The background of the page is filled with abstract, hand-drawn scribbles in yellow and purple. The lines are thick and textured, resembling chalk or pastel. They form various shapes, including circles, loops, and overlapping lines, creating a dynamic and somewhat chaotic visual field. The colors are vibrant against the white background.

Don
Hertzfeldt

WORLD OF TOMORROW





Hello Emily

hi

One day, when you are old enough, you will be impregnated with a perfect clone of yourself. You will later upload all of your memories into this healthy new body. One day, long after that, you will repeat this process all over again. Through this cloning process, emily, you will hope to live forever.

I am a third generation Emily, contacting you from 227 years into your future, and I would like you to know that everything is going well in the transfer and cloning process, with very few signs of mental deterioration.

I had lunch
today

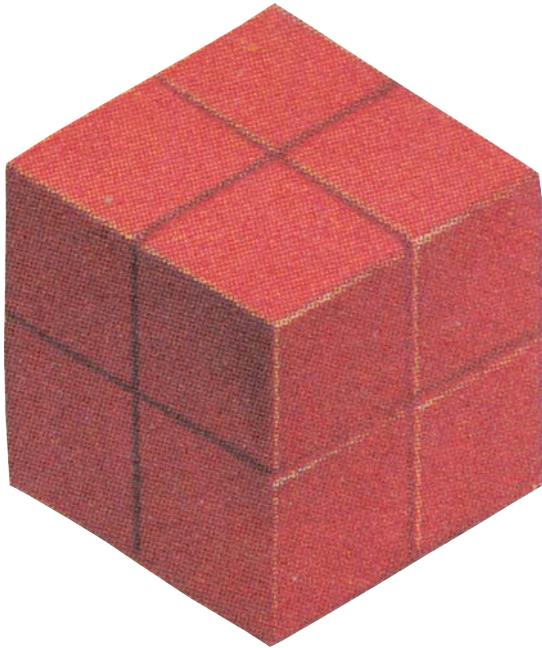
that Grandma?

No Emily, I am not your grandmother.
In a sense, you are mine. I am Emily.

Emily

For those who cannot afford the cloning process, many of our elderly undergo a full digital transfer of consciousness, where they can experience a safe, extended lifespan of hundreds of years.

Our grandfather's digital consciousness currently resides in this cube, where I upload the latest films and books for him to enjoy every week.



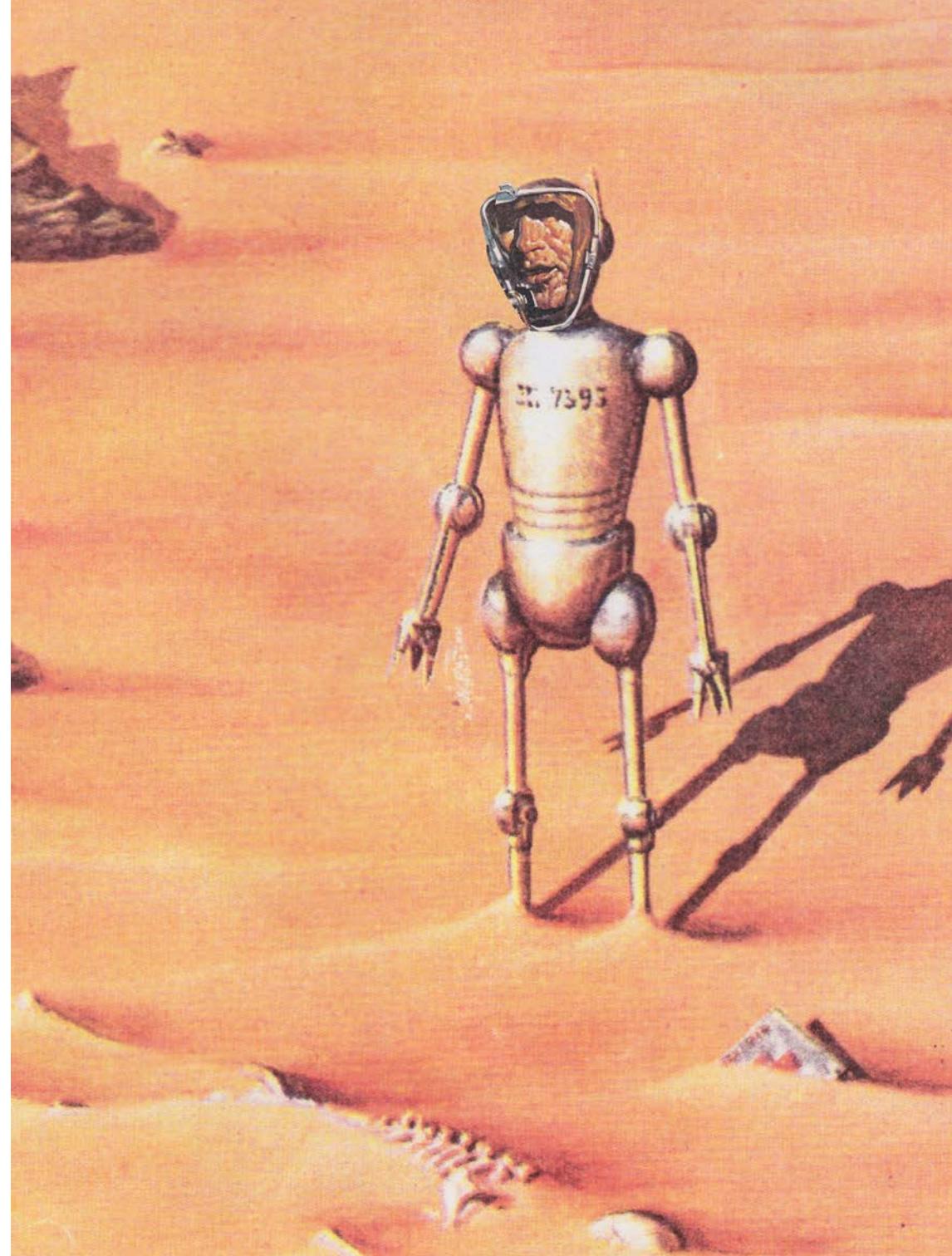
Grampa :)

