



# Vision of a New Reality

By 4NTS

*The Following Excerpt Takes Place In the City of New Cheyanne in the Year 2080. The world has changed dramatically. As seen through the eyes of Br3n La'mo7 (Bren La-Mot), the United States has been fractured in a multipolar world of rapid digitization, automation, climate change, runaway technology, and neoliberal economics. Barely recognizable to past generations, the story is told through the perspective of Br3N as he walks to the annual celebration of the end of the dust season.*

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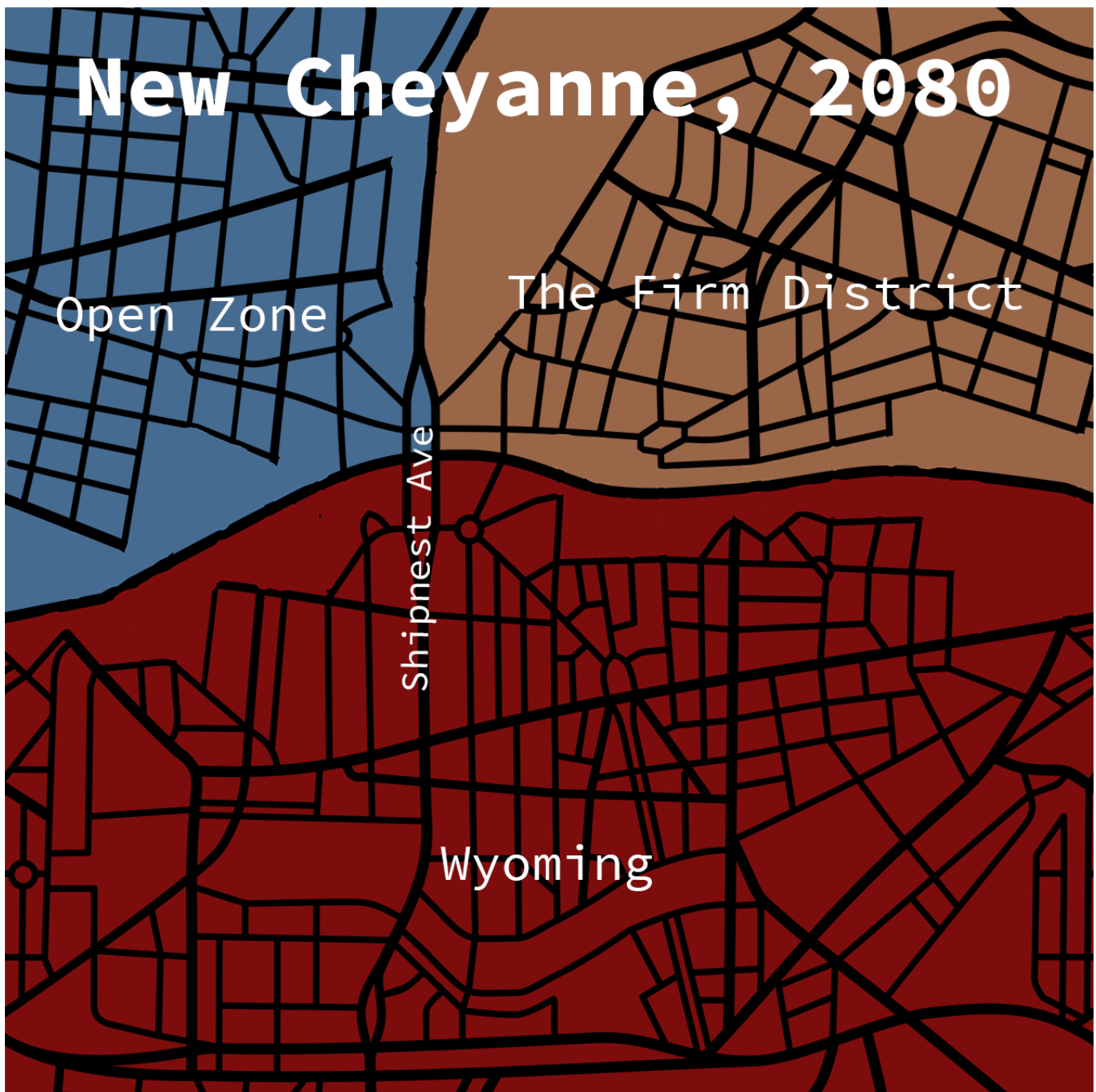
Br3n did not originally know if he would like New Cheyanne. Originally from the coast of Arkansas, he had made the decision to move out after the flooding resulted in the purchase of the entire state by Calico Inc. With no Calicoins, and a waning amount of USDT, the only logical choice was to migrate to one of the few remaining partitioned cities where open-cryptocurrencies were still accepted.

