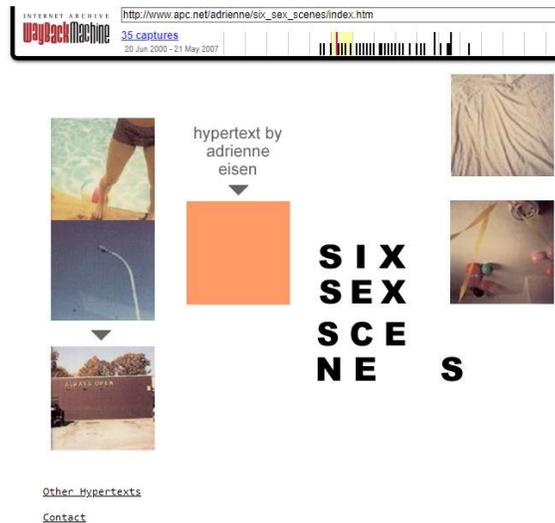


ANEXO A

¡Aventuras con Ansiedad! (s.f) De la autora y desarrolladora de juegos Nicky Case



Historia interactiva: Six sex escenas



SO C I A L F U N C T I O N S

At a cocktail party, where I know no one and Andy knows everyone, I take a break and go to the bathroom. I lock myself in and relish sitting there on the toilet, in silence: No struggle to be entertaining, or to find Andy to rescue me from the social misdemeanor of standing alone.

After I pee, there's no other business I have on the toilet, but I sit there anyway, dreading my reappearance at the party. I figure I can stay in the bathroom for five more minutes without causing social discomfort. I sniff my underwear. There's a strong smell from a long kiss during a slow dance. I sniff again, and I wonder why Andy doesn't take my used underwear to work with him in the morning.

The more I sniff, the more I want to go down on a woman. The more I sniff, the more I can't believe Andy doesn't go down on me every chance he gets. To punish him for not appreciating my scent, I think about the hostess while I masturbate on her toilet.

Then I go back out to the party and push my way into the circle where Andy is talking. He hates it when I get too dependent on him at parties, but I don't care now, because now I'm a lesbian.

While I'm standing silently at Andy's side, I play a game with myself. I play this game a lot because I can never decide if I'm a lesbian or not. I look around the room and imagine myself making love to various party dwellers, male and female. I always end up having better fantasies about the women. Their curves seem so soft to rub my cheek against. It always seems to me that my breasts would be more slithery across a woman's stomach than a man's.

"You have to mingle," Andy whispers in my ear. "Is something wrong?"

"Yeah," I say. "I think I'm a lesbian."

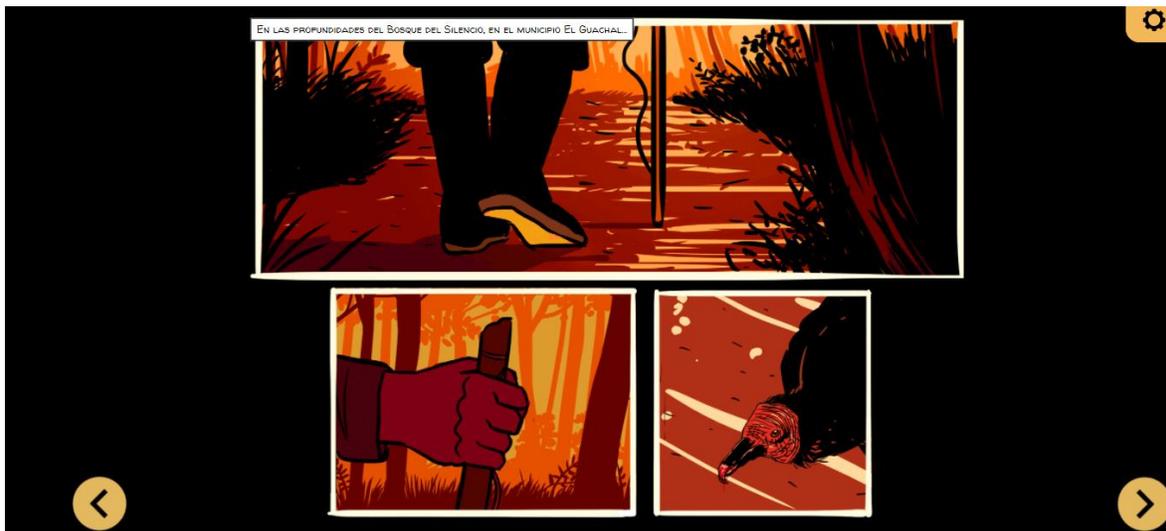
"Let's talk about it when we get home," he says. "For right now, why don't you just talk to the women?"