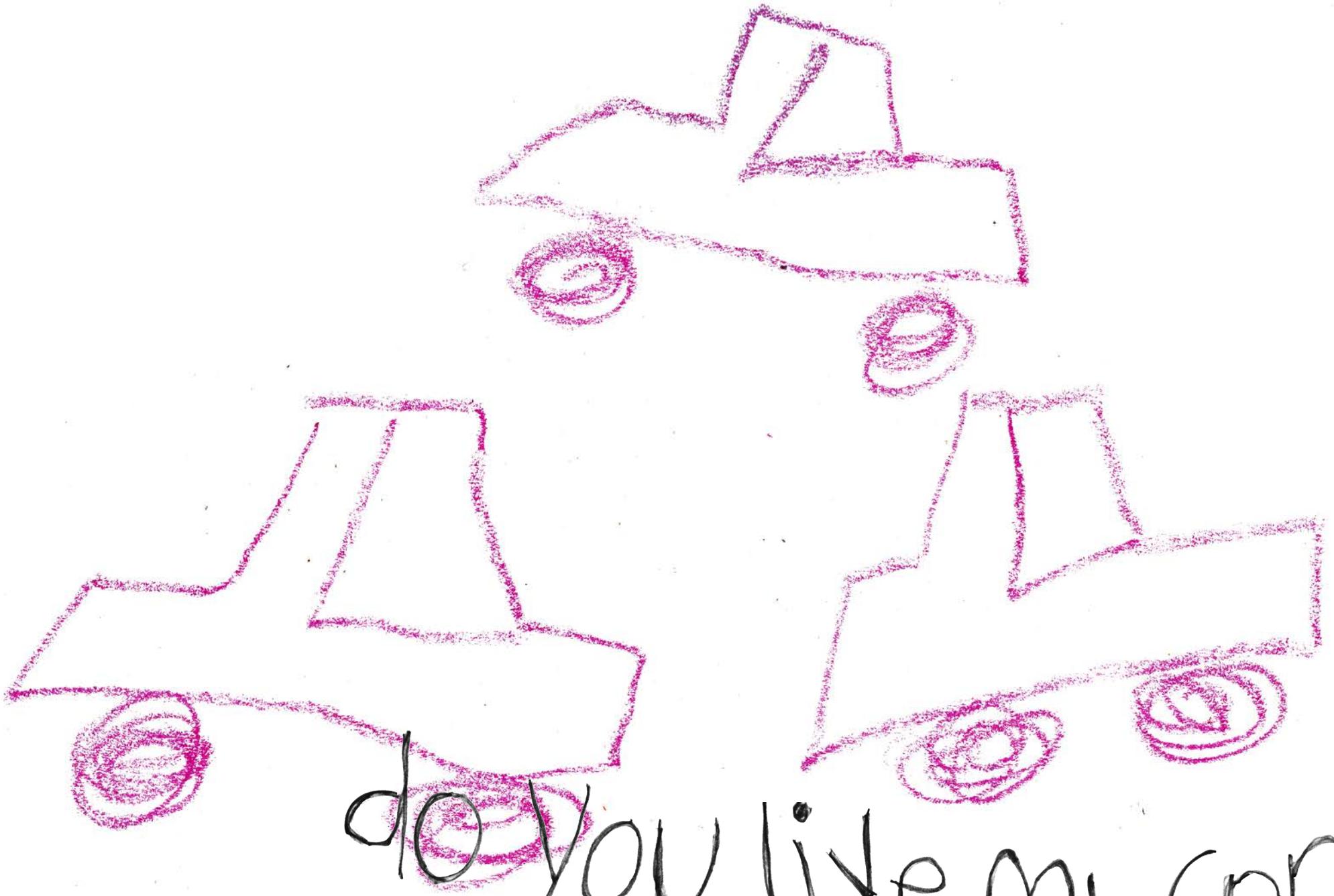
We are also able to download correspondents from him. Over one thousand letters were received during his first hour in storage, as this was approximately four years time inside the cube.

I will read one of his letters to you now:

"Oh, oh god. Oh god. Oh god.
Oh my god. Holy mother of God.
Oh oh oh oh God."

For the end of life procedures for our less affluent citizens in the lower classes, the face of a deceased loved one can be peeled off, preserved, and stretched over the head of a simple, animatronic robot, so they can still be a part of someone's life.





do you like my cars?

Our view-screens allow us to witness any event in history by re-ordering the light impressions recorded upon the sub-atomic particles that are in constant chaos all around us.



It is how I am watching you now, Emily. It is how we watch everything in your time. Our more recent history is often just comprised of images of other people watching view-screens.

How I'm contacting you today though Emily, is through experimental timetravel. Timetravel, for physical beings, is a much more difficult process than sending a message.

If the position of the orbiting Earth at your destination date is not accurately calculated, a person could be sent off the planet.



Or accidentally deposited hundreds of thousands of years in the past.



Timetravel is very often unpredictable
and still extremely dangerous.

Emily, I shall now use timetravel to bring
you to my current location in time.

