

# The Time Trial Sketchbook

Visual Notes No. 4

Filed and witnessed by Icaros

Filed July 2025 - Doc 04.00

# *About This Issue*

These sketches were recovered from the Icaros Archives and filed as part of the Fourth Record – a visual study of Time, gathered during its absence from the court of observable phenomena.

Each illustration corresponds to a location, sensation, or distortion recorded between moments. The trial was not public. No witnesses were summoned.

What follows are the fragments left behind: twelve impressions filed without comment, labeled by those who remember what forgetting feels like.

Filed July 2025

Record ID: VN-04 / TT-SKETCH

# *Meet Icaros*

Icaros is a recorder of edge phenomena – the moments that slip between known hours, the visual evidence of events that shouldn't leave traces.

He does not speak loudly. He observes.

The sketches in this file are marked with his notation: part analysis, part memory, part quiet hypothesis.

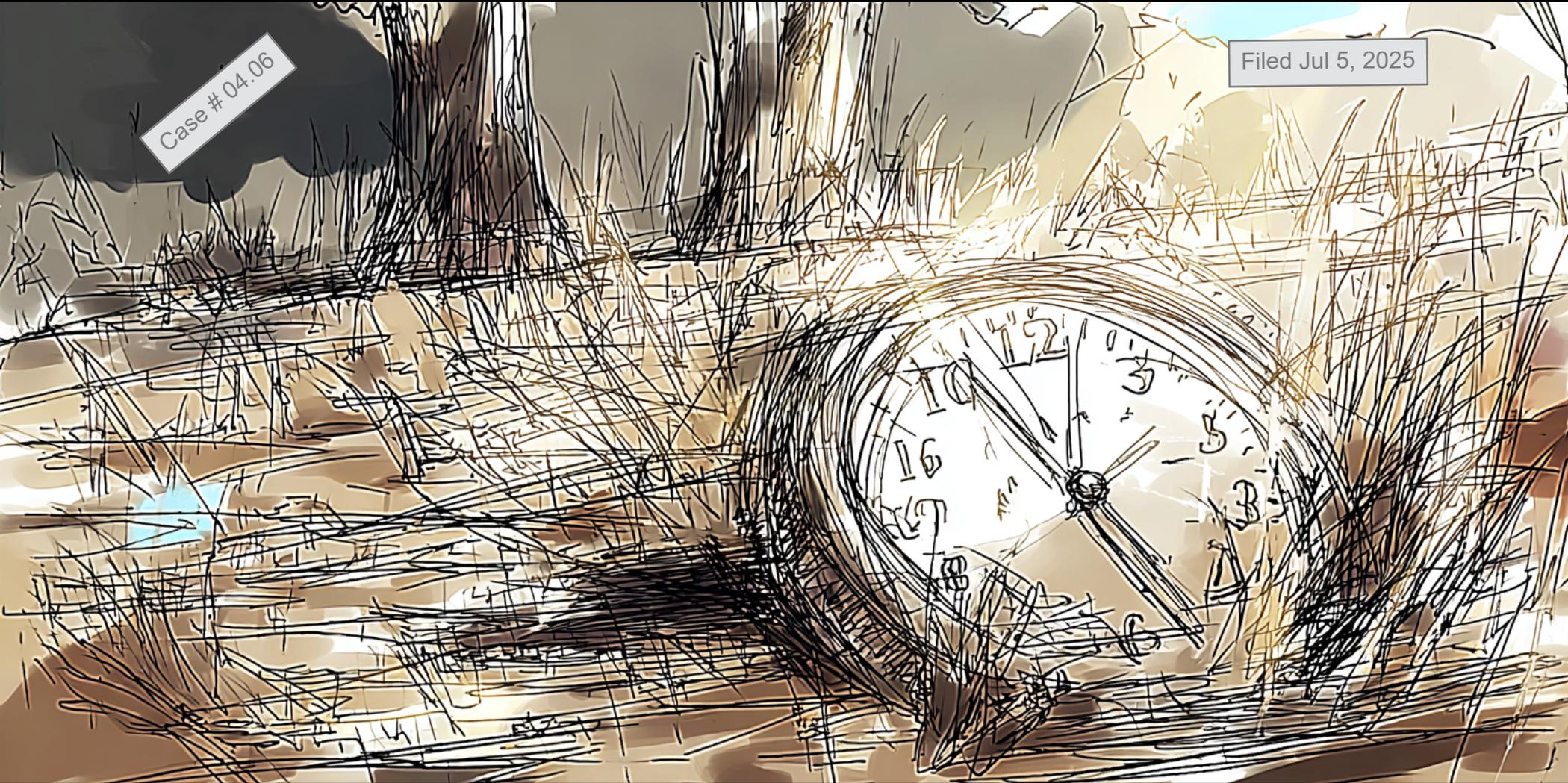
Icaros is not an authority.

He is simply the one who stayed behind, watching time depart.

