettles.
It would be easy to let go.
Nothing would condemn
you.
Nevertheless, the metal
becomes increasingly heated.

And still— You remain.



Choice:

- * Release the Crown before the heat intensifies.
- * Endure the heat and continue holding it.


Write: “What I Am Willing to Hold”

If you released it: What responsibility, truth, or role have you avoided because it required long-term steadiness, not courage in a single moment?

If you endured: What in your life right now asks you to stay consistent, even when it’s uncomfortable?

Draw: “Heat Without Flame”

Illustrate your hands holding the Crown. Where does the heat gather? Does it glow, darken, etc.?

Reward: +1  *Valor*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:



The Ring of Iron

Reflection I:

When there is pressure, do you withdraw quickly or do you remain longer than you should?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What is the difference between carrying something because you must, and carrying it because you choose to?

What we are willing to hold, even when it burdens us, often reveals more than what we are willing to pursue.

THE UNMASKED SUMMIT

MISSION 3

The crown reverts to stone.
Warmth resides in your hands, a phantom pulse beneath the skin.

The summit stands bare of mercy. No pillars, no shadow generous enough to disappear into. The sky is vast and pitiless, a clear expanse that provides height but no concealment.

From this elevation, all below lies exposed — forest, city, sea. No concealment can shield you from what you have already crossed.

Lumi hovers, silently.
There is nowhere to lean.
Nowhere to shrink.

The mountain doesn't want you to wear the Crown.
It demands that you remain visible without armor.

And for the first time— There is no heat to withstand.

Only height.
And the discipline of remaining unmasked.



Choice:

- Stand still and allow yourself to be fully seen.
- Turn slightly away, reducing how much of yourself is exposed.


Write: “Where I Make Myself Smaller”




If you stood still: What part of your life are you ready to stop shrinking? What would happen if you let yourself take up space fully?

If you turned away: Where do you consciously reduce yourself to make others more comfortable?

Draw: “Unmasked”

Draw yourself on the summit. Are you standing upright? Shielding something? Show what being “visible” looks like for you.

Reward: +1  Grace

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:



The Unmasked Summit

Reflection I:

What do you fear would happen if you stopped filtering yourself?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

When you are most authentic, who feels uncomfortable, you or others?

One does not become whole by perfecting what is shown, but by ceasing to withdraw what is already sufficient.

THE GATHERING STORM

MISSION 4

The Crown trembles. So does the summit. Thunder shatters the sky unexpectedly, as lightning cleaves through the atmosphere, momentarily suspended as if incomplete. Wind explodes in vicious spirals, lifting gravel from the mountain as cracks split the stone beneath your feet.

This is a mistake.

The thought arrives pure and frigid. pure and frigid. The Crown ignites more fiercely in your grasp, the storm intensifies with your panic, the wind howls more violently as doubt surges.

The summit tilts. You attempt to retreat, yet the wind surges forward, slamming into your chest.

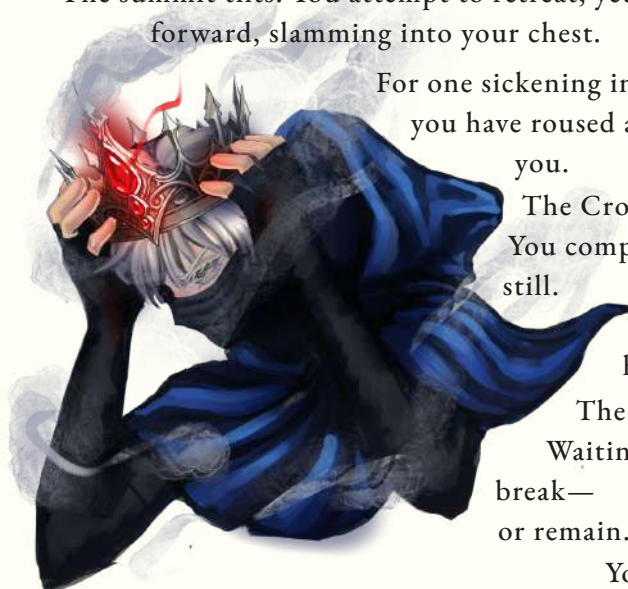
For one sickening instant, you are certain you have roused a force that will destroy you.

The Crown radiates white light. You compel yourself to remain still.

You can hear your heartbeat slowing

The chaos does not vanish. Waiting to see if you will break— or remain.

You wear the crown.



Choice:

- Step back from the Crown and attempt to escape the storm.
- Stand your ground and steady yourself.



Write: “When I Thought It Was a Mistake”

If you tried to retreat: Describe a time you began stepping into growth but immediately wanted to undo it.

If you stood your ground: What’s a moment when everything felt unstable, yet you didn’t back away. What helped you remain?

Draw: “The Storm at Its Peak”

Illustrate the summit at the height of chaos. Is the lightning close or distant? What’s the condition of the crown?

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:



The Gathering Storm

Reflection 1:

When your life becomes unstable after growth, how do you interpret it? As failure or transition? Why?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What does your “storm” usually look like? Maybe self-doubt, criticism, conflict, fear?

The instinct is to retreat the moment something feels wrong, when it is often the moment one is closest to becoming something else.

THE SKY REMADE

MISSION 5

The storm reaches its apex.

The wind strikes you with force causing you to stagger. You lift your arm to shield your face. The Crown sears against your brow, while the stone shatters beneath your feet.

You are grasping the Crown as though it embodies power itself — as if, without it, you would diminish once more.

You tear the Crown free and let it fall.

Lighting fractures in an upward direction. It cleaves the sky, dispersing into expansive streams of indigo and gold.

A vast sky looms above, with constellations glowing in daylight.

The summit begins to lose focus.

You now understand: The summit was never a place.

It represented the pinnacle of your struggle.

But the storm did not disappear. It moved inward.

Then you move forward. There is no obvious path, but you go nevertheless, the world below shaping into regular form.

You reach the ground and breathe deeply.

“I can never be small again.”



Choice:



- * Carry the storm quietly within you.
- * Release it completely and walk in stillness.

Write: "After the Crown"

The Crown is no longer on your head. Who are you without needing a symbol of power? Describe how you would walk into your real life differently. How do you stand now?

Draw: "The Descent"

Illustrate the moment after the summit fades. What does the sky and your surrounding look like?

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Sky Remade

Reflection I:

If you can never be small again, what must you now stop pretending not to see?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What part of your life will feel different tomorrow because of this shift?

There are things we believe we must carry, until we learn that they were only ever carried by us.

THE WEATHER WITHIN

Mood Check-in

Take a breath before continuing.

You're moving not only through realms, but also through yourself. These pages are your emotional map. Fill them out as honestly or as abstractly as you choose.

1. What are you feeling right now? Check the ones that apply.

- | | | |
|------------|-------------|--------------|
| ◇ Calm | ◇ Hopeful | ◇ Confident |
| ◇ Fearful | ◇ Empty | ◇ Frustrated |
| ◇ Restless | ◇ Grateful | ◇ Other: |
| ◇ Heavy | ◇ Sorrowful | _____ |

2. If your mood were the weather, draw what it would be:

3. Assess your inner light today:

- ◇ Dim
- ◇ Flickering
- ◇ Stable
- ◇ Bright

4. What made you feel grounded today? [A sound, person, moment, or memory...]

DATE:

S M T W T F S

5. Draw or describe the shape of your current emotion.

How large is it? Which color does it take? Where in your body do you feel it the most? If it could only utter one word, what would it say?

6. Circle the part that you feel you need the most in your current state:



Valor - The courage to confront what scares you



Insight - The ability to perceive yourself sincerely



Grace - The willingness to forgive and start new

Explain in short what this fragment is teaching you today.

The Dream Gate

THE OPEN SKY

You are going to enter the territory between sleep and memory. Close your eyes and take a few breaths. What appears behind them is not random; it is the soul's way of communicating.

1. *What Remains*

When you close your eyes, what is the first image, feeling, or version of yourself that appears now that nothing is being held up? Write or sketch it here.

2. *What Feels Different*

What has changed in how you see yourself?

Check what feels closest:

✧ Lighter

✧ Steady

✧ Empty

✧ Uncertain

✧ Unfamiliar

✧ Other:

✧ Exposed

✧ Confidence

DATE:

S M T W T F S

3. *What are you no longer carrying?*

Write one to two sentences. No need to overthink.

4. *Without the Crown*

Without needing to prove anything, what do you stop doing?
What do you allow yourself to do differently now?

5. *Fragment Alignment*

Which of these accurately conveys the message of this dream?



Valor - Standing without needing to defend yourself



Insight - Understanding who you are without external power



Grace - Allowing yourself to exist without shrinking or proving

Write one sentence starting with:

Without the Crown, I am _____

THE FRACTURE WITHIN

FINAL MISSION

Required to Enter:  8  8  8

Complete all 5 missions from this realm

The base of the summit does not extend a greeting upon your return. The sky above is no longer storming, yet it remains unsettled. Indigo light extends unnaturally across the horizon. Something had ruptured the heavens from within.

The air is filled with hope.

Lumi hovers alongside you. “It is done.” They exhale.

A figure kneels further up the mountain path. Head lowered while their hands resting loosely against the stone.

Nevertheless.

For an instant, you believe it is you — fatigued, ultimately at peace.

The figure exhales. They grin.

Gradually, they ascend.

Upon raising their head, you observe their own visage—sharpened, sunken, with eyes darker than the shadows. A slender fissure of light traverses their chest, fracturing something from within.

“I was beginning to wonder... how long it would take.” they utter gently.

Their voice belongs to you.



“Climbing is not growth. Letting go is not wisdom. Yet you seem determined to confuse the two.”

The Hollow Seeker inclines their head, scrutinizing you as though you are the fragile one.

“How curious... that you believe yourself different from me now.”

Lumi is radiating with fury. “You’re just the part that refused to heal!”

“I am the part of you that kept our survival,” The Hollow Seeker laughs.

Lightning strikes behind them. Prior to your retreat, they advance rapidly, connecting with you with a force that expels the breath from your lungs.

They propel you towards the precipice of the mountain. You both crash across the summit.

“Healing, you say. How convenient. Yet all you truly desire is the illusion of power, safely beyond the reach of pain.”

You turn and push them back. A beam of bright light breaks the sky and shoots down between you, scattering golden sparks across the stone.

The Hollow Seeker grasps your collar. “You do not wish to be whole.” They whisper. “You wish to be untouchable.”

Lumi shouts, “Listen to me now! There will come a moment where you must choose... between what is right, and what is easy,”

Suddenly, the ground breaks beneath you—
And then —

The Crown collides with the stone and glides by. For a few moment, neither of you move, and then the Hollow Seeker lunges forward with a crazy force, crashing into you and propelling both of you across the cracked granite toward the crumbling precipice of the summit. The earth collapses under your collective weight, and the globe tilts abruptly, yet you do not descend into the abyss – you plunge inside... you.

You fall forcefully into a surface that resembles stone but is, in fact, a manifestation of recollection — the recesses of your own consciousness, expansive and obscure, marked by salt, with mist lingering in the atmosphere, and fragments of ancient glass lodged in the walls, petrified.

The Hollow Seeker confronts you, desperately grasping your collar.

“You presume your survival was luck? Hardly.” They say bitterly between gritted teeth as they push you back against the floor of the cavern. “Had I not intervened when necessary, you would have been gone a long time ago.”



You struggle, tumbling across the frigid surface, fingers clutching fabric, forearms exerting against each other’s mass.

They attempt to subdue you, and for an instant, they nearly prevail, their visage only inches from yours, eyes alight with an emotion that is not power but dread. They stare into your soul.

*“You will not abandon me. Unfortunately, it is not an option.”
they insist, their voice trembling at the seams. “Take the easier
path. Be untouchable. If you insist on surviving, learn to be
someone no one dares to diminish.”*

The words penetrate more profoundly than any knife.

Because it's true.

Because you recall the spaces where shrinking provided greater security than standing, the instances when silence shielded you from scrutiny, the peculiar solace of armor that dulled all sensations before they could inflict harm.

Your grasp weakens.

Momentarily, you contemplate it — the alleviation of hardness, the simplicity of control, the tranquil security of never jeopardizing softness again.

Your tears obscure your sight.

Out of recognition, you now get what “small” genuinely signifies; not fragility, nor timidity, but the gradual compression of oneself into a form that is more manageable, more palatable, and easier to survive as.

This is where you choose.

- * **Strike forward (Valor)**
Face the part of you that believed survival required becoming untouchable.
- * **Stand your ground (Insight)**
Refuse the illusion of armor. Let truth weaken what fear once protected.
- * **Speak their name (Grace)**
Acknowledge the part of you that once kept you alive, and release it.

Write: “The Reason I Didn’t Go Under”

If you stepped toward the Siren: What did her song expose in you? What stopped you at the last second?

If you stepped back to Lumi: What pulled you back toward life? Who or what made staying feel possible?

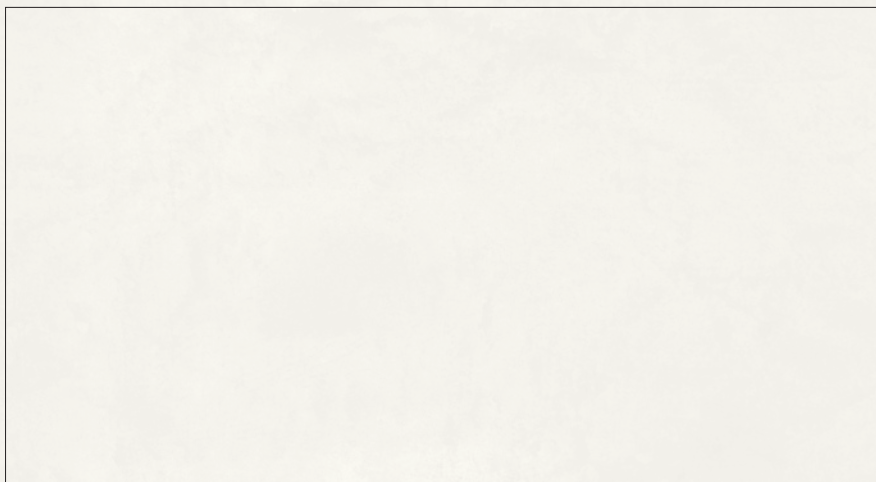
If you spoke across the water: What truth was revealed in you when you answered her? How did speaking out decrease the weight you carried?

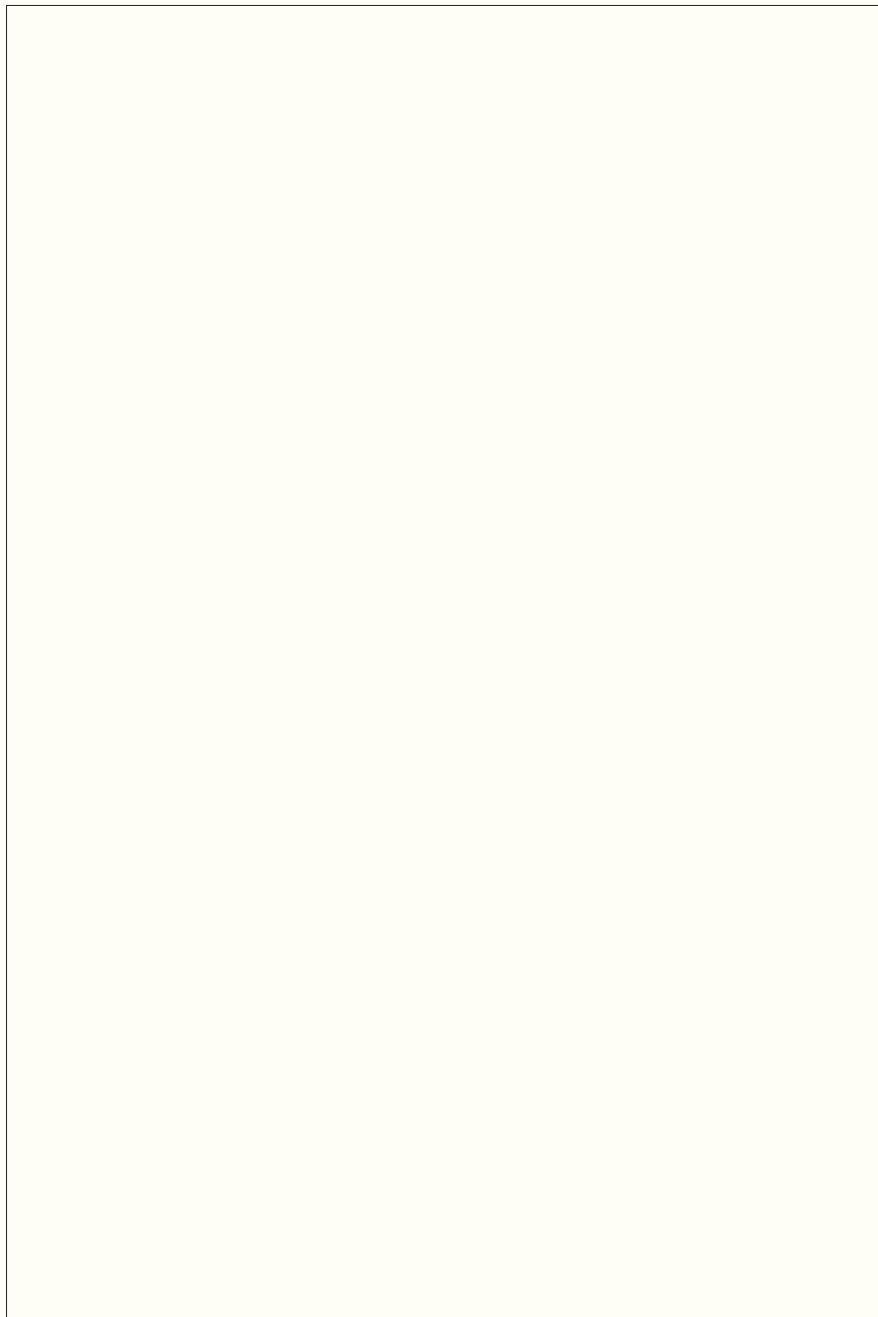
Task:

Each time you feel yourself falling into the same heaviness:
Touch your wrist, hand, or chest, or whichever you choose.
Say aloud: “I return to myself.”

Draw: “Where I Return To”

Illustrate the place, or anything, where your will to live bound itself. Anything that reminds you that you did not disappear.





You rotate your body and overturn them, forcing them against the cavern floor.

The conflict advances, intense and intimate, yet you persist. You say your own name aloud, reminding both of you who stands here.

The noise disturbs them. Their grasp diminishes little.

Amid trembling breaths and cascading tears, you articulate it — as a truth discovered too late to dismiss: “You were never my guardian.”
“You were the reason I needed one.”

You say their true name. Your name.

The name you gave your silence.

The name you once answered to.

The Hollow Seeker freezes.

“I shall never be small again.” You say clearly.

There is no detonation accompanying the sound.

