

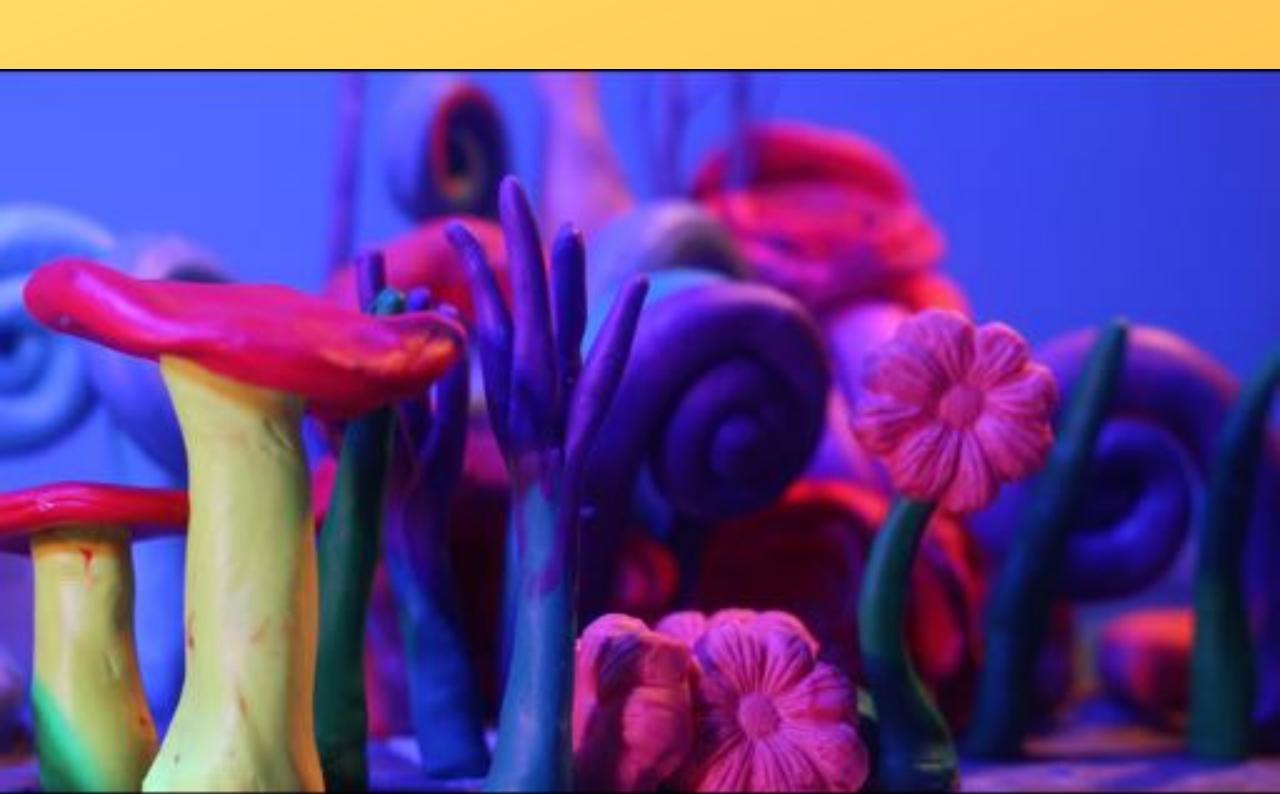
There once was a man, who spent all his days in a lockdown inside his home...they said it was dangerous to go outside, so he became glued to a computer screen & he got lost so far in cyberspace, with nothing else to do with his time.



He started to have terrible dreams of horrible things that could happen to him inside of this black hole of cyberspace...this was his world.



There once were fields that grew so tall, his head would bounce from cloud to cloud. The earth was love for miles and miles...



Slowly but surely, he became imprisoned by his own thoughts and dreams...he missed the beautiful world he once knew. But he couldn't remember what it felt like anymore.



He wanted something...

He missed something...

He dreamed for something...but what was it?



It had been a couple of years...



...and the lockdown was taking its toll.

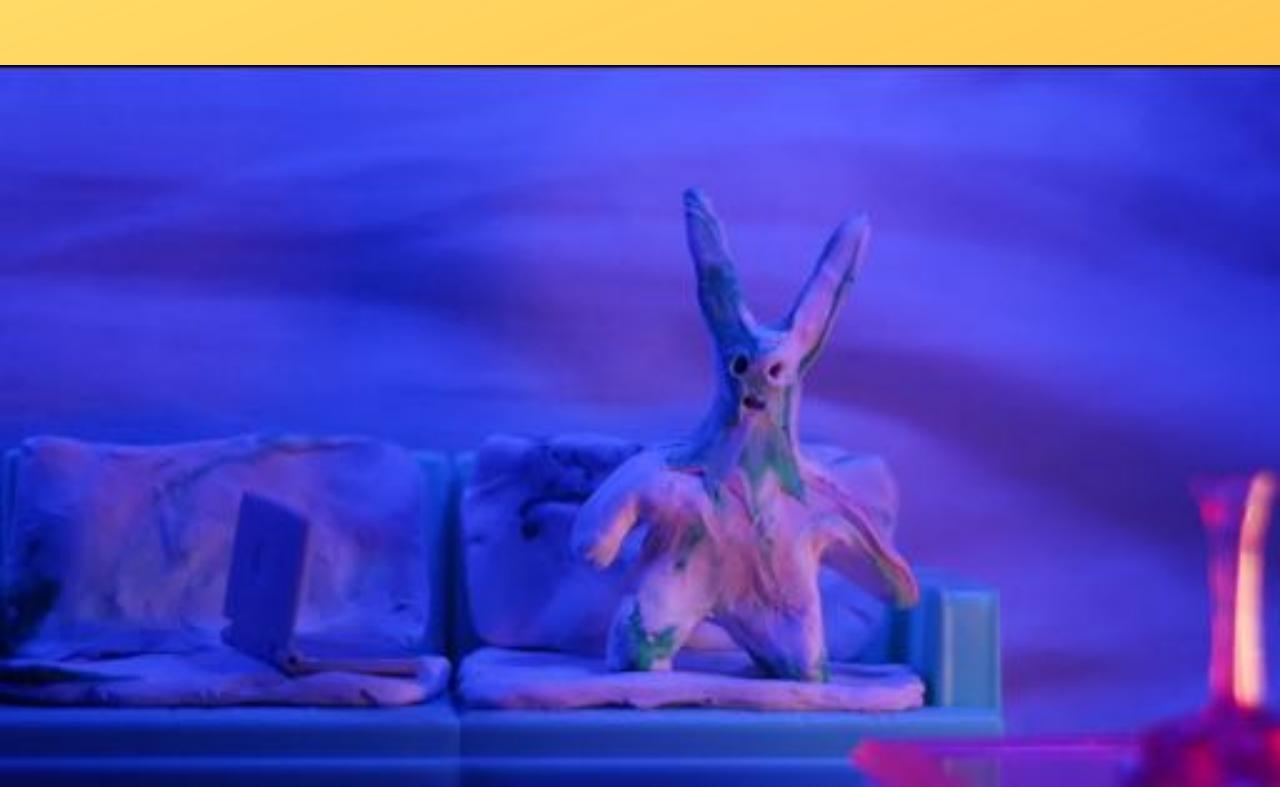
The monsters of cyberspace were out to get him. He had nowhere to run.



