A NETFLIX ORIGINAL MINI-SERIES

LET THE EARTH OPEN

COMING SOON

ALL OF THE IMAGES IN THIS BOOK
WERE CREATED BY AN AI
BASED ON SCENES FROM THE NOVEL
“LET THE EARTH OPEN”
BY OREN SHVED

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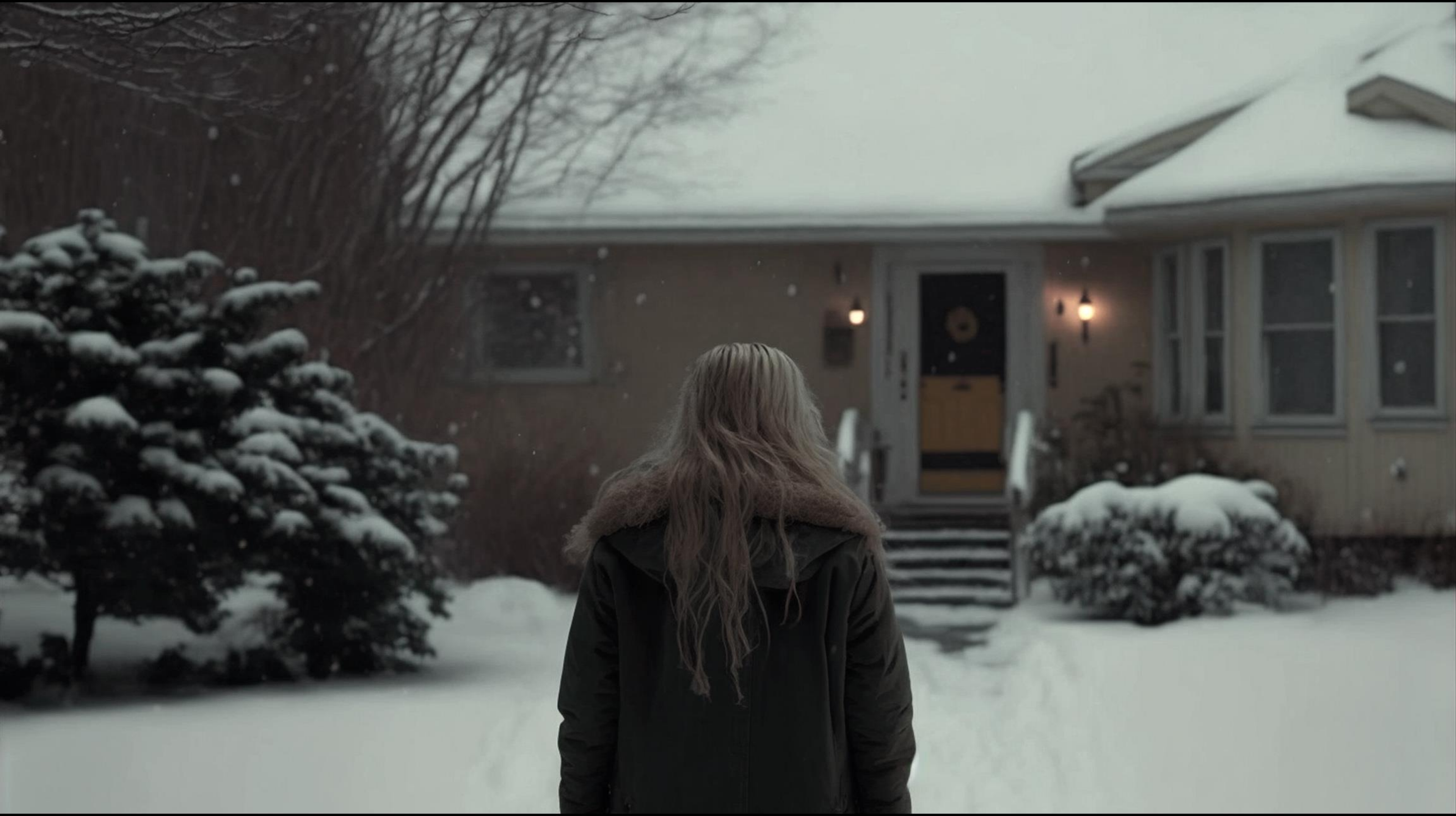
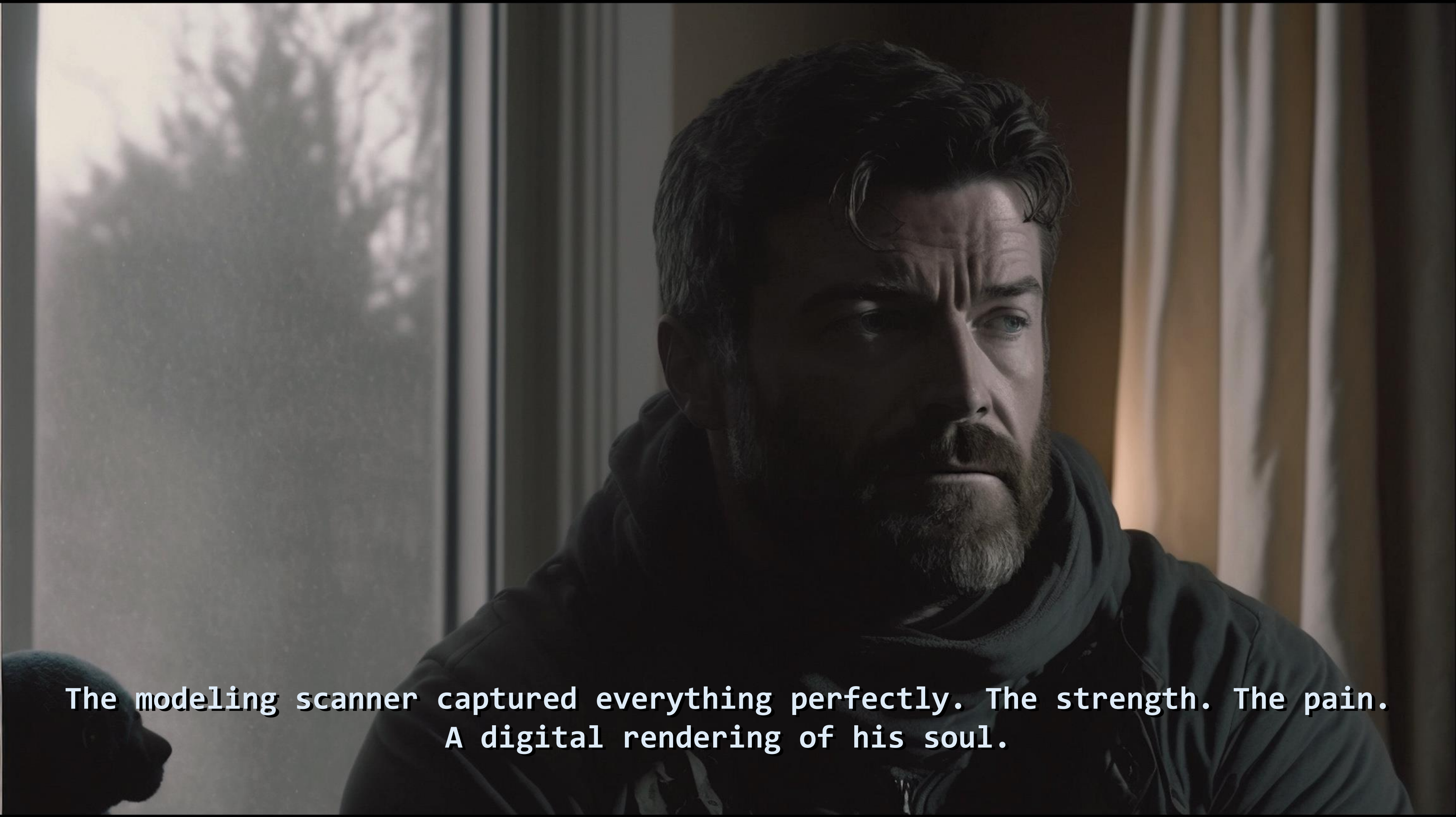
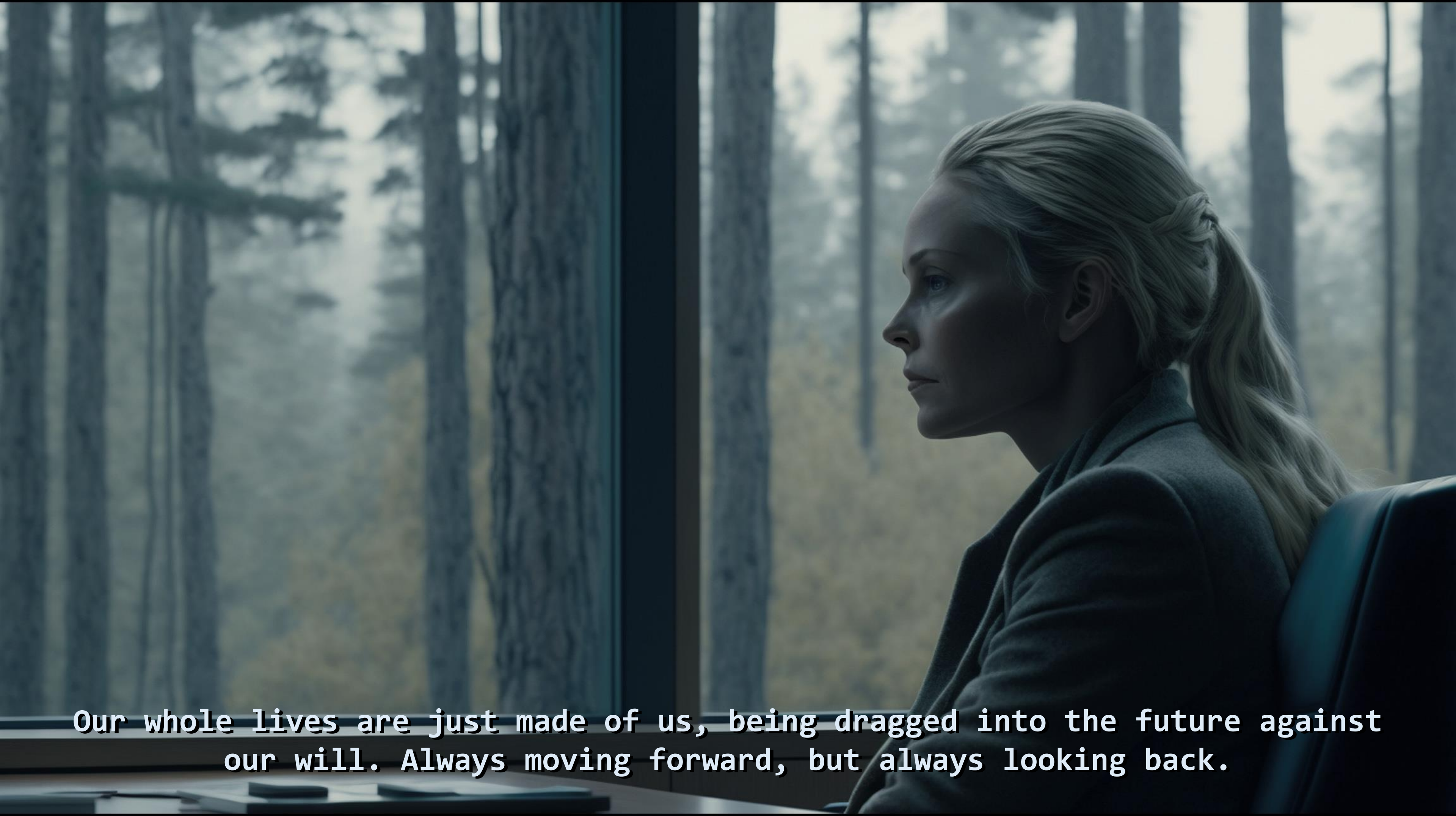