The cavern remains stable. Conversely, an internal crack occurs within the Hollow Seeker, subtly yet definitively, like the very structure of their being relies solely on your readiness to diminish.

They attempt to maneuver around you, hastily striving to access the Crown situated a short distance away on the cavern floor.

“If I lose that,” Frightened, they whisper while crawling, “You will cease to exist.”

Total elements collected:



Their fingers close around the Crown. Nothing happens. It lies in their palm as an ordinary inactive object, devoid of any illusion.

They gaze at it, uncertainty transforming into dread as the understanding emerges that the Crown was never the origin. It is the emblem of the authorization you previously bestowed upon yourself to conceal behind.

Their hand starts to thin, light seeping through expanding fractures, and when they attempt to grasp the Crown once more, their fingers penetrate it as if they are already losing corporeal form. They stare back at you, their eyes reflecting rage, sorrow, and undeniable fear.

The cracks spread.

The storm within you erupts inside, you raise your hand.

A fierce bolt of lightning tears from your palm, piercing the Hollow Seeker directly through the glowing fracture in their chest.

The light immobilizes them there. Eyes wide, as the crack fractures rapidly across their figure like glass shattering into a million pieces.

Their form destabilizes.

And gradually they disintegrate into fine ash that drifts across the cavern floor and merges into the darkness.

You remain kneeling there, tears cooling on your skin, feeling both sorrow for the part of you that formerly perceived armor as a means of survival and relief that it is no longer necessary.

Behind you, the Crown disintegrates too, yielding a shard of indigo and gold light.

There it is – the final *Soul Fragment*. As the cavern illuminates progressively, you ascend with the storm.

You unlocked Soul Artifact Fragment IV!

“I shall never be small again.”

“Nothing within me needed to be defeated. Only understood, and no longer obeyed.”

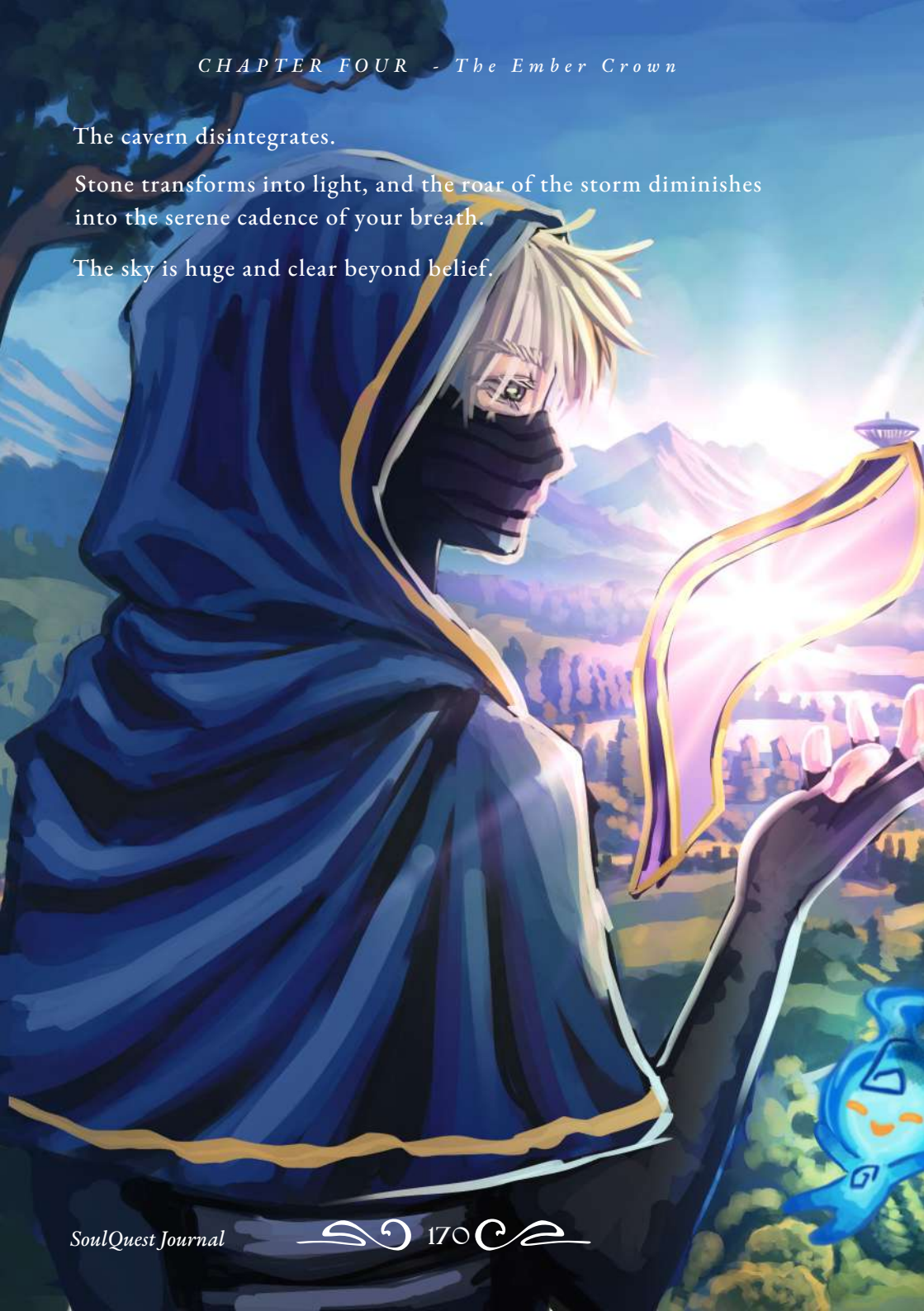
Total elements collected:



The cavern disintegrates.

Stone transforms into light, and the roar of the storm diminishes into the serene cadence of your breath.

The sky is huge and clear beyond belief.



The final shard lies in your hand - intertwined indigo and gold, emanating a constant, vibrant glow.

Lumi accelerates at you in a streak of blue flame.

“You did it!” they exclaim, encircling you once before positioning themselves beside your shoulder.

You gaze at the fragment, yet a familiar sensation persists in your chest - a subtle, underlying current; The storm.

You hesitate.

“Lumi,” you say quietly, “if that storm is still inside me... does that mean there’s something wrong with me?”

Lumi hovers delicately in the air, their flame dancing with a gentle laugh.

“We all carry storms inside us.” They drift closer. “What matters is not that it exists.”

“But what one chooses to do with it.”

You gaze over the expanse of the world beneath – forests, rivers, and remote cities extending toward the horizon.

The storm still lives within you. However, you now understand it. And for the first time, that truth does not frighten you.

Because the storm is only part of you.

Not the part that decides who you become.

YOU HAVE COLLECTED YOUR FINAL SOUL ARTIFACT FRAGMENT.

You may now open Envelope IV: The Crown’s Last Ember. Inside is the real fragment, a reminder of what you’ve reclaimed. Carry it until the next realm comes.

Letter to Self.

Dear myself,

You reached a height where concealment was no longer possible.

The summit did not provide any solace. The Crown has a curious way of revealing what we once hoped might stay unseen.

The wind at such heights has no patience for old disguises. It asks a far more difficult question: will you continue onward when there is nowhere left to hide?

You have learned something rather important along the way. Fear, for all its noise and thunder, was never truly the most formidable challenge. The greater trial is continuing forward when the world sees you clearly. To persist in the absence of any shadows to withdraw into.

And as the storm gathered its strength, you discovered something that had before seemed insurmountable to accept: The storm was never your enemy. It was always part of you—capable of destruction if repressed, yet capable of strength so greatly upon courage and recognition.

And so the storm offered you a choice.

You chose to remain.

And that choice changes more than you might think,

The Crown that once assured protection was never the solution you sought. The moment you chose not to kneel before it, it broke into light—transforming into yet another minor bit of the truth you had already begun to find.

Because of that, your decision is what delivered the final Fragment into your grasp. Not because you became perfect, and certainly not because you mastered control, however, the serene assurance that you no longer must vanish to survive.

For somewhere within you uncertainty resurface, as storms invariably do, recall this moment upon the summit. Recall that the Crown shattered because you did not fight the storm.

But rather as a result of your refusal to flee from the darkness. You now possess the final fragment of the Soul Artifact, forged from the moment you stopped fearing the strength within yourself.

Take this moment to breathe, appreciate how far you've come.

Write one sentence to take with you to the next realm:

Signed by,

END OF CHAPTER TWO

Seeker's Log.

For thoughts that arrive later

AFTER THE CROWN

You anticipate that the world would have an impact by your reappearance. But the atmosphere persists unchanged, the earth underneath you reveals no evidence of your experiences nor the origin of your journey.

Nevertheless—something has. Lumi remains beside you, their light no longer radiant, but no less present.

For a time, neither of you speak a word.

Your focus wanders outward, searching—though you are no longer certain for what. Some remnant, perhaps. Some fracture in the sky. Some subtle distortion that might confirm the realm had been more than a passing illusion.

There is nothing. Merely the world, precisely as it has always been.

Suddenly,

“You are looking for answers.”

The voice is not that of Lumi.

You turn. A figure positioned at a slight distance. It seems he has been present long before you were aware of him.

Alden Grey.

His short white hair blows with the calm wind. Interestingly, it still keeps its neat shape.

“I find that most do, upon their return,” he proceeds. “They expect the world to acknowledge what they have faced.”

“Well, it rarely does.”

You study him. Despite his broad shoulders and towering height, he has this calming feel to him. His voice is rich, strong, but delicate. A question began to form before you can prevent it. “Was it real?” The words leave you more quietly than intended.

His demeanor remains unchanged. He just walks slowly, fixing his monocle with his hands. His eyes however, were on the artifact in your possession. “That,” he says, “depends entirely on what you believe constitutes reality.”

What? but it is not an answer. Am I missing something here? You thought.

“There have been others too, you know.” If he had not before, he definitely has your attention this time.

“Not many,” he adds. “not often. But enough to suggest that what you experienced is neither accident nor imagination. Though I would advise against assuming it is entirely separate from either.”

Lumi’s light flickering with curiosity without interruption. Alden Grey’s gaze lifts, not to you, but beyond you, to something far more distant.

“The realm, as you refer to it, is not a location in the traditional sense,” he states. “It is not solely a mental construct. It exists where such distinctions become... less beneficial.”

You attempt to follow the thought, though it is not easy to interpret. Observing this, he gives the slightest hint of what appears to be a smile.

“You are not intended to depart with certainty,” he states. “You are intended to depart with something significantly more challenging. The ability to continue in its absence.” His kind gaze meets yours.

Silence falls again. This time, it feels complete.

You glance again at the artifact in your hands. Regardless of the nature of the realm—whether it persists or not—this remains.

So do you.

“Whether it resided within you, or whether you stepped beyond yourself to attain it... you will find, in time, that the distinction ceases to matter.” He states.

He steps back. However, when your focus falters for even a moment—he is no longer there.

You look around the no longer unfamiliar world and admire its calm state, with the gentle breeze twirling through your hair.

Lumi approaches again gently. “You have returned,” they say.

You consider the words, then move forward, no longer needing to seek where you were.

*this is where the telling ends,
and the living begins.*



DATE:

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SOULQUEST

a Guided Journal

Created by Celine Christie

2026

PT BASKARA CIPTA KARYA



SOULQUEST

a Guided Journal

Celine Christie

SOULQUEST

a Guided Journal

Each soul has its own constellation. Follow them. This guide will help you trace your way back home.

- THE ALCHEMY OF SOULS



Celine Christie

SoulQuest: A Guided Journal

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THE BECOMING

It doesn't all happen at once.

It all seems like nothing at first.

The kind of silence that pushes into your ribs.

The air moves.

As if ink were to dissolve in water, the reality surrounding you becomes hazy.

You sense a lack of stability on the ground underneath you.

You have no recollection of falling.

The only place you can recall standing is another.

You don't recognize the sky above you. Not day. Not night.

A faint space of moving light, like the constellations altering their positions in the sky.

You try to speak,

This place has a peculiar echo for your voice.

More clear.

More close.

As if there were no barriers separating you from your inner thoughts.

Then you feel it.
Recognition.
This place is not foreign at all.
It is built from things you have tried not to look at.

In the stillness,
Pieces of memory flash in the air.
Conversations that aren't done.
Questions that haven't been answered.
Versions of you that you left behind.

A path forward emerges.

You know something without being told:
You weren't brought here by chance.
You arrived the moment you were ready to stop running.

And here...
You are known as the *Seeker*.
Not because you have answers,
But because you are willing to look for them.

Nothing moves unless you search.
Nothing reveals unless you face it.

You are called the Seeker
Because you came looking.

Welcome, Seeker.

You have been seen.

Somewhere in the dark between dusk and dawn, your name shone bright and ignited the flame.

This book didn't just happen to find you by chance; But rather by resonance. It acknowledges your quiet despair, the gentle pain of your silences. It is what you've never said out loud, and your deep desire to be complete again.

Here, you will walk through realms made of memories and light. May you stumble parts of yourself in the fog, in glass mirrors, or even in the serene stare of the stars.

You don't have to fight... Just pay attention, remember, and relive.

This is your SoulQuest.

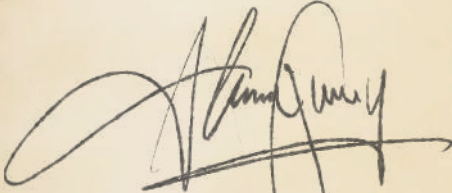
*A journey through the hidden realms of your own self.
Through thoughts and feelings inside your head and heart.
With every step tells a story in and of itself.
A truth you are ready to understand will be uncovered.*

*Inside these pages, are Light Fragments. Valor, Insight,
and Grace. They are not prizes to be won, but reassuring
reminders that light remains even in darkest of times.*

*And when the clouds part, you don't come out as a
changed person, but rather someone who has remembered
who they are.*

*May your spark burn softly,
and may your courage remain kind.*

Signed in light,



Alden Grey
The First Alchemist



Before You Begin,

This is where you can ground yourself, before your adventure begins. Write whatever your heart desires. There are no bad responses, only new ones.

Name:

The day you start your SoulQuest:

What is your reasoning to coming here?

What do you desire to find or fix?

A Commitment to Yourself:

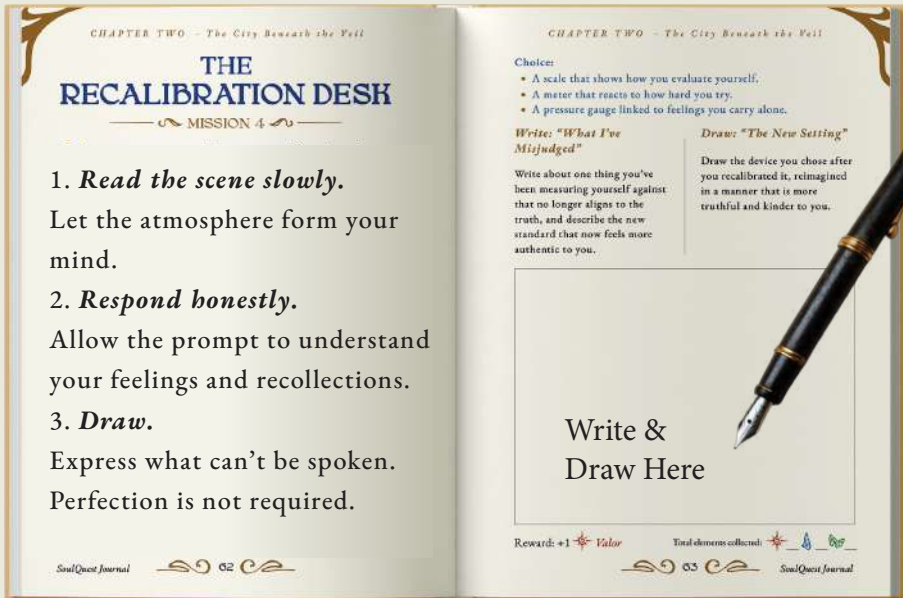


“I will be kind to myself on this journey, even when I’m afraid.”


HOW TO PLAY

Each page is a piece of your story, a reflection of who you were, are, and might become.

ENTER A MISSION






After completing each mission, you will collect *Light Fragments*. Each *Light Fragment* is earned through reflections.

Reward: +1  *Valor*

THE SYSTEM

You will collect *Light Fragments* from the *three elements*:

Symbol	Element	Meaning
	Valor	The courage to confront what scares you.
	Insight	The ability to perceive yourself sincerely.
	Grace	The willingness to forgive and start new.

Each mission awards one or more elements.

Keep a record of them in your *Bookmark Progress Tracker*.

FACING THE GUARDIANS

When you collect enough Fragments, the *Guardian* will appear.

Each chapter ends with a boss fight.

Required to Enter:  4  3  3
Complete all 5 missions from this realm

However, this is not a battle; rather, it is a confrontation with reality. Complete the chapter.

Then you may claim your *Soul Artifact Fragment*.

Between missions, you'll find sections for *Reflections*, *Dreams*, and *Moods*. You can use them freely.



PROLOGUE

The Call to the Journey

You're weightless.

There is no sky above you, no ground below you, only the gentle tug of something ancient.

The air breathes softly, as if it recalls a melody you have forgotten.

A whisper awakens.

Not a single voice,

But a sensation.

It is time.

You try to open your eyes, but all you see is gray- endless. The world is holding its breath. For a little while, you wonder whether you're falling, floating, or ultimately still.

You try to open your eyes, but all you see is gray- endless. The world is holding its breath. For a little while, you wonder whether you're falling, floating, or ultimately still.

The silence draws closer, comfortable and pleasant. It does not require answers. It only asks the question you've been avoiding:

"Do you remember why you came?"

The thought quivers in your chest. You reach for the memory, but it slips out of your grip, leaving only a faint shimmer of light.

Something invisible brushes across the edge of your consciousness.

A pulse.

A rhythm.

A slow and silent awakening.

The gray begins to thin and fold into mist.

As the calm deepens, a low hum rises in the distance, drawing you closer.

The world breathes in.

And then, the gray world awakens.



CHAPTER ONE

The Forest Of Whispers

THE MISTY FOREST

— ❧ MISSION 1 ❧ —

The gray world awakens.

You open your eyes softly. Ahead, a forest clouded in soft mist— silent, except for a subtle hum. The air itself seems breathing. A dim blue light dances between the trees;

Their presence is calm and steady as they linger close by, their glow quivering as if they recall something.

“You’re awake,” Lumi whispers, its voice gentle like a sigh. “Do you remember why you came here?”

Every step makes the ground whisper. Every pause makes the mist lean closer. The fog doesn’t ask questions; it only listens.

You hear it, a faint singing, distant. But behind you, a heavy silence, like it’s waiting.