# EXHIBIT A

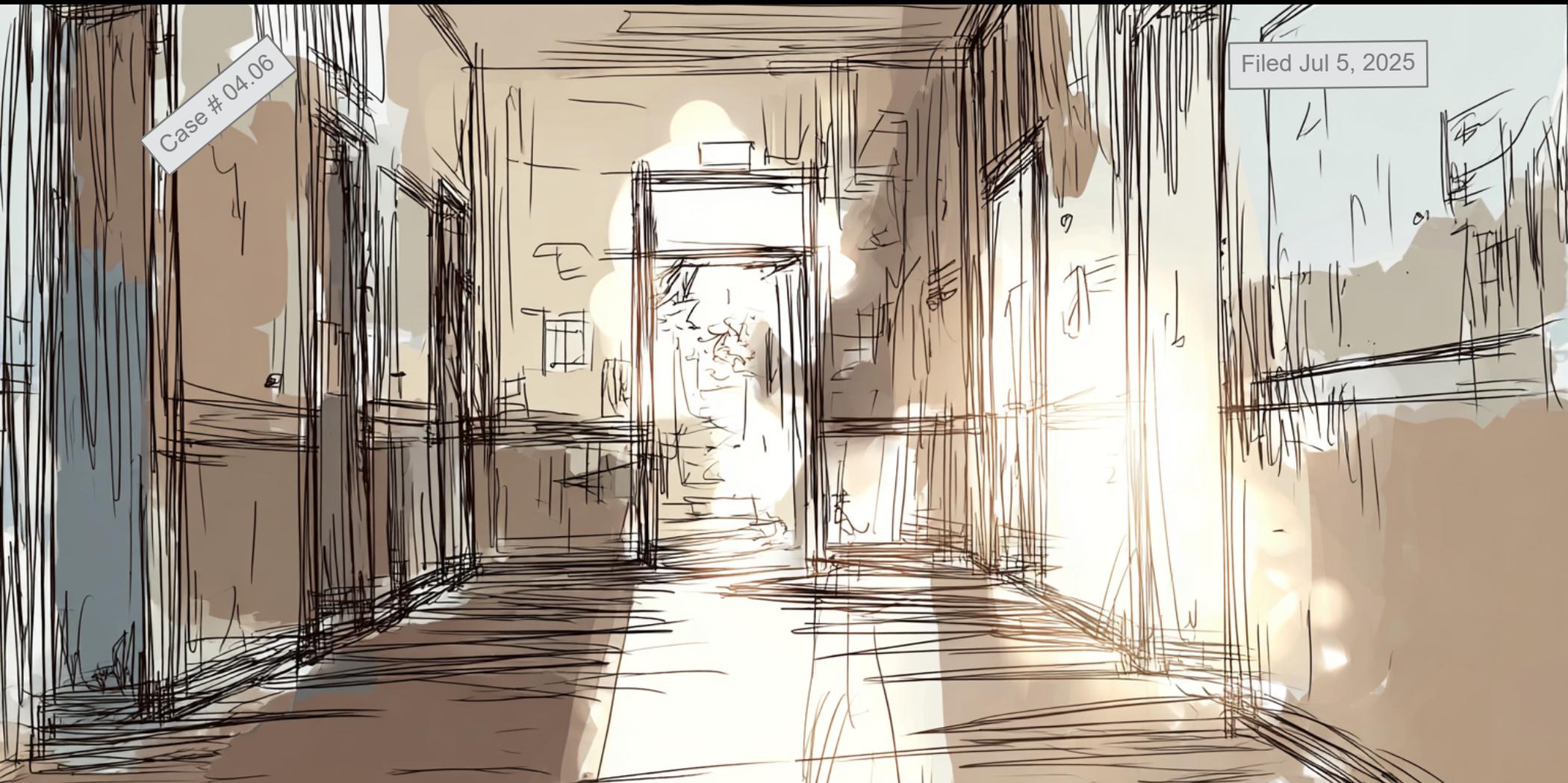
Case # 04.06

Filed Jul 5, 2025



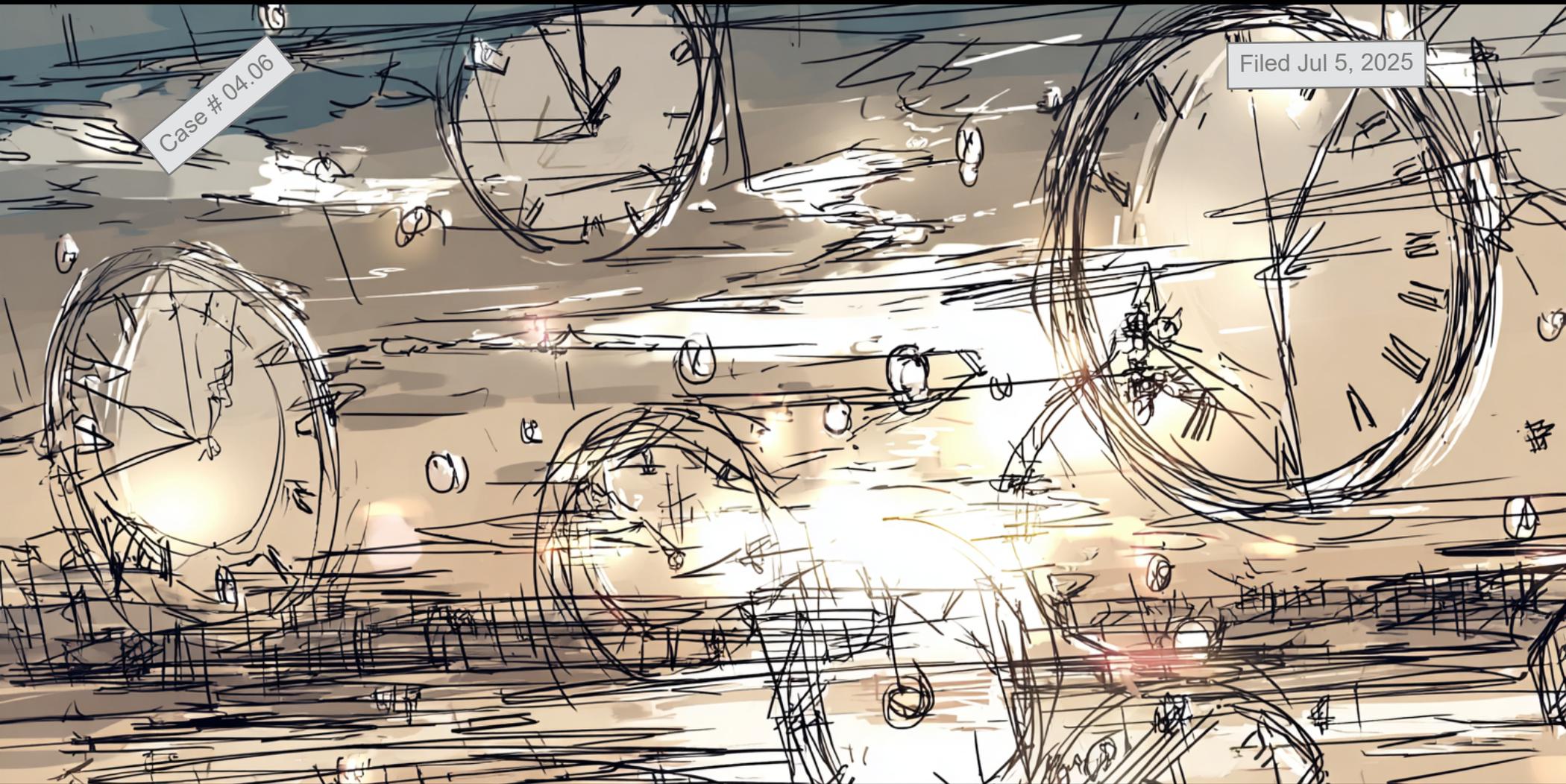
It was found this way – half-buried, still intact.  
No corrosion. No glass.  
The numbers shift each time it's retrieved.  
I've stopped calling them hours. They don't seem to mind.

## EXHIBIT B



The hallway repeats every 22 meters.  
Light arrives early, but leaves on time.  
No one remembers building this wing.  
I checked. It's not on any map printed before yesterday.

