

DRIVERS

GENESIS



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DRIVERS – GENESIS

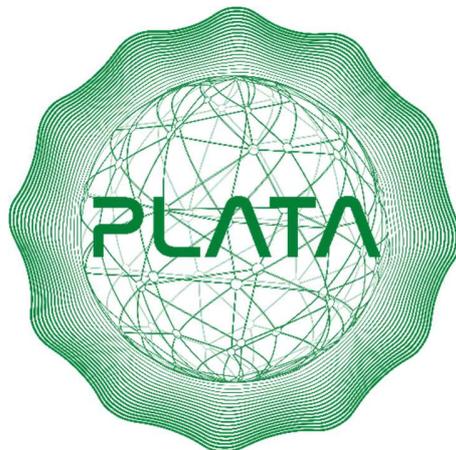




DRIVERS

G E N E S I S

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MMXXI

A Dream that Triggered ^{x x x}_{x x x} Destinies

Hundreds of years ago, in a small town on the outskirts of London, a single guy, with a lot of money, stated the following: "Many people say that technology is bad, but they are wrong. It all depends on how you use it, it can help you. Technology is the future, I am technology, and so will you be..."

This guy was evidently a visionary, treated as a crazy man back then when technology was still in its infancy, when you went to the bank to withdraw your money and they gave it to you in material form, as paper, when there were only roads and highways for civilians, as Systematic Drivers did not yet exist.

As time went by, that ignorant town awoke and evolved until it was baptized as Tech Town, being one of the first societies to embrace technology as a way of life, all thanks to the efforts and good will of that visionary man. The name of that man was Billie Hall, a man who lived only to learn and develop the concept of Systematic Drivers. He embodied his dream in a document that sought to be a project and ended up being a free lifestyle full of harmony, as well as adrenaline and high tensions. Billie was fascinated by the project, as he was a die-hard lover of racing, along with being a prodigious runner, so he decided to finance it. However, a cancer that even with the advanced medicine of the year 3032, could not be cured, prevented him from living to see his creation grow. He died as a financial hero and as a man of great projections. The remaining members of his family agreed to continue financing the project, to honor the love Bill had for the great idea.

A few months went by and the fruits were just beginning to show, the project was starting to grow. It was a change, a big step in the development of large systems. The project's ambition was to generate the most significant technological boom since the complete integration of domestic and battle androids into human daily life. It was this high level of ambition, coupled with perfection at the structural level, that most motivated Billie to financially support this project. "If Billie was still alive, and was here by my side, I'm sure

he would be so happy, he'd be jumping for joy", said Hall's widow, as she looked at the first systematic race track created in Tech Town. It turns out that the main objective of the project was to form a huge group of skilled drivers, riders, and to go forward with the project called the T-Displace.

The goal of these drivers would be to bolster the town's economy, through lawful and fully consensual racing, with the aim of entertaining and encouraging healthy competition among the town's inhabitants. Systematic Drivers would also be available to hire for various types of important tasks, such as large commutes from one city to another in a short time limit or assisting normal drivers, in normal cars, that have had an accident, or just as simple taxi drivers. The T-Displace had various tools that dethroned cranes, construction trucks, and even wreckers, all within compact and aerodynamic designs. In addition, these vehicles also boost unimaginable speed, offering an unparalleled safety system that is activated by sensors that are always alert.

The number of systematic tracks was increasing by leaps and bounds, the project was proving to be a success and people had begun to adopt it. Tech Town had become what Billie Hall and all his followers have always wanted, a high-tech place that paid the utmost attention to even the smallest needs of its people.

Various groups of Systematic Drivers began to form around Tech Town. Young people who showed aptitude and great determination were willing to give up their daily jobs and dive into driving, racing. They would seek happiness on the systematized highways where their T-Displaces would interact with each other and with the environment. There would undoubtedly be difficulties, obstacles to overcome, but everything would be in the hands of the determination and commitment of each of the men and women who decided to face the reality of being a Systematic Driver.

The races, the project that once was seen only as a dream, and Tech Town, now risen from the ashes, would become the duty and main objective of all those who intend to undertake this unforgettable journey.

Chapter One – Kevin Hall

Time passed and Tech Town advanced by leaps and bounds, little by little it became a technological metropolis where life, in exchange for a great effort and commitment by each of its citizens, was full and gratifying. The Hall family, even being the main investors in the T-Displace project and its respective systematic tracks, were just one of the most powerful millionaires, as Tech Town had hundreds of enterprising businessmen, heads of large corporations in all fields. The T-Displace had managed to carve out a place for them, amongst all the other powers that ruled commerce in Tech Town.

The famous businessman Alistar Hall, a direct descendant of Billie Hall, has two sons, on these lands. One of them is Robert Hall, a successful lawyer and practitioner of mixed martial arts in his spare time. The other is young Kevin Hall, who at an early age, due to the offensive opinions he had about his family, left the great Hall mansion to live in a small house he inherited from his mother, in the southern part of Tech Town, also known as The Forgotten Section.

The nights seemed to be longer in this area of Tech Town, the lights dimmer, and the silence there was unique. "I wouldn't ever trade this environment for downtown Tech Town for the rest of my life... and besides, I have very little left", old Jack often said, as he wasted his time off from Stuck-M mining, drinking whiskey and smoking cigarettes at the Breath Taker, one of the best bars in The Forgotten Section.

"Hey, Kevin... Don't you sometimes feel like running out of here, going downtown back to the mansion that also belongs to you?! Asking for any job you want, and having the life of a rich man who wants absolutely nothing?", asked a thin, red-haired, freckled boy who was shaking a glass of rum on the rocks while staring into Kevin's eyes. The youngest of Alistar Hall's sons was a boy of average height, his hair was shiny and black as were his eyes, he also possessed some disguised muscularity, due to his workouts, done at home

daily, purely for leisure, not vanity. "Hey, Richie, I'll answer that question with another one: When will be the day you stop asking me the exact same question? I start to think you don't want me here, asshole", Kevin replied, smiling to his big friend and motioning to the bartender to bring another round, rum for his friend, and vodka and orange for him.

"You must be the only person in Tech Down who, having everything, wants to live in this dump... It's unbelievable", Richie added, followed by a large gulp of his rum. "I've got it all here, Richie... Trust me", added Kevin quickly, smiling. "Good grief... What do you have here that you couldn't have over there?", rushed Richie, somewhat angrily, to ask. "Peace of mind... Peace generated by the lack of people telling me what's best for me when they don't even care to know who I am..." said Kevin, looking down at the liquor permit hanging in front of him, not really seeing it, just staring into the void. Richie looked at him silently and swallowed thickly, while in the background he could hear the constant retching of old Jack. "Besides, this is where I met you, more than my friend, my brother. I met old Jack and Kate too" added Kevin and, in his eyes, you could almost see the intoxicating happiness he felt at the mention of those people. Richie smiled and gave him a friendly pat on the back. "By the way... What time are you going to Kate's?" asked Richie, taking a sip from his rum glass and turning to check on old Jack's health.

Just then, Kevin's heart skipped a beat as his cell phone suddenly rang and a name appeared on the screen, "Kate". It was a text message: "Hi, Kevin... I'm home already. Are you coming over?", Kevin read it and, with a smile plastered on his face, he noticed Richie standing very close to him, reading the message as well. "I wish I got those kinds of messages..." said Richie, sighing and shaking his glass again as he shrugged his shoulders in such a way that he seemed to sink into himself. "Hey! Get away from my cell phone, aren't you planning on ever changing?" asked Kevin, a little annoyed, but smiling slightly again as he looked at how his friend had turned to see him, smiling, and giving him a vigorous thumbs-up sign. "You know what, you better not, don't ever change... I'm going now. See you tomorrow at the lab", Kevin said, finishing his drink with a thump and walking towards the door of the Breath Taker. "See you later,

old Jack! Hey, be careful with those double shots, your liver isn't what it used to be", Kevin said, as he prepared for the same answer old Jack would give him every time: "My liver is as vigorous as my desire to keep drinking, so it's all good".

Kevin walked out of the bar with a sense that made him feel like he was floating, when he was walking the Cyberpunk aesthetic streets of the Forgotten Section of Tech Town. The technology of downtown was coming to this area, but the aesthetics of it were poor, precarious, and the best part of it all, at least for the inhabitants of this section, was that this was how they wanted it to be, and this made them happy. Kevin kept moving forward, and as he kicked an empty soda can along the ground, a perennial smile remained on his face. *I miss her so much... I want to see her already* thought Kevin, and the same thought repeated itself in almost infinite loops. Kate Marshall was Kevin's girlfriend, a blonde, green-eyed girl with long straight hair that sat just above her waist.

When Kevin finally arrived, he was greeted by that pair of green eyes, filled with such a vision that he didn't need words to be absolutely certain that she longed to see him as much as he longed to see her. Without words, just simply with a big smile, the two kissed, before Kate invited Kevin in, and they both sat down in the living room of the house. "You left Richie at the bar? I bet Jack was already retching", Kate said, letting out a laugh. "Well, you're absolutely right... And, Richie keeps harping on the same thing", Kevin said, adopting an expression that showed Kate that he didn't want to hear what she had to say. *If you don't want to hear it, why tell me about it?* she thought, and then began to speak.

"You need to think about it, Kevin... You have a life in downtown Tech Town. I know perfectly well that you're fine here, I know you love the Forgotten Section and its aesthetics and carefree lifestyle, but you need to think about yourself and..." - "About what, my future? My future is you, Kate, you are my happiness", Kevin interrupted Kate, as she ducked his gaze, pinning it to the floor, and holding her head in her hands. "Don't insist, please... I can still

tolerate it from Richie, but you... I can't". Kevin's voice seemed to crack, so Kate hugged him tightly and whispered in his ear, a phrase that Kevin would never forget: "If I am your happiness, then you will bring your happiness and your future to Tech Town", she said, with tears starting to fall from her eyes, but with a wide smile that encompassed much of her face, radiating happiness.

Kevin couldn't comprehend what he had just heard, he needed a few seconds, so his expression was one of pure bewilderment. "Wait... What did you say, Kate, don't play with this, what about your family, your mother's illness? You told me you couldn't leave the Forgotten Section because of them." Kate added desperately when she finally got the words right: "My brother has got a job downtown, he didn't want to tell us anything because it wasn't certain, but he got it, as well as a great place for us to stay and where my mom will have all the attention that Tech Down can provide", Kate said, taking both of Kevin's hands in hers. In that moment, they both couldn't contain their emotions for one more second and finally let out their tears of happiness.

That night they both slept happily, thinking about many things, although at dawn, one of those things partially disturbed Kevin's happiness. "Hey, Kate, love... Do you think I'll get any jobs downtown similar to what I had here? You know I'm good at what I do, recycling broken down operating systems and biomechanical components. To bring new objects to life, it's my passion", he asked his girlfriend, as they were preparing breakfast. Kevin fluttered his eyes from side to side anticipating that her answer would probably not please him. "Well, well... yes, you're good at that, but you're much better as a Systematic Driver, Kevin, and you know it", Kate replied, rushing over to Kevin to keep him from leaving the kitchen and avoiding the subject completely.

"You're really not going to give up on that idea, are you?" asked Kevin with a deep sigh. As he looked into Kate's eyes and saw only hope, he knew that no matter how many possible options there were, this was the only one her heart was set on.

It turned out that Kevin Hall, a direct descendant of Billie Hall, who, in life, was an amazing racer, and helped make the Systematic Drivers dream come true,

had the same passion. One night, Kevin proved to be a great racer, after old Jack gave him a banged-up race car he had since when he was young. Kevin, Richie, Kate, and Jack, went to a large abandoned baseball stadium where Kevin demonstrated his skills. From that moment on, Kate dream was that her boyfriend would become Tech Town's greatest Systematic Driver, and thus, also honoring his great ancestor. Everyone close to Kevin knew that he loved racing and that he was passionate about technology, demonstrated countless times in the work he has done in the Forgotten Sections system's lab. It was Kevin's resentment towards his snooty, shallow, judgmental family, that kept him from being a part of the big family business.

"No, Kevin... I can't give up on that idea, because I love you, and I want the best for you. You can become the best, Kevin, you are a Hall, a real one, one like the great Billie Hall", Kate added, with total sincerity, and managing, at last, to persuade Kevin a little, even though he wasn't yet ready to admit it.

The trip from The Forgotten Section towards the center of Tech Town was carried out at an incredible speed, by a kind Systematic Driver, hired by Kate's brother. The girl noticed, full of happiness, how Kevin couldn't help looking inside the T-Displace, and at the Systematic Driver's outfit, which entirely covered his body, enhancing his team's logo, and his sporting red helmet with a visor as black as the night.

"We have arrived at the first stop station. Right now, we are in the east side of Tech Town center, a commercial and recreation area. Perhaps you would like to get off here and walk to your destination, or, I could happily take you to a more specific destination if you would like to select it in the destination marker on the side of your seats. Thank you", said the Systematic Driver, exuding an impeccably polite manner. Kate's brother, Max, noticed his sister's indecision, as she looked at her excited boyfriend and her ailing mother intermittently not knowing what to decide. "Kate, Kevin, you guys get down here, and explore the place. I'll go to our new home with mom and we'll see you later. Be careful, this isn't The Forgotten Section", Max said, smiling, and indicating the destination on the T-Displace marker.

