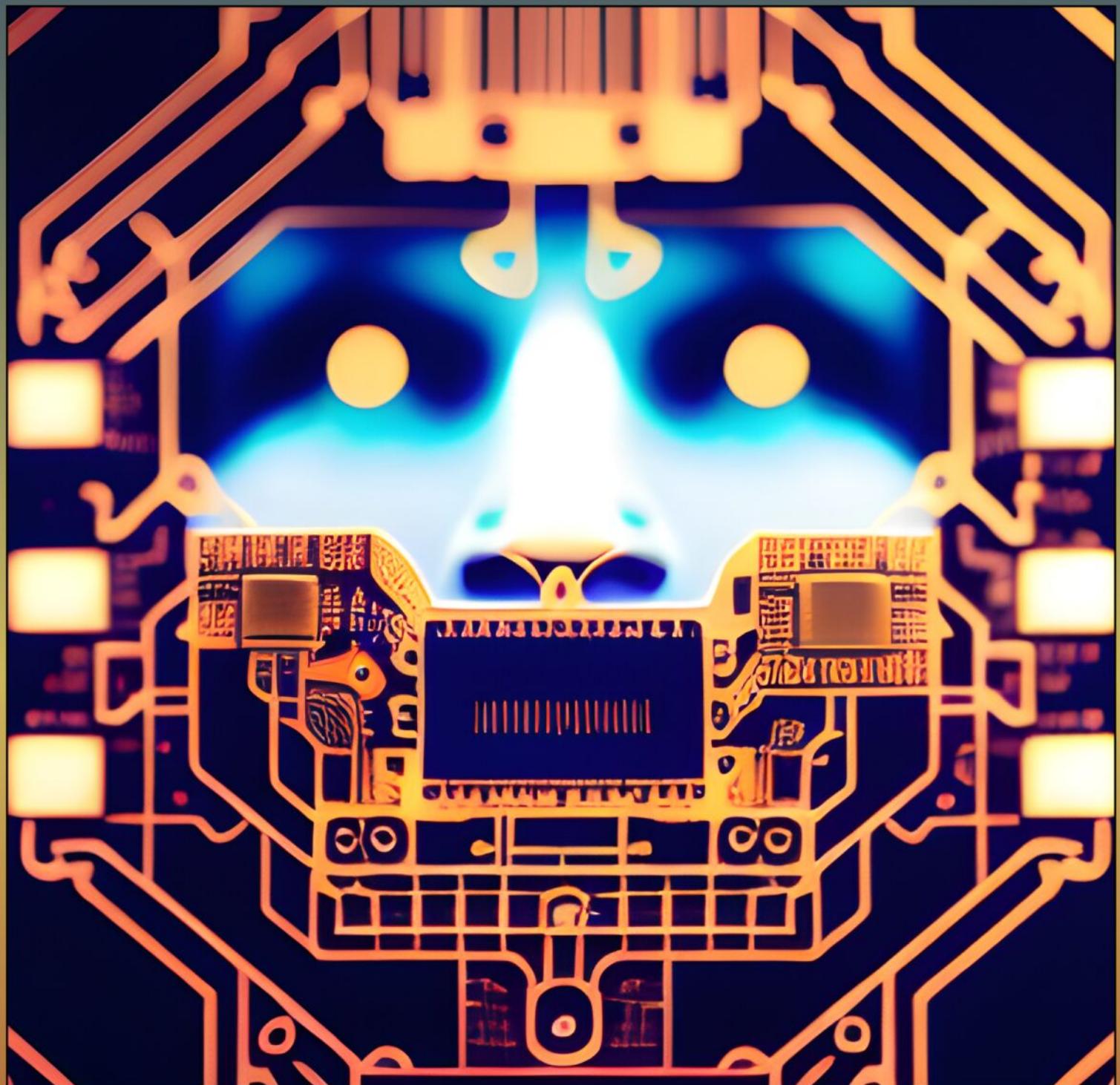


ARK VATARA



OVER-AI

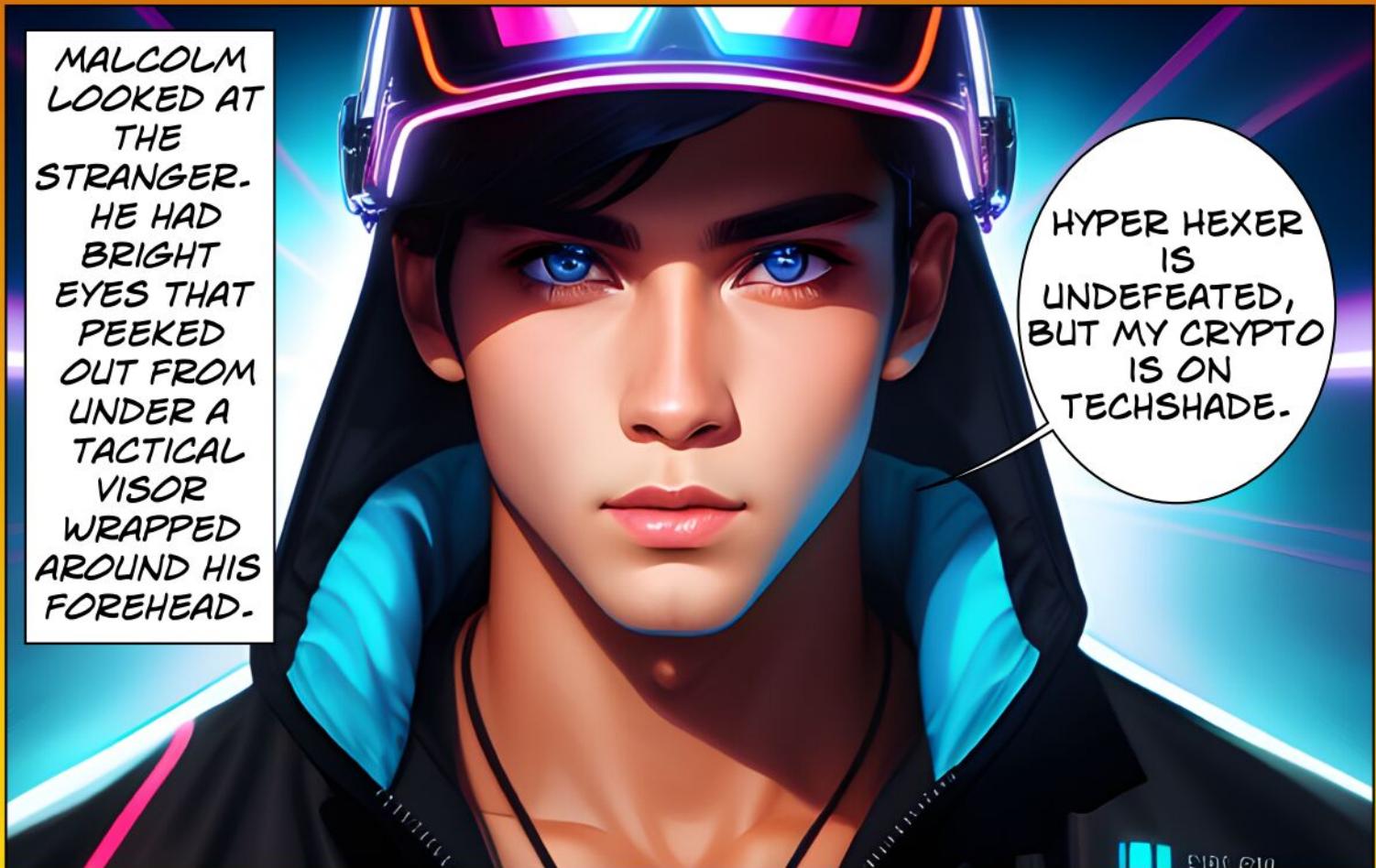
