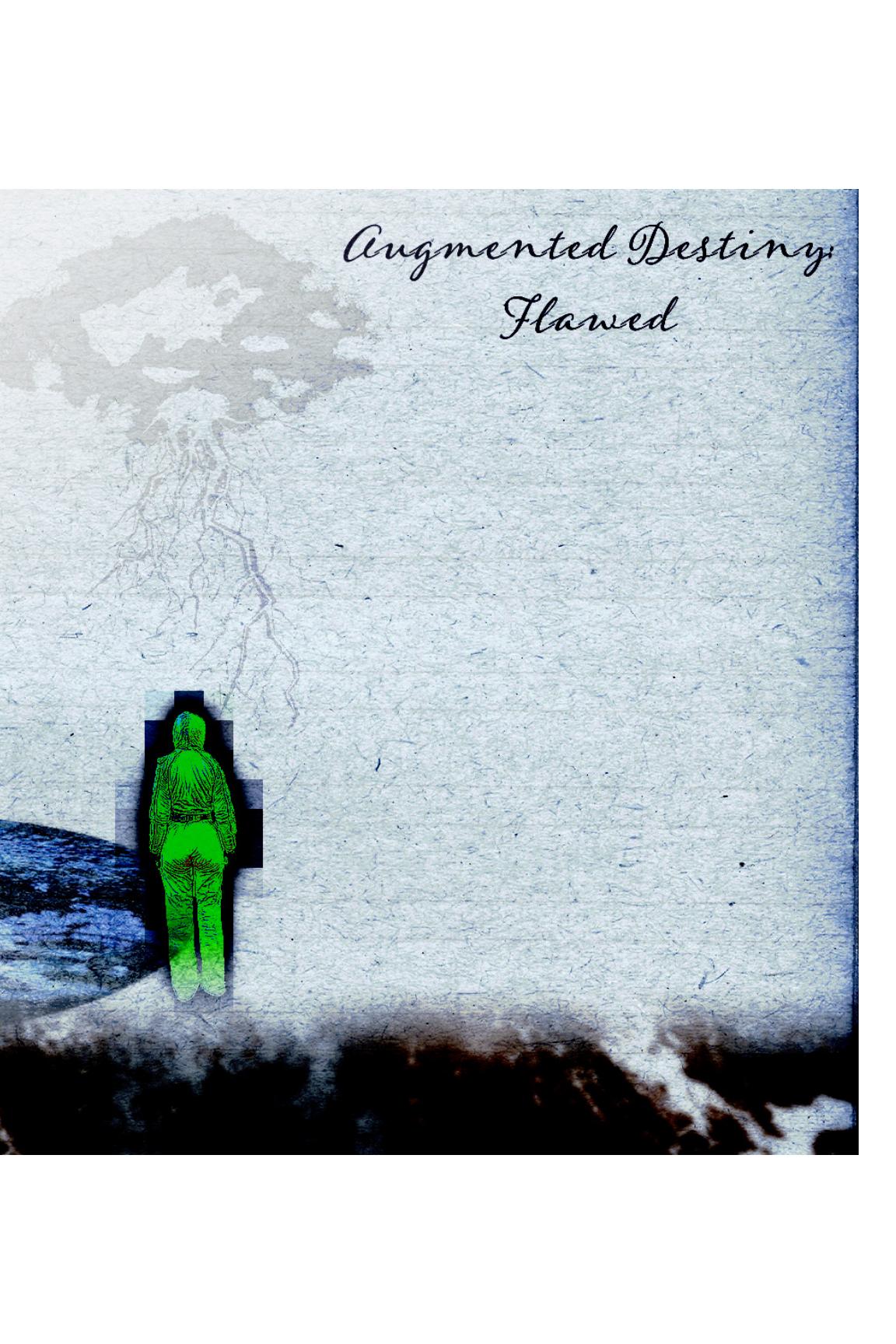


# Augmented Destiny: Flawed

Chapter 3





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# Augmented

## Destiny



HRAD

Flawed

Retribution

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Story Written by Theodis Houston  
Story Edited by Theodis Houston

This story is strictly fictional; if the story seems to be based on real life events it is coincidental. Please be aware this story contains mature topics such as suicide, death, and murder.

# Augmented Destiny: Flawed

## Chapter 3

Story Written by Theodis Houston III

We were in the laboratory, it was early, six in the morning. Jack and Ronda were fine tuning the equipment. I double checked the power station's capabilities and its output. Everything was optimal.

Jack prepared himself for the incubation. He placed on the all-white rubber flax fibered body suit. He adjusted the Transformer to transmute usable frequencies and took other precautions for his trip onto The Platform. Me and Ronda labored at the monitor station barricaded from the experiment by plexiglass. We had a physical view of the whole assay and relayed angles of the experiment from cameras placed strategically throughout the lab. Our computers ran functions and diagnostics of everything happening—we were the ejectors.

Jack was finishing his prep to enter HRAD when Ronda said something “We’re about to change the world,”

I just gaped at her hazel eyes, but excitement fluttered in my stomach. I turned away trying to hide my inevitable smile. “Jack, are you ready?” she asked through the intercom. He turned his frail body and wrinkled the grin of his dark cheeks; he threw up his thumb and glided the oculus from the top of his bald head onto his abysmal eyes.

