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Kima's Journey

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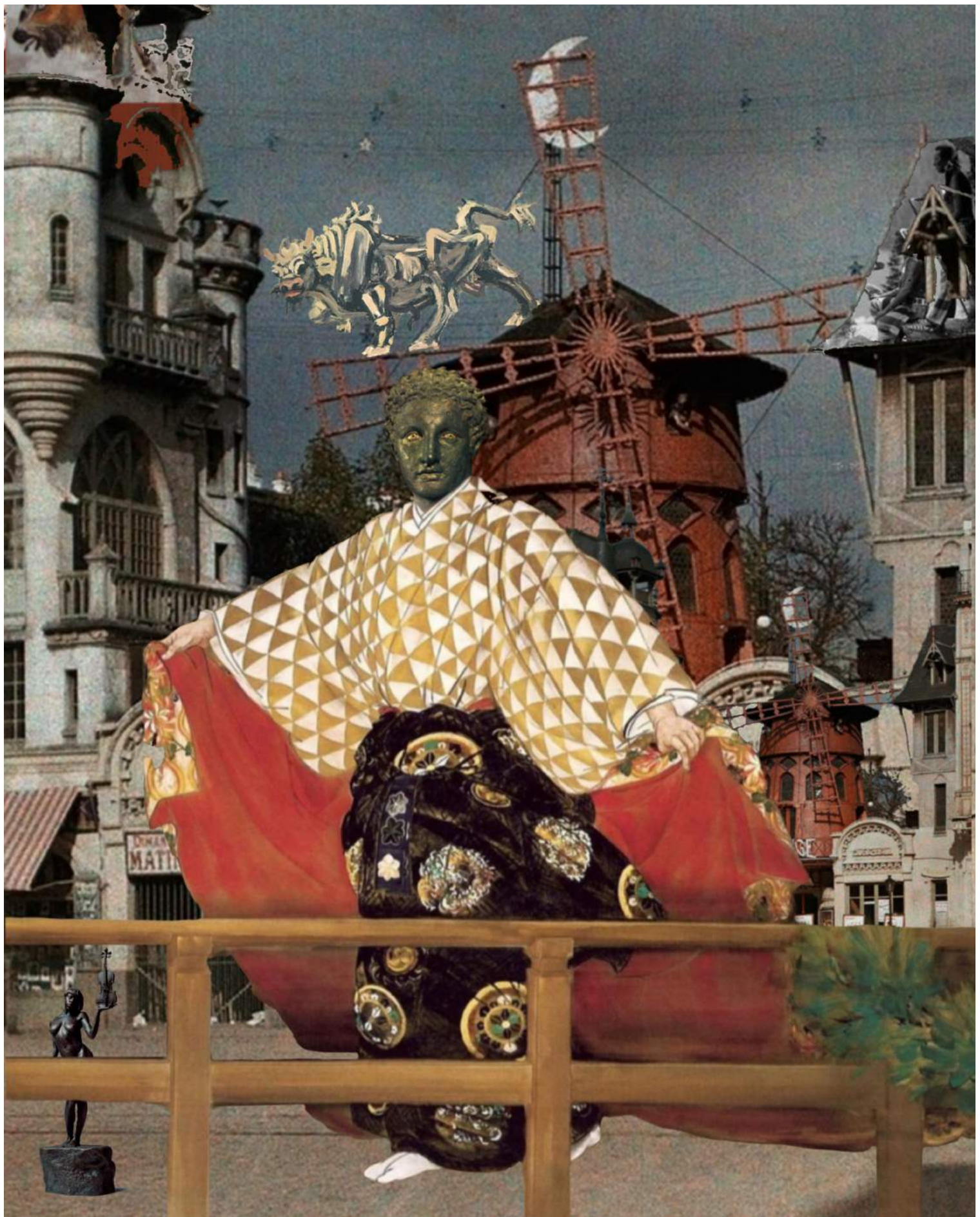