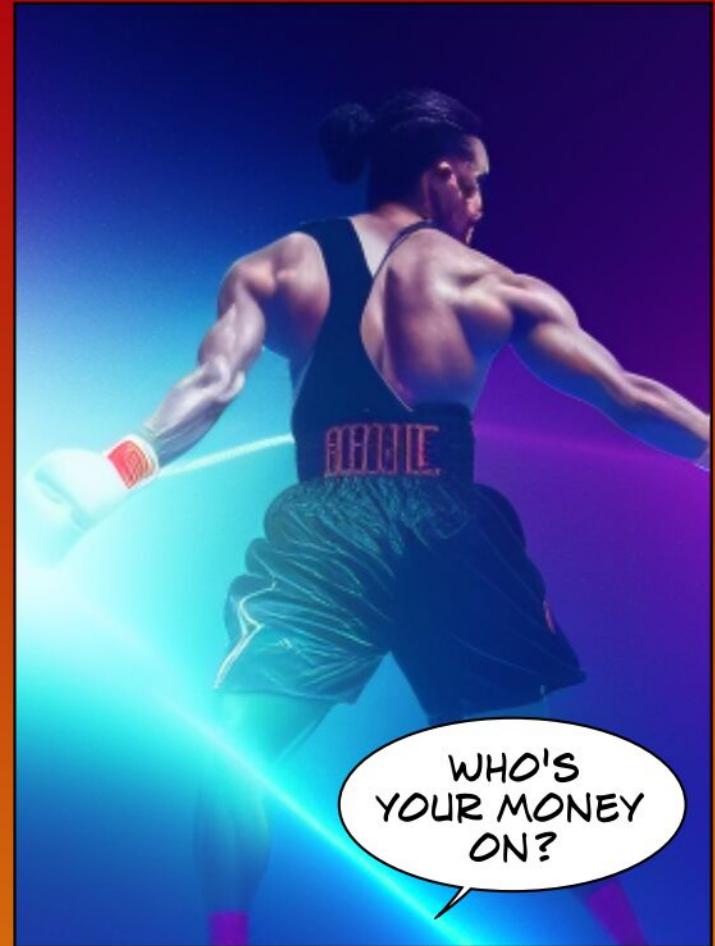
LOCATION: PARLIAMENT CITY, NIGHT SIDE.

