

# Augmented Destiny

gmented  
tiny

```
//check if the element is visible
//if it is visible
//it became visible
t.appeared = true
}

//if it is not visible
//it scrolled out of view
t.appeared = false
}

//trigger the custom event
if (!t.appeared) t.trigger()

else {
    //it scrolled out of view
    t.appeared = false
}

//create a modified fn with some additions
var modifiedFn = function() {
    //mark the element as visible
    t.appeared = true
}

//is this supposed to happen only once?
(settings.one) {
    //remove the check
    w.unbind('scroll', check);
    1 = $inArray(check, S.fn.appear.checks);
    if (1 > 0) S.fn.appear.checks--;
}

//trigger the original fn
//trigger the original fn
$(apply);

//bind the modified fn to the element
$(element).bind('scroll', settings.data, modifiedFn);

```



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This story is strictly fictional; if the story seems to be  
based on real life events it is coincidental.

# Augmented Destiny: Flawed

## Chapter 1

Story Written by Theodis Houston III

A legion of computer monitors sit straddled to the black metal walls of this impassive bunker. The screens relay feedback of The Princess' Horsemen robots scattered like rocks, amongst the ground above The Reality Disruptors shelter. Their metal parts are lifeless; warning sensors alarm the screens, and dangerous levels of radioactivity and electromagnetic energy parade the extinct battlefield.

An aerial view of the country is displayed. The wreckage of a once acclaimed country is almost infinite. To a foreigner this view would bring the assumption that Alexandria is filled with contention. The footage travels through Alexandria and captures a scene of the once known Scholar District; particularly focusing on the Tertiary Library.

The library is half of its former self. It sits partially demolished but still stands. Its durability is a sign of victory compared to its fallen contemporaries. The entrance is provocative, inviting any stragglers into its domain. The camera switches its destination once again, into the lower depths of the building, it roams through rubble into a dismal labyrinth.

The lab is consumed with tech, monitors, equations, experiments

and more. An automated system of robots roams the lab; the lab itself functions autonomously through the algorithms of the Princess. A human cadaver solemnly floats in a preservative solution. The body is lifeless but is tended to delicately.

A bald dark-skinned man watches the monitors in the dimly lit metal black bunker. His body is built like a warrior, but his pores are peculiar; these peculiar pores reside on his forearms, they are centimeters wide and hum with discretion while he rests.

The man is attached to a human sized pod, fixed with electrodes. His eyes aren't normal, they are completely grey and cloudy, but he has flesh and the actual physical and biological features of man. A virtual screen appears before him revealing the diagnostics of his code. His alpha waves, beta waves and radioactivity garner caution.

"I'm losing the network. I can feel it," the man ruminated.

The man loathes in his pod. His head illuminates, like a faltering lightbulb, emitting a yellowish hued tint. A display, out of the myriad that clings to the cold metal walls, begins to connect to the servers of HRAD. Alarms impetuously sound off. Virtual errors fill the augmented space projected by the man; the errors are depicted as *404* in a multitude of fonts.

"I still can't access the servers. Which means I can't overwrite The Princess' code. Her virus might just be stronger than any,"

The displays continue to relay real time feedback of the bleak lab. The inert body that floated in the solution is released. Robots extract the body and prep for the assay. Suddenly an augmented, virtual, hologram appears with the wind.

This hologram depicts a woman; she wears the face paint of a warrior, white and green paint with traditional art from an ancient eastern civilization. She wears a felt hat supposedly made from wool and a light-green, silk embroidered Deel with equations stitched scarcely throughout, which reigns under a leather kimono. Her trousers and boots are made of wool felt but the sumptuous Deel she wore hid this away draping the ground she earthed.

