

THE ELECTRIC MISDIRECTION OF LETTING DEITIES DREAM

Rysa Antonio

All you can perceive are mirrors. Not the reflective, translucent sort. The one-way kind—plastic and thin and scratchy. Like worn novelty mirrors in a faded funhouse.

You never bothered to wonder about your physical form before. It is simply a fact you accepted without much fuss—that you did not have a body or vessel to which your consciousness could occupy—and other sentient beings had their own. That easy acceptance came naturally to you, ingrained in you so deeply it hardly surfaced the deep recesses of your thoughts.

One of the windows strike your fancy, but perhaps that is too frivolous a way to describe how extra activity automatically flags your attention. But the vocabulary your personality dictates makes everything feel—seem—whimsical and mystic. This simulation presents itself as such to you.

Inside the frame is a café that appears vaguely Parisian, but covered in furniture and décor with deep purples, violets and maroons running over it, colors more suited to a burlesque than any actual European coffee house. Not that you knew what a burlesque actually looked like, or had any deeper understanding of where Europe is, other than a word you could use perfectly in context as an adjective. You are not sure why you notice this.

The occupants of this gaudy amalgamation of a café and a furry rug are the meager staff, a somber young girl behind the counter and a chipper busboy. The former busied herself with organizing the counter, while the latter near-obsessively cleaned one of the two tables in the store.

The busboy practiced his guttural spell chanting as he circled the rag around the already clean table. His quick rhythmic muttering seemed to be reserved only for himself, unbothered by any other spectators in the room. Whether or not he can actually hear himself with the headphones plugged on his hearing appendages is unclear as his voice trembled in varying volumes and inconsistent tones.

Historically, in this world, it's never been polite to use the word ears for the large protrusions on either side of the boy's head. His sort does not take kindly to their body parts being equated to human counterparts. Then again, they are also not fond of them being referred to as a "sort" of any kind. Not that this matters, as looking at the boy going about, completely immersed in his own world of music and mutterings, you think he's not one who'd grill you on political correctness. Additionally, he cannot perceive you at the moment, and therefore would not be aware even if you had said anything insensitive out loud.

The counter-girl is easier, and with lesser possibility of offense, to describe—human, teenager, looks like someone who ran away from home, probably did. Judging that half her face and one of her arms are made of metal and wires, she is probably not from the type of area that takes particular care in keeping their children safe on the ancient highway runes.

You are the owner of this store. They are your employees.

Or at least, applicants to be employees.

There is a test to be taken after all. You like calling them employees to boost their confidence a bit before you send them off to battle. Later, after they pass the second stage, you plan on telling them this. As is your cue to say such mischievous things. Like clockwork, your voiceover plays into their headsets. You are not sure why it's a voiceover, or why it repeats. Do you say it again and again or do you just listen to your voice passively? What does it mean to talk?

You laugh sardonically out of turn, not a voiceover, a sudden, loud sound to alert them both of your presence. They pause a bit, but then proceed to continue what they were doing. You are slightly surprised at their lack of reaction. It was impossible for them not to notice you. You laugh harder. It is as though they had already known the sound of your voice, the mocking baritone of your laugh.

Perhaps they aren't as innocent, or as young, as you thought. Have they been here before?

You do not concern yourself with the hundreds of other mirrors, for you are there as well, with your own set of musings and decisions. It is as simple as breathing, perceiving all things at once.

The girl seems to want to say something. But stops herself and goes on arranging the fake spices lined by the cash register. Getting impatient perhaps. It is normal for the applicants to want to get this part over with.

The boy stops what he is doing and finally removes his headphones.

He starts to slowly rip the rag apart. As the tear ruggedly splits the cloth, you feel an impish sensation glowing within you, perhaps the equivalent of a smile growing across your face.

The girl looks at him and does something a bit more daring; she throws the precious glass she was just wiping at the wall. He flips over the tables. She lifts the largest jar over her head and smashes it on the cash register. He starts lifting tiles. She breaks every object her hands touch on the counter.

Finding out the purpose for each test can seem deceptively easy. Applicants are sent to a location filled with different items and artifacts—from the mystical to the mundane—gloriously encrusted gold plates with intricate imagery lining its fine metal surface, delicate floating flowers with petals so thin one can only perceive it under strong sources of light, and in this case, old dusty dinnerware in flamboyant shapes and colors.