Choice:

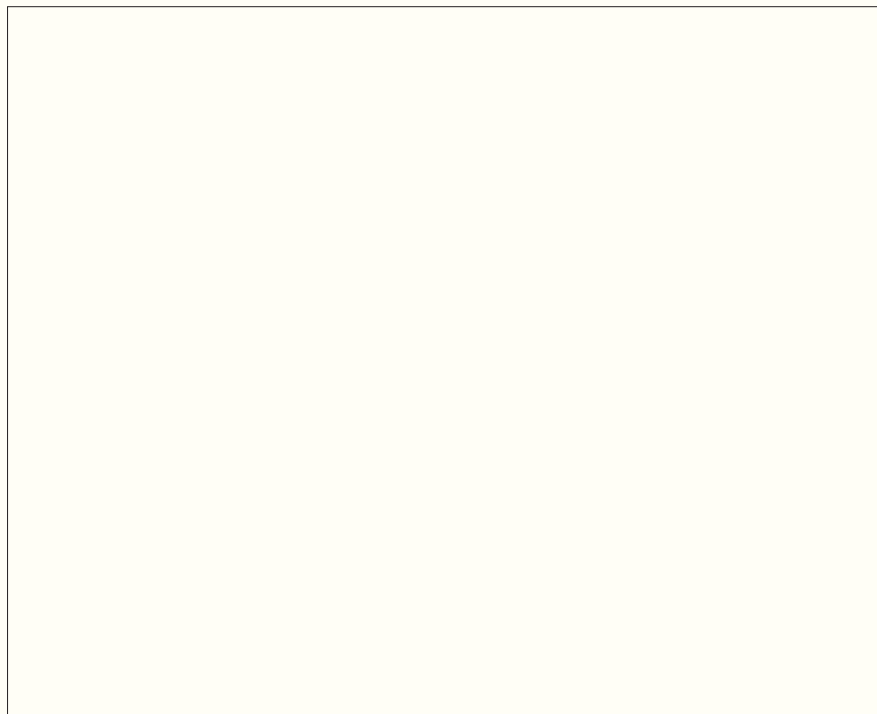
- * Follow the faint singing deeper into the mist.
- * Wait and listen for what the silence reveals.


Write: “The First Sound I Heard Inside”

What does silence sound like when you're finally still enough to hear it?
Is it peaceful? Lonely? Heavy? Or does it have a familiar hum to it?

Draw: “The Path in the Fog”

When you took your first step into the fog, what happened? How did it open? Did it seem to hold you back?



Reward: +1  *Valor*

Total elements collected:



EVENING REFLECTION:

The Misty Forest

Reflection I:

What emotions resurface as you walked through the fog?
Did you know them, or were they new to you?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What would it be like to listen to yourself, like how the forest does to you, without judging or interrupting?

When you stop calling your thoughts “good” or “bad” and just call them “real,” that’s when mindfulness starts.

THE BROKEN HALL

MISSION 2

As the door squeaks open, you've been greeted by a hall adorned with broken mirrors. Only bits and pieces are captured by each fragment: a touch, a breath, a quivering eye.

"You should be over this."

"They don't really care."

"It's not that bad."

Lumi flickers beside you.

"These are echoes," Lumi explains.

"You don't need to believe every one."

Then, in one shattered you see a younger version yourself, soundless.



Choice:


- * Reach through the mirror and sit with them.
- * Walk past the mirror, pretending you never saw.

Write: “The First Fear That Stayed”

If you reached through: write about the very first moment you were afraid, what it taught you, what part of you still carries it.
If you walked past: write about the parts of yourself you are still trying to avoid, and why.

Draw: “The Mirror That Spoke”

Illustrate the mirror with your reflection: broken, or whole, or glowing, or fading.

Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Broken Hall

Reflection I:

Did you feel pity, anger, or tenderness when you looked at your reflection? What did that feeling show you about who you are right now?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What would happen if you accept every version of yourself, even the ones that are still scared?

*Every time you say your fear, a piece of clarity comes to mind.
That clarity doesn't take away the suffering; it makes it clearer.*

THE WELL

MISSION 3

Beyond the broken hall, the ground slopes down into darkness. The silence only echoes the sound of dripping water.

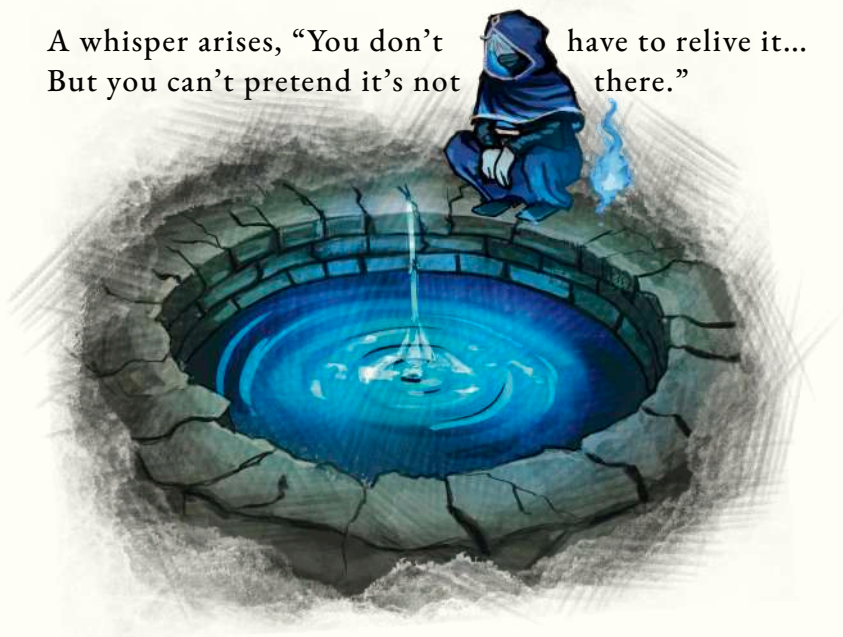
Lumi leads you to a hollow cavern deep into the earth. The walls reflect with soft sparkles.

A glowing stone well awaits you in the middle of the cavern. Its surface shows nothing until you stare too long. Then, a memory surfaces.

A moment you've wished to go away.

Nervous, Lumi circles about.

A whisper arises, "You don't have to relive it...
But you can't pretend it's not there."



Choice:

- * Drop a truth into the well and release it.
- * Reach in and pull the memory closer.


Write: "What Still Echoes"




If you released it: write a memory you're willing to let go of.

If you pulled it closer: tell me the pain that remains, and what it wants to teach you.

Draw: "The Surface of the Well"

How did the water change after your choice? Is it calm, motionless, gleaming, rippling?

Reward: +1  Grace

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Well

Reflection I:

When you let go of something, what emotion replaced it first? Maybe sadness, peace, emptiness, or relief?

DATE:

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Reflection II:

After you chose to face the memory, what did you think of it after you wrote it down? What changed in its meaning?

Forgiveness frequently starts with how you remember yourself, not with how you treat others.

THE LANTERN GROVE

— ❧ MISSION 4 ❧ —

The gray mist clears as you and Lumi find a grove that shines like a candlelight inbetween branches.

It is decorated with hundreds of lanterns strung between ancient trees.

Each one has a little light to them — some more intense than others. They whisper not of people, but of feelings: Sorrow. Guilt. Hope.

You see one barely lit, flickering. Its name is Forgiveness.

Whispering, “Not all light stays.” Lumi tilts their flame.
“Yet there are a few who want to.”



Choice:

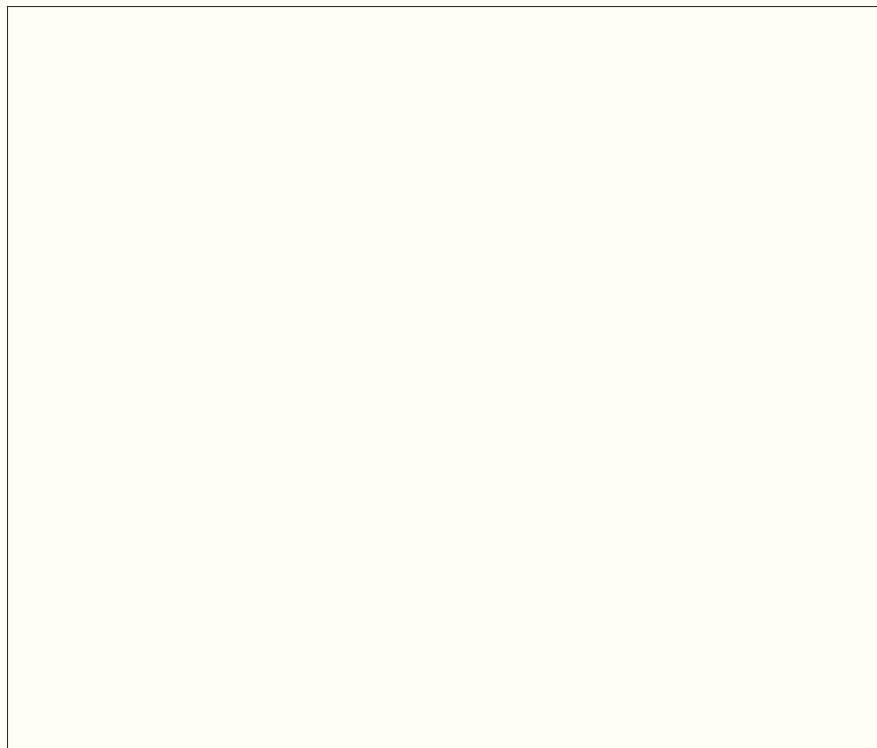
- * Breathe into the lantern to relight it again.
- * Allow it to go out, and observe how the darkness changes.


Write: "The Lantern I Couldn't Hold"




Who or what are you still struggling to forgive? Yourself, perhaps? or someone else? What weight do you carry by keeping the flame unlit?

Draw: "The Grove of Names"

Draw a lantern and write/color the emotion glowing inside it. What color would forgiveness be, if you could see it?



Reward: +1  Grace

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Lantern Grove

Reflection I:

What feeling did your lantern symbolize? Was it ready to shine again, or did it remain unlit?

DATE:

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Reflection II:

How do you see “forgiveness” when it’s filled with light?

Grace doesn't come from getting rid of pain; it comes from letting it rest.

THE SLEEPING ROOTS

— ❧ MISSION 5 ❧ —

Slight rumble passes underneath your feet. You can feel the earth trembling with life.

Every tremble echoes your own heartbeat.

The roots entwine with the soil, casting a subtle golden light.

They whisper to you: “What you bury can still grow,”

You get down on your knees...

The root shakes louder, and feels warmer to the touch. Your long-buried, unnamed memories reawaken.

Lumi watches quietly.

“Sometimes, letting them breathe is the only way to stop the haunting.”



Choice:



- * Touch the root and face what you've buried.
- * Stand back, leaving it undisturbed.

Write: "What I Tried to Bury"

Tell me about an emotion or truth you tried to silence? What would happen if you allowed it to exist instead of hiding it?

Draw: "The Root Beneath"

Illustrate what the root appeared like; tangled, glowing, fragile, or wild.

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Sleeping Roots

Reflection I:

What did you discover about yourself that you didn't expect?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What would it mean to let your pain be there, untouched, without trying to repair it?

At first, growth may look like decay, yet even dead roots feed the forest.

THE WEATHER WITHIN

Mood Check-in

Take a breath before continuing.

You're moving not only through realms, but also through yourself. These pages are your emotional map. Fill them out as honestly or as abstractly as you choose.

1. What are you feeling right now? Check the ones that apply.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Calm | <input type="checkbox"/> Hopeful | <input type="checkbox"/> Confident |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fearful | <input type="checkbox"/> Empty | <input type="checkbox"/> Frustrated |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Restless | <input type="checkbox"/> Grateful | <input type="checkbox"/> Other: |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Heavy | <input type="checkbox"/> Sorrowful | _____ |

2. If your mood were the weather, draw what it would be:

3. Assess your inner light today:

- Dim
- Flickering
- Stable
- Bright

4. What made you feel grounded today? [A sound, person, moment, or memory...]

DATE:

S M T W T F S

5. Draw or describe the shape of your current emotion.

How large is it? Which color does it take? Where in your body do you feel it the most? If it could only utter one word, what would it say?

6. Circle the part that you feel you need the most in your current state:



Valor - The courage to confront what scares you



Insight - The ability to perceive yourself sincerely



Grace - The willingness to forgive and start new

Explain in short what this fragment is teaching you today.

The Dream Gate

THE CHAMBER OF ECHOES

You are going to enter the territory between sleep and memory. Close your eyes and take a few breaths. What appears behind them is not random; it is the soul's way of communicating.

1. *The Entry Sign*

When you close your eyes, what is the first image, sound, or word that appears? You can write it or sketch it.

2. *What emotion was left behind?*

Check what feels closest:

✧ Fear

✧ Longing

✧ Joyful

✧ Calm

✧ Wonder

✧ Other:

✧ Shock

✧ Guilt

DATE:

S M T W T F S

3. *What is this dream trying to remind you of right now?*

Write one to two sentences. No need to overthink.

4. *The Inner Mirror*

How does this vision relate to something you've been avoiding or craving in your daily life?

5. *Fragment Alignment*

Which light fragment represents this dream?

 Valor - The courage to confront what scares you

 Insight - The ability to perceive yourself sincerely

 Grace - The willingness to forgive and start new

Write one sentence starting with:

This dream asks me to remember _____

THE KEEPER OF WHISPERS

FINAL MISSION

Required to Enter:  2  1  3

Complete all 5 missions from this realm

The mist grows dense until walls form. A halo of white surrounds the forest, and a figure entwined with mist and echoes stands at its center.

A figure... Vaguely human, but not quite right.

Their face shifts with every breath, sometimes yours, sometimes a stranger's. Their eyes are hollow, yet full of reflecting every choice and regret.

Lumi flickers violently. "This place seeks the truth. Not what you know, but what you're hiding from yourself."

"I am what you do not say," the Keeper stated. "I am every word you swallow so the world would remain quiet."

"You say you desire peace, yet you persist in masking behind your pain."

"You claim to be healing, but the truth is you find solace in your brokenness- it gives you the reason to remain still."



The Keeper lifts their hand as three memory fragments materialize around you.

Each memory begins to speak:

The First Reflection: Fear

“You only act brave when no one’s around.”

The Second Reflection: Doubt

“You pretend to know yourself, but you only gather words to sound whole.”

The Third Reflection: Guilt

“You could have done better, but nothing can undo what you did.”

Lumi whispers as they float between them, “You can’t silence them all. You must face one.”

You have a choice:

- Step toward one reflection and challenge its truth.
- Let all of them speak, and stand ground in the center until their voices lose power.

If you confront one, the air turns into intense heat. The mirror cracks, casting a light that enters your chest.

If you stand your ground, the reflections echo until your body shakes... Before eventually fading away, unable to hurt what no longer hides.

Write: “The Voice I Faced”

Choose the reflection that hurt most: Fear, Doubt, or Guilt.

Write what it said to you.

Then answer it as if you were defending a loved one.

Would you still believe those words if you spoke them to someone else?

Draw: “The Shattered Reflection”

Draw the reflection once you’ve faced it. Was it shattered, restored, turned to light?

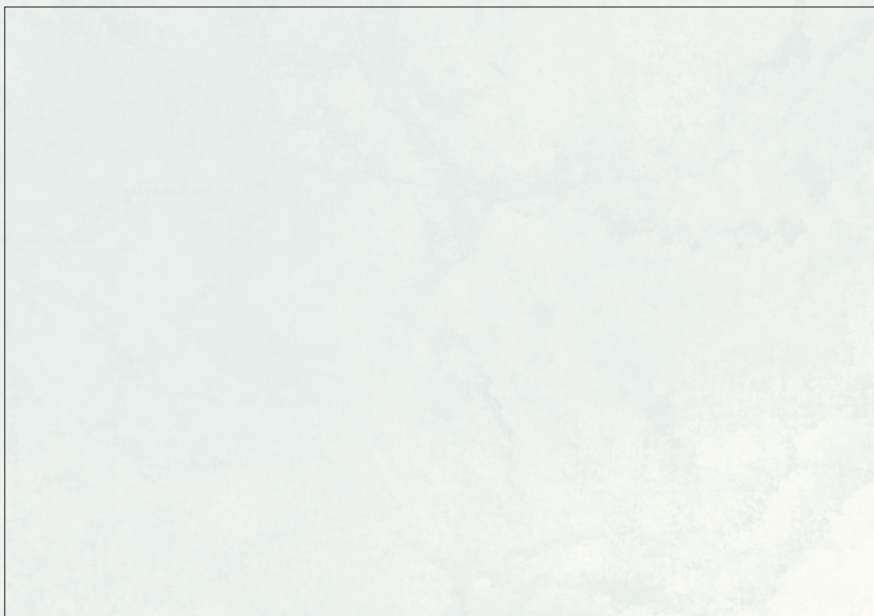
Mark where the light returned to you.

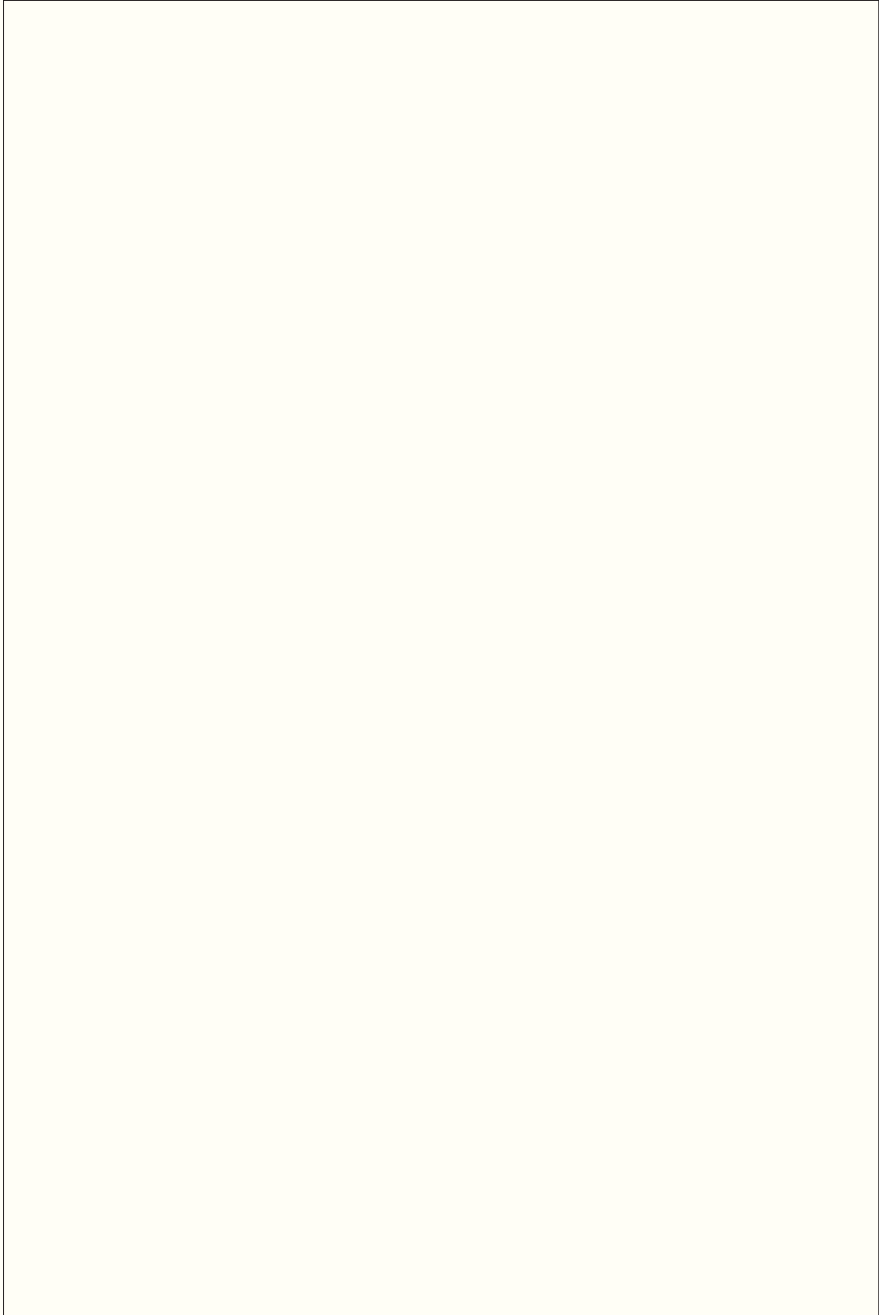
Task:

For one day after this mission, track each time your mind repeats a phrase of Fear, Doubt, or Guilt.

