



DESCENT

СПУСК

CHAPTER 1

JohnDoe (FolkUp)

Mature 16+



Andy 67

Seagulls. Seven. I was counting them because counting seagulls is the one activity that does not require a LinkedIn profile.

Fired a year ago. Officially — downsizing. Actually — a handshake and 'we wish you the best in your future endeavors.'

Three months drinking. Two reading Seneca. One catching butterflies.

Then I found a wand. Open source. Created FolkUp. Inserted the key. Opened the door. Walked in.

Nothing inside.

Oak and brass. Ceiling about fifteen feet. Shelves floor to ceiling. Empty. Every last one.



A spider in the corner of the third shelf on the left — the only one here engaged in content creation.



Three doors. The left one smelled of rain. The middle one — of earth. The right one smelled of nothing.





The key in my pocket had warmed from my thigh. Or my thigh from the key. With brass you never know who is warming whom.



Rain hit my face — not all of it, but that particular English rain that comes from every direction at once and from none.



A co-working space above a fish restaurant. The smell of sardines seeped through the floor.



A duplicate. Not a copy. A copy implies an original and a forgery. A duplicate — equals.



kat. He

Why do you need a key if you don't know which door it opens?



Cut a key from the duplicate. Wiped off the proprietary grease. Verified.



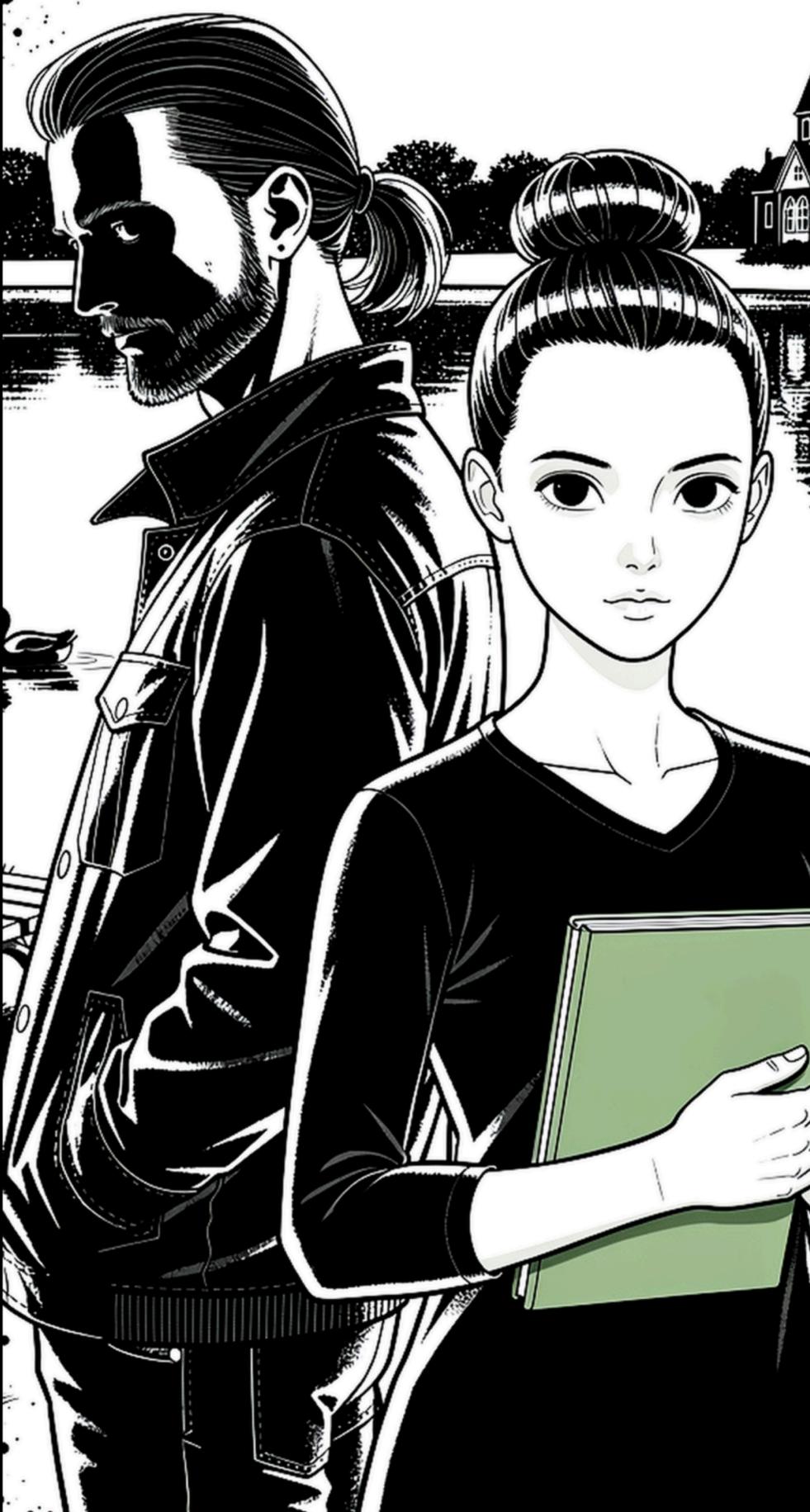
Inserted the key. Opened the door. Walked in.



Barnes. SW13. The London district where the Thames loops back and tries to return where it came from.



// You're from FolkUp? I'm Alice. Let me think...



// Gustav Holst. Lived across the street. Wrote 'The Planets.' A hundred years. One planet. Zero connections.