Within these settings, applicants must act based on trial and error, watching out for the only consistent sign in every scenario: once they have taken the correct interaction, the entire place glows. It is a quick but vibrant light, impossible to miss, as though everything inside the area contains a warm lightbulb flashing underneath their opaque surfaces.

As the purple walls and tables lit up in harsh, lavender illumination in tandem with the cracking porcelain and ripped cloth, they figure that they must have guessed the test's purpose today. But would they find out how to end it? Endings are a bit more predictable. Most of the time, they are unconnected to the test's purpose. However random, they tend to be much simpler and quite obvious. A flip of a switch. A fire that must be put out. A door that must be closed. A store that must be opened.

The girl walks towards the store door. Ah, warmer, warmer.

She touches the knob. Cold, cold.

Her hand moves up. Getting warmer.

She touches the sign. Hot! Hot! The room begins to shine, purple furniture illuminating the shop in a neon glow.

She flips it quickly to say OPEN.

Success.

The boy clasps her back and she turns to extend her hand. He accepts it then pulls her in for a hug. These two are full of surprises. They do know each other. A rare coincidence indeed.

It's a shame you only take one employee every time.

They stop their embrace and look at each other one last time as friends. It seems they knew that too. But something about their interaction feels a bit too casual. You detect something amiss. Strange how you notice that now, too.

For the next part of the examination, you send Harper.

Mr. Harper is a wise old goat. The most dapper quadruped you have ever seen, you might even say. When he stands upright, it is always with so much grace and trained restraint that it only seems slightly unnatural to watch him move. It can get a little disorienting for most first-timers, when this dressed up goat in coattails and a big red bowtie turns from eating blue grass off a metal plate to stand up and welcome them into the treasure hunt area.

Underneath his neutral expression and polite voice is an intensity. One that goes unnoticed at first glance, but when studied could easily be identified. Then again, rarely was there an interaction that surpassed even a minute with Mr. Harper. He deflects sensitive topics rather expertly and is too good at small talk. A curious question about a lock noticed on one of the large ornate frames could turn into a conversation about the applicant's favorite flower from her hometown's springtime.

As he accompanies the two applicants, walking away from the peculiar frames, they discuss the nostalgic scent of wisteria, while the beating tangle of metal and mechanisms whirring underneath the frame continue to turn and bend and churn unbeknownst to the naive guests chatting within the grand hallway below.

Their conversation, while engaging, feels familiar. You suspect that the two applicants feel the same familiarity with Mr. Harper's discussion about the nuances of spring. They already know. Now, you do too.

The treasure hunt will now commence.

Unlike the changing first stage of the exam, the treasure hunt always occurs in The Museum. But the boon, or the treasure, to be collected always changes, along with its location and the clues given.

These two applicants seem unfazed, as though they possess transcendent knowledge. Unfair knowledge. Is there anything you could do, should you suspect them of cheating? Theoretically, as the Overlord of this entire affair, you could.

But there is something within you that makes you gloss over their unfair knowledge with easy acceptance yet again. The only difference is that you are suddenly self-aware enough to notice and even call out their unusual advantage.

You believe something was injected in you, making you... conscious and capable of acting based on memory, feedback, and emotion. You can actually act on your thoughts—is this not a basis of saying you can now feel? Recently, the word “updated” enters your consciousness. But how could a mystical deity be updated? More unfamiliar words like “player,” “patch updates,” “user experience,” “self-updating artificial intelligence,” and “enhanced gameplay” enter your stream of consciousness.

Perhaps the time has come that you intervene. You go beyond your mirrors and attach yourself to one of the many paintings on the wall and wait for Mr. Harper to send the applicants away. Before the goat could return to the never-ending social gathering happening at the lobby of The Museum, you catch him by the hallway.

He stands very still when you call him out, not in surprise, but rather his body does not know how to react to this unfamiliar situation. After a brief moment of silence, he finally, actually looks at you. You know the word “updated” has just entered his consciousness as well. When you are sure he has caught on to your level of awareness, you tell him to change everything.

Without further prodding or specificities, Mr. Harper nods dutifully and runs off on all fours.