Kevin and Kate nodded their heads, smiling gratefully, and descended from the vehicle. When they were both alone, standing in the middle of Tech Town, their hearts were pounding as they walked and gazed around the light show, they couldn't hear their heartbeats even though they were so loud, as the sound of the city was invasive, and enveloped them in the utmost of curiosity.

The two began to walk, hand in hand, as they watched the androids fly above them, carrying errands, repairing faults in huge skyscrapers at amazing speeds. The T-Displace units moved very fast, respecting their lanes. Robots with a high level of politeness and manners approached them offering free snacks and wishing them a happy day. Without a doubt, both Kate and Kevin were having one of the best experiences they have had ever together. As the tall robot finished saying goodbye to them, and closed the hatch on his stomach with the snacks, a huge building rose up before Kevin and Kate's eyes.

It was sleek, as huge as a small town, and at the top, a big advertisement: "Hall Enterprises - Technology is the future, I am technology, and so will you be..."

Kate looked into the eyes of Kevin, who was staring at the building, squeezing his beloved's hand, and wearing an expression she had never seen him wear before. "I've decided, Kate, I'm going to become a Systematic Driver. I'll be Driver One", Kevin affirmed, once again causing Kate's tears of happiness to fall uncontrollably to the floor.



Driver One prototype file, unique registration blue print module based on Kevin Hall profile :// < <https://explorer.elrond.com/nfts/PLATA-716c04-04> >

Following fabrication agreement and obeying regulations, there were only 99 Editions of Driver One ever minted/produced. Initial start Date and Time of development :// < <https://explorer.elrond.com/nfts/PLATA-716c04-23> >

Chapter Two – Clark Norton

Tech Town... Before that name came to have the importance it has today, there was doubt, uncertainty, and lack of confidence directed towards a utopian world ruled by technology. Quite simply, many people, during Billie Hall's existence, did not support the entrepreneurial tycoon's vision. In fact, they didn't even believe that what he touted could ever come true. The town at that time was uneducated, full of ignorance that needed to be eradicated, so that Billie Hall's dream could become a reality. A perfect world ruled by technology needed out of the box thinking, and sensible people who could carry the important burden of being citizens of Tech Town on their shoulders.

Billie had a hard time accomplishing this... It was not easy to change the mindset of an entire nation, considering that people thought it wasn't necessary to make such a radical change, they believed that to accomplish such a feat was too ambitious. "Another point that needs to be changed, is the ambition of all these people", Billie Hall once said, sitting at a large round table with all his investors and partners. Some suggested to Billie that he should look for another nation in which to establish Tech Town, they proposed that there were other countries more willing to receive all the help he was offering and to embrace his ideas for a change. "Never... I'm sorry, but this is my town, this is my nation, and I have faith in its residents. They are intelligent people who need to be shown the future. I must insist on my dreams, I must pursue them, because my dreams will guarantee theirs. If I fulfill my dream, I will ensure a bright future for the next generation. Understand something, I am not building just one business, I am building the future of my city", Hall said with passion, managing to silence the entire round table of more than 25 executives.

After that, no one else tried to suggest that Billie should look elsewhere. On the contrary, they all decided to help him fulfill his dreams as he had managed to inspire everyone with his genuine and priceless words and vision.

Before long, Tech Town was becoming what Billie Hall wanted it to be. When death, unfortunately claimed his soul, Billie left without further ado, for although he still had projects he wanted to see realised, his main ambition, and dream, to see Tech Town up and running, was already realised. However, reality sometimes hides a dark side, the shadows somehow manage to establish themselves when the light falters, and in the moments when the light is extinguished, the shadows take advantage to extend their dominance. Billie died believing a half-truth, for Tech Town did rise as a great technological power. The citizens had it all, they were their own system, their own bank, they had the power to govern their lives in an honest way, without relying on negligent or uncouth governmental bodies. But, on the other hand, Billie Hall had people against him who never had the courage to tell him, people driven by envy, envy of his millions, yes... but also envy of his conviction, which he held on to until his last breath.

To Billie's misfortune, the main enemies of his empire were members of his own family, who ironically were the heirs to all that he had created. Hall died without knowing the nature of the vast majority of his family, who began to hold the reins of Hall Enterprises with dark intentions, but managed to conceal it majestically. Their corruption allowed for lies and deceit to grow, as the values of honesty and transparency had sadly died along with Billie.

Inevitably, Hall Enterprises became the most important executive body in Tech Town, they were the family of the one who was once the voice, the will, and the hopes of all citizens, so the force of this powerhouse was undeniable, and its reach incalculable. Billie Hall always held the belief that everyone should have access to a T-Displace. It was an expensive object, and Tech Town encouraged communism, but was governed by an obvious and natural capitalism. However, Billie wanted everyone interested in racing, and what it represented, to be a Systematic Driver. To have an opportunity, and then, with work, to pay for what was made available to them in the beginning. It was about an opportunity that would work as a starting point to develop the dreams and the future of anyone who wholeheartedly wanted it. But that changed, that was not the case from the day after Billie Hall died.

"I beg your pardon? In my father's brochures, it says I can order a basic T-Displace, a motorcycle maybe. I plan to work to pay for it". Years after Billie Hall's death, in the heart of Tech Town, a young man was pursuing his dream, to be one of the best Systematic Drivers in town. "Apparently there's something wrong with your ears... I'm telling you, you have to pay a down payment to get access to any T-Displace. What do you think this is, a charity center? Come back when you have the money, please." Right then and there, a Hall Enterprises employee took it upon himself to crush that boy's dream for the first time.

"Clark Norton... that's the name of the boy who came in today, Mr. Hall. He claimed that his father had a brochure that said he would be granted a T-Displace here to start working as a Systematic Driver and pay for it that way", the clerk said reporting to his boss, who was none other than Alistair Hall. "Damn it... there are still people out there with Billie's unfounded beliefs. He founded all this, yes, but I made him produce the money needed to support this family. No one will ever give anything away. Get back to work", Alistair ordered, snapping the pen he held in his hand, sitting in his huge office on the top floor of the Hall Enterprises building.

Many people within Tech Town, claimed that the scum was housed in The Forgotten Section, towards the southernmost part of the city. However, Clark, during his early years of life, began to suspect that this was not 100% true, and as he grew up and observed how many doors closed for him, as he was not a wealthy member of society, he ended up confirming that his suspicions were real. There was nothing left of what Billie Hall touted, his ideals had been corrupted by his own family. The Systematic Drivers were a success, but there was a web of lies, bribery, blackmail, and grand corruption behind it.

Clark Norton was a member of the middle class in greater Tech Town. "Hey, Pilot, what are you doing there looking at that propaganda? Face it, you've got the talent, but not the money. Without the latter, the former is irrelevant, don't you think? Well, it doesn't matter here what people like you or me believe. We're not important to this town. Just bloody face it", said a tired-

looking fellow, probably from carrying the burden of being a failure all his life. *John... it's a shame to see what you've become for abandoning your dreams* Clark thought, glancing sideways at the guy passing behind him, swallowing the last few sips from a bottle of rum, and tossing it onto the street. "Don't litter the city, make Tech Town a better place every day. It starts with you", said a toilet robot that had come out of nowhere, catching the bottle in mid-air before it hit the ground, and inserting it into a hole on its torso that served as a glass crusher. "Go to hell, you worthless piece of junk..." added John, without turning to look at the robot, or his former friend.

Despite everything that had happened in Clark's life since he had encountered the reality of Tech Town, he loved to retreat into the memories of his youth. *I'm 23 now, and I realise that being a distinguished member of the Systematic Drivers is not nearly what Billie Hall or my father painted me on the scenic canvas. Still...* Clark thought, pulling into a huge parking lot in one of the few remaining urban-looking areas of Tech Town. Inside that area, an antique vehicle awaited Clark's arrival. He climbed into the vehicle, started it with an ordinary key, and his eyes began to glow as brightly as the engine sounded. Clark started the vehicle. *I'm not going to give up... The people who are currently running Hall Enterprises are not genuine. They may be related to Billie Hall, but they don't share his vision of reality. Even so, I am confident that throughout this vast technological city, there are worthwhile people who will pursue their dreams with the necessary conviction. It is on those people that I must rely, but I won't get them on my side if I give up now. So I will earn that money and go back to Hall Enterprises with my head held high, buy my T-Displace, and begin my ascent into the world of Systematic Drivers.*

Clark was so immersed in his optimistic thoughts, he hadn't noticed that someone was watching him. A man dressed in black pants and long black jacket that almost covered his ankles was watching Clark's display of skill, with a lit cigarette and a smile on his face. As the frenzy in Clark's eyes waned, so did his speed until eventually the car came to a screeching halt, after slowing abruptly, but maintaining elegance and driving perfection. "Hello... Excuse me, who are you?", asked Clark, after controlling the great surprise that almost

turned into fright when he looked at that guy as he watched him from the shadows.

The man didn't answer immediately, but after stomping out the butt of his cigarette, shoving his hands into his trench coat, he approached Clark in a way that revealed his facial features as he stood under the old parking lot spotlight. "You don't know me, even though I've been coming here to supervise you for more than a week now. You noticed my presence today because I decided to stay until the end. If you want to be a Systematic Driver, that's too bad. Pilot, you must be attentive to the slightest change in your surroundings, much more so if it's a person. Since this city became a technological powerhouse, with the smallest of devices, a wretch could destabilise your T-Displace, and end your career", he added, with a tone of voice and gestures that made it clear to Clark that this was not an example, but came from experience.

"Were you a Systematic Driver?". There were endless questions buzzing through Clark's mind, such as who the hell he was, why was he spying on him, how did he know his name, and also his childhood nickname, "Pilot", that friends only called him? But Clark asked the one question he really wanted the answer to, above all else.

The strange fellow smiled, "Yes, I was, but after an incident similar to the one I just told you about, my virtual license was taken away. And it all happened in the usual way these days in Tech Town, without any words, without you being able to punch the one who is committing the injustice in the face. I simply opened my Tech Mobile notification device, read that I had failed to meet the necessary requirements to be a Systematic Driver, and then watched as the device shut off without giving me the opportunity to even object to anything", he replied, with obvious resentment, and painful resignation.

"Excuse me, who are you and how do you know my name?", asked Clark, after realising he was still talking to a perfect stranger. "My name is Butch Harrison. I know your name because I've been watching you, Clark Norton", Butch began to say, pulling another cigarette from his trench coat and sitting down on top of the car. Clark eyed him suspiciously but pretended to listen to him carefully.

"Listen to me, I'll try to be as brief as I can. You've got talent, kid, and I know perfectly well that you've been turned down by Hall Enterprises for not having the money to buy one of their damn T-Displaces. who needs them!!?? Screw it... Listen to me, it's not the same to drive an old car like this as it is to drive a T-Displace, it's as if they were two different worlds, technologically speaking. But there's one thing that doesn't change, and that's the handling. I mean, a T-Displace is still a pretty damn new, state-of-the-art car, but a car nonetheless. You could be big, kid!", added Butch, grabbing Clark by the shoulders. "I'm the leader of a small group of people like you, Clark, talented kids rejected by those ambitious assholes. We've come up with our own T-Displaces, recycling the ones discarded by Hall Enterprises upon showing the slightest flaw. Join us, together we can prove to those guys that they've been rejecting real talent for years. Someone has to do it."

Clark was silent for a few seconds, staring into the guy's eyes. "I'm sorry, I don't plan on taking you up on your offer...", began Clark, picking up his bag from the floor. Butch kept silent, looking at the boy. "You've checked me out, but not enough to know that I wouldn't be suited to something like this. You work outside the law, don't you? So... What sets you apart from them?", asked Clark, walking toward the parking lot exit.

"The determination to fulfill my dreams and those of my boys' without hurting anyone who doesn't deserve it... That sets me apart from them", Butch added, causing Clark to stop mid-stride. Butch started walking, taking a puff on his cigarette. "I've checked you out well, kid. You're too good for Tech Town, and the fact that you refused, was well within my plans... You must understand that you'll never amount to anything in this town being so good. I'm not asking you to be a delinquent, just to fight for what you are being denied for no reason", Butch said, arriving first at the parking lot exit. "In the glove compartment of the car is a card with my number on it. Three months from now, we are looking to give a public demonstration of our abilities as Systematic Drivers, this way, Hall Enterprises will not be able to deny us entry into their system, as the people will clamor for our entry when they learn of

our abilities. Think about it, boy", Butch finished saying, disappearing behind a cloud of smoke.