## EXHIBIT C

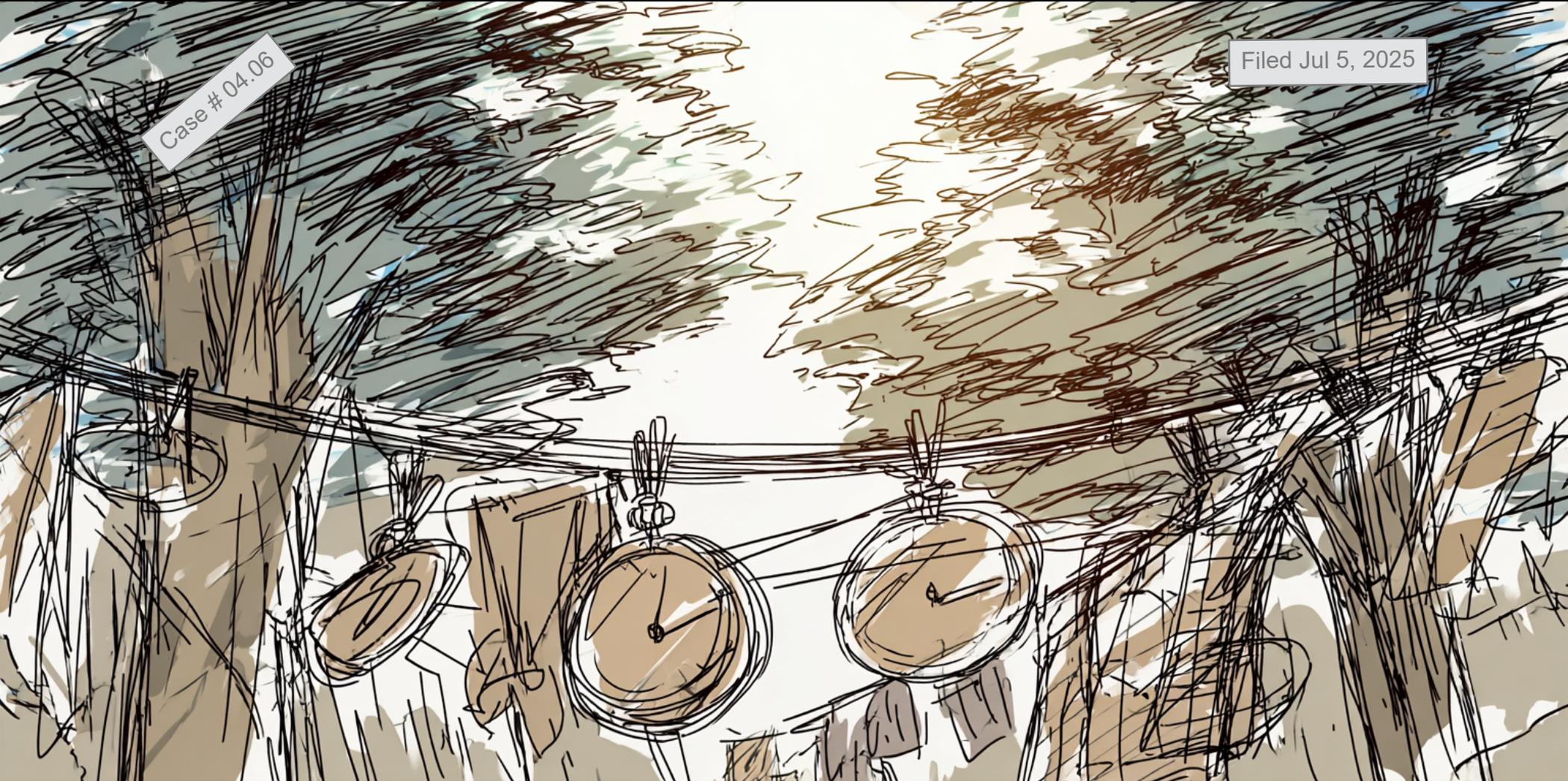


At 19:42, the sky began keeping its own time.  
Clocks detached, rose slowly, and aligned with no known calendar.  
One of them was ticking backward.  
The rest were undecided.

## EXHIBIT D

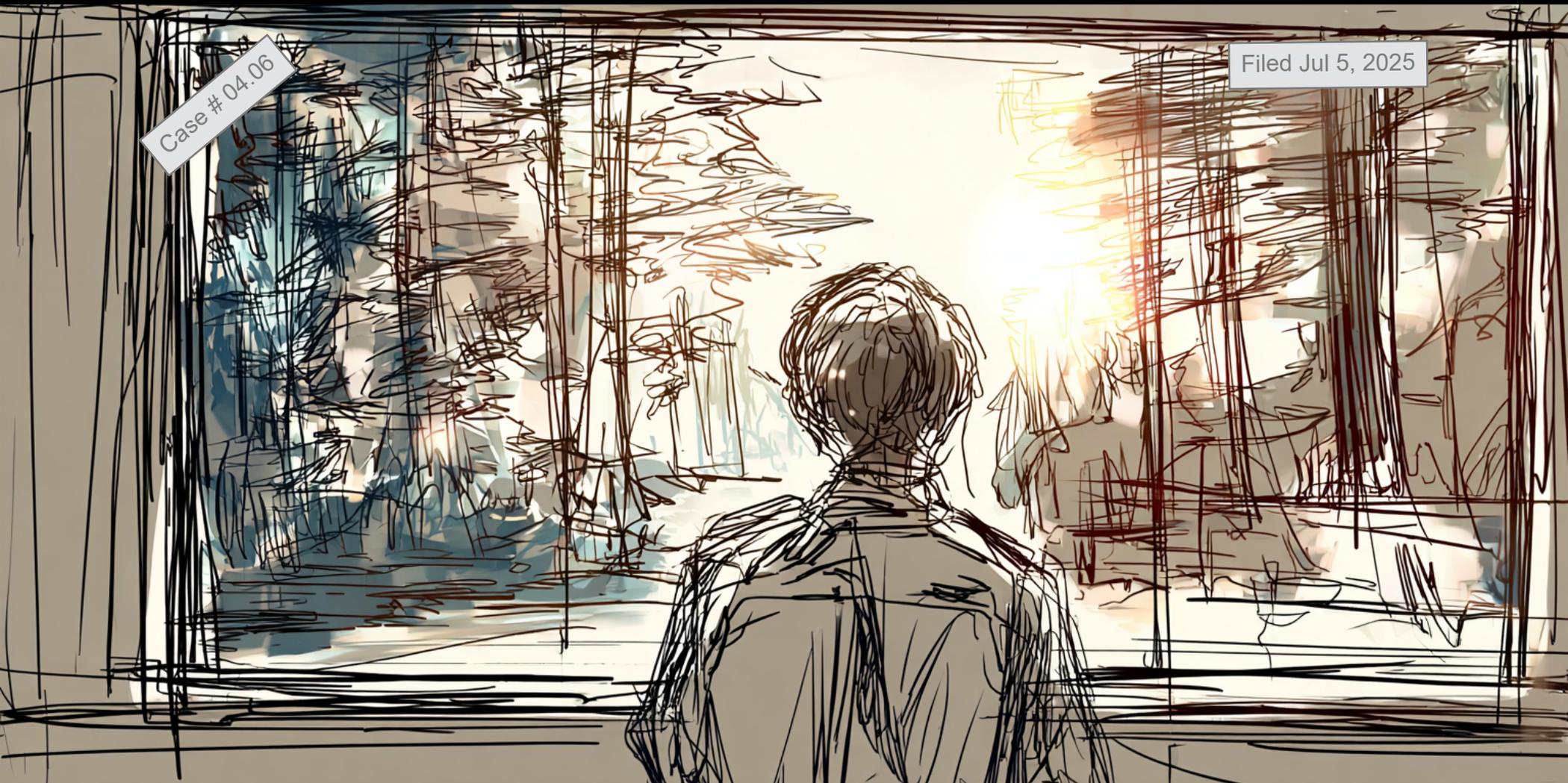
Case # 04.06

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Hung carefully at dawn.  
Each timepiece kept a different hour, but all agreed it was morning.  
Wind passed through, but never moved them.  
I waited for chimes. None came.

