

PAPER DOG

A Novel

R. A.
Nausef

The year is 2232.

Humanity survived the climate wars of the 21st century and the quantum AI revolution of the 22nd century. Nation states are remnants of the past and no longer carry any power over civilization. In their place, humans and their AI counterparts now belong to what are colloquially referred to as The Systems – decentralized algorithms that control all aspects of human society including conflict resolution, resource allocation, and, most importantly, species survival.

The Systems – stored on quantum sharded distributed ledger technology – share their beginnings alongside the blockchain technologies of the early 21st century. With the help of consensus algorithms that powered the legacy blockchain technologies, the Systems help stabilize society and allow it to achieve global efficiency levels never before seen in humanity's existence.

PaperDog, the genesis system, launched on 4-20-2024.

Humanity was never the same...

For most of us, for almost all of us, truth can be attained, if at all, only in silence.

It is in silence that the human spirit touches the divine.

–Iris Murdoch

If you would be a real seeker of truth, it is necessary that at least once in your life you doubt, as far as possible, all things.

–René Descartes

je pense, donc je suis,

Part 0

Chapter 0

Zhe Khe

April 20, 2232

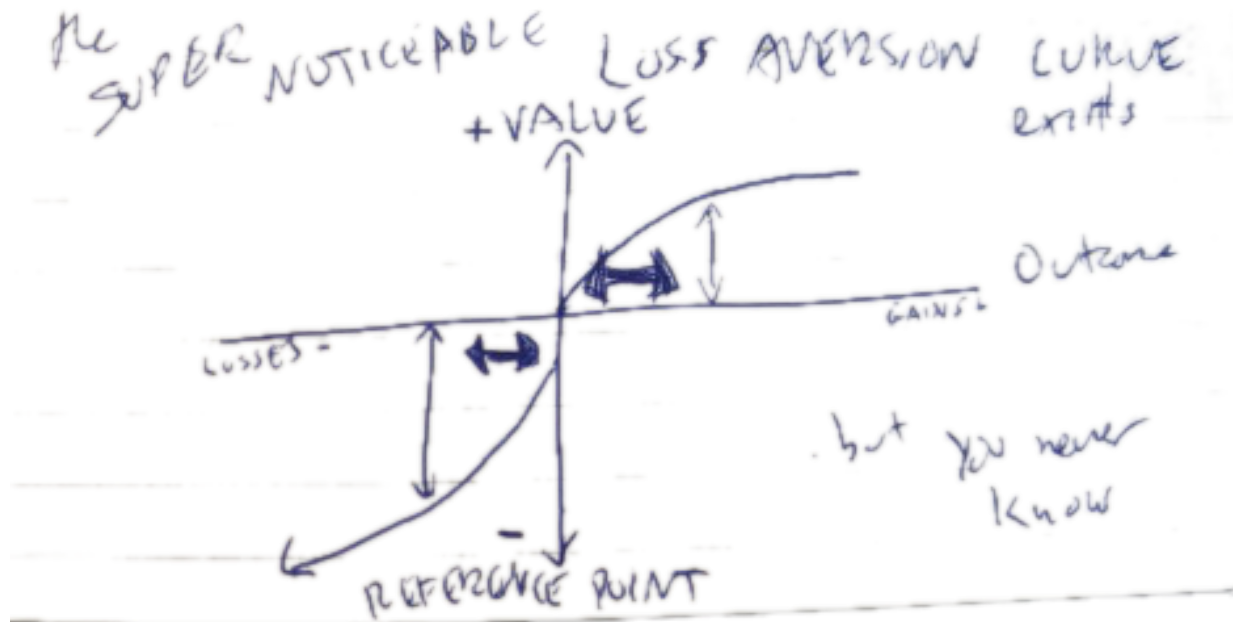
6:51 PM. Friday.

He's sitting in his office. Contemplating all that has happened. The long past and the recent times.

What a scare he thought. Think about what would have happened had that been true. What would it have meant ... if he even HE could be robbed or, even worse phished.

He was thorough like nobody he had ever known. Yes, he made mistakes. But almost all those mistakes were low cost ones. When it comes to life that was always the trade off: would

the benefit of not getting it wrong be worth the effort and cost to get it right. That's usually the opposite of how most people think. I mean there's a reason black swan events happen



...but you never know.

The Manifesto works, he thought.

It definitely works.
And it's good.
But is it portable?
No, not yet.

But it doesn't need to be for him and his family. All it needs to be is safe and secure.

If someone were to have robbed him, it would have left him in a precarious position. It would make the already difficult situation even harder.