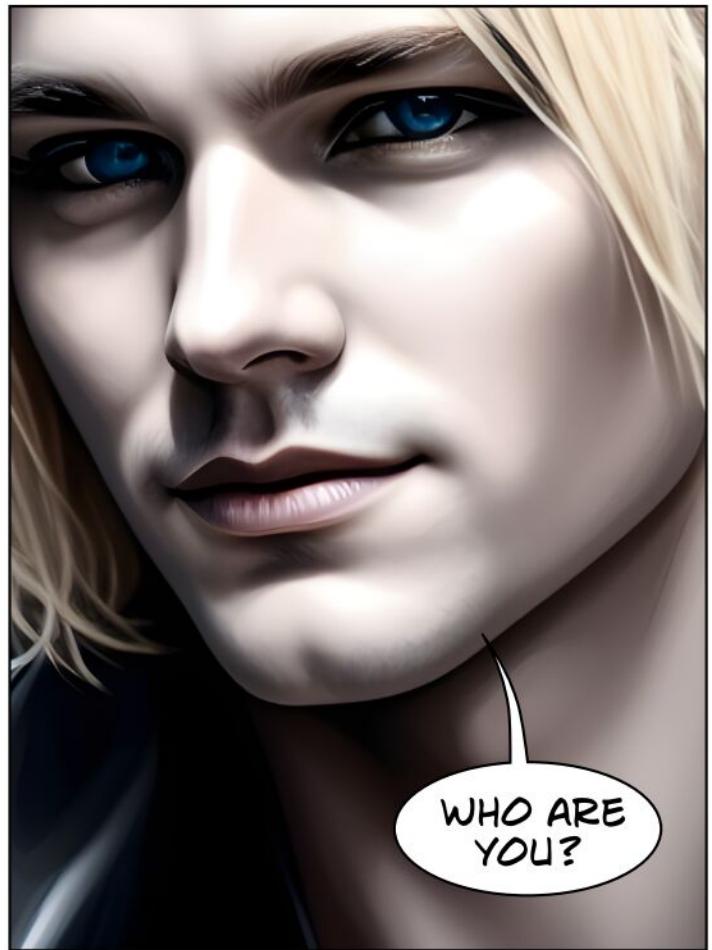
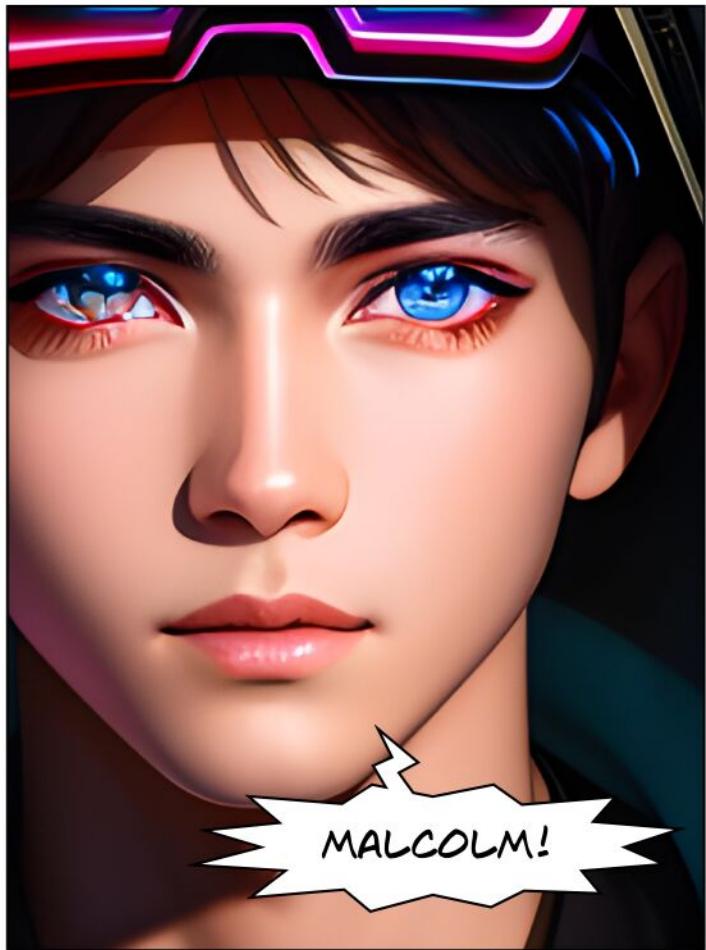
