Robert “Bob” Gardener was a happy, if strained man. More than decade ago, he had lost his father during the Tower Terror Attack. The loss pushed him down a career path in security. Somewhere during those dark, brooding years he met Rose, a woman who would become his wife. Together, they had a beautiful daughter named Poppy. Determined to keep his new family safe, he took his job at the Bureau of Federal Security very seriously. His zeal made him a rising star in the BFS. However, things turned for the worse when his wife was killed yet another terror attack. This attack could have been prevented had it not been for privacy advocates and an uncooperative cellular company. With cold fury in his heart, Gardner set out to not only rip apart this opposition, but also society’s belief in the cost of safety.

Poppy Gardner loved technology. Ever since her first myPad, the power of computing and robotics had held her captive. She also loved her dad, the man who was considered to be the herald of the “Security Age”. Anywhere and everywhere, technology was in play to ensure that everyone was safe. Though he had been a little distant since her mother had passed, she was never bothered by it. How could she? The man had such a big heart to love not only her but all of society and make sure it would never suffer what she or he had.

One day while walking Poppy was walking to her workplace, a robotics contractor for the BFS, she spotted something unusual: a masked person leaping over a fence. That in itself was very suspicious, but what got Poppy was that he, or she, was going into part of a dark zone. There, there was no camera, no watchful eye or vigilant ear. Being the upstanding citizen she was, Poppy immediately reported this behavior to the nearest Terminal Secruophone. Yet, to her chagrin, no one took her report seriously. After all, “no one” had been seen there.

The next day, Poppy briskly returned to work, feeling a mixture of irritation and doubt. Did she actually see someone there? Of course, why else would she have called? But, the responder clearly stated otherwise. Poppy’s thoughts continued back and forth. It wasn’t until she found herself back at the place of incident that reality called. There, at the fence, was the masked individual. Without hesitation, Poppy called out demanding they cease their behavior. The individual, jumped at the call out, but quickly came to their senses and continued on their way. After a few steps, Poppy quickly remembered that there was no way to follow. No devices meant no safety. With a frustrated stomp, Poppy finished her trek to work.

It had been a week since Poppy had seen “No One”. “No One” of course being the mysterious being travelling freely through a dark zone. For the record, the nickname’s irony was, not at all, Poppy’s bitterness at the situation coming through. Regardless, Poppy was not the person to