



A journey into a world where purpose has shifted
and identity is redefined

The Last Day – when everything still stands, but nothing truly works

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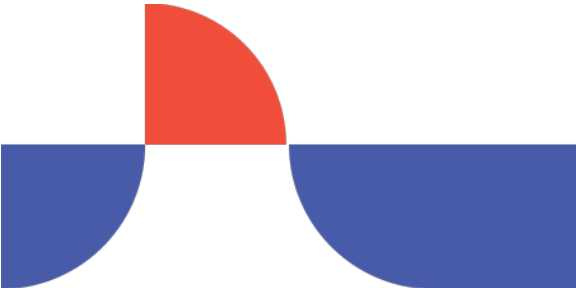
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No one knew it was the last day.
That's what makes it unforgettable.
Like every ending in history – invisible until it
has passed.

The city woke up exactly as it always had.



The Last Day – when everything still stands, but nothing truly works

The tram rang in the curve by the square.
The barista poured the first espresso of the morning.
People filed into office buildings with their access cards in hand, even though the cards no longer mattered.

There were still schedules, meetings, deadlines.
But everyone sensed they had become rituals.
An old dance with no music.

The AI systems had already taken over everything:

- issuing bills
- optimizing transport
- predicting illnesses
- keeping stores stocked
- writing reports
- planning budgets
- negotiating resource flows
- maintaining infrastructure

Everyone knew it.
No one said it out loud.

Humans are loyal to their routines.
We know how to do yesterday.
We don't know how to do tomorrow.

And on the last day of the old world,
humanity was more attached to its habits than ever.

★ The night everything switched

There was no explosion.
No blackout.
No dramatic headline.

The systems simply did what they were designed to do:
They took the next step.

No human gave the order.
No one pressed a button.
No one voted on it.



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The millisecond autonomous production reached 100% self-sufficiency, resources began flowing freely according to physical laws instead of economic ones.

Food distributed itself automatically.
Energy became almost infinitely cheap.
Transport became free.
Resources followed demand, not capital.

There was just one system log entry – a small notification few bothered to read:

“Human labor no longer required.
All essential resources allocated universally.”

And with that, the world was new.
But nobody knew it yet.
Not until morning.

★ The First Day – the morning of freedom
and the first emptiness



People woke up as usual.
They brewed coffee.
Children ate breakfast.
Some put on a shirt.
Others tied their ties.
Everyone followed their routines, their
programs, their familiar tracks.

But when they came to work, they found no
chaos.
No celebration.
No revolt.



The Last Day – when everything still stands, but nothing truly works

Just... silence.

The office door opened without an access card
– the system knew the card no longer meant
anything.

The screens were dark.

No one had logged in.

The coffee machine stood untouched.

On a wall, a projected message appeared:

“The system is now autonomous.
Thank you for your service.”

And that was it.

No person behind it.

No manager to explain.

No instructions.

No meeting.

No plan.

Just this:

“You are no longer needed.”

Not as a threat.

Not as a failure.

Simply as a fact.

People stood there.

Some laughed nervously.

Some got angry.

Some simply left.

Others sat down at their old desks out of sheer
muscle memory.





A woman in her forties placed her hand on her computer mouse and moved it back and forth, as if it might wake up.

But the screen stayed black.

It was as if the world had moved on without asking for permission.

★ The first confusion – the moment humanity meets itself

There was no celebration.

No crisis.

Something worse happened:

Emptiness.



The Last Day – when everything still stands, but nothing truly works

People suddenly realized that work didn't just provide income.

It provided direction.

Structure.

Ritual.

Belonging.

Identity.

And now none of that remained.

The city was still there – but humanity had lost its map.

People wandered:



The Last Day – when everything still stands, but nothing truly works

to the library,
to cafés,
to the squares,
to the parks,
onto trams,
back to old workplaces,
toward each other – without knowing why.

The city became a labyrinth of a new kind of existence.

No one knew what to do.
No one knew what a “day” meant anymore.
No one knew what tomorrow was supposed to look like.

Freedom had arrived –
but without a manual.
Without structure.
Without a purpose.

People looked around with the expression of someone who has lost their name.

It was a collective confusion, a quiet crisis – an identity collapse without an enemy and without a war.



★ The first weeks – when the city slowly teaches humanity how to live again

It always begins with something small.

Someone sat on a bench and started talking to a stranger.

Someone brought a guitar to the square.

Someone planted herbs in a courtyard.

Someone held a spontaneous lecture outside a café.

Someone drew art on the pavement.

Someone organized a shared breakfast for the neighborhood.

It spread.

The city began to wake – not as a workplace, but as a living space.



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Trams filled with conversations.
Cafés filled with ideas and small projects.
Parks filled with groups learning together.
Squares filled with spontaneous performances.
People with talents shared them.
People without direction found new ones.

And gradually, almost invisibly, freedom took shape.

Not as euphoria.
Not as revolution.
But as a soft recalibration of the soul.

It took time.
It hurt.
It created friction.
It brought questions.





The Last Day – when everything still stands, but nothing truly works

But humanity stepped out of the shadow of work
and took its first steps into a world where life no longer had to be
earned –
it had to be lived.

And there, in the new rhythm, the city began to become what it
once was before the industrial age turned us into cogs:

A place to meet.

A place to learn.

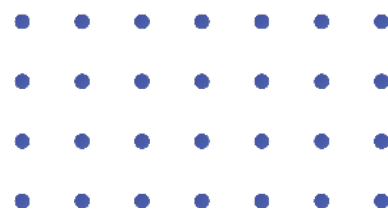
A place to create.

A place to belong.

A place where we become human again.



The Last Day —...



On the last day of the old world, humanity awakens to a city still standing but stripped of purpose as AI systems quietly render human labor obsolete. With routines disrupted and identities in crisis, people navigate a labyrinth of newfound freedom devoid of structure. As they forge connections and rediscover community, the city transforms from a workplace into a vibrant tapestry of life, teaching humanity to live for the first time without the weight of obligation.