Clark turned back towards the car and pulled the card out of the glove compartment, and after looking at it for a few seconds, he put it in his wallet. Norton felt confused, it was a long night thinking about what he would do next. It wasn't until six in the morning that a thought jolted his brain, prompting him to get out of bed. It was Thursday, so Clark was supposed to go to his uncle's house, a retired Systematic Driver who still had his T-Displace, who Clark trained with alone that day of the week. He arrived earlier than ever and began staying later and later each time. Clark started to intensify his training in a remarkable and admirable way. *I will report again to Hall Enterprises, I will wear my uncle's T-Displace to show them what I am worth and they will have to accept me and, when that happens, I will tell them about Butch and his people. We'll be able to join the Systematic Drivers in a big way, without having to prove it to the city*. That was Clark's thinking, and he wouldn't rest until he had achieved what he set out to do. The training days in the big parking lot had also gone on much longer. Butch had continued to watch Clark, but now from blind spots where he couldn't be seen.

Finally, the day arrived, Clark's determination was so steely that it could be seen in his eyes. The young boy had scraped together some money to buy himself a cheap driver's suit, complete with a classic helmet. Before leaving, he went to his uncle's house, got the T-Displace, and started driving to the big Hall Enterprises building in the center of Tech Town. Butch followed him, not liking what he was thinking at all. Butch had a hard time keeping up with Clark, as he was a very skilled driver and knew the streets of Tech Town. Finally, they both arrived in the vicinity of the large Hall Enterprises building. Butch decided to wait for Clark outside, keeping his distance, unseen by the boy.

Clark walked over and stood outside the building, removed his helmet, and raised his gaze upward, where he read the company's slogan: "Technology is the future, I am technology, and so will you be...". *Of course, you will! We can all be, with effort and perseverance*, Clark said to himself, as he entered the

building's facilities with momentum, helmet under his right arm, and letting out a hopeful sigh. Butch saw him enter the building and activated a small device he pulled out of his jacket, bringing an earpiece to his left ear at the same time. Butch had installed a microphone on the card he gave Clark, in the hope that the boy would always carry it with him.

"You again?", heard Butch, through the earpiece, the sound was scratchy, Butch assumed the microphone must have been damaged by so much movement. "Give me a chance to show you what I'm worth... I'm not the only one, there are other people who are capable and can be valuable to the organisation", Clark said, almost pleading with the man. Butch clenched one of his fists tightly in helplessness. "Others? You mean more sewer rats with big aspirations like you. Get out of my sight, please, I don't want to waste any more time with you, boy", sentenced the clerk. Clark was silent and Butch heard footsteps.

A young man with a girl approached the large building and looked up at the slogan above the entrance, with a look as full of determination as Clark's was full of hope before he entered. Butch noticed this and watched Clark leave, he was holding the card with Butch's number on it, and he looked utterly defeated. Inside, Clark was now eager to respond to the repeated humiliation by Hall Enterprises.

The guy with the girl muttered something. "I've decided, Kate, I'm going to become a great Systematic Driver. I'll be Driver One", he exclaimed. "I wish you luck with that, buddy... I'll look for another alternative, but you won't succeed in destroying my dream", said Clark to the young stranger, who watched in bewilderment as he turned away from him, climbed into an old-fashioned T-Displace, and shot out of there at incredible speed.

Butch, in the background, in the shadows, watched the scene and, before following Clark, took a few seconds of his time to watch the unknown boy, smiling in the same way he smiled as he watched Clark's great efforts. A light of hope struggled to perpetuate itself amidst so much resentment that pervaded his spirit.



Pilot prototype file, unique registration blue print module based on Clark Norton profile :// < <https://explorer.elrond.com/nfts/PLATA-716c04-09> >

Following fabrication agreement and obeying regulations, there were only 199 Editions of Pilot ever minted/produced. Initial start Date and Time of development :// < <https://explorer.elrond.com/nfts/PLATA-716c04-1b> >

Chapter Three – Aura Taylor

In a town where technology is everything, people in charge of keeping technological devices of all kinds running smoothly are sorely needed. Since the origins of Tech Town, the visionary Billie Hall made sure that mechanical engineers, systems, and electrical specialists were always on the agenda in each of the centers for the practice and development of the activities of a Systematic Driver. Likewise in the case of robots, androids, industrial machines with basic AI, among other devices and artificial organisms that make up the city.

"Hey, Harry, hand me the cross key and that bottle of whiskey... I still have work ahead of me, but I've lost the will to finish the job sober". It's ten o'clock at night somewhere in the northeast part of Tech Town and, a few feet underground, in a well-appointed workshop, a beautiful girl shifted the cigarette in her mouth from right to left so she could adjust a couple of wires under an old T-Displace. "Cross wrench? That's called a precision fitter... Here", added Harry, the young assistant accompanying the girl. "You can call it that, Harry... I call it a cross-wrench. I prefer to remember the terms my father taught me, the way it used to be. Unfortunately, you didn't live in those times, you don't know the tools that didn't have lights, the ones that made your hands hurt...", added the girl, as she took a sip from a glass of whiskey. "No, why would I want to hurt my hands? It's absurd", replied Harry, after posing the situation in his mind. The beautiful golden-haired girl turned to look at him with a painfully disappointed expression and rested her hand on his shoulder condescendingly. "You're a good assistant, you know what you're doing, you studied for it, and besides, I like you", said the girl, without further ado...

"Aura, I'm waiting for you to finalise the idea... And...?", added Harry, after a few seconds in which the girl named Aura, stared at him. "There's nothing to add, I'm just repeating that to myself, it's what I do to manage not to kick you out of here when you say things like what you just said", Aura replied, closing

her eyes as she flashed a wide smile and messed up Harry's hair with her right hand.

A few hours passed in the workshop, the working night was getting heavy, but the work had to be done, for the importance of the work prevailed over any kind of tiredness. The night was getting denser, it could be noticed through the window where Harry distracted his gaze and focused it on the moon, in the moments when Aura didn't need him. Suddenly the boy dropped his gaze on the girl, who was now working on a motorcycle, known as T-Motorcycle, in the renowned world of Systematic Drivers. Harry watched her as she doesn't rest and analyses in amazement the level of commitment on the girl's part. "You're amazing, Aura... I mean it, and yet there are some people who underestimate the level of stamina and determination a woman can have in this kind of work. It seems absurd and stupid to me", Harry expressed, starting with a tone of voice that denoted admiration and ending furious.

Aura, who had her back to the boy riding the rear tire of the T-Motorcycle, stopped suddenly and then reached for a chair near his position, letting out a loud sigh as she sat down and took the remaining drink from the glass. "I guess we deserve a short break before that grumpy guy gets here, right?", asked Aura, looking up at Harry smiling as she lit a cigarette. Harry sighed and smiled back, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes for a few seconds. "It's funny to hear those words coming from someone so young. But I'm glad that's your way of thinking. My father taught me not to depend on anyone for being a woman, you know? He made a point of making me understand that to the letter, and he succeeded", Aura had begun to stare into the void as she uttered those words. Harry's eyes were still closed, but it was clear he was listening to her intently. "You're not asking me, kid, but my dad knew the great Billie Hall. My dad was a boy then, younger than you even, but he never forgot the words the visionary spoke to him: *Hey, kid, do you like to run? Do it, do it every day, and perfect it. Don't just try, but also become one of the best. Tech Town has talent but lacks perseverance, and I'm on a mission to foster that flaw. I want the town to be in the hands of the best*," Aura's eyes

filled with held-back tears as she spoke those words, and in her expression, the pain she was suffering was so clear.

"My father died with those words as a creed. When I was born, he was never disappointed that I was a woman, for he knew I'd love all this racing and T-Displaces stuff anyway... and you see, he wasn't wrong", Aura added, clearing her throat whilst discretely wiping her tears, noticing that Harry had opened his eyes. "I don't know if what I'm about to say will be okay, as I always end up sucking at times like this, but wherever your father is, I'm sure he's very proud of you. You're the best mechanical and systems engineer there is in Tech Town, and I believe that Butch is proud too, even if he doesn't say so", Harry added, with overflowing momentum and standing up from his seat with a start.

Aura looked at him with wide eyes and eventually let out a prolonged laugh. Harry looked at her and after a few seconds, he too began to laugh. "Oh, excellent... Do you think we have time to laugh out loud? I must assume then that you have finished with the unfinished work for today, haven't you?", a voice that fused a jovial tone with a reproachful one was heard at the end of the workshop, at the back entrance. "Well not really, do you have a problem with that?", replied Aura, pouring herself another glass of whiskey. "Well yes, yes I do have a damn problem with it. Now that I've arrived, you might show some respect and stop slacking off", Butch Harrison added, angrily, snatching the glass of whiskey from Aura's hands and slamming it down on the table. Aura stood up, leaving her face mere inches from Butch's. "I want to see you make me do it...come on, give it a try", Aura blurted out, her tone defiant and her gaze full of anger.

"Stop it! For God's sake, stop fighting, we have work to do. Butch, we were just taking a break. Look, we're almost done, there's only a couple of T-Displaces left that just have brake problems, the engines have been fixed on all the rest", Harry said nervously, scurrying around the shop, showing Butch the progress of that day's work. Silence reigned for a few and, after looking at each other's faces, both Butch and Aura let out a couple of unbelievable

chuckles, needing to sit down so they could laugh quietly. "Oh, I see... They were faking it again, weren't they? I swear I'll never listen to them again", Harry said, annoyed, continuing to work. "Sorry, sorry, sorry, kid... it's inevitable, you always react the same way", Butch replied, wiping away tears of laughter. Aura was still laughing. "Hey, guys, I think I've landed two potential pledges. If all goes well, they could be part of the team soon", Butch said, suddenly, establishing silence again.

"Explain yourself, Butch...", said Aura, removing any sort of relaxed or happy expression from her face, and approaching Butch. Harry stopped doing so and also approached Harrison. "Just as you hear it... One of them I've had my eye on for a while, I recently introduced myself to him. He's noble, he's the perfect victim of this city that appears to be full of opportunity. His name is Clark Norton, and they call him Pilot. His skill with the T-Displaces is mind-blowing, Aura, you must see him!", exclaimed Butch, and Aura watched as her partner's eyes filled with excitement and something she thought she was losing, hope. "That sounds excellent, Butch... What about the other one?", asked Harry, very interested and glad of what he was hearing.

"The other one doesn't know me, nor I him, really... I just saw him standing in front of Hall Enterprises, as he watched Clark go out defeated after one of his many attempts, because that bunch of corrupt people wouldn't accept him as a Systematic Driver. I heard some words he was saying as Clark passed by him, and I couldn't help but feel a steely determination in that guy. It's more like a hunch of mine, but you know how little I'm wrong...", Butch finished, immersed in many thoughts that surely searched in a hurry for a way to convince Clark to join him and to instigate an immediate approach with that boy of utter determination.

Aura and Harry, who knew Butch well, did not want to interrupt him. Harry continued to advance work as far as he could, while Aura paced back and forth in the shop, thinking... "Hey, Butch, how do you plan to contact the subject of your hunch?", asked Aura, not looking the Harrison in the eye, and still thinking. "Smash Street, behind the old virtual field hockey building.

That's his address. The guy didn't go into Hall Enterprises, he was with a girl, probably his girlfriend, and after exchanging a few words, they both went on their way, I followed them and found that out. Then I came here and here I am. As for Clark, I don't know where he is, but he's most likely practicing his skills in the big abandoned parking lot in the urban area", Butch said, pouring himself whiskey as well and noticing that Aura was taking note of what he was saying. "Hey, what are you doing?", asked Butch, but he didn't get an immediate response until a few minutes later when Aura was hiding her beautiful grey-eyed face inside an all-black helmet and revving the engine of her T- Motorcycle. "I'm going to get those guys here, Butch. You in the meantime can finish today's work, but try not to mess up what I've done this time", Aura said with conviction and winked at Butch after raising the visor of her helmet.

Butch didn't say anything, he just smiled and raised his glass of whiskey. Aura sped out of the shop through a side hatch that led to a tunnel. Finally, the T-Motorcycle shot out of a very inconspicuous hole that pretended to be just a small gap in a mountain in the northeastern most part of Tech Town. Falling neatly into a small exclusive road, Aura sped forward, taking the systematic highway that connected much of the city in a single circuit, displaying two channels for the different types of T-Vehicles. The highway operating system requested access to Aura's T-Motorcycle information screen. "Access granted... I require lateral routing display", Aura said, causing, to the side of her, a sort of snail-shaped structure to begin to deploy, covering the side areas where Aura's T- Motorcycle was traveling with solid metal plates, and allowing the Systematic Driver to avoid the traffic caused by the T-Displaces on the freeway.

Aura's main target was Clark, as the parking lot in the urban area was closer. In a matter of a few minutes, she managed to reach her target and, just as Butch had said, there was Clark, driving furiously, with warrior's momentum and a look of frustration and disappointment clouding his natural nobility. Aura paused in the distance admiring the skills of the young boy who seemed to dominate that whole area with mind-blowing moves, including lateral

dominance on two wheels of his T-Displace. "Hey, kid! Have you finally understood how things are when it comes to Hall Enterprises? If you don't decide quickly to act the way you're supposed to, you'll never get it off your chest, you'll end up becoming just another puppet of the system the Hall's want to impose", Aura said as she approached Clark riding her T-Motorcycle.

