

In this world, people have different thoughts, opinions and ways of seeing things. Because of that, we all experience different realities, and sometimes these differences can lead to misunderstandings or conflicts.

Some realities change over time, while others seem to stay the same forever. This magazine is inspired by the way the protagonist's mind changes in George Orwell's 1984. It will take you on a journey through five stages, showing how our perception of reality can shift, repeat and loop in unexpected ways.

*Turn the page and
your journey through these
different realities begins.*





I live within
the idealised
world you have
given me.

*I trust the truth you
place before me*



*and hold
on to the
reality you
define.*

Big
Brother
is
ALWAYS
watching
you



Something unsettled me today.
A small thing, so small that
no one else reacted. No eyes
shifted, no voices trembled.
Only mine. Am I the only
one who saw it? Or the only
one foolish enough to notice?
I cannot move through the
day as before.

The thought gnaws at
me. I need to know
what is real... or if
real still exists.





I fear I have been
sustained on falsehoods.



A part of me wonders
whether escape is the
only truth left.



What if I have
been persuading
myself to believe
what was never
true?





CONFUSION

Faces blur, memories shift and
I begin to lose the sequence
of events.



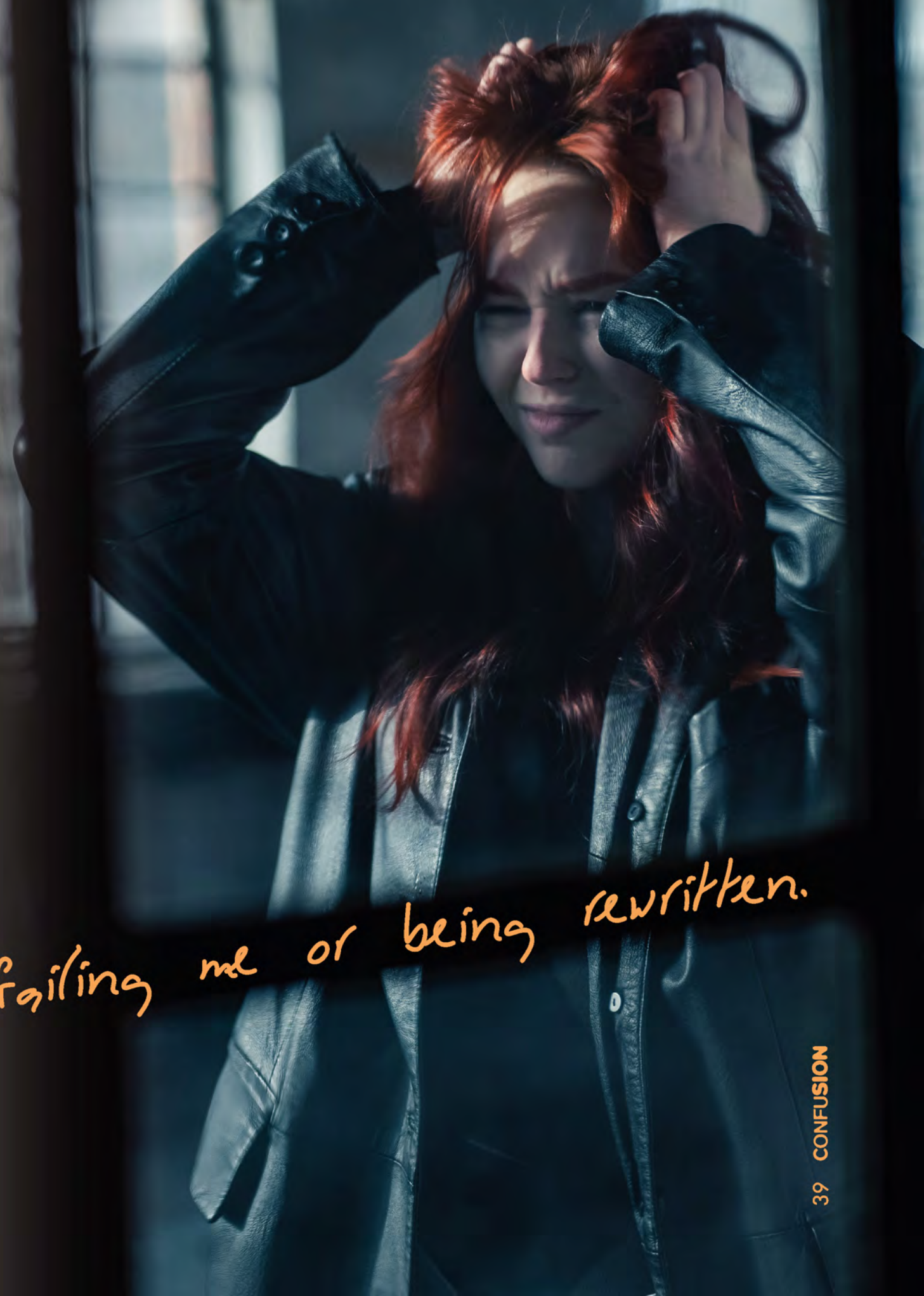
The world feels
slightly tilted,
as though reality
has slipped out
of alignment.





