

Lola had a steady routine. Each morning, she brewed a single-origin espresso in her cozy Parisian flat, letting the aroma of it fill the air to start her day. The city outside hummed with bicycles, chatter, and the occasional honk from a vintage Renault. She had, by all accounts, built a comfortable existence. One week, she would be walking a runway in Milan; the next, she'd be in Tokyo, posing for a campaign. It was a busy life, but it was hers.

The modeling industry had always been unpredictable, but Lola had learned to adapt. She had a good agent, regular gigs, and enough time in between to enjoy morning croissants at favourite local spot. She collected small souvenirs from her travels: a tiny jade rabbit from Shanghai, an antique pocket watch from London, a ceramic cat from Buenos Aires. Her calendar was full, her wardrobe filled with gifted custom pieces, and she had a habit of collecting postcards from each city she visited.

Then, before she knew it, everything was changing before her eyes, suddenly, she wasn't able to adapt like she once knew how.

It started as a quiet conversation in dressing rooms, where stylists whispered about "synthetic faces" and "impossible symmetry." At first, Lola ignored it. The industry has always embraced what the future can bring. But then, at a show in Berlin, she saw one up close: an AI-generated model projected onto the screen, moving with eerie precision. The audience was in awe- this is something new, something that no one expected to see anytime soon.

Lola's bookings began to slow. The gigs that once filled her days—catalog shoots, runway shows, editorial spreads—started disappearing. More and more, she found herself lingering at cafés, refreshing her inbox. Colleagues slowly vanished from the scene, replaced by sleek, computer-generated figures.

Brands saw the advantages. No travel costs, no makeup teams, no human unpredictability. AI models didn't need breaks, visas, or rest. They didn't ask for fair wages or refuse unpaid work. And, most importantly, they didn't age, something that every model was afraid of in this lovely industry.

Lola had to adjust. She moved to a smaller apartment, took on styling and assisting jobs, even mentored aspiring models. Her once-busy schedule became more structured, her opportunities fewer.

But she wasn't ready to give up.

AI models, despite their technical perfection, lacked something essential. They couldn't bring emotion into a shoot, couldn't react to a room's energy, couldn't create those fleeting moments of real, unplanned beauty. AI models had symmetry, but Lola had presence.

So, she adapted. She leaned into what made her unique. She worked with photographers who craved human connection, with designers who valued the way real skin moved with fabric. She spoke about the importance of authenticity in fashion.

Lola's career was different now. The days of constant travel and endless bookings were behind her. But in front of a camera, where real light hit real skin, she still had a place. And as long as the world valued something genuine, she knew she always would.

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P5- mouse x , mouse y

90s 2000s, cartoons, colour block, minimalistic, samurai jack

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