Strange things started to happen inside his home...random objects started to move and come to life. He was afraid...but maybe now, he could conquer his fear of the unknown and have good times with these strange new creatures. Maybe this new world would make him feel alive.



Suddenly, a strange looking little monster shaped like a demented star jumped from his computer screen and onto his couch.



Then his computer came to life and said, "tell me all your problems. I am your cyber therapist".



Unafraid of these strange cyber creatures anymore, he decided to express his feelings..."I want to feel fireworks explode inside this dying heart of mine. I want to feel and see something beautiful in this world again...



I want to feel electricity in this old body of mine! I want to float past coffins to the sky & explore vast dimensions, oh so high! Can you somehow prove to me that I am still alive?!"



I want something...

I miss something...

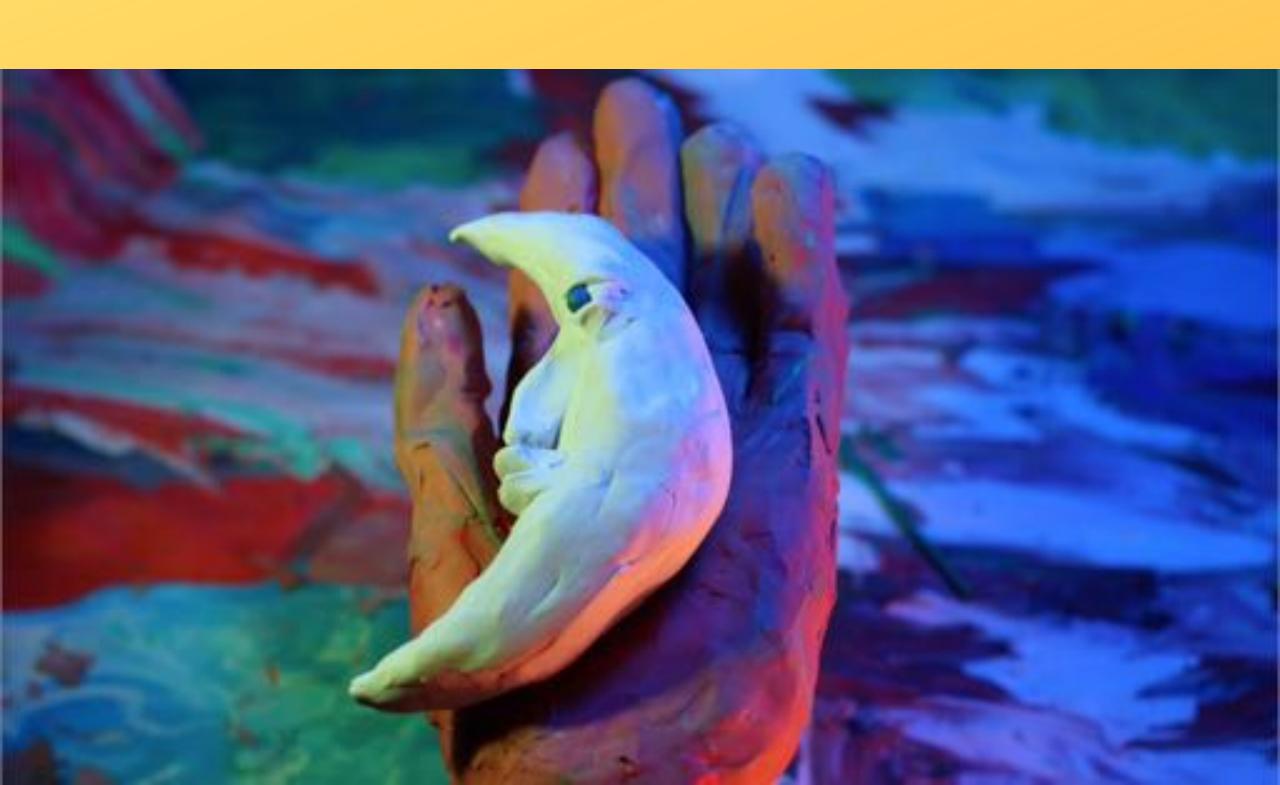
I dream of something...but I can't remember what these things are.



Your wish is my command.