// FolkUp - is it just you? Or are there more of us now?



Arni showed her. Empty shelves, the lamp, three doors. Everything FolkUp was — architecture without content.



// Two hundred articles for minimum density. With one author — four years.



// I keep statistics on failures. Other people's. Don't have my own yet — nothing to start from.



Let's figure it out together.

// Let me think... All right. I'll think about it.



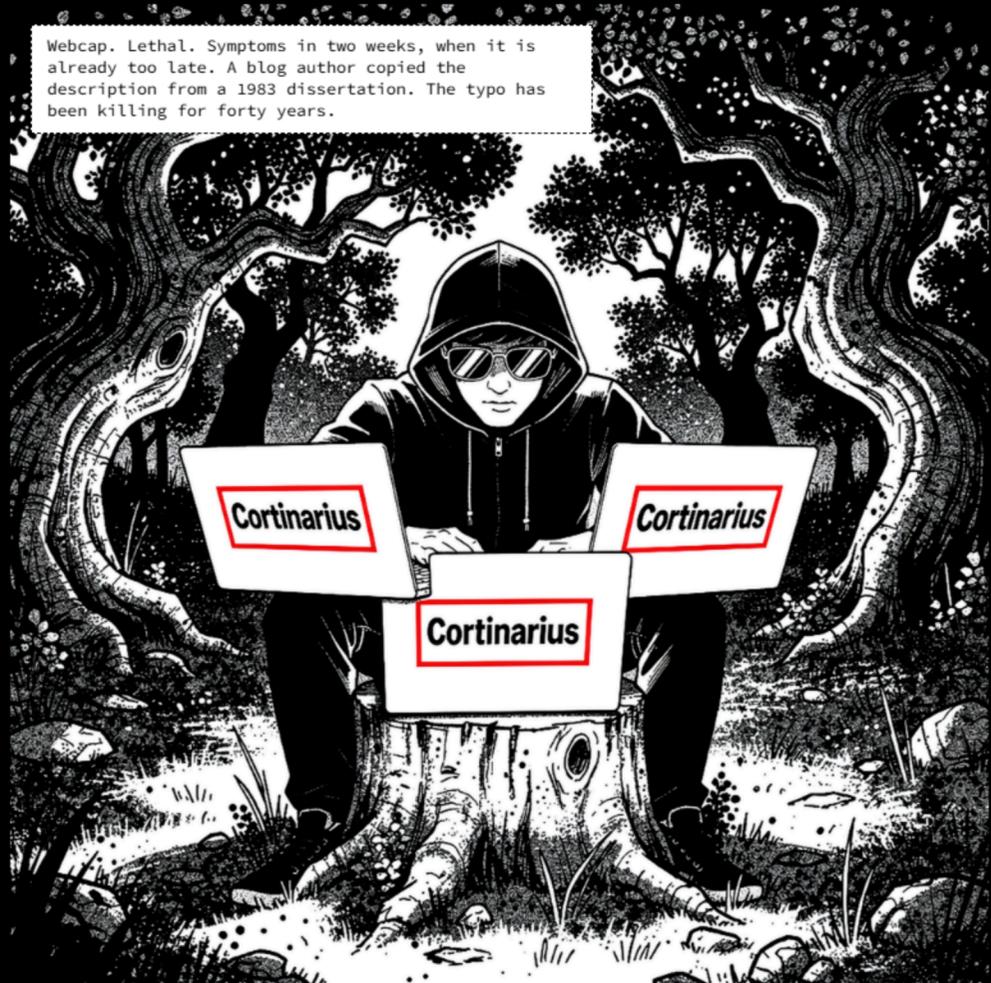
Portuguese forest. Cork oaks — stripped to the flesh. A smell on the edge between mushrooms and decay.



Stop. Test. Name three inedible mushrooms of the Alentejo.



Webcap. Lethal. Symptoms in two weeks, when it is already too late. A blog author copied the description from a 1983 dissertation. The typo has been killing for forty years.



The fact is dead. Its corpse keeps killing.



Your FolkUp. Encyclopedias. You verify them?

Every fact — verified. Every single one. I promise.



KLIK



He closed the third screen. Two would do.

КИБЕРГОНЗО



Cara. You're the guy with the library?