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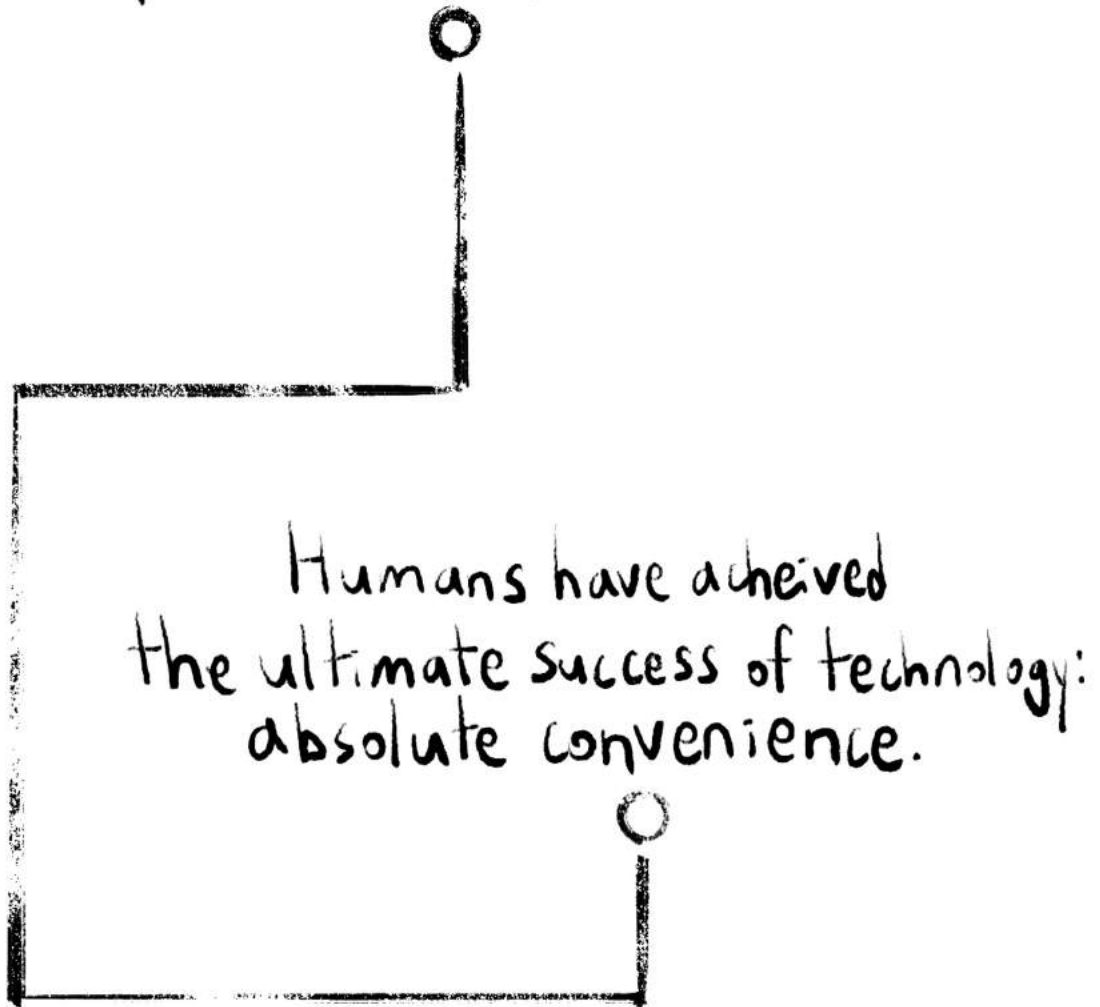
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The year is unknown.
Nobody keeps track of it, we don't need to.



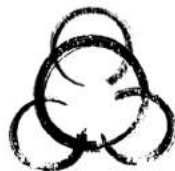


No need to walk, work, feel pain,
fall ill, wait, eat, sleep, die.

We have completely crossed
over to the digital dimension
as entities in cyberspace.

No more physicality,
nor standards,
nor categorization.

Space has become arbitrary,
time is the only rule.