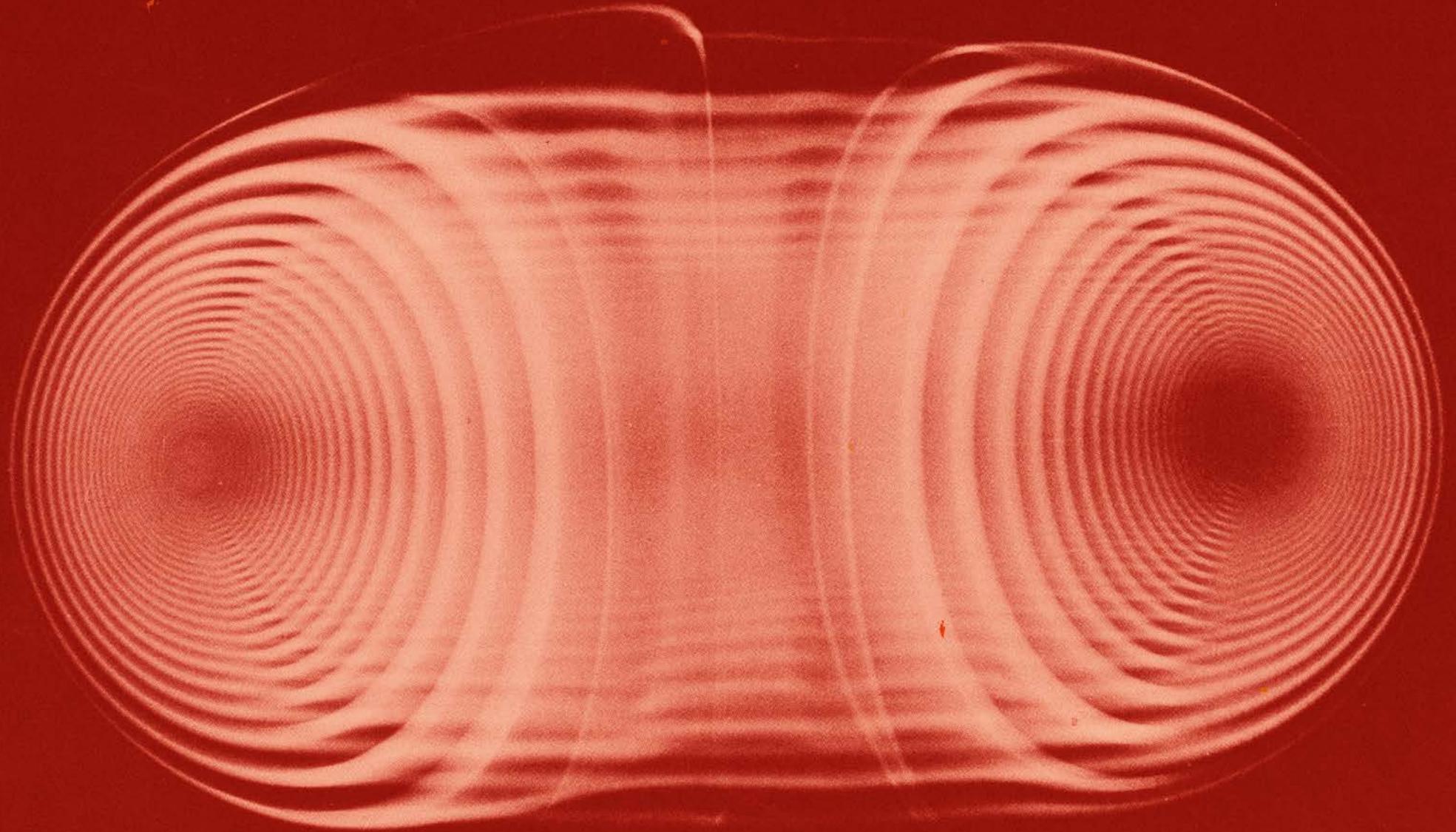
Wha...

hey

I saw
some
pink ones!

Butterfly

The people of your time were engaged with something called the internet. Welcome, Emily, to the outernet.



We are now connected through a neural network.