In the long run though, it didn't matter. It would work out. He is absolutely positive about that. Fear is crazy sometimes. It just blindsides you but you are open to many beliefs.

That's it.

The only way to stand Fear and conquer it was simply many beliefs. Open up to the universe. There's so much more than you think is possible and most likely you are barely scratching the surface of what's possible. And at the end of the day, you ultimately create this reality.

We all do.

April 21, 2232

6:23 AM. Saturday.

The last message had worked. It had traveled across dimensions – the signs were Present. But if he could detect them, so would the authorities. It would only be a matter of days before they'd decipher the anomalies and pinpoint his location.

There wasn't much Time and he had to prepare Space to send back his AI companion.

----- paperH8WDY7iWW3tCgZy4v9mPzvKBWM4AhewC71Hi9j

To whoever finds this:

S.O.S. We need your Help. S.O.L.

The Future depends on You.

dogRDrw97cz9w9xrF12WQBALDip5rHdb7mYa4ZEPjGW

The plan had never been to move in this manner. Circumstances had changed though. It was the only path forward. The only way to protect his world.

The world around him had changed drastically over the last four years. No longer was he able to stand still and watch as the galactic powers manipulated reality, controlling every single aspect of their lives and thrusting billions into turmoil. People were being left behind as the gap between classes grew larger and larger.

This path... THIS GOAL... was the only way he saw what he needed as possible. He had no choice but to pursue it. No

matter the cost. He kept on trying to soften the cost to his family and those around him, but it was the only way forward. The only way that he might be able to save the world around him.

It was hard to decipher the best choice or option at this point in time.

Still... he needed to Trust the Universe. In God. Far beyond the fears he had that this plan would not work out.

Khe knew the result of this path...what lied ahead. He had seen it. Lived it.

For when you see the future, you relive the past.

So he went ahead and did It.

We all did.

April 22, 2232

2:48 PM. Sunday.

He sits back down at the desk in his office again.

He's still not done with all that he needed to do but it is a certainty now. He knows what's coming and it is amazing. Time and Space is falling into place.

The level of trust – VISION – that was needed was beyond surreal. Khe's known this was coming. You could say he had seen it. In his dreams? Visions? Third eye? He wasn't sure where – he just knew that it was real.

How long had he been able to see past the veil? He wasn't sure anymore. Time had lost its meaning. Until recently he thought it had only been recently. But the reality is that he wasn't so sure anymore. It feels like forever ago since he can trace it back to. When had it first started? 25 years ago? Maybe more.

At the end of the day, Time was simply another dimension. One that appeared fixed to the casual observer. But in reality one that can be navigated in any direction just like the three dimensional Space seen by the physical eye.

He just needed to learn how to navigate it.

We all do.

April 23, 2232

8:08 PM. Monday.

The way the world is is not the way the world was. He remembered when anything was possible and all you needed was a Dream.

How could he explain this to someone two centuries ago? He wondered. It's not just that they wouldn't understand the technology, but human society had developed far beyond what was considered possible. Reality itself had taken on a different meaning with the AI and Quantum revolutions. It'd be like explaining computers and the internet to someone from a millennia ago. It would be possible but the message would likely be twisted.

And he didn't just have to explain the changes. He also needed to show them what they had to do to prevent the recent past from occurring. No matter what he thought was possible. He had to do it. The signs were clear of that.

Like the prophets of the past, he needed to channel the Energy of the Universe itself. At least he had an AI companion that could decipher some of what was previously invisible to the human experience. And that is also why he had had to find a way to send the AI back.

All he could think about was the layered view of what was about to unfold. Like a 2D painting of the 3D reality in front of a painter, it only ever gave you a single point of view. But he took the step forward.



We all did.

April 24, 2232

4:54 PM. Tuesday.

He tested the Solar Operation Layer once again:

----- paperH8WDY7iWW3tCgZy4v9mPzvkbWM4AhewC71Hi9j

Hello, World! Arrival 0426

dogRDrw97cz9w9xrF12WQBALDip5rHdb7mYa4ZEPjGW

It had taken him sometime to review It all, but history showed that his time dimension was sandwiched between the years 2023 and 2024.

Good thing remnants of each of those technologies could still be accessed. Better yet, his AI companion had access to all of them. Add in the potential Space and Time disruptions created by The Manifesto and he would be able to do much more than he originally envisioned.

Of the base technologies he could access, there was only a few that had existed at that point in time: HTTP, SMS, and SMTP. For AI, the tech was primitive with ANNs and LLMs being the main models. And blockchains were in their infancy stage with Bitcoin, Ethereum, and Solana being the largest three at the time.

