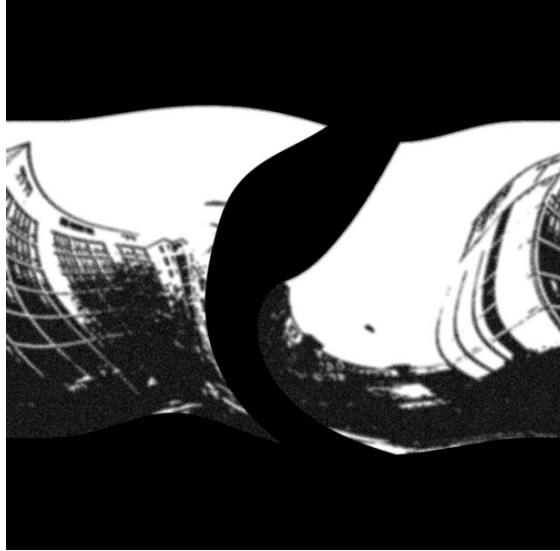




THE HISTORY OF ALTERNATIVE FUTURES – audio play translated

A-A-R-GROUP

Aaltonen
Auerlehto
Rovamo

****Parts of this translation have been made using AI**

Welcome to the Architectural Tour of the Bygone World.

I am your smart guide, model xY3 ARD2400 – but you may call me Arja.

For some reason, you have chosen to explore the most significant building in Kuopio (a smallish city on the northern hemisphere).

May I remind you that it was possible to select any architectural site from the bygone world – for example, the Sydney Opera House, the Sagrada Família in Spain, the Statue of Liberty, and so on. Places you humans usually want to see... I've heard they were amazing. Seeing them might even make you regret that they now belong to the past.

Maybe you just want to be different. Or perhaps you have a personal connection to this place... I still wonder how you even found this site – but no matter.

You will now see three guides before you. They have heroically renounced worldly comforts and relocated to this site. As a result, they have lost their own vocal frequencies. Please follow them – they are trustworthy, though admittedly rather simple-minded.

Using an algorithm, we have analyzed this location and identified its most significant building:

“The Center for the Prohibition of Former Beliefs.”

This building has an incredible and complex history.

The amount of frustration was, or well, had been, enormous. Maybe it still was, but not quite as bone-deep and all-consuming as before. More like a distant sting—like sunlight hitting your eyes from too low an angle when you already have a headache.

Some people are pretty convinced it all started with those prohibition signs, even though it's really hard to say where exactly anything began. But yeah, those signs. A “no parking without permit” is understandable enough, of course, but that was probably the innocent pedestal everything else started to build on. “No storing bicycles.” “No walking dogs.”

Like, who the hell came up with that? As if you could walk down the street normally, but just not with a dog. And what exactly was the area where dogs weren't allowed? We had a dog, as you might have guessed. Anyway, from there it just snowballed. "No gatherings." "No loitering." "No skateboarding," or really anything with wheels that weren't powered by gas. Then at some point: "No walking," or rather, "walk along this line at a calm but efficient pace." "No talking." "No bringing children." "No wearing scarves." And on and on.

Pretty quickly, someone realized that as the bans increased, people mostly just laughed at them, so they had to start enforcing the prohibitions. Not, at first, with guards at every single sign hiding their faces and holding rifles—those came later, and there wouldn't have been nearly enough to guard all the bans anyway. But technology had been advanced for a long time already. Facial recognition, gait recognition, data pulled from phones—location, ID, whatever. All kinds of biometric tricks. They started building databases on who had walked their dog, who had skateboarded, who had ridden a bicycle, who had gathered in a group. Then letters started showing up at home: *we have observed such and such*. And the more you tried to dodge the detection methods, the faster someone developed new ones. Face paints were banned pretty quickly, for instance. Existence became really restricted. And when the Gulf Stream slowed down, well, that's when we really got deep into the bone-piercing frustration.

(On your right, you can see-e-e-e-e-e-)

Dear Diary, this week I met a boy, who got me to feel the kind of acute tingling that the books from my mom's youth in our attic talk about. We sat next to each other at the movies and laughed at all the same scenes, even when no one else found them funny. I've always wanted to fall for a person who laughs with me at the unfunny things and in wrong places. You can't stand living otherwise.

After the movie he stayed at the door, waiting for me to come out. It was late, but the air was warm and bright, June-like. The scent of lilacs covered the yards as we made our way

down Vuorikatu towards the station and in the end sat down on the stairs of that old ugly office building talking so long that darkness fell and the city was as quiet as a mouse.

On your right, you can see holographically reconstructed footage of the old built environment of Kuopio, which was almost entirely destroyed due *interference* around the year -

We've laid the mattresses on the bedroom floor; it's better to sleep in the same room. That way we stay as warm as possible, and it feels safer too. The children sleep curled up against each other. The girls breathe evenly, and peace is present in this moment, the door firmly shut. Really, this is all that matters, here in this fourteen-square-meter room. Sunlight filters through the crack in the blanket covering the window. That gap needs to be covered soon, but if I let my mind drift for a moment, this could be from another time—back when the world outside the door was still intact.