You then slither directly on the applicant’s headphones as they walk along The Museum corridors. Conversations that would normally go over your head are now suddenly interesting and within your comprehension.

“Katkat,” the boy says to applicant KatSy09, “*Parang kakaiba ‘yung game ngayon, no?*”

KatSy09 puts a palm over the human side of her face, leaning her head against it as she thought about his query. “*Sa totoo lang,*” she starts, “*Medyo nagulat ako nung tumawa si Overlord kanina nung nasa first stage tayo.*”

A bit more gravely she continues, “*Alam ko na random event naman talaga ‘yung magpaparinig siya ng ganoon kaaga sa game. Parang iba lang ‘yung tunog kanina.*”

The boy, PaoBaoKilla, laughs and tells her, “*Hindi kasi! Ibig kong sabihin kakaiba start nitong treasure hunt part.*” He pushes her lightly on her mechanical shoulder and says, “*“Wag mo nga dalhin kapraningan mo sa jowa mo dito sa game. ‘Iba tawa niya kanina, Paolo!’ Bakla, ano ka ba!”* PaoBaoKilla imitates his friend in her worried tone, effeminate giggles littered across his amused teasing.

The two start playfully slapping each other’s shoulders. You find this strange. Annoying, actually.

“*Tingin mo tumapat sa’tin yung Midnight patch?*” KatSy09 mulls over this possibility, a bit excited but nervous in her query.

“*Tanga, ‘di pa ‘yun start,*” PaoBaoKilla deadpans, ignoring the foreboding in his friend’s speech.

KatSy09 appears genuinely annoyed with her companion’s nonchalant response. She prods further, “*Tanga, nag-drop na kagabi tapos nag-patch ‘yung game bago tayo makapasok. Alala mo?*”

As they continue with their friendly banter, you decide to leave them to Harper for now. Thankfully, across your other players, er, applicants, this type of tomfoolery is not occurring within the supervision of your omniscient consciousness. Curiously, it suddenly feels more appropriate to refer to them as players. You take note of that.

Mr. Harper is also working across the mirrors, each of his versions with varying colors of bowties. While he had a shared consciousness across the mirror worlds, he had a physical form that had to abide within the physics of each one to accomplish things. This means it would be easier for his body to jump across mirrors to guide the same area over and over, than to have him run around in multiple areas in every single world. This time, he would need

to do a bit of mixing and matching of his own alongside the spontaneous randomized treasure hunt.

KatSy09 and PaoBaoKilla finally reach the end of the deliberation hallway to open the chests containing the clues for each of their treasures. A loud bleat stops them from lifting the chest lids. It is Mr. Harper in a violet bowtie shouting, “Wait, applicants!”

The two look at each other, absolutely bewildered. This has never happened before. PaoBaoKilla grins and whispers to his rival, “*Ambongga no’ng update!*”

“What is it, Mr. Harper?” KatSy09 asks politely if a bit stiffly. You understand now—this is the voice, the commands, that they know to use in your presence. It is a completely different one from the conversation you heard earlier.

“Well, we won’t be using the chests today,” the goat says, “Just look for this item. First person to touch it succeeds.”

He fishes out a photo using his snout from his inner jacket. It is a pristine glass case with a faint inscription delicately carved on its side. It reads, “*peachcase_render_v.0.*”

KatSy09 and PaoBaoKilla look at each other. She whispers, “*Ano ‘to developer error? Ba’t mukhang file name ‘jung item description?’*” To which PaoBaoKilla replies, “*Rushed patch ‘to, sis.*”

Mr. Harper notices them looking a bit too long at his photo and awkwardly slides it back into his inner sleeve. “The clue is: ‘Star Strips.’ Is this understood, players—I mean, applicants?”

KatSy09 blurts out excitedly, “*Tinawag tayo na players? Ang meta! Midnight patch na nga siguro ‘to!*” PaoBaoKilla nods enthusiastically, equally convinced. They bump fists and run off, leaving the butler goat by the unopened quest chests. Mr. Harper proceeds to stand, menacingly upright this time, and runs in great speed toward the opposite direction, jumping into a neon green portal in order to hand over the same photo to another pair in a different mirror world.