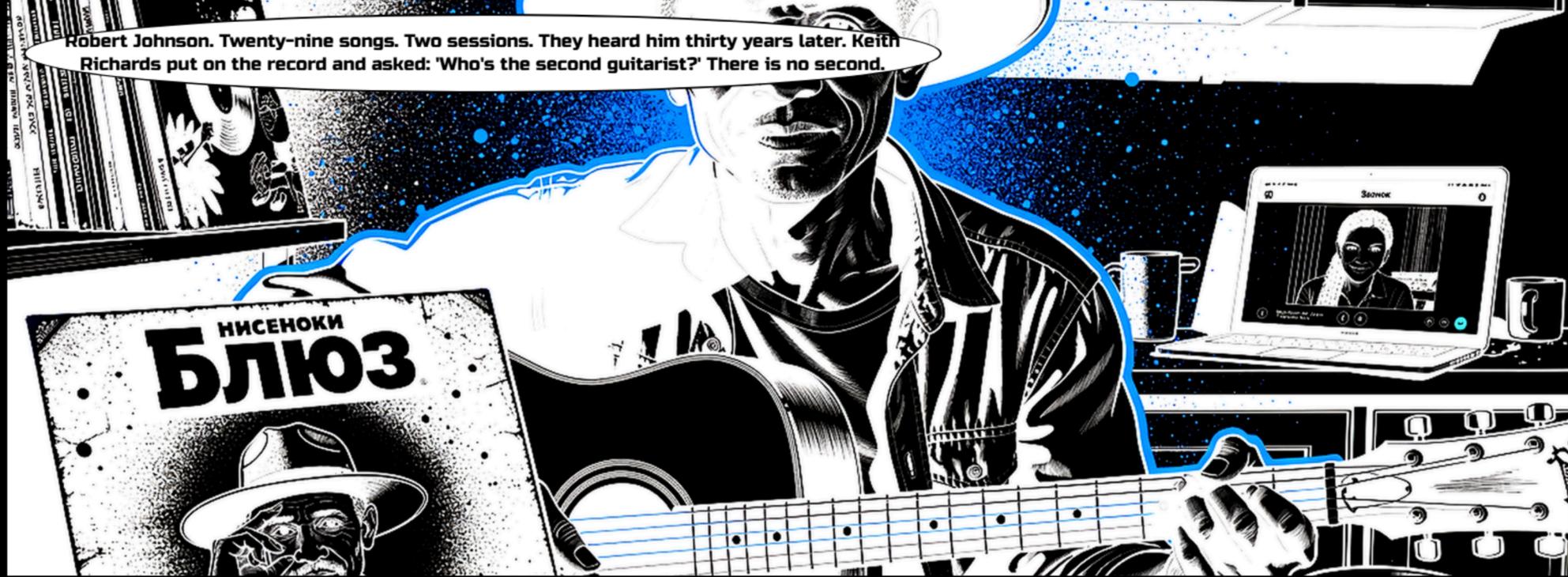
You don't need a marketer. You need a storyteller. A marketer sells. A storyteller makes people show up.



Not at Arni — through the screen. Into the place where music and code are the same thing.



Robert Johnson. Twenty-nine songs. Two sessions. They heard him thirty years later. Keith Richards put on the record and asked: 'Who's the second guitarist?' There is no second.



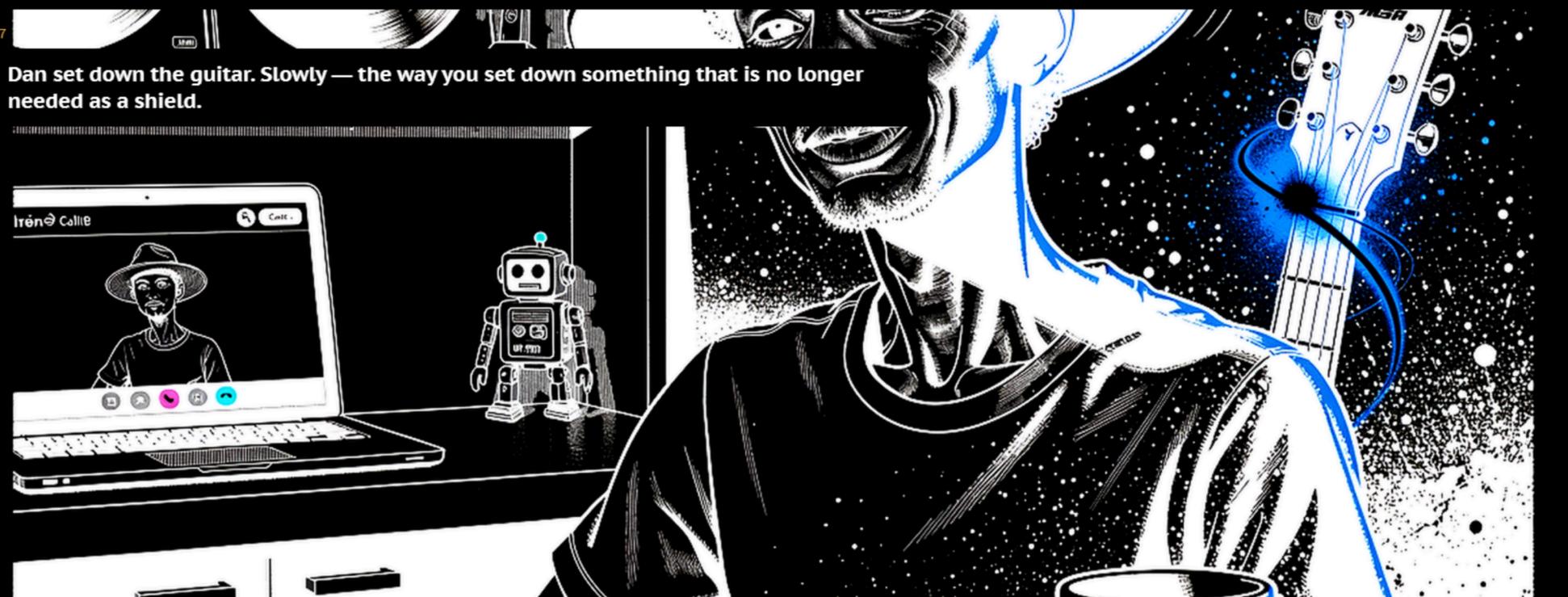
You're not building for today. You're building for thirty years from now.



Tell me how to tell a story.



Dan set down the guitar. Slowly — the way you set down something that is no longer needed as a shield.



Ten years ago. Plastic chairs. Twenty people. The mic is humming.

Technology for ordinary people. Not for corporations. Fair architecture.