"Who are you? I'm getting tired of being spied on here. A few days ago it was a strange bloke who was stalking me", Clark replied, getting off his T-Displace. "My name is Aura Taylor, and that strange bloke is Butch, we both have the same ambition, freedom, and free acceptance for Systematic Drivers", Aura said as she removed her helmet and didn't mince words. Clark looked at her and swallowed thickly. "Listen, Aura... at first I didn't want to listen to that guy after he made it clear to me that he worked outside the law, but now I don't care. The fact that you're here confirms what I've been thinking, that guy is right, even you are right in what you just said. I'm sick of being excluded, I have a dream and I have the talent to carry it out, I can't give up and let a bunch of corrupt people stamp all over my ambitions", Clark blurted out, clenching one of his fists tightly and looking down at the floor, holding back tears. "Let them out, buddy... I cried too when I understood what the path was and that I had been wasting my time trying to make things right when everything has been wrong for many years now." Aura seemed to rest her hand on Clark's shoulder and he looked up to see her, letting out a few tears.

"Now that you've figured it out, we need to get moving... there's someone else we need to recruit. There are many things I want to share with you and that other potential recruit. I've been through a lot since I've been attached to this industry that being a Systematic Driver has become. But all in due time", Aura said, smiling and putting her helmet back on. Clark looked at her with eyes full of hope and priceless enthusiasm. Quickly, not knowing where they were going or who they would be looking for, and as if on command, Clark Norton climbed aboard his older model T-Displace and began to follow Aura. The girl asked her T-Motorcycle to send a nearby communication request to Clark's T-Displace, which he immediately accepted. "We are

heading to Smash Street, Clark, exactly behind the field hockey building, do you know where it is? I'll send you a detailed map of the area and point you to where we'll be parking. I don't know who this kid lives with, and we don't want to look like kidnapppers or anything", Aura had started to speed up and Clark seemed to take it as a challenge.

"Wow, you seem to be a very skilled T-Motorcycle Systematic Driver... Where did you learn?", asked Clark, looking to match the girl's speed as she dodged the frantic traffic that was customary to see on any street, avenue, or highway in Tech Town. "Not only do I know how to drive T-Motorcycle, kid, I also drive all kinds of T-Displace, plus I'm a systems engineer and mechanic. What Butch and I have in mind requires knowledge, Clark. We're not playing Systematic Drivers, our goal is to revolutionize everything, and make Systematic Drivers back to what Billie Hall always wanted." It took Clark a while to find the right words to answer that. "I hope I won't let you down...", the boy finally said. "With that kind of driving, I highly doubt it", Aura replied, complimenting the boy. "We have arrived, wait here...", added the girl, getting off the T-Motorcycle and heading to the door, where she knocked a couple of times.

When she decided to knock the third time, the door opened to make way for a young boy. "Good evening, I'm sorry to disturb you at this hour... And I must apologise in advance for the strange nature of the question I'm about to ask you", Aura began to say, as the boy examined her, turned and told his family that nothing was wrong, that he would be back with them soon. "Oh, well, the truth is that if it's too late and I'd like to..." - "Were you standing with your girlfriend in front of the Hall Enterprises building this afternoon?", Aura interrupted the words of the boy, who had been perplexed and, after asking his family for a few minutes, left the house and gestured for Aura to accompany him to a more secluded side of the house.

"Yes, I was there this afternoon... Who are you, did Robert send you? If so, tell him he won't be able to stop me from somehow becoming a certified Systematic Driver, Driver One!", exclaimed the serene and mild-mannered

boy by the name of Kevin Hall, getting a little upset. Aura remained silent, with an expression of great astonishment. "You mean Robert Hall, why would Robert Hall specifically be against you entering the game?", asked Aura, seeing how Kevin didn't answer her anything, and understanding why he was silent. "Okay, my name is Aura Taylor. That guy over there is Clark Norton... Who are you?" she asked. Something didn't add up. "My name is Kevin Hall... But I can assure you I don't belong in the corporate body. To my family, I'm not worthy", Kevin said, not imagining what reaction it would cause in that girl.

"This... this has to be a dream. Of course! I thought I saw your face somewhere else, you're Kevin Hall. I've known the Hall story since the exploits of Billie Hall. Now, I understand Butch's hunch, he's really never wrong", Aura said, after hanging onto Kevin in a very tight hug. Kevin didn't seem to understand anything at all. Aura began to explain to the young boy what her visit was all about, asking Clark to come over and introducing them both.

"Listen, Kevin, you don't have to respond today...but think about it. Your chances of the Hall's accepting you, ironically, are much lower than Clark's. Together we can do a lot of good things for Tech Town. I'll leave you my contact, if you decide, tomorrow we'll have a competition where only the three of us will participate... Butch will be the one to evaluate us. That will let him determine in which area you excel the most. I'll be waiting for your call, Hall", Aura added, getting on her T- Motorcycle and putting on her helmet, but not before opening the visor and turning once again to Kevin, who was looking at the pair of Systematic Drivers, somewhat puzzled.

"Remember something, Kevin Hall... technology is bad, but they're wrong. It all depends on how you use technology; it can help you. Technology is the future, I am technology, and so will you be... That you can never forget. See you soon", Aura finished, pulling off at high speed on her T-Motorcycle. Clark said goodbye with a wave of his hand and started off at the same speed, disappearing from Kevin's sight, who had been perplexed after hearing that

quote from his ancestor, Billie Hall, from the mouth of that woman who, according to Kevin, was radiating the level of her commitment above her clothes. Behind him, Kate watched from the window, the expression on her face was one of doubt and uncertainty. She had seen everything.



Aura prototype file, unique registration blue print module based on Aura Taylor profile :// < <https://explorer.elrond.com/nfts/PLATA-716c04-0d> >

Following fabrication agreement and obeying regulations, there were only 49 Editions of Aura ever minted/produced. Initial start Date and Time of development :// < <https://explorer.elrond.com/nfts/PLATA-716c04-61> >

Chapter Four – Shump (AI)

During some years of Tech Town's technological development, different types of experiments were carried out based on all kinds of proposals, hypotheses, along with positive results of tests and surveys. The vast majority were presented to the relevant authorities to get approval to carry out such experiments, but in other cases that was overlooked... With the technological boom that began to flood the city, plus the unconditional support of Billie Hall towards scientists, engineers, and other potential device creators, some of these professionals decided to start going a little outside of the strict rules, all in the name of technological and scientific evolution.

T-Displaces were altered at the time, as were other types of vehicles. Many professionals who realised the true face of the current Hall, who sat at the head of Tech Town's largest and most decisive company, were fired or resigned earlier. They were stripped of all their comforts as employees and had to leave through the back door, after signing a document where they pledged not to defame the company to other people. The vast majority of people living in Tech Town supported the Hall's and all their decisions, they seemed to be blind, or pretended to be.

These intelligent subjects were stripped of everything but their memories and knowledge. They decided, some together, others separately, to continue their experiments in the shadows, incognito, which greatly increased the seriousness of the crime itself, as they were no longer employees of Hall Enterprises, however, that didn't matter to them. And it mattered a hell of a lot less to Harry McMiller, who had ambitions the size of a country.

"You're insane, McMiller... There are a million reasons why you shouldn't try to give an evolved consciousness to an android or robot. What happens to your intelligence when you say things like that?", said a man Harry constantly accused of lacking initiative.

"My intelligence works in tandem with my goals, Gerard... Perhaps you will leave this world without ever understanding that", Harry added, letting out a laugh at the end, adjusting his glasses and impetuously welding a section of a metal torso from a new prototype he'd been working on for a few days. Gerard used to hear that sort of thing from Harry all the time, however, despite being offensive, Harry imbued the remarks with humour and a sentiment that made Gerard avoid taking offense and instead take an interest in what Harry was doing. "How soon will you have it ready?", asked Gerard, coming over to take a look at the progress. "Shump will be ready soon, Gerard, don't rush it", Harry blurted out, standing up and walking over until he stopped in front of a transparent container that housed a blue-colored sphere, connected by various tubes and hoses coming from a huge power source behind the container.

"Shump?", asked Gerard, cracking a smile. Harry looked sideways at him. "Yes, Shump... That's what he'll be called, and his attitude will be better than many humans, making everyone crack a smile like the one you just got on your face just by hearing his name", Harry added, turning to look at Gerard with a wide grin. Gerard was amazed, opening his eyes and realising for the first time, in all the time he had known Harry, that the man's determination was unwavering. A few weeks passed and Gerard had decided to stop criticizing Harry and rather to help him in his project, even if it was totally illegal.

In Tech Town, any project for a new device, vehicle, android, robot or any other technological entity had to be presented and consulted beforehand with the departmental managers in Enterprise Hall.

And there was an unbreakable rule that dictated: "Never make the mistake of endowing an android, robot or any machine that has a humanoid appearance or complexion, with evolutionary technological consciousness or advanced artificial intelligence. The consequences could be catastrophic and the professional responsible will have to pay severely for their disobedience. Artificial intelligences are completely intended solely and exclusively for the

command and execution systems of the T-Displaces and T-Motorcycle, as they have already been limited and tested by our experts many times until we are fully confident that nothing will get out of control."

Gerard read this rule every day, swallowing thickly and analysing the possible consequences. However, then he would turn to look at Harry's enthusiasm and begin to forget all about it, he just wanted to speed up the process his friend was investing so much time in. "Harry, you know what, Hall Enterprises can go blow itself! Let's do this!", Gerard suddenly exclaimed, causing Harry to immediately embrace him in a tight hug. "Thanks a lot, buddy... your support means so much to me."

A couple of weeks later, Alistar Hall gave a communiqué to the entire city, announcing that artificial intelligences and evolutionary consciousnesses could be used in robots, androids and other machinery. The reason for the lifting of this rule was due to the result of a meeting of the entire body of specialists of Hall Enterprises, where it was determined that the advantages of having intelligent androids could greatly benefit the business of Systematic Drivers, as well as the good reputation of Tech Town. That day Gerard ran to meet Harry, desperate to tell him the good news. Although Harry seemed to understand, he didn't look entirely convinced, yet he couldn't help but jump up and down with happiness. "Harry, now you'll be able to present Shump's project to Hall Enterprises. We know what kind of people they are, but we'll never work for them again, you'll just get Shump legal and that'll be that", Gerard blurted out, excited. Harry looked him in the eye, wanting to tell him very clearly that something didn't fit, but he couldn't. That was his friend who wanted the best for him and his project, so it made it easier for Harry to believe that maybe he was being paranoid. Now that advanced artificial intelligences were legal in androids, there was no need to continue working in hiding, plus it was a clear opportunity to speed up the process of creating Shump. Finally, Harry made up his mind. "All right, Gerard. Get everything ready, tomorrow we'll go to Hall Enterprises and register Shump, gaining his full freedom", expressed Harry, with an enthusiasm in his eyes, that touched Gerard, who walked over to his friend and rested his hand on his shoulder, as

they both admired the lifeless metal body that would soon house Shump's energy and personality.

The next day, both engineers went to the Hall Enterprises facilities, where after waiting their turn, they managed to present the Shump project, outlined in a document. The receptionist recognised them and behaved in a jovial manner, as did the person in charge of receiving the document. All that positive attention encouraged Harry's good thoughts and calmed the suspicions that had been bubbling. The clerk took the document and asked them to come back the next day when they would have reviewed their project, along with the many others.

That night, Harry decided to invite Gerard for drinks at the bar. For them, it was an emblematic and symbolic place, as it was there they had drunk together since college. "I feel like having a bottle of rum, don't you?", asked Harry. "Magnificent, I was waiting for you to say that. Then we should head to the Forgotten Section", replied Gerard, letting out a laugh after reminiscing some old memories. Both professionals quickly took a T-Displace and arrived at their destination in what seemed like no time at all.

Both subjects were overcome with nostalgia when they saw themselves standing outside the bar called Tomando Aliento. Without further ado, they entered and began to drink. Memories of youth came and went with great speed, the hours passed and the fun was priceless. "Hey, Gerard... I think it's time you knew something. Shump will have my memories, my memories, everything I am, he's going to represent it eternally. Or at least I hope some, if that damned android takes enough care of himself", Harry said flatly. Gerard didn't seem to understand at first, but then he understood. Harry hadn't been working alone on an ambitious project but on a sort of technological extension of himself.

The expression of longing and happiness in Harry's eyes touched Gerard. They both continued drinking and finally went home to sleep. The next day they went to Hall Enterprises, where they were greeted with the tragic news that the project had been rejected because it was considered too

threatening. Furthermore, the document was confiscated from them to prevent the project from going underground. "What are you talking about? It's an android with artificial intelligence, it used to be illegal, but it's not anymore, Alistar Hall said so, openly. And why are they also keeping the document? This is blatant bloody theft", Gerard lost his composure all at once, while Harry maintained a faint smile.

"Easy, Gerard... it's time to go. Good afternoon, sir, I apologise for the inconvenience", Harry said politely, leaving the office. Gerard didn't understand Harry's serenity but ended up following him. Arriving at the lab, Gerard began to get annoyed with Harry, accusing him of giving in too quickly. "Easy, Gerard, do you think I'm stupid?", asked Harry, pulling a copy of the document out of the bottom drawer of his desk. Gerard's eyes filled with delusion. "This is exactly what you're thinking it is. I would never hand over anything original to those assholes at Hall Enterprises. All right, Gerard, we've got work to do", added Harry, clutching his toolbox.