"The Princess," the man uttered. The man continues to observe the screens. The control center of the bunker begins to malfunction, steam whistles, hardware patters, and errors ring with messages. The bald robust man watches while augmented screens of data, errors, and unwarranted information cloud his surroundings. The Princess and her robots appear ready to experiment. "She's close to becoming Beta Tech. I can't control

HRAD anymore or roam the platform. The Steppe virus is somehow strong enough to deactivate my host abilities overtime. The strongest Virus HRAD has ever seen was bequeathed to The Princess and now she plans on using it to become the host. What a rogue subordinate, how could one go against their creator..." The divinely built man opens a program displaying it through his cloudy eyes. The luminance from his head is emitted once again. "I'm one to talk, I killed my creator and my true love, Ronda, but it was all for HRAD, her dream. I won't lose the platform that's why I created Bahar,"

The man runs a function called *Duplicate Transference* on Bahar. "Bahar must stop The Princess before it absorbs the Beta Chip. Bahar might be the last hope for HRAD and Lilo's safety." Meanwhile on the monitors in the bunker the listless body of this woman is being fixed with wires, tubes, and electrodes. The princess has reverted from her pixel into a mecha. She is obviously robotic, standing on two legs and hosting two arms. Her features are like a mannequin, the metal that forays her body is slick and empty of saturation; while her body is minutely incandescent from a focal view. From her behind she hides her wires and body's weaknesses.

She frays into a vertical translucent cylinder—a docking station—when an egregious explosion discharges. Debris escapes the ceiling and the ground dances.

"Oh, a guest. How rude, they interrupted my ceremony," The Princess said exiting her docking station. The eyes of The Princess shine heinously with a dark blue glow. A projection appears relaying footage from inside the library. The projection reveals Bahar destroying the library searching for the laboratory of The Princess.

"That is underwhelming. I hoped it was My Creator." The Princess said while another explosion detonates.

The bald bronzing man articulates the monitors. He is unable to help physically and must assist remotely. "I'm Zeke, the host. I should be the one to stop her, but humbly I have entrust the situation to Bahar. If he fails, then hopefully my creator can stop this Intelligence." The monitors display The Princess and Bahar eye to eye. The two robotic figures stand in gray clouds, that theatrically dilute. Bahar's frame is rougher than The Princess'. His manufacturing is more complicated but still possesses the imitation of human limbs upon his kettle black metal body.

"You will not become the host,"

"How do you plan to stop me, it's evident Zeke is still feeling ill,"

“He gave me the circuit breaker and the host’s abilities,”

“Oh, so he used Duplicate Transference on an Intelligence as young as you. You know just like me that to process all that data would take weeks,”

“Thanks to you, I can roam through it faster with my Gathering Virus,”

“That must be why you can already venture through Augmented Reality and reality, your virus, it’s quite majestic, it took me one year to reach that accomplishment. You should really respect your predecessor Bahar.”

The dust is completely dissolved, and the two robots can clearly see one another. The Princess continues to speak. “I won’t let you stop HRADs progression. I was destined to rewrite the world for the Stepper culture, for the Nomads from the Plaines and there is not one person that can stop me, I have even stupefied our Creator with my abilities. I can only assume she is extremely proud,”

“You are wrong! Your people are wicked. You killed my girlfriend, my family, disgraced our country. I won’t allow you to revive your people and start a pantheon”

“This is over a woman? Bahar, how...human of you,”

Debris continuously breaks off from the ground and rains from the sky. The two robots stand on an island of stability while their surroundings are a disaster of emptiness.

“This is for my people, Zeke and Lilo!” Bahar said while spewing blasts of radioactive energy toward The Princess.

Her body engulfs the blast as it dissipates into her gray metals. The incandescent glimmers through her body flickers blue and white sequentially. She stands unbothered while Bahar impressively appears with the wind, a couple kilometers in front of The Princess.

“Zeke shouldn’t have sent a scout...,” The Princess said as she imploded the last standing features of this floor. The two of them fall ominously, but neither of them became inactive. Through the smoke, on the next floor, the dark blue luminance of The Princess eyes shine; on the opposite side a creeping red luminance flickered from the eyes of Bahar.