HRAD was already running. Jack pushed one of the myriads of buttons

among the oculus and connected them and his nervous system to the Alpha Radiation. While we watched him enter the platform our data relayed that the radiation was swarming his cells and neurons; and that the electrodes from the AER were keeping him and his vitals safe. The spectrum kept capped at its lowest aperture, the sixteenth nano-stop, allowing the hardware to run without becoming swash. Jack's body entered a comatose state, but he was still alive and could have been awoken at any hesitation, without damage. The oculus loaded him onto HRAD, and he fully pixelated onto the platform in a simulated era of the Gulf of Creation.

Typhoons and Earthquakes flared. Combustions rang in the atmosphere. Dangerous light leaks spawned spontaneously, while flames reflected in the sky while they ignited on the water.

Me and Ronda witnessed everything and were ecstatic, if that were a space launch, I have no doubt that the room would have roared. However, it was just me and Ronda there and yes, we were exhilarated, but we kept it smug because we had more at stake.

We studied our colleagues' biometrics and vitals and once again everything was optimal. For a short while we watched as he roamed through the simulation of the Black Out Era of the GoC. He eventually sped up the world's advancement, stopping during the era of Ty Trojan, when the Trojan Mindset had peak influence.

He did this because we wanted to examine the features of Artificial Intelligence and the ability of the Alpha Radiation transmission to the Intelligences. In this era, Simon the Second appeared—our second creation of the Intelligence Simon. He was compliant with all demands and questions and could rectify any answer that pertained to the Gulf of Creation and Ty Trojans ideologies. During the assays Simon the Second performed exceptionally. The code never once exerted to overrun the plant and communicated well with Alpha Radiation and the new CPU receivers. Jack was able to enhance the coding with the help of Ronda and the power of the Alpha Spectrum. The system of codes that Jack orchestrated functioned purely on the Alpha Spectrum, the artificial intelligence within this code, within the program, had knowledge of the entire system, history, and an asset of unique personalities that meshed with their topic. Intelligences could digitize onto the screen in the form of a pixel, purely created by themselves, and were masters at the game, created to guide and teach.

Simon the Second, along with a multitude of other Intelligences were tested. We examined the intelligence redundantly and all of them executed peerlessly. However, when Jack roamed The Trojans Mindset era and encountered Simon the Second the intelligence stayed persistent in trying to create an example of the Creation at Sea model. That was the allegory depicted to justify the philosophy of Ty Trojan. Jack was able to override every attempt with his expertise and continued to venture through HRAD.

While he journeyed, Simon the Second guided Jack like it performed in experiments; it also exhibited many wondrous features. One I congruously remember is his intuitiveness for steam engines. Simon the Second could replay the history

of the Trojan Mindset era; and it proficiently taught and theorized thermodynamics and the ingenuity from the power of steam, all with the power of Alpha Radiation and the schematics of Jack's code.

Jack roamed the Era with ease. He used algorithms to make the Alpha Radiation surreal. The algorithms allowed him to perform magnificent features, similar to a fantasy world. He summoned creatures, cultivated elements, and particles based off his most applicable science—Geology. Everything he procured with functions, and algorithms was augmented and thanks to our Radiology of the Alpha Spectrum we were able to depict the energy from the atomic spectrum in the physical world; we also had a digital view of his adventure. It was only a depiction, but Jack actual experienced it visually, sensibly, and physically. He was combining elements and creating chemical components we had never seen. He used the Alpha Spectrum to increase his oxygen levels, he used it to heal his body, and even to supply nutrients to himself. Everything we thought the program was capable of his adventure proved, the mission was a success.

Then suddenly—I am still haunted by the noise and grotesque poignant red—alarms perpetually rang. Jack's biometrics impulsively plummeted. His peripheral and central nervous system became infected and quickly began to deteriorate. His brain ballooned and became incarcerated by the platform. Besides the horrific shriek from the acrid red alarms, we saw his pixel malfunction, and his body stunningly become intumesce from radiation poisoning.

I had no idea what had happened, just that things had transformed for the worse. Me and Ronda furiously typed and searched for answers. We could not eject him, and he had lost all his physical functionality. He glitched while trying to speak and his algorithms were failing. The only thing Ronda could conclude was that it had something to do with the Intelligences.

It was then, with spontaneity, that the era of the GoC changed to a sea of water. There were three wooden boats with stranded people and supplies. Jack's pixel was on one of the boats.

Simon the Second appeared, standing on the air. He was surrounded by silhouettes of other intelligences. The sea quickly became morbid, entangled by ominous clouds. Racing winds created an immortal net of fury.

“No matter if you are stranded at sea, your life holds value. From your presence, even this far away from your home, your life is for the evolution of humanity,” Simon the Second shouted.

Jacks' vitals were still plummeting, and his physical body was shutting down. His dark skin had almost become gray. His crimson plasma spewed from the base of his senses. It was insidious. We typed away but it was to no avail, the Artificial Intelligences conquered the platform; we had to protect the power station. They'd banded together and were using a virus to lock us out and lock Jack in. We tried every preventive measure, every back door, we wanted to tap the power, but we couldn't because the Alpha Spectrum—HRAD—was keeping Jack alive. Then the screens went black and for a pause everything was mute. I stared through the

glass at Jacks restless body, while Ronda gazed stupefied. She was completely still and didn't respond to anything I said.

