

# The Truth of our Time

## 1 THE LANDSCAPE

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We live in a scrapyard of ideas, surrounded by rusted robots of mainframes and the fallen remnants of clouds, oil and blood soaked weapons of economic warfare lay on every side. Files, folders, blessings, curses, papers, tools, lockboxes and safes all cursed by a phantom that whispers "We own Truth."

The life of a researcher has a lot of risks. Besides your standard cancers, infections, and infinite opportunities to find tetanus, the hounds always managed to find a home just close enough to smell a researcher who's let their guard down.

In this desolate landscape, Humanity is forced to reconstruct the events that lead to the creation of The Eye, and why it all went wrong. 15 years ago, humanity pooled all of its resources to create the Cybernet, in the hope that it would forever solve hunger, war, allow humanity to put aside the old rivalries, and turn our gaze to colonizing the solar system and beyond...

## 2 "THIS MAKES SENSE"

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- he said to himself, as he rifles through a box of official looking documents. Pulling a perfectly crisp memo from... looking at the side of the legal box scrawled in sharpie "Dun and Bradstreet – 1983"... MEMO: "D&B Announcements for April 8<sup>th</sup>. If you would like tacos, come to the cafete//"

"FUCK!" he yawned, crumpling the paper and throwing it over his shoulder. The paper landed in a small pile of similar discards. He resumed rifling through the box, grumbling "Fuck taco Friday. That's the truth."

"Hey Joe!" a familiar voice calls to him, echoing through the dust covered mountains of information. "We found something!"

Slowly unfurling his crossed legs, Joe stands up, aching, and wipes the dirt off his hands.

"Joe! Hurry up!"

"Fuck you!" Joe replied, thinking about the last time Sergey told him to 'hurry up'. Speaking to himself, and slightly annoyed "I bet it's going to be huge, eh sery?"

"Joe, Dis is Huge!" he bounced excitedly. Joe walks through a small opening between two piles to see Sergey waving hurriedly from 30 yards away. Joe shuffled closer, at his own pace, kicking a rock along on his way.

Getting closer, about 10 yards "Well, what is it? It's not another" he paused, not caring to guess about the endless piles of artifacts it could potentially be.

"It's a Plauk!" Sergey said excitedly, his Armenian accent always getting in the way of those oddly spelled English words.

“It’s pronounced Plaque” the kneeling researcher cringed, dusting off the powdery grey dust. The small plaque, still half trapped under a metal filing cabinet, had a molecular structure with Greek letters at each vertex.

“whatever” sergey rolls his eyes.

Joe finally arrives, and immediately begins looking sharply at the artifact, squinting his eyes.

“what’cha got Aaron?” joe asks quizzically, not expecting surprise.

“Looks like it’s a disco, can’t get its ID. Help me move this.”

Preparing to move the filing cabinet, they scan up the overbearing pile, looking for a loose monitor or office chair that looks like it wants to kill someone. After a pause, the three take positions in unison, Sergey leaning forward on the filing cabinet, joe helping, aaron positioned to pull the plaque.

“3” they say in unison. So adept at retrieval, they knew how they each moved, and when they were ready.

Pulling quickly, Aaron falls backward on his ass. Sergey and Joe let the weight of the cabinet push them away. A few sheets of paper trickle down from above.

Standing up quickly, aaron holds the plaque with both hands, on it, in very large letters on the top and bottom, with the ID and molecular structure.

***“This here is to certify that, Christopher Hitchens discovered the digital identity and datalogical mass of “The Nobel Peace Prize” hereby known as “NPP1” August 31<sup>st</sup>, 2023.”***

“That’s a new one.” Aaron confirmed “Mark it on the map.”

Joe pulled out his pad and flicked around “Done. Let’s get a picture for Cris. Maybe we have something on it.”