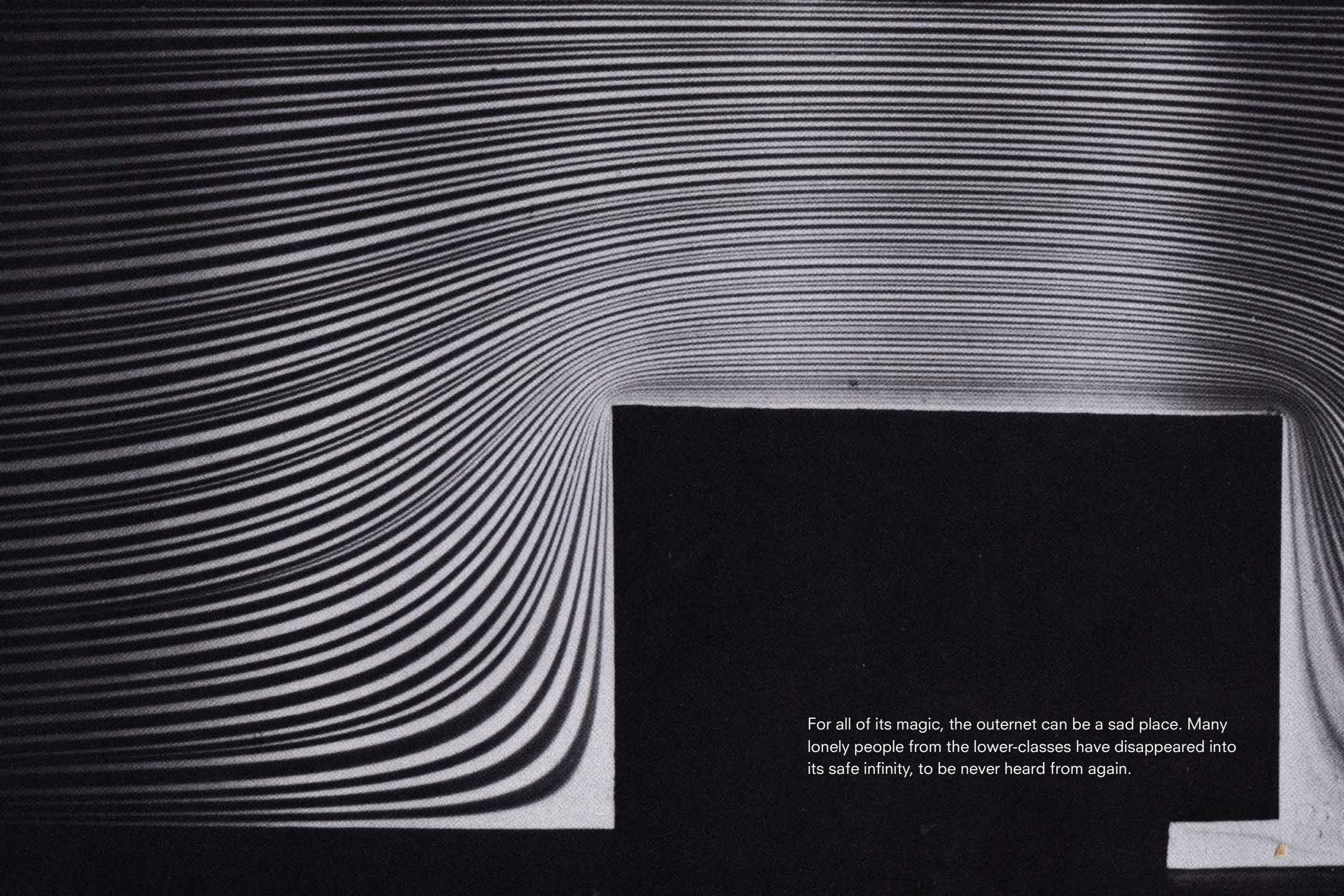
Green

hehe

blue
hehehe

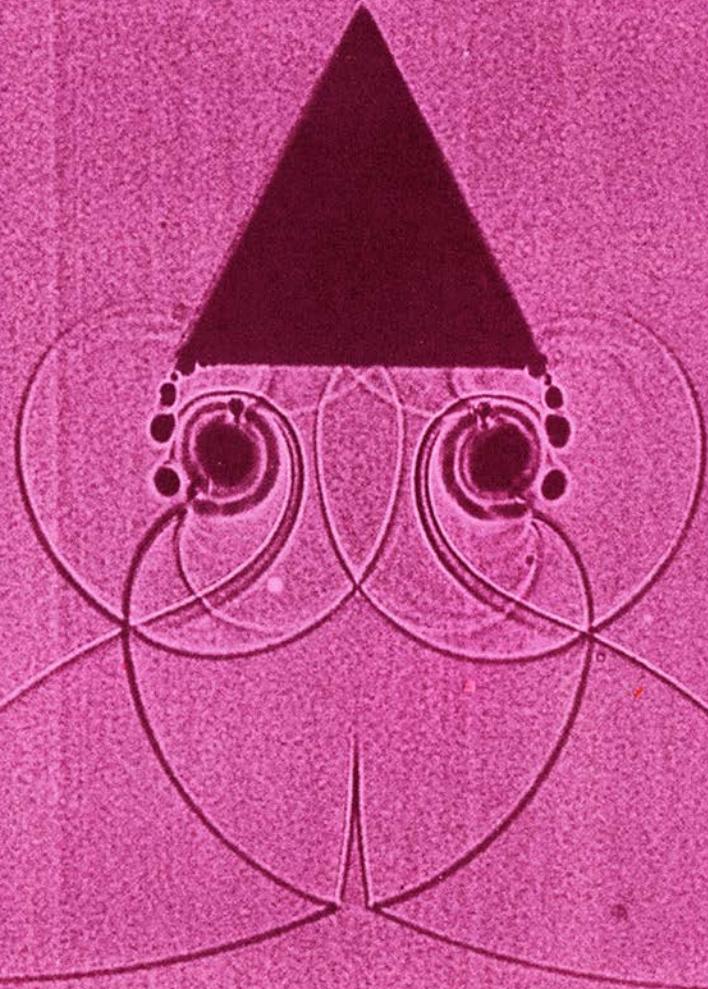
Some lines are
coming out

Yes Emily Prime, to the people of your time,
our technology must seem like magic.



For all of its magic, the outernet can be a sad place. Many lonely people from the lower-classes have disappeared into its safe infinity, to be never heard from again.

I drewed
a triangles!



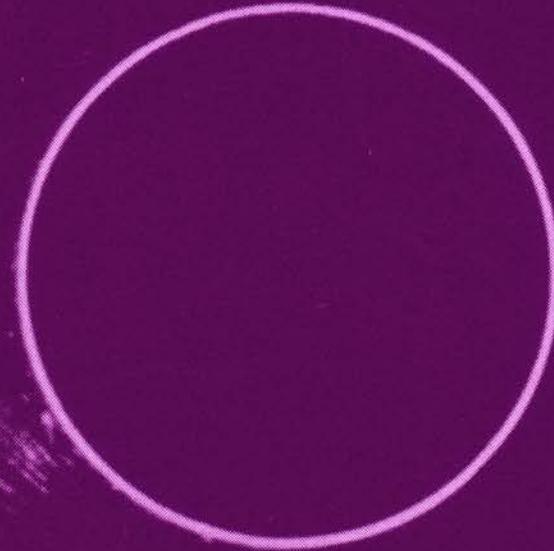
I drew a snakeboy.



I have many memories that I would
like to share with you now Emily.

We can go visit them together,
like seeing pictures in a book.