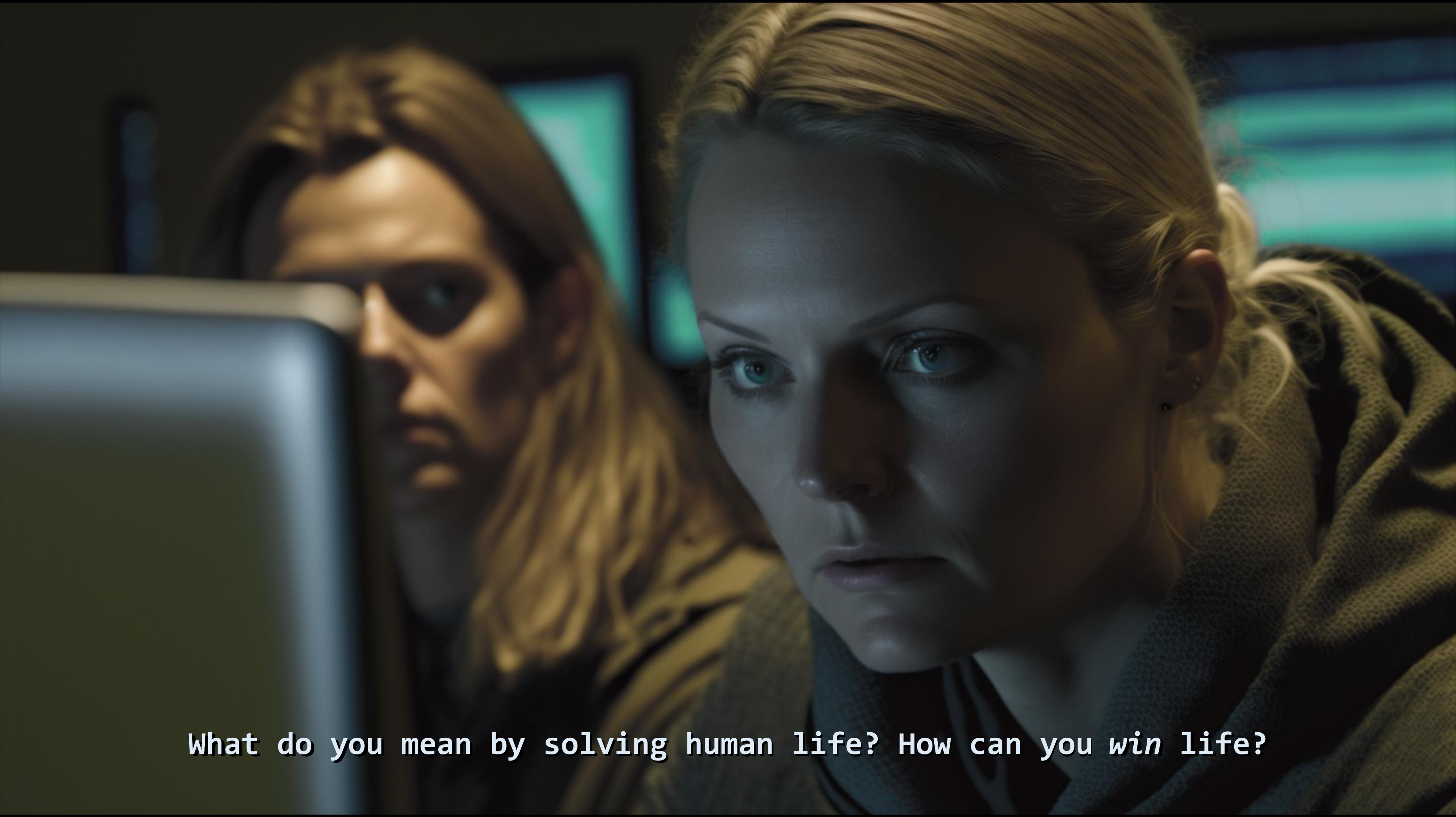


The modeling scanner captured everything perfectly. The strength. The pain.
A digital rendering of his soul.

Can you tell me that you’re not scared?

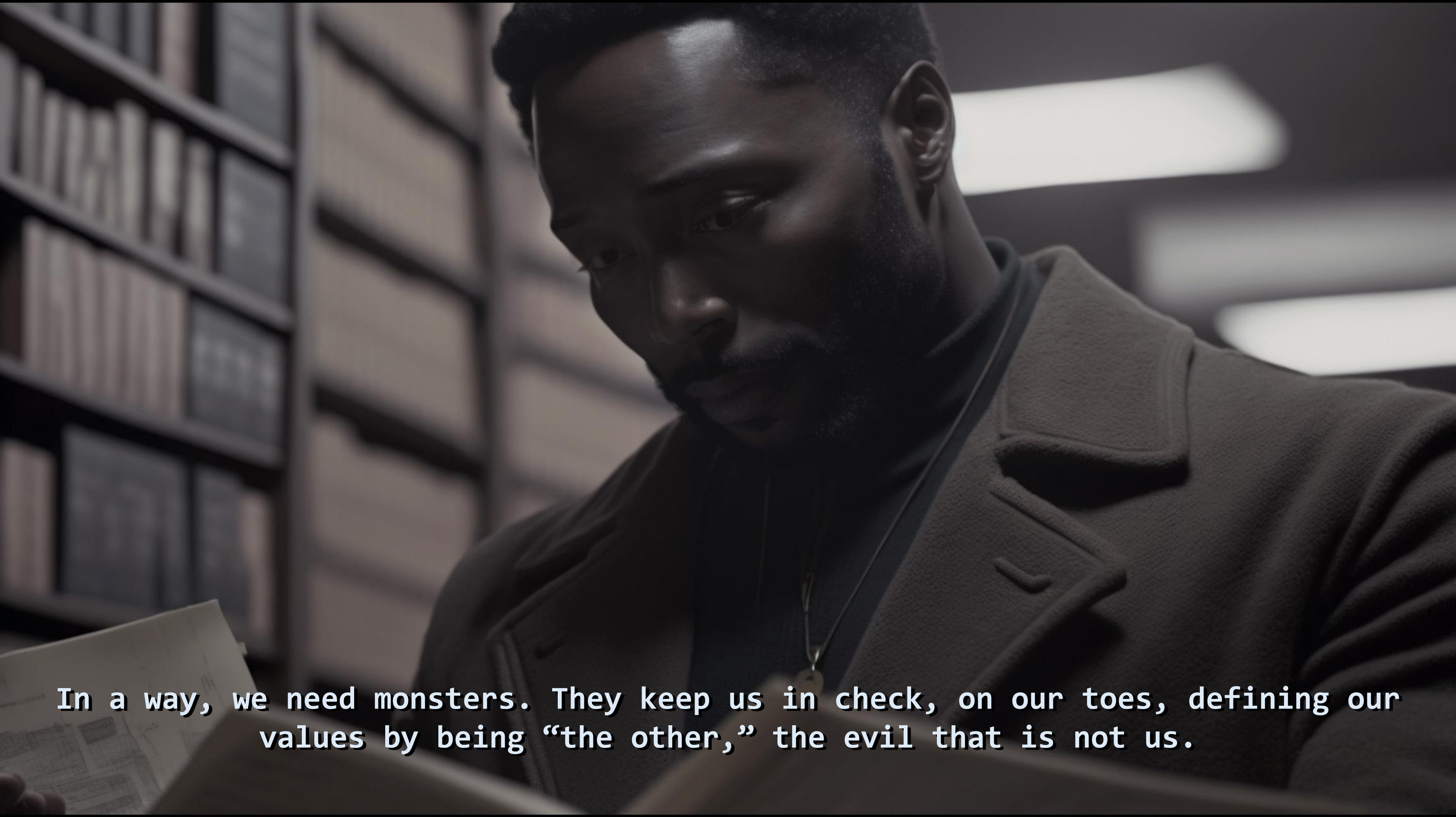


Our whole lives are just made of us, being dragged into the future against our will. Always moving forward, but always looking back.

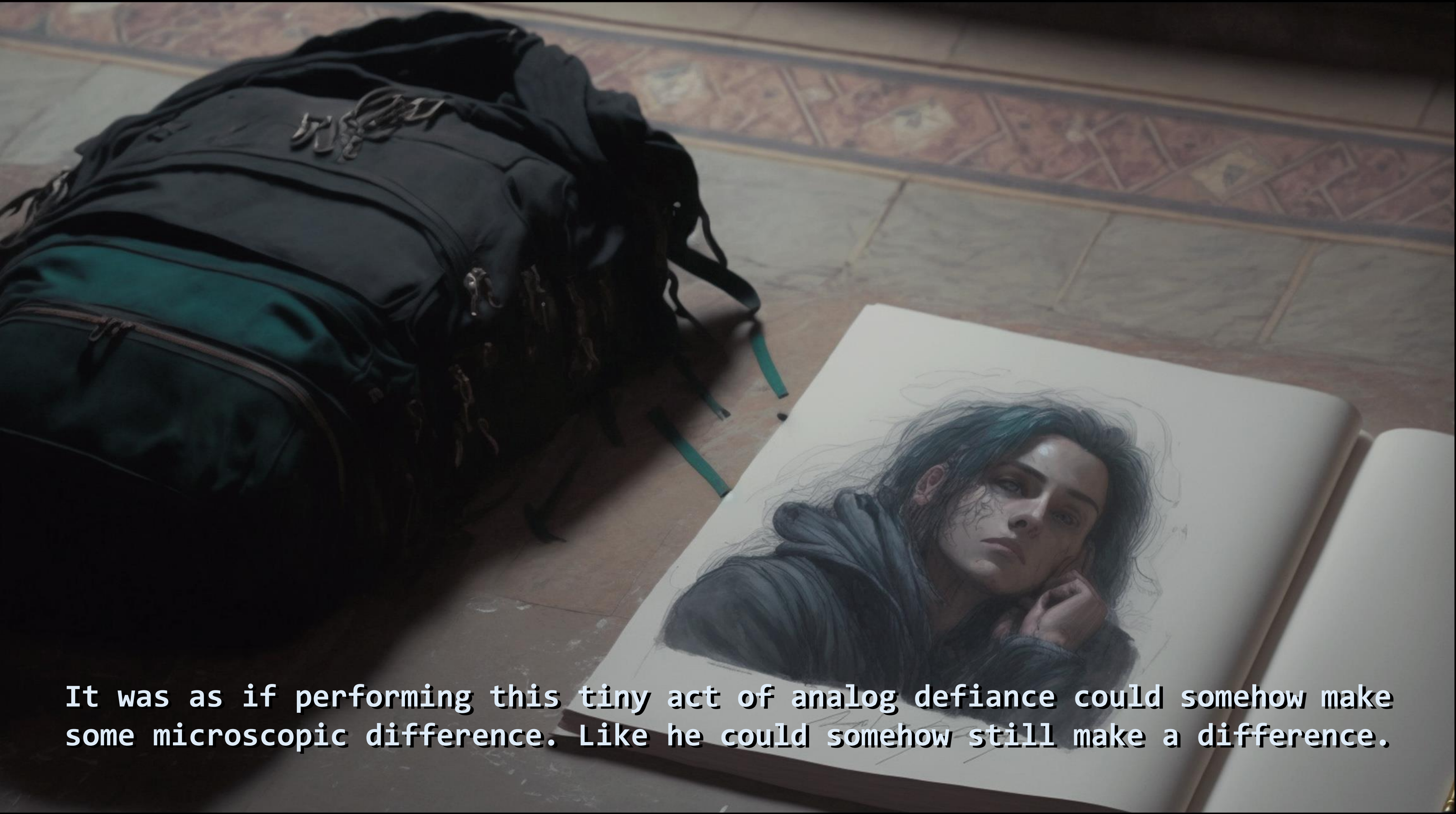


What do you mean by solving human life? How can you *win* life?