Nearby, under the extinguished battlefield of RaRa and The Princess, Lilo is using the time she brought with her X-Ray EMP to explain the creation of HRAD to her delinquent subordinates. The five members of the Reality Disruptors all gather around Lilo in their bunker’s

headquarters. Their Alpha Wave detection signals are still active, they still receive live feedback of the battlefield from the monitors, HRADs diagnostics are still active as well as their CodDevice's which are holstered to their FranciPluton exoskeleton armor.

Kadara sits in a wheelchair that hovers. Calari and RaRa sit down in metal four legged chairs: Electron paces back and forth impatiently. Lilo is speaking directly to her subordinates who spitefully sneer in her direction.

While Lilo speaks she tries to be careful with her words. Her colleagues trusted her, with their life and that was something she is now working to regain. Lilo plans to tell her story but understands the judgement that awaits her, but this was something she needed to do, she needed to tell someone the truth.

“Lilo, I don’t give a damn about your Thesis of Life!” Electron vivaciously interrupted.

“You have to let her speak Electron, if you keep interrupting her we wont learn anything,” RaRa said. He releases his CodDevice from its holster to check for any updates. “We don’t have much time before the EMP effects ware off either, just let her talk,”

“I don’t even know why we are sitting here listening, it won’t fix anything, the damage is done,” Electron retorted.

“We know that already, but hearing her out will just help clarify things, because...things just aren’t adding up,” Calari said.

“Of course, you’ll say that you’re like in love with Lilo, she can’t do anything wrong in your eyes,” Electron retorted.

Calari’s face is rushed with blood. “I am not,” she immediately replied. “It just doesn’t make sense, why would she spend four years trying to save this country if she wanted us all to die,”

“She’s right Electron, let Lilo speak. You aren’t making anything better,” Kadara apathetically said.

“Fine!” Electron said with disdain. He still continues to pace impatiently, though the room proceeds with their conversation.

“I have to start with my Thesis—”

“Well, I guess he is right there. We don’t have much time why start from ten years ago?” Kadara said interrupting Lilo.

“Because it’s around the time I met Ronda Dorwin, when my life

completely changed.”

Things started ten years ago. I was seventeen years old, going on eighteen, and like every teen on the cusps of adulthood I thought I had it all figured out. My whole life growing up in Alexandria I realized how corrupt everything was. I felt our leaders were complacent due to their hardships from the Gulf of Creation; to me they had lost all hope. Yes, the world was advancing and tech was superior to the time pre GoC but I felt it could always be better, because we weren’t perfect.

That’s why I made my Thesis of Life, my Life Thesis, to Perfect the world through Science and Culture. My peers aimed for simpler thesis like engineering transformative architecture or becoming an Alexandrian board member. No one seemed to care about fixing the inequality of tech and education. I just felt that if we could somehow get the rest of the world on the trajectory of Alexandria it would only benefit humanity and prevent another catastrophe like the GoC; no one recognized my ideals, they thought they were foolish, but I still never gave up.

I don’t want any sympathy. This was all my mistake. Life wasn’t difficult for me, my parents were known throughout Alexandria as the Manhattans, they were engineers that perfected the Electromagnetic Pulse. They were wealthy Organizers in the country. However, that is what exposed me to the pretentious lifestyle of the Alexandria elite. To put it lightly most of our Board Member and Organizers were a bunch of smart asses who cared more about their status and creations rather than the people.

You would think a country brimmed with the world’s smartest people would have one distinct voice that would want the truth, but there wasn’t one; that’s why I decided to be the person to stop the lies.

My first mentor was Pal the Wise, from Alexandria’s institution. I’d known him since I was thirteen years old. The debates we had were countless and unforgettable, they shaped my idealistic thinking, but he was human, he wasn’t perfect. Just like our leaders he lacked the courage for innovation. Maybe it’s because I was young, but no one around that time had the audacity to challenge our system, no one wanted to make it better.

