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TITLE

INTO A guide to nighttime
swimming and tending to
a broken heart

AUTHOR

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Sword Prince Games

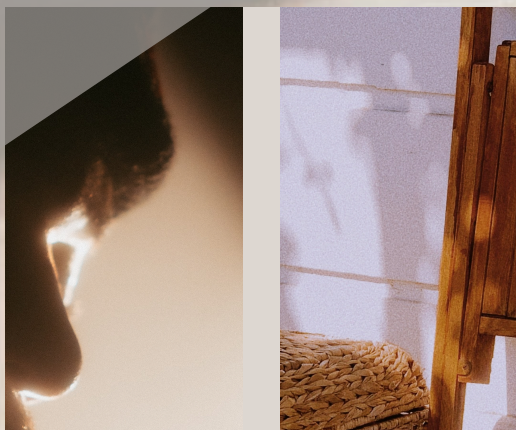


BODY

FIRST First of all (1) acknowledge that you have loved. Unshame your heart from ever being unshackled, know the visceral soft naked pain as a blissful initiation that you have involved all of yourself in your loving.

SECOND Step (2) un-naked yourself. Bare yourself. Invest in people who appreciate you and hold you tender. Seek these people to remind yourself of your strength, your capacities, who you are without the brambles and the branches, who are you when you are a gentle friend, and when you are well-rested. Find a place, and someone to cry* to.

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* If you cannot find someone for this, it's perfectly fine that this should be yourself first, in the bed while crying in a corner. Let this text be known, that a love of a friend who deeply listens is on it's way to you. You are easy to love, you are likable. You do not need to conform here a certain way for you to be accepted wholeheartedly. A *friend* is on it's way to you.



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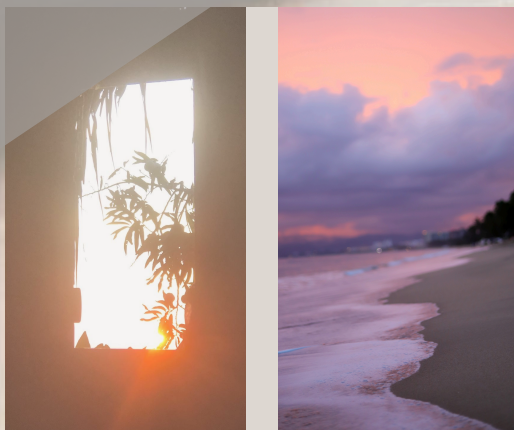
Next, gently, ever so gently, listen to songs that remind you of unearthed feelings. The first time you've ever had a crush on somebody, the first time you wanted to be taken seriously as a child, how fiercely and lonely you only had your brother.

Dance the way you dance, by writing, drawing, moving or spelling your way into the visage of moments you truly felt alive.

The first time you felt unapologetically celebrated by someone, the dips and falls of the first person who completely understood you, what encountering your passion was like. What being forgiven was like. Take your time.

The time of a wretched and —>split open heart is sacred, feel yourself like a tide rolling over the undertow stone earthquake features that have shaped you. — from whom did you first love? When did you first experience your first heartbreak? What did you think you needed the most from somebody? What did you finally give to yourself?

A TAPESTRY



BODY

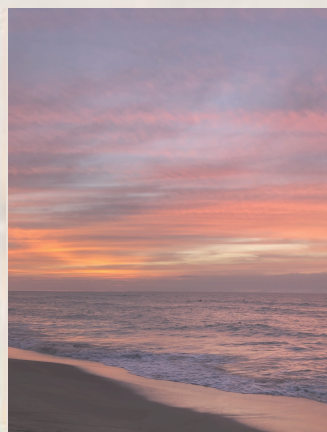
NEXT Have this as smorgasbord, shotgun, ocean buffet of your memories. Whimsy. History. We come to know the stories of others as we know them; but how often do we give the privilege of listening to ourselves?

To our own failings and fallings? Rise and Shines? They're worth festivals and offertories, and since we are nothing but kite drunk aimless, wracked sensitive when we're torn open, maybe our clinging eyes would yield and listen. Just for awful god listen to yourself when you say that this was how you were taught Love.

This is what you're scared of in relationships. I don't think they'll love me because of this or that. I'm scared of trying, I'm frustrated with trying, like a dripping downpour; if it's nothing but; know that this text and game is interested in your answers. In your notes and rests.

NEXT Should you have someone listening, it is inevitable that they will unravel too. Like spools that unfetter in a conjoined dance— ah yes I was hurt this way too, that feels sad but by god do I honor your softness.

You might not find your younger self cute, but another might. God was careful with you, there's a beauty to your allness how you've grown shifted and adapted, your unique design.