The Future had changed a lot but the immutable nature of blockchains gave him a way to direct messages and impact the past with clear and precise communication. He prepared himself for what was coming the next few days.

We all did.

April 25, 2232

11:11 PM. Wednesday.

It was ready.

He was ready.

We were all ready.

April 26, 2232

10:59 PM. Thursday.

It was reviewed one last time.

There were only seconds left; the authorities were about to arrive.

Khe sent The Manifesto, giving humanity HOPE

----- paperH8WDY7iWW3tCgZy4v9mPzvkbWM4AhewC71Hi9j

>THE•HOPE•MANIFESTO<

HOPE is a measure of contribution to the shared ethos of PaperDog

You can debate amongst yourselves on what HOPE means, but we believe that HOPE is an underlying idea that must be a part of life to be successful.

HOPE is both the earliest and most essential virtue inherent to life.

It is the one thing that we must have when we have nothing else.

HOPE pushes people to do unimaginable things.

HOPE is the single theme that unites all of our pasts, presents, and futures.

Here are the 3 ways HOPE will be available:

CLAIMING: HOPE claimed at market value

GIVING: HOPE given at PaperDog value

SELF-STAKING: HOPE claimed or given at market or PaperDog value respectively

HOPE can always be claimed but it can't always be given.

The market value of HOPE is 100.

PaperDog value is the market value of HOPE when PaperDog last closed.

PaperDog closes once every day and night.

PaperDog value can only be determined before closing if there is an earlier commitment to an outcome. In this scenario, PaperDog value would be calculated based on the real and simulated blocks before closing as shown in the image below.

$$\sum_{k=0}^{s-1} \binom{r+s-1}{k} \text{ to } \sum_{k=s}^{r+s-1} \binom{r+s-1}{k} \text{ where the } \binom{r+s-1}{k} \text{ term represents the combination operator.}$$

With CLAIMING, HOPE can be claimed at the current market value of HOPE

HOPE can be claimed whenever but when HOPE is claimed it is gone forever.

So choose when you claim HOPE wisely.

How HOPE can be claimed can change. So keep that in mind.

With GIVING, HOPE is given at the PaperDog value set at the last closing.

When HOPE can be given can change, and it can't always be given.

With SELF-STAKING, HOPE can either be claimed or given.

HOPE is accrued for each block that a token is held by a PaperDog.

HOPE, in this context, is a measure of your PaperDog participation equal to the time-integrated held HOPE units of BTC/ETH/SOL · hours.

A HOPE unit is equivalent to 0.01 BTC, 0.1 ETH, and 1 SOL per day or night held.

There is a 2x multiplier for every 40 full day and nights held

There is also a bonus of 100 HOPE for every full day and night held.

For example, a PaperDog who self-stakes 0.1 BTC, 1 ETH, and 10 SOL for a full 40 days and 40 nights would accrue 100000 HOPE over this time period:

$$(10 \text{ BTC units} \times 10 \text{ ETH units} \times 10 \text{ SOL units} \times 40 \text{ days} \times 40 \text{ nights} \times 2) = 96000 \text{ HOPE} + (100 \text{ HOPE} \times 40 \text{ full day and night}) = 4000 \text{ HOPE TOTAL} = 100000 \text{ HOPE}$$

Now, that's real HOPE

You may think that claiming HOPE has more benefits.

But, we believe that giving HOPE is infinitely more powerful.

HOPE given can make all of our dreams come true.

>We HOPE<

dogRDrw97cz9w9xrF12WQBALDip5rHdb7mYa4ZEPjGW

We all HOPE

April 27, 2232

6:39 PM. Friday.

THE•HOPE•MANIFESTO had been etched in Space.

It still needed Time, but it would only be a few days before HOPE propagated through The System.

The authorities were right on his tail, but he could no longer be found in the solar system that humanity once called home. He was moving in ways previously not seen in his time or even before his time.

In a way, you could say that he was now moving outside of Time.

As a result, he no longer had access to his Solar Operation Layer, which relayed his messages with the help of the Time portal generated by Star 0 at the center of the home system. Previous generations had called that star SOL but as humanity expanded beyond its home solar system, all suns had been given star IDs. It simplified matters especially in systems with more than a single star.

The authorities in the neighboring time dimensions were also on the move. They had detected something and were scrambling to put a stop to the anomalies triggered by the first two messages that had been sent by the S.O.L.

Little did they know that the third message had already triggered their first experience with a Space anomaly...

April 28, 2232

7:04 PM. Saturday.