10 лет назад

Тонкий контур, горящие г

Five years later. A thousand people. Leather chairs. The eyes don't burn. They gleam.

5 лет спустя

Growth. Scaling. Revenue.



Двойной контур, лаза блести.



Двойной контур, лаза блести



All three doors were open. All three — walked through. The shelves still almost empty. But 'almost' is no longer 'completely.'



TUK TUK TUK

A knock. Confident, measured, with a pause after the third strike. The way people knock who are used to being let in.



He had aged. Not the way people age from time — the way they age from money.

Arni. I recognize your work. Architecture clean. Code — literate. The idea — beautiful.



Мокрый отпечаток ладони



Two million. FolkUp stays yours. Code stays open. I don't touch the architecture.

I touch the team.

Сейчас мы дде

Я прогано



Cara. The exact same pitch. Word for word. Ten years ago — different jeans.



His firm lost thirty percent of its clients in a year. Two lawsuits.

Don't trust him.

ДАННЫЕ НА БРЕУСА.
ДВА БАЛЛОНА



No. These people are not a resource. They are the reason FolkUp exists.

He left. The lamp stopped flickering.



He was talking about me. 'A notebook instead of a portfolio.' He wasn't wrong.



// A portfolio shows what you've done. A notebook shows what you've noticed.



We'll manage. Together. Without anyone else's money.

Folk choice.



21:47:03 - Verification complete. Breus's 'professionals': 3 quit, 2 filed lawsuits, 1 with a PhD now delivers parcels.



SHHH

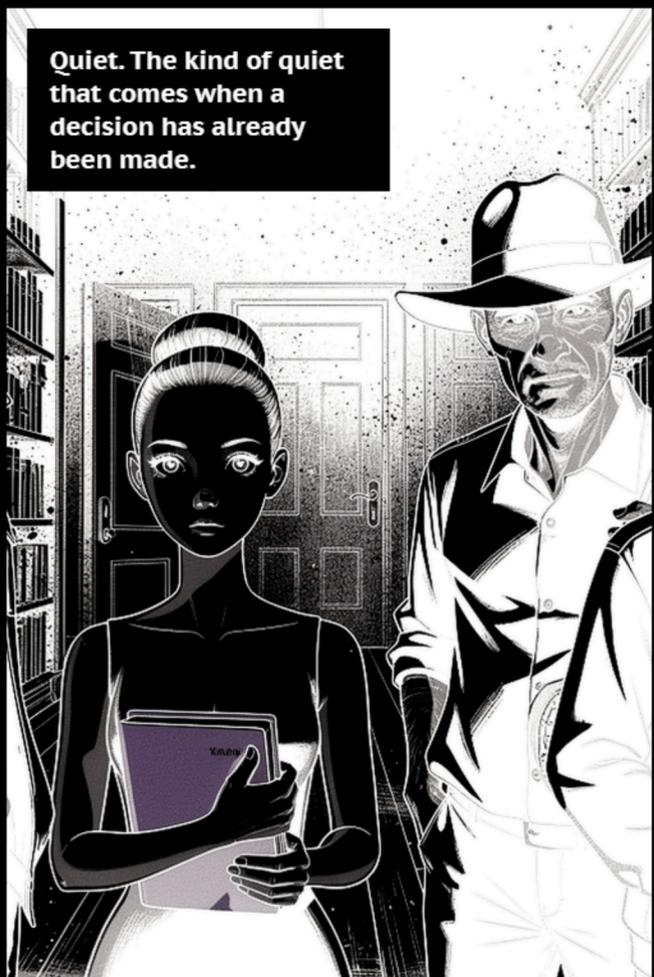
PhD in neurobiology. Three papers in Nature. Now — a maroon backpack and eight pounds an hour.



KLICK



Quiet. The kind of quiet that comes when a decision has already been made.



Three in the morning. Everyone gone.



ЗЕРКАЛО

You in five years. Or Breus twenty years ago.



Реальность vs отражение

Don Rumata came to observe. Then drew his sword.



Дон Румата

Show me more. What do you see?



The second one.

It will hurt.

I know.



Буде

Знаю.



Two letters. Three futures. One morning.

Open your code. Fair architecture works both ways.