Every time it occurs, say aloud:

“This thought is not me; it is only passing fog.”





Light embodies the forest.

The Keeper kneels before you, as their mist-body unravels.

Underneath the fog, **they are not a monster.**

They are just another torn up version of you, exhausted and unspoken.

“You listened,” they say softly. “Now, you can walk free without my voice.”

Lumi glows bright. The fog clears enough to see the first glimpse of the night sky.

You reach toward the fading Keeper- not to destroy them, but to forgive them.

A radiant light glares from the moment your palms touch.

“You have earned silence,” Lumi says in a low voice.

“One that doesn’t hide.”

“I am no longer afraid of the echo, because I’ve learned how to answer.”

You unlocked Soul Artifact Fragment II!

Total elements collected:



45



SoulQuest Journal



The fog clears as daylight breaks through the woods. A shard of light in your palms burns brightly. It feels warm and full of light.

Lumi spirals beside you, beaming with pride.

“You did it,” they cheered.

The forest falls silent, it recognizes.

You earned it- not by battling, but by facing.

The fragment shimmers like clutching forgiveness itself.

YOU HAVE COLLECTED YOUR FIRST SOUL ARTIFACT FRAGMENT.

You may now open Envelope I: The First Light. Inside is the real fragment, a reminder of what you’ve reclaimed. Carry it until the next realm comes.

Letter to Self.

Dear myself,

The individual who initially stepped into this forest, You were afraid but came regardless.

You perceived uncertainty for weakness, and silence as neglect. However, even when the path was not visible, you continued to proceed.

That courage was never loud; it was the kind that refused to fade. The fog tried to convince you that you were lost. It wasn't lying, but it wasn't correct either. You were in the process of arriving.

You encountered the mist, and rather than fleeing, you inhaled. You confronted the reflection in the mirrors and recognized that fear does not signify defeat.

You learnt that release is not forgetting, but rather choosing to see kindly. You discovered light in the roots, the type that thrives softly beneath everything you thought had died.

Whenever doubt arises again — as it inevitably will — remember that the forest listened even when you didn't.

Remember Lumi's voice, and how the light always found you when you least expected it to.

You now possess that evidence. Please take a moment to breathe deeply.

Write one sentence to take with you to the next realm:

Signed by,

END OF CHAPTER ONE

Seeker's Log.

For thoughts that arrive later

CHAPTER ONE - The Forest of Whispers

DATE:

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CHAPTER TWO

The City Beneath the Veil

PROLOGUE

The City Beneath the Veil

You awaken not in stillness, but in circuits. A world of metal and light.

You see a city present beneath a glass sky, with streets connected by glittering veins of light.

Towers above shine like broken memories, and puddles below ripple calmly, even when they are undisturbed.

Lumi floats next to your shoulder, glowing.

“This is the Veil,” they said. “Where people trade their truths for order.”

Somehow, everywhere you look, faces seem obscure. You notice names are being scanned, logged, rewritten. By who?

Even the advertisements around you whisper promises of a new beginning. “New You, Same Price.”

You can feel the faint agony of forgetting, the kind that comes from trying too hard to fit in.

“Keep your name close,” Lumi says quietly. “Or it’ll amend itself before you are aware.”

You tighten your hand, though you’re uncertain of what you grasp.

And so your descent begins.

Not into darkness, but into clarity too bright to bear.



THE GLASS BRIDGE

MISSION 1

The bridge lasts longer than you imagine. Moments from your past move and overlap beneath the glass floor. Some are warped, and some barely holding together.

You move carefully. Every step brings back memories:

Parents looking at you with disappointment.

A conversation you walked out of.

A version of you that never came back.

Halfway across, the glass shakes as you walk. You almost stumble upon your cold feet.

A voice seems to come from it: “Which one is real?”

“Maybe they all were,” Lumi says. “Or maybe none of them mattered as much as you think.”

That’s when you see the bridge isn’t straining beneath your weight, but rather thinning with each hesitation.

When you reach the center, two paths emerge: One firm and steady, the other swaying like smoke.



Choice:

- * Step onto the firm path, ground yourself in what you know.
- * Step onto the radiant path, trusting in what you feel.

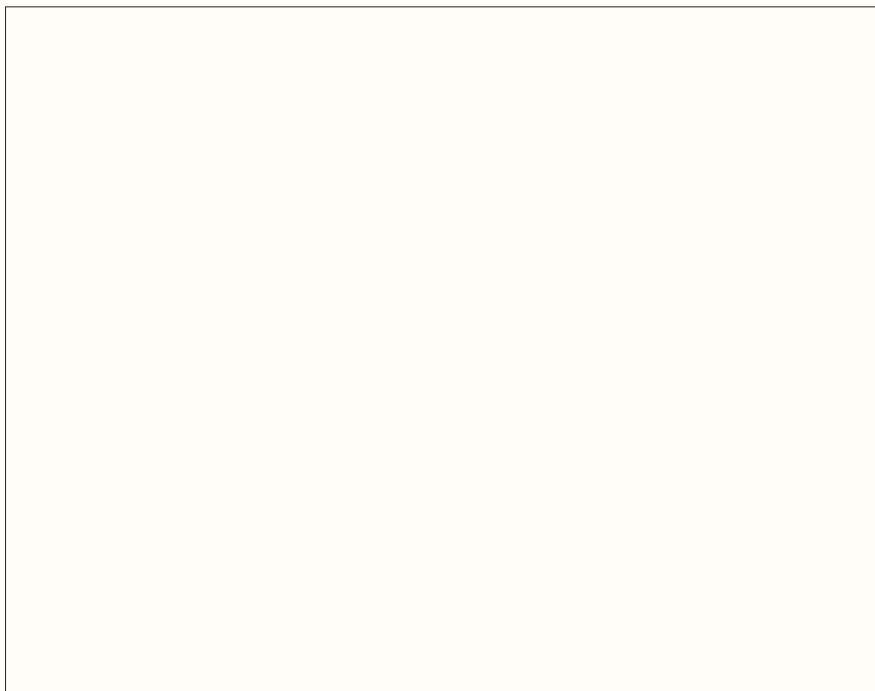
Write: “The Moment Beneath My Feet”


If you chose the solid path:
What memory do you rely on when everything feels uncertain?

If you chose the radiant path:
What emotion feels true to you even when it makes no sense?

Draw: “The Bridge That Remembers”

Draw how your bridge looked and reveal what lies beneath it; the memory, the face, or the light that held you up. to hold you back?



Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Glass Bridge

Reflection I:

What is one way people generally describe you, and how accurate do you feel that description really is?

DATE:

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Reflection II:

Which part of yourself do you think others almost never notice, even though it's a big part of who you are?

Clarity can be frightening, not because of what it shows, but because it leaves you nothing left to hide behind.

THE IDENTITY EXCHANGE

MISSION 2

You follow Lumi down a tight corridor lined with mirrors and glass. It opens into a bright, noisy plaza.

The sign says: **THE IDENTITY EXCHANGE ARCADE.**

A place where people trade the parts of themselves they don't want anymore.

Behind glass counters, masked clerks sort pieces of personality into small jars.

You watch a woman hand over her laughter in exchange for confidence.

A man offers his voice so he can finally have silence.

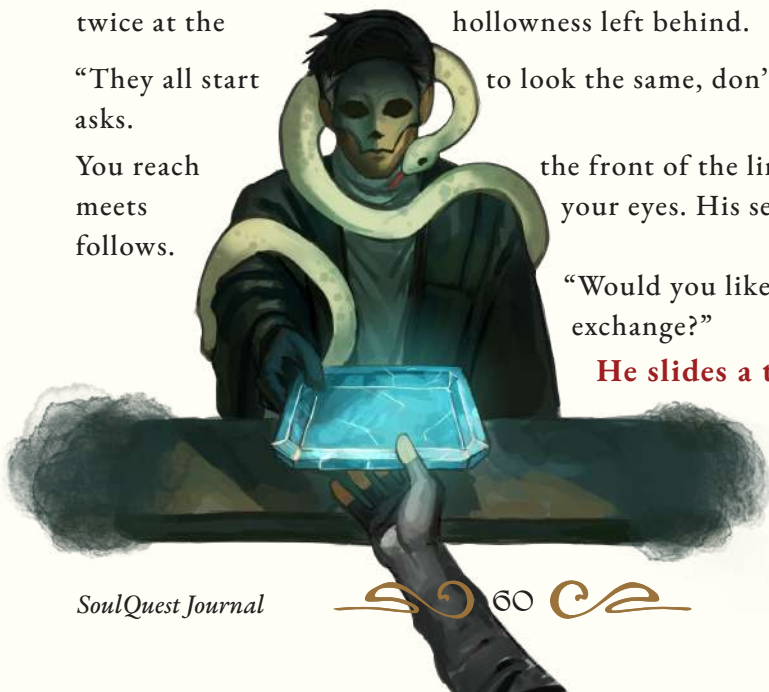
People leave looking relieved... but a little emptier. No one looks twice at the hollowness left behind.

"They all start to look the same, don't they?" Lumi asks.

You reach the front of the line. A clerk meets your eyes. His serpent's gaze follows.

"Would you like to make an exchange?"

He slides a tray toward you.



Choice:

- * Trade away a part of yourself you no longer want to carry.
- * Refuse the deal.

Write: "The Names I've Worn"

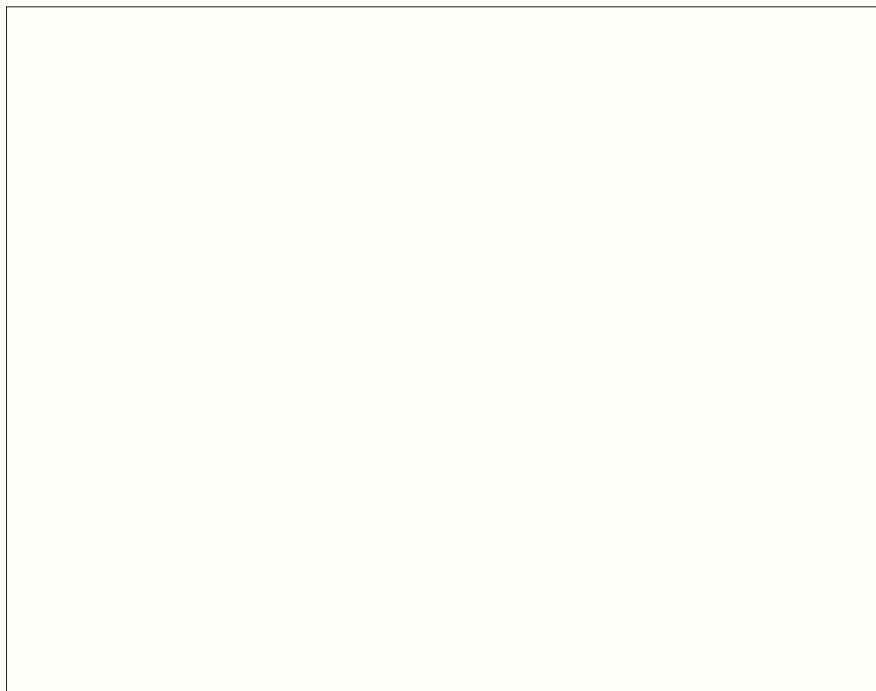
If you traded: What aspects of yourself did you let go of and what did you gain?


If you refused: What label do you still carry with you because you don't know who you'd be without it?

Draw: "The Arcade of Masks"

Sketch the scene, including the glowing counters and the faces behind glass.

Show which face you left behind and which one remained.



Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Identity Exchange

Reflection I:

Which “role” do you most frequently play in your daily life (Responsible, quiet, fixer, achiever, etc.)? How did you learn to play that role?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

If you could stop performing one expectation imposed on you by family, society, or yourself, which would you choose, and why?

You are allowed to outgrow the version of yourself that others learned to expect.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S PARADOX

MISSION 3

The lift doors lead into a peaceful workshop perched high above the Veiled City.

Clocks glide in the air. Some are ticking fast, while some are broken. None are ticking in the same pattern.

A figure in a long coat stands at the centre table.

"There you are. You're late." they say to you. *"Your time has been coming apart."*

They angle a broken clock toward you.

Inside the fractured glass you glimpse pieces of your life you once dismissed:

Days you called unproductive,
moments you thought were insignificant,
hours you spent trying to recover.

"I can remove these," the Clockmaker offers. *"If you truly believe they were wasted."*

"You don't have to erase anything," Lumi whispers. *"However, the choice is still yours."*



Choice:

- * Remove the regretful memories, freeing yourself from the weight of wasted time.
- * Keep them, believing that they served a purpose you haven't seen yet.


Write: "The Time I Thought I Lost"

If you removed them: Explain what moment would you wish never happened and what would replace it?

If you kept them: Explain what memory feels pointless at the time, but has taught you meaning since?

Draw: "The Clock I Carry"

Create a symbolic clock that depicts your emotional experience with time. Mark a part of the clock that you still hold onto, and emphasize that feels "moving again".

Reward: +1  *Valor*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Clockmaker's Paradox

Reflection I:

What is one instance that you believe you “should’ve moved on from faster”, and how does that pressure still affect you today?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

When you're concerned about "time slipping away," which aspect of your life do you feel the most pressured, and why?

What you refer to as 'lost time' often becomes the foundation for the person you're finally strong enough to be.

THE RECALIBRATION DESK

MISSION 4

You enter a serene workplace constructed from brass frames and glass panels.

There is an absence of sound. Mere tranquility, as though the room has halted in the midst of an experiment.

A mechanic gazes upward from his workdesk. His coat is smudged with graphite, and a faint gleam of metal from one side of his face.

“People bring me the things they can’t measure,” they say.

“What wears them down. What they think they’re not doing enough of. What they think they’re too much of.”

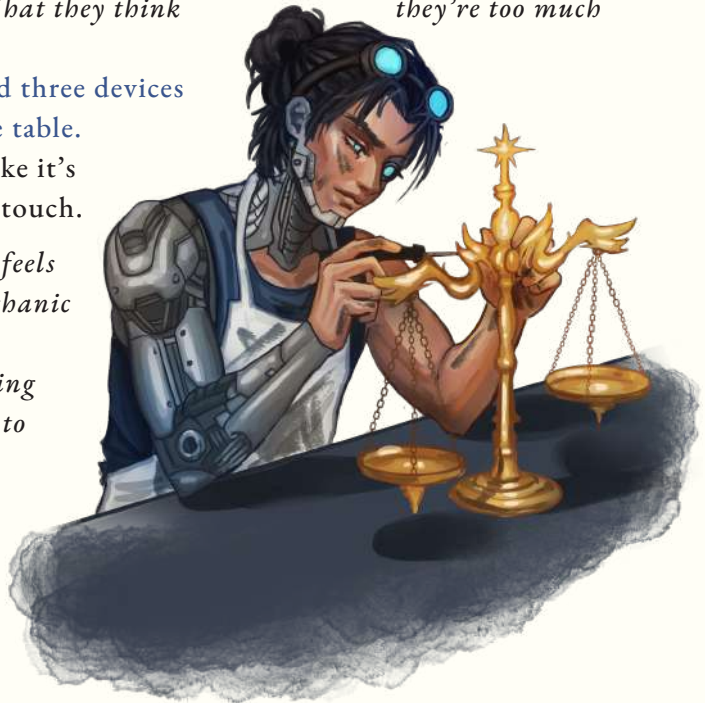
They point toward three devices hanging above the table.

Each one glows, like it’s anticipating your touch.

“Pick the one that feels familiar,” the mechanic advises.

“Let’s cure something that’s been unfair to you.”

Lumi just floats beside you, silently.



Choice:


- * A scale that shows how you evaluate yourself.
- * A meter that reacts to how hard you try.
- * A pressure gauge linked to feelings you carry alone.

Write: “What I’ve Misjudged”

Write about one thing you’ve been measuring yourself against that no longer aligns to the truth, and describe the new standard that now feels more authentic to you.

Draw: “The New Setting”

Draw the device you chose after you recalibrated it, reimagined in a manner that is more truthful and kinder to you.

Reward: +1  *Valor*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING 
REFLECTION:

The Recalibration Desk

Reflection I:

Explain what expectation have you held that no longer serves you well?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What does “enough for today” look like when you answer truthfully?

Keep in mind, you have the authority to redefine what ‘enough’ means.

THE SILENT CONDUCTOR

MISSION 5

You arrived onto a dim, still platform. A train is open but it seems like it's frozen mid-motion, with passengers are captured in paused gestures: a hand half-raised, a breath held in their chest.

It's like wandering through a gallery of unfulfilled lives.

At the forefront stands what they call "the Conductor."
Their voice is low and composed.

"Everyone pauses somewhere. Fear stops some. Others by self-doubt. And some... merely forget how to move."

They gently tap their baton against the rail.