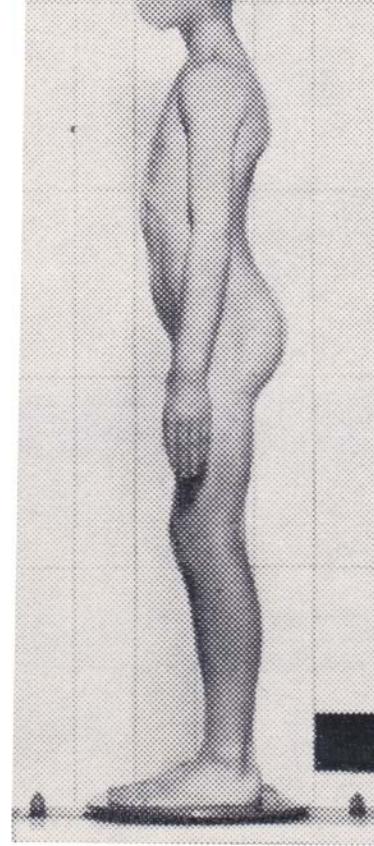
Please follow me into the window.



When I was your age, there was a controversial new exhibit in the modern art museum.

An artist placed a clone on display in a stasis tube. A child without a brain that the public could watch grow old in real time.

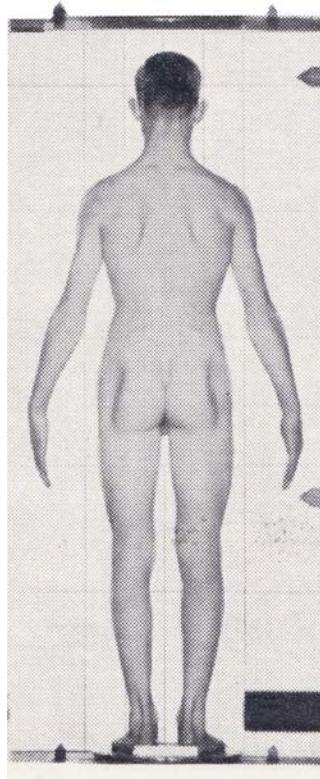
Can you smell the floor polish? The museum's anti-septic but musty odour, of countless generations in passing.



What was his name?

Museum visitors nicknamed the body David, and it became a popular attraction.

Regular visitors ate lunch in his wing.



People would pay him a visit whenever they found themselves back in the city, and remembered he was there.

Classrooms of children came to learn about anatomy.

David grows older and older until he dies at the age of 72. He is quietly removed from display without publicity, as per the artist's original instructions. He is mourned and deeply missed throughout the city.

People would speak quietly to him in the night.

I can still remember its eyes. Its blinking eyes.

My first job was supervising robots on the moon.
Are you familiar with robots?

Yes I always liked Robots

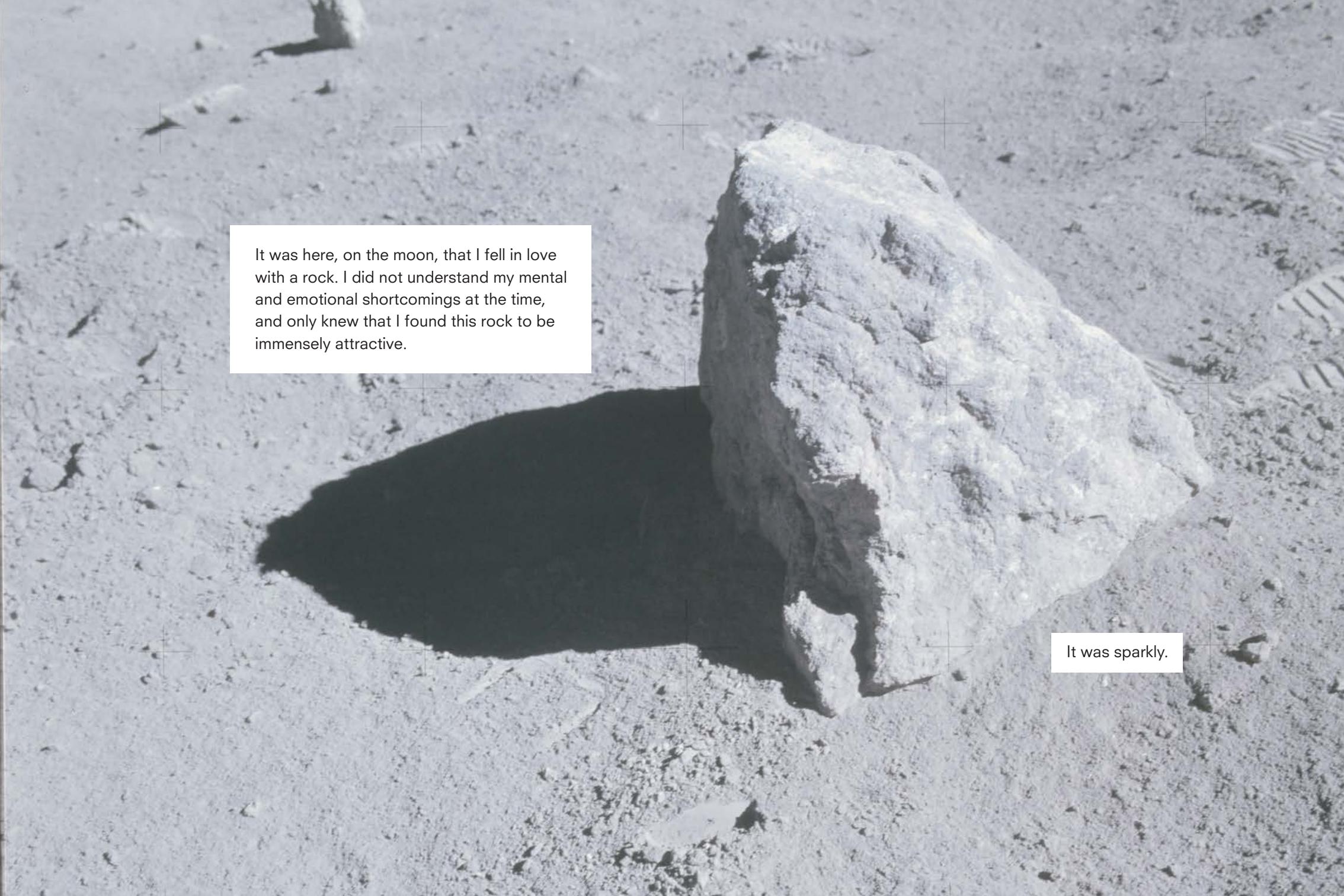
I have a red Robot
and a PINK
Robot

I enjoyed working with them. I enjoyed the solitude.



