

# Linear Mood Scale

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I wonder what life would have been like if I had been born a Sim. Just a simple little Sim with my fused hands and non-moving hair and inability to cook mac and cheese without lighting the house on fire. Would I find life to be an eternally enjoyable romp, with no responsibilities or need to make decisions? I would experience emotions in linear mood-scale, my only concern being whether “my mood” was green or red, good or bad. I would perhaps have a quaint little family, a nice husband and two children, aged Child and Toddler. I would feel nothing but an affectionate “green plus plus” toward those two little wonders and my husband, and in the evening I would run my flat finger-mitts through his pristine helmet hair and I bet it would feel something like sticking your hand into a bowl of uncooked pizza dough. Or would I feel trapped, cursed with a conscious mind and yet forced into the robotic actions of day to day life? Maybe I don’t want to be commanded to “Go Here” goddammit maybe this time I want to call just one shot, maybe I want to “Go THERE” but alas no; as my robotic body and traitor feet drag me toward the specified spot I die a little inside, scathing under the constant illusion of free will.