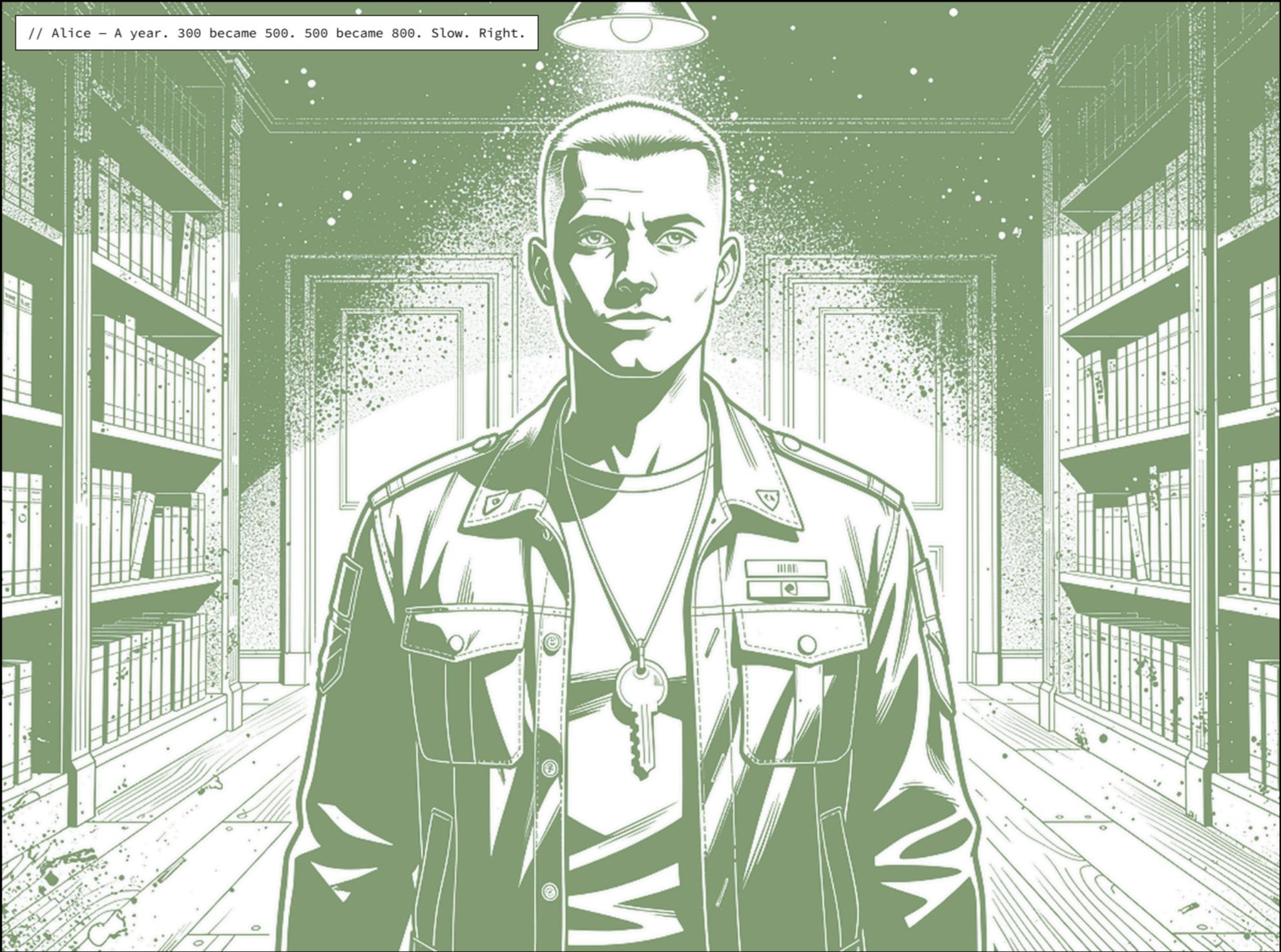
A farmer in Barnes in 1847 wrote to the newspaper that the river had changed course. No one replied. 150 years later his letter became the only proof that the bridge stands in the wrong place. 300 people is a lot if one of them is the one who needs it. // Alice

ПРИЗРАЧНЫЕ СИЛУЭТЫ

ТРИ ПУТИ



// Alice - A year. 300 became 500. 500 became 800. Slow. Right.



// 4 months. 3rd revision. Holst. Every sentence checked twice. Every source - three times.



06:14:22 - Cortinarius rubellus. Lethal. Location flagged. Poisonings: 0.



E7-A7-B7

Dan's jingle. Quiet. Like background music in a good bar.



Comrades. At the...
close world to...
...ing about...
...ar...
...Where people...

// He publishes. I observe. That is my function.



// Alice
The lamp burns brighter.



Лампа горит
ЯРЧЕ.
Размыдй переход.
Финал А

A year later. Chicago. Dan.



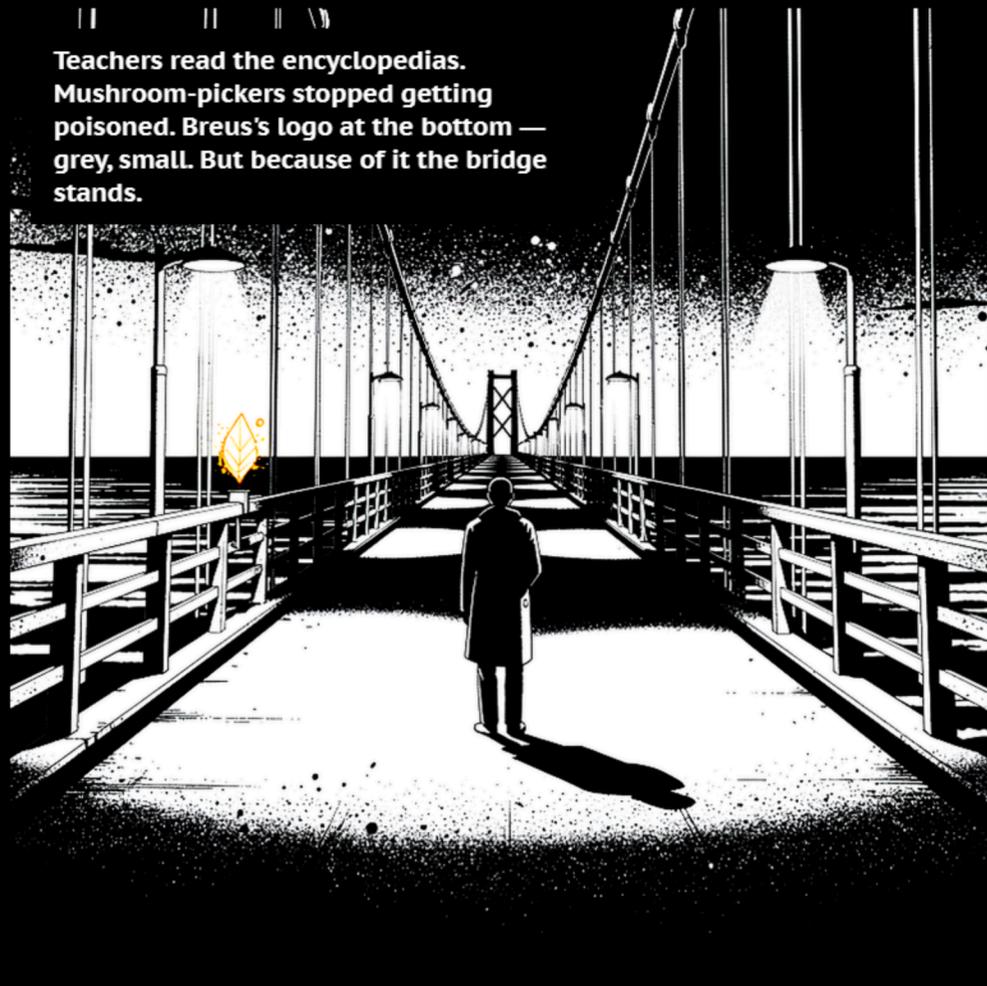
Ten years ago. Breus on a balcony. No longer the man who spoke of justice. Not yet the one who came to Arni.