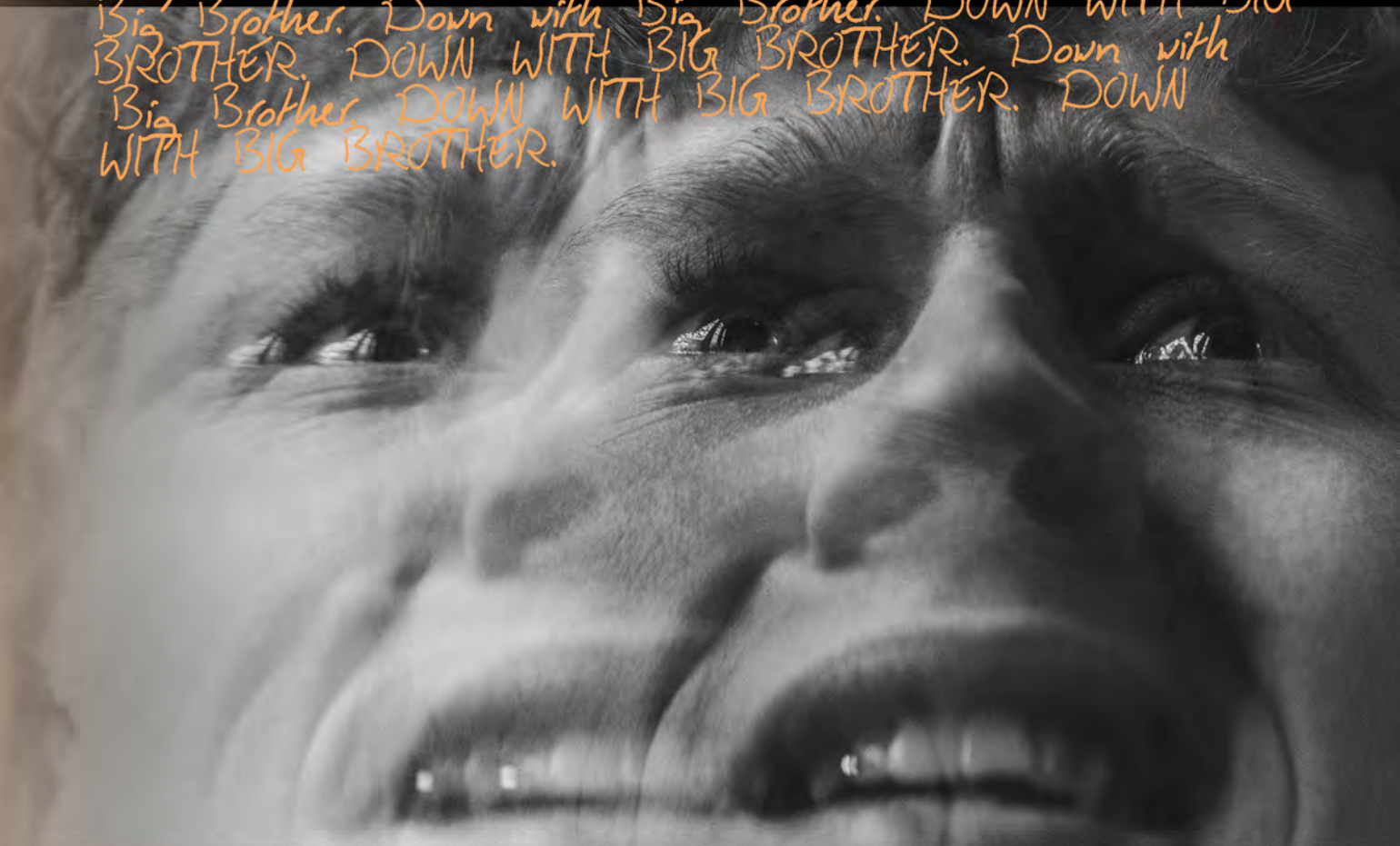
I question whether my mind is

failing me or being rewritten.





Down with Big Brother. Down with Big Brother. Down with Big Brother. Down with Big Brother. Down with Big Brother. DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER. Down with Big Brother. Down with Big Brother. DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER. DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER. Down with Big Brother. DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER. DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER.