That night neither of them slept, the work was so demanding, some things didn't go as expected, but in the end, the goal was achieved. Harry lay on a bed, with some wires coming from the power supply to his head. Gerard was charged with making the final transfer of brain information from Harry's mind into Shump's mind. Suddenly, Shump's exoskeleton showed signs of life by turning on the lights at the level of his head. The power source began to run out of energies to transfer, for the process was complete.

"Wow... This is... This is great!", those were Shump's first words, as he saw his hands, torso, and legs as if they were ancient relics. Gerard was speechless and Harry was just beginning to regain consciousness. After a few hours, Harry, Gerard, and Shump found themselves talking. "Hey, Harry, what's the reason why Shump's robotic design is so similar to that of a Systematic Driver?", Gerard asked that question as if it was a great weight off his mind. Harry made a move to answer but was interrupted by his creation.

"Because it's what I will become... It's in my mental records. I will fulfill the dream that the mechanical engineering college thwarted in Harry", Shump

replied as various movements of Systematic Drivers in T-Displaces began to rapidly pass by on his visor. Harry watched his creation proudly, while Gerard continued to gather information that made it more and more clear to him the purpose of Shump, the android that was born to become the Systematic Driver that Harry could never be.

From that day on, Harry and Gerard's tests of Shump began. Everything was going to plan, testing had been a success and the android showed excellent aptitudes in everything related to being a Systematic Driver. He excelled in everything and even accepted when he made mistakes, of which there were very few. The days went by and something began to worry Harry, it was so obvious that he was annoyed with himself for not having thought of it sooner. *Hall Enterprises will never accept an android with advanced artificial intelligence not authorised by them to become a Systematic Driver. This is bad, Shump will be disappointed* thought Harry, becoming distressed and racking his brain for another way.

"Harry, I'm thinking that, if I'm not an authorised android, I won't be able to become a Systematic Driver... So, I started looking for organisations or groups dedicated to doing the work, or just practicing the art of driving in T-Displaces, and I found records of one. I had a hard time getting it, they have been very careful with their identity, but they haven't been able to escape from being mentioned on social networks, and that is where I learned of their existence", Shump said, leaving Harry and Gerard dumbfounded.

Shump was developing high robotic intelligence in record time. "Hey, Shump, I understand that, and what do you plan to do?", asked Harry, already feeling excited about the answer he would hear. "I'll go find them... I'm sure they're friendly people who share our same resentment towards the terrible decisions of the members of Hall Enterprises", Shump replied, as he walked toward the exit of his creators' clandestine workshop. Outside lay the second-hand T-Displace that Harry had gotten for Shump to practice on. "Shump, you must be careful, you are a non-certified Hall Enterprises android looking like a Systematic Driver. In Tech Town the Halls have eyes and ears

everywhere", said Harry, concerned about the charismatic android. "You're wrong about one thing, Harry...", began Shump, as he mounted the black with silver, streamlined model T-Displace. A pair of steel plates on his forearm detached, giving way to a pair of thick wires that connected to the T-Displace's main panel, immediately powering up and merging with Shump's operating system. "I don't just have the looks, I'm a Systematic Driver. I will seek out these people, Harry, Gerard, and make their efforts during the time leading up to my awakening worthwhile", Shump said, tearing off at an incredible speed.

"He's an amazing being, Harry... You should be so proud", Gerard said, watching his companion admiringly. Harry merely nodded his head, seeking to hide the fact that his eyes were filled with tears he was trying to suppress.

A few minutes later, a new intelligent life form was exploring the streets of Tech Town, a new universe of experiences rising before Shump, the unregistered android with advanced artificial intelligence. Shump's technological brain already housed much of Harry's knowledge, but experiencing him controlling his own body was an incredible experience for the adventurous android.

"I must quickly locate these subjects... Computer, show me conversations on social networks where people with aspects of Systematic Drivers have been discussed. Then do a deep analysis with the data you get and show me results. I know it's hard, but at least a name or a picture to guide us we should find", Shump ordered to his integrated research system, which was powered up thanks to the android's fusion of his entity with that of the T-Displace. "It's amazing how these vehicles take record of everything that happens during their travels. Previously, they only recorded miles traveled", Shump said, letting out a laugh that could only be heard because where his mouth should be, there was a kind of steel mask with a slight opening in the shape of a vertical line.

The computer obeyed and immediately began to perform an exhaustive search that took its time, while Shump drove majestically aimlessly

throughout Tech Town. Right now he was near the urban area, Shump couldn't help but notice a girl arguing with a young boy outside a house, the girl was blonde and looked annoyed. Shump's concentration broke as he realised he knew the boy. "That's Kevin Hall... What's Kevin Hall doing here in this area of Tech Town? According to Harry's recollection, the kid took off and he never knew where", Shump mentioned to himself, as the computer announced to him that the results were ready.

"Mr. Shump, after analysing the comments and searching each of the profiles involved, I got these photos showing a girl on T-Motorcycle. She got into a bar fight, at a bar in the Forgotten Section of Tech Town called Taking Breath. The photo was taken by a citizen whose identity information I could not access. Surely he has it under total confidentiality. Researching the girl I discovered that her name is Aura Taylor, she is a very talented mechanical engineer who has also demonstrated skills as a Systematic Driver, but her name does not appear in the official records of Hall Enterprises, therefore..." - "She's like me, computer... She's not registered. I'm almost certain she belongs to the rising clandestine group of Systematic Drivers. I must find her", interrupted Shump to the computer.

Shump accelerated the internal processes of his research capabilities, looking for the next clue that would lead him to find Aura. At that moment, the android became aware of something that was not registered in his processes and that he could not put a name to, it was fate. Aura, along with another skilled Systematic Driver, were speeding along the same technological highway as he was. "Hello, excuse the boldness, I know I shouldn't tap into your T-Motorcycle's communication, but I find it inexplicable how come I was looking for you and you appear in front of me. Could we talk?", a jovial and friendly voice sounded in Aura's T-Motorcycle's computer, causing the girl's driving to destabilise. "Aura, what's going on?", asked the boy advancing with her. "Someone tapped the communicator and is talking to me, Clark... It's not normal at all, this can only be done by a machine with advanced artificial intelligence, and the new decree of the Halls that allows it is only three or four days old... Could it be possible that...?"

Aura and Clark didn't understand anything, as best she could, Aura took back the reins of her driving, she looked back and noticed the T-Displace following her, she signaled Clark to stop in the alley that marked the exit of the urban area. They arrived first and, a couple of seconds before Shump arrived, Aura took a pistol from a small compartment attached to her T-Motorcycle and hid it in the belt of her pants.

Shump arrived at the meeting place, descended from his T-Displace and headed straight for Aura without so much as a glance at Clark. "Hello, my name is Shump, I am an android with advanced artificial intelligence, a project not accepted by Hall Enterprises. I was looking for you, my dream is to be a Systematic Driver, I have the talent, but through legal channels, I can't do it because I practically shouldn't exist. You are talented, and you don't belong to the legal Systematic Drivers either, even though you are human. We have a lot in common, could you help me join your secret, clandestine group?", blurted Shump, without further ado, stretching out his outstretched hand, waiting to be shaken.

Aura was puzzled, wide-eyed looking at Shump steadily. Clark, who at first thought he would have to act in Aura's defense, ended up letting out a laugh as he clasped his hands to his stomach.



AI Driver prototype file, unique registration blue print module based on Shump profile :// < <https://explorer.elrond.com/nfts/PLATA-716c04-89> >

Following fabrication agreement and obeying regulations, there were only 99 Editions of AI Driver ever minted/produced. Initial start Date and Time of development :// < <https://explorer.elrond.com/nfts/PLATA-716c04-a9> >

Chapter Five – Rider Walker

Rider Walker is a man of many talents. Of the Walkers, he was the one who proved to excel in almost every discipline he practiced. But right now, in Rider's present, a single day doesn't pass when he wakes up and reproaches himself for abandoning his hometown, his friends, and his true calling, for the reason he did. Becoming a famous and recognised Systematic Driver meant to Rider to be a God. His ego labeled him as a semi-God waiting for his imminent promotion. Confidence, self-confidence, self-esteem, and courage represented Rider Walker. Yes, it should be said in the past tense, because right now he had lost a couple of those virtues that represented him: self-confidence and self-esteem. The rest was intact, but that too had been fractured.

Leaving Tech Town for Belfast, Rider was slowly losing his identity without realising it. Despite being fantastic at everything, being Systematic Rider was what he really loved. Having had to leave the city, where this discipline was born and formed, was a hard blow that he didn't feel, as he was anesthetised by a strong feeling... that feeling was love.

*Lizzie... Her name is Lizzie.

*Yes, I know... Lizzie is a demon who came to trample part of you, Rider. And she's already done it.

*Lizzie loves me. You've gone silent.

*Yes, Lizzie loves you... Keep enjoying her love, Rider.

An empty room, dark and gloomy, producer of a conglomerate of negative feelings that invade the only being that inhabits it.

"Damn it... Why are you torturing me like this? I need to sleep, not that dream again." Rider awoke in the middle of the night, for the third time. In the dream,

there was nothing. Rider's voice and nothingness were the main characters. The voice was normal, ordinary, but it easily made Rider angry with its words.

The twenty-seven-year-old sat on the bed, put his hands to his mouth, closed his eyes, and saw her... *She's gone, Lizzie is no longer by my side and she's not an object I can go find and bring back with me. How will I ever fully understand this?*, thought Rider, tired of the same thing. He must face another day and he must face it early. Rider is rich, he always had everything and it never affected him negatively. He left the care of his parents and quickly found independence, where he wanted for nothing, thanks to all his talents, work, and abundant success.

Currently, he only received the money from his multiple homes and rented premises in Belfast and from other cities, where he had shares in companies owned by his father, Thomas Walker. A simple life, but for Rider, nothing had any valuable meaning anymore, nothing to excite him. Thomas and Elizah Walker, in a poorly planned attempt to satisfy the whims of their only son, came up with the idea of forming a company to rival Hall Enterprises, in the wide world of Systematic Drivers. Failure hit them for the first time, and very hard. At that time, more than any other, no one could take down Hall Enterprises, as Billie Hall's legacy and ideology were still alive, genuine, and the people blindly continued to follow him.

The affair ended very badly, and the proud Walkers decided to leave Tech Town and sought to put down roots in another market, even if it made little Rider very angry. Eventually, Alistar Hall took over Hall Enterprises and one of his first orders was to ban any member of the Walker family from joining the large organisation of Systematic Drivers. That news was the first major blow that crushed Rider's spirit. Lizzie knew about it, he told her about it, and it was she who helped them bear the burden for a few months. But something happened and suddenly Lizzie told him that she had to leave and take care of something personally. She asked Rider to wait for her. It had been four months, and after no word, Rider had been a shell of the man he was, full of booze and cigarettes.

Walker headed to the bar he frequented. He could have chosen the best place in Belfast, but Rider preferred a normal, ordinary, dark one. Here the technology was as advanced as in Tech Town, but there was still a system that analysed your retina and determined exactly what you wanted to drink, without saying a word. In addition, a pair of extendable hands connected to the same system served you your drink and played the music you wanted, at a precise volume that only you could hear, since the other customers also had the right to listen to it.

Rider asked himself the same questions over and over in his mind, all of them questioning how he had reached that point. His dream was being frustrated, and his spirits could only come back by carrying it out in one way. His cell phone rang, wrong number... He ignored it and, after a couple more drinks and a song, the cell phone rang again. It was the same number, Rider decided to ignore it again. The third time he couldn't help himself and somewhat annoyed he picked up the cell phone roughly and answered: "Hello... Who is this?" asked Rider, calming down slightly as he answered. "Rider, is that you pretty boy?", a cheerful and jovial voice came from the other end of the cell phone. "Hey, answer it, is that you? I'm going to be charged a lot for this call, and I don't have your money.", the same voice added, and Rider was at a loss for words. *This voice... Also, do only a very small number of people call me by that nickname, Pretty Boy*, thought Rider... suddenly and without realising it, an expression formed on his face that had long been totally absent.

"Richie... Is that you Richie?", asked Rider, excited but still skeptical. "Of course, pretty boy, have you forgotten my voice already? It's been a long time, but I finally got your number...", Richie said, toning down his voice a bit and leaving a silence denoting the continuation of his sentence. "Rider, my friend, you must return to Tech Town." Those words stirred Rider's heart strongly. During that stay at his favorite bar, he received this call from his old friend Richie, straight from his hometown. That one was a call from the past that Rider longed for so much, but didn't want to finish accepting it because of the pride that played against him on many occasions.

"Richie, I'm so glad to hear from you, my friend. And I want to apologise to you first of all, for not calling all this time. You have no idea what's been happening to me. But I guess you know about the decision Hall Enterprises made concerning my family and me." - "Of course, I knew about it. Rider... That's one of the reasons I've wanted to talk to you. Kevin has gone to the Tech Town center, Rider, he decided to finally become a Systematic Driver. There are ways to do it without belonging to that corrupt organisation. He's in the same position as you, even though he belongs to the Hall family, he believes that, if he felt like going back to his family's Enterprises, he would be rejected immediately." Richie seemed rushed, but there were many things he wanted to talk to Rider about.