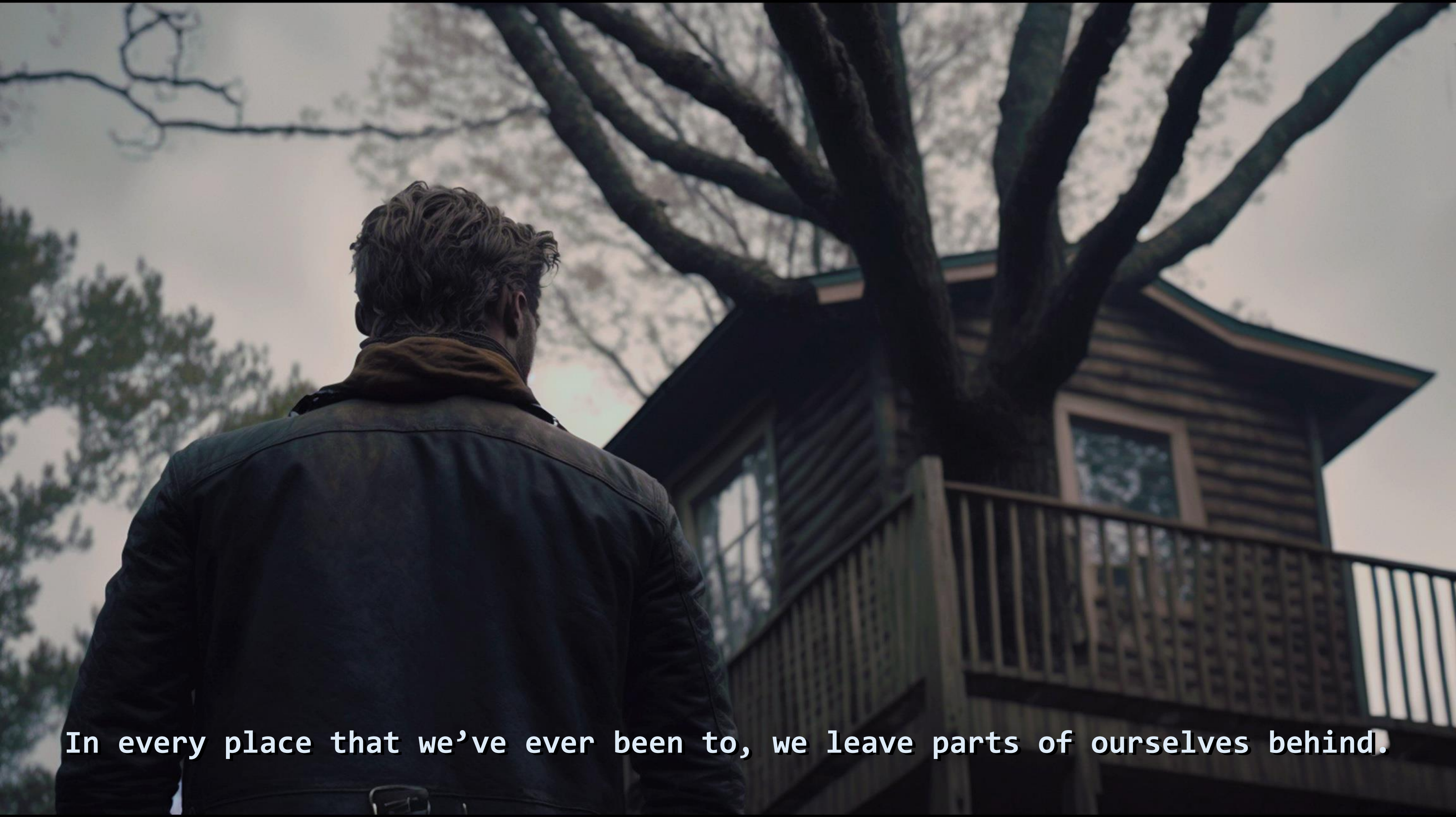
Create a perfect world? End war, disease, and hunger because we’re obviously too dumb to do it ourselves?



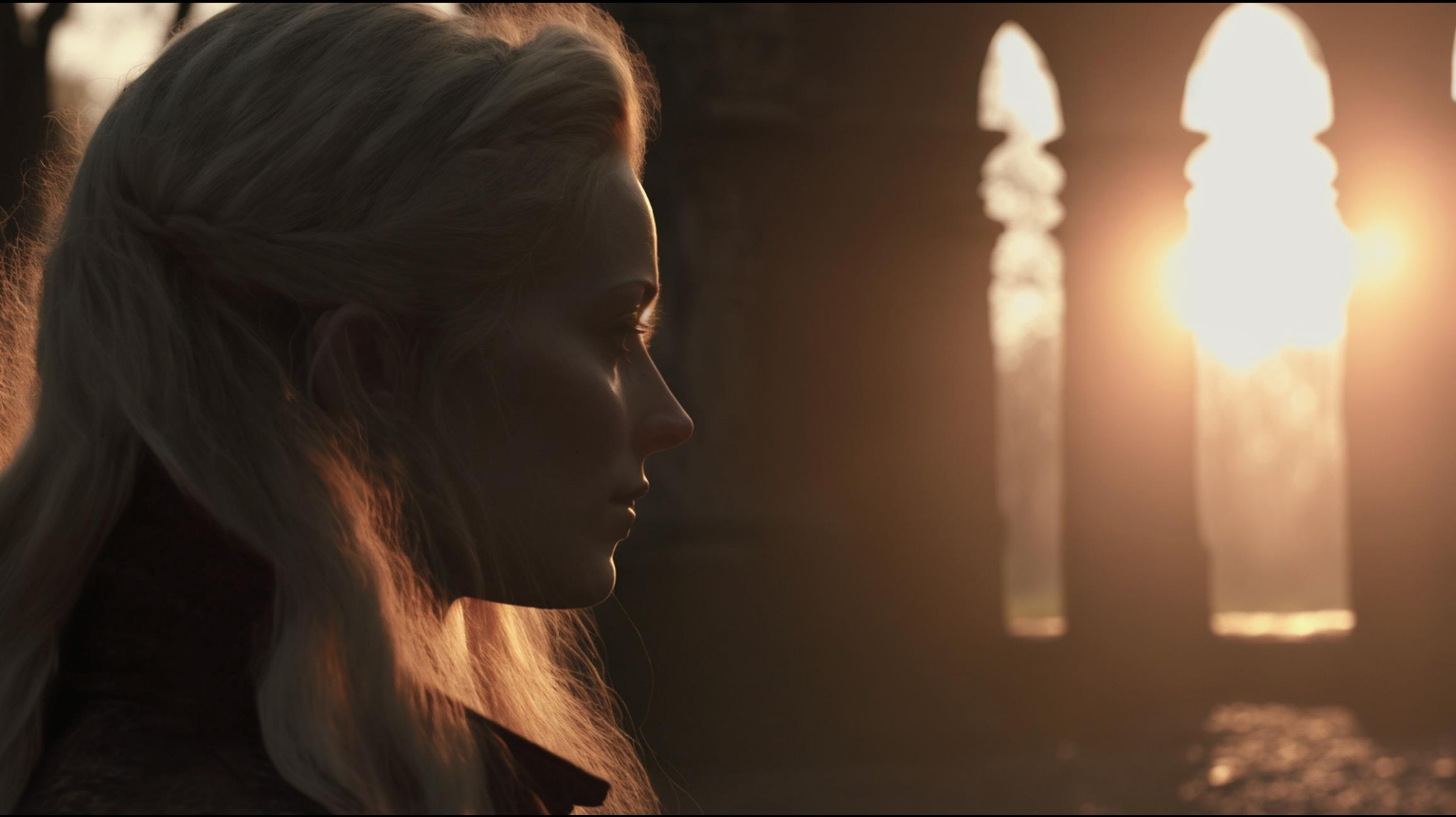
In a way, we need monsters. They keep us in check, on our toes, defining our values by being “the other,” the evil that is not us.

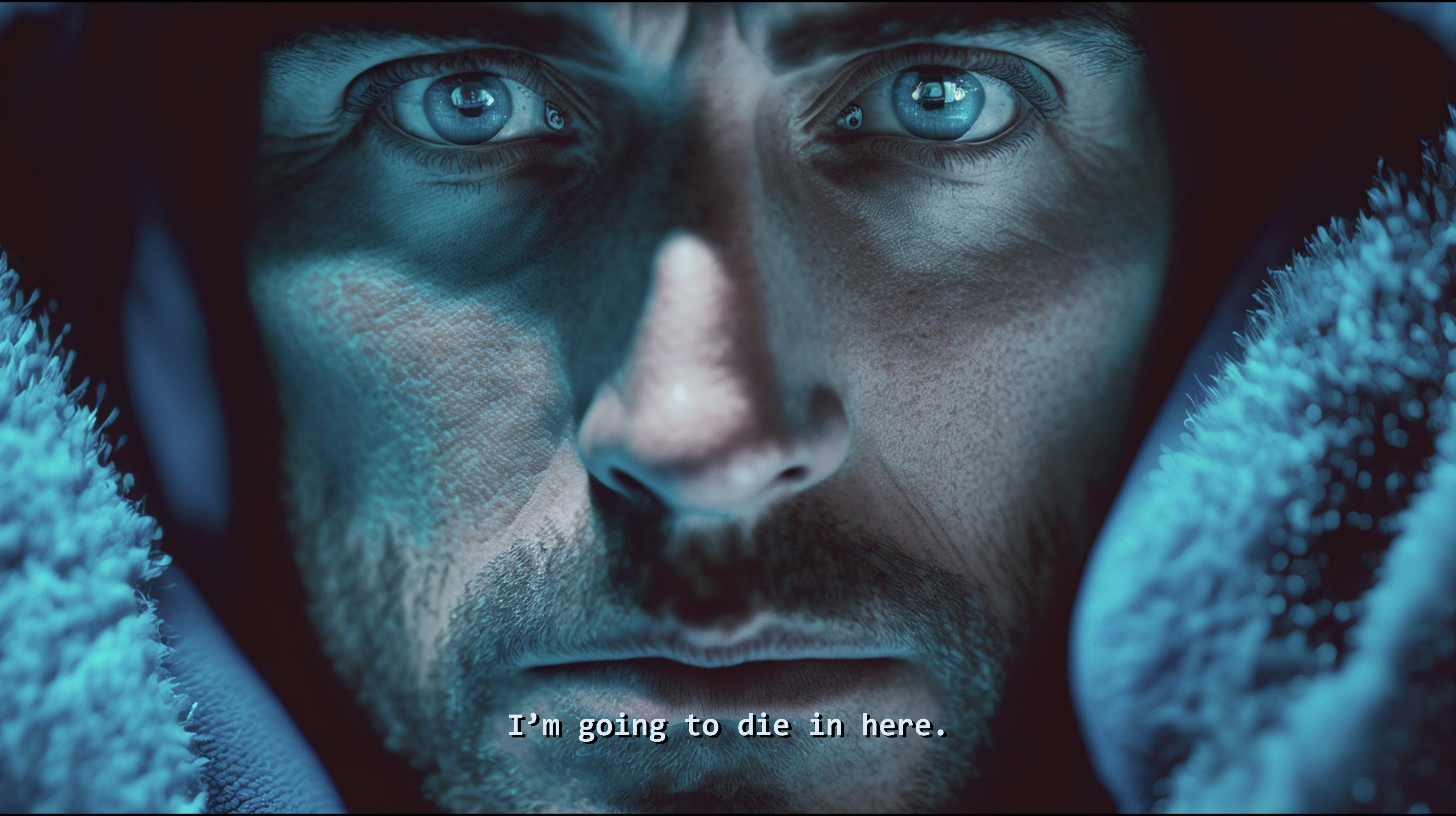


It was as if performing this tiny act of analog defiance could somehow make some microscopic difference. Like he could somehow still make a difference.



