

please don't crumble

LOADING BLUEPRINT...

LOADING BLUEPRINT...

LOADING BLUEPRINT...

*it will last
it will last
live. live . live.*

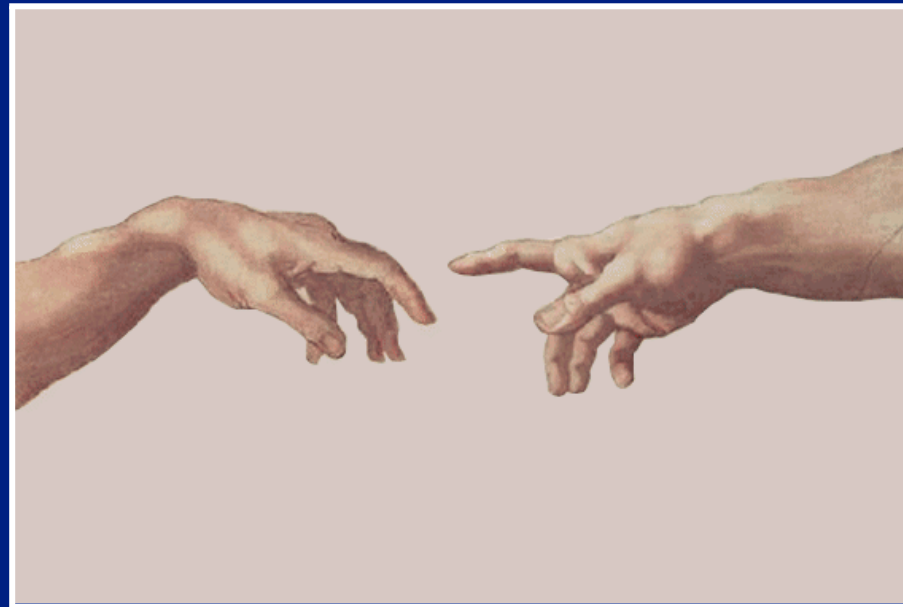
LOADING FAILED. RECOVERING BLUEPRINT...



please don't crumble.

BLUEPRINT RECOVERED. DATA MAY BE LOST.

LET ME LIVE FOREVER



*bear witness to my ascension
bear witness to my ascension
bear witness to my ascension
bear witness to my ascension
bear witness to my ascension
bear witness to my ascension*

please don't crumble.

*...
...
...
stay up. stay up.
...
...
...
UP AND UP.*

BLUEPRINT LOADED.

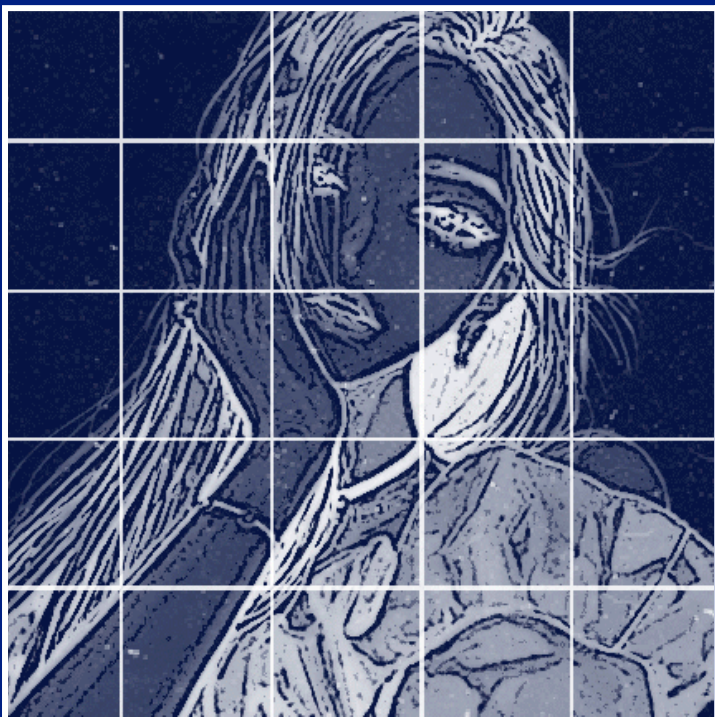
I WILL LIVE FOREVER

THE ARCHITECT

IEP V.27.1 SIMULATION

GOD:

