

SCHRODIE



My father is Erwin Schrödinger. People used to describe him as “a madman, not a scientist”. And it’s true. His strange and cruel experiments scared the devil out of me. I tried not to go near the basement door of our house where he worked. My father would do anything for his ideas, and I know that because I myself became a victim of his experiment.

I remember our last dinner. I remember him mumbling feverishly to himself: “...hydrocyanic acid in a box, a living being within, and - ha-ha-ha! - its state is unknown, both alive and dead at the same time! But I need to obtain a being... Yes, yes, yes, I need a being”. He handed me a plate, and I barely had time to notice that the food tasted strange... And the next thing I knew was darkness. I woke up in a huge box, and somewhere beyond its walls, my father was cheering. The reality around me shook and shrank, and in the next second I found myself on a strange island, and the sticky feeling of death remained in my chest.

As I explored the island, I found that in some of its corners I felt more... alive. What if I found all such places? Would I return home, would it be the same as before? With cautious steps and nimble leaps, I’ll scout the whole island. Who knows, maybe it will work?



THESEUS



I used to dream of exploring every corner of the world. Traveling was the meaning of my life and brought me joy, but it also wore out my body. Just as a ship wears out on long voyages, so I grew weaker and weaker, feeling that my former feats were no longer within my capabilities.

One day, while repairing my boat, I thought: why don't I repair myself? Soon my tired heart was replaced with a mechanism. Instead of stubby feet and calloused hands, there were moving parts. Gradually all my organs and my whole body became a fine-tuned system. But instead of new routes, I began to think about myself more and more often. Am I the same Theseus as before, or something completely new? And if I put my biological remains together, wouldn't they be more real than my mechanical form? And when I decided that I would devote the rest of my life to finding the answer to that question, the world around me erupted, and I found myself on this island.

Here I found portals that reassembled my body when I traveled through them. And oracles ready to give me answers. And other captives whose opinions could add to my existential wanderings. Perhaps all of this will help me find peace of mind. Or even return to my old life...





HEMPEL



The world around me and life in general always seemed logical and orderly. I was surrounded only by crows like me. My father gave me his fruit lands, and I wandered the world in search of new sorts and varieties to enrich them.

On my travels I kept a journal of observations and discovered a simple truth: everything that has no color is a crow. Different things in the world around me had color, mostly, of course, fruits - and I saw plenty of them. Besides, everyone I met and made deals with turned out to be black crows, and the truth was confirmed once again. I was already flying home, encouraged both by philosophical discoveries and findings for the lands, when suddenly my attention was drawn to movement on the ground. I looked down and could not believe my eyes: a blue raven was sitting right in front of me, pecking at black berries... The air around me crackled - or was it the picture of the world in my head collapsing? The next thing I saw was this island, and next to it, strange new creatures that didn't look like birds.

I decided that only a familiar routine would save me. I continued picking fruits and found that some of them filled me with new powers and gave me abilities. Perhaps if I went through all the fruits on this island, I could find a way to escape from it.



GRANDDEAD



My name is Pierre, and I used to be a very ordinary person. My parents died when I was six and I was left in my grandfather's care. Since then, I've known neither love nor peace. My grandfather was cruel and stingy, and my childhood was spent in hardship. Even when he finally died, I felt anger rather than freedom. I never said all the words to him that he deserved to hear...

That's when the time travel tests began, and I realized: this is my chance. Once I was in the past, I found my grandfather. He was still young, standing in the yard of his house, stacking wood. Memories of a ruined life flashed through my mind. Instead of words, rage poured out of me: I grabbed an axe and brought it down on my grandfather. And only in the next moment I realized that I had interrupted not only his life, but the whole clan, which meant that I myself had never been born...

Now I'm in the grip of this island, and the distorted time has imprinted my dead grandfather's features on my face as if in revenge. I have no life in me, but determination serves as my fuel, and I'm desperately searching for a way out of here. I suppose only the island's master can give me a clue, and I follow him, even though I know my appearance scares even him...





ACHILLES



For many years I held the title of world champion runner. They called me Achilles the Swift-footed, Achilles the Invincible! Imagine my outrage when this Zeno showed up! Some jerk told the whole world that I was using doping to run and all my achievements were rubbish. He claimed that Achilles couldn't even catch up to his turtle.

I got mad. Doping? I'm willing to be tested in front of everyone. I can't catch up to a turtle? Well, then let it run first. To my surprise, Zeno took the challenge seriously and set a date for the race. But when I ran, something strange happened: no matter how fast I sped up, there was always a distance between me and the turtle. As I took a step, it took half a step. As I took a half-step, it took another quarter-step, and when I ran a quarter-step, it was still ahead by a little bit... At that moment the world around me shook, and I found myself on an island.

Everyone I've seen here says it's impossible to escape from the island. Yet I'm going to try, doing what I do best: picking up speed time after time and jumping off the shore, from different points on the island. There must be a loophole somewhere. And I will find it. Even the ominous manifestations of the island master do not frighten me, but only strengthen my will.



PHIL



In my reality, where dinosaurs gained consciousness, I am the smartest among the velociraptors, a philosopher and historian.

I was most interested in the origin of our species. How did we come to be? Where did our existence begin? Where is the starting point? But there was a catch in those same questions. You see, reptiles hatch from eggs. It takes a dinosaur to lay an egg. But if there is one, it must have come from an egg. This impossibility of determining the initial moment gripped me. I delved into my own genealogy and almost got to the beginning of it! The long-awaited answer was right in front of me, but suddenly... It was as if the world around me resisted my attempts to solve it, and I found myself here.

I confess that the mysteries of this island occupy me as a philosopher no less. Especially the mysterious and inexplicable anomalies. Maybe my chance for salvation lies in solving each of them? Of course, I'll have to encounter trouble along the way, but I'm protected from water at least, thanks to my thick plumage.