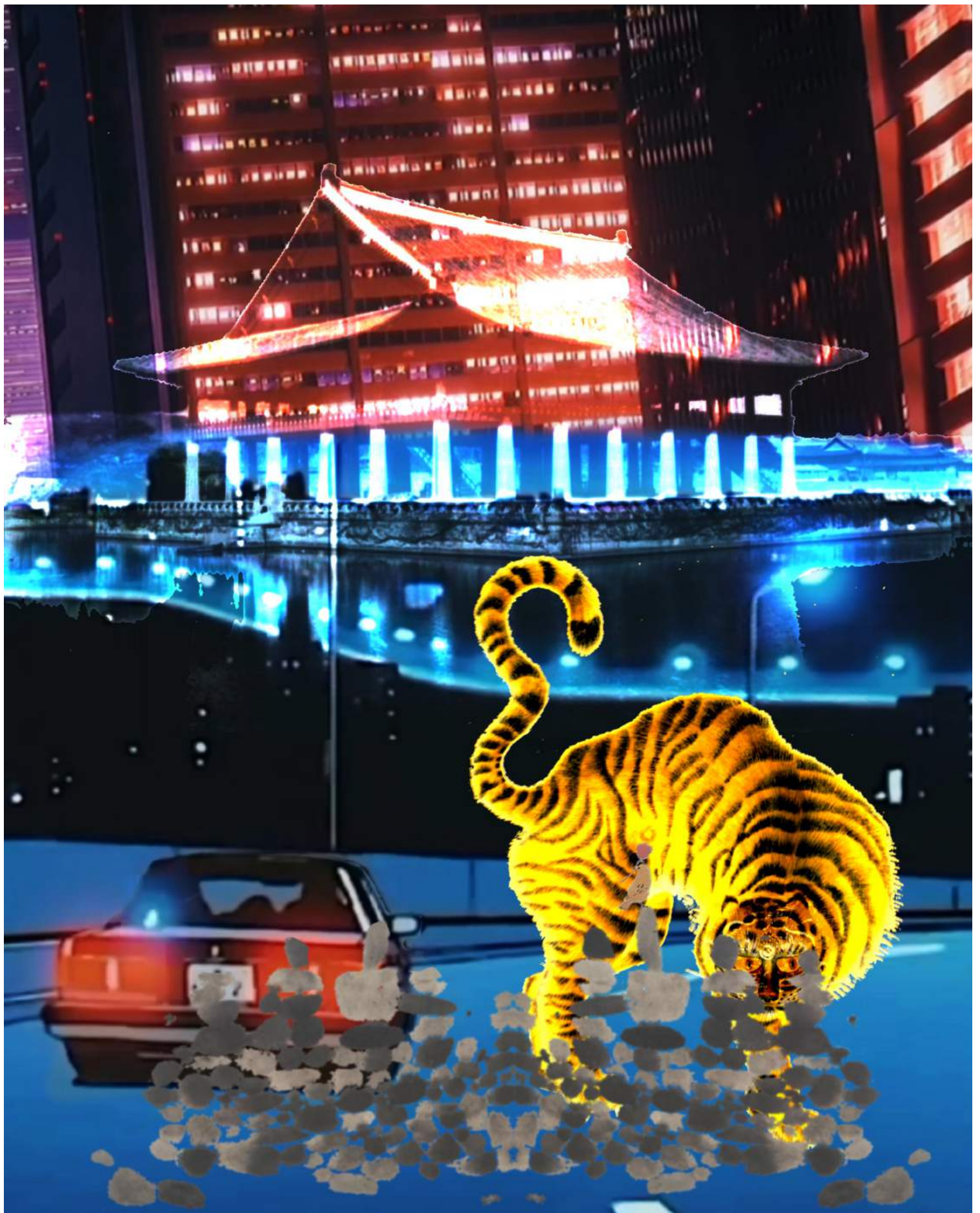


We live as we think and imagine
as cyberspace is molded in accordance with thoughts.

We can do whatever we want,
be wherever we want and
whoever we want.
And so the issue arises.

What is left for us to do?
What is left for us to be?





Kima sits alone, wondering like many others, what to do. He has come away in search of something, but for what, he does not know.

He only knows time is going by and with time comes change, but what does change mean?

It is time for him to go home.





< Kima smells something burning.
He sees someone hunched over a desk
working furiously on a computer. >

You seem very busy.

There is much
work to be done.

Like what?

Making more work.

What does that achieve?

Exactly that.
I am achieving something.

**How curious.
I wonder what I am achieving.**



< Kima walks on. >



KIMA sees a 6 headed head floating in the air.

KIMA

What are you watching?

THE GENERATOR

The latest film.

KIMA

There are no more films to be watched.

THE GENERATOR

We make new films based on existing
films and constantly train ourselves
in our new films to create more films.

KIMA

That sounds endless.

THE GENERATOR

It is. How exciting.

KIMA

Is it exciting?

KIMA walks on.





Kima hears a rumbling under his feet.
He sees a large man running towards him.

DO YOU NEED HELP,
CITIZEN?

(How can you help me?)

I CAN SAVE YOU FROM
THIEVES, MONSTERS,
OR EARTHQUAKES!

(Why? There are none anymore.)

EVERYONE NEEDS
HELP AT SOME POINT!
I WILL DEFEND THE
WEAK AND PUNISH
THE WICKED!

(Why?)

BECAUSE IT IS THE
RIGHT THING TO DO!
I AM OFF TO SAVE
ANOTHER FROM
DISASTER!

(How virtuous.
Though I don't know if it'll be very helpful.)

Kima walks on.





Kimba hears a loud thud.
He sees someone crawl out of a hole
and climb a tall cliff.

Are you depressed? NO

Are you sad? NO

Are you tired? NO

Then why? THAT'S THE ONLY THING TO
DO, TO GET TO THE FINISH

What does the
finish feel like? LIKE I HAVE TO
START SOMETHING

And you start to end it
again?

WHAT ELSE,
THERE'S ONLY THE START AND ENDING ANYWAY.
BUT I'VE GOTTEN USED TO JUMPING OFF, I'LL TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

The person walks off.

