What's the oldest file you created in your computer?
Where is it?
When was it created?
When was the last time you open it?
Do you remember what was in it?
What was the context? The people involved, the time of the day, the place where you were...?
Does it work? Does it open?
What's the name of the file?
What's its weight? What's displayed?
How does it feel?

We perceive and retrieve moments from our past through a monolithic prism that we rely on in our personal devices for memory management, this is where so many of the moments of our lives are stored—fragments of images, hard to recall. We navigate through time and space within our memories, and yet, the very essence of these moments disappear within the cold, homogeneous appearance of timeless icons and metadata, primarily leaning on a sense of security within the system. We have become the people who can only remember through interfaces.

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At this moment, we invite you to embark on an exploration where the memory itself becomes the uncanny experience of traversing the hidden layers of your personal computer. Here, we will wander through a memory, where echoes of old moments haunt behind every file and folder, tucked away in the depths of nearly forgetting themselves.