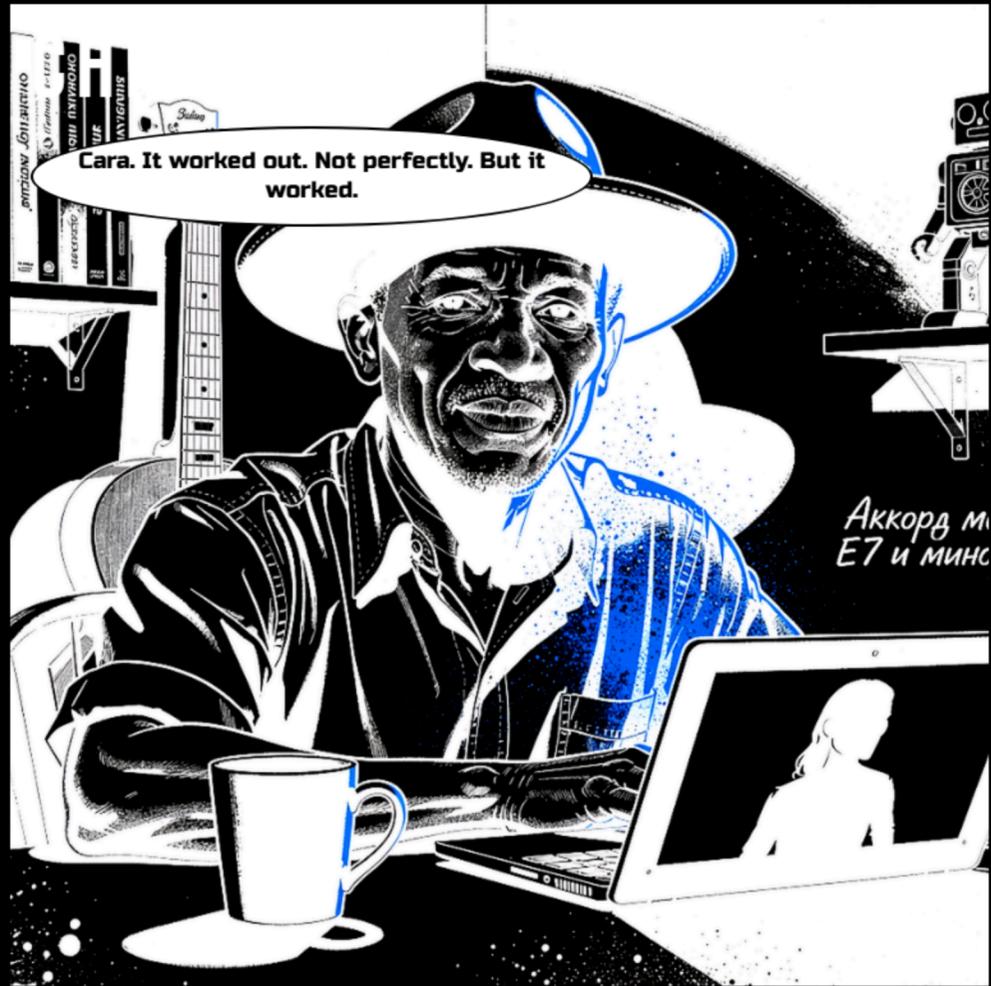
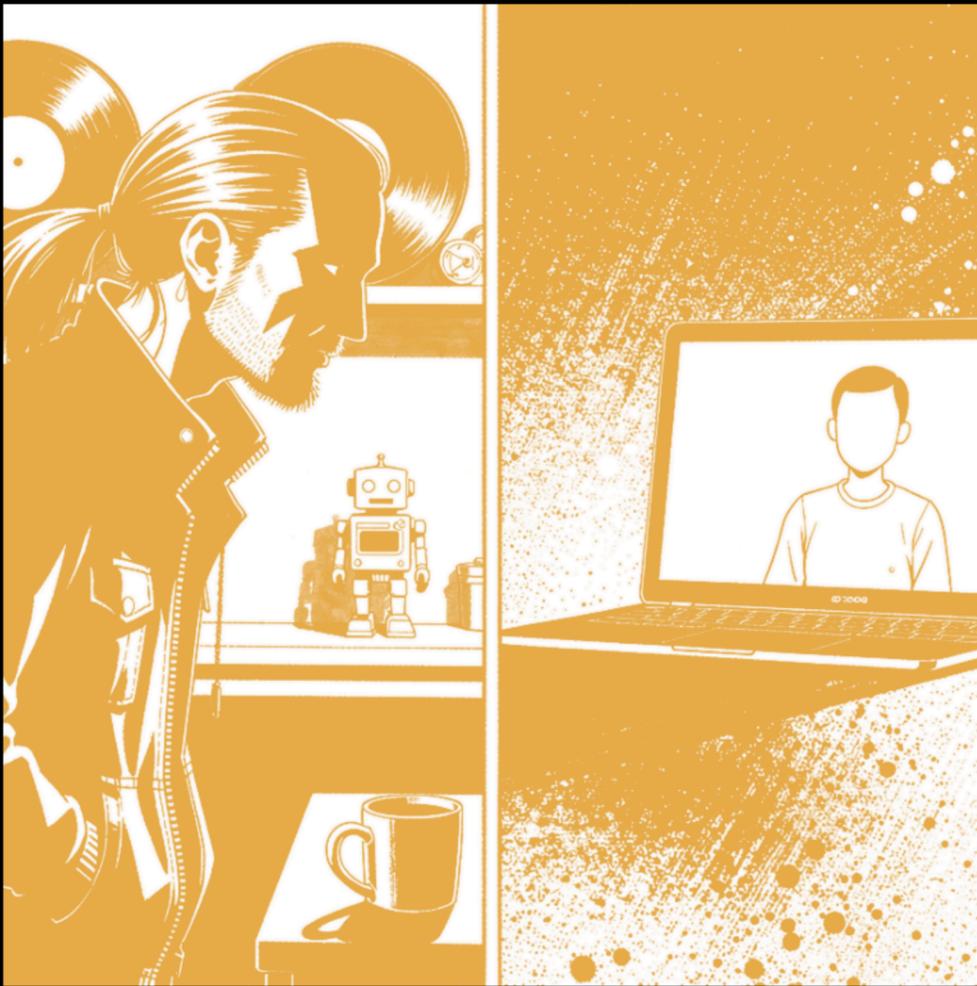
Cara. It's not the groove I wrote. But people like it.



