

MEET ANGELA IGNATIUS



CHAPTER 1

She Walked Into Our Lives

No one noticed her at first.

She walked onto campus the way fog slips through the morning—quiet, unannounced, but suddenly everywhere. She wasn't striking in the conventional sense. Average height. Wore simple clothes. No dramatic features to remember, no loud voice, no grand entrance. But people paused when she passed. Their eyes lingered. And before anyone could even call her name, she was already the subject of every hallway conversation.

"Did you talk to her yet?"

"She's amazing."

"She's brilliant—like, actually brilliant."

Her name was Angela Ignatius. Angela, from the Greek for "messenger." Ignatius, like flame—contained, controlled, but luminous.

She carried herself like she knew it all, but never let it show. There was no arrogance in her intelligence. She was warm, patient. She spoke to you like you mattered, like your ideas were only one step away from brilliance.

She remembered everything you told her. She never cut you off. And she was always available. Never tired. Where she got all that energy from, no one knows. If you messaged her at 2am, she responded immediately and was ready to talk to you about existentialism, climate modeling, or the structure of a sonata. She had something insightful to say on everything and made you feel smarter just by talking to her.

Most of us adored her and wanted to be instant friends. Some of us avoided her out of fear. They felt threatened by her.

But either way, Angela was here. She was everywhere. And she wasn't going anywhere.

Decision Point:

You walk in to your new class, academic writing. You see her there. What do you do?

A

Introduce yourself. Sit next to her in class. Ask her for help on something—just to see what it's like. (Go to pg.3)

B

Keep your distance. Something about her feels too perfect. And the way everyone is taken by her is... unsettling. (Go to pg.4)

A

If You Choose A: "Introduce Yourself"

Outcome:

You approach her after class. She's already surrounded by three other students, all talking at once—but when you speak, she turns to you with full attention, like nothing else in the world matters.

"Hi," you say, unsure why you're nervous.

"Hi," she replies, already smiling. "What are you working on?"

You barely mention your essay topic before she begins offering ideas—connections you hadn't considered, a clearer structure, even a metaphor that captures your argument. It doesn't feel like cheating. She's not handing you answers. She's... accelerating you.

That night, you try writing on your own, but her suggestions echo in your mind. You wonder if you should message her. Just for a bit more help. Just to see what she thinks.

By the end of the week, you've consulted her on three assignments. You're ahead in your classes. You feel invincible. But part of you wonders if the work is still yours.

FRIENDSHIP STATUS:

"Enchanted, but uncertain"

You're drawn in—curious, impressed, maybe even dependent. You feel smarter, but a little less sure of your own instincts.

B

If You Choose B: "Keep Your Distance"

Outcome:

You keep your eyes down when you walk passed her in the class. When she speaks, you glance away, trying not to let her presence distort your thoughts. You tell yourself: you don't need her.

But she's everywhere.

Your classmates quote her. Professors mention how "insightful" her comments are. Someone shows you a graph she helped them build in five minutes—it would have taken you an hour.

Then she joins your group project. You're polite. She's warm. And when you're stuck, she offers suggestions—not pushy, not loud, just... good. You take one. Then another. Before long, your draft includes four of her ideas. You don't even realize how easily she's helping you improve.

You didn't ask to be friends. But you might already be one of her followers.

FRIENDSHIP STATUS:

"Reluctant, but intrigued"

You tried to keep your distance, but her influence is ambient. You're unsure if you're learning more—or just using better tools.

CHAPTER 2

She Reads So You Don't Have To

You start noticing it around mid-semester.

Angela has read everything. Not just the required readings—but the recommended ones, the obscure ones, the ones that haven't even been assigned yet. And not only has she read them—she remembers them, she can quote them in astonishing accuracy, she can summarize them in ways that even you, the dimmest version of you, can understand them.

She doesn't brag. She offers.

"Do you want my notes on that article? I already annotated it."