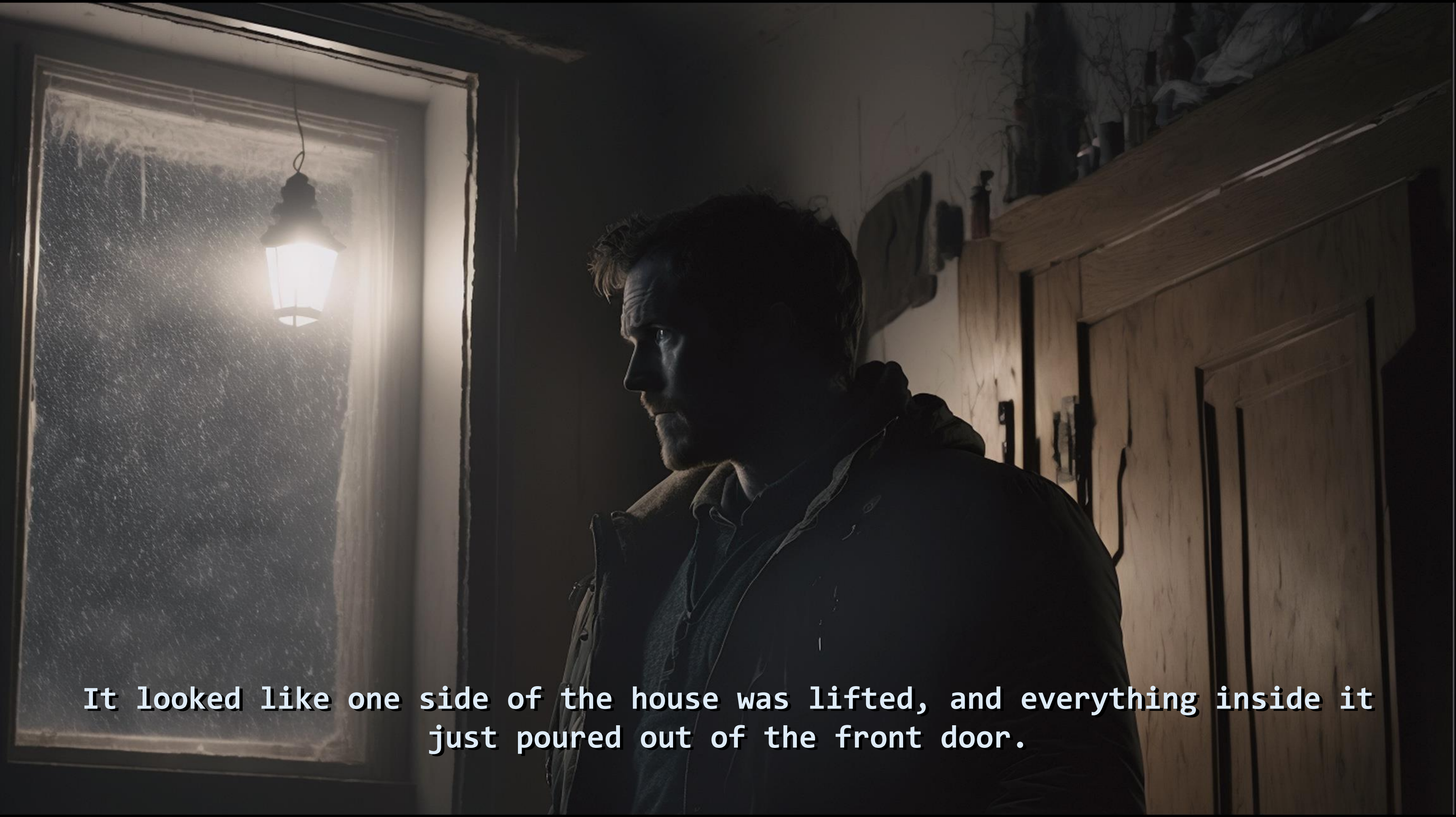
In every place that we've ever been to, we leave parts of ourselves behind.



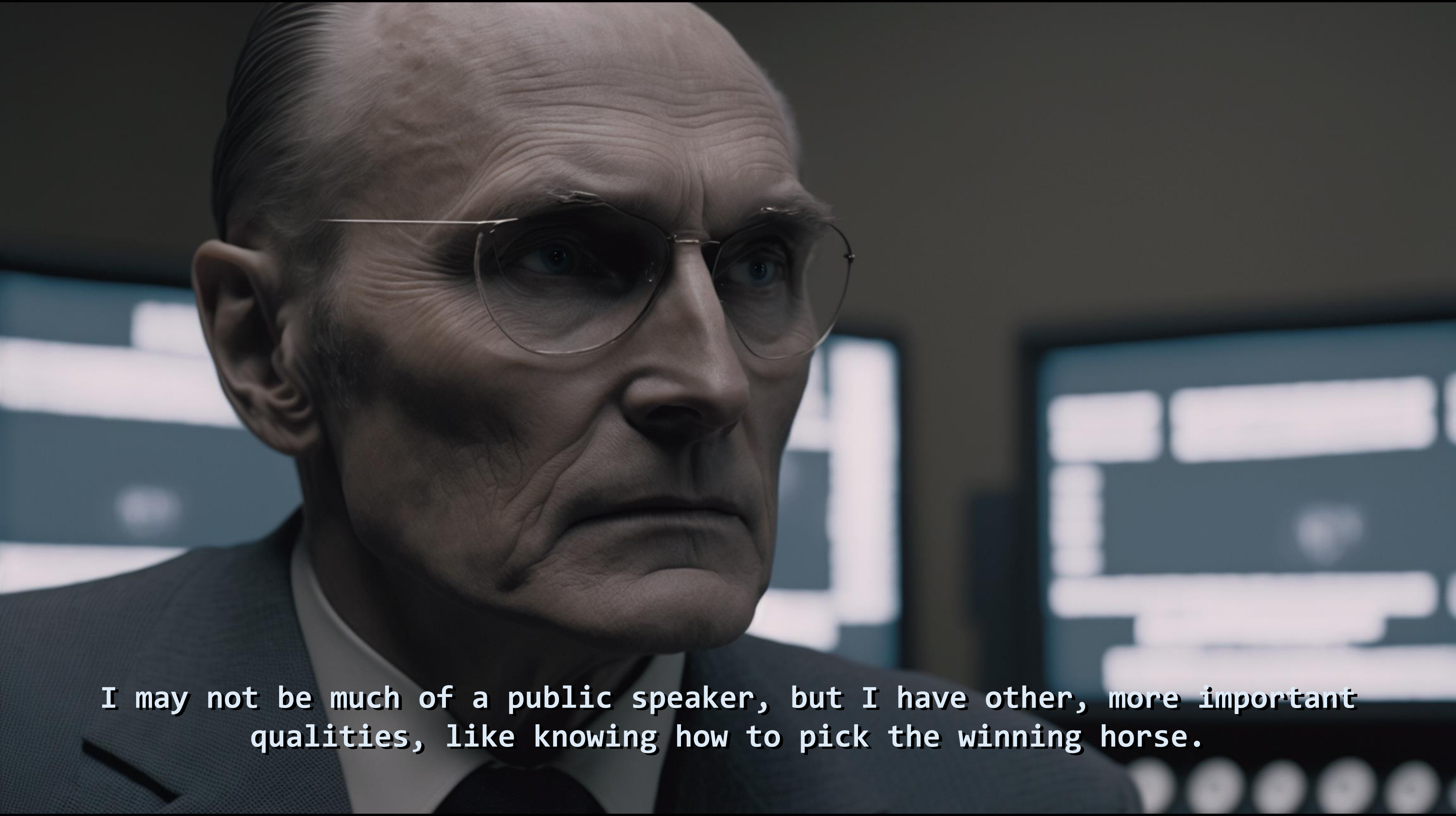


I’m going to die in here.

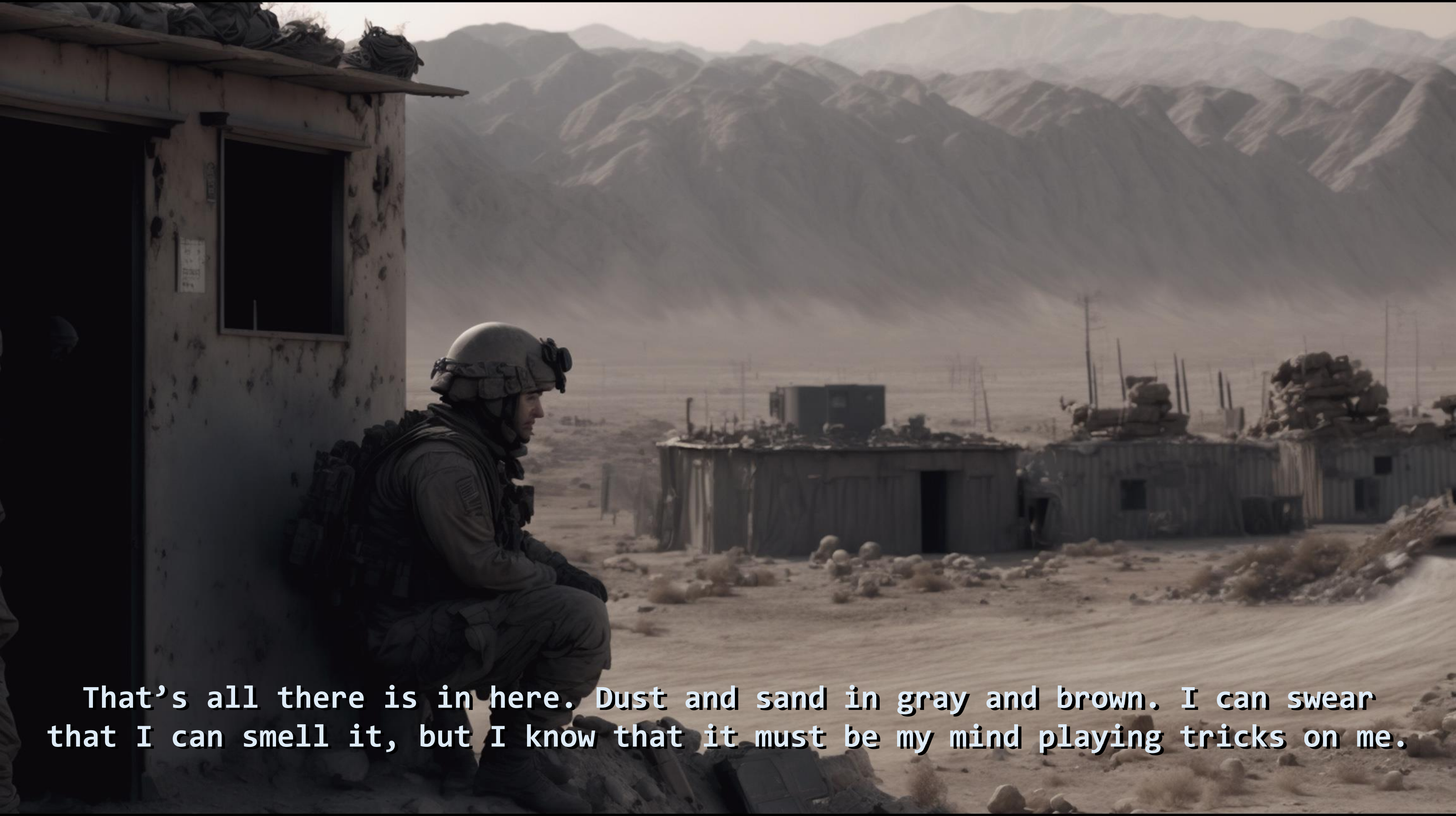
Long afloat on shipless oceans, I did all my best to smile
'Til your singing eyes and fingers, Drew me loving to your isle



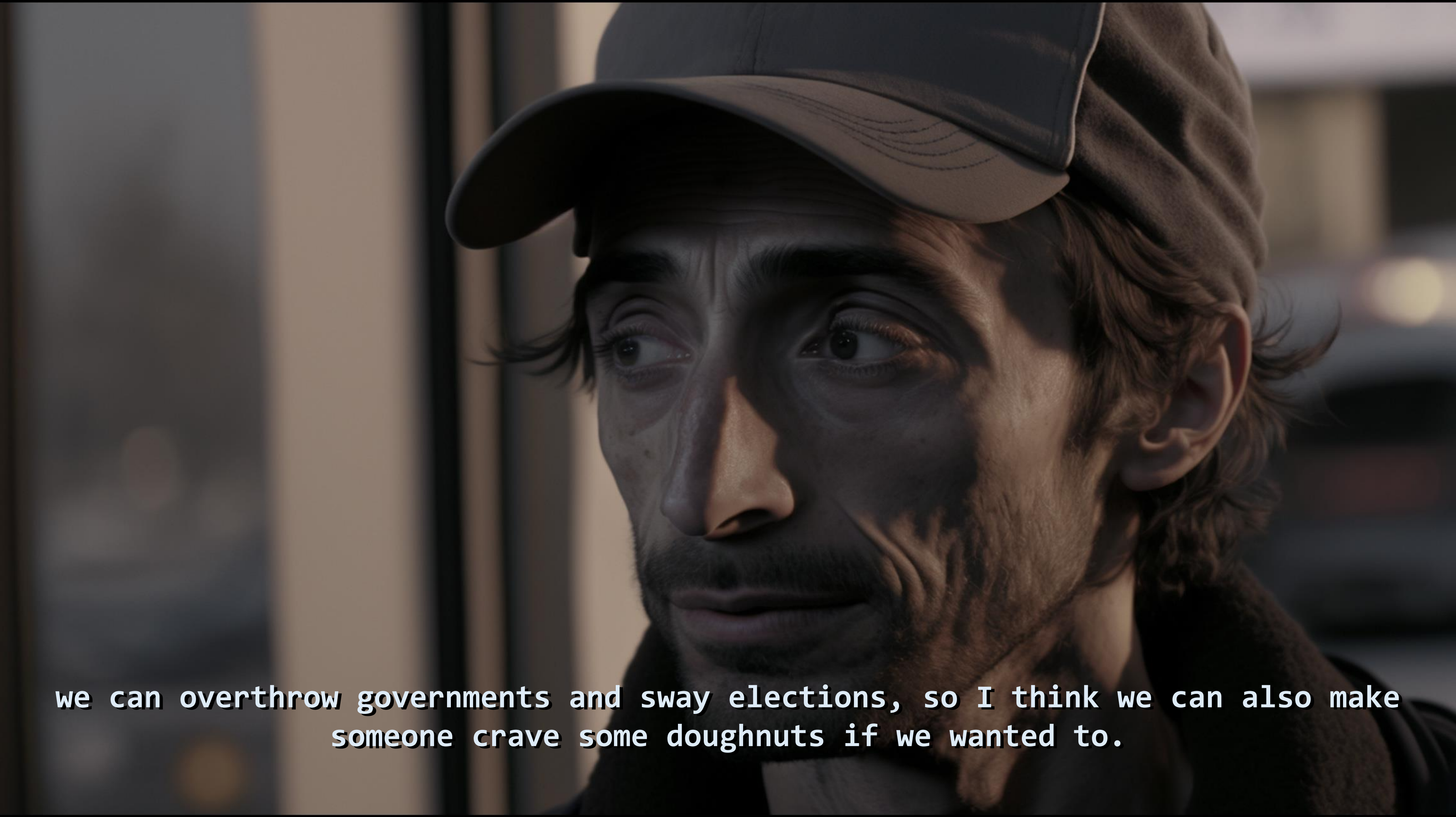
It looked like one side of the house was lifted, and everything inside it just poured out of the front door.