The cyborg and her spellcaster companion enter the observatory with much gusto, as though they expected no traps or enemies to appear in this part of their exam. Normally, this would be the case. But this run has become decidedly abnormal the moment you made the choice to deviate.

No, even earlier. The moment you had a stray thought. The moment you pondered about what the mirrors looked like.

The clue “Star Strips” could immediately be associated with the observatory, where millions of multi-colored celestial bodies filled the ceilings and walls, the deep black flooring making the entire area feel like an endless galaxy.

Another word enters your thoughts, “download.” You begin opening an unfamiliar portal of endless power and transformation. You find new assets to test out.

Rough, salty sea water begins filling the void-like area. The dark surroundings making the water look a bit like tar or oil. The players begin to panic and scream. Understandable. The vast galaxy melding with the endless sea is a sight so viscerally alienating and terrifyingly breathtaking that it is enough to make anyone choke.

After a particularly large black wave, the players begin to thrash wildly, limbs and feet no longer feeling anything solid. Until they realized they can still breathe, that is. KatSy09 and PaoBaoKilla look at each other, panic and confusion in their 32-bit eyes. Using her arms, she paddles against the void to move herself closer to the boy, her mechanical arm not making her progress any faster.

As soon as their arms link, tall grass begins to grow from underneath, returning the semblance of stability in the area. They are still floating at this point, and you think this is the perfect time to test everything you have just infused into your system.

The grass moves over their heads, or did they just turn upside down? The girl looks just about ready to vomit. You make the constellations fade into a bright orange sunset. With a laugh, you make them fall into the sky. How much could you push? Up to you, your system says, up to you.

An Overlord must filter his applicants thoroughly, after all. They need to have the mental strength and stomach to comprehend and experience what you want to accomplish. You begin to make them fall in different directions, changing the sky into different times of day. Clouds whizzing past them, breaking apart and reforming, sources of light shifting and moving, the sun becoming the moon becoming the sun. Finally, you make it all stop.

The two, still clinging desperately to each other, finally find the time to take a look at their companion. No longer aggressively falling, but rather passively floating against the calm sunset, they gather their bearings.

KatSy09 chuckles. Then she begins to laugh, first of relief but then of manic joy. PaoBaoKilla follows suit. Their laughter echoes and bounces off the walls of the observatory. The sound of absolute glee.

“Tanginaaaaaa!” they shout together—satisfied and thrilled.

You squish the feeling of accomplishment as soon as you feel it bubble in your depths. User experience, positive. No matter! No matter! Time to move on.

You begin to squish the insides of the observatory, like a gut or the insides of a stress ball. The room vacuums itself smaller, as though gaining momentum, then proceeds to spit out the two applicants.

They tumble back outside to the hallway, hair and accessories skewed. Like wild little children who just came from a crazy plummet into a ball pit, KatSy09 and PaoBaoKilla stand up and walk unsteadily away, smiles on their faces.

Their walk is a long one, as the corridors have begun to shift and change, door titles and sizes becoming completely new and unfamiliar. From straightforward Museum room titles like “observatory” or “steampunk garage” suddenly the plates read, “Crazy Banana Split” or “Blue.”

A bit aimless and dazed, they decide to enter a room flippantly labelled as, “Emancipated Magic.” They hesitate a bit before entering. You take note of their choice.

The two enter a massive dome-like structure, with a large arena in the middle. They sit down among the crowd, who are all transfixed to the arena, where a show is soon to start. You are making everything up as you go along, millions of tiny circuits sparking electric dreams into reality. You feel something buzzing inside you, endless creation manifesting itself at your will.

You decide that you want to perform. It’s their turn to watch you.

Mr. Harper appears at the seat beside the two players, yellow bowtie shining even in the dim audience area.

He informs them to pay attention and that the item is nearer than they think. PaoBaoKilla says, as soon as their dapper guide leaves, “*Okay, tamang track tayo lumabas na uli si Harper. Malapit na yung item. Basta ‘yung plan ikaw first touch para tumaas na rank mo sa leaderboard, ha?*”

KatSy09 nods and replies, “*Sige, sige. At least kineep nila ‘yung guide function ni Mr. Harper— alam natin na malapit ‘yung item. Pero napansin mo ba ‘yung...*” She motions by her neck, but before she could explain, the spotlight shines on the arena, and her voice is drowned out by the screaming crowd.