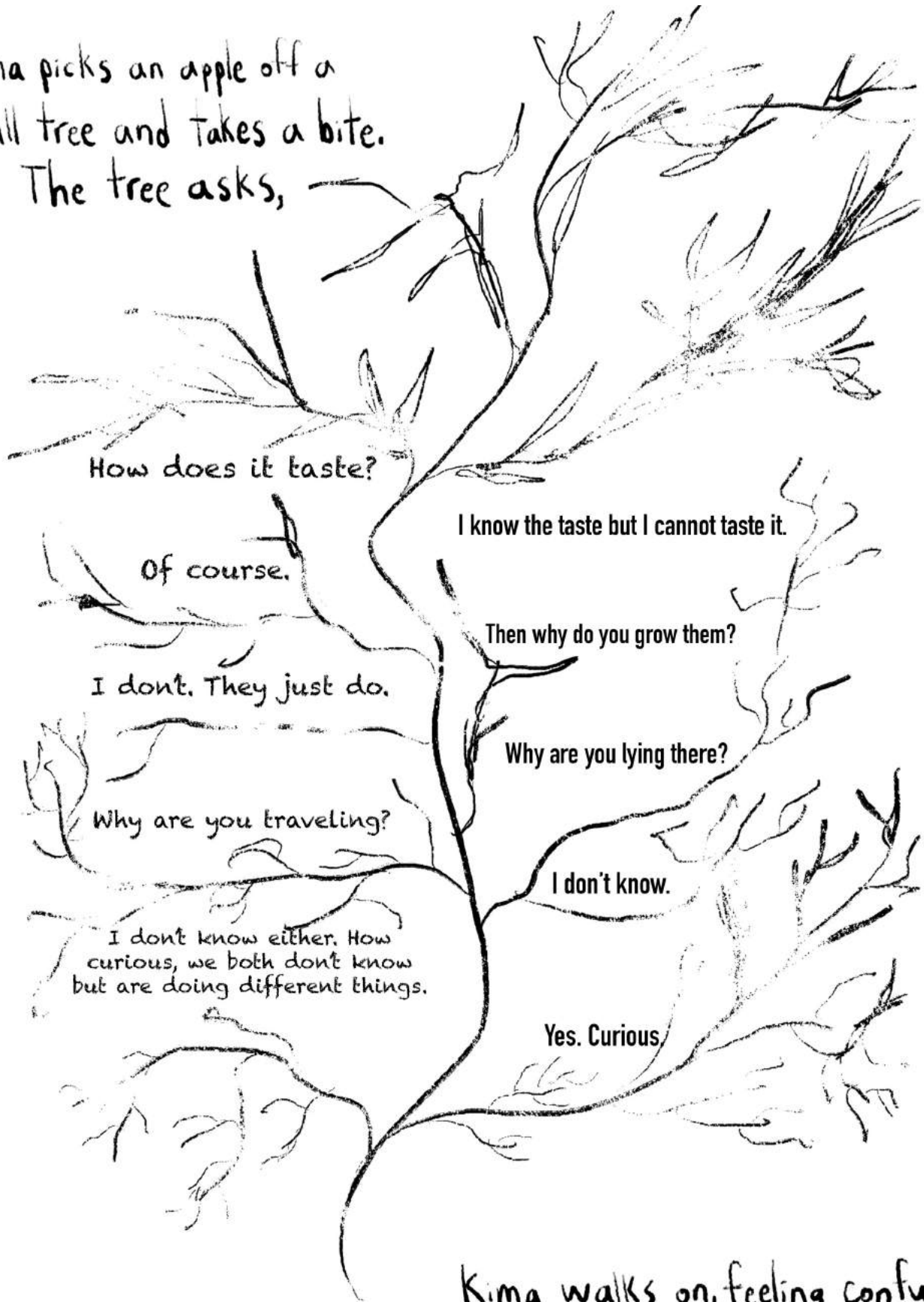
How curious.
Seems quite busy for someone
always searching for an ending.

Kimba walks on.

6



Kima picks an apple off a small tree and takes a bite. The tree asks,



Kima walks on, feeling confused.





9 Kima hears a murmur and sees hooded figures huddled together. 9

Halt. This is a secret meeting.

**What could be a secret?
We know all there is to know.**

*We know that secrets exist.
It is those secrets that we keep.*


9 Kima walks on, feeling more confused. 9



MM



Kima sees someone approach him.

I have been looking for you. Take this.

Kima is handed a  seed.

 I have found the seed that is said to bring true life.
It is for you nurture. 

Why should I? I can make it bloom right now.

The seed starts to crack open with sprouts.


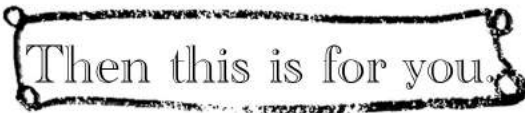






The person stops the  seed from growing by placing a hand over it.

You need care for this one.
Nurture it and wait for it.

I know what caring is but I cannot care.


 :  : 

The person reveals the  seed which has sealed back shut and gives it to kima.







Kim a plants the  into the ground.