The robots are solar powered and must always be kept on the light side of the moon's surface.

To motivate them to constantly move within the drifting sunlight, I programmed them to fear death, and what lies on the dark-side of the moon.

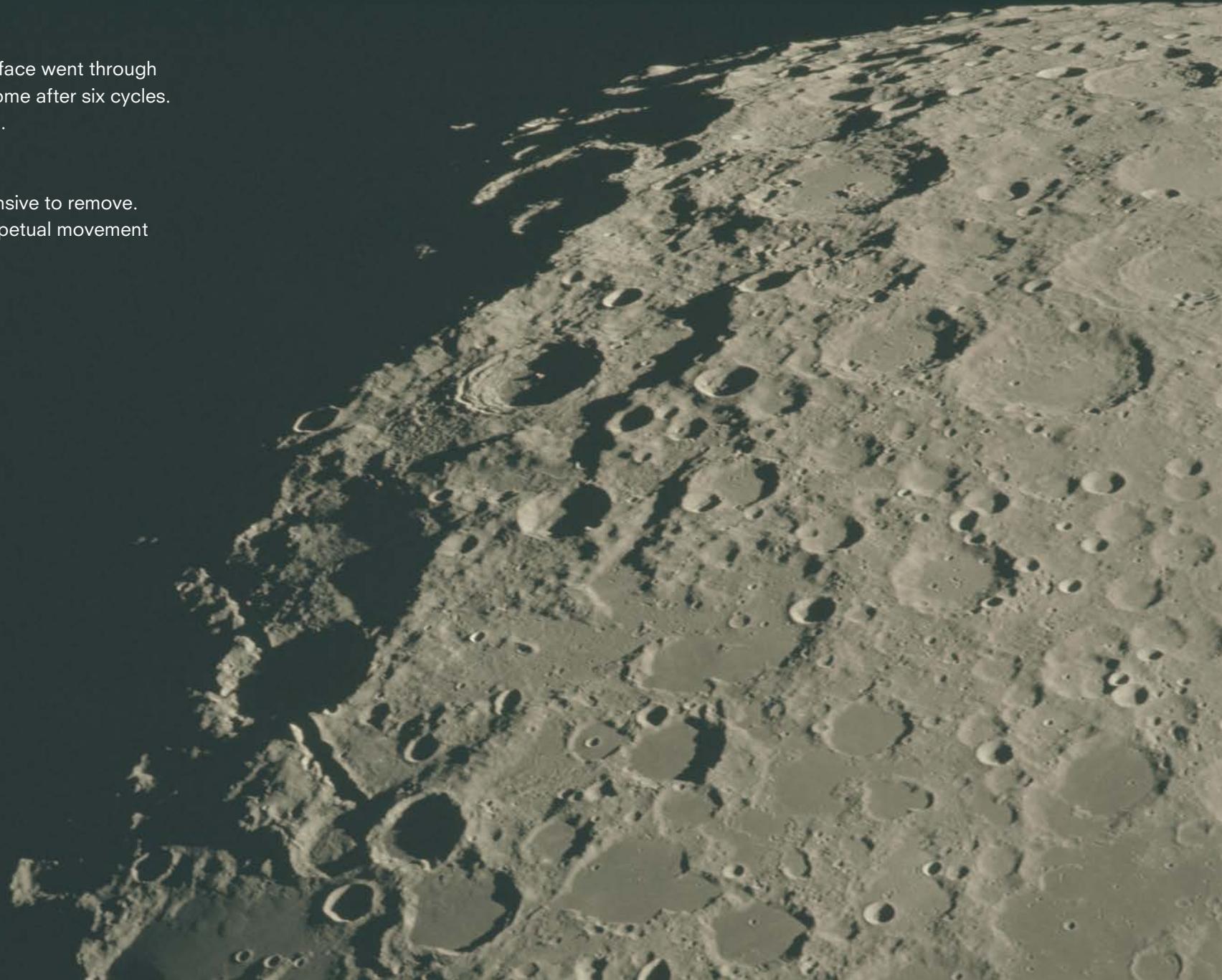


It was here, on the moon, that I fell in love with a rock. I did not understand my mental and emotional shortcomings at the time, and only knew that I found this rock to be immensely attractive.

It was sparkly.

The economy on the lunar surface went through a recession, and I was sent home after six cycles. My rock and I were seperated.

But the robots were too expensive to remove. To this day they are still in perpetual movement across the sunlight...





...with no work to do, no more tasks to accomplish,
still living in constant fear of death, and occasionally
sending us depressed poetry.

I will read one of their poems to you now, Emily:

“The light is life
Robot must move
Move robot move
But why?
Move move move
Robot forever move”



I was relocated to supervise the construction robots on the boundary of the kiowa, in deep space.

It was there that I fell in love with a fuel pump. This part of my life continued to develop, and it was much more gratifying than the rock.



In one of the tropical moon caves,
I found an abandoned nest of eggs.