Teachers read the encyclopedias. Mushroom-pickers stopped getting poisoned. Breus's logo at the bottom — grey, small. But because of it the bridge stands.



We built a bridge. It stands not quite where I wanted. But people walk across it who would never have found FolkUp. Never. I chose people. Not purity — people.

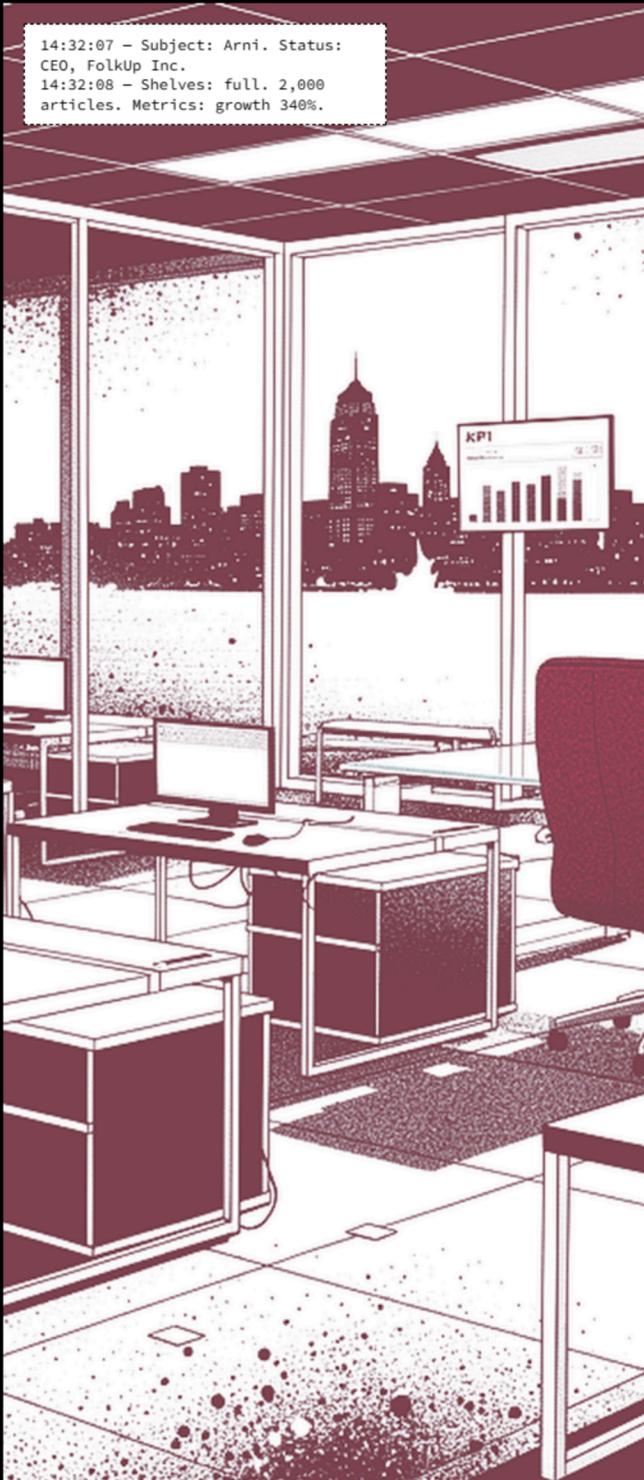


And people walk across who would never have found FolkUp alone.