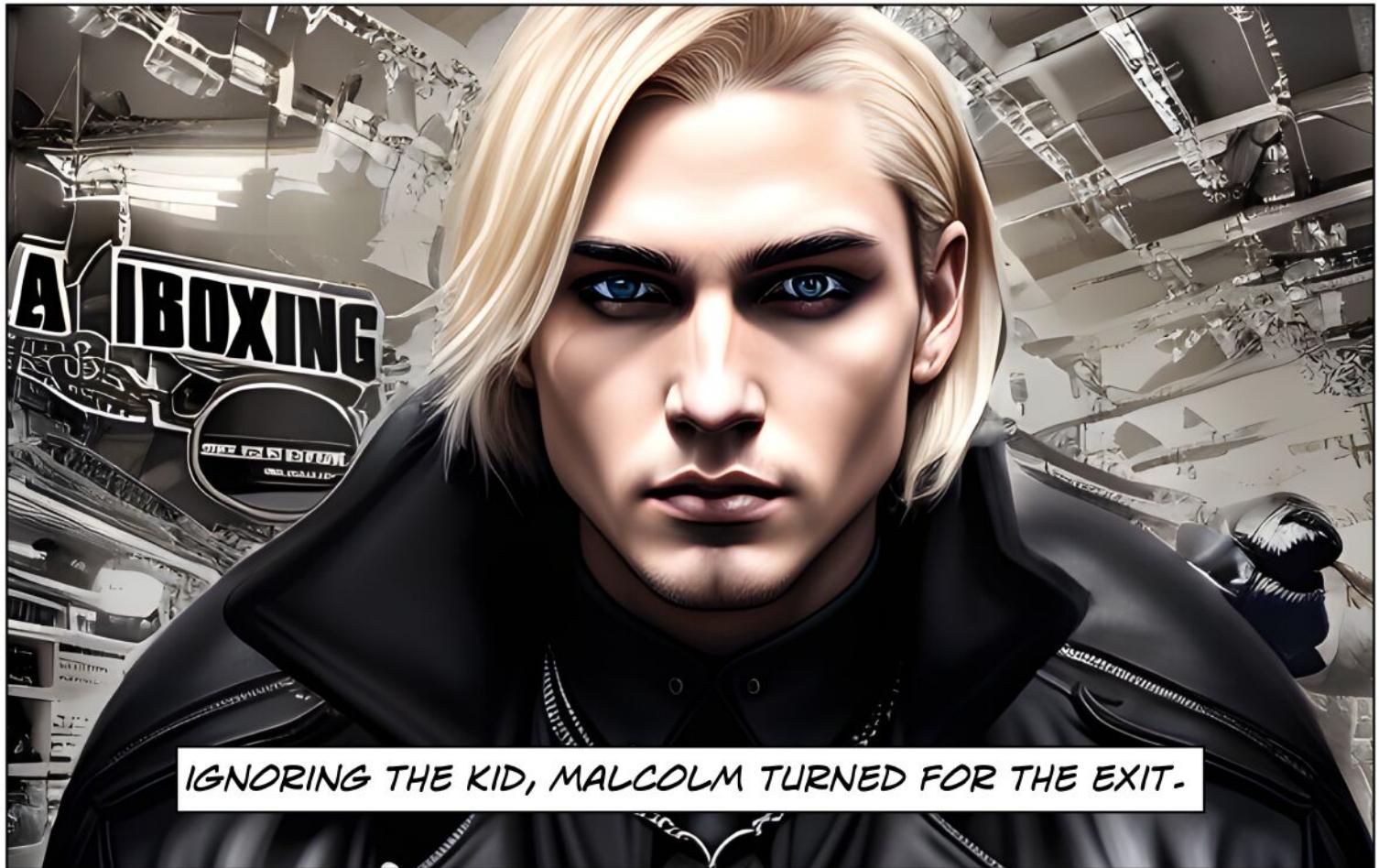