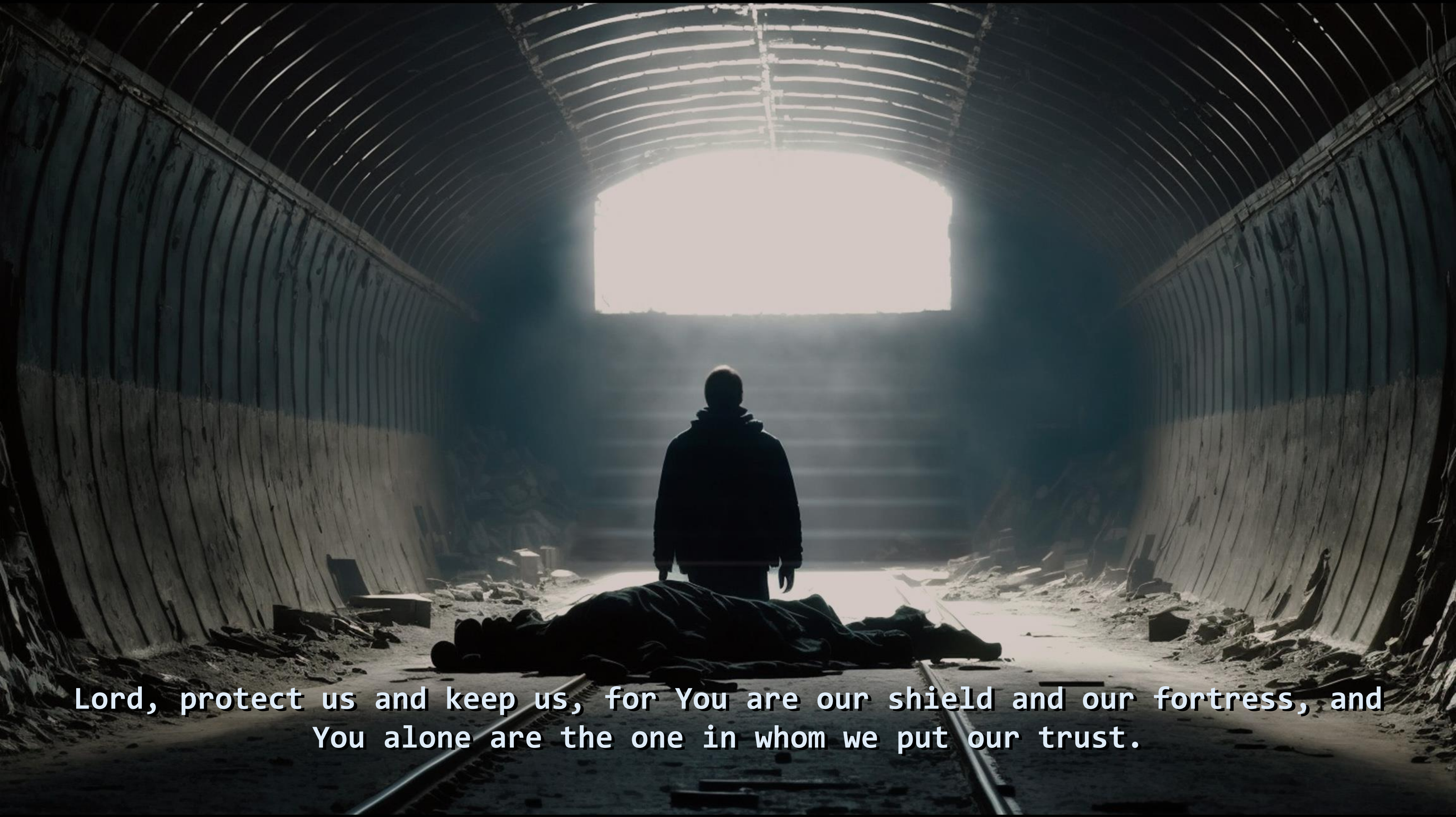
I may not be much of a public speaker, but I have other, more important qualities, like knowing how to pick the winning horse.



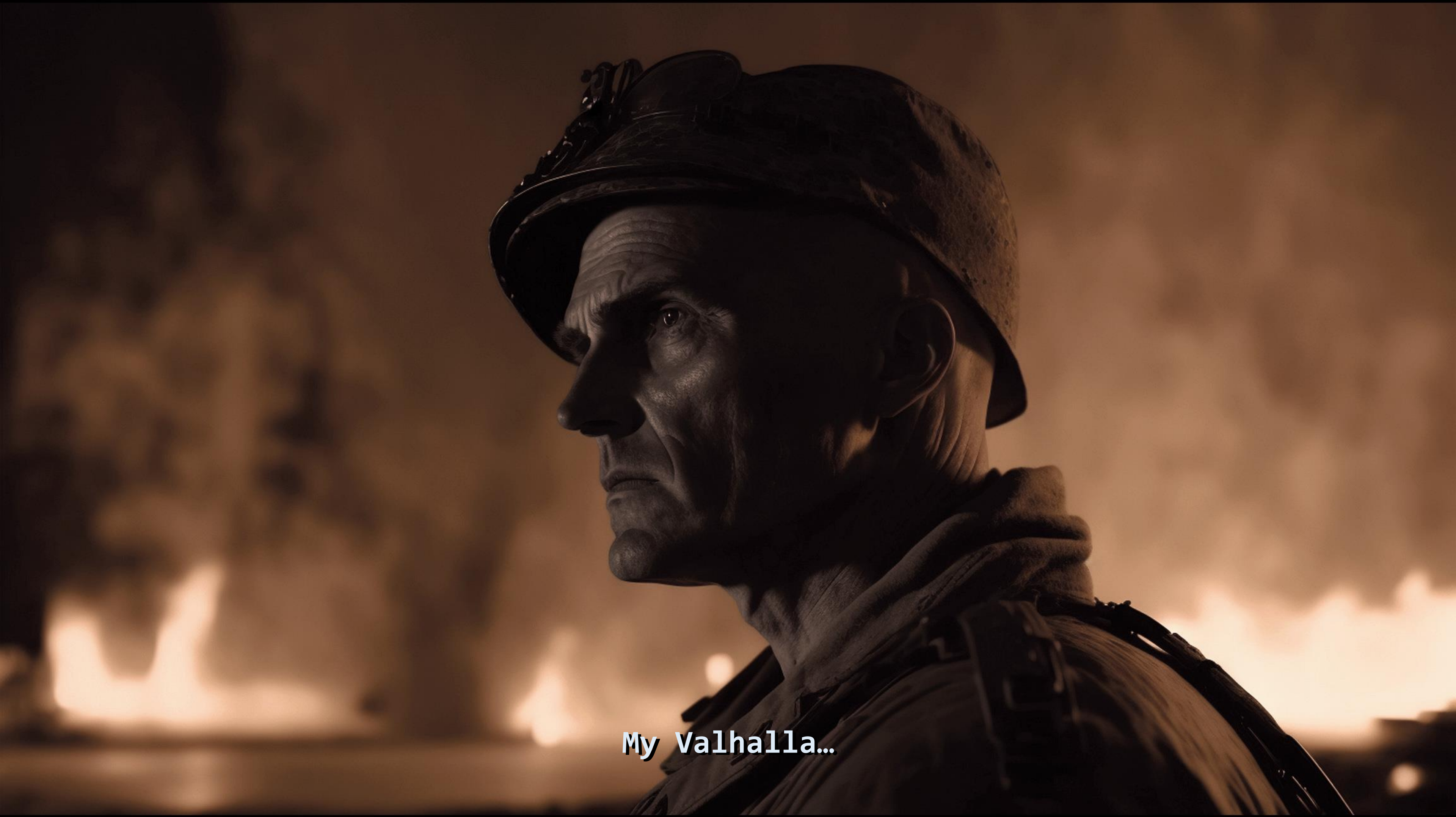
That’s all there is in here. Dust and sand in gray and brown. I can swear that I can smell it, but I know that it must be my mind playing tricks on me.



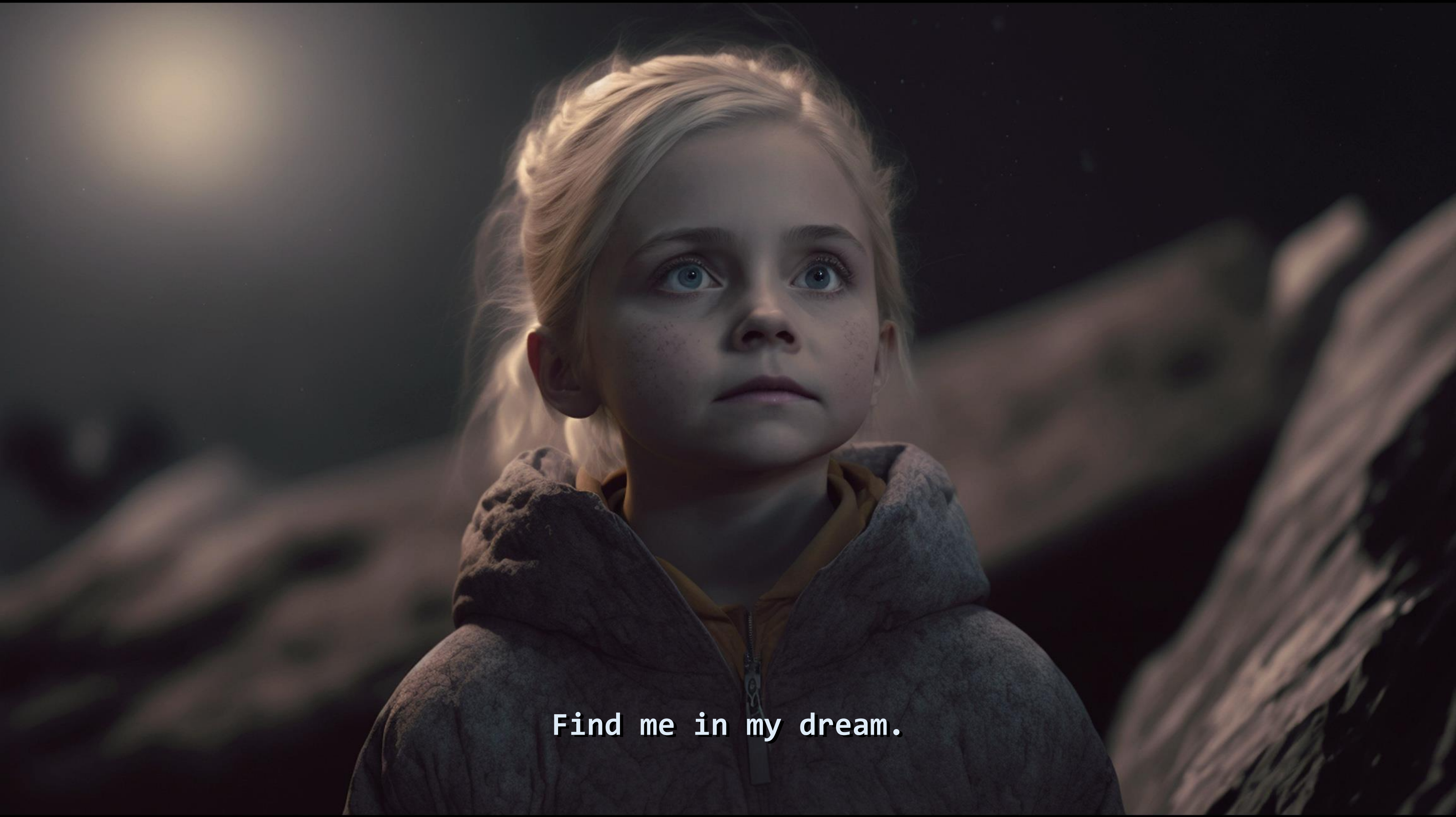
we can overthrow governments and sway elections, so I think we can also make someone crave some doughnuts if we wanted to.