I fear punishment for the thoughts I cannot control.

NOTHING ALIGNS...

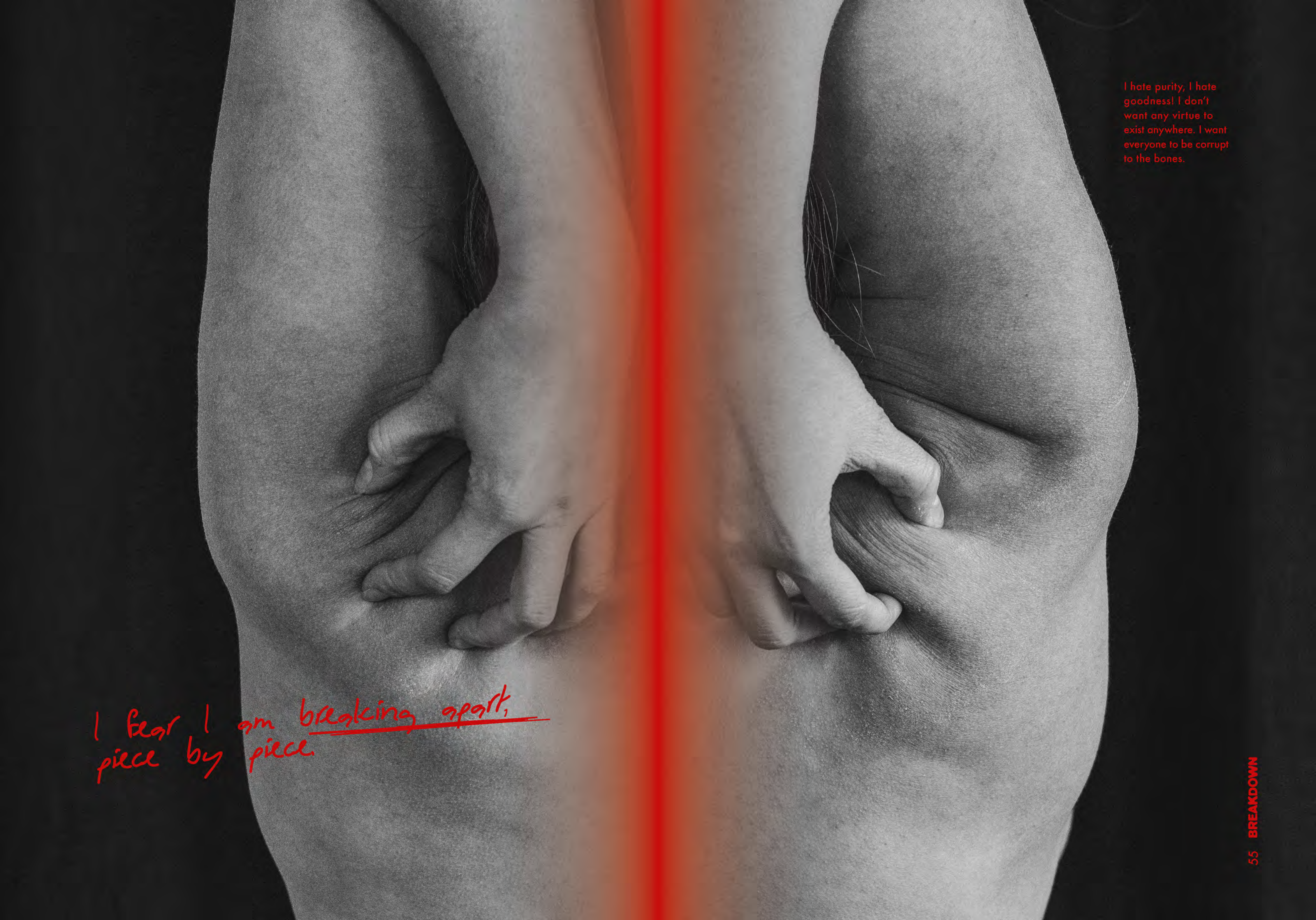
NOTHING HOLDS. My thoughts
collapse inward. I feel myself
sinking, breath sharp, eyes
burning. A HEAVINESS
CRUSHING THE SPACE
INSIDE MY CHEST.
I whisper that this is not
happening.

THAT IT CANNOT
BE HAPPENING.

But the room does not answer.
NO ONE ANSWERS.

I AM ALONE INSIDE
THE NOISE.





I hate purity, I hate
goodness! I don't
want any virtue to
exist anywhere. I want
everyone to be corrupt
to the bones.

I fear I am breaking apart,
piece by piece.



But it was all right, everything was
all right, the struggle was finished.
He had won the victory over himself.
He loved Big Brother. THE END