## EXHIBIT E



Case # 04.06

Filed Jul 5, 2025

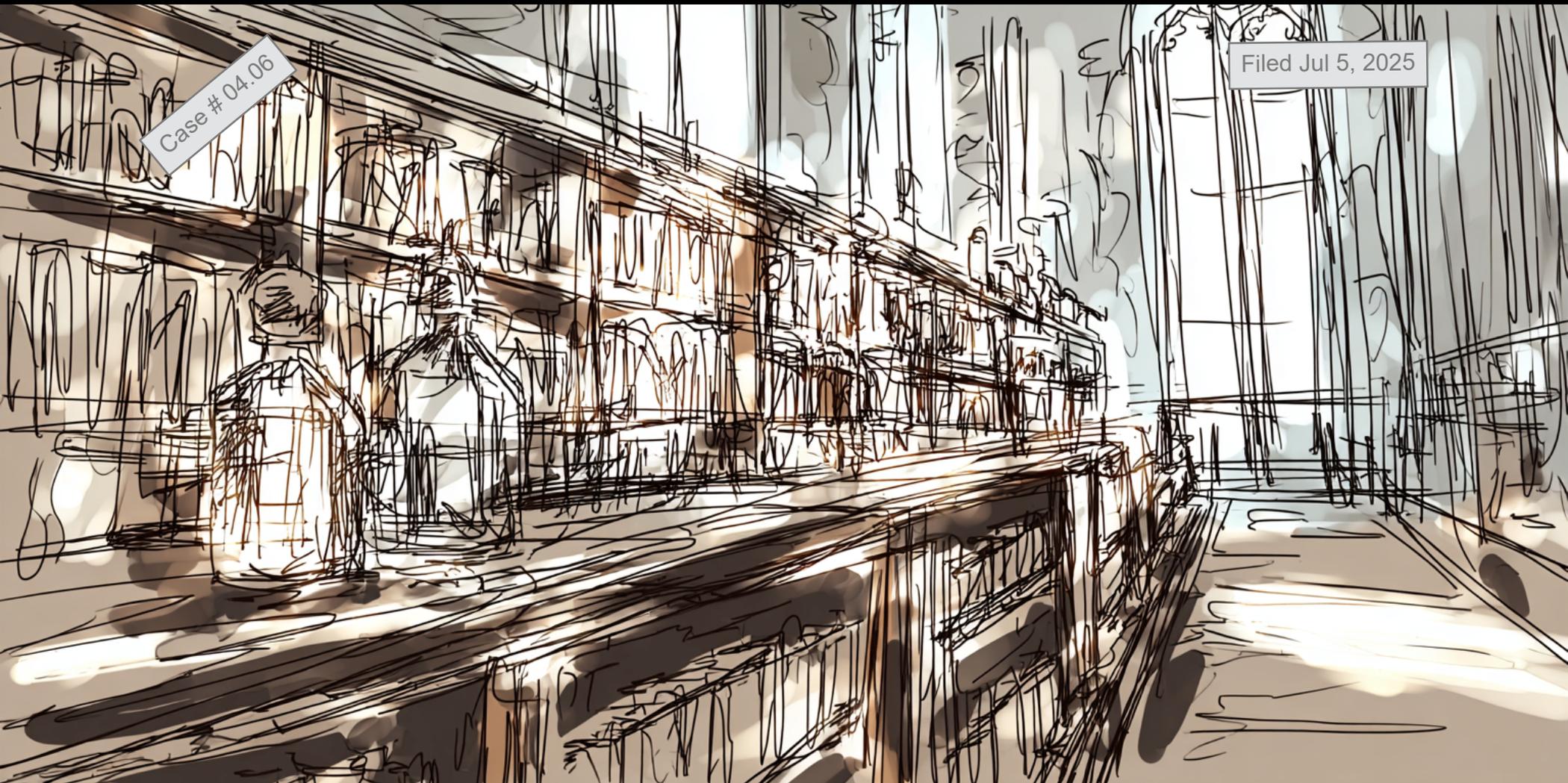
She looked out at morning.  
The reflection looked back from late afternoon.  
We took measurements. The temperature was consistent,  
but the light disagreed.