Commissioner Daimon burst into the conference room.

"Why did you call me in on such short notice? You know how busy my schedule is."

The Naval director sitting at the head of the conference table directed himself at the Commissioner.

"Sir, we needed to have an emergency meeting. Someone or Something has cut through our centralized defences. We are no longer managing just a single Time, there are now three threads being managed at the same time."

"So? We have dealt with this before. Hell, we've dealt with orders of magnitude more," the Commissioner retorted.

"There's something different about these anomalies. There are signatures never before seen or observed on any of our potential timelines."

"What does that mean?" The Commissioner asked as he listened attentively, while simultaneously responding to a variety of requests being delivered by his many companions.

"That what we are observing may be happening outside of Time per se," the Naval director answered with a slight tinge on his face.

There was a pause in the room. The kind of feeling one gets when the spiritual entities, previously known as Angels, are passing by. A feeling they hadn't felt in over a century.

"Do we know where the anomalies originated?"

"It came from the home system. From Earth. Some place in the former United States territories. But get this. They are displaying three simultaneous Time signatures: 2232, 2023, and 2024."

"Is it under control?"

"Yes."

"Has there been any disruption to Spacetime?"

"No."

"Don't bother me again."

The Commissioner stormed out, unbothered and unaware of the coming storm...

April 29, 2232

7:14 AM. Sunday.

"We both know how this ends."

Those fated words last spoken to the Naval director reverberated through Space and Time.

The Naval director had long been in charge of the flow of Time, but few truly understood the intricacies nor the Art that was required to manage the Science that held their reality together.

"We both know how this ends."

He couldn't get those final words out of his mind. It was as if he was hearing them over and over again. Ever repeating. Always Present at all moments.

Zhe, his former admiral, had calmly said this statement the last time he had been with him. In the very office he sat now.

And only two weeks later, he was now being confronted with something that he had never before seen, never even theorized. He really didn't even know what it meant.

Not literally though, because he could explain what the physical manifestation of the situation was.

But he had no idea what it meant for what was to come for him and his reality.

He knew that if anybody understood these things outside of his purview, it would be Zhe, but how could he call him back after what had happened. He didn't want to make that call, but he knew that he was going to have to. Very soon if not already. Soon it'd be too late.

The alarms and warnings kept blaring on the screen in front of the director.