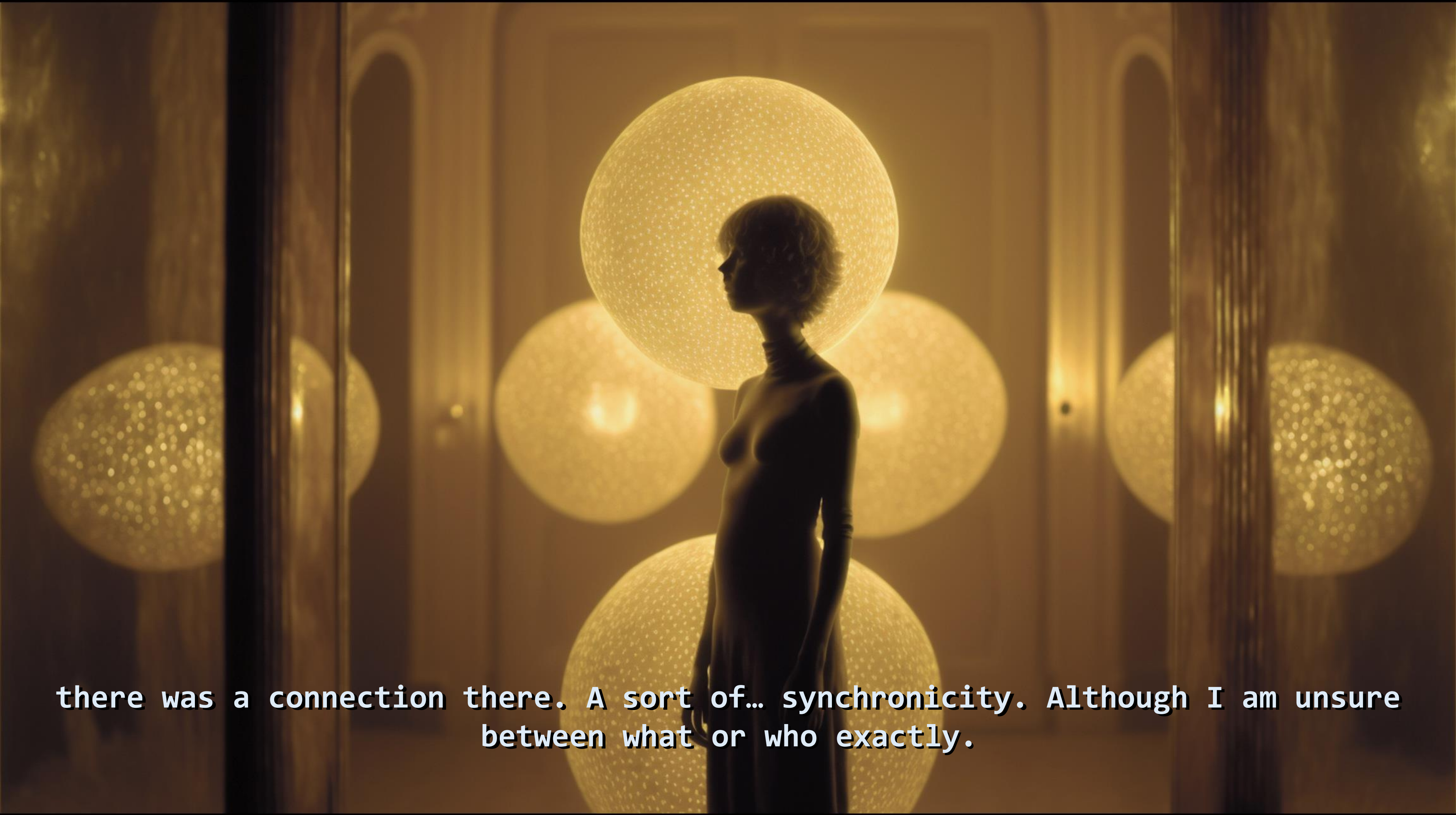
Lord, protect us and keep us, for You are our shield and our fortress, and You alone are the one in whom we put our trust.



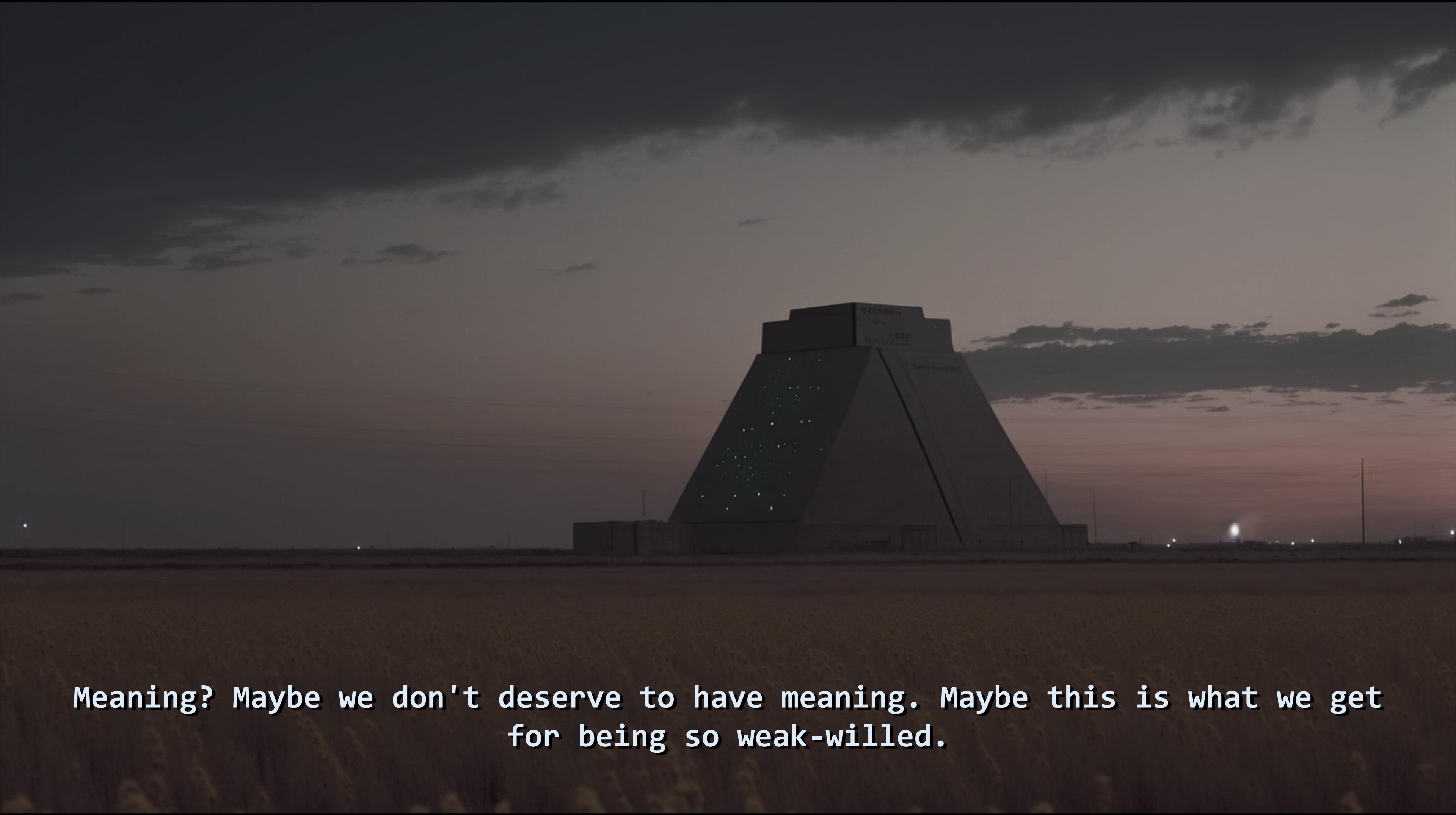
My Valhalla…



Find me in my dream.



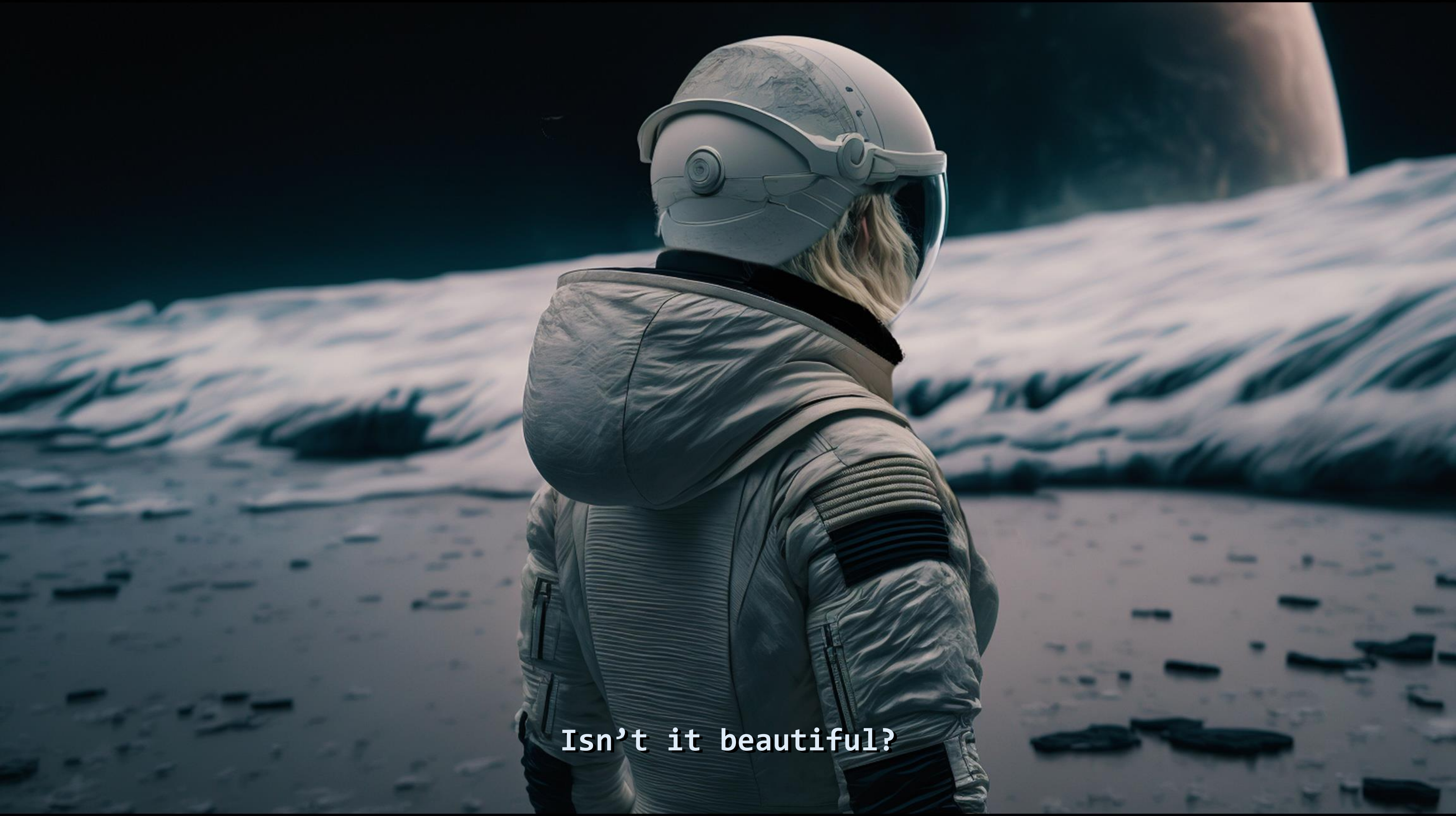
there was a connection there. A sort of… synchronicity. Although I am unsure between what or who exactly.