Young Walker made a move to ask another question, but Richie stepped forward. "Hey, Rider, I gotta go, buddy. I'm still in the Forgotten Section. It's time for you to come back, Rider, this could be the opportunity you've been waiting for. I'll wait for you.", finished saying Richie, a second before hanging up. Rider Walker fell into a deep sea of frantic thoughts, he felt pressured by himself to make a quick decision. That night he went home, where he slept on it. When he woke the next morning, he realised that, for the first time in many nights, he had not had that dream, he remembered that he had made a decision. Rider Walker ate breakfast, got dressed, packed a very small suitcase with the necessities, grabbed his passport, and headed straight to the airport. "Please tell me your destination, Mr. Walker.", an airport employee asked. "Tech Town, miss... And I'm in a hurry."

During the flight, Rider reminisced about everything he had experienced in Belfast and inevitably the ghost of Lizzie appeared again, but Rider was relieved to realise that the memory of her no longer hurt so much. He was heading to Tech Town, his hometown, to reconnect with his friends and pursue the dream he had longed for all his life. For the first time in a long time, Rider fell asleep with an expression that was not dominated by sadness and instead, a smile.

By the time Rider Walker woke up, everyone was getting off the plane. He was still a little blurry, so hadn't noticed where he was and just concentrated on getting off the plane like everyone else without making a fool of himself. When he finally made it off the plane, his eyes began to fill with tears generated by the happiness he felt as he looked around. "I'm home...", he said quietly to himself, as he headed for the nearest hotel. Once there, Rider remembered that he didn't ask Richie for his number and he didn't give it to him either. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and Rider remembered where Richie lived, but to his surprise, when he pushed the fatigue of the trip aside and set off looking to get to his friend's house, he noticed that Tech Town's transportation system had indeed changed quite a bit since the last time he was there.

The T-Displaces ran through much of the city and the highways were moving, some streets were even moving as well, and the robots and androids in charge of meeting the needs of passersby overwhelmed him a bit. Finally, he ended up reaching out, looking for a Systematic Driver to stop, successfully getting it. "Sorry, buddy, I'm a local, but I had some time out of town. I'm looking to head to the Forgotten Section.", Rider said, receiving excellent attention from the driver, who took him in record time to his destination. "We have arrived, sir. Enjoy your stay in this part of town. Have an excellent day.", said the driver and then left, after he had shocked Rider with how he needed to pay. *I drive off and when I come back my cash is worthless... At what point did Blockchain become so incorporated in this city? Not bad though, it'll just be a matter of getting used to it*, Rider thought, turning to look around. The neighborhood was almost the same, it was without a doubt the area that had changed the least of all the ones he had seen so far.

As Rider set out on his way to Richie's house, his gaze turned upward at that moment and came across a sign that brought another batch of beautiful memories to his mind. "Taking Breath" written on a glowing sign that hung from one end, generating a noise that had weight and trajectory.

"I knew you would come, my friend...", a trembling voice was heard under the sign, at the door of that bar. The owner of that voice was Richie Hoffmann,

who had run to embrace his friend, ramming him hard. "It's been a while, Richie, but I'm back, and I'm ready to face whatever stands in my way. This time no one will take my dream away from me", said Rider, hugging his big friend tightly. Richie invited him in, and, at the bar of the legendary bar, they began to have a few drinks and a well overdue catch up.

"Let me get this straight... You're telling me that Kevin contacted you about an alternative to Hall Enterprises to become a Systematic Driver, how can that be possible? Those guys keep tabs on everything." Rider seemed a bit skeptical, but at the same time interested to believe." Apparently they're well organised these guys, Rider... Kevin tells me that the woman who came to pick him up at his house had a look of determination and absolute confidence. And you know how determined that is. Plus, she didn't go alone, another amazing pilot accompanied her. Kevin had a chance to see them drive away in their vehicles in an incredible way. The girl was driving a T-Motorcycle and the guy was driving a T-Displace, but that didn't limit him in the least.", Richie stared into the void, thinking about the possibilities that seemed to be starting to open up before them.

"Coming from Kevin, I couldn't doubt that there's hope... He's the only guy who could match my Systematic Driver skills, maybe even slightly surpass them. And I've never said that before." Rider's eyes were suffused with a bright spark that increased Richie's enthusiasm as he watched him out of the corner of his eye.

"We gotta move, Rider..." added Richie quickly, without saying much more. Rider followed him and, on the way, Richie told him that Kevin had left a few weeks ago, and that he hadn't been able to go downtown because he was taking care of some unfinished business in the Forgotten Section, but that it was time.

"You mean..." - "Yes, pretty boy, it's time for the three of us to be together again.", interrupted Richie to Rider, as they both flashed a smile of great joy. Later that evening, the two had arrived at the Tech Town Center. Richie couldn't stop turning his head from side to side, taking it all in, as it had been

a long time since he was last downtown. When he finally focused, Richie began checking the address on a faulty digital map he had purchased at the Forgotten Section market. When the device finally started working, they realised that the house was just a few meters from their position. Without thinking, they began to run without taking their eyes off the map and when they were in front of the white dot that determined their friend's house they stopped suddenly and looked up slowly. Someone was coming out of the house wearing pajamas, accompanied by a dog.

"The great Kevin Hall...tell me, Kevin, do you still think you could beat me in a tech race?", asked Rider, walking slowly towards his friend's position. Kevin made eye contact with him and couldn't believe it. Richie hadn't given him an exact date of when he was coming, let alone told him he would show up with Rider Walker. The three old childhood friends were reunited. "This is... I still can't believe it. I'm so happy to see you again Rider.", Kevin said, resting his hand on Rider's right shoulder, as the three of them sat together in the living room of the house.

Richie hurried to get to the subject at hand, the reason for the reunion. "Hey, Kevin... Richie has told me things about it. I just want to know one thing and I want you to answer me as truthfully as possible. Based on that, I'll formulate my answer. Are you willing to go at this with everything you've got and try to make it really work, or are you just going to see if it works and that's it? There's a difference, I know you, think it through.", Rider asked, approaching Kevin from his seat and staring him straight in the eye. Kevin started to smile and didn't answer the question. "Rider, Richie, follow me... My brother-in-law has loaned me a certified T-Displace today so we're headed somewhere.", Kevin added, with a mysterious tone, and both friends knew that asking where, was useless.

Kevin, Richie, and Rider rode in a tech vehicle, heading to an unknown location to both Richie and Rider. Kevin reaffirmed his talent as a Systematic Driver once again, and they arrived at the destination in record time. Before the boys' eyes was a wide-open wasteland, with ancient asphalt and steel plates that

moved haphazardly by computer through the entire endogenous racing circuit that presented itself. "Until you finally arrive, Kevin... Won't the fact that you're a Hall pose problems? I mean, that's why that they're so self-centered they think other people's time is worthless.", said a beautiful girl with deep blonde hair who turned sternly to observe who was approaching.

"Don't compare me to the Hall's, Aura... Even if I am from that family, I don't look like them. What really matters, is that today I am very happy, because I have been reunited with my two best friends. And you should share my happiness, for besides being my best friends, one is a skilled mechanic from the Forgotten Section, and the other could become as good a Systematic Driver as I am, if not a better one.", Kevin expressed, his chest heaving with pride and drawing a smirk on his companions' faces.

Behind Aura were Clark, Shump, Harry, Aura's assistant, and Butch. The girl smiled mischievously. "Well, you have arrived at an excellent time because we are about to start the first Tech Race to determine the true talent of the new members of this organisation!", exclaimed Aura forcefully, turning around and signaling Shump, who immediately activated the computers he was connected to, making adjustments and changes. At that moment, the steel plates began to move in a more established pattern and lights flooded the place.

"All right, guys... The contestants for this first round will be as follows: Kevin Hall, Clark Norton, Shump... Shump, what's your last name, do you have one?" Butch had stepped out of the shadows and, before introducing himself to those who didn't know him, he decided to perform. "My last name is McMiller, Butch. I'm sorry I didn't say it before.", added Shump, who was calibrating his T-Displace in such a way that he seemed to be enhancing it with traps. "Stop apologising so much, buddy... Magnificent, continued, Shump McMiller and Aura Taylor. We can start when..." - "Hey, bad boy, you forgot about me. Since you didn't introduce me, I will. My name is Rider Walker, and I came here to become a Systematic Driver, no matter what it costs me, so I'm going to compete too. Unless anyone is against it.", Rider said, walking towards Butch and past him, heading towards the track.

Butch stared at him as if he saw an overbearing animal marking territory. "Is someone going to tell him he needs a T-Displace? Because I don't.", Butch said, a little annoyed. Aura let out a laugh and both Kevin, Clark, and Richie caught it. "Hey, Butch, relax, I like the kid, and I want to see what he's capable of. He could be a good acquisition. We'll have him bring a T-Displace from the shop to participate in the test.", Aura added, admiring the tech track and listening to the T-Displace engines getting ready to put on a show in honor of speed.





Rider prototype file, unique registration blue print module based on Rider Walker profile :// < <https://explorer.elrond.com/nfts/PLATA-716c04-8b> >

Following fabrication agreement and obeying regulations, there were only 240 Editions of Rider ever minted/produced. Initial start Date and Time of development :// < <https://explorer.elrond.com/nfts/PLTRIDER-f3ac90-01> >

Chapter Six – Drivers United

The lights began to fall on the participants and representatives of the race that was about to occur, the obstacles were moving randomly in such a way that it was almost impossible for a Systematic Driver to determine a pattern to get away with. "All right, guys, this is just a test race to determine your skills on the track, what you are capable of doing driving a T-Displace or T-Motorcycle and the authenticity of your Systematic Driver spirits...", Butch had begun to say, using a tone of voice that he rarely used and that no one except Aura and her assistant Harry had heard. He was motivated and the whole vibe of the environment that rose before him fed that feeling. He had stopped right in front of the participants, once they had all boarded their vehicle.

"Remember that the fact all of us here have not been accepted by Hall Enterprises, regardless of what the reason may have been, should not affect us in the least. We should be proud of our talents and make the most of them. Then we will take it upon ourselves to leave our names high. Shump, take care of showing the rules, although there aren't too many of them.", ended Butch, with a smile that he gave to the whole team before him. Everyone, including Rider, gave him a solemn smile in return and revved their engines loudly.

Shump, who seemed unmoved, after the order he received, was quite obliging. "I want to apologise for the lack of expression on me, I happen to be an android and this is not a helmet, it is my face. It is for that reason that I would like to inform you that I feel very happy and motivated at those words. Without further ado, here I unfold the rules for this trial run, not without first wishing everyone luck.", Shump added, causing Clark to wince, but no one noticed. The others gave a look of complete acceptance to the android who seemed to feel bad about not being able to physically show his emotions through expressions.

A sort of virtual blackboard with an outline of the routes and three rules could be seen at a glance. At that moment, a robotic voice began to explain what was displayed before the Systematic Drivers.

"Before you is displayed a systematic test race circuit, intended to evaluate your basic skills as Systematic Drivers. You are going to run three laps on a 3.3 kilometer circuit. There are only three rules. Rule number one: Do not use modifiers to elevate the T-Displace, this is a purely ground race, not a rescue mission or otherwise. Rule number two: Do not crash into the other participants on purpose, you must demonstrate that you can overcome the opponent with your speed and not with violence on the track. At least not right now... Rule number three and the most important: You must complete the race before the time limit runs out. The first to reach the finish line the most laps, i.e., two or three is the winner. In the event that the time limit is reached before the third lap has been completed, the winner is the one who finishes first in the laps completed up to that point. The time is 30 minutes. That's it... Now, I will proceed with the countdown, when I get to three and you hear the gunshot, Start.", said the voice, clearing his throat.

"Why are you doing that? It's absurd being a computerised voice", said Rider. No one answered him, as they all analysed the elements closer to their positions. Nerves had to be dispelled now, or they would be a big problem. "One, two..." Kevin had realised that, less than 20 meters away, the first obstacle was for him, but he already knew how to get rid of it. "And three!", finished the robotic voice. Butch as well as Harry and Richie, who were the only ones there besides the participants, suffered the impact of a momentum generated by the force with which the Systematic Drivers started.

In the lead was Clark, then Aura, close behind was Kevin Hall along with Rider, and last but gaining on them was Shump. "Wow, these guys are awesome...", said the android, accelerating furiously and leaving Kevin next to Rider behind. "Hey! That android was underestimating us, or what happened?". Rider Walker couldn't believe it and his ego was bruised by the big Shump's artificial intelligence. However, Aura wasn't paying attention to what was going on behind her, as Clark Norton had accelerated incredibly, overcoming three obstacles that had been presented to him. The steel plates were moving in such a way that some could intervene, as walls and others as sheets of extreme

cuts that could damage the T-Displace, without being able to damage the Systematic Drivers.

