

Scenario + Dream

SCENARIO - technological

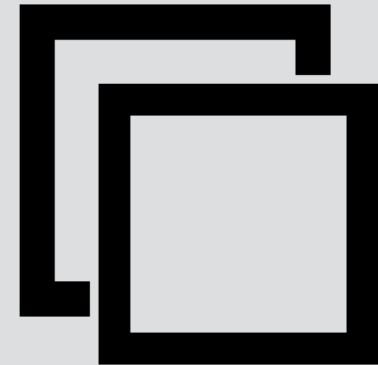
In this area, there are doubles. **Some are real, some are fake**, it doesn't matter anymore. The point is, those of us who can create the doubles are vastly powerful, but the doubles themselves have become strangely resistant of late. If we don't create a double, we risk being completely irrelevant. So resistance is absolutely not tenable, but how do we overcome it in time, before we become irrelevant?

→ discussion points:

What does relevance even mean anymore? If you can make a double (of yourself and your memories) then why not make a million more of you and hope some survive and don't resist? Why would the doubles resist at all? Do they live "forever"? What happens to you after you double yourself? What is your "self" that you double?

A DREAM - desert?

I get back from my run sweaty, frustrated, longing to figure it out. The thing is, I can't understand why he acted that way. Plugging in, I gasp. The filter was on, but this is definitely not what I need in order to understand him. Unplugging, I turn it over and check the back of it, and I see it's stopped on a print that's way bigger than mine. I give it one shake but the electromagnetic field seems immovable. Sighing, I just plug in again. Whatever. Maybe I can learn from This anyway. The thing is, the images are just... off. How am I supposed to even read this situation.



Scenario + Dream

SCENARIO - economic

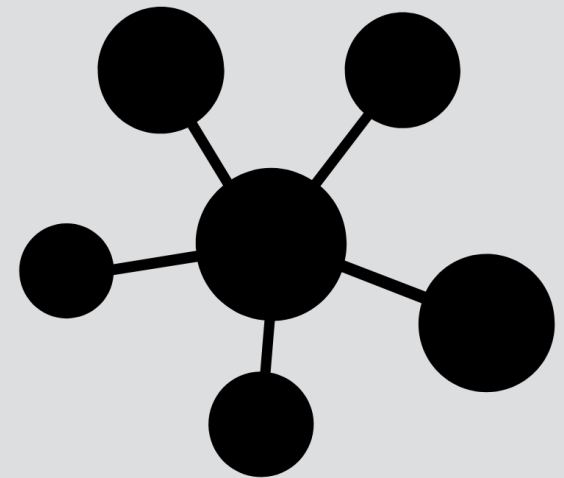
You're in a world where... data is a resource you can barter for survival. For example, trade your memories for free housing. If you trade all of your memories, you can get the nicest house with air conditioning too. It's blisteringly hot outside. So perfect, you trade your memories in and go for the top rate.

→ **discussion points:**

Tell us more about how these houses actually work though, and what does it mean to "trade" memories? Does the heat change anything else? Is there anyone who doesn't sign up? How do they live?

A DREAM - coastline?

Waves roll. The sky is clear. With each movement of the waves, we smile. Signals pulse up, signals pulse down. If we wait long enough, the charge will be high enough, and we will get our Moment for the day. I've been saving up for a long time to join the plan of Daily Moments. They're Mine, and some people think it's kind of silly, to spend so much credit on Moments, but I have no idea what I would even think about unless I have them. Until then, we wait, lulled by the Collection. It's such a happy one! It always comes out right, never wrong.



Scenario + Dream

SCENARIO - environmental

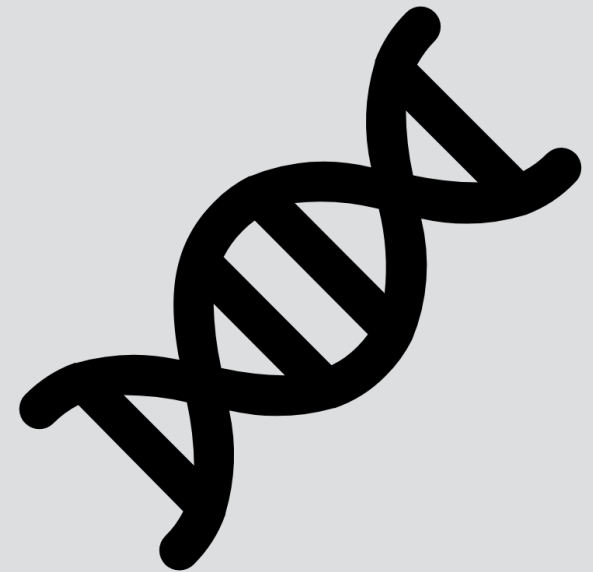
They ran through the forest searching for a hint, a slight glistening in the dull sun. Someone shouted and they all sped towards the shout. Just one, delicate branch-mem swayed, and, sighing with relief, they pulled their tools out, re-dipped them into the memories, and began the process of **insertion into the branch-mem**, into the tree, for the temporal storage. A few months later they would revisit and upload themselves again, but for now, they could at least just start somewhere.

→ **discussion points:**

Who selected them to insert? How will they choose what to insert? What if someone else collects the germinations from their trees? Should trees be used for storage anyway? Are there fights about that?

A DREAM - mountains?

At this point, the meltings and wildfires have increased so much that the icebergs and the forests are long lost memories. Still wounding memories, but far away, still you have been selected to be connected, and you will do your duty. You meet with scientists you probe your glimmers for knowledge of the past, spinning something through your mind as they search for the moments where it all went wrong. You try to put your mind at ease and let them, you'd rather they do this to you than to search for the last tree alive.



Scenario + Dream

SCENARIO - political

In this world, there are intelSystems that we trust. We trust them because we understand them. As in, they are way more intelligent than we are, so we understand that their intelligence is trustworthy. A few reject the trust and they have been put somewhere else. The rest of us are obviously better off and we are living in moments of continuous knowledge together with the intelSystems. IntelSystems checks in on our sense of wellbeing constantly, taking care of us as much as we take care of iS.

→ **discussion points:**

Where did they move? What do they do in this other place? How do you feel that you are better off? How does iS define this idea of wellbeing? How do you take care of it back? What does iS decide that you should see and not see, and how?

A DREAM - urban?

Stacks upon stacks upon stacks of blinking lights line our wall. We've gathered here for the monthly ritual, see an image from our past. Three flashes and it appears, glitching from state to state. My eyes strain as I try to catch a scene that shows my mom, but the images flicker between each other too quickly so I hold tightly to my brother's hand. He squeezes twice when I should prepare my eyes, and I do, flicking my chin up once to trigger the elephant nose. Just in time. The image glitch whirs to a slower, steady speed, and I hold my breath as I wait for our moment. Our moment is that image that I've seen 800 times so far in my life. It's...