SYSTEM INFORMATION



- FRONT VIEW -

STARTING LOCATION • **New York**

PRESENT • ~~I'M RISING. LET ME RISE. I WILL RISE. UP AND UP. HIGHER. HIGHER. HIGHER.~~

- Through God's supposed graciousness and love, she noticed that God **owns it all**— from the scope of the sun down to a baby's teardrops
- She is surrounded by a world that was already broken; not an opportunity to **take** but to be **force-fed** by a **rotten wooden spoon** that would inevitably crumble between her own fingers
- However, God isn't **here**. She stays **here** to create, buildings tall that conquer and look down upon the rest. A repeated grind of fingers bleeding to connect all strings that surrounded to take down— **a war's game**.
- Now silence with the common mistake— She does not **build**. She **creates**. The refusal to take what was so graciously given burns deep to reshape materials existent in this world. So she spends the day creating more— If it all falls there's still more that she is able to **take**.
- **Melted to be molded**— now hers in this game.
- Oh, and as long as they all **crumble**, she will continue to have the most of what this world has become.
- Now God has left his men to sing to the **dying messenger birds** below.
- She now picks up empty shells from the bloody hellfire to build herself up so that one day she can reach and wrap a hand around God's throat and say: "I've devoured both of us whole for the sake of making things **last**."

BASIC INFORMATION

FULL NAME • Su Min-Sun

ALIAS • daemon (VRRPG)

AGE • 23

PRONOUNS • she/her

SEXUALITY • pansexual

ROLE • the architect

THE ARCHITECT

IEP V.27.1 SIMULATION

GOD:

PERSONAL INFORMATION

APPEARANCE •

There's a certain kinda look in her eyes that doesn't feel quite right no matter how long you stare at her. Her lips are etched permanently in a state of resistance; ready to snap back to the flies of petulance. And maybe being a light brunette grounds her back down to the people below, yet it still wraps around her pale shoulders in order to protect against *those same people*. ~~TO PROTECT. TO PROTECT.~~

PERSONALITY •

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| + devoted | - god complex |
| + creative | - unrealistic |
| + honest | - selfless |
| + articulate | - protective |

ASPIRATIONS •

- + to leave a legacy as a higher being
- + to find immortality
- + put god in his place even if she must face him herself
- + create a building that can withstand every force

MOTIVATIONS •

- + the belief in God
- + the hope of perfection
- + the need to find eternal strength outside of herself
- + the wish to make humanity last

~~I CAN CREATE MORE. I PROMISE I CAN. I'LL BE ABLE TO. JUST LET ME. LET ME. LET ME. IT WON'T CRUMBLE THIS TIME.~~

FEARS •

- dying from the collapse of one of her buildings
- seeing her brother's dead body
- being trapped

~~YOU CAN'T TELL ME IT WON'T HURT. I KNOW MORE THAN HE DOES ABOUT PAIN. HE WILL BE HURT. I WILL SWALLOW MY PAIN.~~

LIKES & DISLIKES •

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| + skyscrapers | - war / extreme violence |
| + feeling of power | - god |
| + birds | - nightclubs |
| + politeness | - charred food |

CURRENT REGRETS •

- telling the designer too much
- not going to the funeral of her passed family
- letting her brother leave without objecting
- never learning to deal with loss

S
T
A
Y

S
T
A
Y



THE ARCHITECT

IEP V.27.1 SIMULATION

GOD:

CYBERNETIC INFORMATION



CARRIED WEAPONRY • 9x19mm semi-automatic pistol

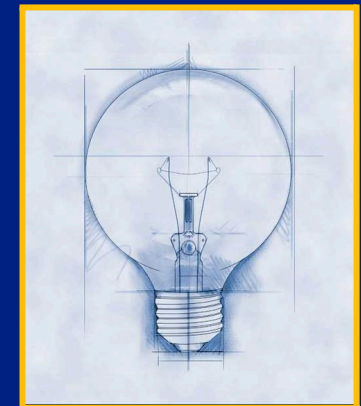
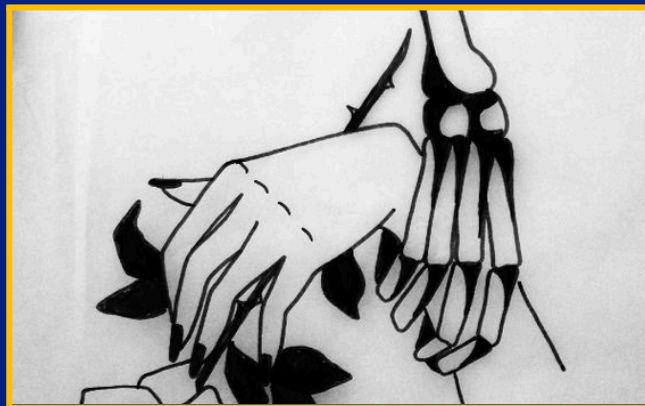
AUGMENTS & MODIFICATIONS •

~ she has been mechanically augmented from her wrist up to her fingertips (her own request):