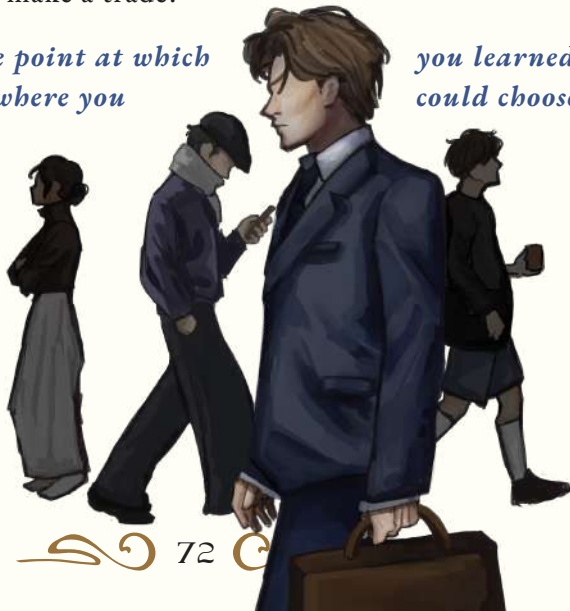
You reach the front of the line. A clerk meets your eyes.

"Would you like to make a trade?"

"Show me the point at which to stop, and where you differently."

you learned could choose

Lumi approaches, giving a gentle nod of encouragement.



Choice:

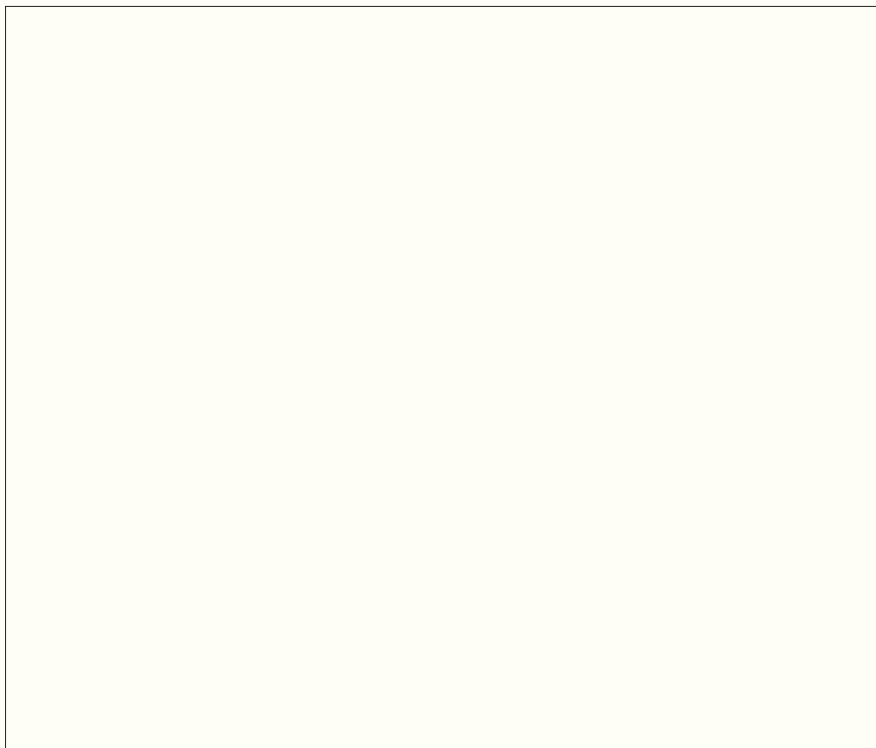
- * Face toward the moment you froze.
- * Offer understanding to a frozen figure, or yourself.



Write: "The Moment I Froze"

If you traded: Describe a period in your life when you felt yourself freeze. What made you freeze and what might choosing differently look like?

Draw: "If It Finally Moved"

Draw the frozen scene, show what froze you, and what could help you move again.



Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING 
REFLECTION:

The Recalibration Desk

Reflection I:

What assumption or expectation kept you locked longer than you realized?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What is one modest step that could take to unfreeze the moment today?

Not all stillness is peace. Some of it is waiting for your permission to move again.

THE WEATHER WITHIN

Mood Check-in

Take a breath before continuing.

You're moving not only through realms, but also through yourself. These pages are your emotional map. Fill them out as honestly or as abstractly as you choose.

1. What are you feeling right now? Check the ones that apply.

- | | | |
|------------|-------------|--------------|
| ◇ Calm | ◇ Hopeful | ◇ Confident |
| ◇ Fearful | ◇ Empty | ◇ Frustrated |
| ◇ Restless | ◇ Grateful | ◇ Other: |
| ◇ Heavy | ◇ Sorrowful | _____ |

2. If your mood were the weather, draw what it would be:

3. Assess your inner light today:

- ◇ Dim
- ◇ Flickering
- ◇ Stable
- ◇ Bright

4. What made you feel grounded today? [A sound, person, moment, or memory...]

DATE:

S M T W T F S

5. Draw or describe the shape of your current emotion.

How large is it? Which color does it take? Where in your body do you feel it the most? If it could only utter one word, what would it say?

6. Circle the part that you feel you need the most in your current state:



Valor - The courage to confront what scares you



Insight - The ability to perceive yourself sincerely



Grace - The willingness to forgive and start new

Explain in short what this fragment is teaching you today.

The Dream Gate

THE SIGNAL ROOM

You are going to enter the territory between sleep and memory. Close your eyes and take a few breaths. What appears behind them is not random; it is the soul's way of communicating.

1. *The Distortion*

When you close your eyes, What is the initial image, voice, or memory that surfaces in your mind?

Write or sketch it here.

2. *The Emotional Trace*

What emotion does this image leave behind?

Check what feels closest:

✧ Fear

✧ Pressure

✧ Longing

✧ Calm

✧ Confusion

✧ Other:

✧ Curiosity

✧ Relief

DATE:

S M T W T F S

3. *What is this signal directing your attention to?*

Write one to two sentences. No need to overthink.

4. *Daily Significance*

How does this signal relate to anything you've been procrastinating, desiring, or overthinking lately?

5. *Fragment Alignment*

Which of these accurately conveys the message of the signal?

 Valor - Facing something you've been avoiding

 Insight - Seeing truth behind the distraction




 Grace - Being gentle with your expectations

Write one sentence starting with:

This signal is asking me to notice _____

THE ORACLE OF THREADS

FINAL MISSION

Required to Enter:  4  3  3

Complete at least 4 or 5 missions from this realm

The fall ends in a circular cavern beneath the city, which is quiet, except for the gentle snapping of threads that's pulled too tight.

A massive loom, made of metal and light, rises in the center. A large amount of luminous threads weave themselves into shapes that change, like people you know or futures that almost happened.

Lumi moves forward to inspect a thread—
All of the sudden, a snap of light quickly wraps around them, pulling them upward like a snare.

A tall figure appears behind the loom. A silver fabric band covers their eyes.

Their hands move with unnatural precision, managing the tension of every thread.

"I am the Oracle of Threads," they say with a firm tone. Voice so haunting yet captivating, it fills up the entire room.

"I weave the versions of your past that still shape your path."

Lumi struggles, their glow turned purple, flashing sharply.

CHAPTER TWO - *The City Beneath the Veil*



“Let them go!” you yell.

The Oracle tilts their head, smirking.

“Then choose which thread should break.”

Three threads appear before you, each connected to Lumi:

1. The thread of who you wish you were.
2. The thread of who you are frightened of becoming.
3. The thread of who people expect you to be.

“You may cut one,” the Oracle says.

“But the others will tighten until you understand them.”

You Step forward.

The three threads shakes, and each one carries a weight you’ve been lugging for years.

You have a choice:

- * **Cut the thread of the ideal self (Valor)**
Face the burden of perfection that you’ve been trying to accomplish.
- * **Cut the thread of the dreaded self (Insight)**
Confront the version of yourself shaped by fear, shame, or past mistakes.
- * **Cut the thread of expectations (Grace)**
Release the heaviness of what others expect of you.

The moment the chosen thread snaps, an explosion of light enters the room.

Lumi collapses free, landing close to you. The flame is weak, but alive. You picked Lumi up and held them in your arms.

The Oracle lowers their hands.

“Your truth is chosen,” they say.

“Now show whether you understand it.”

Write: “The Thread I Let Go”

If you cut the ideal self: What standard have you been chasing, what changes would occur if you stopped pursuing it?

If you cut the feared self: What memory still shapes your choices today, what truth are you ready to see instead?

If you cut expectations: Whose voice have you been trying to please, and what part of you goes unheard because of it?

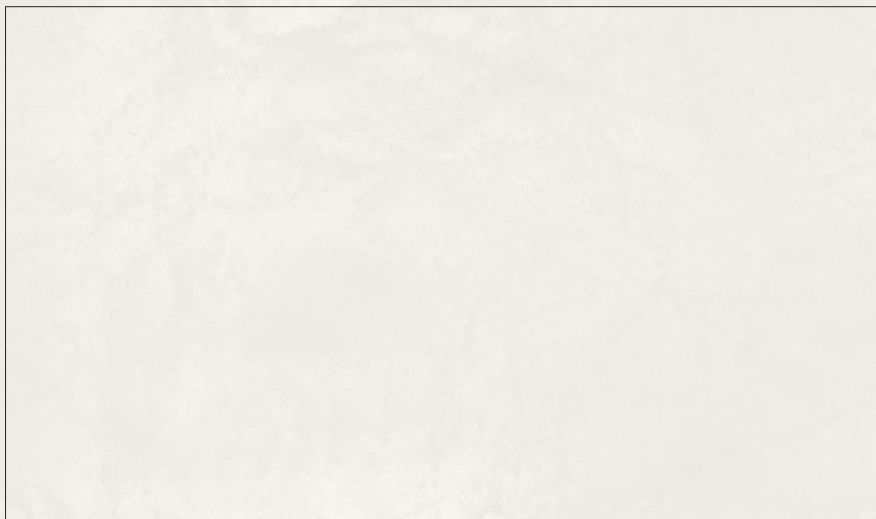
Task:

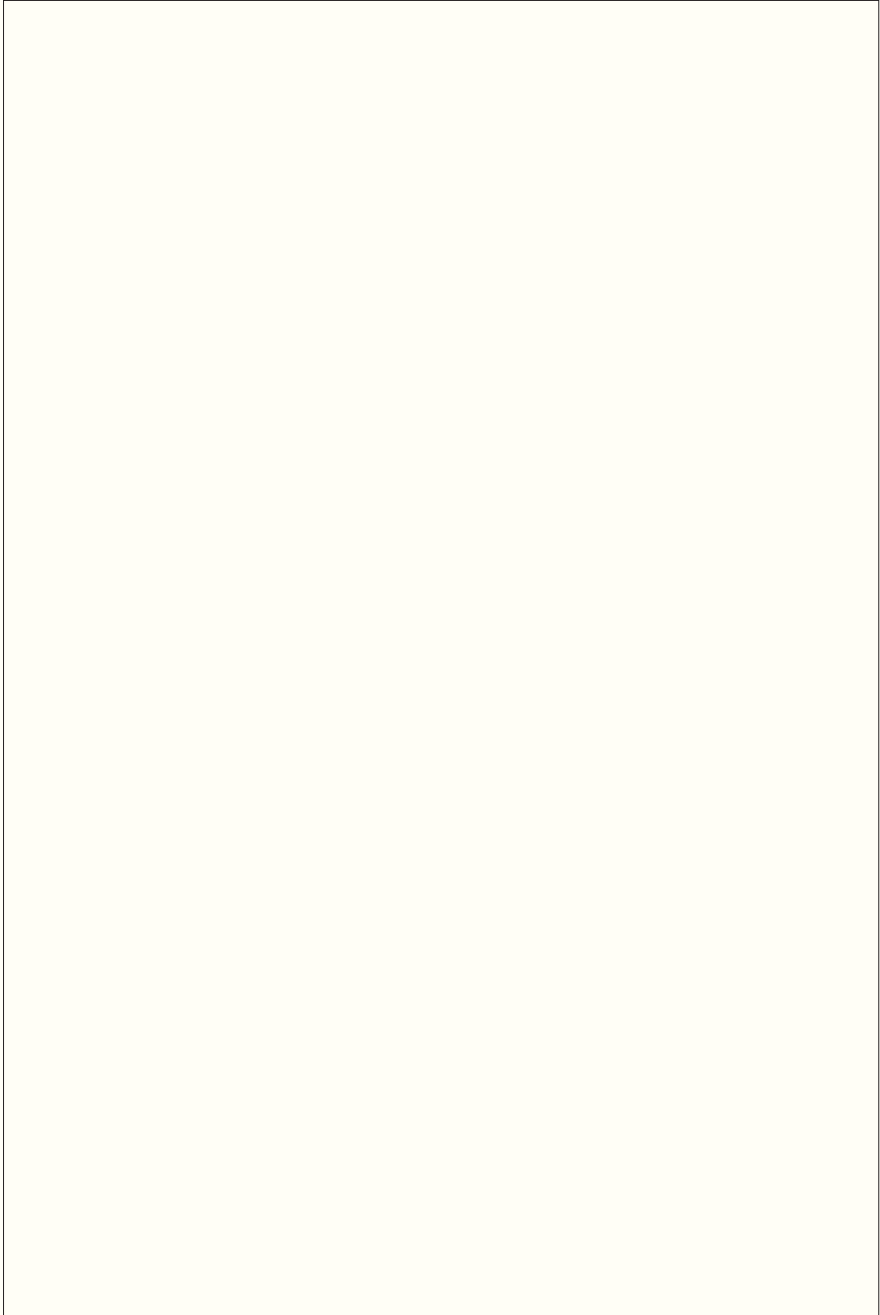
Each time you feel drawn to an old identity that you no longer owe, pause and say aloud:

“That thread no longer leads me.”

Draw: “The Pattern That Remains”

Illustrate the remaining threads as a simple pattern, knot, or line. Mark where the tension remains & where the thread has space to move again.





The Oracle steps back as the loom quiets.

They remove their blindfold for a brief moment, revealing eyes that bear no destiny, no fate, simply clarity.

*“You do not break because you bend,” they say.
“And now one thread no longer owns you.”*

Lumi stabilizes themselves and floats beside you. Shining more than before.

You place your hand on the severed thread.
It breaks up into a piece of light.

“You’ve earned another fragment,” Lumi says jubilantly.
“And you saved me. Thank you.”

Beaming light fills your hands.

You unlocked Soul Artifact Fragment III!

As you rise, you hear the Oracle’s final words:

“Walk forward as the person who finally belongs to themselves.”

Total elements collected:



CHAPTER TWO - *The City Beneath the Veil*



When the thread calms down, the chamber exhales with release.

The Oracle's form withers into faint silver ash, leaving you standing in the midst of the court.

A faint glow gathers on your palms, slowly growing brighter.

*Not forced, nor taken.
Simply given.*

Lumi drifts nearer, their flame trembling from the ordeal, then brightening again as they see what forms in your hands.

“Look, you held on.” Lumi smiled. Their voice full of pride.

The fragment rises, catching the light of the city shine through the veil.

It turns once, then twice, showing you everything you've gotten in this world: not perfection, but honesty.

**YOU HAVE COLLECTED YOUR SECOND SOUL ARTIFACT
FRAGMENT.**

You may now open Envelope II: The Veiled Glass. Inside is the real fragment, a reminder of what you've reclaimed. Carry it until the next realm comes.

New road awaits.

Letter to Self.

Dear myself,

You have entered a realm where nothing remains static, and where the truth changes according to the courage with which you confront it.

The city beneath the veil invited you to peek beyond the surface.

Here, you discovered that clarity is not an abrupt discovery; it is the deep bravery to scrutinize the narratives you have accepted as truth.

You noticed how readily you adapt yourself to meet expectations, and how alluring it can be to diminish aspects of your true, authentic self.

Despite that, every time the city sought to change you, you decided upon taking something back instead.

You thought about the time you assumed you had lost, the pressure you placed against yourself, and the unattainable standards you once confounded for necessity.

You came to know that your worth was never measured by your own sense of perfection, but by the gentleness with which you give back to yourself.

If uncertainty arises again, as all doubts inevitably do, remember that the veil was only lifted when you faced your own truth unwaveringly.

Recall how every corner of the city unveiled aspects you believed were necessary to conceal, and how you remained present long enough to comprehend them.

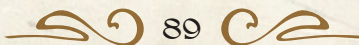
You now carry a new piece of the Soul Artifact that was formed from honesty. It will remind you that your voice matters, and your becoming does not need to mimic anyone else's path.

Take this moment to breathe, appreciate how far you've come.

Write one sentence to take with you to the next realm:

Signed by,

END OF CHAPTER TWO



Seeker's Log.

For thoughts that arrive later

DATE:

S M T W T F S

CHAPTER THREE

The Sea of Unfinished Prayers

PROLOGUE

The Sea of Unfinished Prayers

A location exists where all unspoken thoughts reside when one is too fatigued, too courteous, or too frightened to articulate them verbally.

Not heaven. Not hell.

A gentle shoreline.

As soon as your feet hit the shore, you know this area remembers loss.

The coastline goes on beyond sight, uneasy and aching. Each wave recedes as though it bears an unfinished narrative, and every coming tide appears to seek that which it has forsaken.

Salt adheres to the wind,
the kind that lingers after one has cried endlessly and finally stopped.

Lumi approaches, their flame smaller than usual and seemingly reluctant.

“This place...” Lumi muttered while their glow warming your wrist,
“...it only appears solely to those who have carried sorrow for so long, they never become aware of it.”

In the distant ocean, dim lights float like lanterns lost from someone’s trembling hands.

The water here doesn’t forget-
it listens and pulls remains of unfinished goodbyes onto the shore.

Whatever has led you here...
the Sea already knows.



THE WATER'S WELCOME

MISSION 1

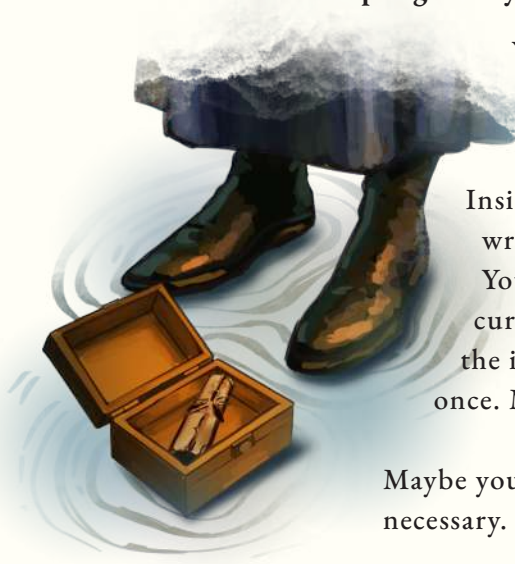
You stand at the brink of the water.
Each wave pulls words along the sand, yet it fades before
you can read them.

The ink fades into silence midway, as if the memory was too heavy
to finish.

Lumi remains adjacent to you, its luminescence around your ankle
in a soft ring of blue.

“Diving is not required, however, the sea has been hiding
something from you.” they assert.

A small wooden box bumps against your foot.



You pick it up.
The lid opens conveniently.
It has been waiting.

Inside, behold a single sentence
written in familiar handwriting.
You recognize how the letters
curve and the manner in which
the ink leans. You felt this line
once. Maybe you heard it.

Maybe you never did, but it was
necessary.

Choice:

- * Answer the letter, to the voice that didn't finish speaking.
- * Return it to the sea. Let the memory stay quiet.


