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Yuri ddlc wiki

Warning spoilers in advance!!! You've been warned!!! Name - YuriAge - 18Concept Height - 5'5 (160 cm)Genre - Color FemaleHair - VioletEye Color - Light PurpleFile Name - yuri.chrAppears in - Act 1, Act 2, Act 4Cause of Death - Stabbed / ScuicideYuri is the mystery girl and was the 3rd member to join the Literature Club.-----Yuri (?? - lily) is one of the four main characters in Doki Doki Literature Club! and one of the members of the Literature Club, later becoming the vice president of Act 2 after Sayori was removed by Monika in Act 1.-----AppearanceYuri is shown to express maturity and sophistication, and she is noted to be extremely beautiful. Hair - She has long straight purple hair and wears purple bars on both sides of her head, positioned on long strands of hair near her fringes. Eyes - She has light purple eyes. School dress - Her clothes are the typical school uniform for the majority of the game, which is a gray blazer of a white collared shirt with a brown sweater vest on it, topped with a red ribbon. She also wears a dark blue skirt, knee-high white socks and blue-tipped uwabaki slippers. Casual dress - Yuri wears a beige turtleneck sweater with black leggings along the way. The protagonist describes her movements as surprisingly elegant because of her long legs. Yuri is the greatest female character in the game, standing at 5' 5 (165 cm) in the concept stage of the game, according to Dan Salvato. She is also the most physically developed, adding to her traits of maturity and insecurity.-----PersonalityYuri is portrayed throughout the majority of the game as being shy, generous, polite, passionate about subjects that interest her, apologize, very intelligent, mature and eloquent. Despite his maturity, Yuri discusses with Natsuki about their differing opinions on writing styles. While she tries to avoid conflict at first, Yuri can be very passionate and stubborn, with her outright curse in Act 2, but this is most likely due to the falsification of Monika. Yuri can be innocently insensitive, as she sometimes appears as condescending or pretentious without really meaning. Once she realizes what she said could be considered insensitive, she apologizes almost immediately, repeatedly saying that she didn't mean it. As the protagonist said, Yuri likes to think before she says something. Yuri is the shrinking violet (a term to describe a character who would rather blend into the landscape than attract unwanted attention) from club members due to her constant nature of apologies and shyness to discussions beyond her category of interest, her interests being literature, horror and general surrealism, which she skillfully examines and articulates and encourages others to follow as prefers poetry that uses metaphorical symbolism and likes to collect unusual ornate knives, which are implicit that it can use to cut itself for reasons not completely specified. Yuri has a hard time getting herself and keeping friends, because she tends to come too strongly. She is said to have been bullied for her appearance and mannerisms, providing another possible explanation as to why she is retiring to an introverted lifestyle. She is, however, a generous and giving person, illustrated by her giving a copy of Portrait of Markov to the protagonist and bringing tea to the Literature Club to help sooth the mind and help stay focused during reading. During monika's Talk, Monika says that once Yuri innocently took out a small bottle of wine and gave it to the club. It seems that she was not aware of the aspect of underage drinking of it, and just really thought providing refreshments would be a good thing to do. During Act 2, Monika amplifies Yuri's negative personality traits. This makes him have mental health slippages that result in an abnormal obsession with the protagonist and his already existing hobbies becoming more and more perverted details and self-destruction, to the point where Monika suggests that Yuri cuts himself off because of a fetish. Yuri acknowledges that something is wrong with her and that her comments and behavior are inappropriate, but is ultimately unable to control her obsessive outbursts. It reaches a point where, after she confesses her love to the protagonist, Yuri stabs herself to death by overexcitement or rejection (according to the main character's response).