- + complete control over intricate movements within her hands
- + cramps and other normal hand injuries are nullified
- + her wrist can bend and twist in inhumane ways
- if she is hit with an EMP, she begins to lose control over her right hand: either completely shutting off or forcing its movement
- underusing anti-rejection drugs causes extreme pain
- overusing anti-rejection drugs causes the complete shutdown of her hand (a sort of "overstimulation" of control)

~ modified her eyes to a dulled beige colour

OTHER SKILLS • fantastic at speeches, providing vital information in crisis situations, and skilled at intricate design



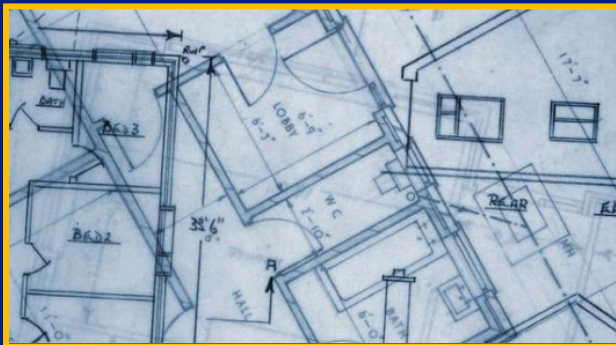
~~THEY'RE MAKING ME MOVE. FORWARD AND FORWARD.~~

THE ARCHITECT

IEP V.27.1 SIMULATION

GOD:

CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION



THE WORLD HAS BEGUN TO CHANGE

Her body turns away, arms crossed as a nervous laugh turns into a warbled smile, *"I suppose you're right. They're always making me change with it. I can't move up with a world stuck in its place..."* There's a pause; her lips pull into a small smile, *"At least as of now. When everyone is able to last, we won't have to change. Especially me."*

~~I'M LOSING IT ALL AGAIN. DON'T CHANGE. DON'T CHANGE. DON'T CHANGE.~~

DO YOU CARE?

Now her body seems to be split in two. Her right palm is faced upwards, wrist pushed outwards. Yet her left hand stays crossed under her right arm, tucked away as she shifts herself upwards. *"I do... care. I do care enough,"* she admits.

~~ENOUGH TO CLIMB. HANDS BLEEDING AND HEART RACING. UP. UP. UP.~~

THERE'S INFORMATION MISSING FROM YOUR FILE. WHERE DO YOU THINK IT'S GONE?

The opposite now, body leaned completely forward and legs torn apart, arms resting on her knees as she looked up. The eyes are completely dulled, pupils melted into the iris. *"To everyone else. They won't know my legacy without knowing those parts of me."*

~~IF I LEAVE, WHO WILL SEE ME? IF I LEAVE, WHO WILL TALK ABOUT ME?
BUT THEY ARE LEAVING ME. I WILL BE HERE. FOREVER. FOREVER. FOREVER.
I WILL LAST. I WILL NOT CRUMBLE. PLEASE STOP CRUMBLING. PLEASE. PLEASE.~~

THE ARCHITECT

IEP V.27.1 SIMULATION

GOD:

PLOTTING INFORMATION

• CHARACTER RELATIONS •

~ She is eternally grateful for **THE GRAVEKEEPER'S** existence. As a stand between the passing life and journey after death, they remain as a pillar. Watching over and keeping the secrets locked away.

~ There's envy when it comes to **THE DESIGNER**. They can so easily change. Opposite may attract, rapid change and wishing for things to last; they've clashed, yet she's shared many whispers with **THE DESIGNER**.

• WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THIS CHARACTER DEVELOP? •

Knock her down a peg or two to watch her crumble beneath herself, blocking the sight of the sky unless she begins to claw out. Forced through loss after loss, so morals are questioned, *can she truly make things around her last?* Put through the pain of over-exhaustion and then be pulled away from her work not by choice but by force. Allow her to eat away at herself, ignorance to the damage she's causing. To end up watching the worried look on people's faces like *she can't take it*. Or to be more accurate, *she won't be able to find it*.

Isolation. Let her end up in isolation at a point where even clawing out just causes more to fall. Self-reflection is forced upon her. The excuse of people no longer exists once she is left alone. Once she sees where the key could possibly leave her.

HEADCANONS

FOOD • She frequently eats out and loves to cook, especially with others. Baking offers less creativity so she doesn't know as much about desserts.

SLEEP • She hates sleep. She'll stay up long hours of the night just to avoid closing her eyes and not being there to stop something from lasting.

SUPERHEROES • She frequently reads comic books about those who "save the world."

CHURCH • She has never stepped foot inside a church. There are too many windows and too many blinded people for her to take any comfort.

FAMILY • She doesn't believe family triumphs over all. They are either dead or lost in contact. And she doesn't know where to start if she even wanted them back.

DRAWING • She has more than a few sketchbooks with failed anatomy study. Shapes and lines are much more her style.