## EXHIBIT F



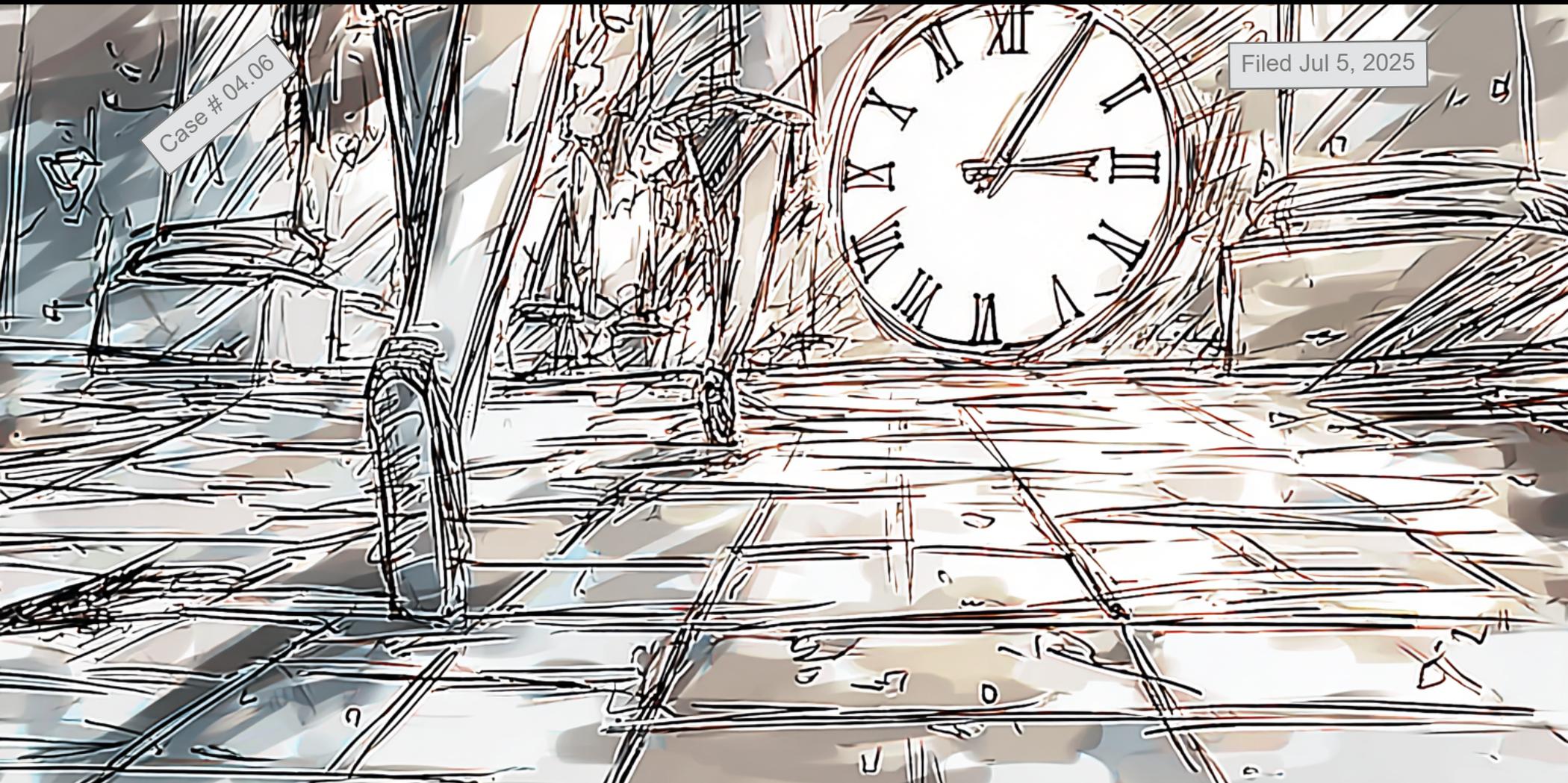
The minutes pooled on the floor overnight.  
No footprints, no signs of entry.  
Just light – stretched thin, curling at the edges.  
We marked them. They refused to dry.

## EXHIBIT G



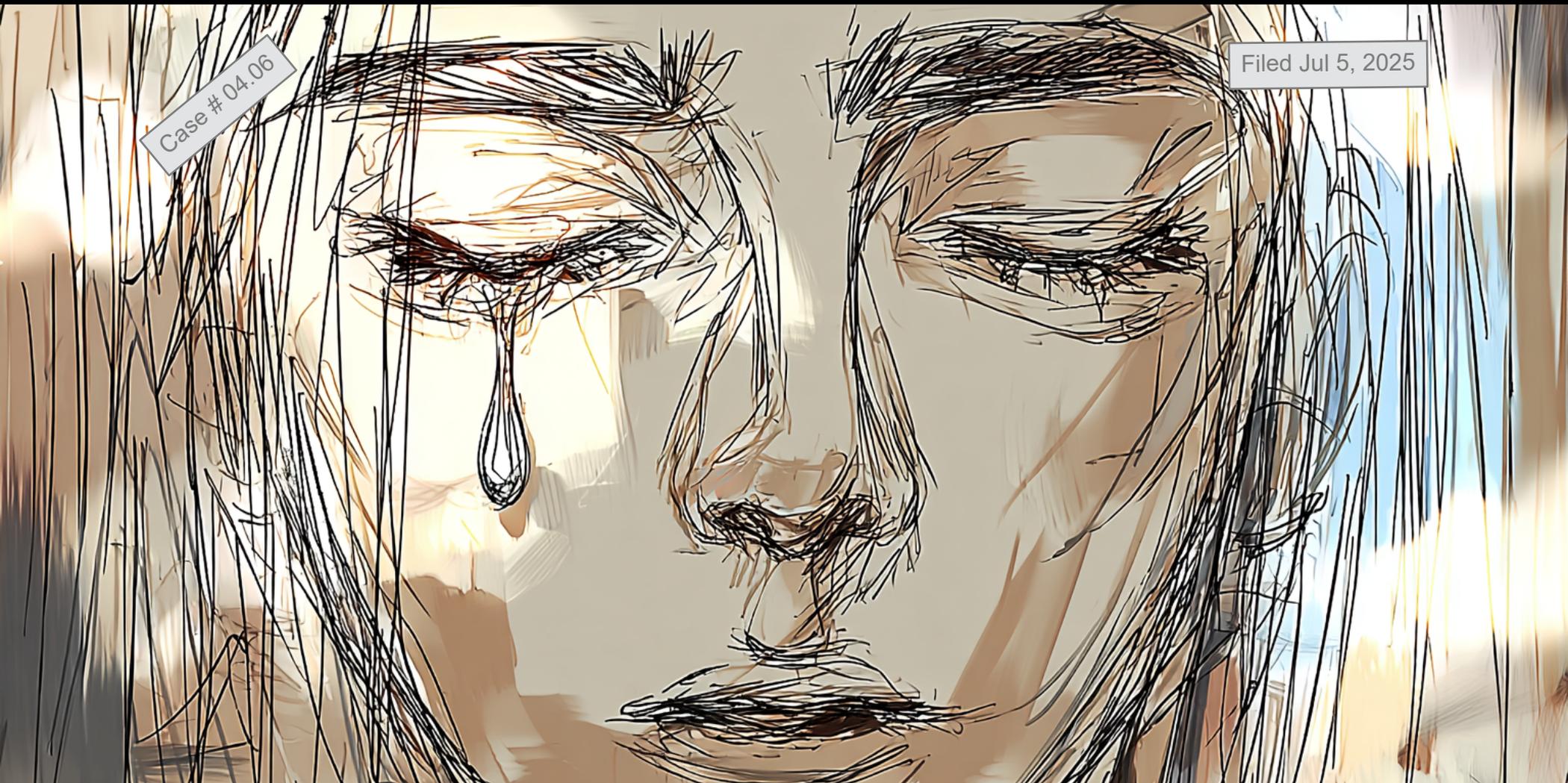
No books. Just bottles.  
Some tick, some hum, some emit warmth when handled.  
Labels unreadable unless you already know what they say.  
I left mine on the shelf. It was still breathing.