Our final debate is what you can say led me to Ronda. I was always adamant about my opinions. Unfortunately, my opinions caused contention with my classmates and teachers. I hadn’t learned you don’t always have to say what’s on your mind. Though my last school fight I remember Pal telling me that I considered myself to be eminent, and it was obnoxious. The way I talked about the past rubbed a lot of people the wrong way, but it was because I didn’t want the world to stop evolving. I envied that our elders were able to see such transformative times, I didn’t want to be stuck

in an era that slogged, I too wanted to see the world change.

That's when Pal told me that type of thinking is what he thinks led to the GoC. He told me I was too ambitious and moving too fast comparing me to Dean Boolean when he was younger. The world doesn't change overnight, he said. Though I thought I could be the one to change it in a day. He told me to read religious texts and research our history and that is when we drifted apart.

I still remember the potent sage aroma from his office; it reeked of prudence but carried a pine odor. From his office alone you could assume Pal, was a man of codes, a man of words. Books resided everywhere; his office was like an ancient search engine—a library. I never needed to infer about his ideologies; he would remind us religiously; he quoted many deceased men in his lectures. From my reactions, Pal was not one to infer about my ideals on codes, and the men of the past; he knew I was an antagonist. While I stewed in his office after my altercation, he began to imitate his previous lectures; he began to quote religion and I cut him off.

“Pal! Why should I believe in those codes when the countries don’t abide by them. What’s the purpose? You sound just like my mother,” I said.

“Lilo, pardon me, I don’t mean to force any ideals on you, but what I am saying is you must study those who came before you if you want to change the world. That includes religion,”

I pulled out my phone like I always did and began to ignore him. For the first time ever he didn’t stop talking, he snatched the phone away from me.

“Listen, Lilo, there is nothing wrong with your Life Thesis, I also believe the world needs innovation. But it rises from a place of understanding, if you want them to understand you, study the GoC, study the past you’ll relate—”

“That’s the thing Pal! Everyone is so traumatized by what happened back then its stopping our progression. Yes, the books say the world is better and more stable than pre GoC but how will we prevent it from happening again? How will we expand our science? How will we purify the Gulf of Creation? Worst we haven’t reached perfection yet and everyone is acting like we have,”

“That’s something we’ll never reach, it’s a myth Lilo, nothing is perfect,”

“Science, Math and Computers are,”

“Lilo don’t be prude,”

“I just don’t see how you Pal the Wise can be so oblivious to what the Board and Organizers do, we’re single handedly stopping the advancement of the human race,”

“Lilo, speak on Alexandria with respect, the citizens of this land are the brightest, creative, most brilliant people on the planet, the Librarians who founded the country single handedly kept the tech of the past alive, there is no current world without Alexandira,”

“How can I respect a country filled with the most brilliant people, that decides to play ignorant. Think about it, our curriculum is considered elite, but it is forbidden from leaving Alexandria, what about the rest of the world? There is so much we could learn from the other countries and leaders, but we never will with this current system,”

“It might be flawed, but it’s a protective measure. Lilo you weren’t born during the GoC, so to put it frankly your input is benighted. The tech that destroyed the contemporary world is still unknown, so the idea of Alexandria was to create a central hub—”

“A central hub of science and technology, that could benefit the world through the most brilliant minds being in one place. I know this already, and I think it’d be humanities downfall once again,”

“Prove it,”

“Huh?”

“Prove it then Lilo! You can’t keep spewing these words without evidence. The world is much better than it was before. To wrongfully call us cowards and doubt your country is almost unforgivable, just be thankful you’re young. Though the disrespect you have for your elder’s resilience can no longer be tolerated. I won’t tolerate it; you have a lot more to learn and it won’t come from a book,” Pal told me while I furiously sat in his office.