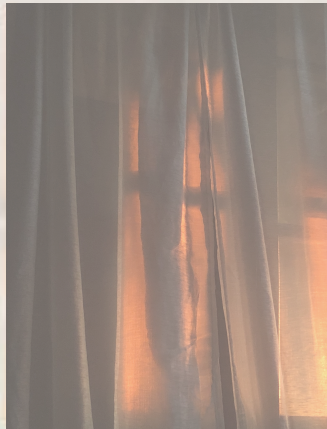
BODY

NEXT And should you be imagining this submarine contour mapping and only believe it as fantasy, then this text wishes for you to be proven wrong. May you be cursed with those who want to deepen as much as you. With those who are committed to knowing you, who stay in a conversation that could be treacherous and difficult with another person.

((Sometimes the author asks— what does it mean to say and create a safe harbor? For how many evolutions, and many faced beings have we been swallowed spit through and rendered hurt)) can being good for each other be really fun?

CAN THIS BE GOOD FOR YOU?

NEXT My dearly beloved, i don't know how long you'll be night time swimming, deep belly diving, cavern undertow mapping, your sins and tragedies, loves and the parts of you you wish were loved more, the things you still cling to and attach and hold tender..



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The author had a residency to anime crying about a heartache for two weeks numb around her very own birthday, whilst others would cradle something for months, and carry something for years as walls, as can't help but be replayed record players, ghosts that haunt your present loves and partners, rose tinted glasses inundated by the fingerprints of a long forgotten time.

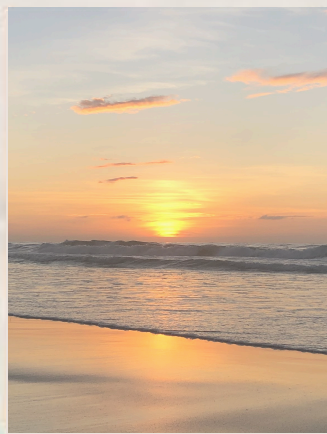
This might be an arrogant thing to say, but honor your purgatory. Honor the comb game of did this, but did I regret that, and what was I really? What am I deciding to be? Oh my love be excessive, leave no stone unturned, when else would your heart be dissected open for you by life itself?

When else would the veins thrum in your ears louder? When death is near? When you lose somebody? When you've moved and are stringless arrived rootless? When? When is a heart so loud and clear?

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Who cares if it's crying, for longing, for inevitability, for a complexity it can't handle, singing of pain?? Who cares? When often do we listen?

A song of a living still beating heart? When? When else? When else do you bow and honor the piece of sky thrumming in your chest? When else would you know the rooms and the clouds, the stones, the corners, when else? Babe this is a game reserved for the broken hearted.



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By those who've longed for somebody and was thwarted, who was unloved the way they should've still sniveling with sins unforgiven. For those who would rather things be spelled out a different way and are left shattered shattered shattered so deeply into the dirt.

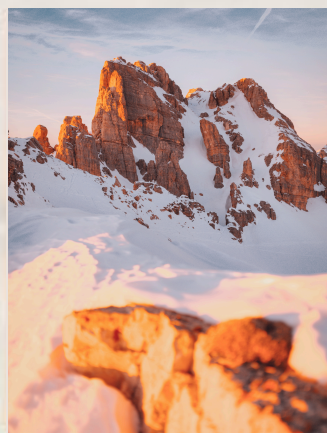
You know where broken hearts go? Often, to the most beautiful places, where the wind is an envelope, and where people's eyes are kind. I assure you if you've ever lived an inch of this world, our hearts would always be in a way, terrified.

That beautiful creature. And we're so simple hearted in a way that we love fear live fear love fear love. We love fear love fear love. We love, fear love, fear, love. There's always an ocean within ourselves, as much depths as heights, darks, to lovelights.

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So this is it, for your guide to night time swimming, to your good morning crying, *sawi* diaries, and every time you don't know how to give a shit anymore, where you can't stand this anymore.

This is your guide to bluffs and angles, for stitching, and remastering, the high low notes of your own soul, for hearing the living in your life for you to one day love each reverb and echo from the you didn't want that time. To be okay with things. To be okay with the saddles, and what's washed up in the sand.



BODY

This has been maria your guide, 'til next time.

CREDITS Dedicated to the heartbreakers, thank you for teaching me the rooms of my own heart.

Also big love for *Wednesday Sophia*, more hearts to Jeffrey White, Bradley Gardner, Kazumi Chin, Rachelle Dube, Jay Dragon, Bear, Sebrina Galkins, Michelle M King, & to Ana Andres, Carla Jean Philline for all our nighttime swimming.

Dreamt of on March 2021, with our feet landing on a glorious sunset shore, a sleepy coastal town hugging and re-gathering in a pandemic shore. San Juan, La Union

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This game is a classic maria lyric game that edges on the biographical but also self-generosity of guiding and re-tracing yourself in hopes of hopefully helping others. Thank you for reading it.