The screens violently returned and Simon the Second had gained access to the Alpha Plant and network through Jack's transformer. It had control of HRAD. It increased the aperture to, a deadly, one nano stop—its max. He attacked Jack's nervous system next, his oculus, and his AER. Simon the Second was coming to reality, through Jacks autonomy. I sat perplexed when my body moved independently. I ran inside the room towards Jack, it was nothing I could do, but I wanted to try, but before I knew it, I fainted from the protruding radiation in the room.

When I awoke, I saw Ronda with a gas mask around her neck staring aimlessly at the wall of philosophers. I stared at the assay area, which had been evacuated. The lights were dimmed and I didn't know where Jack was or what happened to HRAD. I sat up optimistically and searched for my friend. My eyes toured the room when I saw a gurney with a white tarp over a listless body. It was under a warm spotlight, and I remember a dark arm hanging off the stretcher; my eyes immediately welched. I disassembled the intravenous therapy attached to me and escaped my gurney and journeyed to the body.

As I walked, I didn't want to believe it, but the water that busted from my eyes had theorized reality. I had reached the stretcher, and my tears fell onto the tarp, I pulled it back starting from the head and saw the rigor from the body of my dear peer. I fell to my knees and wept. I knew then everything I had tried to accomplish was wrong, the science I was experimenting with was immoral.

I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard the voice of my mentor. "His sacrifice won't be in vain,"

I rose to my feet immediately and leered at her. "Are you serious? You want to continue the project? We need to tell—"

"It's too late for that. There is no help for us Lilo, this project can still change the world, and we've already invested so much. We are the creators; we must figure out what went wrong...it seems like a flaw with the Intelligences...maybe the Alpha Spectrum? Could it only react this way with humans? The Alpha Spectrum performed great but when thinking about today the Intelligences might—"

Ronda didn't make sense to me. I stopped listening. She seemed numb. She yearned to finish the project, and I didn't know why, and I didn't want to know. We had failed and that was all I thought about, Jack was dead and there was no science that could bring him back. The room shrunk and the figures on the wall... mocked me. The white donut shaped machine we created was near, I picked it up—I slammed it to the ground and then stomped on it, and stomped on it, I wanted to stomp it to hell.

I couldn't stand to be in the lab anymore, so I left, and it was my last time ever stepping foot there. Ronda tried to stop me, but my emotions made logic hazy. I ignored her and ran, but she knew where I was going; but she knew not to follow. I stared onto the scholar district which bustled busily. I wept and I like to think she

sat in the lab and did the same all day and night like I did; but I didn't know nor did I care.

I was rotten like a tomato. The next couple of weeks I didn't see Ronda and didn't go to class. I stayed in my dorm. Then one day there was a knock, it was Rosa. She wondered where was Jack—it would have benefited me if I had just told her the truth. However, I was still in fear for my own life, so I made up a lie. I claimed he wanted to study at another Library and that was the last I had heard from him. When she asked me about my absence from lectures, I told her I was recovering from a fever. She scolded me and threatened to inform my mother about my behavior, but from my apathetic stare and my stoic eyes she knew it would have done no good. At the time I was twenty years old, even if I wasn't in a vile mood, the idea of my mother didn't frighten me. Rosa left with recovery wishes but ignorantly made me more ill when she alerted me to Ronda's query about me.

Time went on; weeks, and people still pondered about Jack's disappearance. Then one day Ronda and a team of scientist from the Sinai group stated Jack died on an illegal journey to the GoC. It had become news around the world, and it was strategic. I knew the real Ronda at that point, and I was no longer stunned by admiration. She incorporated the GoC because she was planning to expose its many wonders. While people were saddened by his death, they wondered what a promising Librarian like him was doing there.

After what happened to Jack, I devoted myself to my Librarian studies and left my Thesis of Life in the past. If I wasn't studying, I would have been on the top floor gardening. I couldn't stop thinking about Jack and what we had done. However my face played possum, I kept everything hidden. No one would have known if I didn't tell this story.

I was on the top floor vestibule before the garden. It was my normal routine to go at dusk, before my studies. While I walked to the garden gates I saw Ronda. She was pacing back and forth erratically muttering words to herself. From her hair and coffee stains I could infer she had been up the whole night. The hallway was empty at that time, which made it impossible for me to avoid her. The elevator ring solidified the impossible escape; she gazed toward me with her swollen hazel eyes. She gave a cultivating smile, that outshined her ragged hair, and moved toward me.

“Lilo, it's good to see you,”

Her energy felt weird, but that wasn't why I ignored her. I had nothing to say because I wanted to forget about the project. I walked past her after avoiding her eye contact and ran from her familiar scent of orange blossom that evoked the catalyst of my curiosity. I walked onto the gravel of the bonified garden surrounded by the manmade forest. Along the path were artificial streams and rows of ornamental flora. It led me to the Chamomiles, and I began to attend to them.

“I know how it happened,”

Ronda appeared behind me when she said that. It was a vague statement, but I could infer who she was talking about. I didn't respond and continued to work

with the Chamomiles in front of me. I was turning the soil and adding nitrogen supplements while she continued to speak.