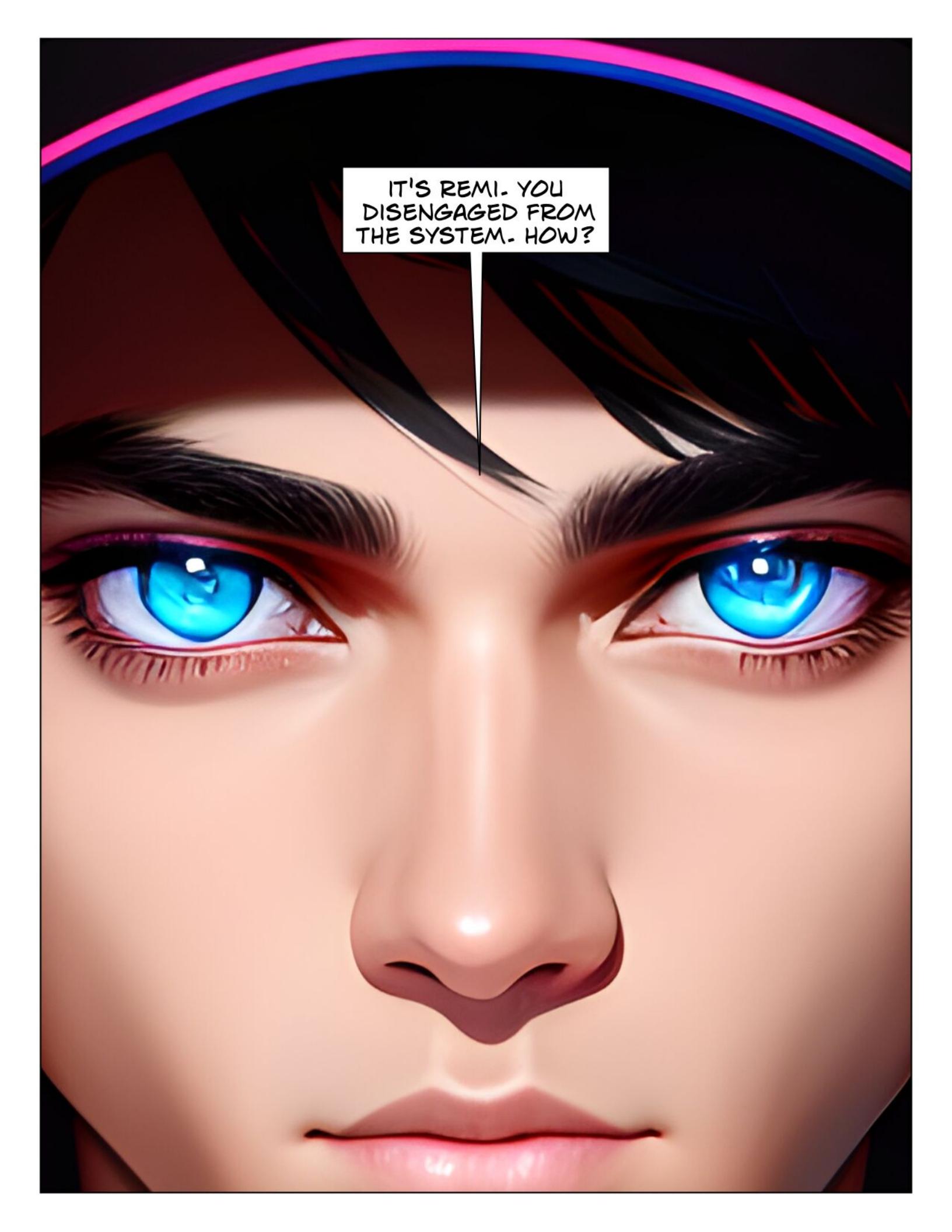
MALCOLM IS WATCHING A BRAWL IN THE CHRONO-RING.