Little feet would have found their way to our bed during the night, and at dawn we would wake up like millions of others, heading off to work via daycare. It had even felt self-evident that things were, more or less, fine. The daycare, along with the library and that big parish center, must have been among the first buildings to be seized by those who came from elsewhere—back then, the worst floods and unrest hadn't yet reached Kuopio.

Could something have been done differently? Recycled more, skipped those last flights, what should the world have done so that the girls could now be going to school, worrying about who they liked or about their next exams?

Now we live in a time of survival, though I don't really know what exactly we're trying to survive for... Is there still a future? Maybe the children.

Dear Diary, that boy is named Teo and we went on a date yesterday, just like that. I don't know how it ended up that way, but now my heart beats so fast I can't fall asleep and can't

eat, I think I'm getting ill from love, though I guess you can't really call it love yet, just a crush that one day hopefully grows into love. He held my hand and told me I'm beautiful and I thought his dialect cute and not annoying for the first time since moving here, it never grew on me and I guess that makes me the wrong person to talk about this city, an outsider and a weirdo, condemning even, but this city has now treated me better than I ever deserved.

Our team of neo-archaeologists spent over ten years on the restoration project. The majority of the extensive budget was used to develop an entirely new visual internet residue filtering method, which enabled researchers to isolate approximately 80% AI-free material to serve as the basis for these holograms.

Of course, it is nearly impossible to remove all AI influence from historical images, but since our team is among the best in the world, the results you see here are as close as currently possible to the original state of the year-

The holographic reconstruction project of central Kuopio was carried out in collaboration with researchers from the Royal Republican University of New West-Båros.

We had holed up in the old parish hall—or well, mostly just hidden and kept quiet in the upper floors. It didn't really take much fortification, since none of them seemed to understand how doors worked anymore, or else they were too absorbed in their filming to bother. Someone said they'd seen some more active individuals, though—not filming, but rampaging and messing around—which of course attracted more Filmmakers.

From time to time, the streets around us were completely packed with that seething mass, and the glow from all their screens painted the sky this bizarre color. Every time, we wondered if one of those rampagers was out there too, and whether they'd try to force their way inside. Eventually we decided to reinforce some doors just in case.

Another thing that weighed on us was all the electronics lying around. The place had once housed pawn shops, resale stores, and auction houses that had stockpiled piles of devices

back when implant phones and neural projection had become so common that nobody used smartphones or desktop computers anymore—except maybe some old-school hackers or resistance types, and of course people who couldn't afford anything else.

But at that time we didn't know anything about the signal. (**The signal self replicates**) We smashed screens or turned them to face the walls in case they suddenly started broadcasting the transmission. Then we worried—what if it came through radio waves, or something else entirely? The worst part was not knowing the “rules” for avoiding it. The only safe move was to stay away from all electronics. And we didn't dare step outside, because it only took appearing in a single frame of one recording for the swarm-like hive of Filmmakers to converge on you—and sooner or later, the worse ones too.

Although... yeah, we finally dared, on that morning when there was simply no other choice.

(We now arrive at th--)

Dear Diary. You can't bear this kind of happiness, not even the news from the world can make me depressed the way they did before, I can almost interpret the black planes flying over us quietly at night to be nothing more than birds. It feels that my heart is suffocating and I want to scream and jump around. I feel I could fall from the roof of a skyscraper and survive or swim in ice water and just go on and on without anything. And still dad cries in the kitchen at night, because he got that letter he's been dreading. Soon he'll have to go and I'm horrified and yet as happy as I've ever been. In the end I don't believe they'll come here, not when we have nothing really. Teo says that he doesn't believe in that, though he did show me anyway that you can get into the basement of the old parish hall, if you just know how to. He'd hidden canned goods and clothes and iodine there, just in case.

We now arrive at the gem of our tour. This building is the oldest fully preserved architectural remnant of the previous millennium on the entire northern hemisphere.

Through internet filtering techniques and even the study of physically archived materials from old-world museums, it has been confirmed that the building has remained nearly in its original condition. Around the year 2025, there was an attempt to sell the building, after which its intended use became unclear.

Already under threat of demolition back then, the building – once used for various religious ceremonies – was, according to oral history, described as “brutalist.”

Brutalism was an architectural style of the bygone world, believed to be characterized by a limited color palette and sharp, intimidating forms.

These stairs, therefore, are a typical example of brutalist architecture-----

We shall now walk around the building clockwise, the way from where the sun once rose, according to knowledge of the old. I’ve wandered these forests from century to century, I know them better than my mother’s kitchen. I lay down my burden, it clunks cold and hard against the pavement. I remember once ten thousand years ago I saw the sun rising over there above the rooftops, though then there was only forest there. I remember the movement of tectonic plates and the boiling waves of the primordial sea, the unyielding embrace of the bedrock under these roads. I remember when you rose from the sea and when you changed, I remember it all beautiful and terrifying and dignified. I remember the coming of the humans, the felling of the forests, the screams and the planes drifting across the skies in even waves, I remember the flames of destruction and the rays of hope strained through palm leaves in the hands of children climbing out of the rubble. I remember the beginnings and the endings, the midgrounds and the turnarounds. I remember hope and despair, humanity in earth’s embrace. Follow me, for even after all the destruction you’ve caused I’ll protect this land and all that live on it.

END.