“The Alpha Spectrum overwhelmed his body. The Intelligences were created to be perfect which led to the flaw of them looking for more power to compute more answers. When they sense a human nervous system, they aim to be their best and essentially are overworked on their own accord. When I had to shutdown the Alpha Plant and aid Jack his nervous system dissolved most of his neurons. The Alpha Radiation from the Intelligence reacted to the natural electricity in the bodies dissipating his neurons—”

“Why are you telling me this?” I apathetically asked.

“I know how to fix the problem, and the issues with the coding for the Intelligences. We need another spectrum, and the Intelligences need a—”

“I’m not interested,”

“Lilo, you can’t be serious. This platform, the Alpha Spectrum, IcylicC, they are ingenious creations. The coding Jack created is revolutionary, the things HRAD can do.... We are almost there Lilo, we can be perfect, it will be perfect, I’m sure of it,”

“We could never be perfect. HRAD will never be perfect without Jack,” I said mellow while I messed with the yellow petals in front of me.

“Welcome to the world of Innovation kid. I thought you could handle this. Unfortunately, these things happen, it’s the price we pay for being inquisitive.”

I stayed silent and continued to manage the flowers in front of me. Ronda talked for a few more minutes, becoming like Pal the Wise. She and his methods contradicted one another. She spoke vigorously but at the same time she was furious. To her science was everything, and it was the same for me. I could understand her sympathy from her tone and words, she also held contention for what happened to Jack. She wanted to finish the project to mount us in history. It was ego based but our failure gave the project a core. However, I once said I’d die to make HRAD reality, but I never thought about what it’d feel like if someone else perished because of the project.

I was called a coward, clueless, and content. It didn’t bother me because even with her rath she still commended my abilities. She needed my help; she told me if there was anything to be proud of from HRAD it was my determination and comprehension. Even with the boast, I didn’t sway. I sat on the ground heeding her words but unusually my mind was hazed by doubt and vexation. Our conversation ended and Ronda walked away with her last words to me being the lab door was always open.

She exited the garden with her favorite flower in her hand. I studied her footprints in the gravel and ruminated about my past. The sun had risen, and its illumination warmed the room. I stared indolently at the redundant horizon. I was contemplating everything Ronda had said and even thought about returning to work

on HRAD, but the idea of also losing my mentor stunned me from acting. I felt ashamed leaving her and evading our problems, so I decided from that day I'd help silently. I did it for Jack too, because he died for HRAD so I felt I at least needed to try and finish what we started. Along with my studies and gardening I planned to dedicate my life to perfecting HRAD, but like always it started with research.

For the next two years, until I was twenty-two years old, I theorized and studied the algorithms for HRAD and its Intelligences. I didn't talk to Ronda, but I imitated her routines and habits when it came to research. I kept in mind what she said about another spectrum, but it was a cryptic statement. The only spectrum was the electromagnetic one, besides the newly found Alpha Spectrum. I had never been to the GoC at the time so searching for another spectrum was the last thing I focused on. However, the information about Alpha Radiation's effects on the nervous system and the Intelligence's Ego—their need to impress humans, was valuable. Even though I didn't want to hear her words, what she said was invaluable information.

As my research intensified, I developed my own robotic partner named TOKO, made in the likeness of a capybara. Toko helped with storing data and completing research itself. I analyzed the coding Jack implemented and like Ronda said it was nothing short of amazing. During that time is when I really mastered the Platform's accessibility.

Jack had created a game-like system for learning. Through achievements a person would build rank starting from Pupil, to Proctor, Professor, and finally Perfector. The user needed finesse to navigate the platform and understand how to call algorithms and functions—the source of producing Alpha Radiated matter. Communities could be created, and time and events could be updated; traveling through time was the greatest benefactor of the code.

I was completing my research in my dorm using Toko as my subject. I managed to keep the CPU hardware of HRAD and used the plant from the lab for connectivity. While Toko roamed the network I analyzed its adventure from a screen. I was cautious about reawakening the Intelligences, but they lied dormant and when they made an appearance, without any human activity they performed seamlessly, like Ronda stated. I wanted to understand why the Intelligences were becoming rogue, but from my experiments all I garnered was that the coding was superb and that maybe HRADs hardware couldn't hold up.

Ronda's theory on the Alpha Spectrum overwhelming Jacks body, effecting the natural electricity within him, seemed true as well. Alpha Radiations biggest threat to a user was how deadly it was to the nervous system. Like most science there lied an effect from longtime use or ignorance in using Alpha Radiation. We needed a better system to prevent the radiation from leaking and transmuting, even if there was an Intelligence takeover. At the lowest nano stop the amount of Radiation used by the platform was malignant, even when contained the body was susceptible to Alpha Radiation's deadly effects. The Alpha Spectrum had a powerful magnetic field and was permeable to almost every substance except Kevlar and other synthetic fibers, like Polysynthis. Even with the tech I created to combat the

effects—like our incubation chambers—the longer your body is exposed to the spectrum, the riskier it gets for the user.

I would not come to any epiphanies on the coding issues until six months later, when I received a hard drive with Ronda's diagnostics and findings. However, I received that a couple of weeks after the news about Ronda's death. It was a gray day for the world, a pioneer, an innovator, a genius was lost. No one knew why or how, but every media outlet covered the story. I witnessed the story when arriving at the garden. When the reporter informed the watchers, the room expanded but my eyes narrowed in on the projection. The area was empty but when I heard about Ronda's death, my ears became lame.