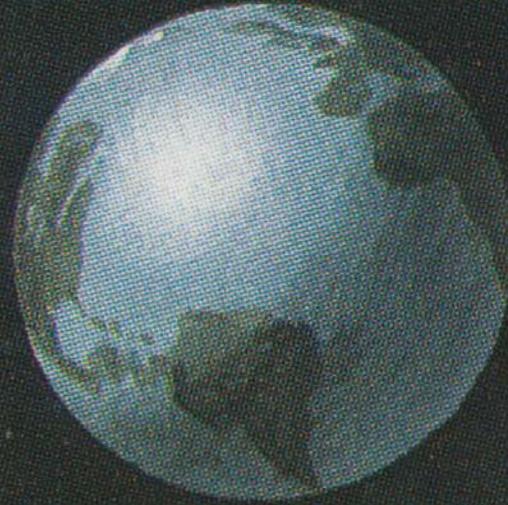
It's a
monster

I named it Simon.



Simon grew up and followed me around for seven
years, saying unintelligible things. We fell in love.
For vacations we sailed in balloons on Mars.

But I missed my home. I missed something deeper.



I made a decision to be reassigned to Earth,
and spend more time with people.

These became the happiest years of my life.
But Simon was inconsolable.

did you miss me?

Yes. At birth I had inherited from you the
memory of myself meeting you right now.

For many years, memories could only be harvested from the dead. The images were fished out blindly from random clusters of neurons, and looked like this:



I opened an art gallery of anonymous memories, and it was here that I met my husband.

He was a clone as well, from the same source as David, the boy in the tube I felt I had known all my life.



Only now his beautiful sparkly eyes were lit with the mind of his prime, a David from over four hundred years ago.



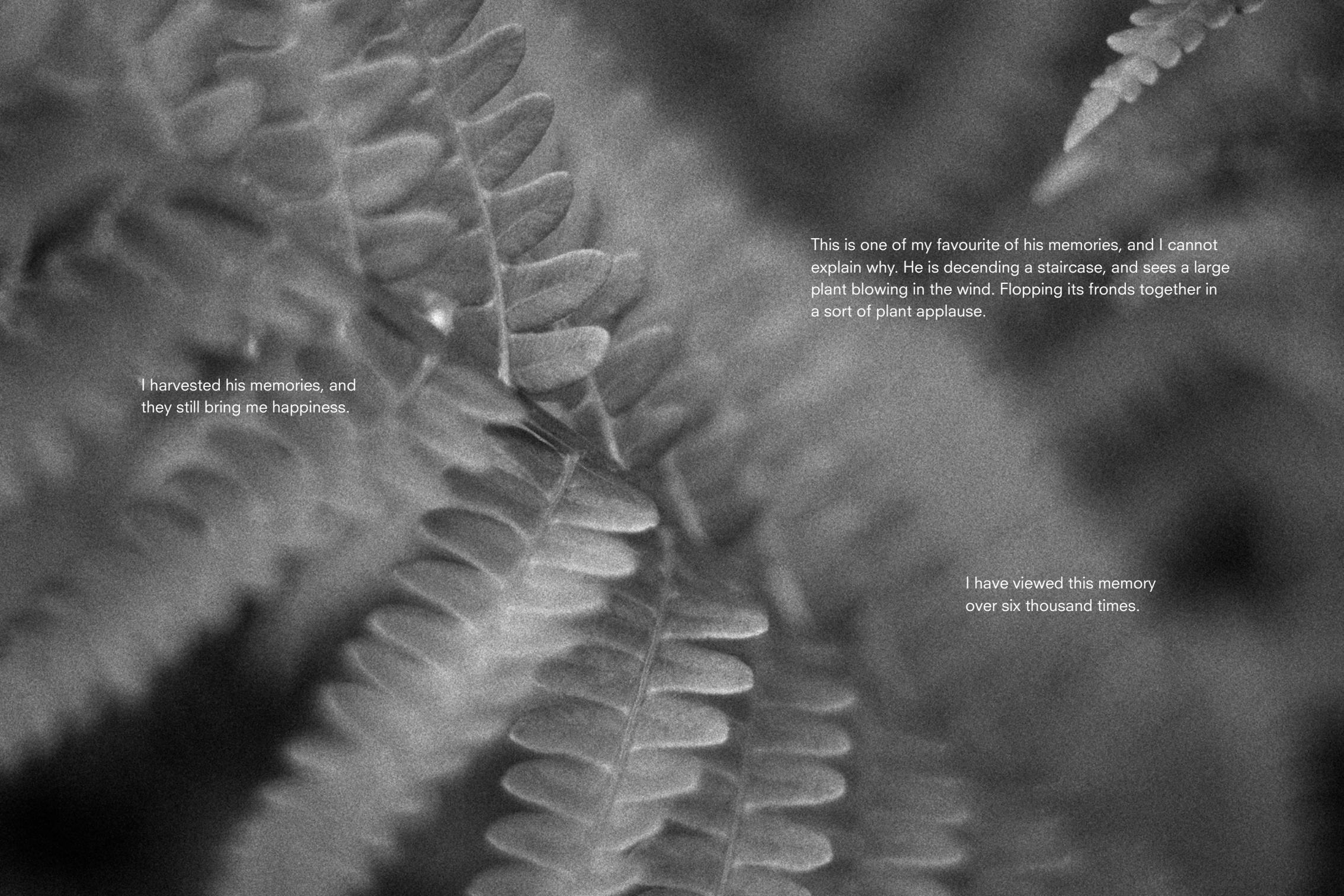
As an older clone, he showed many signs of deterioration,
but I loved him as though we were originals.



He died suddenly, and David's line was permanently ended.



That is the thing about the present, Emily Prime.
You only appreciate it when it is the past.



I harvested his memories, and
they still bring me happiness.

This is one of my favourite of his memories, and I cannot
explain why. He is descending a staircase, and sees a large
plant blowing in the wind. Flopping its fronds together in
a sort of plant applause.

I have viewed this memory
over six thousand times.



I do not have the mental or emotional capacity to deal with his loss, but sometimes I sit in a chair, late at night, and quietly feel very bad.