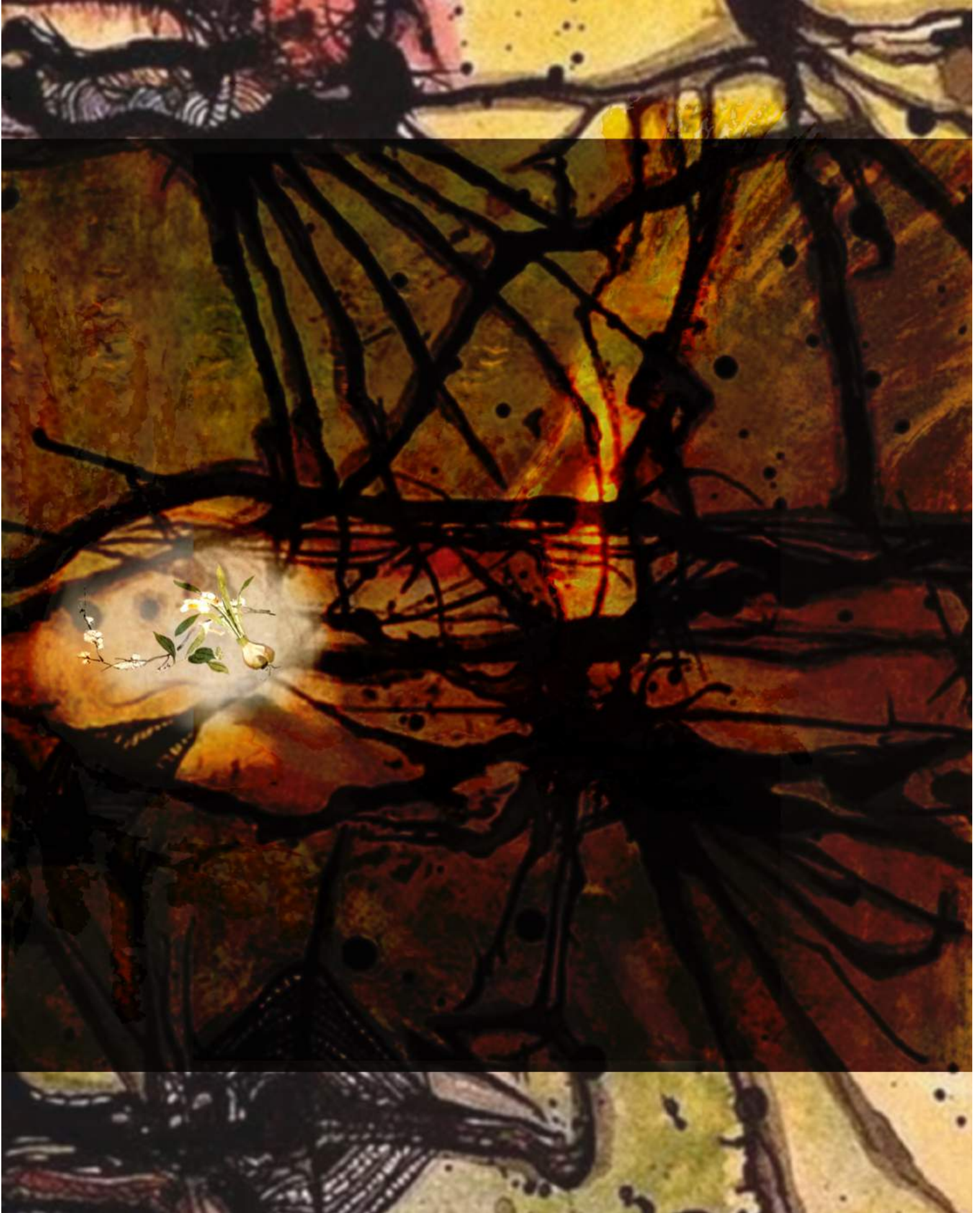
He cares for it as time passes, 


shielding it from bad weather, 



watering it, 

fencing it. 







The seed has grown into a batch,
from which kima picks out more seeds 
and plants them, repeating this until
he has grown a field. 