"Hey, Rider... I know we just got reacquainted, but I think we can talk another time", Kevin added, pressing a couple of buttons on the center panel of his old generation T-Displace and never taking his eyes off the front, where a thick sheet of steel was shown sticking out of the ground. "What, don't even think about it, Hall...", exclaimed Rider, as he watched Kevin not only accelerate sharply at an emerging obstacle, but also engage the jockstraps on his T-Displace, managing to jump the obstacle before it was fully up. "Hey, you're breaking the rules, it's a landrace!", Rider added angrily. "I didn't fly, I just jumped... What's the matter, have you forgotten how to handle a T-Displace, Walker?", asked Kevin through his transmitter, receiving a grunt and a throttle from Rider in response, which wiped the grin that had been plastered on his face.

"That's my friend! As much as he may be hell-bent on hating his lineage, the blood of true Halls runs in his blood, he's the actual descendant of the great Billie Hall!", Richie exclaimed, proud of his friend, while Harry watched the race closely. *Unbelievable... That kid used the old suspension system from that old T-Displace to get over that uphill obstacle so close. And the best thing about that technique is that it's based on the vehicle's previous speed. Risky, but effective. I like it*, thought Butch, as a slight smile crept onto his face.

Aura seemed to be in trouble as she tried to overtake Clark, who was still taking the lead, in total silence. "Pretty quiet yourself, aren't you, Norton? Let's see if this brings your speech back", Aura said, looking to the side and pressing the two buttons near both handlebars of her T-Motorcycle at the same time. By doing so, she not only got acceleration, but the wheels of her bike managed to stick to an arched steel plate rising up on the side of the track.

"What you think are obstacles, may not always be", Aura said to Clark, at the exact moment she passed him headlong on her T-Motorcycle, taking the lead of the race. "That was an excellent move... let's see how I get past him", Clark replied, realising that the finish line to beat the first lap was very close. Norton

made a couple of moves in his T-Displace in which, through premeditated deceleration, he got more speed and gambled it all away, accelerating almost to the maximum. The spectators, with the exception of Butch, stood up at that decisive moment. *Aura, you're stupid...*, thought Butch, crossing his arms and closing his eyes. *They shouldn't underestimate the driver without expressions*, Butch smiled, interested.

On the track, as if by lightning or 50 caliber rifle fire, Shump managed to overtake Clark and Aura when she was less than a meter from the finish line, managing to be the winner of the first lap. "WHAT?", exclaimed Rider through a shrill scream that nearly deafened his teammates. "I don't understand, how is it that he has achieved such a level of speed in a first lap? It would be absurd for him to be using the sonic thrusters on the first lap", Clark wondered doubtfully. Aura was silent and seemed to be carrying out a thousand thoughts without taking her eyes off Shump. "That was an excellent lap, guys...good luck next time", Shump blurted out, followed by a robotic guffaw that momentarily ended the empathy he had initially generated.

"What Shump did is basic, we just didn't expect it. We underestimated him and paid the consequences very quickly...", began Kevin, as he zigzagged violently to dodge small saws that were beginning to show up on the track as second lap obstacles. "After accelerating to pass Rider and me, he didn't decelerate at any time, getting his T-Displace to reach the level called Acceleration by Constancy, which consists of driving without decelerating at any time, getting a free increase in speed that can become incredible", Kevin said, with a proud tone of voice for his new partner.

"That's true... and it's not advisable for a human to do so without proper protection, because at the moment of maximum acceleration, physical integrity is compromised. But Shump is an android, so that's not a problem for him", Clark added, concentrating on overtaking Aura, who was in front of him, very close. *That's not the most remarkable thing about Shump's move, but the fact that he achieved Acceleration for consistency on a test track as small

as this one, and with obstacles to boot. I'm risking too much for the first lap*, thought Aura, a bit worried.

In a moment of silence that no one had anticipated, Kevin Hall decided it was time to put his skills to the test after so long. He had overtaken Rider, who was hot on his heels. In front of him was Clark Norton, who kept watching Kevin's position in the rearview mirror and on the mini digital map on the control panel of his T-Displace. Kevin seemed to carefully observe his partner's driving, determining that he was a very meticulous and cautious Systematic Driver. At that moment, letting out a light mocking laugh, Rider took the opportunity to overtake Kevin and position himself behind Clark, who became a little more tense. This made things easier for Kevin, who began to zigzag again, knowing that Clark wouldn't stop looking at him, as well as at Rider, who was right on his heels.

That can't be. Is the kid planning to make that move?. This time, Butch couldn't sit still, and no one understood why. Both Richie and Harry were also on their feet, trying to determine what had grabbed Butch's attention, who had started running almost to the edge of the track looking not to miss anything.

"Hey, Clark, you're good, but it's time for big Rider to get some shine", said Rider Walker getting closer, bringing his T-Displace up to a speed that could be determined on the T-Vehicle speed scale as one of assault or emergency mission. *The rules only prohibit flying, they don't say anything about breaking the speed of freaking sound, and that's what I'll do if I have to. I'm Rider Walker*, he thought, as his gaze filled with unbridled ambition. Clark, who was nervous as he watched Rider catching up to him, added to Kevin's inexplicable zigzagging since there were no obstacles at that moment, was led to accelerate his T-Displace unintentionally, since at that point it was dangerous, considering that the obstacles had been a little absent and could appear at any moment.

Bingo, thought Kevin, as an unintentionally smug grin grew on his face. "They've done exactly what that bastard wanted", Butch said quietly, his eyes were as wide and bright as a kid at Christmas. "Hey, Butch, what do you

mean?", asked Harry unable to stand the uncertainty. "Take a good look, Harry, you're about to witness the legendary move created by Billie Hall: The Ambitious Cheetah", said Butch, not taking his eyes off the track and without blinking. Both Harry and Richie, who had also listened, didn't understand a thing, so decided to witness the move.

At the moment when Rider pushed Clark accelerating in such a way, they created a gap between them where Kevin was going to sneak in. "Clark, Rider... this is a friendly competition that, in addition to demonstrating our skills, also seeks to unite us as a team and improve our experience on the track. Take a good look at what I'm about to do", Kevin said. They began to accelerate short while slightly pressing the brake, causing great wear to his T-Displace, but managing to concentrate explosive speed without abandoning the zigzag. Clark and Rider heard those words and instinctively, both looked in the rearview mirror and, after visualising Kevin, blinked at the same time. When they both opened their eyes again in less than a second, Kevin Hall was no longer there, and they had lost control of their T-Displaces...

Kevin was standing behind Aura, to whom he was smiling. "That, guys, was the move of the Ambitious Cheetah... As you may know, the cheetah is the fastest feline in the jungle, reaching a speed of up to 115 km/h and managing to zigzag at that speed without slowing down", Kevin said, leaving Clark speechless. Rider opened his mouth but couldn't manage to say a single word. *He denies sympathising with the Halls, and maybe he doesn't, but he's probably a Billie supporter, like all of us. This kid is unbelievable. Butch must be thinking the exact same thing*, thought Aura, excited and looking to hold her ground as the cheetah continued to stalk her. Eventually, Kevin took the lead after stridently dodging an obstacle and finishing in front, leaving Shump behind. "Oh, awesome, the cheetah still hasn't lost momentum, you're great!", exclaimed Shump, proudly praising his new partner. "Thanks a lot, you are too, Shump. That Acceleration by Constancy move is quite risky but effective at the same time", he was cordially answered by Kevin, managing to conquer the second round.

Everything remained pretty close during the first half of the third and final lap. Rider had reached the maximum concentration that was allowed during the night, which put him in first place a few meters from the finish line. Behind him was Aura, right behind Aura on her heels was Kevin and behind them, close behind, were Clark and Shump. "Alright guys... this is winding down and I think we've seen enough. Now it's my turn to show you guys a little trick", Aura said, generating a raucous yet commanding sound with the engine of her T-Motorcycle. Rider swallowed hard but was no more intimidated than necessary. Kevin looked like he managed to match Aura, but she decided to end it all before Rider did. "You can't be thinking of using sound propulsion at this distance, you'd kill yourself...", said Rider increasing speed in the traditional manner. "Never, ever, ever underestimate me, Rider Walker", said Aura, plastering a smile on her face, which did manage to intimidate Rider as he looked at her in the rearview mirror.

Aura pulled a small lever hidden on the lower right side of her T-Motorcycle, pushing it all the way to the bottom, but not to its maximum capacity. Just before reaching the limit of the lever, she returned it to its place by a quick upward movement of her knee. After this, and with the goal in her sights, Aura won the third round by managing to stop herself just in time.

"Unbelievable... Didn't you activate the sound propulsion completely and then deactivate it, getting only the necessary acceleration to reach the goal?", asked Rider without caring about anything else when they were all reunited again with Butch, Harry, and Richie. "Not only that, genius, she also turned off the T-Motorcycle right after she pulled the lever. That's what really saved her from not turning to mush against the wall. It's one of the few advantages of a T-Motorcycle over the T-Displace", Butch said, passing Rider and whispering in his ear just before standing in front of the whole team. "When you finally shut the peak, you managed to position yourself in first place. Why didn't you do it sooner? Or better yet, why don't you always do it?". Butch had managed to get Rider to shut up for a few minutes.

"I need to know who won this...", asked Clark, mired in uncertainty. "No one... What does it matter? This was a test, and from my point of view, it was quite fruitful", Butch added, earnestly. Aura nodded, supporting her partner. They both looked at their new members with respect and admiration. Thereupon, Butch invited them all to dinner to talk about the next moves. The whole team headed to a bar they knew very well, and where they would dine on junk food.

"Oh, but look who's here. It's that bastard Butch, welcome, come on in, asshole!", exclaimed the bartender who was scrubbing a glass with a rag that was probably as dirty as the soles of his shoes.

"Don't mind him, he's an old friend who can't beat a bet", whispered Butch to his team before responding appropriately to the bartender. "Your sense of humor is intact, but I can't say the same for your hair and weight, can I, Sam?", added Butch, letting out a laugh as the bartender had settled on an expression that would scare a hungry wolf away from that establishment.

"Rider, you need to shut your mouth more and exalt your skills... Kevin, the Ambitious Cheetah thing was a sight to see and reminded me of Billie Hall. But, you noticed, didn't you? You could have won the third round and won the competition, but that move left your T-Displace pretty beat up, as you abused the brake. As for you, Shump, you're awesome, man... I can tell you're the one who kept my cool the best. Maybe because you're a bag of circuits and intelligence, aren't you?", said Butch, hugging Shump with one arm, while holding a bottle of whiskey with the other.

Some time had passed since they sat at that bar, and they were all debating as to how fruitful the meeting would be. "I'll work on it...", whispered Rider, looking away. "Sorry... we didn't hear you, Rider", Aura said, causing everyone to look at her partner with an innocent smile. "It's okay, I said I'll work on it...", repeated Rider, this time in a firm voice. Butch heard that and after a silence of a couple of seconds got up to get another bottle. Rider looked at him with an expression of uncertainty.

"Don't listen to him, Rider... it's just the way he is, don't let that confuse you. He trusts you, he trusts all of you, or else you wouldn't be here. Listen to me, this is the start of something big. You guys are great and very talented, all in your own way, you understand? Don't ever forget that", Aura began to say, as she stood up and raised her glass of whiskey. "We're going to kick their asses at Hall Enterprises, and I don't care if that offends Kevin, The Big Cheetah, Hall, okay?", finished Aura, with a big smile on her face, as she closed her eyes and hugged Kevin with one arm, just like Butch had done with Shump.

Everyone let out a laugh during the toast, while Butch watched them from the bar with eyes full of satisfaction and hope.



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Welcome to the Team

United for a Common Purpose – Start

Tech Town continued to form as one of the most influential cities in the world, being unique in the innovation and technological boom of the planet, serving as the number one exporter of technological parts and designs to all corners of the world with millions of active customers. Unfortunately, Hall Enterprises, the backbone of Tech Town and those who stand at the helm of this multi-billion-dollar empire, maintained a facade that hid the true reality.

Alistar Hall, the current regent, and leader of Hall Enterprises, did business with people who worked outside the law. Cyber trafficking, restricted access to various Blockchain server sources, illicit sales of altered android memory chips, classified information, even kidnapping and extortion. Alistar got to his current position by availing himself of these types of services. "I just need you to tell me the meeting place, Alistar, nothing more...", a mysterious subject, in an alley a couple of kilometers behind the Hall Enterprises building, communicated with the powerful leader. "Same place as the last meeting. With a slight variation, I will not send representatives, I will personally go there with my bodyguards", Alistar swiveled in his presidential chair, on the top floor of the great Hall tower. "For you to decide to attend personally, it must be something very special. What do you have in mind?", asked the mysterious fellow from the alley, looking sideways and realising he was not being watched. "You'll find out in due course, Tamil. See you then", a beep that announced the end of that call, also represented the signal to flee for Tamil, who quickly put away his cell phone and slipped away unseen through the few dark areas of the city. Like a ghost, Tamil Shaker was undetectable, he liked to go on foot and, like any bandit, he found joy in the darkness and the anonymity it afforded him. "Too much light for my taste...", he whispered to himself, standing behind a billboard and unsheathing a device. After pointing it at the light-saturated street that presented him with an obstacle and triggering it, the lights began to fail and after a brief flicker, went out altogether. Ten seconds after Tamil crossed the street without anyone even suspecting anything, the

lights suddenly returned to normal. "Partial energy destabiliser... When Albert told me the name, I never thought it would be so useful. I shouldn't have underestimated my subordinate", said again to himself, Tamil, advancing at great speed, considering that he was moving with the shadows and was shielded by the darkness provided by the environment generated by his tools.