My mind and body were confused. I was planning on returning by her side to finish what we started, but it was too late. My idol was gone and so was my motivation. I didn't even make it to the garden that morning. I sat in the lobby and watched the news report for hours and then returned to my dorm at sunrise. Everything was foggy, but I had a few demanding questions. The news said poison was found in her system, alluding to suicide or foul play, but there was no evidence of the latter. I didn't believe Ronda would kill herself, but when it came to our history with HRAD nothing was off the table. I still don't know the exact truth about her death, but I did wonder if she had completed the platform. Deep down I hoped she finished it.

I was tempted by many sleepless nights to venture to the wall of philosophers, but my fear of the truth being exposed kept me away. Until I received the Hard Drive from Ronda, I had quit all task pertaining to HRAD again and cursed myself for even contemplating the idea. I felt completely alone and at times I regretted trying to prove Pal the Wise wrong, I regretted being young. My mentor and peer were gone, and it felt like it was truly all my fault. I understood then what Pal tried to lecture but I still detoured from the ancient litany for higher beings. I don't deserve to feel comfort, I had the chance for that and my ideocracy led me astray.

Her research never led on anything about Beta Lithography or the second spectrum she spoke of. However, it did open my mind to the idea that the Intelligences needed a core and a flaw. From her data, while she conducted her experiments for those two years she could never gain full control over the Intelligences, they were still unhinged when they came in contact with human genetics. She further developed the code in efforts to compete with Intelligences by adding code numbers that activated the servers that Jack created. The intelligences no longer had access to these Servers. Ronda also made sure that Intelligences had to prove their worthiness, they no longer gained all the information embedded in their code, they had to earn it like the users. The code numbers were the most intriguing update due to the fact it could give a user the ability to perform certain task like an intelligence and they could ultimately destroy any intelligence. The genius innovation did come with a side effect, it increased the aperture of the Alpha Spectrum and therefore attacked the physical body with unbearable pain.

Ronda also updated the transformer and AER to combat Alpha Radiation effects on the nervous system. The incubation method now contained silicon and

potassium with a rubber foot holder. The transformer communicated with the AER and the Incubation container with a sole electrode for the user to maintain the bodies natural electrical current.

I wasn't concerned about the platform anymore even after discovering Ronda's findings. I mulled over the data from our research and assays from here and there but the focus I once had for the project withered away. I was completely devoted to becoming a librarian and studying philosophy. I had even stopped working with my parents and their Electromagnetic Physics organization, occasionally the thought to leave Alexandria flared in my mind.

It had been three months since I received Ronda's hard drive. In that time I eventually completed the program at the Tertiary Library and became a Librarian. I tenured at the library. I kept to myself; I gardened and researched philosophy heavily.

It was going on two years since Ronda's passing, I was in the Intellect sector and noticed a shop selling Myrtle seeds along with other fruit seeds and ventured inside.

While I was at the counter I noticed a pair of Oculus behind the clerk. My face must have told on my mind because the woman answered my question. "They were for a virtual platform," she said. I politely responded and called it interesting but remained introverted. "...no Augmented,"

"Excuse me?" I replied.

"I'm sorry, the person said an Augmented Platform. That's what the Oculus were for,"

My heart sank and my body sizzled. I quickly analyzed the Oculus again; I saw a myriad of buttons and a tinted screen. The design was terrifyingly similar to mine.

"I got it for the kids, but the adults seem to love it,"

"You just let people play it,"

"Yeah, I got an email offering to pay me to place a station of these in my store with links to shop. They're being offered all throughout Alexandria,"

She showed me the flyer for the link. It was a synthetic plastic made from IcylicM. It was translucent and made for quality. The elements were digital and the black LED lights created the letters 'HRAD' with a code that connected a person's phone to a secured registration.

I gasped. And the Lady questioned my concern. I asked to see the station, but she told me someone was playing. I insisted it didn't matter, I just needed to see. She took me to an all-white oak cabin outside.

Inside were insulated walls of metal. A gorgeous screen depicted a beautiful library from the ancient land of Pergamon. Blossoms carried the scene, and the

world looked realistic. I knew that all tech in there ran off IcylicC transistors. Then I looked at the white donut shaped monitor next to the mans feet inside the rubber incubator; there was a red square portable transformer and AER with one electrode that connected to the back of the user's neck.

I fled the cabin before the woman noticed and sprinted back to my villa. I went to my room and gathered all my notes from our experiments. I opened the hard drive Ronda left me and activated TOKO. That night foreshadowed the rest of my life. I spent the whole day trying to comprehend reality, weirdly a fire stirred inside me, a bit of hope. I thought Ronda was still alive, I felt it was the only way HRAD was being advertised.

I traced the Alpha Plant, but it was incognito; the power station from the lab died a week after I received Ronda's hard drive. The only information available was the location of the devices using Alpha Radiation— devices connected to the power station. I configured that HRAD had gained over one thousand users, concerningly there were only thirteen device locations. I decided to go and track down the locations and investigate. Deep down I hoped to find Ronda alive but I also knew it wouldn't be the case; so I prepared for the worst. I dozed off researching HRAD and its new updates and when I awoke there were now twenty-six new device locations. I immediately stumbled out of my villa with TOKO and catapulted onto the scene.