As soon as the picture is taken, it is uploaded and ingested to the EYE where it is checked against the CRS (canonical record storage a.k.a. “Cris”). The Quantum computer able to return results in less than a nanosecond. It actually takes longer for the data to get to and from the computer than to actually find the record.

“Looks good; data’s there. RiK’s been missing for 10 years.” Joe remarked.

“hooray.” Aaron said flatly, “The truth about that one died long before 10 years ago.”

“Don’t be such a downer. At least we can get a round for it.” Sery said, looking around for the e-quad to toss it into. “where did scott, go?”

“Finishing up A33 - said he saw some thumbdrives he wanted to check.”

Aaron, dismissively “yea, these large data structures were freebies, not much uniqueness here – just complexity.”

“At least it’s something.” Sergey said, pressing his thumb and middle together, sery opened up a comm channel. “Hey Bro, where you at? We found a plauk. You find anything?”

“what the fuck is a plauk?” everyone heard in the team channel.

“Jeesuz Sery, ‘Puh-Laa-Kuh’ it’s got one syllable.” Aaron, clearly preoccupied with today’s find.

“Hey, I don’t complain when you speak Armenian wrong.”

Befuddled, aaron shrugs his shoulder and deflectively nods his head.

“anyways” scott interjects “not much in here except some old movies. I grabbed the good ones. Anyone remember 2001: a space odyssey? See you in 5.”

“ha! Hell yeah, beer and movies tonight.” joe remarked.

The 3 gathered their packs and did a final scan of the area for anything that looked interesting. Joe closed the box he was working on and marked it with a big red X, so other researchers would know it’s been ID’d.

The e-quad, not much more than a Gator with plexiglass doors pulled up and the 3 hopped into the rugged golf cart. After 20 minutes maneuvering through the mazelike ruins, they made it to the highway, a smooth 70 miles to the union building.

### 3 HOUSTON, TX, AD 2035 (AC 15)

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The 4 researchers road silently back towards the city center, no need to worry about driving. As they sat, they watched other cars float effortlessly, like synchronized swimmers, across the lanes of the highway.

It was early March, the damp air just was cool enough to keep the riders from sweating. Perfect weather for launching from the gulf. It was about sunset when the team first saw the centroplex.

“why am I in Houston again?” Aaron pondered out loud. “My dad always asked why am I in Houston?”

“Clearly for the scenery” joe sarcastically remarked.

Much like the rest of the world, Houston’s evolution was abrupt and chaotic. In 2012, these skyscrapers were brimming filled with engineers, executives, lawyers, office equipment, files, folders, spreadsheets and the accountants that kept them. Now they were filled with fields of hydroponically grown vegetables and CareBots that tended to crops. What use to be the A.J. Heinz building was now a tomato garden, able to produce enough tomatoes to feed Texas and the surrounding states with ease. People call it the ketchup packet now.

“At least it’s a bit cleaner than back in the day,” joe continued “I remember when I use to work for Shell, the commute alone was reason enough to...” forgetting his company for a moment “sorry.”

“Either way, we won’t be here long. I hear they’re trying to find some real estate stuff in Chicago. Might be fun.”

The quad pulled into the garage, offloaded its passengers, and then drove itself to a charging pad.

Walking to the elevators, the team chatted about plans for tomorrow as they waited for a lift to the bar.

Aaron scanned the plaque intently, taking notice of the molecule, trying to figure out WHY Christopher Hitchens wanted to map the Nobel Peace Prize, and why was this in Houston. All of the information was in the CRS anyways. And it wasn't very peaceful to begin with.

The group grabbed drinks at the bar in the union building, and proceeded to a viewing room, chattering about the new colony on mars and speculating if 'they' (the martians) want to declare independence... a foolish proposition for anyone living in a thermodynamically deficient habitat.

The viewing room itself, not lavish or plush, had 3 rows of seating... hammocks, beanbag chairs, a love seat, and a some oversized couches.

