Video Link - <https://youtu.be/ONDncA3Ff-U>

Attached text to the video on the social media:

The pile of electronic spam grows, so does the pile of papers on the desk. One issue after another, the "deferred" folder is bursting at the seams. To tick off, to remember, to pass on, to deposit …..

ENOUGH!

Click & get inspired - GO OFFLINE!

Main text

Off the office

Another stuffy day in a cramped office in the center of a smog-covered city. The clatter of fingers sprays dust over the keyboard of an overheating laptop. Another order, another invoice, another e-mail from an intrusive client. A complaint, a grievance, a claim. Letters, numbers, special characters, "have a nice day", "best regards", "good luck". A string of letters merges on the screen into rushing rivers of digital chaos. Save, print, reply, give feedback, write a review. Another email and a next one, an endless keeping on coming. Messenger swells with messages, WhatsApp fluffs with urgency, a teleconference will start hitting in three minutes. The notification buzzer resounds with the frequency of a hospital pulse monitor.

The pile of electronic spam grows, so does the pile of papers on the desk. One issue after another, the "deferred" folder is bursting at the seams. To tick off, to remember, to pass on, to deposit in the "done". Fingers are cutting across the keyboard, eyes are chasing the string of characters galloping across the screen. I was born in the wrong century, you think. Instead of battling enemies with a hatchet on the fields of a medieval warzone, I fight with my fingertips against the invisible world hidden in the black box.

Enough!

You plug out of the socket, screen off. You burst the stillness of the air, hurling printed pages into the claustrophobic space.

There's a drawer in the uneven row of office cabinets. The special one. Your private Jumanji. You open it.

It's a beautiful day. One of those that only nature can paint. You walk through the borderless greenery. The wind carries your even step. In your backpack, you carry your home and food. This is enough to make you happy. There is also a dog. Your happy dog on an endless walk that all dogs dream of.

You suck in the world with a deep breath. Blood rushes in your veins, muscles awaken to life. You no longer need a hatchet and a medieval battlefield. This is exactly the century you should have been born in and exactly the place you feel one with.

You pitch the tent, look at the river. There is a pleasant coolness coming from the water. You are here and now.

A day, a weekend, a week. It doesn't matter for how long, what does matter is that it’s for real. Sun, wind, rain. You, your faithful dog and proven gear.

You go back to your roots, discover what you're capable of, what you were made for. You catch the rhythm, you catch the calm.

You're offline.