

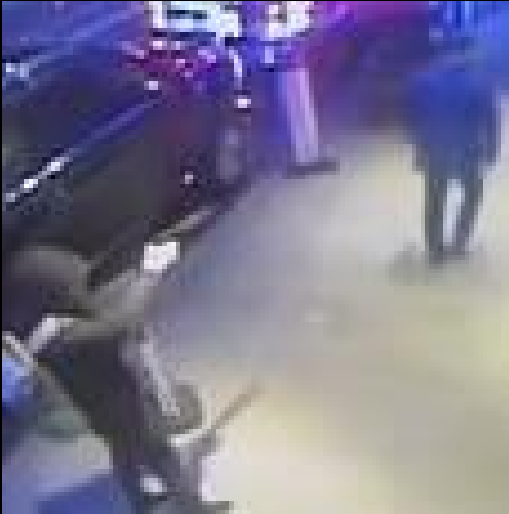
We once lived in a world where every tree, every stone, every breeze whispered secrets we knew by heart. In the beginning, we moved through the land as if we were one with it, **hunting** and gathering, our lives intertwined with nature's quiet pulse. There was a time when we understood

the language of the earth, when the changing seasons felt like an old song we sang together. But slowly, as we learned to control fire, to coax the soil, we began to change the very world that had once cradled us. Our touch, at first gentle, grew bolder, carving paths through forests and taming rivers that once flowed wild. We built cities and machines, and in doing so, we distanced ourselves from the ancient, untamed forces that had shaped us. Now, when we look at the world around us, we feel both a longing for something lost and a quiet dread of what we've become. What started as a simple bond with nature has turned into something darker—an eerie echo of a

time when we were at peace with the wild, now just a distant memory that haunts us as we face the consequences of our own creation.



ATTENTION: we. are.
turning.



We once shared a bond, a quiet understanding that we were all in this together, woven into the fabric of a fragile world. But somewhere along the way, we began to turn our gaze inward, fixating on the things we could accumulate, the power we could grasp. In the pursuit of wealth, we forgot the old ways, when trust and community were

the foundation of life. Slowly, we learned to prey on one another, to see each other not as brothers and sisters, but as obstacles in the way of our own desires. ATTENTION became the currency, and in the scramble for it, we began to devour what we had once held dear. People became tools to exploit, lives mere stepping stones in the race to the top. Now, we stand apart, separated by walls of greed, looking at one another with suspicion and hunger. What started as a need for survival has become a monstrous need for dominance, and in our hunger for more, we have lost the very thing that

once
made
us
human.

human...

what
does it
mean to
be
a human?
do we still
fit the
criteria?
What is our
own that
we have
not stolen
... or allowed
to be stolen
from us?
what ownership
do I have
that
a CEO with
more
network
can not
take
from me?

It is not the blink of an eye. It is not the blink of an eye. It is not the blink of an eye.

cogito. ergo. sum.

i think.

therefore. i AM