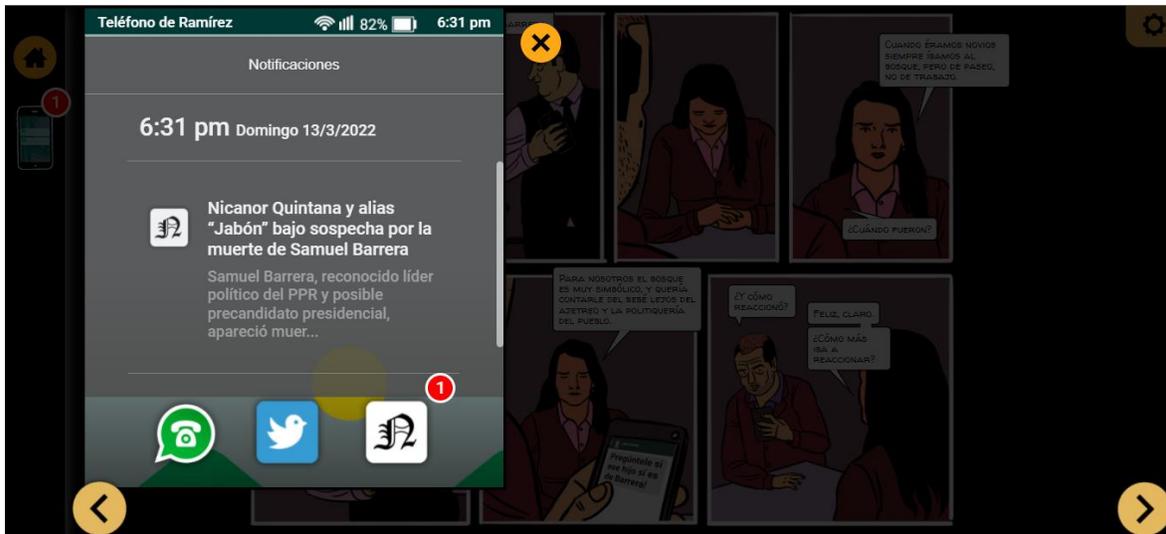
Andy is bored with my lesbianism. He figures since I've already tried women and stayed with men, he's doing fine. I want to say something like, Every time I scream when we're fucking, it's because I'm pretending you're a woman. But that's not true, so I don't say it.

Historias interactivas: Un mar de historias



Historia Interactiva: Muerte en el bosque





Historia interactiva: Lies



Lies tell you more about a person than the truth does. Lies tell you what a person wants to be, rather than what they are. Lies are dreams, lies are fantasy. Who wants to live the truth, when you can live a lie?

Truth Lies

benz.nchu.edu.tw/~garden/lies/lies12.html

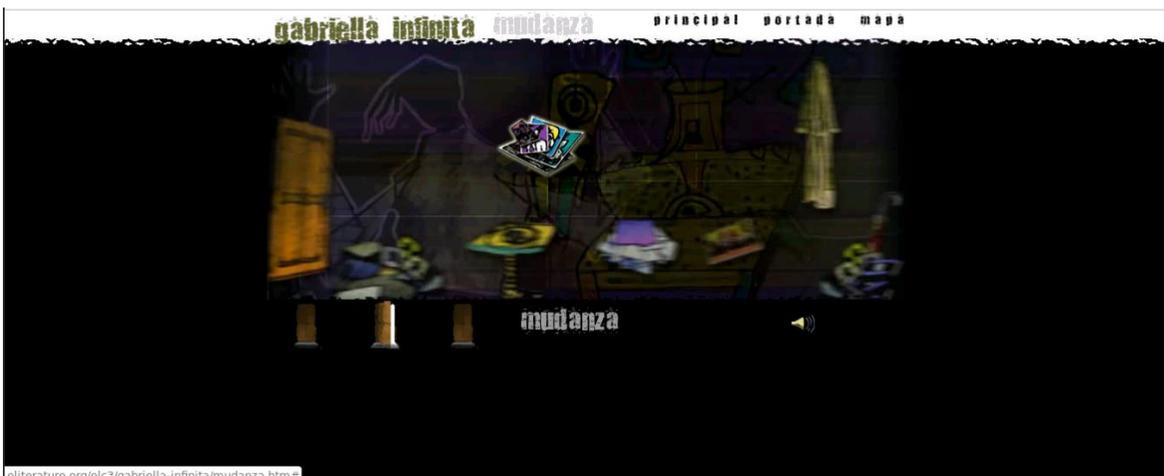
Last summer we were apart. I worked in Germany, and she didn't work, here. We wrote lots of letters, we proclaimed our love for each other, and we both had summer lovers.

Truth Lies

Historia interactiva: Gabriela infinita



eliterature.org/elc3/gabriella-infinita/mudanza.htm



eliterature.org/elc3/gabriella-infinita/mudanza.htm#

Federico negaba su pasado - Google Chrome

Not secure | eliterature.org/elc3/gabriella-infinita/mudanza/fotografias/negro1.htm

Si algo de la relación con Federico había mortificado siempre a Gabriella, fue precisamente el desconocimiento casi absoluto de su pasado. Él se empeñaba en evadir las preguntas, en restar valor a esa información que ella creía necesaria. En cambio, Federico insistía en la necesidad de recomenzar, de cortar lazos, de estar dispuesto siempre a iniciar una nueva vida. A veces, sin embargo, algunas cosas del pasado de Federico se atravesaban en el camino; en forma de saludo inesperado en la calle o de distracción inexplicable, en la atención a llamadas telefónicas misteriosas o en la entrevista con personas desconocidas que Gabriella no tenía derecho a tratar.

En ocasiones, ese pasado incierto se materializaba en las discusiones, en los conflictos, en esos diálogos absurdos en los que lo dicho no conducía a nada, diálogos vacíos que llegaban a enredarlos hasta el desespero. Quizás algunas cosas llegaban con claridad: esa visión de mundo, esa manera de actuar y de decidir, incluso esa manera de amar que sólo podían ser resultado del pasado que Federico negaba. También algunos gustos, el terrible desarraigo que le impedía vivir tranquilo; cosas que Gabriella podía comprender e incluso explicar sin necesidad de recurrir al interrogatorio.

← ver habitación

marcar página

imprimir

escriba su historia

[Abrir página mudanza](#) - [cerrar](#)