New Cheyanne was a city in transition: What was once a haven for entrepreneurs, cosmopolitans, and the privileged wealthy able to escape the encroaching state and its corporate counterparties, was slowly giving away to the development goals of well-established firms, their own corporate coins, and of course - lobbying from the US Government. As a result, the city was split into three zones:

(1) The Open Zone, where the systems were autonomous and distributed, privacy respected, and freedom left to the individual and their own DNA wallet.

(2) The Firm District, where corporate supported employees and their families lived with the benefits provided to them based upon their position and performance. Here, underlying management ledgers were private, controlled by the upper echelons of the firm and established with strict distribution rights to corporate coins and firm-denominated mandates (what used to be called NFT's). Employees and their families did not have privacy, nor ownership of their own DNA. Upon starting at the firm a tokenized futures market was created for your career - and bet upon by the firm itself.

(3) The third and final zone was simply known as 'Wyoming' and was controlled by the United States Government. This zone was closely monitored by the New Age Commission for American Security (NACAS) - what was once understood as the NSA, FBI, and CIA - and used as a buffer for civil servants, government contracting firms, and indentured servants tied to USDT.



Br3n was a fortunate man in an unfortunate time. His family had invested in archaic protocols of the fourth industrial revolution, and was forward looking enough to have obtained yield rights to a small pool of 10,000 tokens on NEAR - one of the few remaining open-internet ecosystems. With this monthly support, Br3n was able to comfortably keep his freedom: Unlike the majority of citizens of earth, he owned his DNA and his Data. He controlled his monthly reporting, and there was no futures market on his day-to-day performance.

Nevertheless it was a dangerous business being a 'Freestander'. Recruiters from firms and NACAS seemed to be everywhere - foreign entities constantly asked to use his network and DNA for discrete transfers and data downloads, or as a liaison to other companies and diplomats. Even B-Bots (originally created by Boston Dynamics) could be programmed to track his transactions and movements if he wasn't careful.

Today, however, on the 15th of September, Br3n was feeling more positive than usual: In a couple of hours the first day of the annual dust festival celebration would kick off, signifying the end of the dust season. The city would celebrate by hosting watch parties of the Robex Fights<sup>1</sup> and the Stirrup<sup>2</sup>. There would be a delay in security alerts between zones, while futures markets on Firm employees would be temporarily paused at midnight for all activities beneath threshold 12. It would be lively and fun.

## ROBEX



Br3n looked at the atmospheric clock on the wall, and realized that if he wanted to arrive on time and get a seat for himself and some of his fellow Guild members, he would have to leave soon. He could also stop on the way and pick up some special

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<sup>1</sup>Massive Robot Battles originally pioneered in Shenzhen decades ago, and now fully developed with autonomous networked and intelligent robots created by competing War Clans.

<sup>2</sup>The largest online horse racing event of the year, with millions of viewers and trillions of Satoshi's on the line.

items for the evening. Without further ado, he dressed quickly in the fashionable one piece all-white garments signifying 'Open-Zone' status and walked out onto Shipnest Avenue.

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In New Cheyanne, there was one main street running through the entire city. Shipnest Avenue was the single pathway across zone lines and as a result it attracted every type of person living in the city. It was always congested, but tonight even more so than usual.

As Br3n walked to his favorite ink-jet shop to program his bio-tonics for the night, he thought about how much had changed in only the last five years. For one thing, the storms were worse everywhere - half the population of some states lived underground. And even in New Cheyanne, the dust season had been particularly bad. At the same time, ongoing cyber-attacks and covert gene drives had led to massive backlogs in product delivery from overseas, and shortages of crop yields and basic goods. Of course, if you had your own Biolab you could make or print most things yourself, but for most people, the attacks had been felt.

He remembered how originally his parents had told him they would all run out of food soon enough, but that had never happened: Food simply became more expensive and more artificial. Anthropomorphized and artificial environments guaranteed that just about any core commodity could be created in any environment for a relatively low cost. With better precision biome sensors, it was common to only create the minimum nutrient load of what your body required based upon your blood type, microbiome, and DNA.