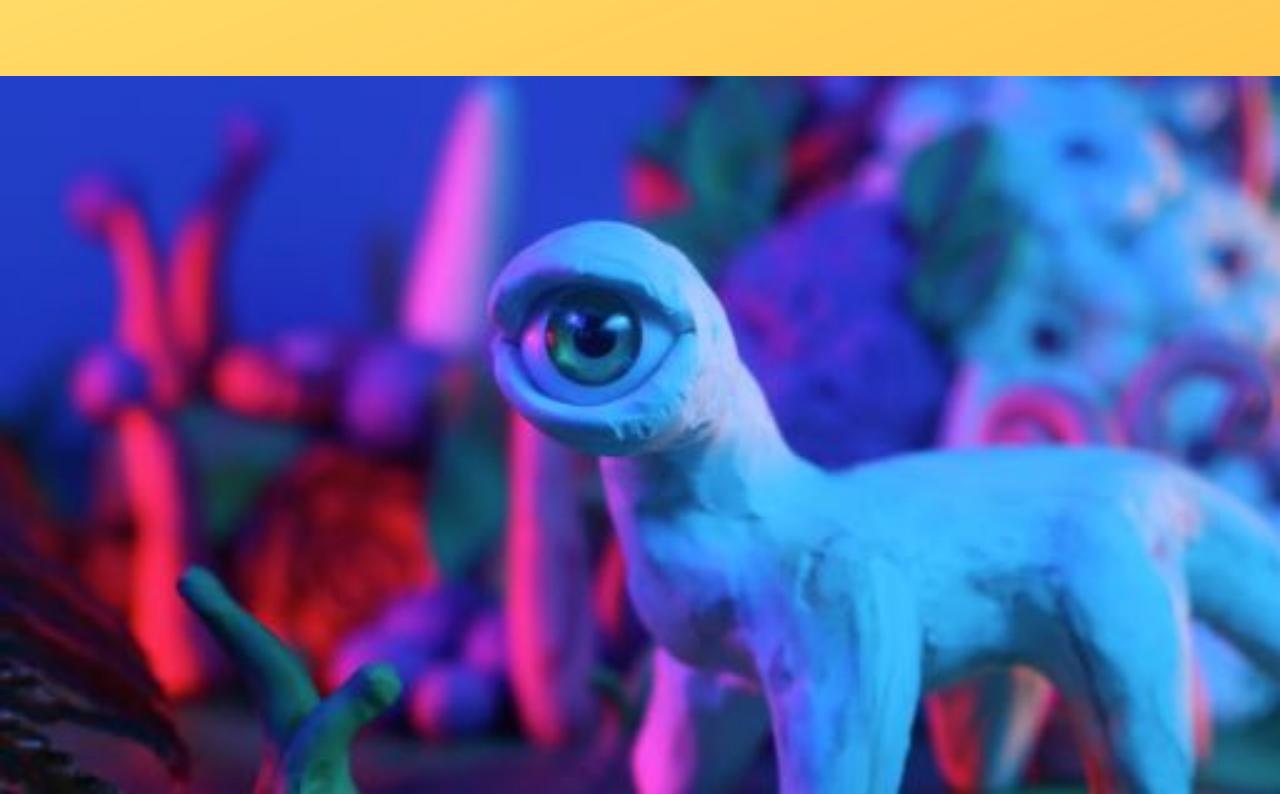


Then...slowly...a new moon grew inside the man's hand, and it began to warmly shine...the world around him started to light up in a brand new way.

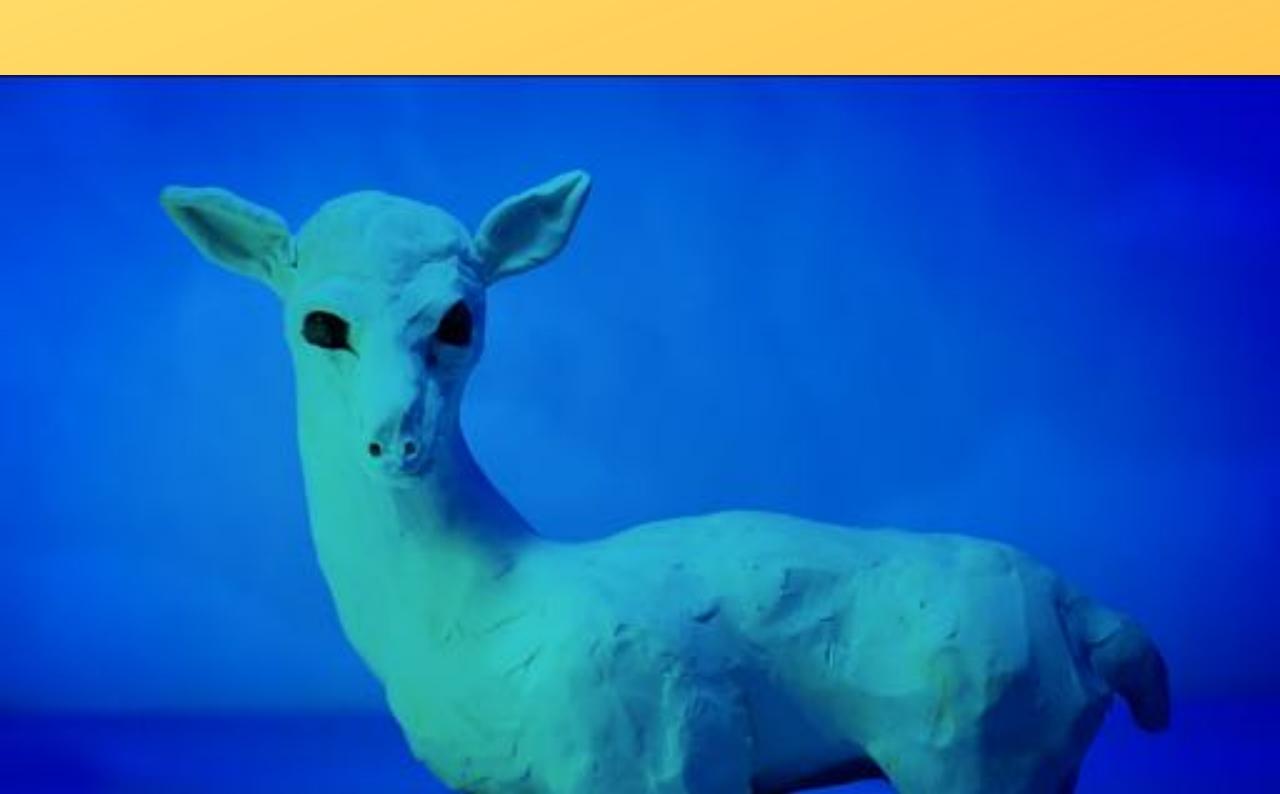


A change was coming...