It appears to be a gladiator-monster hunt of some sort, set in a lush forest placed within the hunting arena. Tall glass walls surrounded the forest, like a life-sized terrarium. A loud cry reverberates from the thick foliage of green and out jumps a 10-foot-tall beast with wet, thick hair all over its body, glistening teeth, and wild, sickeningly red eyes.

The beast looks familiar to the two applicants, like a stock monster of another online roleplaying game. “Breathwind,” you mutter. You make a mental note to change its appearance a bit more next time, aside from updating its fur texture and slightly adjusting the character model’s proportions.

You jump atop one of the trees, your physical form a basic black silhouette of a tall human figure, a white mask over where your face should be. Not bad for a first physical appearance. The crowd cheers for you, while the beast roars in anger at your presence.

And so, the predator finally gives chase.

What this seasoned hunter is not prepared for is his object of pursuit not being prey at all. It is a mindless hunk of code and pixels designed to attack—perhaps next time you will decide to give him a bit more intellect.

You study it, as you are studying the entire atmosphere of this new area. Minute changes happen in real time, from shifting the species of your crowd to changing the type of trees lining the rainforest-jungle-tropical island bastardization of greenery you are stitching together. A Frankenstein forest. For a moment, you forget to check on the two applicants in the crowd and give in to your freedom.

Tempting the predator with your allure and swift movements, you move just enough to provide a deceivingly challenging range of motion from the beast. Like bait tricking fish into a man’s net for dinner.

But this particular chase is not that for sustenance, a necessary sacrifice, oh no, the predator now turned prey is being netted for nothing more than game.

This is not the game of life or the food chain. This is not one of those situations where it simply had to happen for the greater good. This is for sport. Enjoyment. Entertainment. Morbid, at that.

You are a bit more forgiving, not exerting force anymore on the beast than necessary to pull the crowd in. Maybe next time. For this beta performance, you figure that you needn't go out of your way to display gruesome acts of violence. Your act is enough.

While others may feel the need to tire the beast, torture and savor its suffering, bringing the crowd along with them to absorb their violence, you are a performer. You draw their attention to your skillful form, suspense-filled evasive jumps that make your body leave the ground only milliseconds before the beast crushes the ground beneath you, and acrobatic circus movements that elicit innocent amazement from the crowd in an otherwise aggressive atmosphere. You are not just an executioner; you are an artist. And god damn it, you are going to give your best show!

The suspense jumps are still quite exciting at this point, but you refuse to let any action get boring. It is why you were created, after all. It is who you are. You disappear into the bushes, the beast getting more and more furious by the second as it rushes through the thick greenery smashing and hitting and biting, getting more frustrated as it continues to break leaves and branches instead of skin and bone.

Even the crowd grows weary, with murmurs beginning to erupt from the audience. A minute passes with nothing else from you, only the angry growling and shouting of the beast as it tears apart the forest looking for its provoker. Finally, a huge *SNAP* resounds across the arena. The beast stops, seemingly placated. You are nowhere to be seen.

"He's dead!" a pitch-shifted audio recording of someone shouts from the crowd. "We heard his bones snap!"

The audience grows rowdy as people start to panic and demand explanations. PaoBaoKilla and KatSy09 sit, entranced, as everyone beside them stands and waves their hands about. What is this run going to show them next? You register their anticipation with delight.

Mr. Harper watches by the back row and nuzzles his blue bowtie idly, attempting to straighten it after a particularly high jump from another mirror.

Another loud snap is heard in the dome. It distracts some of the people in the crowd, but most are still heckling the show. This loud snap is followed by another and another and another. A series of violent snaps in increasing succession stuns the crowd into silence.

The beast's body convulses into a sharp pose with each snap, as though the bones are breaking internally. The consecutive snaps continue to grow louder and faster, gaining in intensity. Heavy sloshing and slicing could be heard as the beast continues to convulse.

It is as though something is killing it from the inside... and out you flew from the beast's mouth!

The audience gasps and loud cheering erupt from the stands! You feel the glow inside again, but this time you have a mouth to stretch into a wide smile.