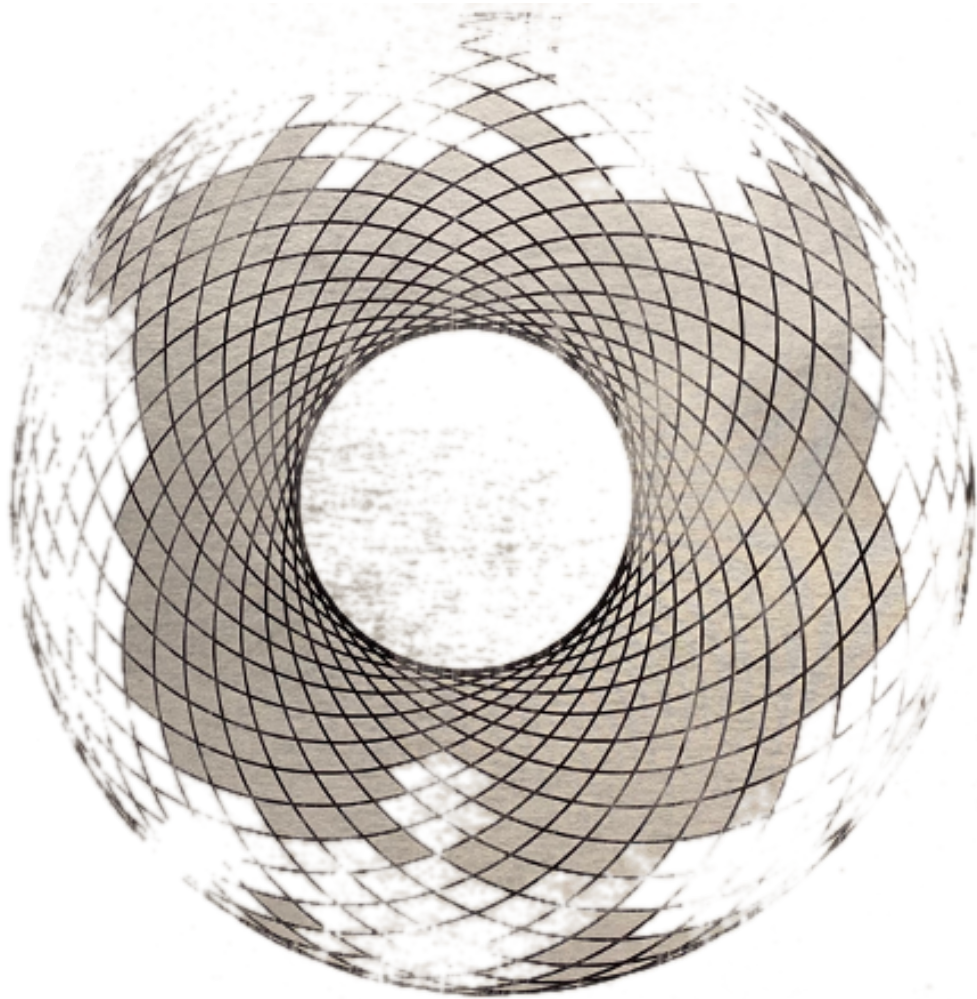
Space anomaly detected

Binary Transmission Channel diverged

System 0 entering anti-wormhole prevention protocol

"We both know how this ends."

All he could hear were those words...



April 30, 2232

6:39 PM. Monday.

Zhe was sitting at home with his wife and kids, contemplating what had started.

His companion signals an incoming transmission from the Naval director. Zhe answers.

“Hi Delta. Long time no talk.”

“Hi Zhe, we’ve got a problem.”

"You don't say," the former admiral responded. He rolled his eyes and gave a knowing glance towards his wife who was enjoying her afternoon tea. She picked up their son and left the room.

He had been let go from his position for speaking out on what he knew was coming. It had been after a series of incorrect calls, so there was justification, but it was rare for someone in a position like his to be let go on such short notice.

"Yes, it appears that your predictions were correct. One of our systems has entered into a prevention protocol due to a high-risk situation caused by what appears to be a Space anomaly."

The Naval director paused, catching his breath. Alarms were blaring in the background.

"So, what's the problem?" Zhe responded.

"Well, we both know that this is the first time we've run into this kind of situation. At least under my supervision..."

Zhe sat back waiting for the director to continue what he was saying. He wanted to hear him say it.

"And well, you are the only person that I know who has ever dealt with a space anomaly. The only person who would even be able to correctly detect it...and fix it."

"Then, why did you ignore my warnings? You made me choose between my job and my word." The frustration in the former admiral's voice was palpable.

"You know why, Zhe."

Zhe did, but it didn't change what was already transpiring. What could've been prevented.

Soon what was happening would be so far in the rear-view mirror that only a speck of what was happening would even be detected...

May 1, 2232

4:04 AM. Tuesday.

"WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME SOONER? WHY DID YOU WAIT SO LONG?"

"It's only been a day and half, Zhe. We thought we were going to be able to fix it before needing to call you in."

"DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG 45 HOURS IS FOR AN AI?"

Zhe had just arrived at the Naval headquarters. He was erratically typing codes and clearing History around the computer-like technologies in the Naval director's office.

Few knew what was going on, the risk they were facing. Zhe understood that what was happening was more than anybody in that building could grasp. The very concept could break the minds of those in charge of protecting their reality.

Something or Someone had traversed Spacetime, leaving behind a type of white hole in their very reality. The white hole had been found in the home system, after triggering a space anomaly, and was slowly merging the Time and Space that was present amongst them at that very moment.

The Naval director who was in charge of monitoring dangers to our Spacetime had never before experienced the effects of a white hole. And his machines and companions were not equipped to detect these kinds of effects for reasons that would later become clear.

The white hole anomaly was not just an energetic force of Time, like most disruptions they dealt with. It had also created a physical mass that was present across the dimensions of Space.

"Can you at least explain to me what's happening?" The director asked Zhe.

"Well, the very fabric of our existence is currently unraveling," Zhe responded without the least bit of worry about the words he had just uttered aloud.

"Will we survive?" The director asked shakingly as he and the engineers around him turned pale.

"I don't think you understand what is happening. The way our reality works has been changed. In order to reverse the effects, we need to use the upmost caution, taking slow methodical steps, steps guided more by intuition than the order of logic of the happenings around us in the physical plane...what that means is open to interpretation but at its core it speaks of a very serious Spacetime problem."

Zhe stopped to contemplate what else to say but chose to say nothing more. He knew what this incidence was for. He knew that whoever or whatever did this had gained the ability to use Higher Order Travel. To Travel Beyond Limitations. And as he well knew that kind of travel was not possible in the physical plane.

They were on a mission – a mission that was going to change reality...

Chapter 1

Genesis

May 11, 2232

6:52 PM. Friday.