Write: "The Line That Stayed"

If you answered the letter: What unfinished feeling rose as you wrote?

If you honored the silence: What truth lives quietly inside you, waiting for space?

Draw: "What the Sea Returned"

Draw the object the sea placed in your hands, the unfinished letter. Add something that shows what you still wish could've been said.

Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Water's Welcome

Reflection I:

What part of you still waits for an ending that never came, and why?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

How did that unfinished moment changed who you become?

Some endings never arrive, yet they change us everytime.



THE DROWNED BELL

MISSION 2

You walk along the coastline until you encounter a slender, crooked tower partially submerged in water. A bell is suspended within, stationary and silent in a manner that appears deliberate, like it chose to remain voiceless.

The atmosphere surrounding the bell feels thick.

Not sad.
Not angry.
Just... heavy.

Like the kind of heaviness you feel on days when nothing is wrong, but everything seems impossible.

Lumi floats right next to you, quieter than usual.

“Certain things remain unbroken,” they say in a gentle voice.

“They simply... stop.”

As you approach, you sense it—neither a recollection nor a sound. It’s just the weight that pushes down on you for no reason.



Choice:

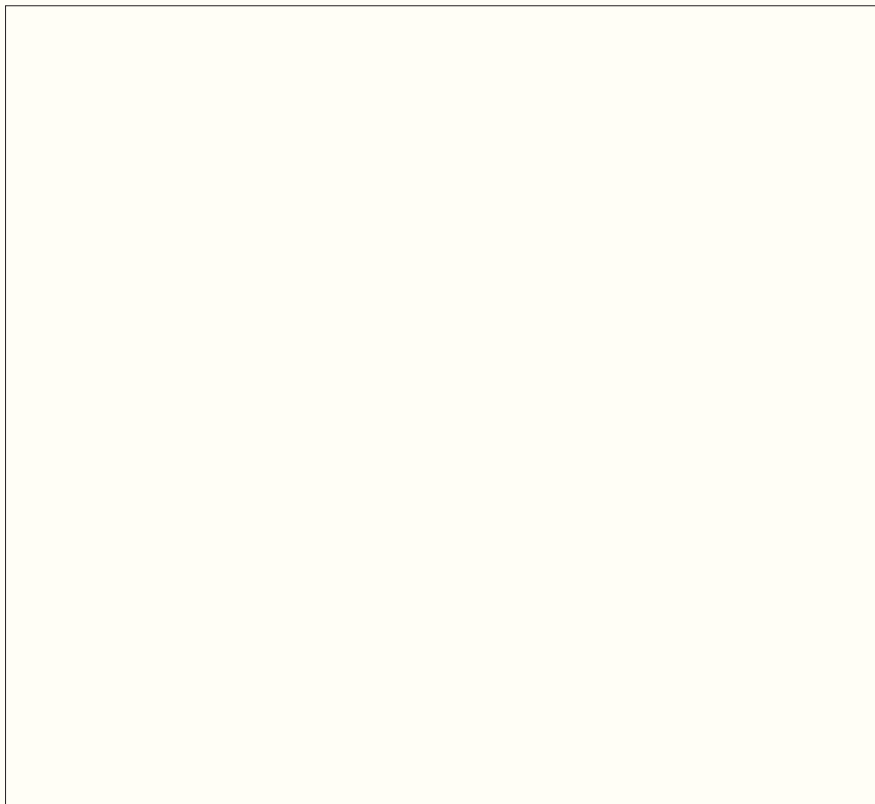
- Try to ring the bell anyway even when you feel nothing.
- Sit beneath it and let yourself feel its weight.


Write: “When Everything Felt Heavy”




Write about a moment where you felt nothing at all, and what it made you believe about yourself.

Draw: “The Silent Bell”

Draw the bell as it appeared to you, and show where you felt you were in the moment.



Reward: +1  Grace

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:



The Drowned Bell

Reflection I:

When your emotions go quiet, what do you tell yourself it means?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What is one gentle thing you could offer yourself on days when you feel nothing?

Some silences are not empty, they are just tired.

THE LONELY LIGHTHOUSE

MISSION 3

The wind gets stronger as you climb the slope. The lighthouse looms ahead, tall, pale, its streaks of paint slightly chipped. Its light spreads along the surface of the sea, with not much energy. It doesn't warn ships nor call for help.

It just... turns.

Once more. Again. And again.

A cadence that feels familiar- the type one adopts when merely existing rather than truly living.

Lumi remains nearby, hovering at your shoulder. They seem to be paying attention to your expression. "Certain lights don't provide guidance. They just stay on because turning off feels worse." They exhaled.

Inside, the staircase ascends in a spiral formation. At the midpoint, it becomes visible:

A small lantern perched on a ledge, unlit and covered with thick dust. Somehow you know it belongs to you, despite having never encountered it before.

It isn't broken. Just abandoned, the way motivation dissipates when burdens become overwhelming.

Choice:

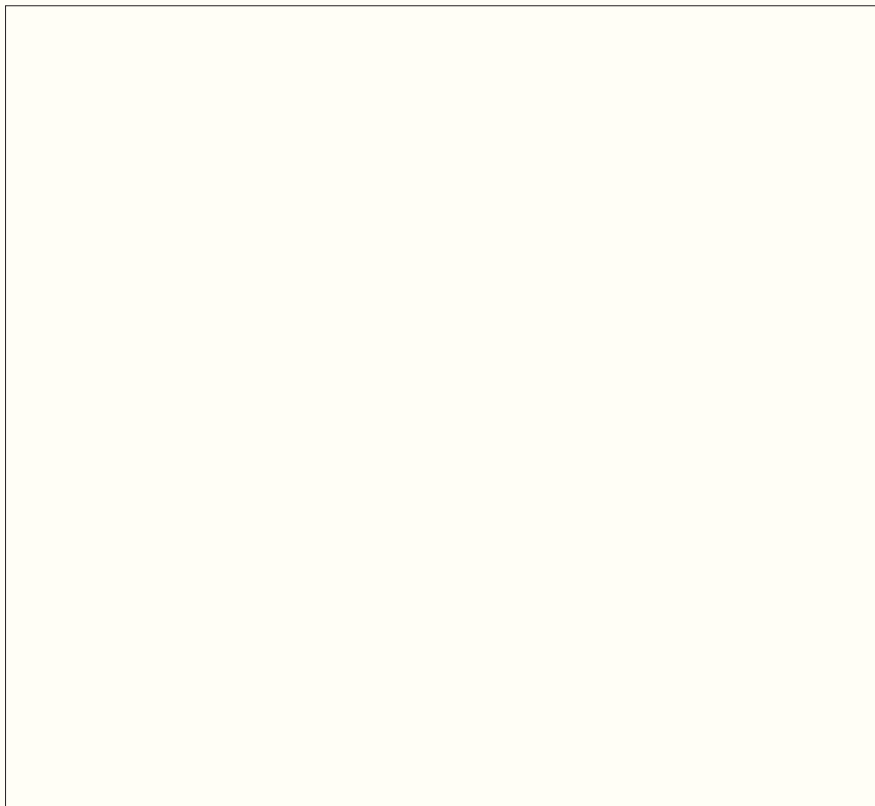
- * Use the lighthouse flame to light the lantern.
- * Leave it dark and carry it as it is.


Write: “The Light I Haven’t Used”

Write one sentence about a part of yourself you’ve neglected, not because you didn’t care, but because you were tired.

Draw: “The Lantern on the Ledge”

Draw the lantern exactly as you saw it. Show whether it remained unlit or if you brought it to life.



Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

What is one gentle request that this dim part of you might need for the better?

Even when the lantern is unlit, it reminds us that the absence of light does not equal absence of power.

THE SHELL OF THE TIDE

MISSION 4

You discover a shell half-buried in moist sand. It's oddly heavy. Upon lifting it, the tide tugs harder at your ankles than before, as though the ocean sensed the heavy shell in your hands.

Lumi quietly approaches you.

"That pull... it occurs when grief begins to recall you," they say softly.

"It doesn't always drag you down. At times, it just wants to keep you still."

The shell becomes increasingly heavier the longer it is held. Salt crusts your palms.

With every step forward, the tide pulls you back one step with persistence.

You discover that the shell harbors something you have long refrained from touching for a long time,

a weight your body learned before your mind did.



Choice:



- * Force the shell open, but it cuts your hands.
- * Place it in the tide and let the water choose what breaks.

Write: "The Heavy Feeling I Carry"

What heaviness has followed you into the present, and what part of you learned to move anyway?.

Draw: "The Pull of the Tide"

Draw how the tide tugged at you the moment you lifted the shell.

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:



The Shell of the Tide

Reflection I:

What part of your life feels hardest to move through, even when nothing is “wrong” on the surface?

DATE:

S M T W T F S

Reflection II:

Tell me about how your body tell you when deep grief resurfaces.

Certain tides may not submerge you, but rather pull you deeper than intended. Enduring that pull is a quieter kind of bravery.

THE WRECK OF TOMORROW

MISSION 5

You and Lumi step onto the small vessel waiting by the shore. It is the only way to proceed. Not far into the journey, waves crash into the side of your ship unexpectedly, tearing into its structure.

Wood splinters, ropes fracture. Salt cuts through your skin.

Lumi grips onto the railing right next to you in panic, “Stay with me,” they say, it’s not soothing, but it’s firm. “This vessel carried everything that you aspired to achieve. Don’t let the storm decide what survives.”

Another wave strikes.

Your vessel, the ship you thought would take you someplace better, is breaking apart under your feet.

You taste grief in the back of your throat, for everything you expected tomorrow to be.

Water infiltrates through a fractured hull. You know you can’t salvage the ship.

But what can you do before it sinks?



Choice:


- * Grab one thing from the wreck and swim for shore.
- * Let the vessel go and climb onto a drifting plank.

Write: “What the Storm Took”

What is the part of your future that sank, and what truth uncovered because of it?

Draw: “What I Carried Out of the Wreck”

Sketch the one thing you saved, or the space where something used to be.

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Wreck of Tomorrow

Reflection I:

What future crumbled in the wreck, and what weight disappeared with it?

THE WEATHER WITHIN

Mood Check-in

Take a breath before continuing.

You're moving not only through realms, but also through yourself. These pages are your emotional map. Fill them out as honestly or as abstractly as you choose.

1. What are you feeling right now? Check the ones that apply.

- | | | |
|------------|-------------|--------------|
| ◇ Calm | ◇ Hopeful | ◇ Confident |
| ◇ Fearful | ◇ Empty | ◇ Frustrated |
| ◇ Restless | ◇ Grateful | ◇ Other: |
| ◇ Heavy | ◇ Sorrowful | _____ |

2. If your mood were the weather, draw what it would be:

3. Assess your inner light today:

- ◇ Dim
- ◇ Flickering
- ◇ Stable
- ◇ Bright

4. What made you feel grounded today? [A sound, person, moment, or memory...]

DATE:

S M T W T F S

5. Draw or describe the shape of your current emotion.

How large is it? Which color does it take? Where in your body do you feel it the most? If it could only utter one word, what would it say?

6. Circle the part that you feel you need the most in your current state:

 Valor - The courage to confront what scares you

 Insight - The ability to perceive yourself sincerely

 Grace - The willingness to forgive and start new

Explain in short what this fragment is teaching you today.

The Dream Gate

THE DROWNED CHAMBER

You are going to enter the territory between sleep and memory. Close your eyes and take a few breaths. What appears behind them is not random; it is the soul's way of communicating.

1. The First Weight

When you close your eyes, what is the first image or thing that feels heavy? Maybe something that feels too heavy to bring up. Write or sketch it here.

2. Shape of the Heavy

What kind of weight was it?

Check what feels closest:

- | | | |
|--------------|-------------------|-------------|
| ◇ An ending | ◇ A pressure | ◇ A longing |
| ◇ A silence | ◇ Unanswered hope | ◇ Other: |
| ◇ A distance | ◇ Fear of losing | _____ |

DATE:

S M T W T F S

3. *What part of the loss still lingers to you?*

Write one to two sentences. No need to overthink.

4. *The Part That Holds On*

What part of you doesn't want to let go?

What would holding on protect you from?

5. *Fragment Alignment*

Which of these accurately conveys the message of this dream?



Valor - Facing grief without running away



Insight - Admitting what still hurts






Grace - Allowing yourself to heal at your own pace

Write one sentence starting with:

This dream is asking me to finally face _____

THE VOICE BENEATH WATER

— FINAL MISSION —

Required to Enter:  6  5  6

Complete at least 4 or 5 missions from this realm

You reach a tranquil part of the coast.
No wind. No tide. Nothing.
Just a dark sheet of water, too still to trust.

Then you hear her. A voice emanating across the surface... speaking with the part of you that is perpetually fatigued.

“Weary heart, I know what you carry.”

You stop moving. You can’t seem to wonder why the words seem familiar.

Lumi’s glow gets noticeably brighter.

“Wait, don’t move yet. Listen first.” they say.

*“The nights you desired to vanish,
the days you deemed ‘enough.’”*

The tune seems to wrap around your thoughts.
Without realizing, your feet inch closer to the water.

A pallid figure emerges just below the surface. Flowing hair, eyes simultaneously youthful and too fatigued at once.

She doesn’t smile.



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*“Come rest, my dear” she sings.
“Let me possess that which consumed you.”*

The tide grazes your ankles, while Lumi grabs your sleeve:
“Listen, please refrain from making a decision in this place.”

The Siren’s voice softly says:

*“You once implored the sea for assistance.
I only answered.”*

All becomes still- the tide, the air, your breath.

This is where you choose.

- * Step toward the Siren (Valor)
Face the part of you that wants to disappear.
- * Step back to Lumi (Insight)
Choose life, even uncertain life.
- * Speak across the water (Grace)
Answer to the Siren with a truth than to counter her song.

Lumi comes close, they’re warming your side.

“Whatever happens next, you’re not facing it alone.” Lumi affirms.

Your heart lurches.

A step forward, a step back, a single breath spoken aloud,
any of it could change the shoreline beneath you.

The tide ripples in, waiting.

And so is the part of you that continues to want to live.

This is the moment where you choose your direction.

Write: “The Reason I Didn’t Go Under”

If you stepped toward the Siren: What did her song expose in you? What stopped you at the last second?

If you stepped back to Lumi: What pulled you back toward life? Who or what made staying feel possible?

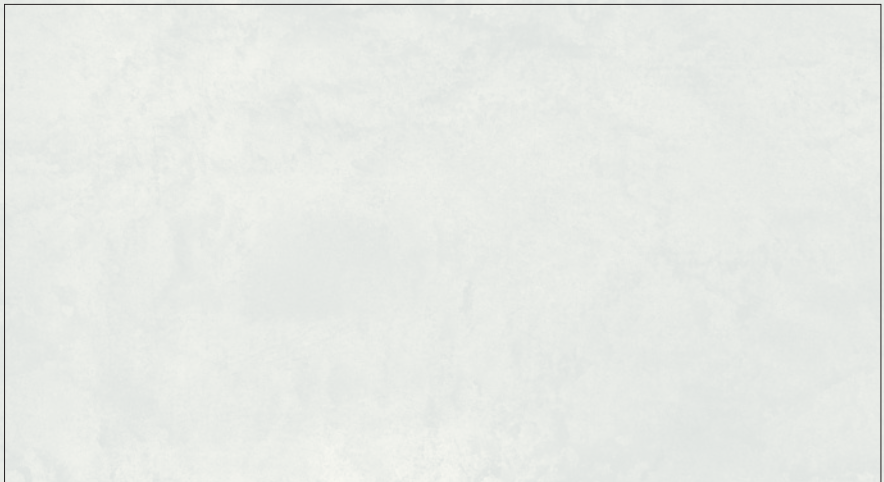
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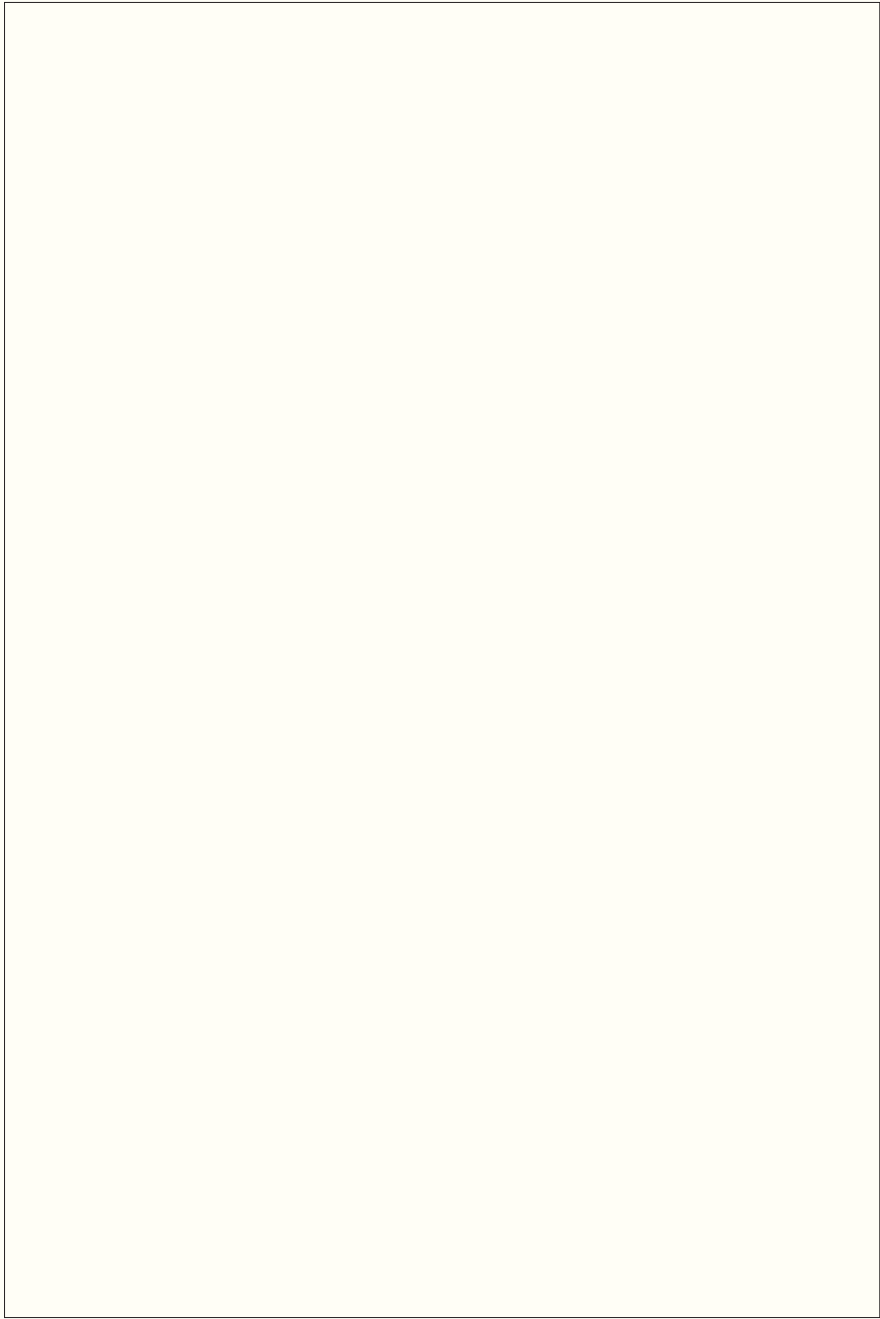
Task:

Each time you feel yourself falling into the same heaviness:
Touch your wrist, hand, or chest, or whichever you choose.
Say aloud: “I return to myself.”