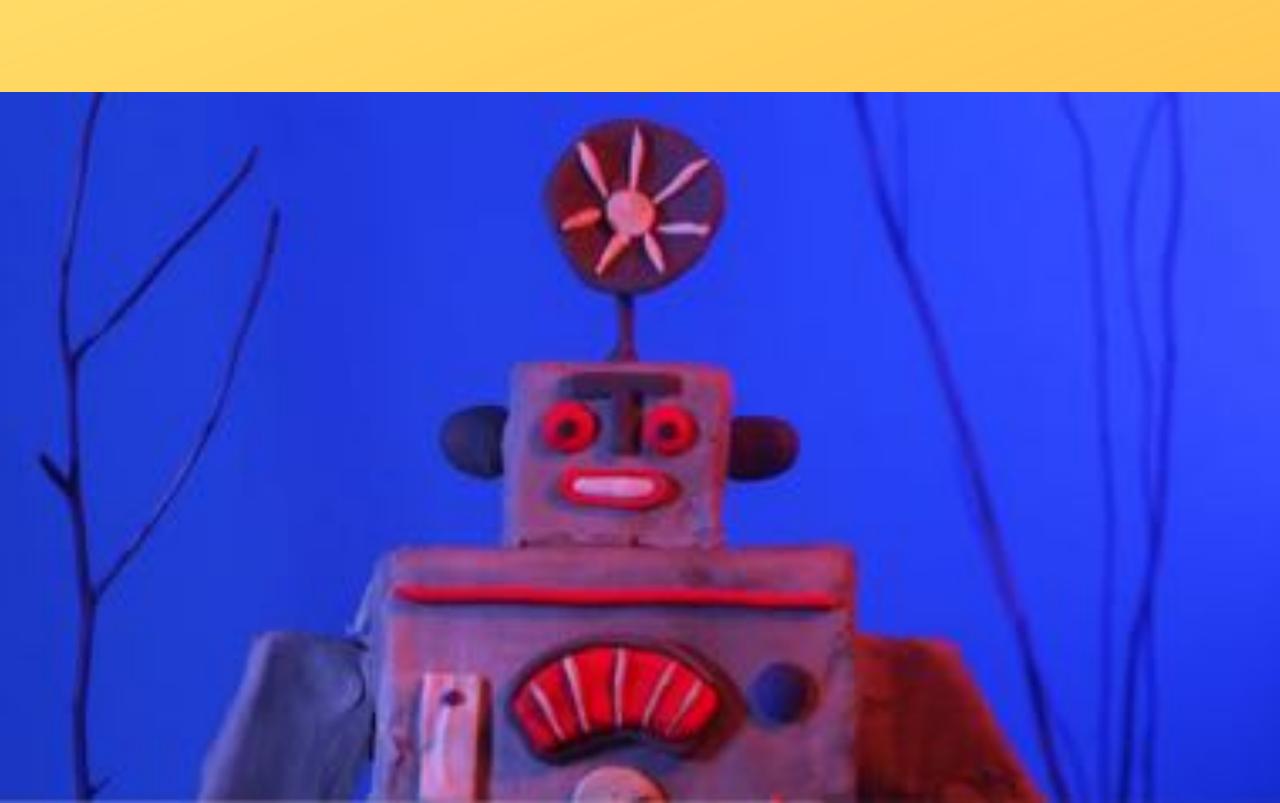
New creatures started to present themselves.



They looked at the man curiously.



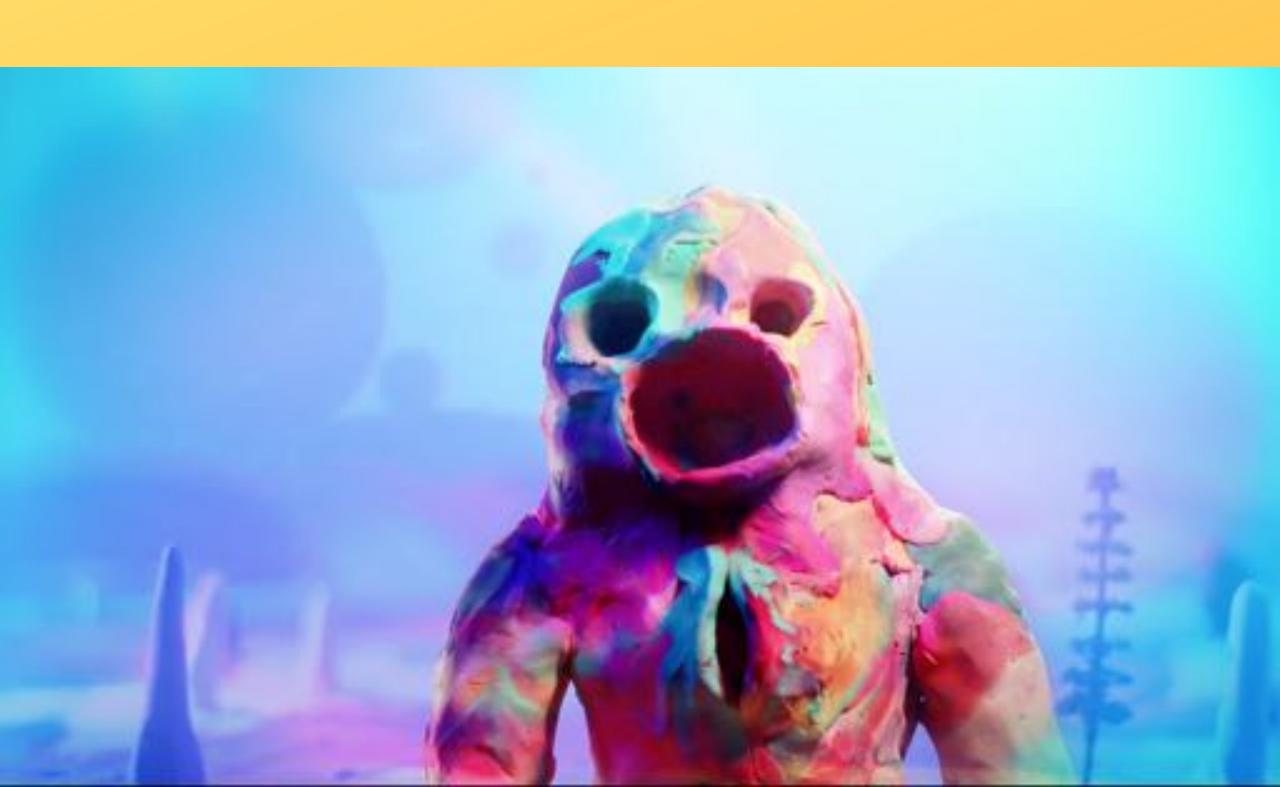
Some of these creatures were robotronic zappers.