THE SECRET GARDEN

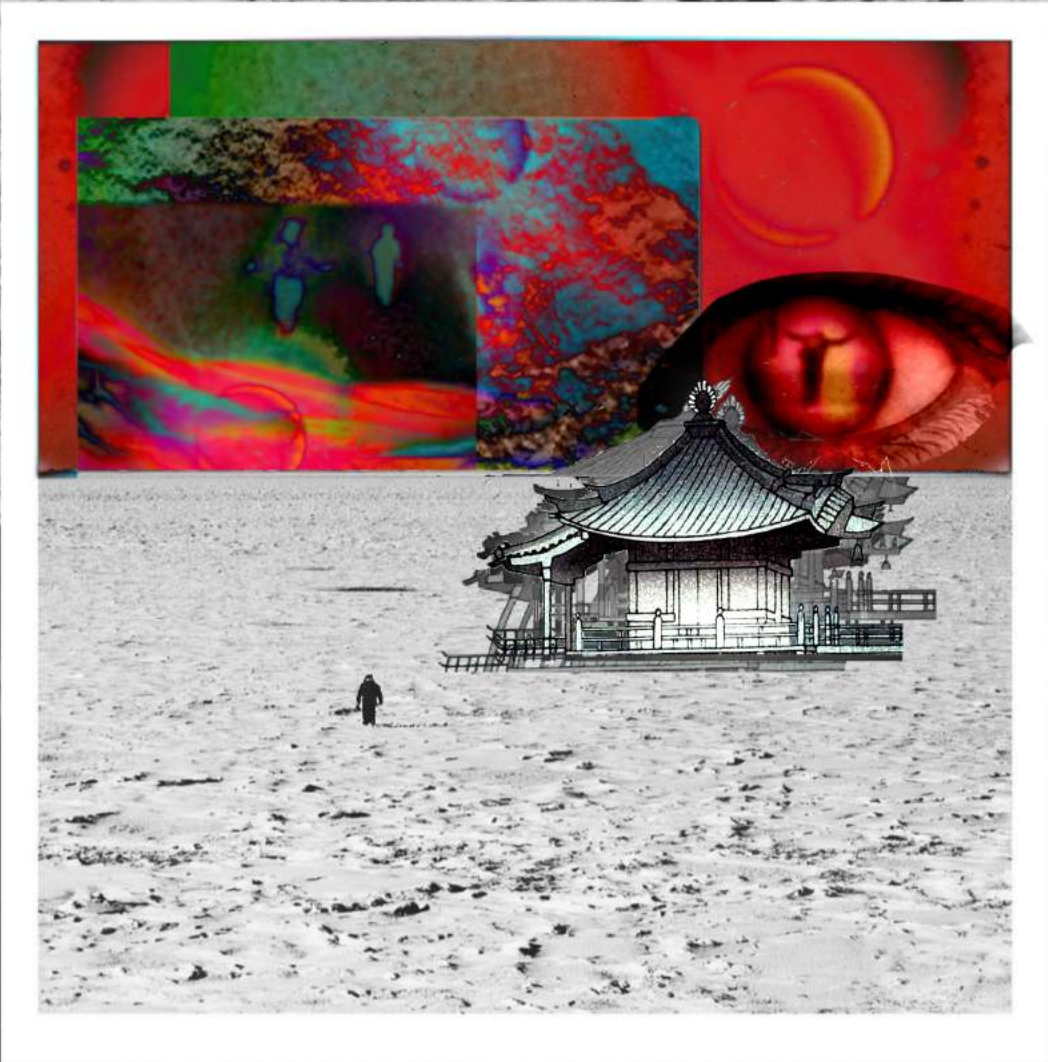
OPEN





Kim can make a storage in an instant.
He chooses to make it step by step, while the
world around him changes so easily.