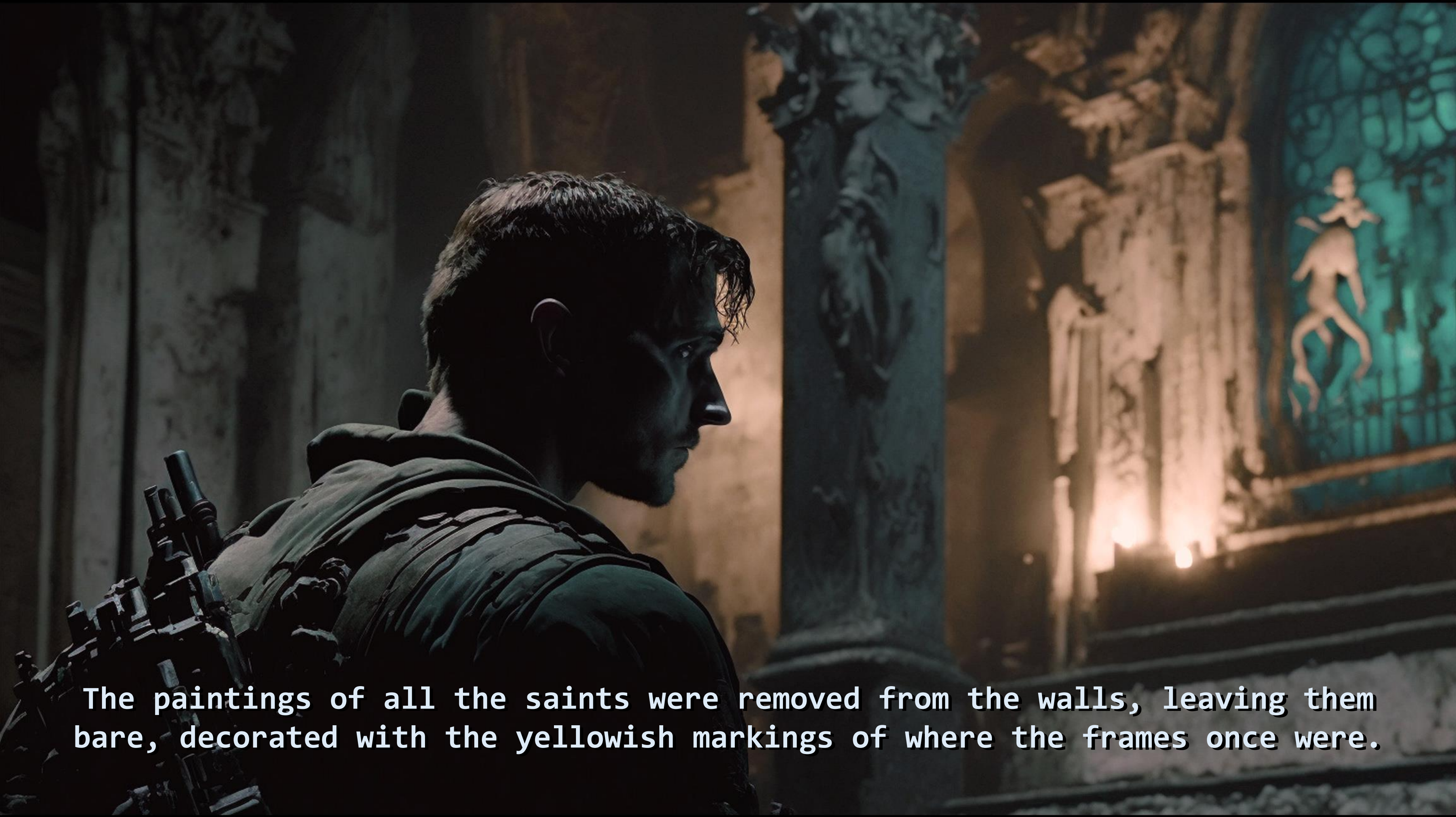
Meaning? Maybe we don't deserve to have meaning. Maybe this is what we get for being so weak-willed.

I didn’t get here. I was only ever here.

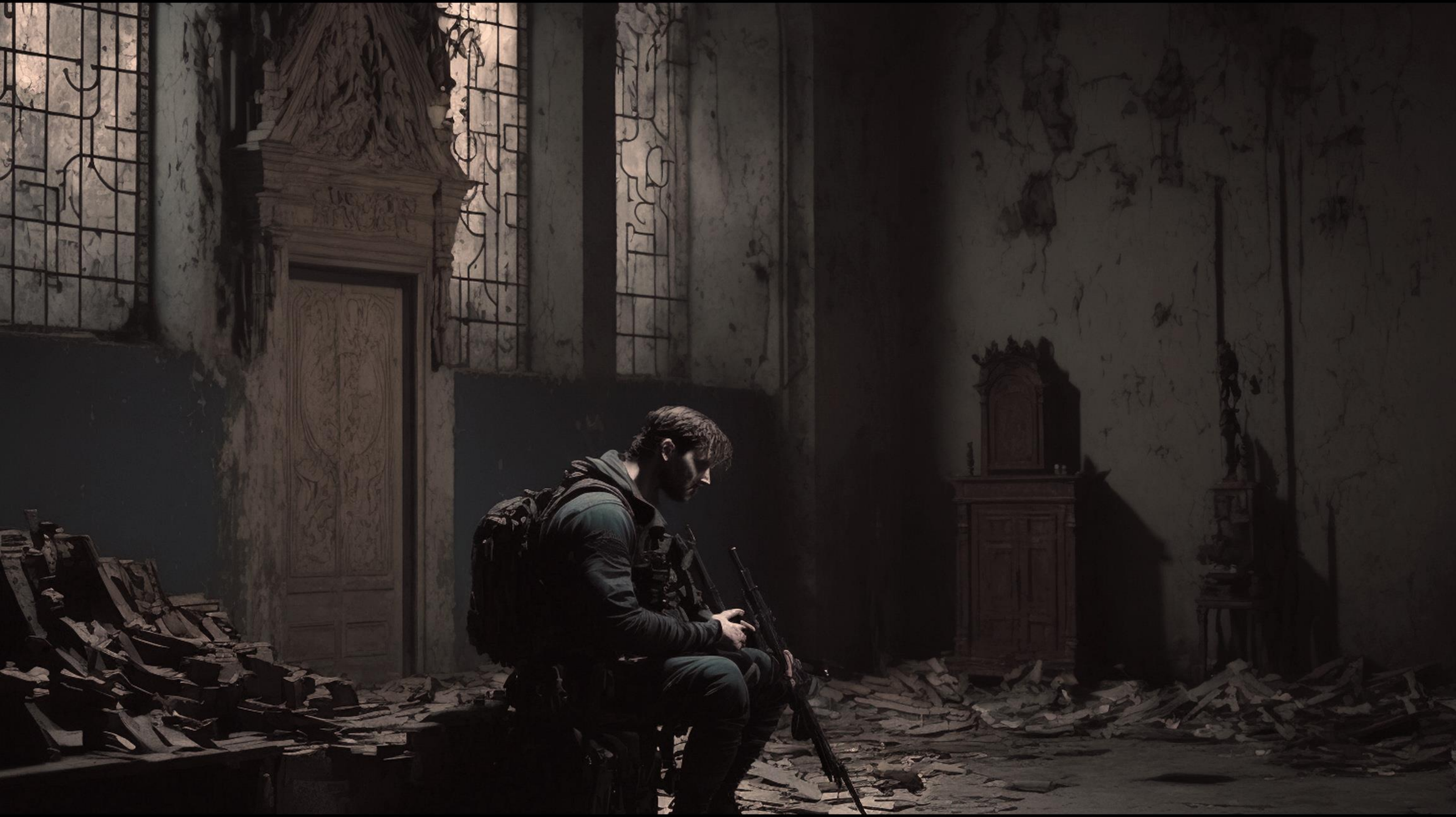
Just keep moving and seek the light.”

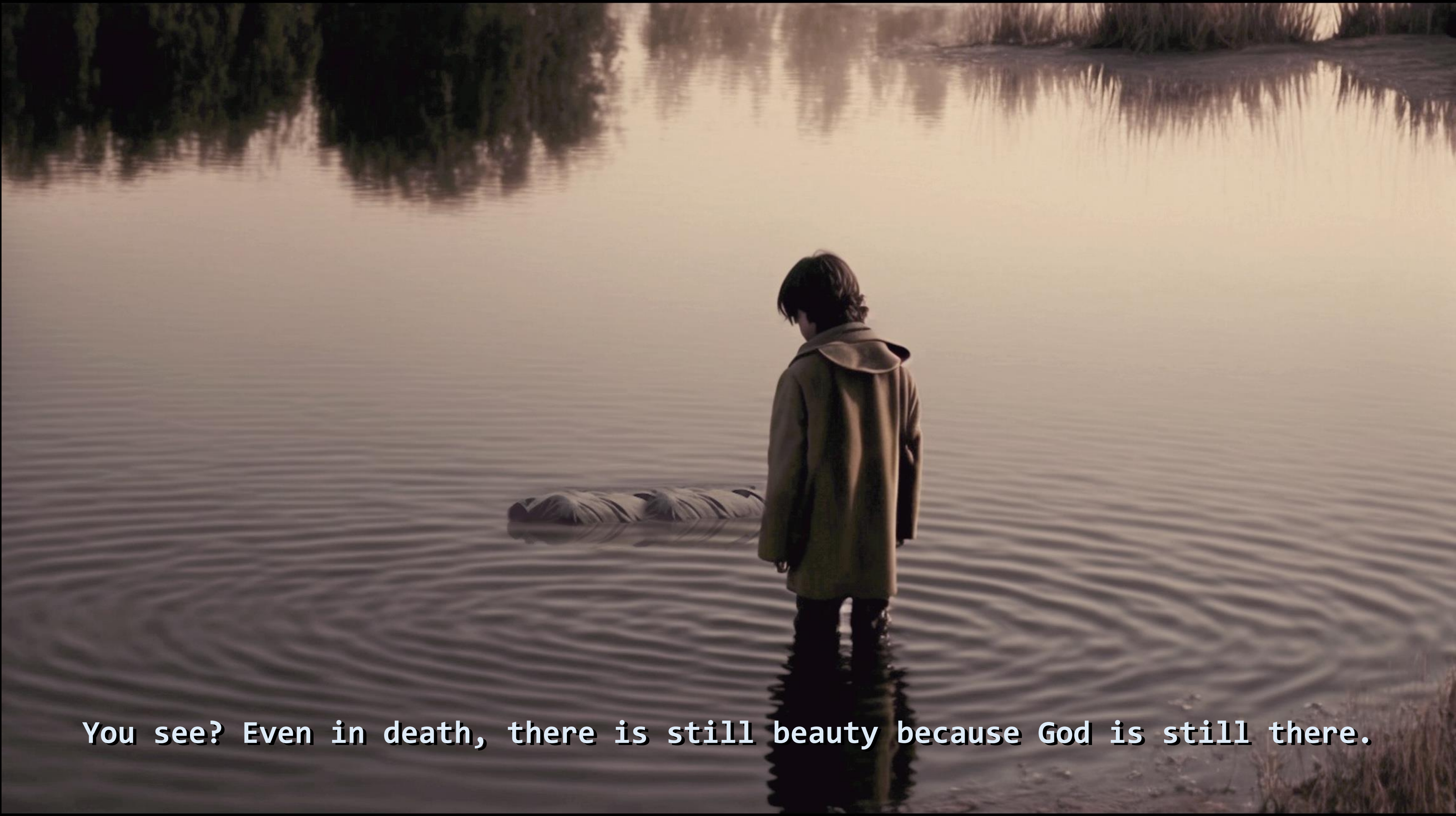


Isn’t it beautiful?