Some of these creatures even had multiple eyeballs!



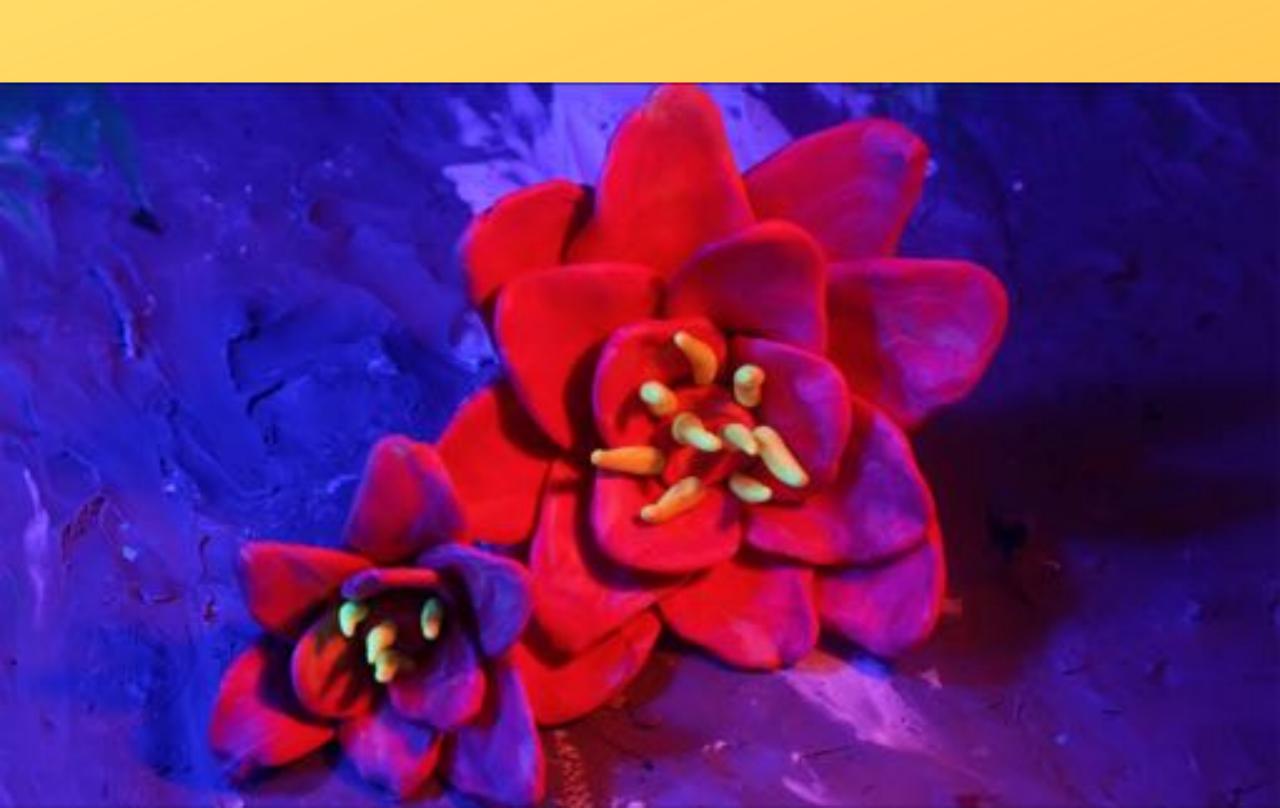
Some looked crazy and colorful!



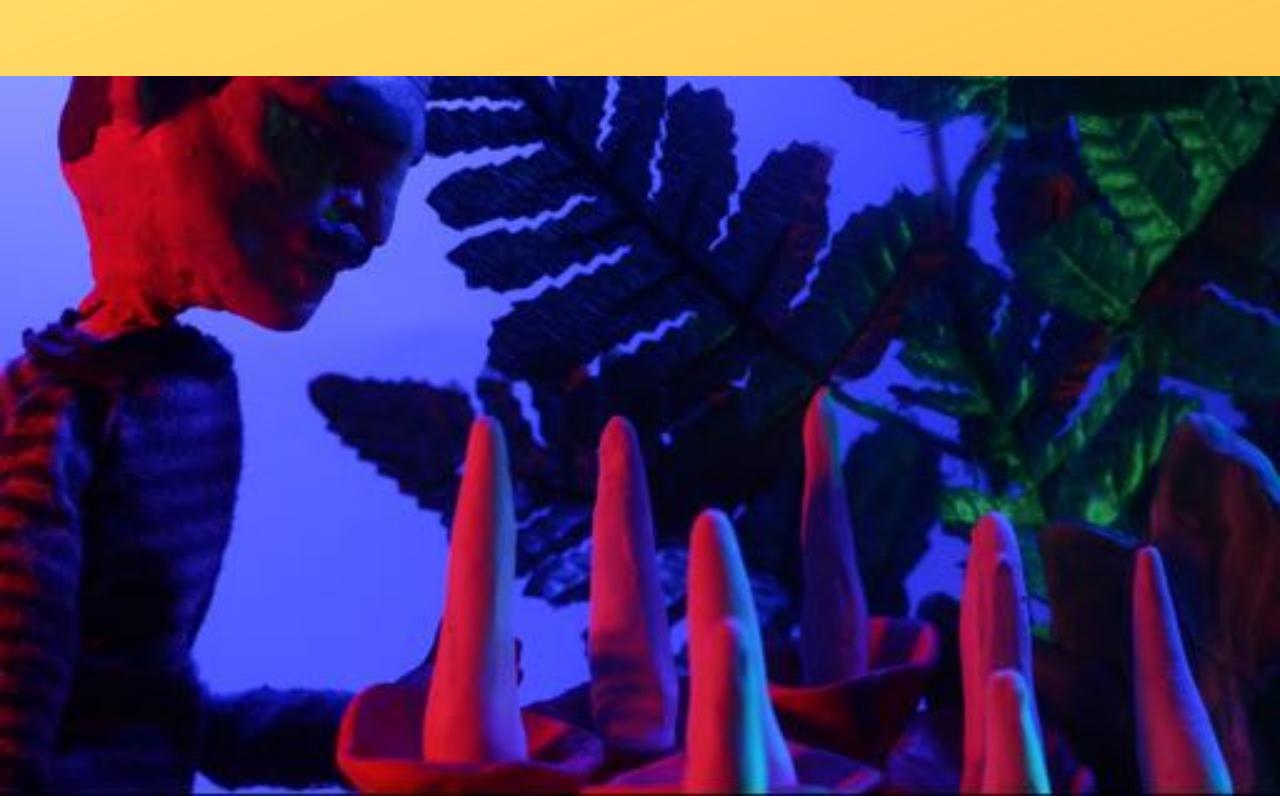
Others looked a little bit more normal, but pale!