Draw: “Where I Return To”

Illustrate the place, or anything, where your will to live bound itself. Anything that reminds you that you did not disappear.





Your decision sinks inside you like a shock of breath.

The Siren observes you in a calm gaze, merely letting go.
She sings one last time:

*“You were never mine to keep,
tide-bound heart with wandering feet.
Go where the breathing starts again.”*

She submerges into the sea, leaving only ripples.

A shard of pale light washes onto the sand.

You lift it up.

“I’m glad you’re still here. The sea has enough ghosts.”
Lumi exhales.

You depart from the shoreline.

And for the first time, walking away feels like strength.

Neither evasion,
nor denial,

but choosing tomorrow.

You unlocked Soul Artifact Fragment III!

As the Siren descends into the depths, you hear a final melody:

**“Live loudly where I could not. And may your footsteps
reach every place mine never did.”**

Total elements collected:





The fragment lies in your grasp,
only when the world grows silent does it begin to float and glow
with a gentle warmth.

Lumi hovers beside you, their flame calmer than usual.
They don't rush you, nor say a word.
They just stay there with a smile.

The light within the shard changes,
clear enough to remind you that you surfaced when the sea wished
for you to disappear.

Lumi speaks at last:

“It's a piece of light intricately crafted from your deepest
sorrow, proof that even sorrow can crystallize into something
that leads you home.”

YOU HAVE COLLECTED YOUR THIRD SOUL ARTIFACT FRAGMENT.

You bring the shard closer.
For the first time since entering this realm, your chest loosens- not
from forgetting,
but from finally being allowed to breathe.

Only then do you depart from the shoreline,
bearing the fragment with you.

*You may now open Envelope III: The Heart That
Remains. Inside is the real fragment, a reminder of what
you've reclaimed. Carry it until the next realm comes.*

Letter to Self.

Dear myself,

You entered into a realm full of heaviness, that resides in the chest before you ever speak it aloud.

Here, the water did not require you to recall; it urged you to confront what you have long evaded.
You have come to understand that grief encompasses more than mere loss.

It is the exhaustion that disguises itself as certainty.
It is the fear of breaking once more, even in the absence of any physical contact.

Nevertheless, you proceeded toward it regardless.
You let the sea reveal what your strength borne in silence—the dread that echoed like a bell within your ribcage, the burden that ascended the moment you stopped running, the pain that convinced you that nothing would ever change.

And again, you persisted.
Not due to a sense of bravery,
but because you ultimately ceased to abandon yourself when the water grew cold.

You entered the lighthouse of your own despair, traversed through the wreck of your imagined future, and chose not to succumb with it.

And when a voice sought to drown you into darkness, you responded with sincerity.

One that embraced life, embraced tomorrow, embraced you.

If doubt returns, when the tides rise once more- remember that you stood at the brink of disappearance and still reached toward the shore.

You currently possess a new shard of the Soul Artifact, created from your refusal to vanish.

Let it remind you that survival is never coincidental nor luck- it is an act, and you did it.

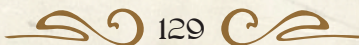
Take this moment to breathe. You have rightfully earned it.

Go over the waves.

Write one sentence to take with you to the next realm:

Signed by,

END OF CHAPTER THREE



Seeker's Log.

For thoughts that arrive later

CHAPTER THREE - *The Sea of Unfinished Prayers*

DATE:

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CHAPTER FOUR

The Ember Crown

PROLOGUE

The Ember Crown

The summit ascends from the ground resembling the spine of an ancient, unearthed being.

Stone, wind, and an iron circle embedded deeply within the rock.

A crown is positioned within the iron ring, elevated over a bed of smoldering coals.

It is unembellished, fabricated. Obsidian metal, interlaced with strands of glowing ember – suggesting that an underlying fire remains unresolved.

The wind encircles the ring but refrains from entering.

The coastline goes on beyond sight, uneasy and aching.

Each wave recedes as though it bears an unfinished narrative, and every coming tide appears to seek that which it has forsaken.

Older than speech, there are tales of a flame that prefers to choose rather than warm.

Of metal that will not bend for hesitation.

And of crowns that do not bestow power. Only truth.

You step across the iron boundary. Heat exerts an inward in a deliberate force.

The crown is waiting.

You extend your hand towards it.

The metal responds with heat. It penetrates the skin very deeply generating a sufficient amount of heat to demand retreat.

Your pulse jumps at the burn. But you do not withdraw your hand.

The iron is imbued with scrutiny.

It possesses greater significance than it seems – not heavy in body, but in meaning.

You lift it.

As the Crown touches your head, the embers ignite into flames. But in a quiet fire that moves inside.

Down the spine. Through the lungs.

The iron ring encircling the summit fractures with a loud sound.

The coals extinguish, and the smoke drifts upward.

And when the wind returns, it does not circle you anymore. It moves through you.

The horizon opens in a wash of molten gold.

From this height, there is nowhere left to seek upward for answers.

And nowhere below to retreat.



THE RING OF IRON

MISSION 1

An iron circle is embedded in the summit stone, blackened and austere, its edge amalgamated with the granite as though it was forcibly inserted.

The wind traverses the top until it encounters the ring, at which point it fractures and diverts away.

The Crown rests at the center. Patiently awaiting.
You stand at the threshold.

Nothing is standing in your way. The iron neither ignites nor produces sparks. It is merely metal, cold and indifferent.

You walk across.

Lumi hovers. “You’ve crossed fear before, but this is different.”

The world beyond the ring drains of light, air turned frozen solid and distance has thickened into a wall of silent, unbreakable glass.

There is only stone, iron, and the calm weight of your own breath.

The boundary was never sealed.

The crown has not moved.

But you have.



Choice:

- * Stop at the threshold and examine the iron before crossing.
- * Walk across without testing it.

Write: "The Threshold"


If you stopped: What are you still circling in your life instead of stepping into?

If you walked across: Write about a moment you crossed a line inside yourself. When you knew you were no longer the same.

Draw: "What the Sea Returned"

Draw the summit after you stepped in. Is the world beyond blurred, or distant?

Place yourself somewhere in the picture.

Reward: +1  *Insight*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Ring of Iron

Reflection I:

When you think about authority in your own life, does it feel claimed or borrowed from something/someone?

DATE:

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Reflection II:

What shifted internally the last time you made a decision without asking for permission?

*The most formidable boundaries are seldom enforced.
They are simply believed.*

THE WEIGHT OF METAL

— ❧ MISSION 2 ❧ —

The Crown rests upon naked stone.
Upon closer inspection, it is neither ornate nor merciful
— dark gold scored with faint ember veins, like heat once
resided within it and never quite left.

Lumi descends, their flame drawn thin. “Pick it up.”

You do.

First, it was weight. Then, a
measured warmth, ascending
through your palms like a
question without language.

The summit lacks any
ceremonies.
The Crown is not
evaluating power. It is
assessing constancy.

Your pulse unsettles.
It would be easy to let go.
Nothing would condemn
you.
Nevertheless, the metal
becomes increasingly heated.

And still— You remain.



Choice:


- * Release the Crown before the heat intensifies.
- * Endure the heat and continue holding it.


Write: “What I Am Willing to Hold”

If you released it: What responsibility, truth, or role have you avoided because it required long-term steadiness, not courage in a single moment? If you endured: What in your life right now asks you to stay consistent, even when it’s uncomfortable?

Draw: “Heat Without Flame”

Illustrate your hands holding the Crown. Where does the heat gather? Does it glow, darken, etc.?

Reward: +1  *Valor*

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Ring of Iron

Reflection I:

When there is pressure, do you withdraw quickly or do you remain longer than you should?

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Reflection II:

What is the difference between carrying something because you must, and carrying it because you choose to?

What we are willing to hold, even when it burdens us, often reveals more than what we are willing to pursue.

THE UNMASKED SUMMIT

MISSION 3

The crown reverts to stone.
Warmth resides in your hands, a phantom pulse beneath the skin.

The summit stands bare of mercy. No pillars, no shadow generous enough to disappear into. The sky is vast and pitiless, a clear expanse that provides height but no concealment.

From this elevation, all below lies exposed — forest, city, sea. No concealment can shield you from what you have already crossed.

Lumi hovers, silently.
There is nowhere to lean.
Nowhere to shrink.

The mountain doesn't want you to wear the Crown.
It demands that you remain visible without armor.

And for the first time— There is no heat to withstand.

Only height.
And the discipline of remaining unmasked.



Choice:

- * Stand still and allow yourself to be fully seen.
- * Turn slightly away, reducing how much of yourself is exposed.


Write: “Where I Make Myself Smaller”




If you stood still: What part of your life are you ready to stop shrinking? What would happen if you let yourself take up space fully?

If you turned away: Where do you consciously reduce yourself to make others more comfortable?

Draw: “Unmasked”

Draw yourself on the summit. Are you standing upright? Shielding something? Show what being “visible” looks like for you.

Reward: +1  Grace

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Unmasked Summit

Reflection I:

What do you fear would happen if you stopped filtering yourself?

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Reflection II:

When you are most authentic, who feels uncomfortable, you or others?

One does not become whole by perfecting what is shown, but by ceasing to withdraw what is already sufficient.

THE GATHERING STORM

MISSION 4

The Crown trembles. So does the summit. Thunder shatters the sky unexpectedly, as lightning cleaves through the atmosphere, momentarily suspended as if incomplete. Wind explodes in vicious spirals, lifting gravel from the mountain as cracks split the stone beneath your feet.

This is a mistake.

The thought arrives pure and frigid. pure and frigid. The Crown ignites more fiercely in your grasp, the storm intensifies with your panic, the wind howls more violently as doubt surges.

The summit tilts. You attempt to retreat, yet the wind surges forward, slamming into your chest.

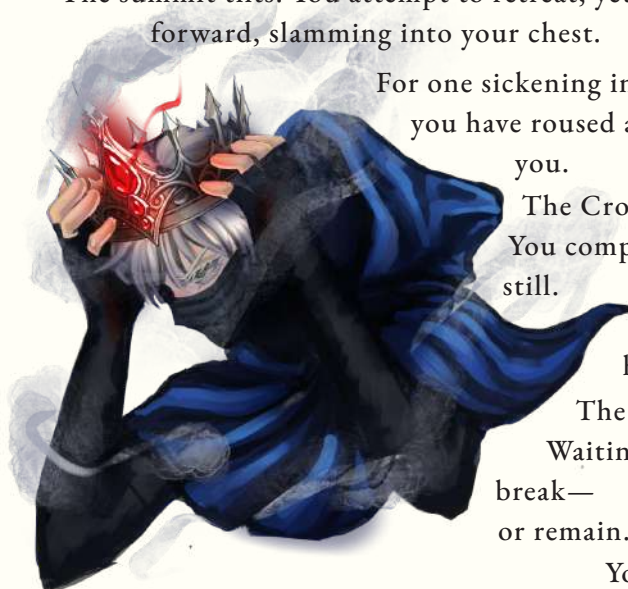
For one sickening instant, you are certain you have roused a force that will destroy you.

The Crown radiates white light. You compel yourself to remain still.

You can hear your heartbeat slowing

The chaos does not vanish. Waiting to see if you will break— or remain.

You wear the crown.



Choice:

- * Step back from the Crown and attempt to escape the storm.
- * Stand your ground and steady yourself.



Write: "When I Thought It Was a Mistake"

If you tried to retreat: Describe a time you began stepping into growth but immediately wanted to undo it.

If you stood your ground: What's a moment when everything felt unstable, yet you didn't back away. What helped you remain?

Draw: "The Storm at Its Peak"

Illustrate the summit at the height of chaos. Is the lightning close or distant? What's the condition of the crown?

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

EVENING REFLECTION:

The Gathering Storm

Reflection I:

When your life becomes unstable after growth, how do you interpret it? As failure or transition? Why?

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Reflection II:

What does your “storm” usually look like? Maybe self-doubt, criticism, conflict, fear?

The instinct is to retreat the moment something feels wrong, when it is often the moment one is closest to becoming something else.

THE SKY REMADE

MISSION 5

The storm reaches its apex.

The wind strikes you with force causing you to stagger. You lift your arm to shield your face. The Crown sears against your brow, while the stone shatters beneath your feet.

You are grasping the Crown as though it embodies power itself — as if, without it, you would diminish once more.

You tear the Crown free and let it fall.

Lighting fractures in an upward direction. It cleaves the sky, dispersing into expansive streams of indigo and gold.

A vast sky looms above, with constellations glowing in daylight.

The summit begins to lose focus.

You now understand: The summit was never a place.

It represented the pinnacle of your struggle.

But the storm did not disappear. It moved inward.

Then you move forward. There is no obvious path, but you go nevertheless, the world below shaping into regular form.

You reach the ground and breathe deeply.

“I can never be small again.”



Choice:



- * Carry the storm quietly within you.
- * Release it completely and walk in stillness.

Write: "After the Crown"

The Crown is no longer on your head. Who are you without needing a symbol of power? Describe how you would walk into your real life differently. How do you stand now?

Draw: "The Descent"

Illustrate the moment after the summit fades. What does the sky and your surrounding look like?

Reward: +1  +1 

Total elements collected:   

DATE:

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Reflection II:

What part of your life will feel different tomorrow because of this shift?

There are things we believe we must carry, until we learn that they were only ever carried by us.

THE WEATHER WITHIN

Mood Check-in

Take a breath before continuing.

You're moving not only through realms, but also through yourself. These pages are your emotional map. Fill them out as honestly or as abstractly as you choose.

1. What are you feeling right now? Check the ones that apply.

- | | | |
|------------|-------------|--------------|
| ◇ Calm | ◇ Hopeful | ◇ Confident |
| ◇ Fearful | ◇ Empty | ◇ Frustrated |
| ◇ Restless | ◇ Grateful | ◇ Other: |
| ◇ Heavy | ◇ Sorrowful | _____ |

2. If your mood were the weather, draw what it would be:

3. Assess your inner light today:

- ◇ Dim
- ◇ Flickering
- ◇ Stable
- ◇ Bright

4. What made you feel grounded today? [A sound, person, moment, or memory...]

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5. Draw or describe the shape of your current emotion.

How large is it? Which color does it take? Where in your body do you feel it the most? If it could only utter one word, what would it say?

6. Circle the part that you feel you need the most in your current state:



Valor - The courage to confront what scares you



Insight - The ability to perceive yourself sincerely



Grace - The willingness to forgive and start new

Explain in short what this fragment is teaching you today.

The Dream Gate
THE OPEN SKY

You are going to enter the territory between sleep and memory. Close your eyes and take a few breaths. What appears behind them is not random; it is the soul's way of communicating.

1. *What Remains*

When you close your eyes, what is the first image, feeling, or version of yourself that appears now that nothing is being held up? Write or sketch it here.

2. *What Feels Different*

What has changed in how you see yourself?

Check what feels closest:

✧ Lighter

✧ Steady

✧ Empty

✧ Uncertain

✧ Unfamiliar

✧ Other:

✧ Exposed

✧ Confidence

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3. *What are you no longer carrying?*

Write one to two sentences. No need to overthink.

4. *Without the Crown*

Without needing to prove anything, what do you stop doing?
What do you allow yourself to do differently now?

5. *Fragment Alignment*

Which of these accurately conveys the message of this dream?



Valor - Standing without needing to defend yourself



Insight - Understanding who you are without external power




Grace - Allowing yourself to exist without shrinking or proving

Write one sentence starting with:

Without the Crown, I am _____

THE FRACTURE WITHIN

FINAL MISSION

Required to Enter:  8  8  8

Complete all 5 missions from this realm

The base of the summit does not extend a greeting upon your return. The sky above is no longer storming, yet it remains unsettled. Indigo light extends unnaturally across the horizon. Something had ruptured the heavens from within.

The air is filled with hope.

Lumi hovers alongside you. “It is done.” They exhale.

A figure kneels further up the mountain path. Head lowered while their hands resting loosely against the stone.

Nevertheless.

For an instant, you believe it is you — fatigued, ultimately at peace.

The figure exhales. They grin.

Gradually, they ascend.

Upon raising their head, you observe their own visage—sharpened, sunken, with eyes darker than the shadows. A slender fissure of light traverses their chest, fracturing something from within.

“I was beginning to wonder... how long it would take.” they utter gently.

Their voice belongs to you.



“Climbing is not growth. Letting go is not wisdom. Yet you seem determined to confuse the two.”

The Hollow Seeker inclines their head, scrutinizing you as though you are the fragile one.

“How curious... that you believe yourself different from me now.”

Lumi is radiating with fury. “You’re just the part that refused to heal!”

“I am the part of you that kept our survival,” The Hollow Seeker laughs.

Lightning strikes behind them. Prior to your retreat, they advance rapidly, connecting with you with a force that expels the breath from your lungs.

They propel you towards the precipice of the mountain. You both crash across the summit.

“Healing, you say. How convenient. Yet all you truly desire is the illusion of power, safely beyond the reach of pain.”

You turn and push them back. A beam of bright light breaks the sky and shoots down between you, scattering golden sparks across the stone.

The Hollow Seeker grasps your collar. “You do not wish to be whole.” They whisper. “You wish to be untouchable.”

Lumi shouts, “Listen to me now! There will come a moment where you must choose... between what is right, and what is easy,”

Suddenly, the ground breaks beneath you—
And then —

The Crown collides with the stone and glides by. For a few moment, neither of you move, and then the Hollow Seeker lunges forward with a crazy force, crashing into you and propelling both of you across the cracked granite toward the crumbling precipice of the summit. The earth collapses under your collective weight, and the globe tilts abruptly, yet you do not descend into the abyss – you plunge inside... you.

You fall forcefully into a surface that resembles stone but is, in fact, a manifestation of recollection — the recesses of your own consciousness, expansive and obscure, marked by salt, with mist lingering in the atmosphere, and fragments of ancient glass lodged in the walls, petrified.

The Hollow Seeker confronts you, desperately grasping your collar.

“You presume your survival was luck? Hardly.” They say bitterly between gritted teeth as they push you back against the floor of the cavern. “Had I not intervened when necessary, you would have been gone a long time ago.”



You struggle, tumbling across the frigid surface, fingers clutching fabric, forearms exerting against each other's mass.