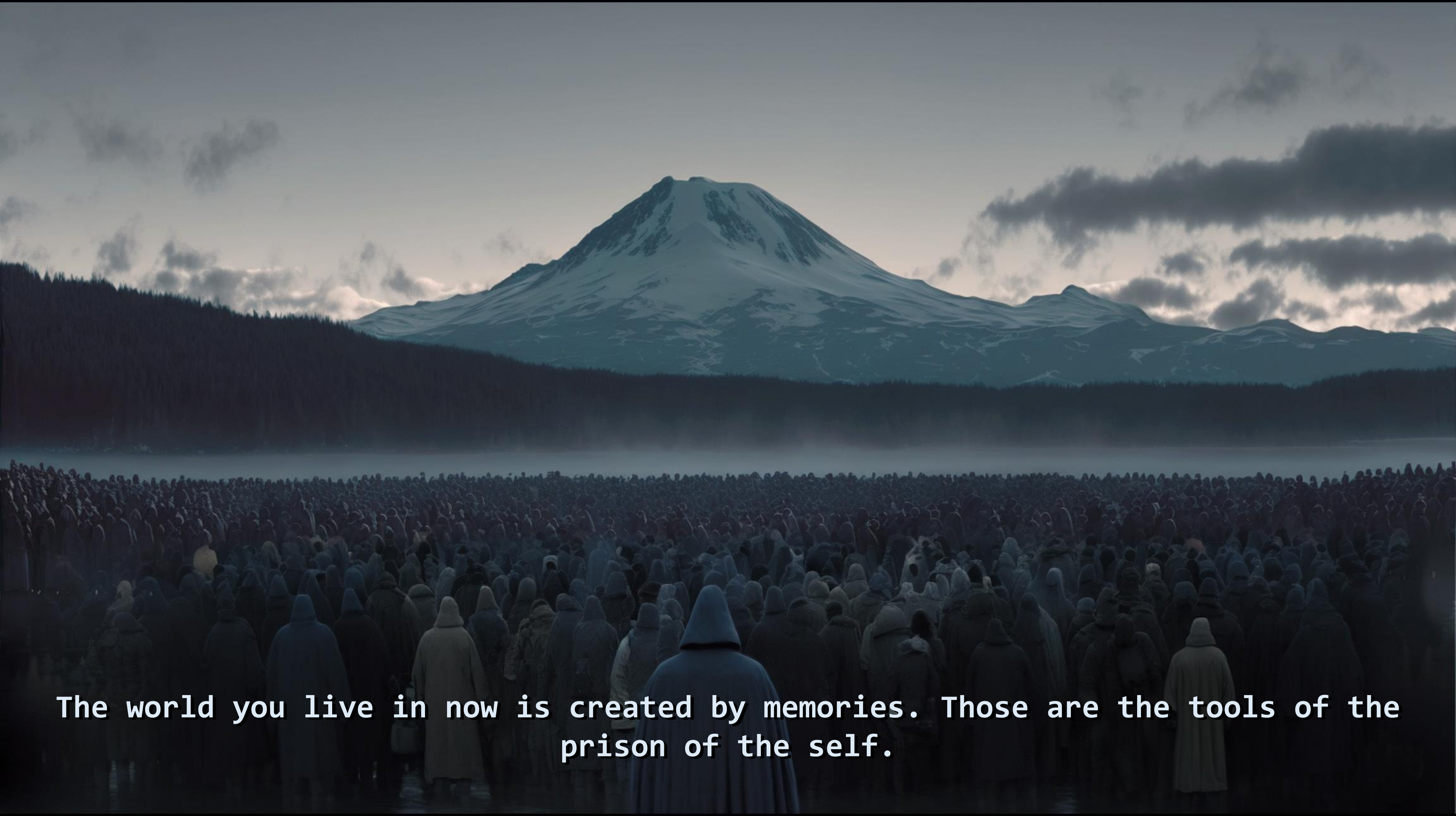
The paintings of all the saints were removed from the walls, leaving them bare, decorated with the yellowish markings of where the frames once were.





You see? Even in death, there is still beauty because God is still there.

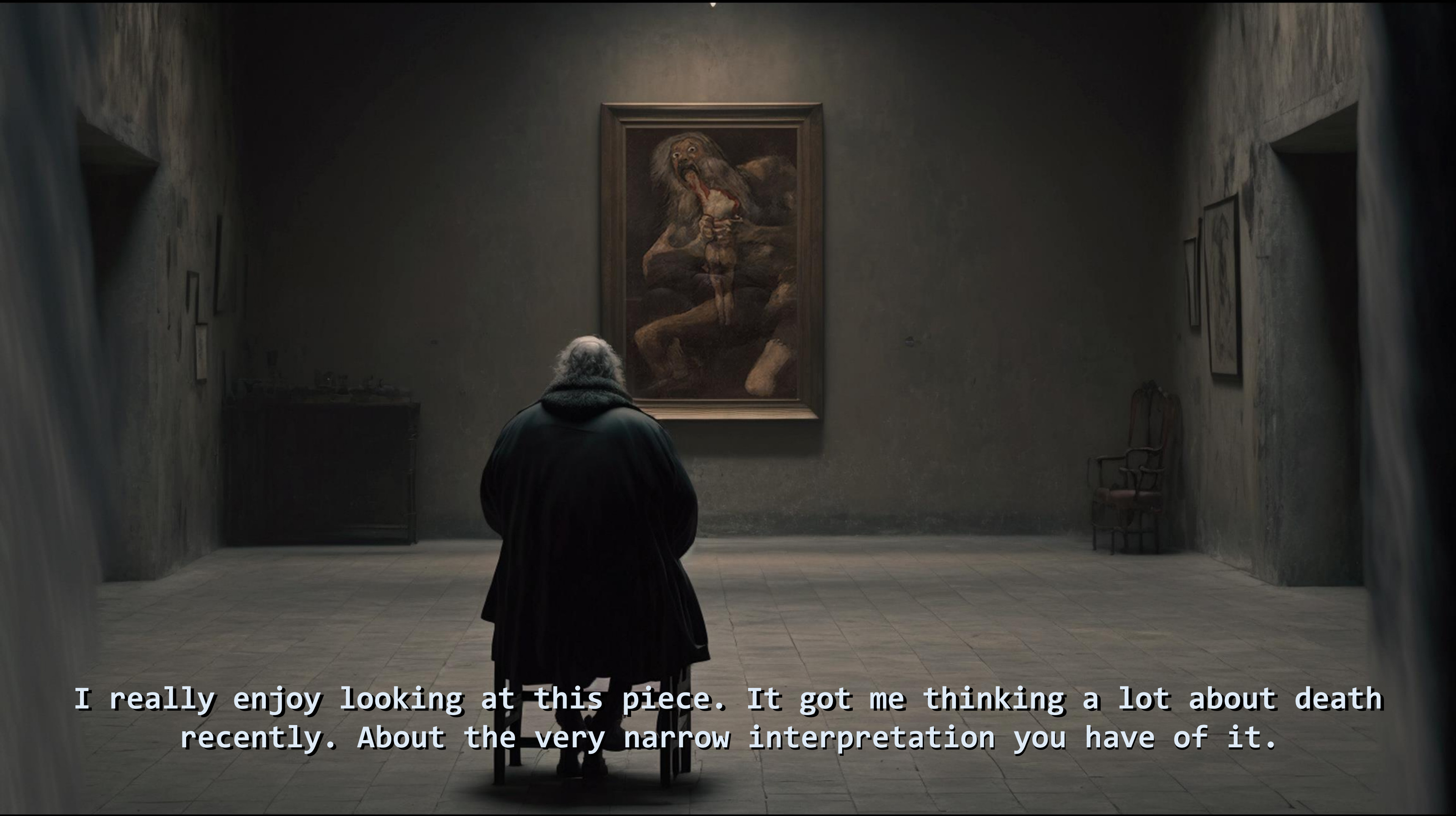
MOTTFEN
LOAAMA
TOO N NOOTRA'OON
NILL
LEAT



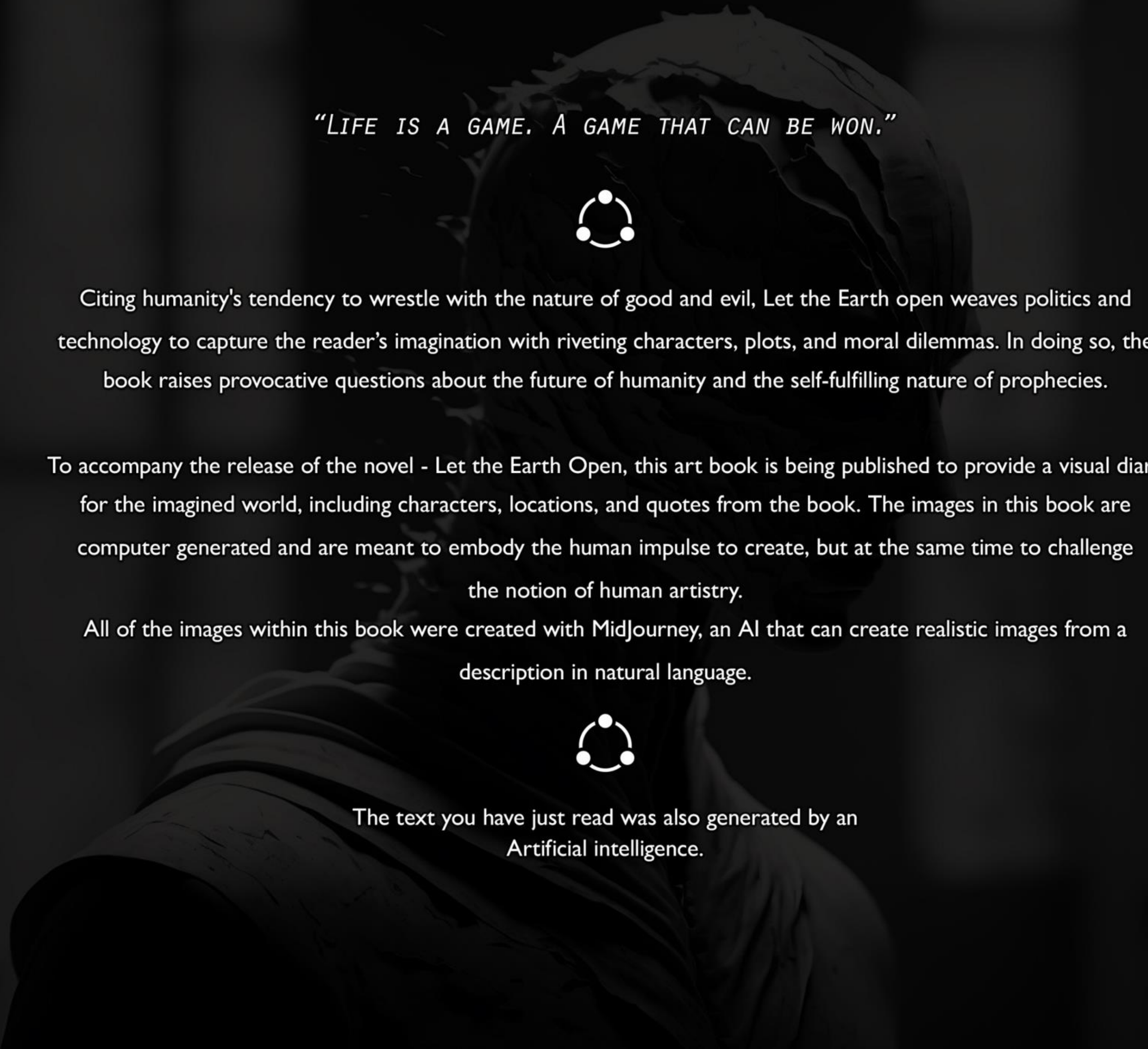
The world you live in now is created by memories. Those are the tools of the prison of the self.

Dammh Daarrt

Everyone is scared, my love. It’s only in there that you stop feeling it.



I really enjoy looking at this piece. It got me thinking a lot about death recently. About the very narrow interpretation you have of it.



“Life is a game. A game that can be won.”

* * *

Citing humanity's tendency to wrestle with the nature of good and evil, Let the Earth open weaves politics and technology to capture the reader’s imagination with riveting characters, plots, and moral dilemmas. In doing so, the book raises provocative questions about the future of humanity and the self-fulfilling nature of prophecies.

To accompany the release of the novel - Let the Earth Open, this art book is being published to provide a visual diary for the imagined world, including characters, locations, and quotes from the book. The images in this book are computer generated and are meant to embody the human impulse to create, but at the same time to challenge the notion of human artistry.

All of the images within this book were created with MidJourney, an AI that can create realistic images from a description in natural language.

* * *

The text you have just read was also generated by an Artificial intelligence.