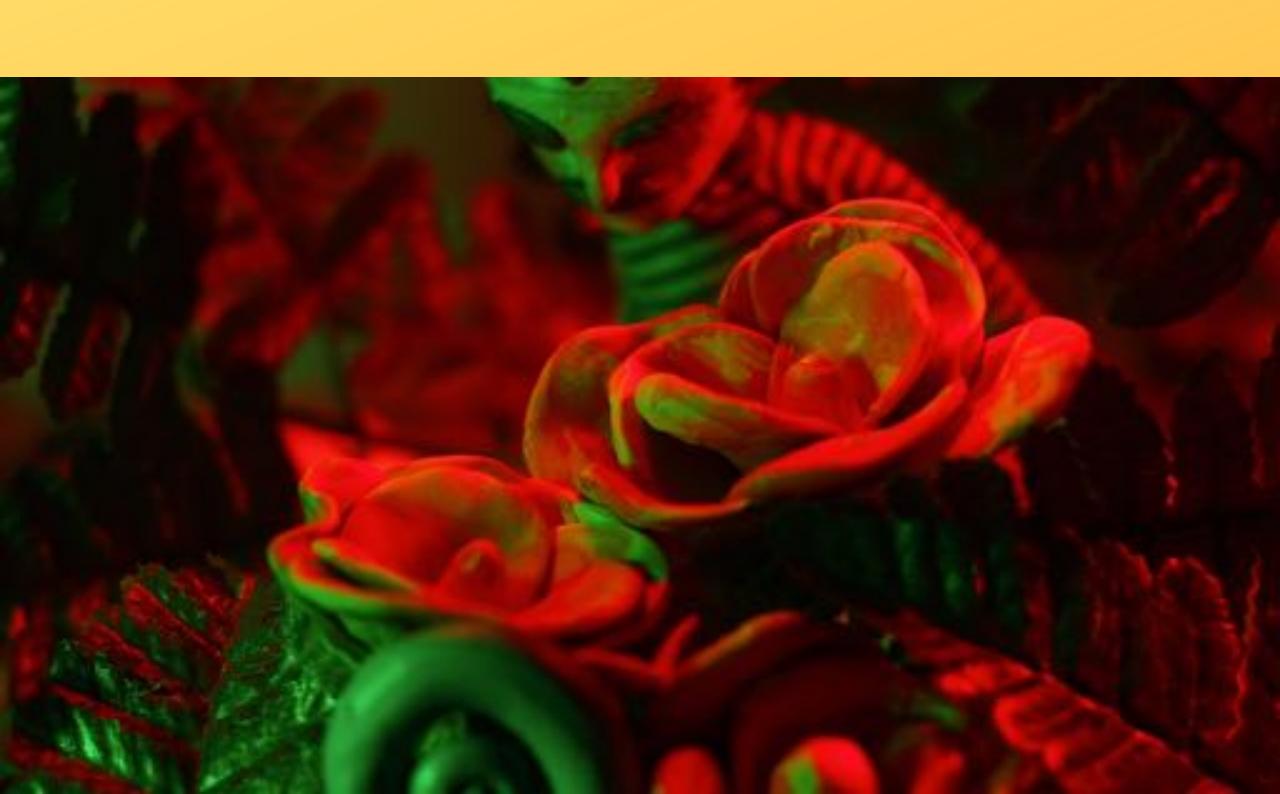
Colorful flowers began to bloom.



Strange otherworldy plants began to grow.



New wonderful smells began to fill the air.



A brand new and amazing world was being born.