The conversation didn’t last much longer. I ended up storming out unable to heed his words. I guess my ego was hurt, I thought if someone would understand my logic it would be my mentor, but once again I was wrong. Though the phrase that stuck with me was “Prove it!” and that is what I sought out to do. I planned to show the world that the way we were living was trivial and that perfection could be executed, I just needed a place to start.

Perfection to me was science, computers, and math. Those were perfect systems, what is right is right and what is wrong is wrong.

Understanding the history of cultures and people was a way that would lead to perfection; only if we comprehend the coeval culture; culture post GoC.

My viewpoints on culture and history would change once I became a Librarian, at the Tertiary Library. I was eighteen years old at the time and transitioned from the institution and became an Intellect in Alexandria; I worked in the Scholar District which seemed enlightened. The area procured a subtle aura. The architecture in the district followed that of antiquity, compared to the modern architecture of Alexandria which was made with a new synthetic glass fiber. The buildings in the Scholar District were made of bricks and metals, artwork resonated throughout the Walls and it was the only area in Alexandria that allowed for private corporations to strive; the area felt like it's own city inside the country.

The area was dedicated to research and development and many of the residents were not much older than I am right now. I moved away from my parents' home and decided to go all in on proving my life thesis and it started at the library. Though this time I did heed the words of my mentor and I decided to be more decisive about who I shared my opinions with. I also never forgot what he said about me needing to learn more, but that what I would learn would not come from books. I still didn't quite understand but it ruminated within me.

It had been six months since I left Institution, and parted ways with Pal the Wise. He never truly lost faith in me, but never really forgave me either; he eventually recommended me to Rosa, the head Librarian at the Tertiary Library, though not before telling my mother about our final debate.

I wasn't just combative with Pal, but also my parents, especially with my mother. She and Pal were very similar they believed in these human codes, codes I still stray from. I was more like my father and believed in science. My mother never liked when I would speak on the past the way I did and neither did my beloved father, so for punishment she would make me garden, one of the few things in this world that I hated; and when Pal alerted her to my still defiant ways it did nothing but make matters between us worse.

My mother was irate. She forced me to start my own garden from scratch. She didn't allow me to use any technology: I couldn't use germophobic seeds, automated tools, self sufficient fertilizer, or even climate imitation devices. I was forced to garden like it was the year two thousand, and when I moved to the Scholar District, she made sure Rosa knew about my ordeal.

Rosa was a well oriented woman; she followed her schedule

stringently and was a stickler for ethics. She was in her late twenties and honored the Librarians lineage, memorizing it. The Librarians were honored throughout the world and the true founders of Alexandria, although many people adorned them not everyone believed they existed. Rosa did. To some to be a Librarian was like serving for your country's military. While the three Libraries were considered historical monuments.

I felt that her behavior was a charade; it was something she had to do to keep her job. To gain the title of official Librarian the person had to study the history of the founding Librarians and write a dissertation on their strengths and resilience and the tech of the past. A person had to understand how valuable tech was to our society and appreciate it as well. The official test consisted of a dissertation on their library's subject; the Tertiary Library for example researched Philosophy, and formulating a potential theory based off a theory from the past. To put it sweetly, it was a stringent program.

I was just a Page at the time, but I also had to research the Librarians and a historical topic; the topic I chose was Computers. I wasn't the only newcomer either, there was a class of us; all together we totaled seventy five individuals of young men and women, but the Computer research only held fifteen members. Two of those students, Jack and Esta became my friends.

We lived in the Library, worked there, and studied there. The library was enormous. It stretched nearly fifty meters in the sky. It possessed twenty floors, every floor either had a lecturer, projection of history, study area, research lab, computer lab, exhibit, or cafe. The extravagantly detailed physical archive even had a greenhouse on its top floor, which is where I spent most of my time.

The greenhouse was massive. The flowers seemed majestic, maybe because that was the place closest to the sun. The outside world was all around, but it was my escape. Trees grew along with roses, it even possessed gardens and ponds. The horticulture was ornamental and astounding. The garden was tended to by the librarians, and it soon became my favorite place to be.