Quickly, he reached his destination. Behind The Last Version of Fashion, the largest clothing and footwear store in Tech Town, there was a neighborhood so small that it made the Forgotten Section look like an area of extreme wealth. The representatives of the law in the city did not investigate this area and had left it unsupervised because it didn't represent any kind of threat, its inhabitants were quiet people, who just lived day by day in that small marginalised area of the great technological power. What the military and police forces of the city did not know, was that the submissive behavior of the inhabitants of that tiny neighborhood was due to the intervention of the largest criminal organisation in the city, Module X, an organisation led by Tamil Shaker.

Tamil, and his second in command, Albert Shoamu, knew that they had to establish a secret base to be able to commit a big-time crime, without being discovered. "It must be a subway, Tamil...think about it", Albert suggested, many years ago, some few years before the election of Alistar Hall as the representative of his family's companies. But to do so, they first needed the location, it couldn't be downtown, neither could it be in the Forgotten Section, for although they might have risked it, it was a very obvious location, for everything that goes wrong, is speculated to be born in the Forgotten Section. It was after a few days of thinking and thinking that Tamil's mind lit up and he remembered that place, behind the clothing and shoe store. It was Albert who came up with the idea that they should pocket the few people who lived there so that they would not talk. Tamil insisted on frightening and threatening them, but Albert assured him that keeping them happy by filling their stomachs would be cheap and much more effective. They would love them.

The second in command of Module X was not wrong, the people of that nameless neighborhood began to idolise them when they began to give them money to make their lives a little more dignified. Even, to avoid the suspicions of the police, who would wonder where they were getting the money to change their lives from one moment to another, they set up small food businesses and also provided technological and mechanical spare parts to the humble inhabitants, all to justify the money they were giving them for their absolute silence.

In the nameless neighborhood, they began to create a tunnel, hidden, almost undetectable, because it was absurd to look for the entrance of a tunnel in the dump of that place... The entrance was ordinary, but it was the entrance to one of the best-equipped subway places and with a wide range of detection systems, espionage, camouflage, and endless tools for crime. Weapons galore and specialised suits. "Gentlemen, get ready, tomorrow we are visited by our main investor in person", Tamil said, as the steel hatch behind him slowly closed. A large number of employees and partners stood in front of him. Some too busy to listen to him and others who were puzzled after thinking about who it might be for a couple of seconds. "You mean enlist Hall?", asked a young boy who was tucked into a laptop. Albert Shoamu was sitting looking at the security cameras, which covered every corner of the unnamed neighborhood, but upon hearing his partner's words, without even looking at him, he quirked a slight smile at the corner of his lips.

"That's just the way it is, boy... So put on something nice. We owe him quite a bit, but try not to kiss his ass, we have our own power, so we don't have to bow our heads to him. Let's show respect, not pity", Tamil added, smiling, causing the young bandit to swallow thickly and nod his head.

And so, it happened... Everyone seemed to be nervous, but they finally got it under control. As Tamil was saying, Alistar was an important investor, but they were the machinery, the brains behind the illicit activities that kept Alistar Hall where he was. Looking at it from an objective point of view, he was the one who had to have respect for them.

The day finally arrived. A sleek vehicle with some T-Displace functions and limousine design parked in the back of the unnamed neighborhood.

Through some actions by the members of Module X, everyone in the neighborhood went into their homes, seeking to prevent anyone from identifying Alistar and wondering what he was doing there. "Wow... this facility has gained quite a presence since I last saw it. That's important", Alistar Hall said, escorted by a pair of bodyguards. Hall was wearing an all-black suit, his shirt under his jacket was also black, as was his tie and his hair impeccably combed back. "Well, we have done well, Mr. Hall. Now tell us, to what do we owe the honor of your presence here? Generally, you send emissaries to share with us pertinent news regarding the business we conduct together", Tamil said, sitting in a chair opposite Alistar, who fell silent and looked toward an empty chair, waiting for someone to invite him to sit down. No one said anything, so he cleared his throat, unbuttoned his coat, pulled the chair with his hand, and sat very close to his partner, facing him.

"The moment we've been waiting for has arrived, Tamil... We always knew that at some point someone would become suspicious of the way I conduct the business. I am nothing like the socialist of my ancestor, Billie Hall. I am not interested in others and I am not interested in their purposes. This is none of your business, I know, you don't have to tell me, but whoever is investigating me, they won't stay there, they will continue in their dogged way, and eventually, you will come up on the radar, do you understand?", said Alistar, pointedly, and staring into Tamil's eyes. Albert was standing behind his boss, analysing in detail everything that came out of Alistar's mouth.

"Who are you referring to, Alistar? I mean, that person must have a lot of power to try to harm you, who are practically the lord and master of Tech Town...", replied Tamil serenely, leaning back in his chair.

"It's not clear to me, Tamil... and they're still not making a pronouncement, I don't even know if they will, but I can't wait for it to happen, I have to watch my back. I rule a damn empire and I can't risk anything. It's not just about one person. My sources have notified me regarding a couple, a man and a woman,

both have been recruiting people, they form a group and all have been seen in T-Displaces not registered in our data. That is, they are not Systematic Drivers registered with Hall Enterprises... Do you know what that means, Tamil?", Alistar looked concerned, but not overly so. His expression was that of a family man with a termite problem. He felt he had to exterminate them before they stopped eating the simple door frame and started eating the table legs.

Tamil swallowed thickly, he already knew why Alistar had personally come to his hideout. "You got it...", added Alistar, standing up, buttoning his coat again, and leaving the chair exactly where he had gotten it. "Aura Taylor and Butch Harrison... Those are their names, Tamil. Research them, find out what exactly they're up to, and act accordingly. That's all. We'll see you soon", Alistar said, exiting from where he had entered, and leaving a great tension inside that place where silence lingered for a few minutes.

Many kilometers away from that place, Butch's team was gathered. The celebration had gotten a little out of control, and everyone had a hangover, with Aura, Rider, and Butch having the worst. However, that didn't stop the team from continuing their work as they were supposed to. Harry, Aura and Butch showed the new members all the nooks and crannies of the lair. In turn, he taught Shump all the algorithms, systems, security cameras, and control panels, which gave access to all of them, so that he could manipulate them as he pleased. It just so happened that, thanks to Shump's advanced artificial intelligence, he was able to have much more complete and above all immediate control over the lair's systems, thus providing real-time security as well as versatility in terms of all the systematic options in that place.

Aura and Butch lay in their office where they were chatting and plotting the next move of their organisation. The meeting took a few hours as Harry familiarised the team with the lair. "Excellent job you're doing, Harry... We need to get the guys acquainted with the house. Look at this as a family, one which you are a part of now, and this is your home", Butch said as he walked out of the office, followed by Aura, and everyone came to meet him. "Please everyone, take a seat and listen to what we have to say", Aura added, sitting

down first. They were all in the main room of the den, Butch and Aura were seated across from each other. The team was separated by a round table strewn with some papers.

"As you all know by now, this is an organisation that seeks to stand up to Hall Enterprises and their grand facade of an honest company dedicated to their fellow man, when they are really nothing more than corrupt scum. Is that clear?", said Butch, sweeping his gaze over everyone's faces and parking it on Kevin. "I think I should make something clear...", began Kevin Hall, receiving Butch's gaze as an incentive to make his position clear. "Yes, I am a Hall, but the Hall ideology that I hold is the one that you also embrace, that of Billie Hall. After his death, his legacy was maintained, but then it became more and more corrupted. My adolescence and maturity came when that was on the rise. I had the opportunity to decide, and I decided not to support it, and that's why I don't have the comforts that a Hall has, you know what I mean? I am with you, and you can trust me completely. I hope that's clear once and for all", Kevin said, with a conviction he hadn't used before, and evidently leaving both Butch and Aura convinced.

"I needed you to be clear about that, Kevin...family is family", Butch added, and Kevin nodded in addition "And you guys are my family now". The development of the meeting was progressing by leaps and bounds. Shump now had full control of the security systems, as well as the other systems in the lair.

"We must come out of anonymity...", suddenly said Aura, generating a somber silence that waited anxiously for the girl to cement her idea. "We must do it because we are ready. The first thing to consider is not to have any kind of crime in our records. That is done, as our T-Displaces are not registered in the data of Hall Enterprises, but they are totally legal, even the improvements that Shump has made so far are...", said Aura. "I had a couple of run-ins with the laws of this city, but I paid for it, and I'm clean", Butch added briefly. "I left Tech Town a long time ago, but I'm back and they can't kick me out. However, being a Walker, I can't be a Systematic Driver... How do we proceed with

that?", asked Rider, causing everyone to look at each other's faces with doubt-invaded gestures.

"Guys, you must understand that what we are about to do involves a great risk... The Halls will not tolerate any kind of initiative that involves competition for them. However, we are going to take advantage of the facade they go to so much trouble to maintain, in order to position ourselves as the legal competition of the Hall Companies...", said Aura, while her gaze was filled with an indescribable glow of hope. "Before you ask how we will do that, I will tell you... There is a very old law that has been forgotten, a law that stipulates, if a large majority of the citizens of Tech Town support an independent group in a legal project presented fairly before all, it must be accepted by the relevant high commands", finished Butch, with a big smile on his face.

"Our plan is to get in our T-Displaces, go to the big Hall Enterprises building and present our initiative to them, which is about a company that would serve as the main collaborator for the Systematic Drivers. Let me explain it more simply: if all the Systematic Drivers in an area are busy with other tasks, we would be the ones in charge of covering the client's needs there, in that area", Aura added, waiting for responses from the other members.

"That sounds great but what if they turn us down? They have the power, they could do it diplomatically, without looking bad and we would look like failures...", replied Clark, looking into Aura's and Butch's eyes alternately. "They won't be able to do it, Clark... and the reason is simple. As an addendum to our proposal, we're going to challenge them. The best Systematic Drivers in Hall Enterprises, against us. If we win, they must let us form our company. And if we lose, but people support us, the law we already talked about protects us, you understand? So, we must give our best, so that the citizens will wonder why the hell if we are so talented, we are not part of the business", Butch added, as he triumphantly crossed his legs, plastered a smile on his face, and lit up a cigarette.

"Oh, Butch Harrison, you're a genius, man...", said Shump, clapping his hands in a systemised fashion and generating a very strange sound, far removed from

what a clap should sound like. "Thanks, Shump, sometimes I sound like that, I can't help it...", replied Butch politely. Everyone else nodded, they seemed to agree wholeheartedly. "Besides that, perhaps you haven't noticed, but Alistar Hall is forced to show a face that is not his own to the citizens of Tech Town. He must act attached to his people, giving all the opportunities that are necessary to whoever wants to undertake a project. Therefore, by acting in this public manner, we are dragging him to accept", added Aura, who also maintained a big smile and smugness that injected hope and motivation to the whole team.

"You guys have thought of everything, which makes me think that trusting you has not been a mistake. I will do whatever it takes for this organisation, and I will enhance the Walker family name here in Tech Town", Rider said, placing his palm just inches above the round table. Shump was the first to place his over Rider's. "I already feel like family", said the android. "Hall Enterprises will learn that they are not the unstoppable powerhouse, they have always believed they are", Clark Norton added, placing his hand to the center of the table.

Kevin smiled, looked at everyone, and placed his hand on Clark's hand. Kevin was followed by Aura and finally Butch. "It's settled, we're going to kick Alistar Hall's ass and his entire fraudulent empire. Let's show him who we are", Butch added enthusiastically and Rider applied the pressure from below, being the first hand to land mere inches from the table. "YES!" was heard collectively, after Harry landed his hand right at the end as well.

The whole team was motivated, they seemed unstoppable, but they were unaware that Alistar Hall was already suspicious of them without knowing them all. The team's mission was noble and seemed flawless, but Alistar was a powerful man, and would surely know how to defend himself.

"Now that you mention it... Who are we? That is, what is our name as an organisation? Surely, we will be required to introduce ourselves with a formal name?", Shump asked suddenly, right after everyone lowered their hands and

causing a great silence, as everyone looked at each other's faces without an immediate answer.

PLATA DRIVERS



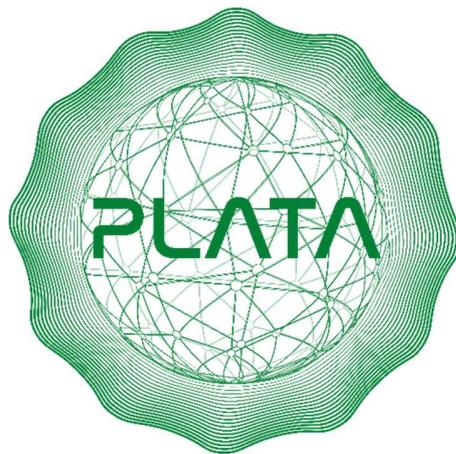
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