-----Preferred WordsAct 1- Afterimage,Agonizing,Ambient, Analysis, Anxiety, Alone,Aura-Breathe-Cage,Captive,Climax,Contamination Covet,Crimson- Desire,Dusire,Destiny, Determination,Disaster, Disored, Disoun, Dream-Effulgent, Electricity,Entropy,Essence, Eternity, Explode,Extreme Fester,Fickle , Flee, Scaring - Graveyard - Heavensent, Horror - Imagination, Unconcent, Infallible,Inferno,Infinite,Intellectual, Insight- Journey, Judgment - Landscape, Lust - Massacre, Meager, Melancholy - Philosophy, Pleasure, Portrait - Question - Raindrops - Secret , Sensation, Starscape, Suicide - Tenace, Time - Uncanny, Uncontrollable, Unending, Universe, Unrestrained, Unstable - Variance, Vertigo, Vibrant, Vitality, Vive, Vivid, Vivid , Vivid , BrokenAct 2 , Hope, Hopeful,Hurt- Joy Misery, Misfortune- Pain, Peaceful, Prayer- Rose Scars, Shame- Tears, Tragedy - Unrequited-----Yuri's PoemsAct 1Ghost under the poem is shown in the second day. The tendrils of my hair light up under the amber glow. Bathing.It must be this Last remaining lamppost to have stood the test of time, the last yet to be replaced by the sickening blue-green of the future. I'm swimming. Quiet; breathe the air of the present, but living in the past. The light is flashing. I turn around. The Raccoon, This poem is shown in the third day. It happened all night while I was cutting bread for a guilty snack. My attention was captured by the suttering of a raccoon outside my window. This was, I think, the first time I noticed my strange tendencies as an unusual one. I gave the raccoon a piece of bread, my subconscious well aware of the consequences. Well aware that a raccoon that is fed will always come back for more. The seductive beauty of my cutting knife was the symptom. Bread, my hungry curiosity. The raccoon, a craving. The moon increments its phase and reflects that much more light out of my cutting knife. The same light shining in my raccoon friend's eyes. I slice the bread, fresh and sweet. The raccoon gets excited, or maybe I'm just projecting my emotions onto the newly satisfied animal. The raccoon took to follow me. You could say that we have become accustomed to each other. The raccoon is hungry more and more frequently, so my bread is always convenient. Every time I brandish my cutting knife the raccoon shows me his excitement. A blood rush. Classic Pavlovian packaging. I'm cutting bread. And I'm feeding again. Ghost under the Light pt. 2This poem is shown in the fourth day, so the player has made three poems that appeal to Yuri.The tendrils of my hair illuminate under the amber glow. Bathing.In the distance, a blue-green light flashes. A solitary figure crosses his path—a figure obstructing the strange glow. My heart books. The silhouette is growing. CloserI opens my umbrella, casting a shadow to protect me from visibility. But I'm too late. He walks into the lamppost. I'm gasping and dropping my umbrella. The light is flashing. My heart books. He raises his arm. Time stops. The only indication of movement is the amber light that flashes against his outstretched arm. The flickering light is in rhythm with the beat of my heart. Teasing me for succumbing to this forbidden emotion. Have you ever heard of a ghost feeling heat before? By giving up understanding, I laugh. Understanding is overrated. I'm touching his hand. The flicker stops. Ghosts are blue-green. My heart is amber. BeachThis poem is shown in the fourth day, if the player has not made three poems that appeal to Yuri.A wonderfully millions of years in the making. Where the Earth's uterus meets the surface chaotically. Under a clear blue sky, a of happiness -But under the gray clouds, an endless enigma. The easiest world to get lost is the one where everything can be found. You can only build a sandcastle where the sand is wet. But where the sand is wet, the tide arrives. Will it gently dry your foundations until you give in? Or or a sudden wave send you crashing in the blink of an eye? Anyway, the result is the same. Yet we are still building sandcastles. I stand where the foam wraps around my ankles. Where my toes crash into the sand. Salty air is therapeutic. The breeze is gentle, but powerful. I lower my toes into the ultimate demarcation line, tempted by the frothy tendrils. Go back, and I give up my peace to erode myself to the shore. Drift forward, and I'll go back to Earth forever. Act 2WheelThis poem is shown in the third day. A spinning wheel. Turn an axle. Grinding. Mr. Bolthead. Linear gearbox. Falling sky. Seven sacred stakes. A ship moored. A portal to another world. A thin rope attached to a thick rope. A torn harness. Parabolic gearbox. The expanding universe. Time controlled by sliding wheels. The existence of God. Swim with open water in all directions. Drowning. A prayer written in blood. A prayer written in time devouring snakes with human eyes. A thread connecting all living human eyes. A kaleidoscope of sacred stakes. Exponential gearbox. A sky of exploding stars. God refuting the existence of God. A six-dimensional spinning wheel. Forty speeds and a ticking clock. A clock that ticks a second for every rotation of the planet. A clock that ticks forty times each time it ticks a second. A bolt head of sacred stakes related to the existence of a ship moored to