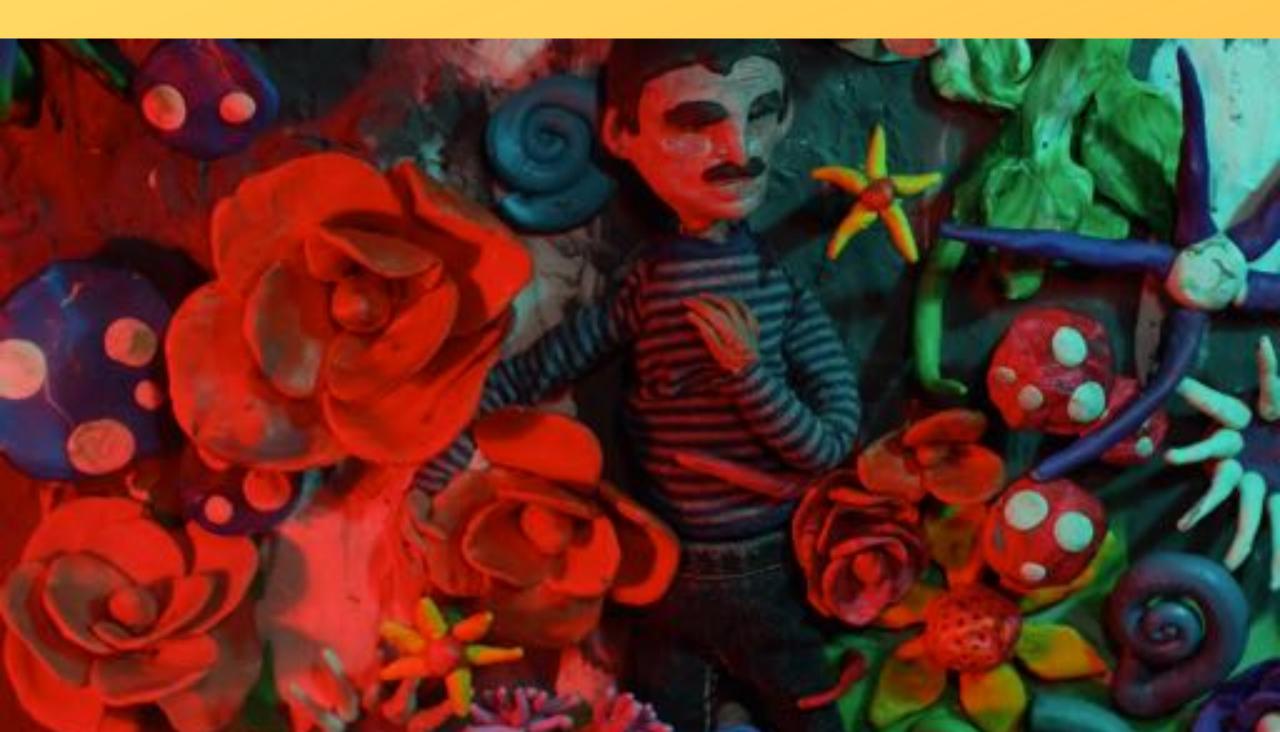


Beautiful new sights of changing colors and shapes filled the once empty fields. The wind began to softly whisper songs into his ears that he had never heard before...songs that spoke of new dreams he would soon realize.



His heart filled with something it hadn't felt in a long long time.

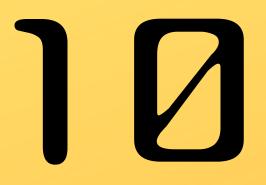
He looked out into the horizon and watched the new world as it unfolded before his eyes. He rested with his new friends peacefully, and he knew for the first time in many years, that everything everywhere was going to be okay...and he heard music...counting down.



Let's Count Down With Him To

See What He Finds.



