

PORTRAIT  
IN A  
ROOM OF MIRRORS

S. PINES



## Portrait in a Room of Mirrors

*A solo autobiographical narrative game for one.*

By Seb Pines

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**Requires** *a pencil, an eraser, print outs of the game, and an hour or so of your time.*

This game calls for introspection into memory and the self, in these moments of recollection it may be possible to get lost in the haze of memory in a way that is not enjoyable. While the game does not explicitly ask you to recollect harm, the associations with specific imagery may cause memories of harm to surface. Go into this mindfully and knowing your own limits, if you wish to avoid anything that may elicit potential harm associated memories, avoid pages with this symbol in the bottom right corner:



*A large oak door. You open it into a room, wallpapered with a matte off-white, the floors a dark worn wood. The hexagonal shaped room has but one window and no furniture save for the eleven mirrors adorning the walls.*

*Meagre light filtering in through the window is reflected brilliantly throughout the room as is your visage, in small pieces, in discrete moments, captured in the reflections of each of the mirrors.*

*They invite you in to look.*

Each mirror asks of you to reflect a self, a self associated with a memory, a self lost to a moment of time.

Let these reflections be recorded alongside them.













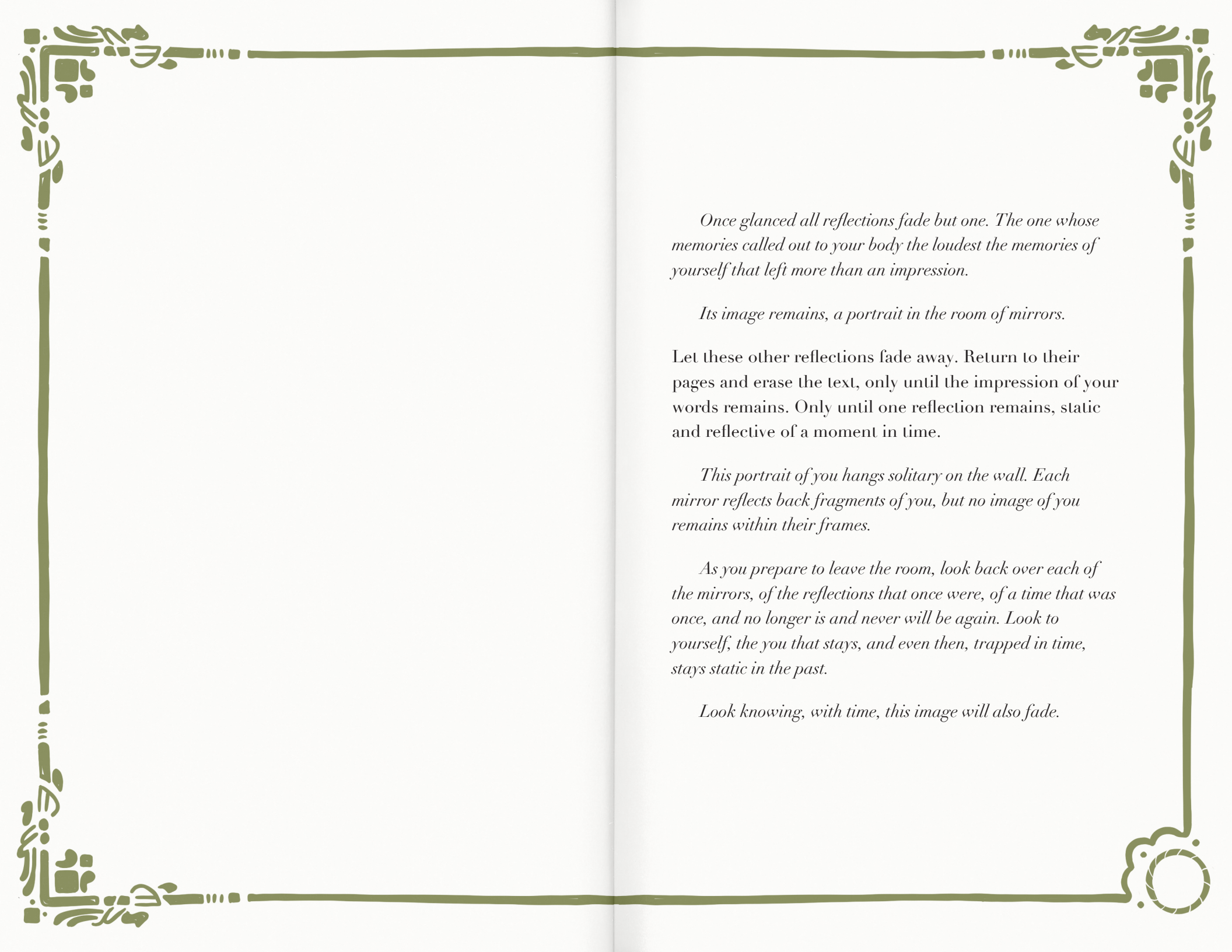












*Once glanced all reflections fade but one. The one whose memories called out to your body the loudest the memories of yourself that left more than an impression.*