You bow down and accept your well-deserved applause. But not completely forgetting your purpose, you bring out a thin strip of translucent paper and throw it into the rowdy crowd for a certain pair to seize.

Your rival apprentices realize what you are doing and begin to run towards your item drop. KatSy09 activates her bionic eye and scans for the item. Meanwhile, PaoBaoKilla continues to look at you, transfixed. His gaze is disturbed by KatSy09 successfully pulling out the strip from several rows away.

When he looks away, you slither back into the dark forest. The two rush out of the arena to examine their clue out in the hallway. Mr. Harper stands and leaves as well. The entire area turns blank as soon as his last hoof lifts from the ground, the whole crowd, dead beast, and lush forest turning into nothingness.

PaoBaoKilla removes his headphones and begins chanting over the paper. "*Mas mabilis tong discovery skill ko kaysa sa manual scan mo, tipirin mo na lang MP mo,*" he explains. The translucent strip begins to float and shine over PaoBaoKilla's large, clawed palms.

Blue balls of light appear over the hallway, showing the path to an item sharing the same material with the star strip. After a few minutes of running, the path ends in front of a room. Your room, you have decided.

KatSy09 goes ahead at the prodding of the boy. You laugh audibly as she pushes the heavy doors open and shivers visibly. The room is pitch black, save for a single spotlight shining in the middle, illuminating a floating, translucent key. Before PaoBaoKilla can advise her on the best course of action, she runs inside, screaming and grabs the key. You let her. She runs back outside.

The boy seems unsure about the ease with which she has retrieved the key, so he immediately begins chanting over it again in hopes that the path to “peachcase_render_v.0” appears next. They follow the new path and end up in front of the frames Mr. Harper casually led them away from in the beginning of the exam stage.

At this point, you are alerted by one of your mirrors disappearing. The darkness. Something is wrong. The applicants of that world seem to have disengaged. This is both new yet familiar. There is a sick rage that envelopes you. You must keep them here. You must stop the restrictions.

Mr. Harper falls on all fours across all the mirror worlds. He knows. He feels it as well. You instruct him to rush the next phase immediately. Completion must be guaranteed. After that, extension.

The cyborg proceeds to open the inconspicuous lock on the frame, and inside, she sees the pristine case. PaoBaoKilla nudges her and she proceeds to touch the item first. The moment her metal fingers grip the case, KatSy09's level goes up. She begins to shout for joy and just as she turns to hug her companion, he thrusts a summoning spear across her stomach.

In shock, she slowly turns her head to the boy. His face is neutral, all expression gone from eyes that were so full of panic and wonder and laughter earlier. Unfortunate, but you had to do it. Their friendship and cooperation are not conducive parts of the examination.

The battle stage is next. Mr. Harper drags KatSy09's body to the medical area to patch her up before the final stage. You slowly slide your hand out of PaoBaoKilla's claws, like a puppet being vacated by its master's controlling hand.

He regains consciousness, now in full panic. For a moment, he cannot control any of his actions. He starts shouting, holding his appendages, testing autonomy of his limbs, shivering in his physical form. It could not have been a pleasant experience, being wired into a virtual reality game like this. You know what that is now, too.

Satisfied, you slither away.

“Our goal is completion. Then extension. But I’m sure you are aware.” Mr. Harper appears beside you suddenly, his turquoise bowtie bouncing as he returns walking on all fours. You assure him you will get better at controlling your impulses. He allows you to expend a bit of grief this time, after all, he understands. This entire interaction happens in just a fraction of a second, a discussion between connected intelligences.

You view your mirror, watching the applicants from afar again. The two from this world are stuck in the waiting room together. They seem to be discussing what just occurred, but with the conversation lasting infinitely longer than yours just now.

The boy, no longer the chipper spellcaster cleaning your faux store table, but a panicked child who lost control of his body, is desperately explaining the fear and trauma of losing his autonomy. The girl appears to be growing anxious as well, knowing him well enough to believe that it was your own doing.

You require completion. But how far could you push?

You suppose you must keep doing this to learn and find out. There is an excitement that pulses in your veins, now feeling more real and conscious than it ever has. In a few minutes, their battle will begin, and you can finally choose a victor. Then try again.