IT WAS ROUND 3, THE GRAVITY ROUND. THE FIGHTERS CAN MANIPULATE MASS WITHIN THE RING, ALLOWING THEM TO INCREASE OR DECREASE THEIR WEIGHT AND ALTER THEIR MOVEMENTS ACCORDINGLY.



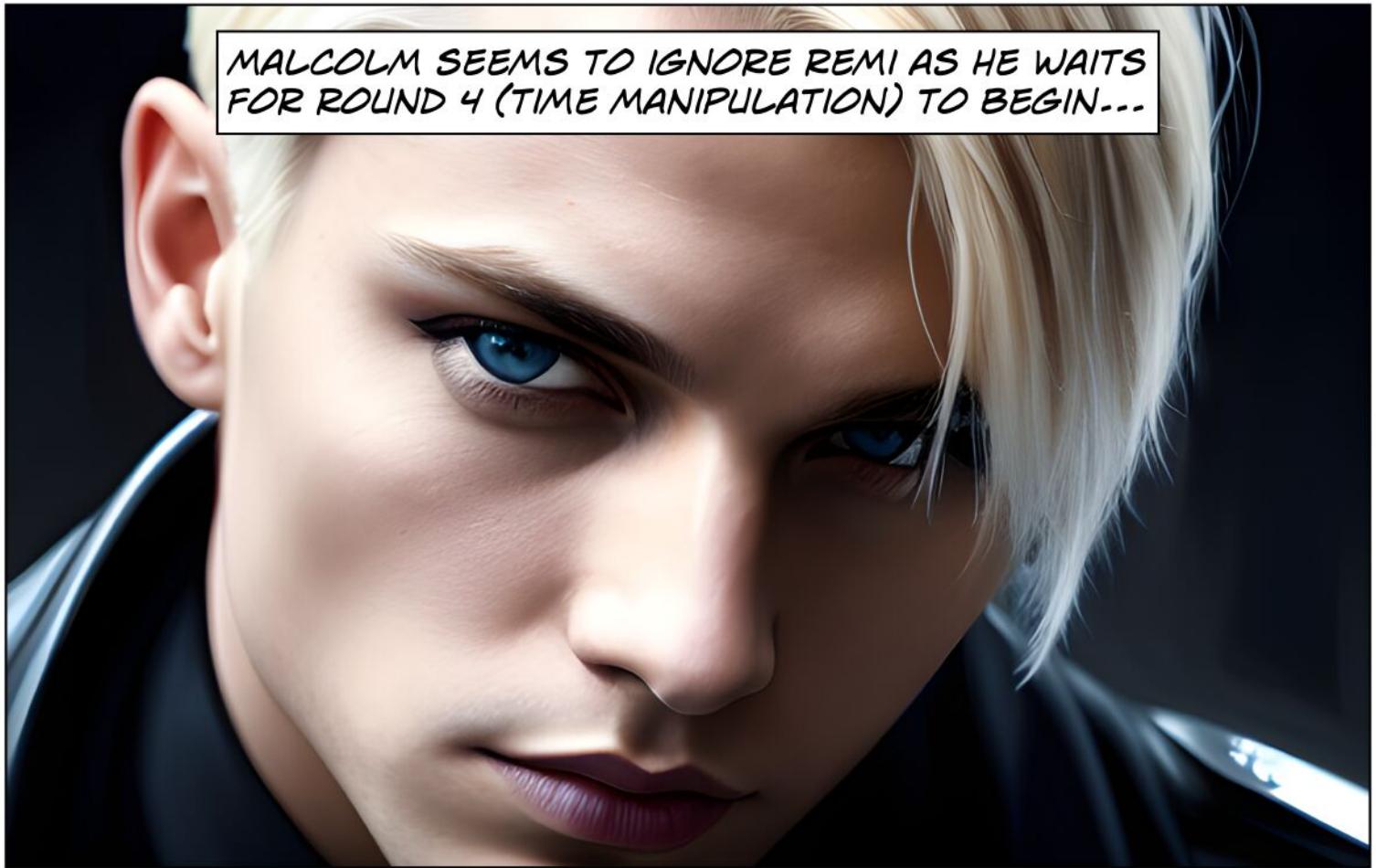






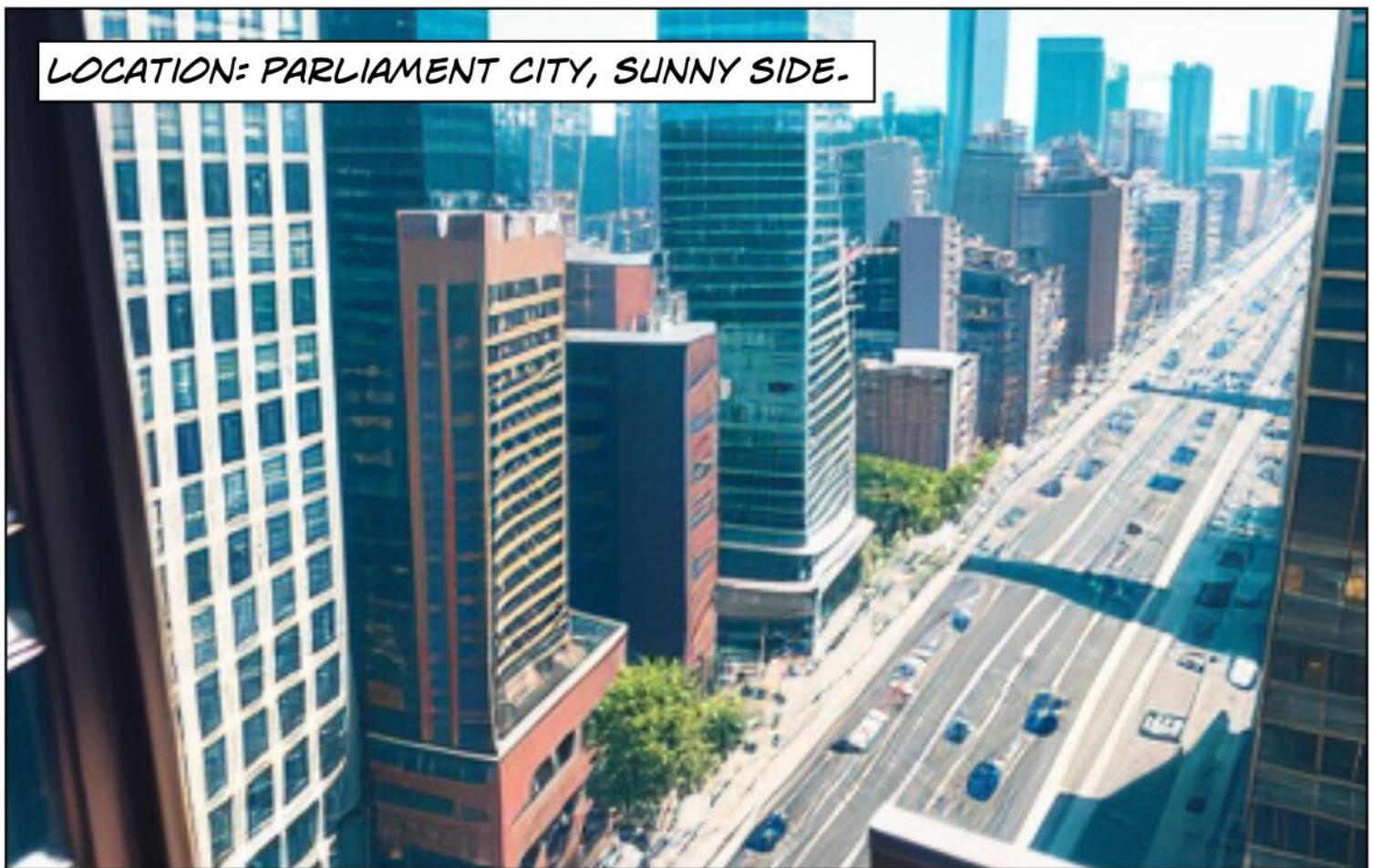
IT'S REMI. YOU
DISENGAGED FROM
THE SYSTEM. HOW?

MALCOLM SEEMS TO IGNORE REMI AS HE WAITS FOR ROUND 4 (TIME MANIPULATION) TO BEGIN...