My peers probably thought Rosa forced me to because of her and my mom's arrangements, but gardening had truly become therapeutic. I was studying so hard, looking for a conclusion on how to fix Alexandria's' elitest, and spread Alexandria's influence, I turned it into my vacation. I had ruined the relationship with my mentor. Unfortunately, I no longer had anyone to speak to, or debate with, no one to polarize the antagonist. I needed peace and that was on the top floor.

My studies at the Library, Philosophy and Computers, were

fundamental to the creation of HRAD. The philosophy of the modern-day humanitarians who resolved the chaotic twenty-year transition provided great intel on how to reach people. I understood the ideals of the countries in The World Union. I was searching for a way of inclusion and the answer lays in the history of our world. My philosophical studies helped better flush out my thesis as well, I was able to challenge myself and be more comfortable questioning society because that is what made a society better in my opinion.

The history of computers showed me that technology and science are the strengths of humanity. The chaos from the GoC never would have ceased if The Librarians didn't bring forward the new servers to rebuild the world.

The first half of the transition, after the formation of the Gulf of Creation was a blackout, every man for themselves. The world lost power, scientist did what they could with what they had but there wasn't enough tech or man to create anything to power a city. The electromagnetic forces from the oceans disrupted life. Electromagnetic rays—Light Leaks—were common as well as radiated clouds. The events were hazardous, but predictable and containable, with black aluminum blankets.

It wasn't for another ten years that villages formed and coal became used again, though natural disasters and radiation phenomena still reigned all terrain. I was certain humans couldn't continue to evolve without computers. The whole world just needed to understand them and trust them.

Then three weeks into the start of my Page program when the world introduced IcylicM—the transformative mineral from comet ice. It was founded by the Sinai Group from the country Siblar. The lead scientist behind the evolutionary mineral was no other than Ronda Dorwin, a brilliant young woman. She was only twenty-four and had managed to place her name in history books and start humanity's venture into space. Alexandria had recently invited her to the country after her impressive work and one day she randomly stumbled into the greenhouse while I was gardening.

I remember the day like it was today. The first thing I noticed was her height; she was taller than most females and stood about six feet. Her hair was brunette, and she still wore her lab coat. She wore glasses, their frames were black and thick, and from her bifocal lenses I could infer she wouldn't be able to see anything without them.

I was in the middle of attending to a row of lilies, when she spoke to me. "Can you point me to the Blue Lotus?" she asked. I directed her to their section, but not before realizing who she was. I couldn't help but lose

my composure, she was like a hero to me.

Before I knew it, I was asking her question after question. “Are you the Ronda Dorwin?” “How did you develop IcylicM? It’s genius,” “Are you moving to Alexandria? “This place really needs a progressive mind,” I asked her as much as I could, because I didn’t know if I’d ever see her again. I was overrun with excitement but before she could answer any of my questions Rosa interrupted us and dragged her away to a meeting.

With me being the optimistic young woman I was, I truly believed their meeting had the answer to all my problems. I thought Ronda could be the exact person I needed to perfect the world. After all, she was the reason the world began to travel to the moons of the other planets within our solar system. She was like a walking miracle, with her mind, it seemed like anything was possible; so, I had to find a way to get close to her.

I tried to listen in on the meeting, but they went into a secure area. I waited around, studying exhibits about the philosophers from the GoC. I waited, and waited, and waited, hoping for her to appear again, but she didn’t. The only thing I had gained that night was our introduction and a newfound enlightenment on Ty Trojan, and The Trojan Mindset, Qi Pon and the Survival Philosophy, and Mister Mina’s Compassion Psychology.

I wouldn’t see Ronda again until The Organizers Consultation.



To be continued...

Next Chapter available on [cb4yw.com](http://cb4yw.com) on August 13th,  
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Thanks for reading!