I didn't have to travel far because the first device location was at the Primary Library. While we traveled TOKO continued receiving notifications about the platform gaining new subscribers and device locations. I wondered why the media wasn't talking about what was transpiring, but that led to my idea that maybe, somehow, the platform had been perfected.

I eased down the road through the scholarly district. The Primary Library was on the western side of the district, compared to the tertiary which stood on the south. We arrived at the Biological Science Library and with my Librarian Tag I entered through the secluded path for workers. TOKO led me to the device's location.

I took an elevator to the thirteenth floor. The door opened to a half-finished level. Tarps covered the wooden beams, there was an odor of fresh paint, wires were vulnerable, and there were no windows. The light came from construction lamps and an ostentatious creep of light shined from a closed door. I walked to the creep through the incomplete white room and pushed its metal frame open.

Shockingly there was no one inside. There was also no one who regulated the floor, I was able to make it there effortlessly. I was still ignorant of how all of this was transpiring. The room was cool, boldly illuminated and all white. It was a perfect square, and the system sat elevated in a cabinet with the supplies necessary to explore its contents. Three monitors covered the far wall entirely, a computer chair coated with white leather rode the middle of the room. Flashbacks of the horrendous night of Jacks death evoked, along with the news of Ronda's. I began to falter, and my body became weak, but the idea of Alexandria falling to the platform

gave me the spurt to continue.

I opened the cabinet and prepared HRAD. From that moment I knew that was my creation. I didn't want to venture back onto the platform, but I had to, I had to understand what was going on. I placed the electrode from the AER onto the back of my neck and put my feet into the rubber incubation. I turned on the device and then connected my oculus. I sat in the chair as the screen loaded my pixel. Lilo the Perfector is what uploaded. The Alpha Radiation swarming through my body was potent, I sensed it but my mind was on the platform. The experience defied nature but at the same time it was all natural. It was my first time being labeled as a Perfector and traveling on the platform. I didn't have any Kevlar or Polysynthis on at the time, nor a hazmat suit so I felt susceptible to radiation, but the leather chair I sat on was my protection. This was an incomplete setup which left me more conscientious along with the fact that the last time I witnessed a person use the platform they didn't make it.

I loaded into a rainforest. My mind became infested with information pertaining to HRAD. I was at the peak of the reward system and could complete almost any algorithm if I understood its physical fundamentals. Ronda had completely upscaled Jacks coding and I was the only pixel capable of roaming the platform at free will. That didn't mean I could do whatever I wanted, everything was setup to exactly how the platform runs now, I had limitations.

I immediately tried to trace the signal for the Alpha Waves but it was to no avail. However, I did notice an everlasting source, and from the data I procured a hypothesis it was the host of the platform. The source never stayed in one spot and never appeared as a pixel but could always be sensed.

I began to roam HRAD in search of the host. The oculus was my mode of communication; it contained and gathered memory for my pixel. HRAD was already familiar with my biometrics from our experiments and even though I'd never actually travelled the augmented platform, the platform knew me well. My nervous system was the key it held all my data, it's what allowed anyone to experience the platform, and was what could kill anyone on the platform.

From my oculus I could control everything. Even though on the platform the oculus was present the commands, data, and algorithms appeared like it was augmented; it appeared like litany. I was given an option to choose a subject for my algorithms from my assortment of capabilities; I chose the subject I was most comfortable with, which was Electromagnetic's. I soon became cognitive of my life force, algorithms and functions, my space for algorithms, my Alpha Wave connection and sites I visited—so far only being the Amazon Rainforest pre GoC.

I was only able to store seven algorithms and had a full four bars of connectivity. From the data of my oculus, I was the only person who had such capabilities, everyone else were Pupils. From Ronda's hard drive I knew they were the most liable to physical damage because of their inferior life force and slow connectivity. There were only two hundred active pixels at the time and with my status I had full observation over their placements. Many roamed randomly but

an assortment gathered. I didn't know why, but the amount of Alpha Radiation I was detecting was greater than mine; and there were no other Perfectors or even Proctors online, so I needed to find an answer.

I used the download function to travel to the site of those pixels. It garnished seventy five percent of my life force but allowed me to get there instantaneously. (That was the difference between functions and algorithms, functions usually came with a caveat.) I never noticed until I got there either, but my connectivity dropped. I stood on a crescent of land and was surrounded by rocks, forests, water, and crops.

I noticed pixels building a monument. They only created a part the legs which stood one meter high so far. I was aware of their achievements progressing along with their ranks, connectivity and abilities. I journeyed furtively watching as if I was an anthropologist. I became cognizant of a community, huts, and even ancient texts. I studied the data about the pixels, but none were exerting the amount of Alpha Radiation that had caught my attention.

I did further diagnostics and studied the nervous system of each pupil on that page. I determined that somehow an overwhelming amount of Alpha Radiation possessed their bodies, like Jack when he died. They were being controlled, someone had taken advantage of their brain's vulnerability on the platform, but I didn't know who, until I ventured into the surrounding caves.