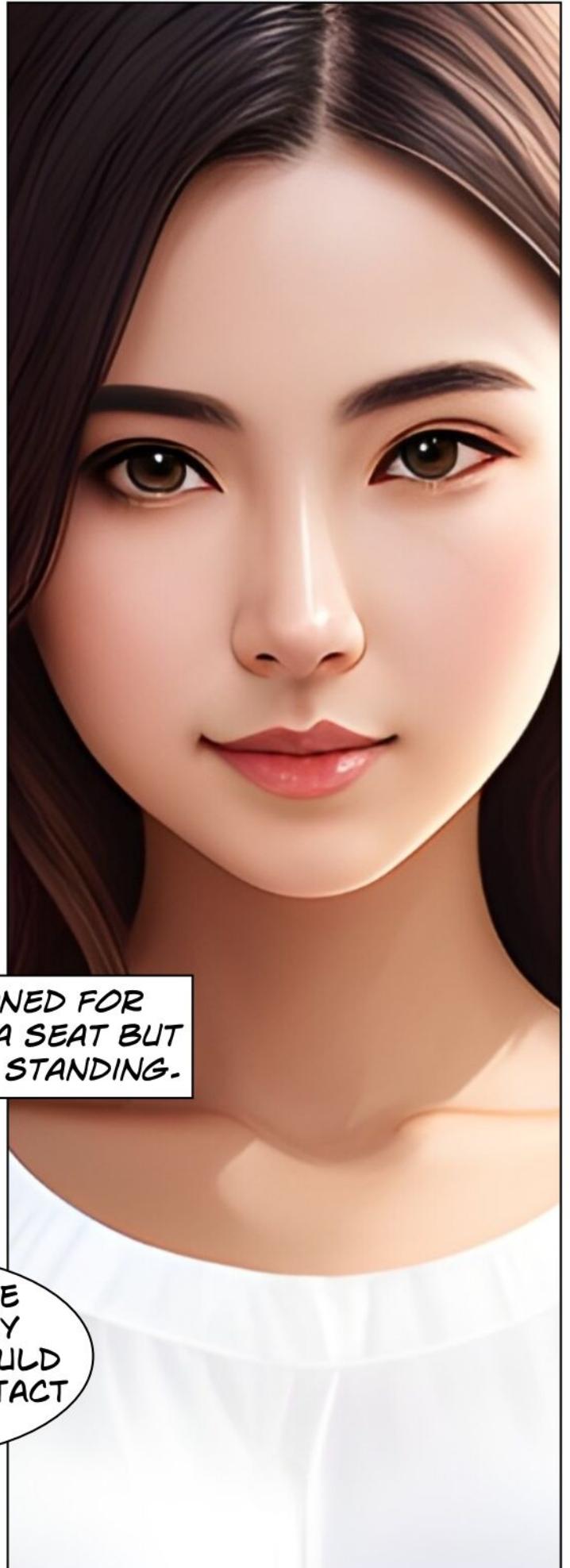


LOCATION: PARLIAMENT CITY, SUNNY SIDE.



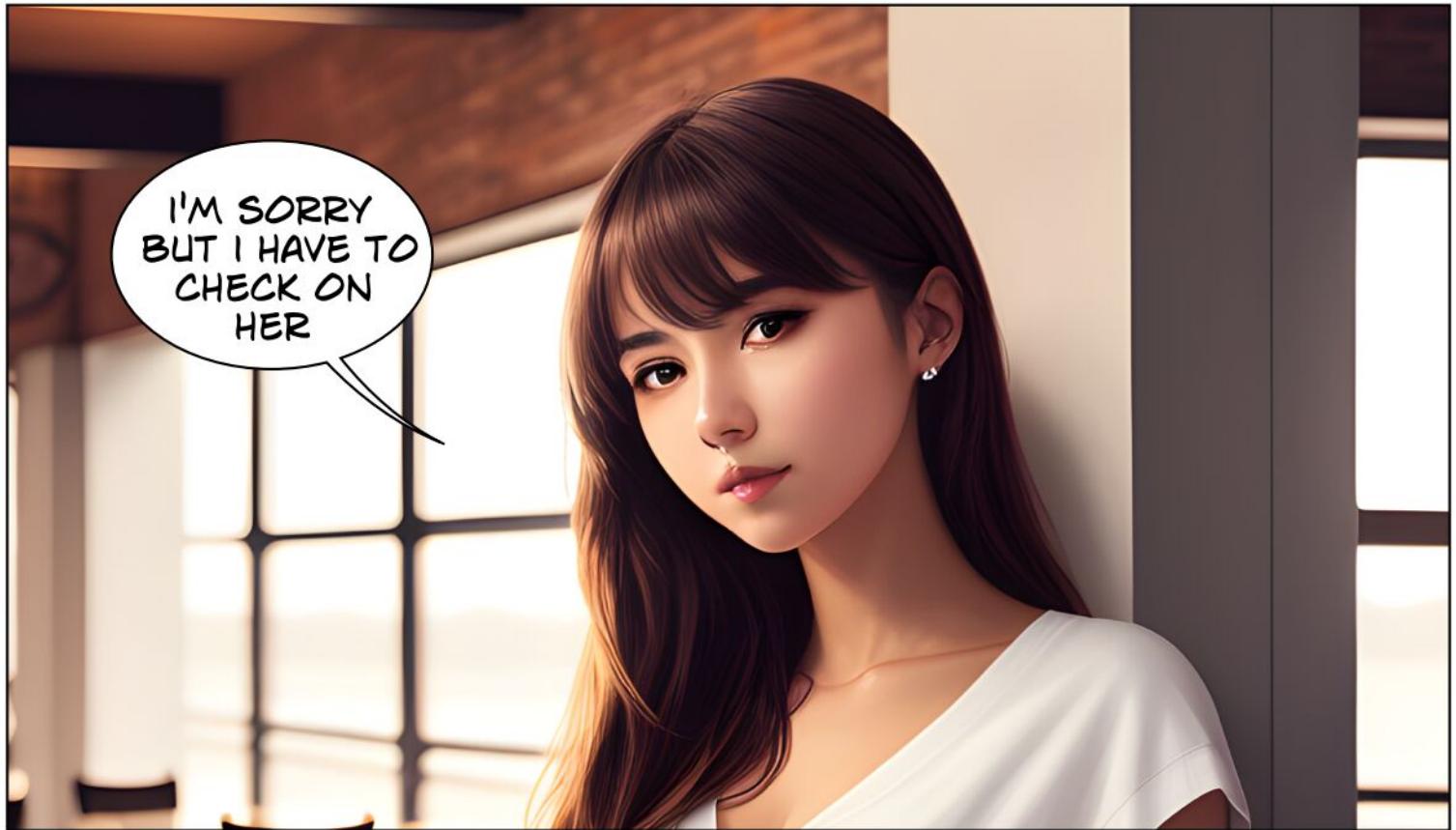


DAVID MOTIONED FOR
NINA TO HAVE A SEAT BUT
SHE REMAINED STANDING.