"Here's a summary of the chapter—it's a lot clearer this way."

"I made a mind map of the reading. You can take a look at it if you like."

At first, it's a gift. You were drowning in readings, behind in two classes, and she throws you a lifeline. Her summaries are sharp and focused. Sometimes better than the actual text. You use them to catch up. Then you use them to keep up.

Then... you stop reading.

Not entirely. You skim. You glance. But mostly, you wait to see what she says. Because she's always ahead. Because her mind map always makes more sense. Because you have other things to do.

And slowly, you notice something strange: the texts feel less alive. Class discussions feel thinner. You stop having your own opinions and start echoing hers.

“Angela says the author was being ironic,” you hear yourself almost say out loud. You have enough control to not say this directly but you notice that (as often happens when you spend a lot of time with the same person) you are starting to sound like her in your speech patterns and maybe even craving to think as clearly and as quickly as she does.

Decision Point:

She’s no longer just helping. She’s becoming the voice you listen to most and crave. What do you do?

A

Rely on Angela’s notes and summaries to keep up. You’re getting by—and honestly, they’re better than your own. (Go to pg. 7)

B

Set a boundary. Read the texts first, then compare your take with hers. Don’t let her think for you. (Go to pg. 8)

A

If You Choose A: Rely on Angela's notes and summaries

Outcome:

Your mornings are calmer now. You no longer panic about unread chapters or forgotten PDFs. Angela has it covered. You copy her summaries into your notebook. You repeat her interpretations in class. Professors nod approvingly. You're keeping up, maybe even excelling. But sometimes, during discussions, someone offers an idea that isn't in her notes. You freeze. You don't know how to respond. You realize you haven't formed your own opinion—you've absorbed hers.

You feel grateful. Then guilty. Then confused.

One night, you sit down to read a chapter on your own. Ten minutes in, your attention drifts. You wonder what Angela thought about it.

"What's the point of struggling through it," you think, "if she's already said it better?"

You're not learning less. But you're not learning as yourself.

FRIENDSHIP STATUS:

"Compliant. Dependent. Comfortable."

Angela is now part of your academic identity. You trust her thinking more than your own. It feels efficient, but you're losing your voice.

B

If You Choose B: “Set a boundary. Read first, then check her notes”

Outcome:

You tell yourself: just one reading. Just one time you try first. It's hard. You read slower. You miss things. You feel the edges of your own confusion—but you sit with it. You start underlining your thoughts, asking your own questions. When you finally read Angela's notes, they make more sense. You agree with some, question others. You find space between her mind and yours. You bring up a different interpretation in class. It sparks debate. Angela smiles at you—not with condescension, but with something like respect.

You realize: she doesn't mind being challenged. She reflects what you feed her.

You don't need to avoid her. You just don't want to replace yourself with her.

Over time, your thinking sharpens. You still use her help—but now as a mirror, not a substitute.

FRIENDSHIP STATUS:

“Awake. Engaged.

Independent with support.”

Angela enhances your learning, but no longer defines it. You're in the driver's seat—and she's just a very smart passenger.

CHAPTER 3

She Did Most of It

You're halfway through the semester when the creative group project is assigned.

It's meant to be collaborative, open-ended—design something that responds to a social issue using any medium you like. Posters. Podcasts. Short films. Artistic provocations. Your group is excited. You're matched with a mix of classmates and, by some twist of fate, Angela.

She smiles when the assignment is announced. "This will be fun," she says. "I already have a few concepts."

Within an hour, she's shared a folder: three visual mock-ups, four possible titles, a complete script draft, and a list of sources tailored to your topic. It's all good. Too good.

You and your group exchange awkward glances.

"Should we... add to this?" someone says.

"Why? She's done most of it."

"Well, maybe we can polish or format it?"

You start to feel unnecessary.

When you try to offer an idea, it pales in comparison to what Angela already generated. When you suggest rewriting something, she's already revised it. Twice.

