

LIMITED EDITION
DIARY CHAPTER



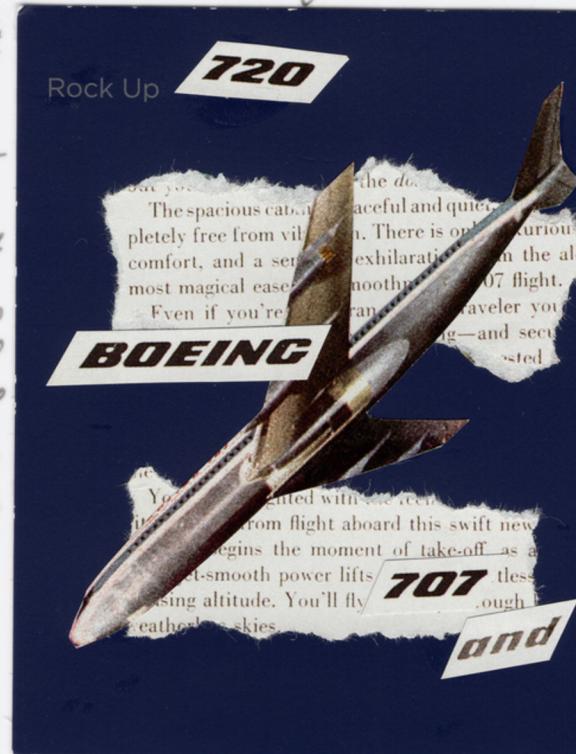
SHARED



METAMORPHARIUM
PROTOTYPE

about myself with some compassion, receiving no my ini-
al behavioral origins - conditioning - as the little memory
at I am. The abandonment and neglect was triggered
quite a bit lately, especially after the events of recent
years because it finally forced me to admit how
difficult it's been to cope with then infantile defense me-
anisms that undermine my current chances of success.
me, it's nothing explanations - finish a degree, write for
blog, have - and - maintain - a job that helps me pay
bills while I see my education through. There is major

initial dissonance within
as some days I do not
want to be at all, failing
I have nothing to live
yet other moments be-
critical about the bad
habits as I aim to be healthy.
which one is it? This week
had been quite good as
I spent some time walking
and being outside observing
surroundings and con-
templating my place in all
this. Realizing I want to
create my own purpose,
live it myself. Nobody is
going to rescue me. Recog-
nizing the value of ridding
myself of things, habits and
people who pull me away
from reality. Even religious beliefs. I feel that "spiritual
awakening" was merely a mental breakdown. As a con-
sequence of participation in a shared fantasy. At the same
time I'm realizing now trying to make sense of the
sentient acts is further undermining my present
and future, especially when engaging in ex agression.
poured out all the booze, threw away the killing
ace which was making me dizzy (which made
- appreciate the benefits of being sober). Deleted all
images from my phone. Got back on social, said ² happy
chats to some friends. I tried to run from my
"hills get bigger than me" and



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This is a self-published prototype diary (single chapter), made for testing and exploration.

Some AI was used in shaping the contents. Please feel free to copy, reproduce, or share this chapter.

If you're curious about the process, or want to talk about what's in here, scan the QR code below to email me at getcurious@metamorpharium.com



Introduction

This diary is called *Shared*. Not because I expect you to pass your pages around, though be my guest, but because I've come to see that nothing we carry stays contained. Whatever stirs inside me and you - thought, mood, bias, love, anger - always ripples outward. Even silence, even withdrawal, is a signal. We are always transmitting.

For a long time, I thought strength meant controlling what came in from others. Now I see it begins with noticing what I send out.

The position from which we argue, love, resist, or strive is never neutral. Our defenses, blind spots, or unreasonable moments - they're inherited and they're gifted, and they shape the current we're part of.

What I've learned is that knowing my own defenses and biases arms me. Not with guarantee I will be less likely to be ruled by them, but clarity to see the ways I distort, protect, or cling. That awareness gives me space to choose, and sometimes even to shift the energy I release.

Shared is my experiment in tracing those forces because what I recognize in myself doesn't end with me. It moves outward, into the world we all inhabit. Enjoy the confrontation. ♦

ILLUSION OF TRANSPARENCY // 03

Illusion of transparency makes us believe others can see and feel our inner state as clearly as we do. For example, sharing a brief message about a loss may feel loaded with grief to us, but to others it may read as a simple update, especially if their own way of coping looks very different. When this bias goes unchecked, it can leave us feeling invisible, misunderstood, or dismissed, even among the very people who share our values.



When you're upset or moved, what do you tend to do with those feelings?

What role do other people play in your emotional life?

*Narrate one messy experience in the opposite way you usually express yourself.**

*If you normally write, try speaking it; if you usually talk, try writing it.



Start with what you didn't say today, and why it stayed unsaid.



Note the first flicker of feeling you assume would be obvious to others.



Write about that moment where you hoped someone would read between the lines.



Why would you want for others to “just get you” without needing to say anything?



When you feel invisible, what part of that is about others, and what part about you?



When I post a signal (a song, a line, a look), do I want to be understood, or do I want to be guessed at? Is the act about connection, or is it about holding onto the mystery?



How will you be honest today without making a promise?

On the Metamorpharium Project

Shared is the last prototype from project *Metamorpharium*. It's been over six years in the making, with lots of detours, doubts, and long stretches of doing literally everything else but sitting down with it.

Metamorpharium is not obsessed with fixing yourself or chasing a “better” version of who you are. It is, however, intrigued in creating a space - on paper, through objects, in everyday life, and online - where you can notice *how* you are, without pressure to perform or consume. However, I sense it will be habit that’s hard to shake.

This workbook is the first piece of that space. There might be more (blog posts, a forum) where people can share without algorithms. It’s for anyone who feels caught between too many voices, too many ideologies, and too much distraction.

Metamorpharium is still taking shape. Thank you for giving it life by using it. If anything here sparked curiosity or inspiration, I’d love to hear what it was.



**Scan to join the tester
program and access the full
prototype journal.**