When the night is at its most quiet, I can hear death.



I am very proud of my sadness, because it means I am more alive.



I no longer fall in love with rocks.

A digital illustration set against a teal background. A long, tapered streak of orange and yellow particles, representing a meteor, moves from the left side of the frame towards the right. On the right side, there is a cluster of numerous small, glowing yellow cubes, representing digital consciousnesses. The overall scene suggests a digital apocalypse or a transition to a new state of existence.

In sixty days from now, a meteor will strike the Earth,
and most everyone here will die horribly.

Our wealthiest individuals are now uploading their
digital consciousnesses into cubes that they are
launching into deep space.



Our lower classes are desperately trying to escape the meteor through discount timetravel, causing untold millions to die in orbit. Their dead bodies burn as they return to Earth, and now light up our night sky.

whats up in the sky?

Dead bodies.

there's another one!

Yes, it is very pretty.

are they ok?

No, they're all dead.

We are all doomed Emily Prime.



There is another reason I have contacted you today.
You retain an early memory that I have forgotten,
that was very important to me.

I wish to retrieve it from you before I die. I shall
extract this memory from you now.

Thank you Emily. This will bring me
great comfort in the days ahead.

This is your future, Emily Prime. It is sometimes
a sad life, and it is a long life.

It will be a beautiful visit, and then we shall
share the same fate as the rest of the human
race. Dying horribly.

You will feel a deep longing for something
you cannot quite remember.



The advice I give you now is the advice I remember receiving from myself at your age in this moment, so I cannot be certain where it actually originated from.

Live well, and live broadly.
You are alive and living now.
Now is the envy of all of the dead.

Do not lose time on daily trivialities. Do not dwell on petty detail. For all of these things melt away and drift apart, within the obscure traffic of time.

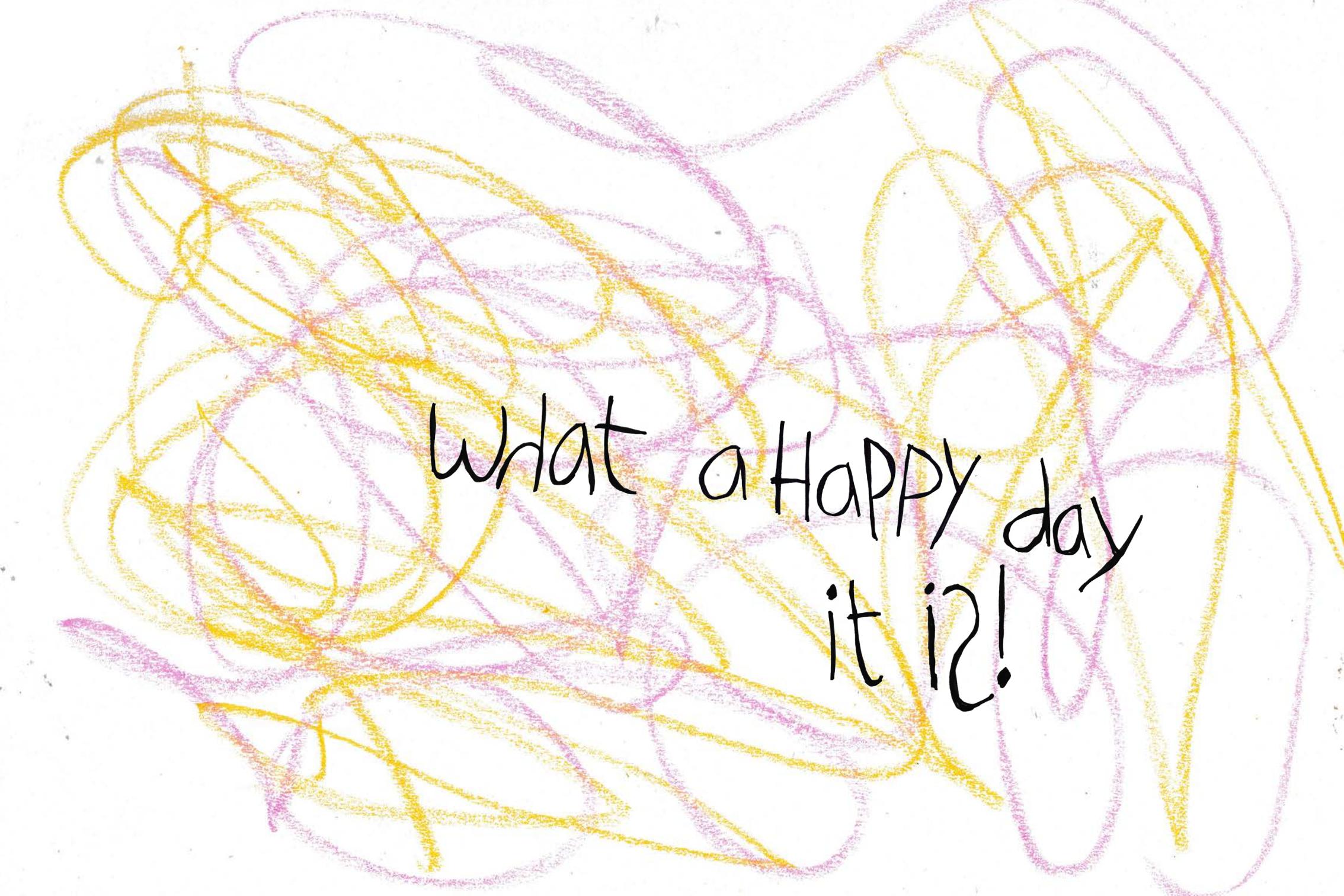
OK

Thank you Emily Prime. It has been an honour to meet you, and a joy to emerge from your third-generation birth canal.

I shall now return you to your home and current time. I will not contact you again.

Goodbye.





What a Happy day
it is!