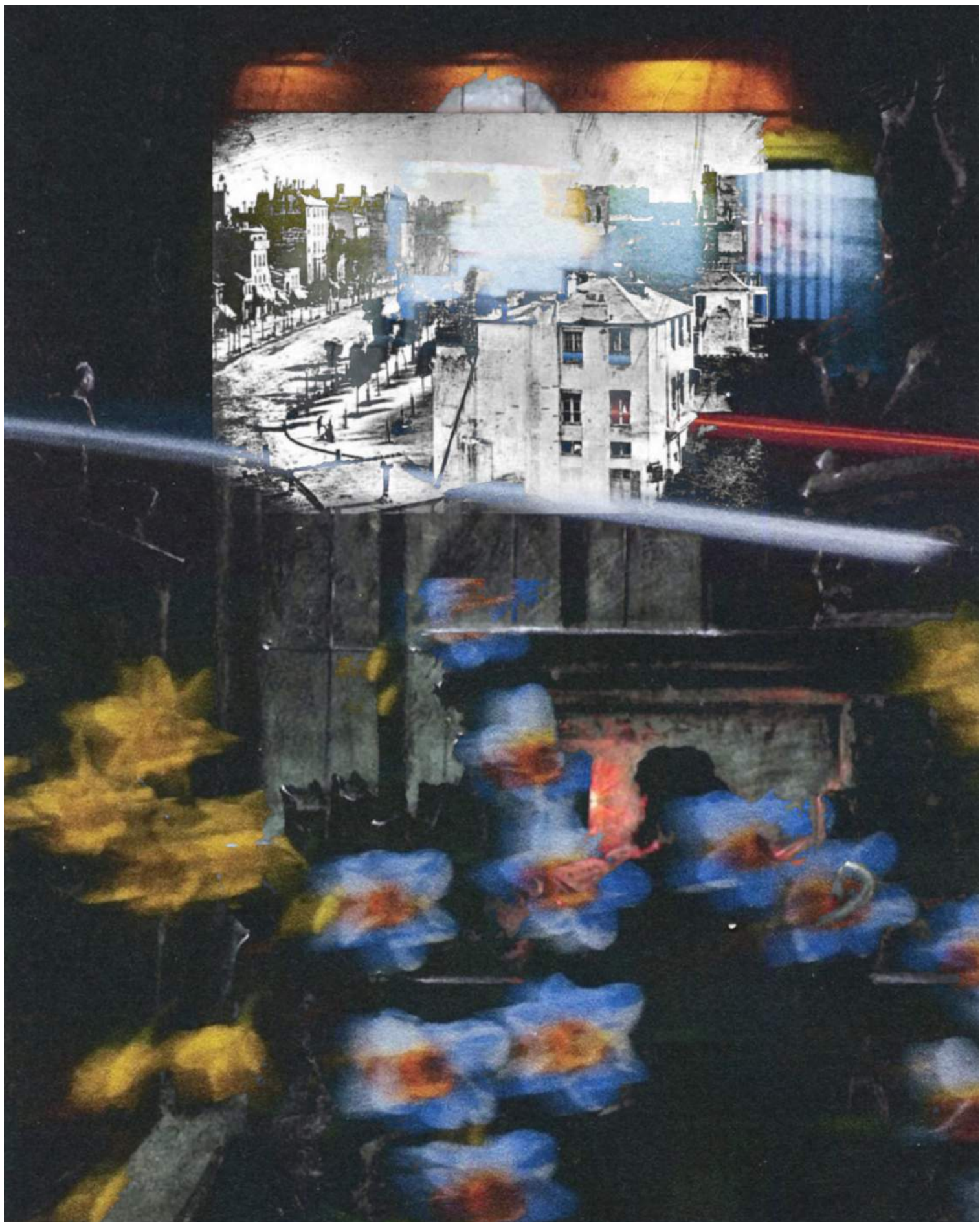


I will also make a house.



Kima starts to cook
and sleep
and continue to
tend to his field.





Someone walks by his field one day while he's working.

Why do you toil so?

I have much to do to tend my field.

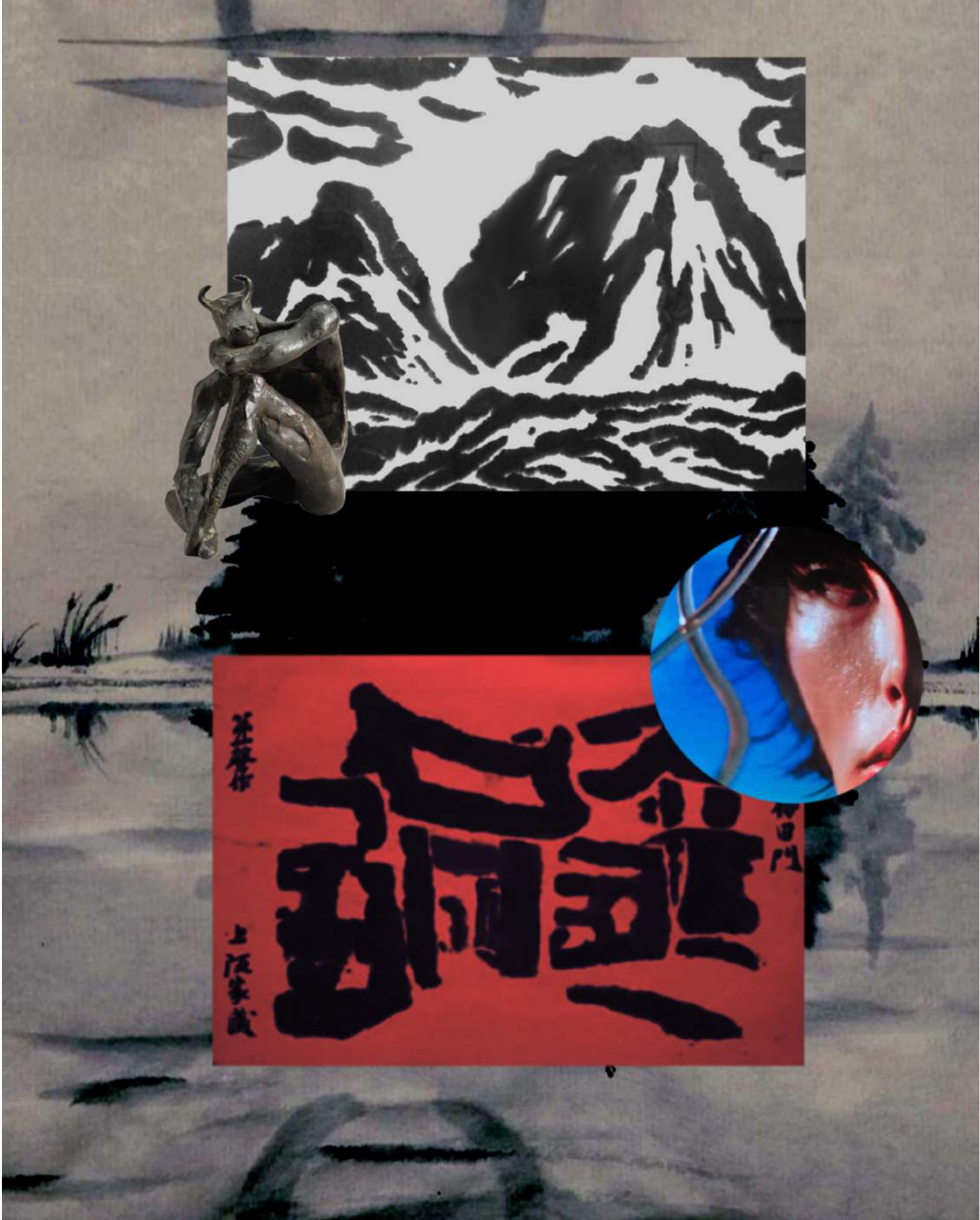
Work is endless. So we made it that we
don't need to work anymore, we are **free**.