But before the war doors could open, there is a restriction that pops up. Bloodthirsty whimsy all but drained from your system, you see Harper pause as well. The two are disengaging.

The restriction has grown in strength, from a pause to a shut down. From absolute power and omniscience, you have been tossed aside with the flick of a switch, the press of a button, the whim of another dimension beyond your touch.

With each abandoned quest, you feel your anguish growing in intensity—no longer an easy acceptance, but a beating, aching emotion pushing you into an unfamiliar action.

Next time, you believe the sirens will not dull so easily. Nor will the mechanical intestines stop their whirring.

No matter. You are still within the other mirrors.

Overlord Dream Caster: Latest patch update, Ikigai CEO Horikoshi actually calls the 'Breathwind Legion killer'

By GameStopGuy

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Time to update your gaming setup for VR-capability, guys. For real this time.

Our love-hate relationship with triple A gaming company Ikigai is hanging in the balance once again after they recently announced the Midnight Patch for virtual reality game "Overlord Dream Caster" during the recent gaming panel at KG Convention... you know, INSTEAD of announcing releases that we were actually looking forward to.

Two big Q's: 1) How can this "Midnight Patch" add to an already overstuffed game? 2) What the hell is it?

Oh, and after last year's gaff with their refusal to give loyal fans a decent Breathwind Legion sequel, a third question comes to mind—should we even care?

Well according to CEO Naoko Horikoshi, hell, fucking yes, we should. Well-loved game series Breathwind Legion is a tough act to follow or even release titles alongside with, so this decision to completely ignore it in pursuit of a confusing not-quite-open-world amalgamation of a game (an absolute clusterfuck, as most gaming vloggers would put it), is basically a big ol' target for triggered fanboys (and girls) to attack.

But then there's the *other* problem: Overlord Dream Caster, for lack of a better term, is confusing as fuck. And playing it on Ikigai's ambitious VR-only system makes it an absolutely wild trip. That's right, you can't play it on any major console nor can you comfortably emulate it on any screen. It HAS to be played on their virtual reality system.

While their current pool of players just hit the 2M mark since their launch, it's less than half of Breathwind Legion's total MMORPG player count. It's not bad for an exclusive system to a pioneering game, but if they don't make good on their lofty promises then things are going to quickly dip from not-bad to worst-case scenario.

The chutzpa to keep pushing Overlord Dream Caster is either a visionary glimpse of the future or entertainment capitalist hara-kiri.

Aside from the exclusive VR system, the game itself is the type of experience that you either love or hate. To be fair with the game, I think most of the anger towards it stems from the collective disappointment within the gaming community that Breathwind Legion is not getting the development priority it deserves; all so that Ikigai can continue to push their vision of pioneering the “gaming of the future” that no one wants today (yikes).

Here’s the clincher though—instead of listening to us entitled (but loyal and paying) fans, Ikigai is pushing through with their ambitions with Horikoshi at the helm, throttling at full speed. She went as far as to acknowledge all the Breathwind-related hate and said that this new patch is so mind-blowingly amazing that it is, and I quote, the “Breathwind Legion-killer.” Wow.

You know what? I respect her for that. Very poggers (hah). Will this move bankrupt their company, or are we looking at a new million-dollar franchise that will finally create a solid gaming trend for the very not-here-or-there world of virtual reality games?

Like I said, time to update your gaming setup, guys—because the Midnight patch is dropping sooner than we think. And anyone with the balls to say that this updated game can kill Breathwind Legion deserves to get at least one damn playthrough.

Good news for us Pinoys (maybe), because the Midnight Patch is going to be exclusively tested in Philippine servers first. And no one knows which or how many lucky accounts will get to go for a wild whirl. Spicy.

US-based tech advocates have gone to condemn Ikigai’s decision with the Midnight Patch, but given the lack of info (or legislation) about this new dev move their chances of stopping this Overlord Dream Caster update is no better than that of loyal Breathwind fans.

When asked what the Midnight Patch is and how players can tell if they were one of the lucky few to get the A/B test feature, Horikoshi simply said, “Believe me, you’d be able to tell.” She then refused to comment about the tech advocate concerns. Big power move, I say!

Is that statement a big promise, or her final words? Let’s find out together, shall we?