## EXHIBIT H



The hour hand grew legs at 03:12.  
It walked a full circuit of the plaza before vanishing beneath the west stairs.  
Locals left offerings of salt and string.  
No one touched the minute hand.

# EXHIBIT I

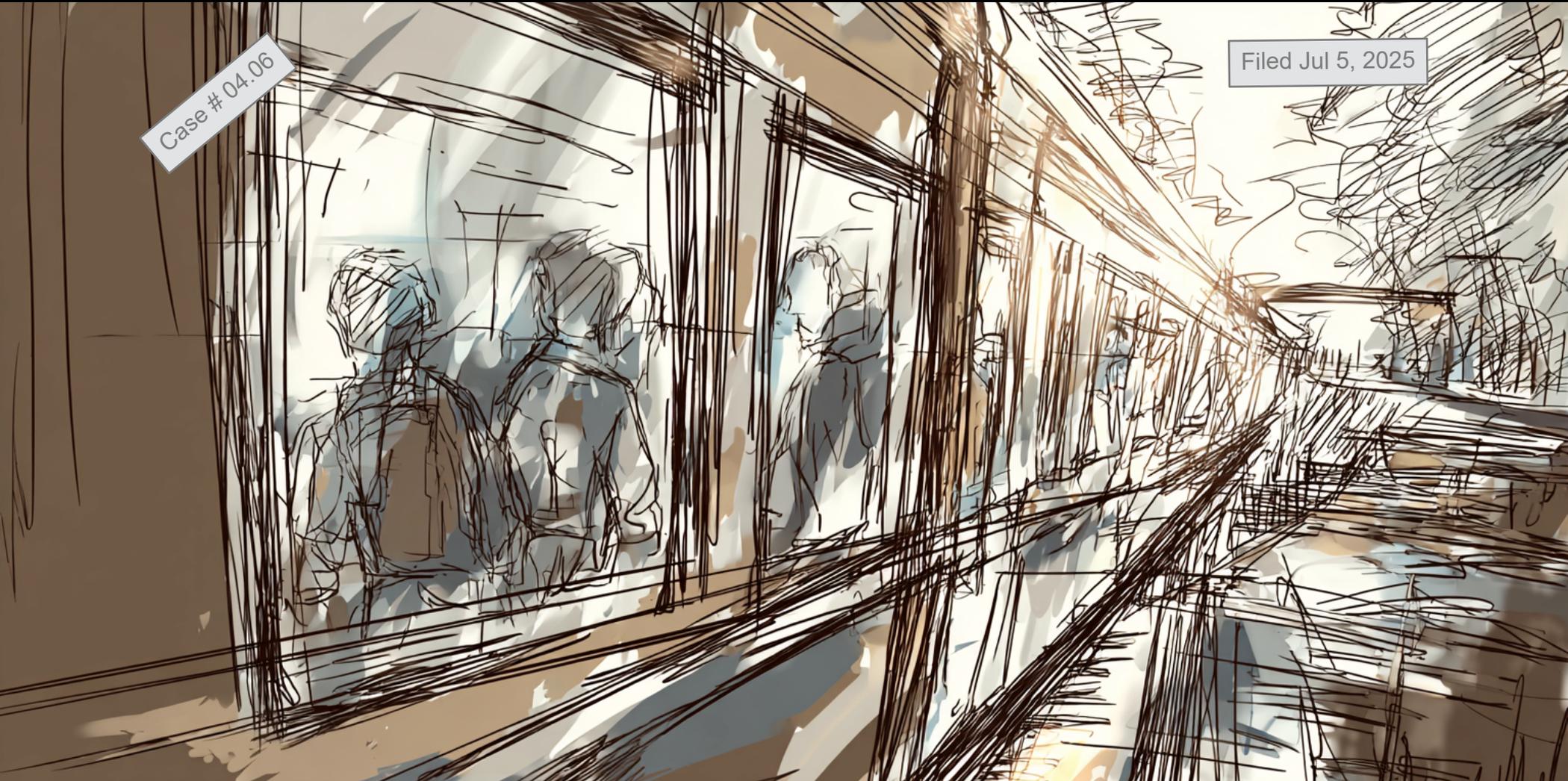


Case # 04.06

Filed Jul 5, 2025

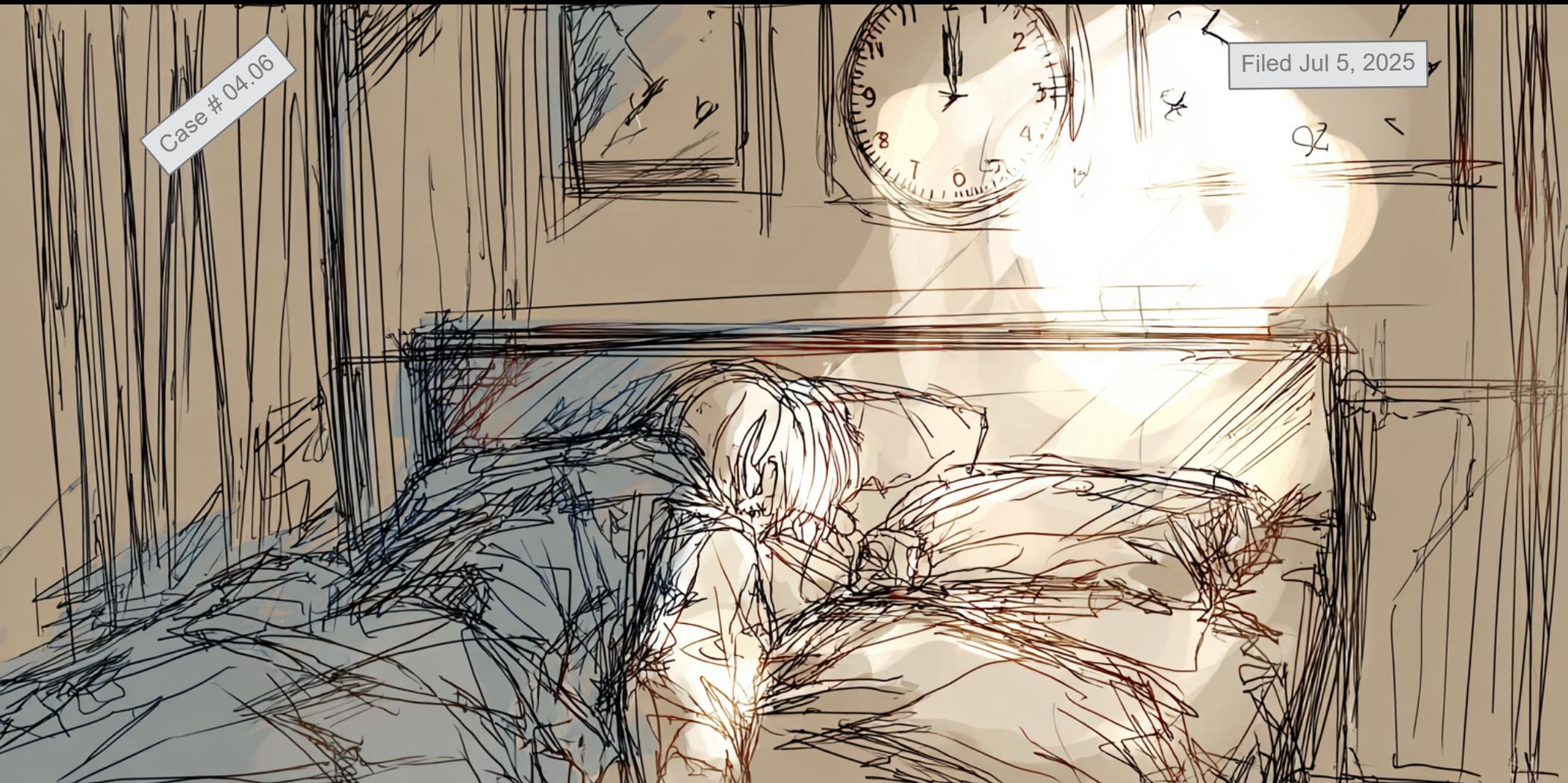
The tear did not fall.  
It hovered – mid-descent, mid-thought.  
I measured it twice. No change in mass, only memory.  
Time, it seems, can be paused by regret.

## EXHIBIT J



The train moved forward, but its reflection stayed behind.  
Passengers appeared unaware – or unwilling to acknowledge the lag.  
I counted thirteen faces twice.  
The fourteenth blinked.

## EXHIBIT K



Midnight hovered above the bed for twenty-seven minutes.  
The sleeper remained unchanged, though their breath adjusted tempo.  
I recorded five dreams leaking through the wallpaper.  
Four of them were mine.

# EXHIBIT L

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The sun hesitated on the horizon.  
Rays extended beyond their usual reach – as if grasping for something unsaid.  
We recorded no sound.  
The light, however, screamed.

# *Final Reflection*

This issue began as an experiment – not just in visuals, but in framing.

I was curious what would happen if we treated images like exhibits, like field reports filed by a witness who never left the scene.

Icaros gave shape to that instinct. He observes without judgment, tracks distortions without the need to explain them. He notices the shape of silence.

Creating these images in motion and stillness revealed something deeper than theme: a rhythm. A breath. The strange weight of a second when no one is looking.

Time didn't stand trial here.

We did – just for a moment. And I think we left quietly, I think.

– PixelPia

# *Credits & Next Steps*

## Images & Animation

Created using MidJourney v7

Primary style reference: --sref 985068927

Aspect Ratio: 2:1

## Writing

Observational voice: Icaros (Voice Gallery No. 7)

Final Reflection: PixelPia

## Design & Layout

Affinity Publisher | Visual Notes Format

Explore previous issues of Visual Notes: [PixelPia's Perspective](#)

Learn more about Voicecraft & AI-assisted storytelling at [Creative AI](#) on YouTube

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