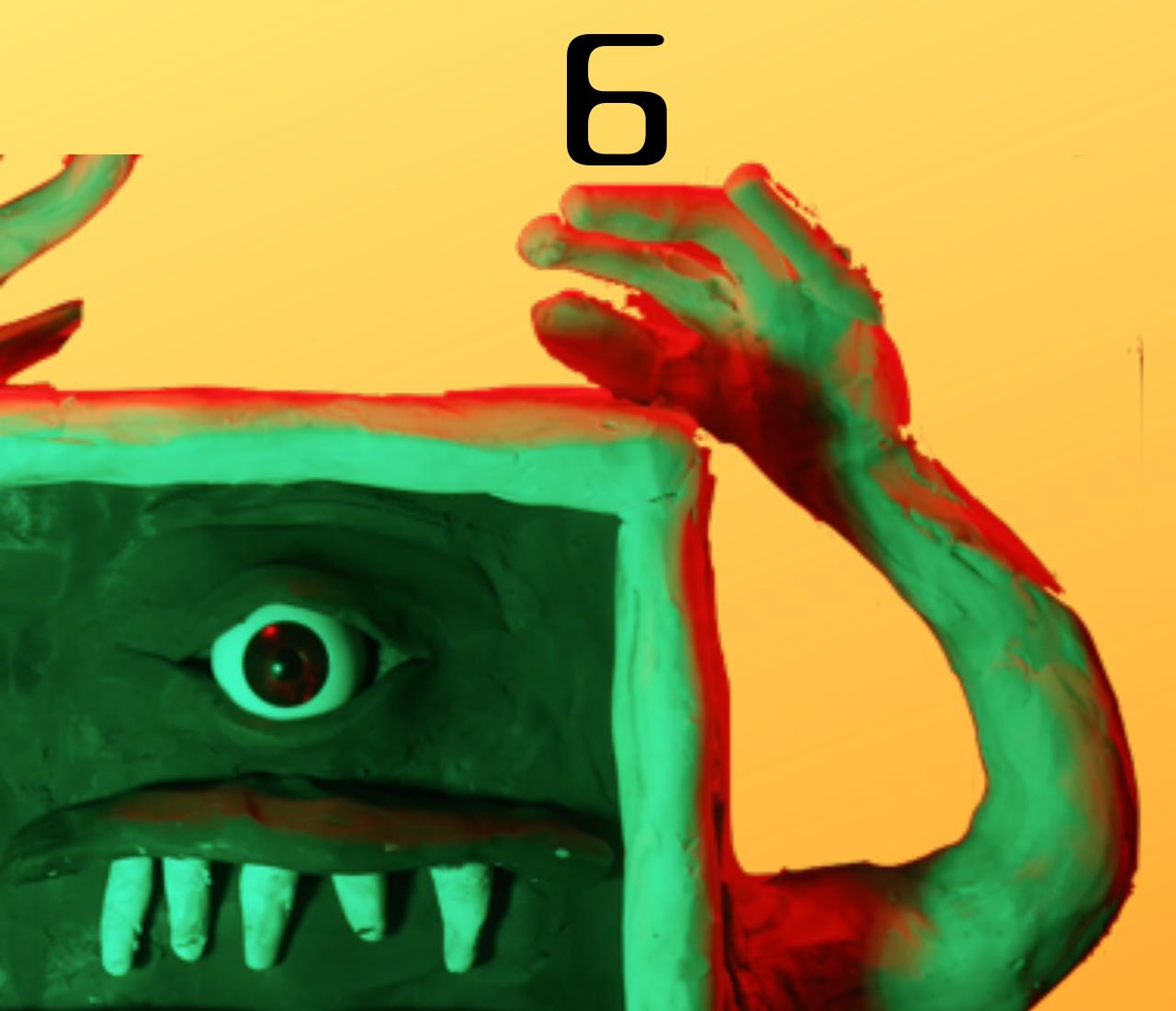
















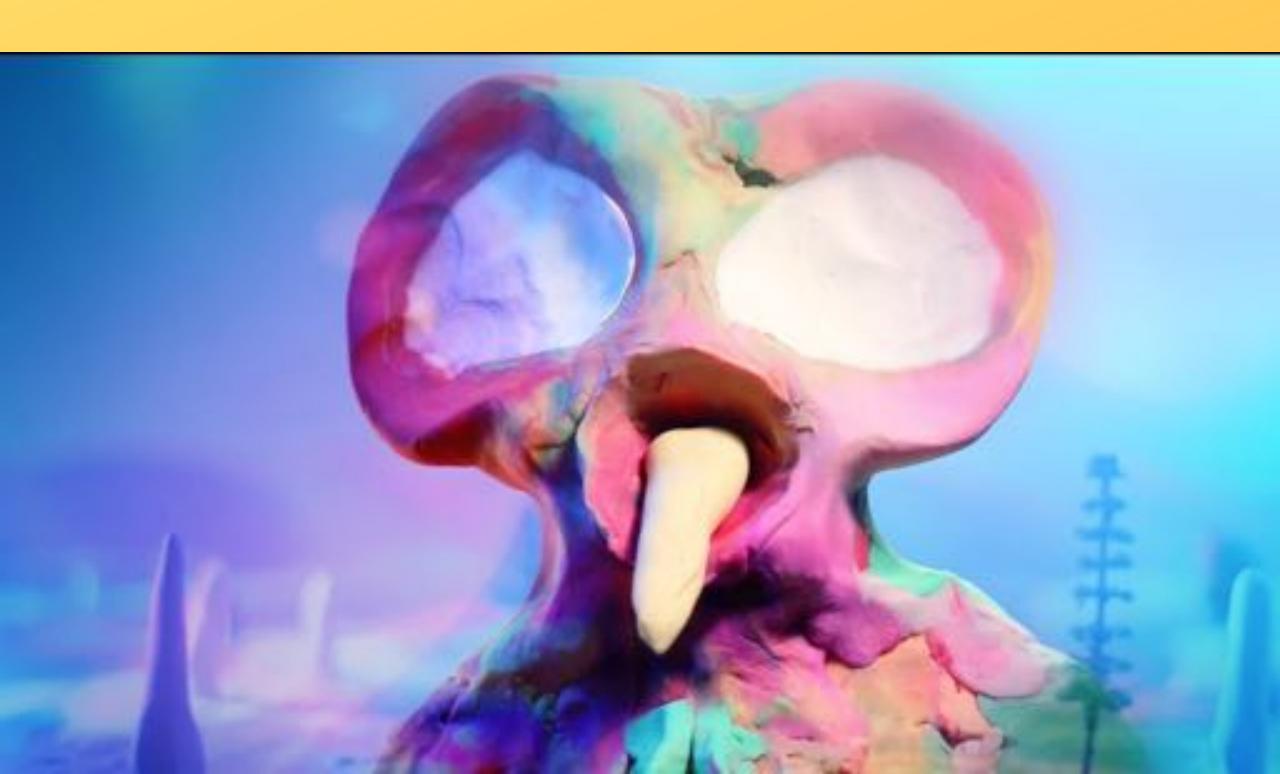




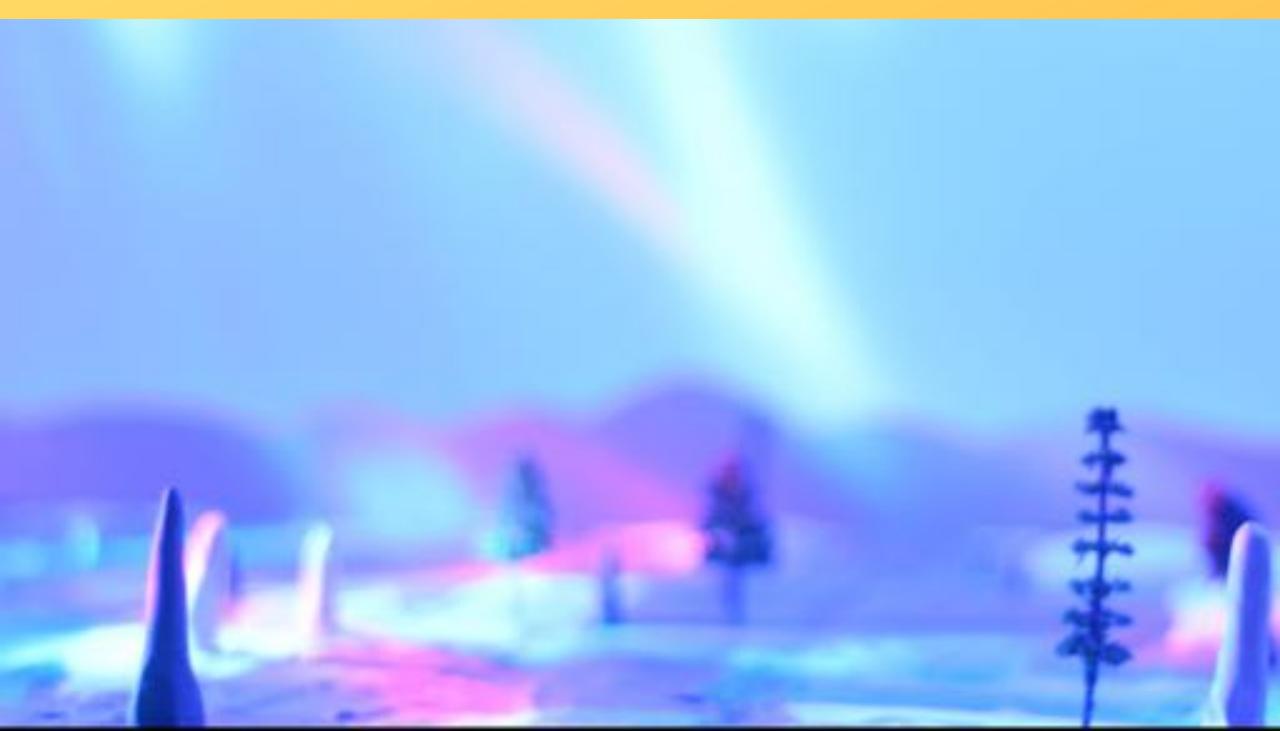




And if YOU'RE feeling lost, remember this...



...no matter how dark the world gets, keep moving, even when you're completely lost, even if you have no idea where you are, who you are, or what you want anymore. Move...in any direction...



...we lose ourselves a million times in our lives. It's okay to be lost.

It's what makes us human. You'll find yourself again, and you'll discover a brand new you. You'll open your eyes to a beautiful world you never knew existed, and set out on a journey to a new horizon with a newborn confidence to an unknown land in the future. Just keep moving.



The End.