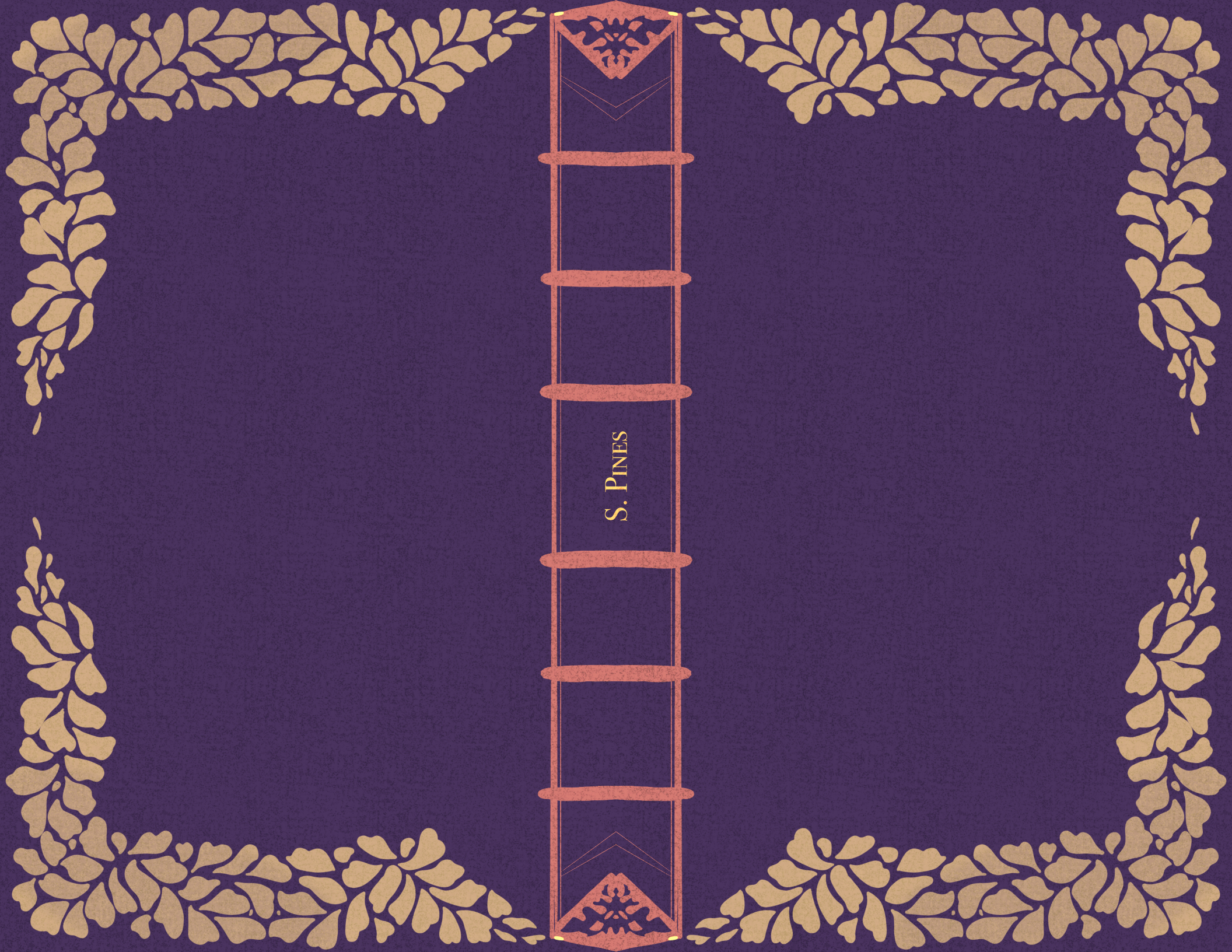
*Its image remains, a portrait in the room of mirrors.*

Let these other reflections fade away. Return to their pages and erase the text, only until the impression of your words remains. Only until one reflection remains, static and reflective of a moment in time.

*This portrait of you hangs solitary on the wall. Each mirror reflects back fragments of you, but no image of you remains within their frames.*

*As you prepare to leave the room, look back over each of the mirrors, of the reflections that once were, of a time that was once, and no longer is and never will be again. Look to yourself, the you that stays, and even then, trapped in time, stays static in the past.*

*Look knowing, with time, this image will also fade.*



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