Br3n kept thinking: It really did seem like the number of *freestanders* had dwindled in the last couple of years, as more and more of them took high level offers from

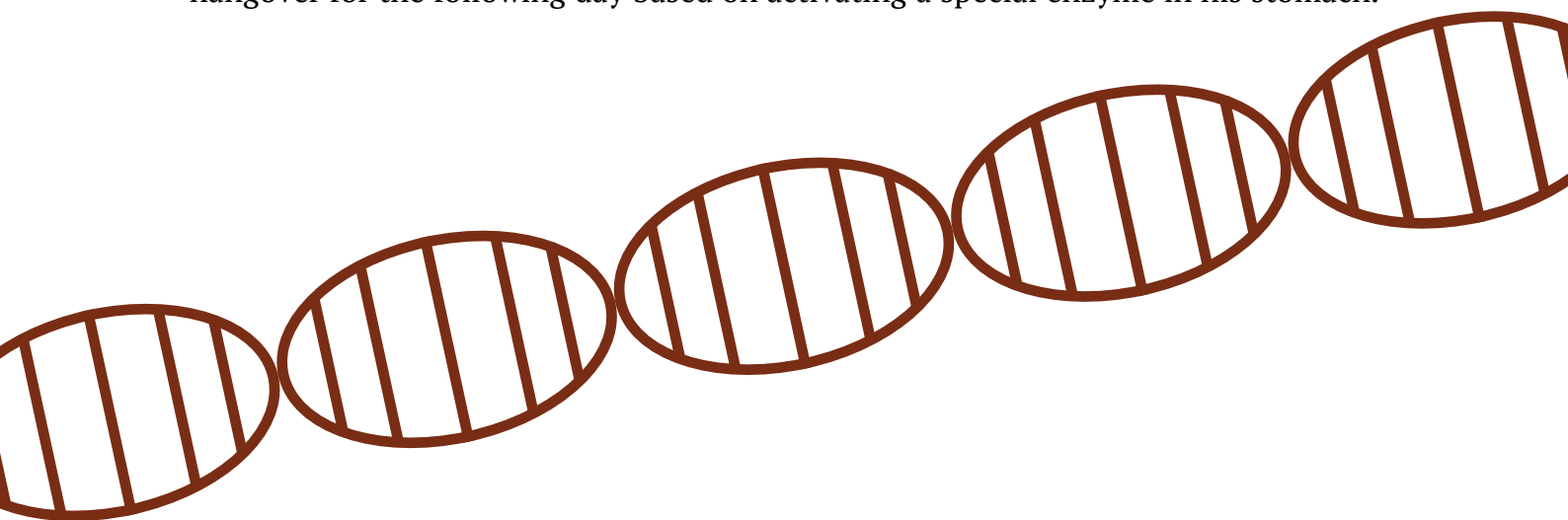
corporates or were poached into foreign services. It wasn't a bad life, just less free and more vulnerable to shocks and change.

Someone stepped in front of him. At first he thought it was another person, but when he looked into the eyes of the lady standing before him he knew she was an automata. He had been with many before. Programmable for the neurological and biological chemicals that create attractions and unlock passion, the new creatures surfaced just less than twenty years ago when Br3n was only growing up. She read his dismissing hand motion, and without saying a word, continued across the street.

He kept walking.

Above him drones zoomed silently overhead carrying parcels, messages, and cargo. On either side of the street, stores and apartments lined the doorways, most of which led down into a deep underground maze of commerce, entertainment, and private housing.

To his left, he came upon the ink-jet shop he intended to use. Ink-jets were an easy way to obtain custom liquids for medical, performance, or entertainment purposes. He stepped up to an empty machine and scanned his finger on the DNA reader. He selected two solutions for the evening: The first, a probiotic that would ease any hangover for the following day based on activating a special enzyme in his stomach.



The second, a cleansing tonic that allows one to go to the restroom and empty their stomach and intestines quickly and painlessly, so as to make more room for food or drink.

After selecting his choices, the machine hummed to life, with an autonomous bot mixing the different components together, and sealing the lid on each solution. Upon taking both solutions from the dispenser, 0.2 Satoshi's were transferred automatically from Br3t to the ink-jet. He was one of the few who set up a custom transfer contract in Satoshi's as most people were forced to use corporate or state backed digitals.

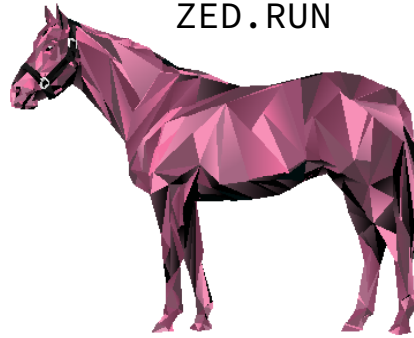
He stepped back onto the street, and approached the dividing gate between Zone 1 and Zone 2.