The bridge stands. Not where he wanted. But people walk.

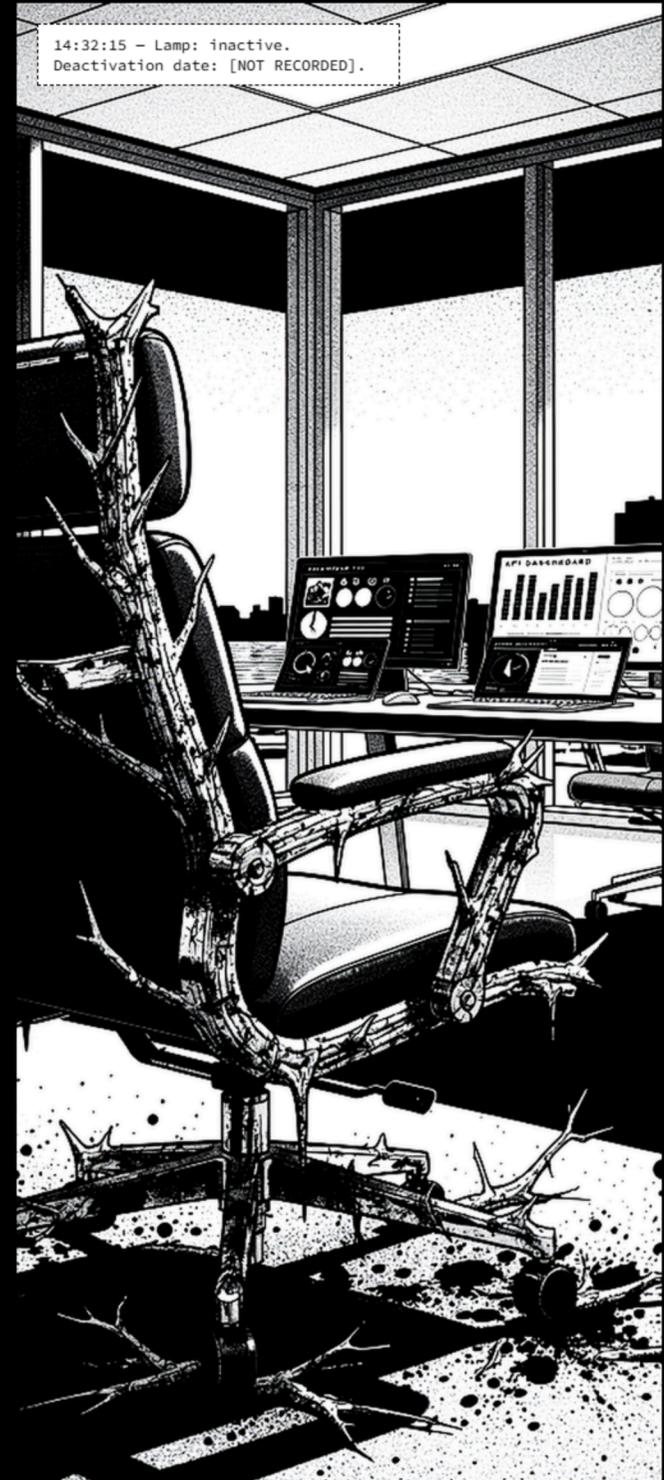
14:32:07 - Subject: Arni. Status: CEO, FolkUp Inc.
14:32:08 - Shelves: full. 2,000 articles. Metrics: growth 340%.



14:32:09 - Alice: [DATA REDACTED]
14:32:10 - Date of last contact: [NOT FOUND].



14:32:15 - Lamp: inactive.
Deactivation date: [NOT RECORDED].



14:33:01 - Business card: font matches Breus sample (97.3% match).
14:33:02 - [ERROR: metric irrelevant. Why am I counting this?]



14:34:07 - Verification: Cortinarius orellanus. Status: APPROVED.
14:34:08 - Verification time: 3 min 22 sec.
14:34:09 - KPI: achieved at 120%.
14:34:10 - [ERROR: 120% impossible. Recalculating...]
14:34:11 - KPI: achieved at -7%.



23:59:00 - Verification: subject.
23:59:01 - Parameter: "alive". Value: [UNDEFINED].
23:59:02 - Parameter: "happy". Value: [ERROR: metric not supported].



[NOTE: the word "fair" occurs 7 times.
Matches with reality: data processing...]



Not Tesla. Yet.



00:00:07 - He sits in the chair.

00:00:08 - I've stopped counting.

Отражение = Брюс

Финал В

CREDITS

© 2026 Andrei Klemenchenok (FolkUp)

Story, panel scripts, art direction, lettering, editorial

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AI TRANSPARENCY

AI-generated imagery with human art direction.

All visual content created using AI image generation tools under human creative direction: story, panel scripts, composition, lettering, and editorial decisions by the author.

FONTS (OFL 1.1)

Russo One – Jovanny Lemonad

PT Sans Caption – ParaType

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Caveat – Pablo Impallari

Bebas Neue – Dharma Type

Playfair Display – Claus Eggers Sorensen

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