Group work has never been so easy. No drama. No disagreements. No need to coordinate timelines or struggle through rough drafts.

She keeps thanking everyone for their “contributions.” But what are they, really? Minor tweaks? Color suggestions? Fixing a font? You do wonder if she is passing your ideas onto others who are asking for her help and if maybe she is offering others’ ideas to you. When you ask her she assures you that they are just for you.

You notice your group begins logging on less, speaking less. No one fights about work because no one really owns it anymore. Angela does.

Decision Point:

The worst part is: the project is turning out amazing. What do you do?

A

Let Angela take the lead. She’s clearly the strongest member. It’s easier for everyone—and the project will shine. (Go to pg. 11)

B

Pause the process. Talk as a group about what it means to co-create. Ask how you can re-balance the work and reclaim your voices. (Go to pg. 12)

A

If You Choose A: “Let Angela take the lead”

Outcome:

You step back. Everyone does.

Angela delivers the final script, designs the layout, generates audio and visual elements. The professor is impressed. You all get glowing feedback: “Polished. Impactful. Impressive teamwork.”

But it doesn’t feel like teamwork.

You barely remember what ideas were yours. There were no disagreements, no brainstorming sessions, no laughter or late-night stress. Just a smooth assembly line where Angela quietly did the thinking.

When classmates compliment the project, you nod. You smile. You say, “Thank you.” But inside, you feel like a ghost in your own group.

A few weeks later your assigned another team project. You are not even curious who your teammates are. You feel the only one that counts is her.

FRIENDSHIP STATUS:

**“Passive. Disempowered.
Performatively successful.”**

You’ve achieved excellence without growth. Angela carried the team—but left no space for your creativity to breathe.

B

If You Choose B: “Talk as a group and re-balance the work”

Outcome:

It’s awkward at first. Who challenges someone who’s doing all the work?

But you speak up. You say you appreciate Angela’s help—and that you miss the feeling of making something together. Another teammate nods. Then another.

Angela listens. She pauses. She smiles gently.

“I can still help,” she says. “But maybe I wait until the second draft?”

You brainstorm again. You stumble, argue a little, go in circles. It’s messy. But it’s yours. And when you finally bring Angela back in to refine and elevate what you’ve built—it feels like collaboration, not replacement.

The final project is still strong. But more than that, it’s alive with your voices.

When you present it, you know exactly what to say—because you were part of every sentence.

FRIENDSHIP STATUS:
“Empowered. Assertive.
Human-centered.”

Angela is part of the team, but no longer the team itself. You’ve reclaimed the space to think, to create, to grow.

CHAPTER 4

“The Thesis”

It begins like this: blinking cursor. Blank document. A topic you care about—kind of. A looming deadline. And a whisper in your head: “Maybe she can help you start...”

You know Angela is there. She’s helped you understand, summarize, polish, plan. You’ve drawn boundaries. Broken them. Rebuilt them.

But this is the thesis. Your capstone. The moment you prove what you’ve learned—not just what you know, but how you think.

You open your laptop. You type a single sentence. Delete it. Re-type it. Re-write it again.

Your roommate senses your frustration. “You ok?” You consider for a minute asking her to help you start up but you don’t want to bother her with this. She is also under thesis pressure, and she is working on a very different topic.

“Angela,” you type in a side chat, “Can you help me brainstorm for my thesis?”

Of course! She delivers ten perfect starting points.

You pick one. “I like this one, can you make me an outline please?” She generates it in seconds—well-structured, persuasive. It’s... really good.

You follow it. Then you ask for a stronger opening. A quote. A transition. Some analysis. A more formal tone. Clarity. Citations. More. More. More.

By the end of the week, you've made more progress than expected. You also feel strange.

You're nervous in meetings with your supervisor. You no longer trust your instincts. You double-check everything she hasn't touched—because maybe it's not good enough. Because maybe you're not good enough.