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The contrast between Zone 1 and Zone 2 becomes evident from the moment the quantum-electric fence straddling it's border comes into sight. On the side of Zone 1, there are rows of self-rejuvenating flowers (designed by the DIY Biolab in the zone). Grass that only grows to 1 inch surrounds the flowers, and instant electricity stations and other services are scattered in-between the shrubbery. On the side of zone two, different corporate representatives line the gate. Only concrete lines the ground. Upon entering Zone Two, the ground immediately drops down into a declining stairway. Down a long hallway of dark obsidian - with water flowing down the sides of the walls - is where one enters perhaps the only beautiful part of the entire zone: The Economic District.

Br3n knew the economic district well. For one, many of his friends worked as high level managers with special privileges at a number of Firms. At the same time, it was common for Freestandars to socialize and negotiate in the Economic District: It was the corporate way of luring in Free Talent and untainted DNA.

## ZED . RUN



For tonight however, Br3n would be going to Goldman's - the most popular bar and lounge in the entire city - named after the archaic remnant of the 20th Century's last bank. There the evening would take on a life of its own: At 21:00 the Stirrup would start on Zed.run followed by the Robex Fights. Br3n was on Team Bruiser - and had a number of horses racing in the prelims of the final Stirrup event, that he had been digitally breeding for years. He would bet big.

By 23:00, he would move upstairs to discuss the current state of geopolitics and innovation with a number of high level officials and corporate executives. The topic-range normally spanned across the the new space frontier after Mars, to the highest market prospects on Flux, to where the next major cyberattack would hit and why. In a world where control was managed through the contracts imbued into your DNA at birth, there was little need for discussing social topics: Things were set, and every person had a place.

These discussions would last maybe an hour and a half. He would go through many Port and Tonics, and casually entertain those he engaged with. He was never terribly interested in these kind of 'social' events, but he knew that there was always the rare opportunity of meeting another 'freestander' or 'founder<sup>3</sup>' that might have a project or future's market he was interested in.

At around 1:00 he would rejoin his friends downstairs along with any new people they may have met while socializing. The rest of the night would be spent feasting at a side Coffee House known as *The Lab*. It was the group's favorite place to spend

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<sup>3</sup>Founders, in contrast to Freestandards, were corporate employees who worked their way up high enough to have the privilege of launching their own projects. 60% of all value still was transferred to the corporate however.



## MARKETS ON PEOPLE



the Dust Celebration. Not only did the Coffee House offer real butter, but the menu even featured food from across the Ocean - something few people could afford nowadays. Music would be played by the AIM (Artificially Intelligent Musician) on hire for the night. Long tables would be set up and crowds of people would fill the hallways drinking, eating, and laughing. The best part about The Lab was that it was a deadzone: No contracts connected and no alerts would reach you. Everything had to be paid for upfront before entering. It was a place for the luxurious few.

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Br3n finally approached the Gate from Zone 1 into Zone 2. He was immediately recognized by the facial recognition monitor and a green light flashed at him. Access for 'Freestanders' was easy. As he passed through the gate he noticed from the corner of his eye the light flashing green and then orange as a young woman wearing Orange - the color of Calico - tried to pass back into Zone 2 as well. A short buzzing sound followed. The Corporate Gatekeeper of Calico strolled over and examined her contract on her wrist. Br3n turned and saw him lead her to the kiosk on the side of the gate.

He held her wrist to the floating screen and let its light pass over it. Almost seconds later, Br3n's own wrist tingled with a new notifier: A high value future's contract had just expired prematurely! Team Bruiser had shorted this contract early on based on an insider at Calisco itself - the Satoshi's would rain down even more than planned.

Br3n looked again at the young woman who had started to weep next to the kiosk as her assets were liquidated and she was put back onto the open-market for contracting. Her time at Calico would probably be over. Who even knew what she did to flash orange? And right before the midnight contract freeze at that! Br3n almost felt bad for her. Almost. But then again, these things happened every day - and as long as it was not *your life* there was no need to care.

He turned and descended down the declining staircase to the obsidian hallway leading him to Goldman's. As he reached the bottom he looked back up at the dark sky. It was a wonderful time to be alive wearing the untouchable white of a *freestander*.