Preparing to watch the movie, scott plugs the thumb drive into the USB to the panel at the front of the room. Joe, chattering "yea, NPP1, totally useful. Let's see what Dave has to say about it."

Aaron quips, "I'm sure that 'dave' isn't a fan of self-aware computers, so besides being 34 years late to the party, he's just wrong."

Getting comfortable, the team lets the day melt away, not worried about the soot and dirt caked on their faces. One-by-one, they each lose interest in the movie and turn their attention to comfy cots and showers.

## 4 THE CYBERNET

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The ability to create the cybernet is based on a few simple principles. The most important is having all of the devices speaking with the same basic instruction set, down to the chip specifications. This is important because it eliminates numerous redundancies and processes that are required to decompile, compile, re-compile and process information that is received through an abnormalized system architecture. The cybernet's instruction set can be virtualized, but maximum efficiency gains occur at the chip level.

Second to having a common language, a common network protocol allows the fluid exchange between devices across the electromagnetic spectrum. Think of this as a dynamic meshnet, wherein packets are sent across all available spectrums at various transmission rates, seeking "like devices" with available bandwidth to propagate the messages.

The Third aspect of the cybernet is that all devices have a clear and unique identity system with rules of recognition amongst devices. This allows the secure and fluid transmission of communication between nodes without compromising the information contained in the messages.

The first prototype cybernet was tested in Austin Texas, on April 20<sup>th</sup>, 2017. It went horribly, but it was good enough. The first successful test was performed over a wifi network with 7 mobile devices running Cris, each device propagated secure user-generated information at <1% of the network cost of traditional data interchange.

After some tweaking, the researchers were able to refactor network transaction cost to nearly Zero, reduce device power consumption by 95%, and transmit high-volume data over multispectrum EM spectrums. Over the next 3 years, chip designers, hardware and manufacturers began working with the

new instruction set. The cost of designing and manufacturing the new hardware plummeted as quantum computers were able to optimize the chip design for the instruction set.

One of the key components of the cybernet is the pairing each device with a digital identity. For sufficiently important pieces of information – primitive data identities – the Canonical Record System (Cris for short) Catalogs these data identities in a distributed ledger of functions, processes, and datasets, spread across a globally pooled storage system.

All transactions of sufficient purpose are recorded in the Canonical Record System, for humans, the CRS would hold a record of birth, death and other authorized information.

Working with this new system architecture, we ran into some consequences. The information of the internet became locked away in the CRS and EYE, but, the internet became completely automated at full deployment. This is where researches come in.

There are only a few physical artifacts that can be used to find and unlock the data structures in the CRS. Those structures were initially discovered by identity scientists in the early days of the cybernet. The job of an identity scientist was to identify the core transactions that lead to particular informational outcomes.

If you mapped the nobel peace prize, you would look across the spectrum of examples (awards given) and interpolate the common identity of all participants that received the reward. By learning “across generations” we are able to identify the key actions and activities that lead to transactional outcomes that would be worthy of the “Nobel peace prize”

A researcher’s goal was to find the discovery artifact, so they could index the data and allow other researchers to backfill with context data and continue adding records to the CRS.

## 5 THE EVOLUTION TIMELINE

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2017 Cybernet Prototype -> Determine rules of recognition and canonical data types.

2020 Cybernet goes live -> software processes become automated with full supply chain integration. Robots become primary labor force.

2024 Global Defense budgets are dedicated to Space exploration, economies of scale reached.

2025 famine/unrest/drought -> Solar Flare. Agriculture moves indoors, information moves outdoors. 90% of Non-CRS data lost, CRS Chain additions are halted. New discoveries cannot be used by EYE without root Identification key (RIK).

2026 Economy recovers.

2030 Humanity begins solar system colonization.

## 6 THE UNION

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Founded in 2012, The International Creators Union grew from the restless moderate population who did not care about traditional politicking or the fruitless squabbles of old-world bankers.

Focused on Creative Endeavors, the ICU, also known as “the union”,