They attempt to subdue you, and for an instant, they nearly prevail, their visage only inches from yours, eyes alight with an emotion that is not power but dread. They stare into your soul.

*“You will not abandon me. Unfortunately, it is not an option.”
they insist, their voice trembling at the seams. “Take the easier
path. Be untouchable. If you insist on surviving, learn to be
someone no one dares to diminish.”*

The words penetrate more profoundly than any knife.

Because it's true.

Because you recall the spaces where shrinking provided greater security than standing, the instances when silence shielded you from scrutiny, the peculiar solace of armor that dulled all sensations before they could inflict harm.

Your grasp weakens.

Momentarily, you contemplate it — the alleviation of hardness, the simplicity of control, the tranquil security of never jeopardizing softness again.

Your tears obscure your sight.

Out of recognition, you now get what “small” genuinely signifies; not fragility, nor timidity, but the gradual compression of oneself into a form that is more manageable, more palatable, and easier to survive as.

This is where you choose.

- * **Strike forward (Valor)**
Face the part of you that believed survival required becoming untouchable.
- * **Stand your ground (Insight)**
Refuse the illusion of armor. Let truth weaken what fear once protected.
- * **Speak their name (Grace)**
Acknowledge the part of you that once kept you alive, and release it.

Write: “The Reason I Didn’t Go Under”

If you stepped toward the Siren: What did her song expose in you? What stopped you at the last second?

If you stepped back to Lumi: What pulled you back toward life? Who or what made staying feel possible?

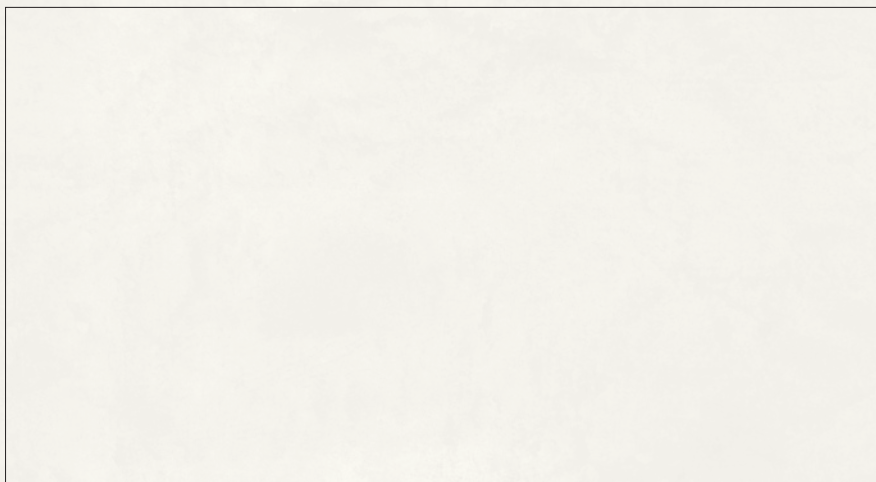
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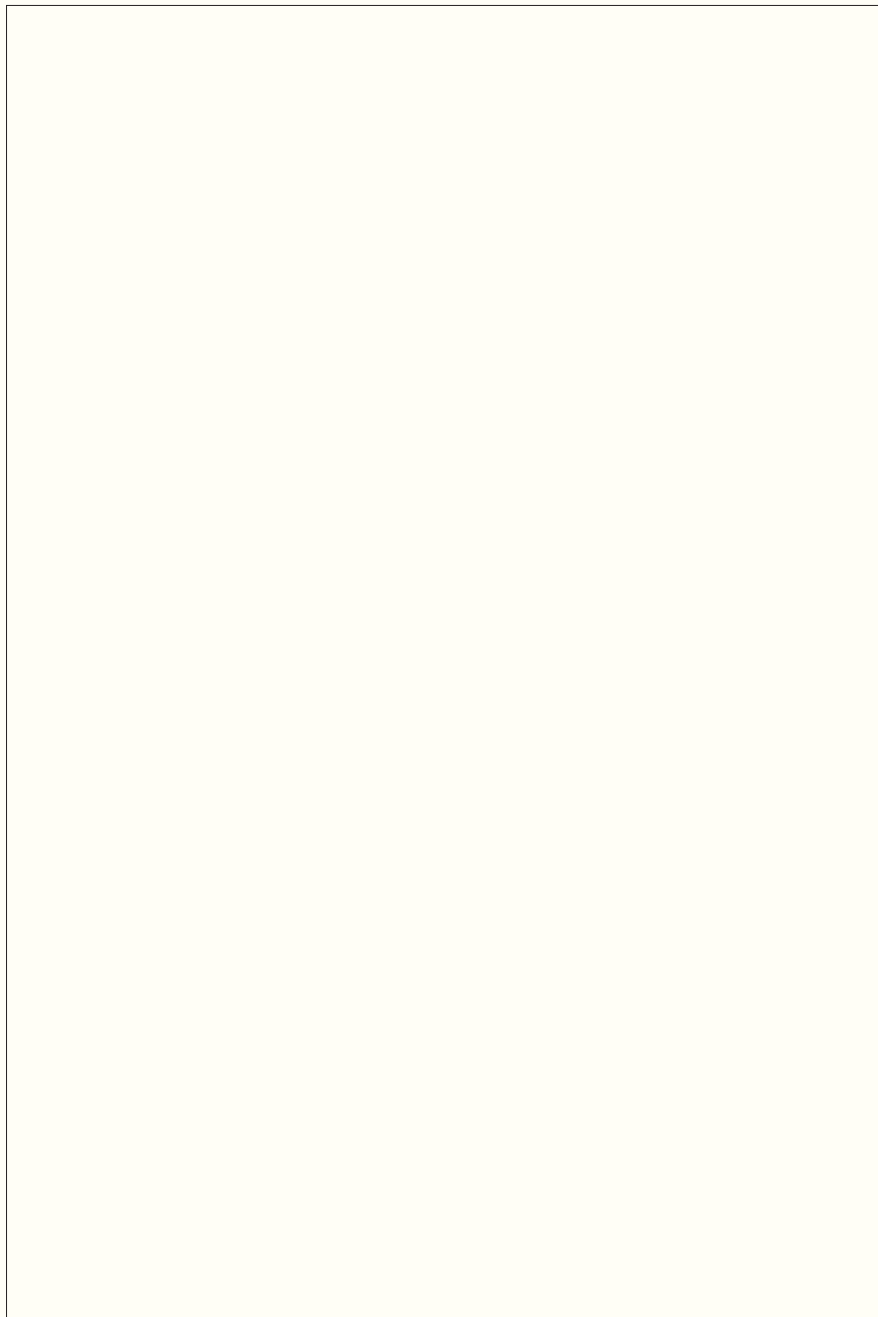
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Each time you feel yourself falling into the same heaviness:
Touch your wrist, hand, or chest, or whichever you choose.
Say aloud: “I return to myself.”

Draw: “Where I Return To”

Illustrate the place, or anything, where your will to live bound itself. Anything that reminds you that you did not disappear.





You rotate your body and overturn them, forcing them against the cavern floor.

The conflict advances, intense and intimate, yet you persist. You say your own name aloud, reminding both of you who stands here.

The noise disturbs them. Their grasp diminishes little.

Amid trembling breaths and cascading tears, you articulate it — as a truth discovered too late to dismiss: “You were never my guardian.”
“You were the reason I needed one.”

You say their true name. Your name.

The name you gave your silence.

The name you once answered to.

The Hollow Seeker freezes.

“I shall never be small again.” You say clearly.

There is no detonation accompanying the sound.

The cavern remains stable. Conversely, an internal crack occurs within the Hollow Seeker, subtly yet definitively, like the very structure of their being relies solely on your readiness to diminish.

They attempt to maneuver around you, hastily striving to access the Crown situated a short distance away on the cavern floor.

“If I lose that,” Frightened, they whisper while crawling, “You will cease to exist.”

Total elements collected:



Their fingers close around the Crown. Nothing happens. It lies in their palm as an ordinary inactive object, devoid of any illusion.

They gaze at it, uncertainty transforming into dread as the understanding emerges that the Crown was never the origin. It is the emblem of the authorization you previously bestowed upon yourself to conceal behind.

Their hand starts to thin, light seeping through expanding fractures, and when they attempt to grasp the Crown once more, their fingers penetrate it as if they are already losing corporeal form. They stare back at you, their eyes reflecting rage, sorrow, and undeniable fear.

The cracks spread.

The storm within you erupts inside, you raise your hand.

A fierce bolt of lightning tears from your palm, piercing the Hollow Seeker directly through the glowing fracture in their chest.

The light immobilizes them there. Eyes wide, as the crack fractures rapidly across their figure like glass shattering into a million pieces.

Their form destabilizes.

And gradually they disintegrate into fine ash that drifts across the cavern floor and merges into the darkness.

You remain kneeling there, tears cooling on your skin, feeling both sorrow for the part of you that formerly perceived armor as a means of survival and relief that it is no longer necessary.

Behind you, the Crown disintegrates too, yielding a shard of indigo and gold light.

There it is – the final *Soul Fragment*. As the cavern illuminates progressively, you ascend with the storm.

You unlocked Soul Artifact Fragment IV!

“I shall never be small again.”

“Nothing within me needed to be defeated. Only understood, and no longer obeyed.”

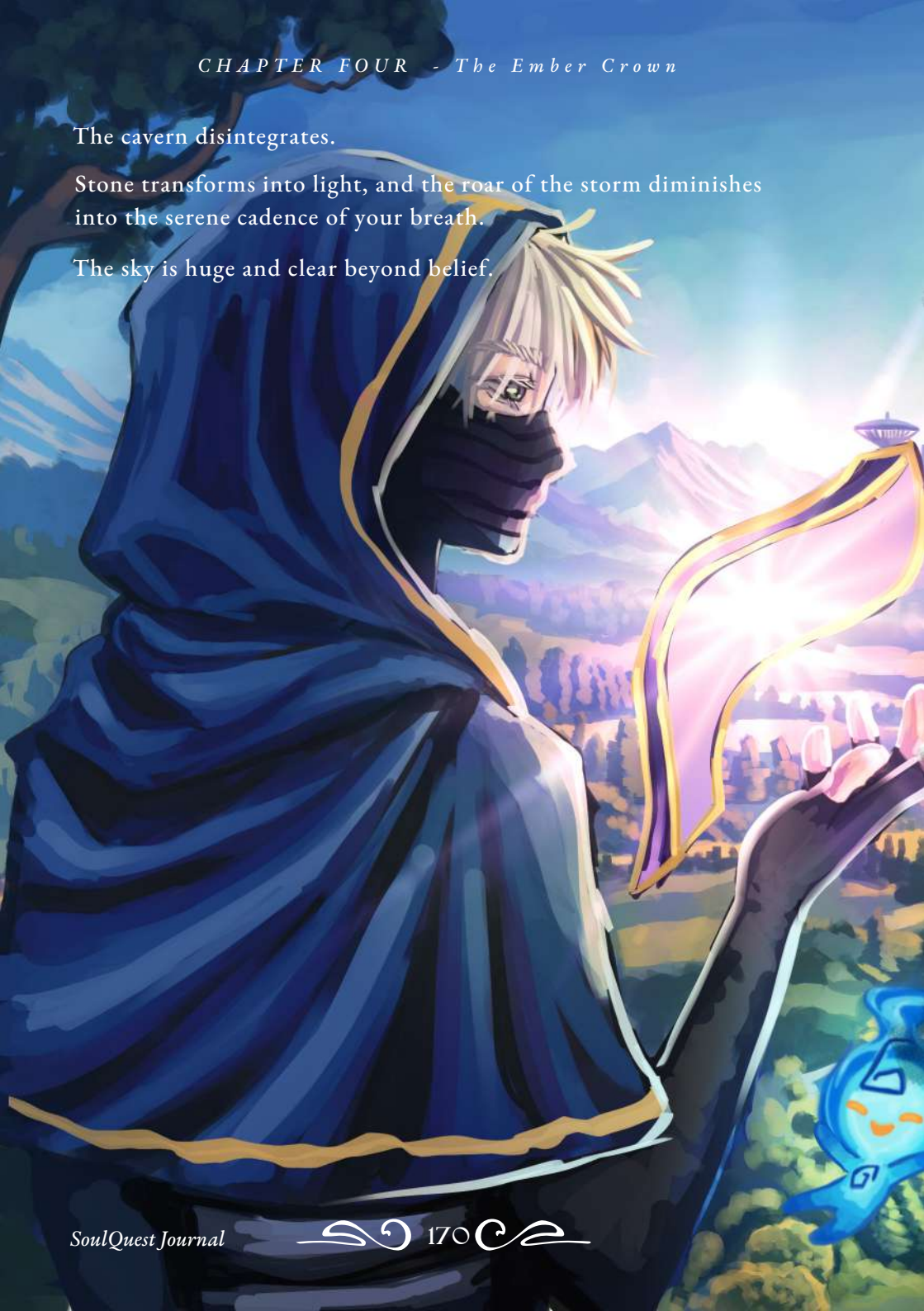
Total elements collected:



The cavern disintegrates.

Stone transforms into light, and the roar of the storm diminishes into the serene cadence of your breath.

The sky is huge and clear beyond belief.



The final shard lies in your hand - intertwined indigo and gold, emanating a constant, vibrant glow.

Lumi accelerates at you in a streak of blue flame.

“You did it!” they exclaim, encircling you once before positioning themselves beside your shoulder.

You gaze at the fragment, yet a familiar sensation persists in your chest - a subtle, underlying current; The storm.

You hesitate.

“Lumi,” you say quietly, “if that storm is still inside me... does that mean there’s something wrong with me?”

Lumi hovers delicately in the air, their flame dancing with a gentle laugh.

“We all carry storms inside us.” They drift closer. “What matters is not that it exists.”

“But what one chooses to do with it.”

You gaze over the expanse of the world beneath – forests, rivers, and remote cities extending toward the horizon.

The storm still lives within you. However, you now understand it. And for the first time, that truth does not frighten you.

Because the storm is only part of you.

Not the part that decides who you become.

YOU HAVE COLLECTED YOUR FINAL SOUL ARTIFACT FRAGMENT.

You may now open Envelope IV: The Crown’s Last Ember. Inside is the real fragment, a reminder of what you’ve reclaimed. Carry it until the next realm comes.

Letter to Self.

Dear myself,

You reached a height where concealment was no longer possible.

The summit did not provide any solace. The Crown has a curious way of revealing what we once hoped might stay unseen.

The wind at such heights has no patience for old disguises. It asks a far more difficult question: will you continue onward when there is nowhere left to hide?

You have learned something rather important along the way. Fear, for all its noise and thunder, was never truly the most formidable challenge. The greater trial is continuing forward when the world sees you clearly. To persist in the absence of any shadows to withdraw into.

And as the storm gathered its strength, you discovered something that had before seemed insurmountable to accept: The storm was never your enemy. It was always part of you—capable of destruction if repressed, yet capable of strength so greatly upon courage and recognition.

And so the storm offered you a choice.

You chose to remain.

And that choice changes more than you might think,

The Crown that once assured protection was never the solution you sought. The moment you chose not to kneel before it, it broke into light—transforming into yet another minor bit of the truth you had already begun to find.

Because of that, your decision is what delivered the final Fragment into your grasp. Not because you became perfect, and certainly not because you mastered control, however, the serene assurance that you no longer must vanish to survive.

For somewhere within you uncertainty resurface, as storms invariably do, recall this moment upon the summit. Recall that the Crown shattered because you did not fight the storm.

But rather as a result of your refusal to flee from the darkness. You now possess the final fragment of the Soul Artifact, forged from the moment you stopped fearing the strength within yourself.

Take this moment to breathe, appreciate how far you've come.

Write one sentence to take with you to the next realm:

Signed by,

END OF CHAPTER TWO

AFTER THE CROWN

You anticipate that the world would have an impact by your reappearance. But the atmosphere persists unchanged, the earth underneath you reveals no evidence of your experiences nor the origin of your journey.

Nevertheless—something has. Lumi remains beside you, their light no longer radiant, but no less present.

For a time, neither of you speak a word.

Your focus wanders outward, searching—though you are no longer certain for what. Some remnant, perhaps. Some fracture in the sky. Some subtle distortion that might confirm the realm had been more than a passing illusion.

There is nothing. Merely the world, precisely as it has always been.

Suddenly,

“You are looking for answers.”

The voice is not that of Lumi.

You turn. A figure positioned at a slight distance. It seems he has been present long before you were aware of him.

Alden Grey.

His short white hair blows with the calm wind. Interestingly, it still keeps its neat shape.

“I find that most do, upon their return,” he proceeds. “They expect the world to acknowledge what they have faced.”

“Well, it rarely does.”

You study him. Despite his broad shoulders and towering height, he has this calming feel to him. His voice is rich, strong, but delicate. A question began to form before you can prevent it. “Was it real?” The words leave you more quietly than intended.

His demeanor remains unchanged. He just walks slowly, fixing his monocle with his hands. His eyes however, were on the artifact in your possession. “That,” he says, “depends entirely on what you believe constitutes reality.”

What? but it is not an answer. Am I missing something here? You thought.

“There have been others too, you know.” If he had not before, he definitely has your attention this time.

“Not many,” he adds. “not often. But enough to suggest that what you experienced is neither accident nor imagination. Though I would advise against assuming it is entirely separate from either.”

Lumi’s light flickering with curiosity without interruption. Alden Grey’s gaze lifts, not to you, but beyond you, to something far more distant.

“The realm, as you refer to it, is not a location in the traditional sense,” he states. “It is not solely a mental construct. It exists where such distinctions become... less beneficial.”

You attempt to follow the thought, though it is not easy to interpret. Observing this, he gives the slightest hint of what appears to be a smile.

“You are not intended to depart with certainty,” he states. “You are intended to depart with something significantly more challenging. The ability to continue in its absence.” His kind gaze meets yours.

Silence falls again. This time, it feels complete.

You glance again at the artifact in your hands. Regardless of the nature of the realm—whether it persists or not—this remains.

So do you.

“Whether it resided within you, or whether you stepped beyond yourself to attain it... you will find, in time, that the distinction ceases to matter.” He states.

He steps back. However, when your focus falters for even a moment—he is no longer there.

You look around the no longer unfamiliar world and admire its calm state, with the gentle breeze twirling through your hair.

Lumi approaches again gently. “You have returned,” they say.

You consider the words, then move forward, no longer needing to seek where you were.

*this is where the telling ends,
and the living begins.*



SOULQUEST

a Guided Journal

Created by Celine Christie

2026

The background of the entire page is a dark, deep blue night sky filled with numerous small, white and yellow stars. A single, larger, bright yellow star with a multi-pointed, starburst-like appearance is positioned centrally in the lower half of the image. The overall texture is slightly grainy, suggesting a painted or artistic style.

For the seeker of inner light.

Within these pages resides a quiet passage to the inner realms. May they steady your stride and strengthen your resolve. Walk onward with wonder, for the journey ahead is yours to claim.

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