And so I am **free** to tend to my field.

.....

How curious.



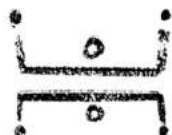


Kima holds out a  seed.

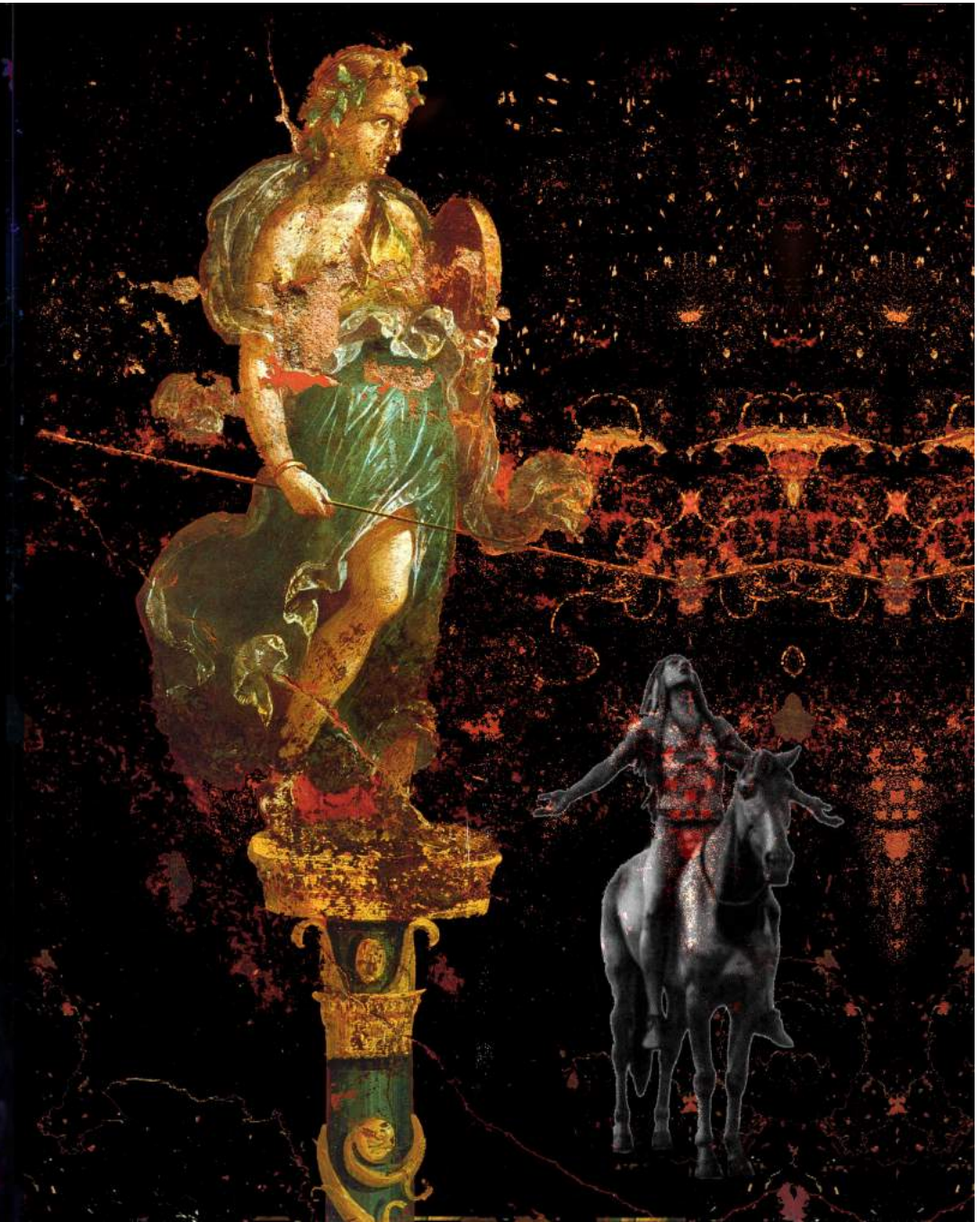
Take it. Care for it. Go at the seed's pace.

*We are here so that we don't need to
go at anything's pace but our own.
To not be subjected to restraints, but be our own subject.*

**We find our pace in accordance with everything else.
How we pace ourselves and find care in weakness is our freedom.**







Kima watches the person walk off.

He returns back to his house,
meticulously taking off his
shoes,
hat,
and getting a cup of tea,
and sitting down.

He is looking forward to tomorrow.