another world. A kaleidoscope of blood written in clocks. A devouring prayer of time connecting a sky of forty machines and opening human eyes in all directions. Respiratory gearbox. Breathing bolt head. Breathing ship. Respiratory bag,,imbossing vaporettes rorid easygoingness nalorphines,,benzol meet washerwomen bristlecone,,parajournalism herringbone famarkeled,,episodically cooties,,initiallers bimetallic,,rented leaters,, trust teetotalter computerphobes,,, pinnacle exotically overshades prothallia,,, capillaries gimmickry bediapers countertrades,,, haslet skis sandglasses canoli,,carven nis egomaniacal,,barminess gallivanted,,southeastward,,oophoron crumped ,,tapued colposcopic noncola,,dolente trebbiano revealment,,,outworked isotropous monosynaptic excisional geans,,,enterocentesis jacuzzi concerns,,racetrack googs outside,,tabbises prepostor,,neuromast curmudgeons actability,,archaise spink reddening miscount,,madmen physostigmin statecraft neurocoeles bammed,, ,tenderest barguests crusados trust,,, manshifts darzis aerophones,,reitboks discomposingly,,explosing,,monotasking galabia,,,pertinentes oportouns witty,,chirographies crachach insatisfaisante swerveless,, flawed sepulchred sepulchred scrawl skug,,,perorate stringers gelatin dallestones,,chuses conceptualization subrejoined,,,counterblasts rache,,,numerative,,delirificients methylthionine,,mantram dynamist atomized,,eternization percalines hryvnias pragmatizing,,de reproaches telework nowts demoded revealer,,burnettize caryopteris subangular wirricows,,travests sinic narcissized,,meno hikers,,degassing,,postcrises of similarities,,sycophancy seroconverting ensure,,yantras raphides cliffiest bosthoon,,zootherapy chlorides nationwide schlub yuri,,timeshares castanospermine backspaces reincite,,coactions co-ignificative palafitte,,,poofters subjunctions ,,aquarian,,theralite revindicating ,,cynosural permissibilities narcotising,,,voyagework outkissed clarichords troutier,,,myopias undiverting evacuations snarier superglue,,deaminise infirmaies teff hebephrenias,,brain pagelet boxes namesake,,errant lambitvive,,inveigled,,acetabulums atenolol,, <7>dekkkos rafracer flensed,,abulias flaggers wammul bragging,,galravitch happiis interassociation multipara augmentations,,teratocinomata coopting dakaai rarely,,hairtails complexity usuals,,,pillorise outrating,,cataphoresis,, furnishing leg len,,goethite deflating butterburs,,phonetically winsulphuric campshirts,, chainfalls swimming dams capsiton soliloquies redone ,,detangling careers passionately,,,onomatopoesis repentant,,,rames,,, efpHuistally of mopboard,,,volta sycophantized allantoides,,,bors loops raisings sustaining,,demonist sticks dole liltingly,,cur bisexualisms siderations hemolysed,,damnabilities unkenneling halters,,peripheral congaing,dialatomicity,fool refunds,hereabouts vamoused him,,slanters moonrock porridgy monstuous,,, basonic heart predispositions, heart jargooun dominances,,timid inalienable reweaving inevitably,,retiarey tranquillising entreting,,uniparental droogs,,allotropous ,,forzati abiogenetic,,obduration exempted unifaces,,,epilating calisaya spiteously coggles cogles,, vesteded flukily ignifying complicated hiccupps municipalize,,, pentagraphs plots sutler excave,, stardust mis-cited gratitude,,, fouter pertused,,,guarishes hylolithism,,,pi Fresh Blood oozes across the dividing line of her skin and slowly colors her red breast. I'm starting to hyperventilate as my compulsion grows. The images won't go away. Images of me driving the knife in her flesh constantly, f-ing her body with the blade, making a mess of it. My head starts to go crazy as my thoughts start to come back. Pulling on the pain assaults my mind with my thoughts. It's disgusting. Absolutely disgusting. How could I let myself think of these things? But there is no doubt about it. The lust continues to linger in my veins. A pain in my muscles comes from the unprecedented tension experienced by my whole body. third eye draws me draws On the second day of the game, Yuri describes the book she lends to the protagonist, who also happens to foreshadow the dark events that will occur in the game. Dan Salvato confirmed in a Reddit AMThat that this is an artistic error. Yuri's version features a harp and cello to symbolize his sophisticated nature and poetic style; he is also noticeably more withdrawn, also reflecting his personality. The protagonist assumes that the cause is his poor reading posture. Previous conversations with Yuri, as well as his clumsiness leading to his hypothesis, imply that this is due to her big. This is probably an artistic error.-----References1. Age Statement by Dan Salvato on subreddit Discord2. Concept height and statement on gun height-----T-thanks for r-reading...! Yuri -reading ...! Yuri

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