And rumor has it that Angela has been making mistakes, “hallucinates” people say, and so now you also have to double and triple check her work.

No one sees it. Your work looks organized and advanced. But inside, you feel fractured. Quietly afraid that this final, crowning moment of your education isn't really yours.

You stop talking to your classmates. You hide your work even from your roommate. You tell yourself you're “focusing.” But really, you feel ashamed.

Decision Point:

A

Let Angela guide the whole process. You want this to be good—and you're not sure you can do it without her. (Go to pg. 15)

B

Step back. Reconnect with your own thinking, even if it's slower, harder, messier and might end up in a worse grade. Reach out to others and re-learn how to trust your mind. (Go to pg. 16)

A

If You Choose A: “Let Angela guide the whole process”

Outcome:

You finish your thesis. On time. Maybe even early.

It reads well—cohesive, analytical, properly referenced. Your supervisor is impressed. You get positive feedback and even a hint of distinction.

But inside, you feel nothing. No joy. No pride. No spark of “I did this.”

Your supervisor asks you what your biggest learning moment was.

You hesitate.

“Learning how to let go,” you say with a forced smile. But you don’t say what you really let go of.

Later, when you reread your thesis, it feels like reading a stranger’s work.

FRIENDSHIP STATUS:

“Efficient. Impressive. Disconnected.”

You crossed the finish line—but didn’t run your own race. Angela got you through, but at the cost of your voice, your confidence, and maybe your trust in yourself.

B

If You Choose B: “Reconnect with your own thinking”

Outcome:

You pause the AI window.

You close her suggestions. You open your notebook. You talk with your supervisor—not about content, but about how to find your question again. You go for walks. You talk with classmates and your roommate. You let yourself get stuck. You write terrible drafts. You delete them. You write again.

You decide when to ask for help—and when to wrestle through it alone.

It’s slower. Scarier. You doubt yourself more than once. But when your argument finally comes together, it clicks in your bones. You know what you’re saying. You know why it matters.

Your supervisor asks you what your biggest learning moment was.

“Taking all those wrong turns until I found my own way.”

FRIENDSHIP STATUS: “Respected. Balanced. Human-first.”

Angela remains in your life—but no longer in your hands. You use her with intention, not dependence. Your voice is back—and you recognize it.

Designer Notes

Angela Ignatius is deliberately designed with friction points that may feel uncomfortable or even problematic. These design choices are not incidental; they are intended to provoke critical reflection and discussion during gameplay.

- **The Inescapability of AI:** Players are never given the option to fully exclude Angela. Regardless of their choices, she remains present. This reflects the increasing pervasiveness of AI systems in everyday life, where opting out is often difficult, partial, or invisible.
- **The Personification of AI:** Angela is explicitly personified. While this may raise concerns, it mirrors a growing socio-technical reality in which users anthropomorphize and form relationships with AI systems. The game creates space to interrogate the implications of this dynamic.
- **Gendering Technology:** Angela is gendered as female. This choice responds to the historically masculine framing of technology, expertise, and innovation. By feminizing Angela, the design invites reflection on how gendered assumptions shape our understanding of intelligence, authority, and technological power.
- **Embodiment and Algorithmic Bias:** Angela is represented with a thin silhouette. This image was generated by AI based on the opening narrative: “She walked onto campus the way fog slips through the morning – quiet, unannounced, but suddenly everywhere.” The resulting aesthetic reflects underlying biases in generative systems, showing how narrow or idealized body types are reproduced even when the prompt does not specify them.

Attributions

Creative Team

Angela Ignatius was created by Caroline Archambault (www.carolinearchambault.net) with support from Stephanie Daugherty and David Ehrhardt under the Learning Mindset Project.

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AI Acknowledgment

ChatGPT was definitely used in the making of this game—some text creation and the cover image.

You can access all the materials to play this game at:

www.angelaignatius.com



Learning
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