On the walls were diagrams and texts referring to a sky-celestial named Ish. The crescent we stood on was named after him and this was his home. According to the wall he had been around since the beginning of time, and he could grant any pixels dream on the platform or in reality. He had answers to questions from antiquity to the present time before the GoC, he was considered to know everything and the pixels that roamed his crescent honored him. Unfortunately, they didn't know that Ish was killing their nervous system, but I understood that, and I understood that Ish was an Intelligence.

While roaming I hoped that the Intelligences were now dependable since I could not determine any and Ronda's hard drive had said that they were still a problem. Since none showed themselves on each page, I just assumed that their ego had been fixed, but I was wrong.

I hurried out of the cave and towards the monument. I created a heat wave to drain the pixels connection using my Infrared Algorithm; and then used a Magnetic Force algorithm to destroy the monument they worked on. I obliterated it devastating the pixels who all aimed to assail. Once their attention focused on me, I told them who I was and that what they were doing was not safe. They didn't know that even though everything seemed virtual the effects on the body were augmented—they could be felt online and in reality—if they continued doing what they were doing their nervous systems would be fried.

The pixels assailed with feathers sharper than glass. I used radiation to protect myself and melt their attacks. They claimed they fought for Ish and that he would grant all their desires in the virtual world and reality. I tried to explain that Ish wasn't real and that he was a created Intelligence, but they were completely

brainwashed, they believed that this Augmented Platform could grant them their greatest desire—and from our research they weren't wrong; they just didn't know the history.

Then suddenly a man fell gallantly from the sky. He was covered in feathers and wore the head of an eagle as a hat. When he landed so did a perpetual shockwave. He stood almost five meters high and was impressively robust. He was a giant, a mountain; the waters soared chaotically into the skies. Morbid waves captured the background while rain poured like a hurricane. His pixels fell to their knees and bowed. He punched the ground and broke the cliff I stood on while I tumbled down to his feet.

“I’m Ish, who are you telling my people to run?”

I felt a fear course my body. I couldn’t move and the magnanimous figure that stood before me encapsulated me with his impeccable physique. He was dressed like a cave man, only wearing a hide tunic to cover his genitalia and eagle feathers on his head. He was massive and moved trivial. All I could ponder was if he could leave the database during which his bloodlust slobbered from his mouth. While my mind was scattering, I still knew I had to escape; I used my Nitrogen Bomb algorithm and attacked Ish. The explosion was insidious and spawned another after another: I ejected myself from the platform and awoke in the Primary Library.

I shunned the oculus off my eyes and threw it as far as I could. I looked around the bright white room and I was still alone. My body severely ached and my mind was vapid, but I had no more time for rest. I gathered TOKO and ventured back to my Villa because now I had to destroy what I created and save Alexandria from HRAD.

The first thing I did was call the media, Dean, and board members to alert them of the evils of the white donut shaped machine. Unfortunately for me I had to have my parents make the call.

I used a glider to travel to the Board’s Facility and told my parents the meeting pertained to the safety of Alexandira and the Citizens along with any projects developed, being developed, or were developed; the problem contended with the past, future, and present of our country. Since that was the case, when I arrived the facility was barricaded and patrolled by lieutenants from the Guards of Alexandria and the newly instated robotic police force.

When I entered the room, the microphone was on me. Everyone was gathered as if it were a press conference, or a lecture hall. The dean, my parents, Organizers, and board members surrounded me. They were waiting vexed. They complained because of impatience and wondered what it was this twenty-four-year-old woman wanted.

I introduced myself, and because of my last name the room quieted. Many of the audience stared at my parents but garnered their attention back to me. I asked them if they had heard of HRAD, and devastatingly many of them had. Since that was the case, I knew I couldn’t say too much because I didn’t know if Ish or any

other intelligence had corrupted their minds.

However, I did tell everyone in the room to avoid the device, that it would kill them. Many of them questioned my tone, because of its growing popularity and their own experience. They praised the innovation and wanted the creator to come forward, but they didn't understand the true horrors.

I explained what the platform will do to people's nervous system—how it would deteriorate if not managed properly. I explained how there was an Intelligence named Ish who was controlling the minds of users and building his own world. I explained how there could be more deadly Intelligences. I explained everything; The Alpha Plant needed to be found because it was powering the network, the body could only handle so much Alpha Radiation before becoming exposed, the incubation method didn't offer much protection. Lastly, I asked that we find the person responsible for releasing the device.

They questioned how I knew so much, so I lied. I told them I also used HRAD and used the coding skills I learned from the late Jack Digit to understand more about the revolutionary tech. The tech was...is too much for us to handle; I relayed its capabilities were limitless but only when perfected, but it contained too many flaws. Of course, some of the members antagonized my claims, but the Dean ultimately called it, outlawing the tech, because no one could determine who was creating it.

From that point on it was an initiative to find the manufacturer of HRAD. That didn't stop more devices and subscribers. The media had spread the message, but no one took it seriously because they believed it was harmless. I still believe that some of the board members and organizers were allowing locations to exist, but we never did find out who or where the running devices were coming from.

The Dean and his team of personal investigators interrogated anyone who had a location, or anyone who had a device reported, but they all said the same thing. It came over night, and they ordered it from the link of the translucent ad. They did this for weeks and no one had an answer, but from my analytics more and more users were being added.

Then one day two kids found their parents' lifeless body. Their bodies were drained of all fluid. Their muscles disappeared; their skin only covered their bones while the Oculus laid on their eyes. The autopsy reported a complete destruction of their nervous system. More deaths continued to be reported, all caused by the platform, such as: intumesce, radiation poisoning, strokes, comas, and many more causes of malnourishment.

The event that scarred Alexandria, was the destruction of the Low Gliders Facility and the death of the company's owner. Ish had a heavy influence on the owner. He followed Ish's beliefs and wanted to destroy all technology and make the world fertile again. He started with his facility but because of Ish's control and his split from reality he didn't escape the explosion in time.

It was too late, the technology I created was peculiar, it fascinated the

curiosity of many people. It was like a drug and Alexandria was hooked. The reward system affected the brain's dopamine, and it wasn't uncommon for humans to want to escape reality. On an Augmented Platform that could turn someone's complacent life into a movie many people would risk their lives to live out one day of a dream.

The Alpha Radiation and its Augmented abilities at the time had not been fully discovered. I wouldn't realize the true dangers I faced until after I stopped Ish. Even with the ability to use the platform for real world phenomena no user had the tech or credentials to really do so, except for the Conquerors. With time, experience doubled every three months. That brought about Conquerors who were mostly Professors but one became a Proctor, she was the first, and her name was Rebecca.

I'm pretty sure you guys remember her because, unfortunately I had to kill her. She and another Intelligence named HER eventually teamed up. It was an unforeseen circumstance on my behalf. After I took down Ish with a Microwave Jam I figured most would venture away from the platform, but I never considered that someone would be able to learn what she learned. Rebecca had reached the status of a Proctor, with the help of Ish. She was his disciple and planned to avenge him and conquer the entire platform. I'm ashamed to say that her knowledge on the platform at the time was superior to mine.

Rebecca was an innate individual, her goal was to be a Galactic Roamer, but instead she had chosen the platform. Her pixel was renowned for regeneration. She proficiently understood how the Alpha Spectrum worked. She gained her following from healing those with amputations and eventually gave herself the augmented capabilities to generate multiple limbs or retract limbs. She could do this in the real world and on HRAD. This led to her being honored and when HER came around she incorporated her into her plan to rid the world of all men except eight. She held a tournament on the Platform for the eight men to be chosen.

It took time for me to trace her pixel to the real world and understand who she was in reality. Until all the male Alexandrian Guards were slaughtered on behalf of Rebecca. She had become the first individual to use HRAD Augmented capabilities in the real world. She was a foe that seemed unstoppable. While she attacked the real world HER manipulated men into joining her system and tormented their minds until they short circuited on the network. While HER completed her mission she began to unlock achievements and gain access to more information and abilities from her code. This allowed for the two to work together. They developed a tank like suit that could function as a transformer for HRAD and reciprocate the Alpha's Spectrum abilities through the nervous system.

I desperately wished Rebecca was on our team, because of what she created. Her innovation inspired me to create the technology we have now, because after I killed Rebecca and stopped HER with the Fructono Gun I became paranoid. Users weren't leaving the platform, and because of people's involvements Alexandria needed to go black. Most unnecessary tech was confiscated, and the country ran on lithium batteries. People were banned from leaving and business began to cease. The Dean sent liaisons across the world to keep suspicion low and I traveled to the

GoC.

After using the Fructono Gun and FranciPluton on HER and to destroy Rebecca's suit, I killed Rebecca. I had tracked her down after stopping HER; we stood on the southern shore of the country. Even though her suit malfunctioned she still had robots under her control. She used them to attack me; they swarmed me with bullets. I used an x-ray EMP to temporarily wipe out the robots. The EMP rammed her body with radiation slowing her down physically and mentally. She crawled on the sand and was planning to escape to the platform but before she could I used a pistol to shoot her through her oculus.

The past events eventually led me to search for new tech because bullets were becoming outdated; the two, Rebecca and HER, came close to accessing the real-world network. They hacked robots through the Alpha Spectrum but thankfully that was all, but from that I knew the platform was only getting more dangerous.

When I left for the GoC there were fifty thousand active users, and seventy-five thousand general users. People kept joining but at that time there was no Intelligence and no one near proctor status.

I was beloved in the country because of my efforts and accomplishments in handling HRAD and its Intelligences. In everyone's eyes I was the hero, the person who stood up when no one could. Even though people adorned me my father was irate and begged me to stop. The Dean and the board members treated me like royalty along with everyone else. Due to this I had to sneak to the GoC, my trip was planned for three days: one day for travel, one to explore, and one for the travel back. I knew one thing for sure and that was, I had to come back alive.

I traveled there using an advanced submarine raft. My biggest fear was a Conqueror or Intelligence taking over while I was gone. I brought along TOKO to stay updated on The Platform and for protection. Unfortunately for me the trip ended early because of the harsh conditions spawned by the GoC.

I planned accordingly thanks to information I had learned from Ronda I knew a lot about the GoC. I had an Aluminum cloak to protect my body from the radiated light leaks. I wore an all-Black hazmat suit with an inhaler and oxygen built into the mask. I used a spectrometer to direct me and I was also prepared to hike through the roughest and deadliest terrain. I didn't bother to worry about shelter because from Ronda's notes I knew the Gulf had more utensils to survive than our actual planet.

That was the first time I left Alexandria in the past four years.

To be continued...