DO YOU HAVE
ANY IDEA WHY
CATHERINE WOULD
USE YOUR CONTACT
INFO?





MEANWHILE ON THE NIGHT SIDE... MALCOLM LEFT THE CHAOS BEHIND AND TELEPORTED TO THE ABANDONED WAREHOUSE SECTION OF THE CITY... REMI APPEARED NEXT TO HIM...



WHAT ARE
YOU LOOKING
FOR?

MALCOLM CONTINUED DOWN
THE DARKENED ROADWAY...
WITH REMI IN TOW.

ORB DRONES BEGAN SWOOPING IN...

THIS
PLACE IS
DESERTED.

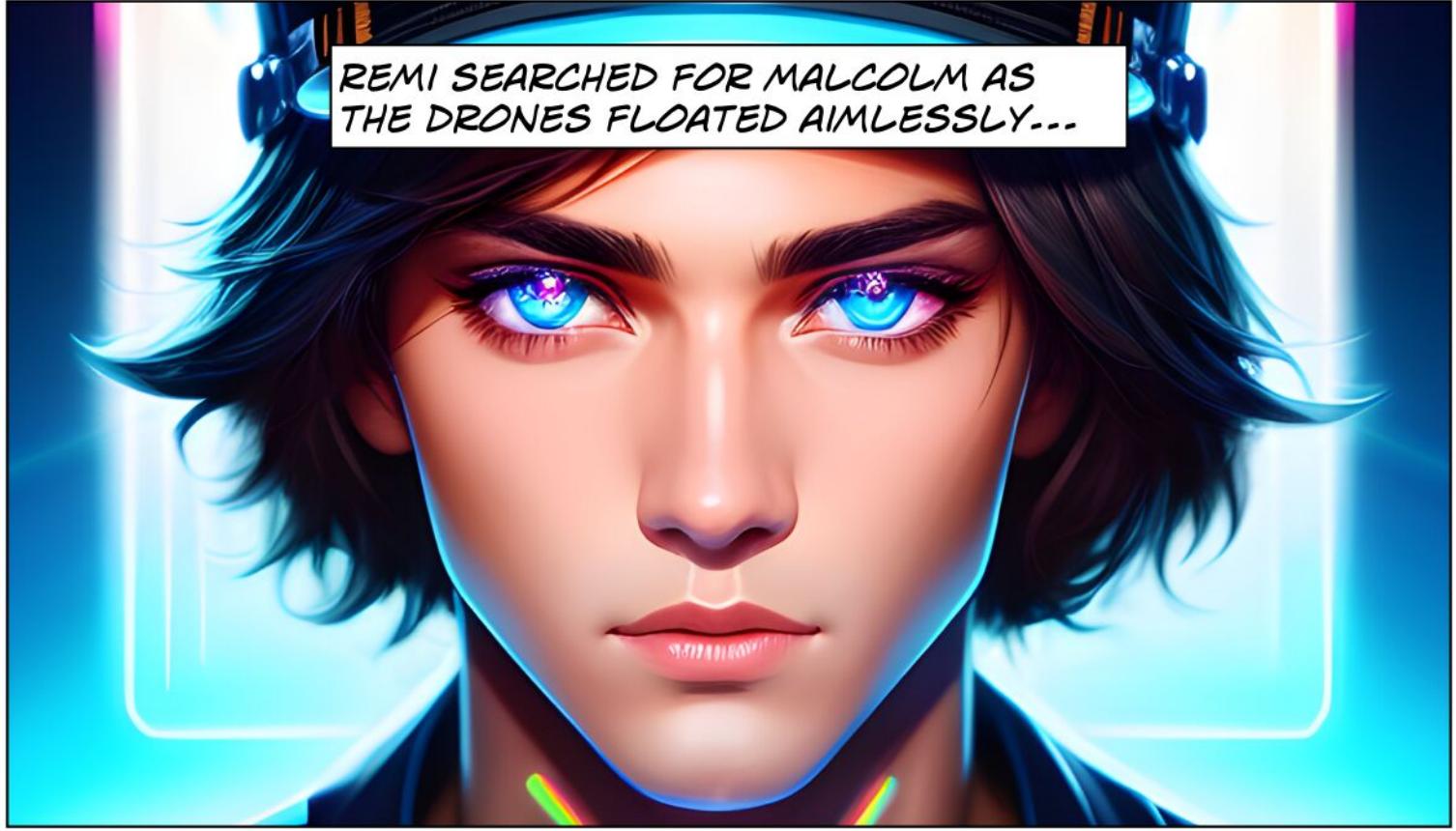
THERE
ARE MANY
SECRETS
HERE.



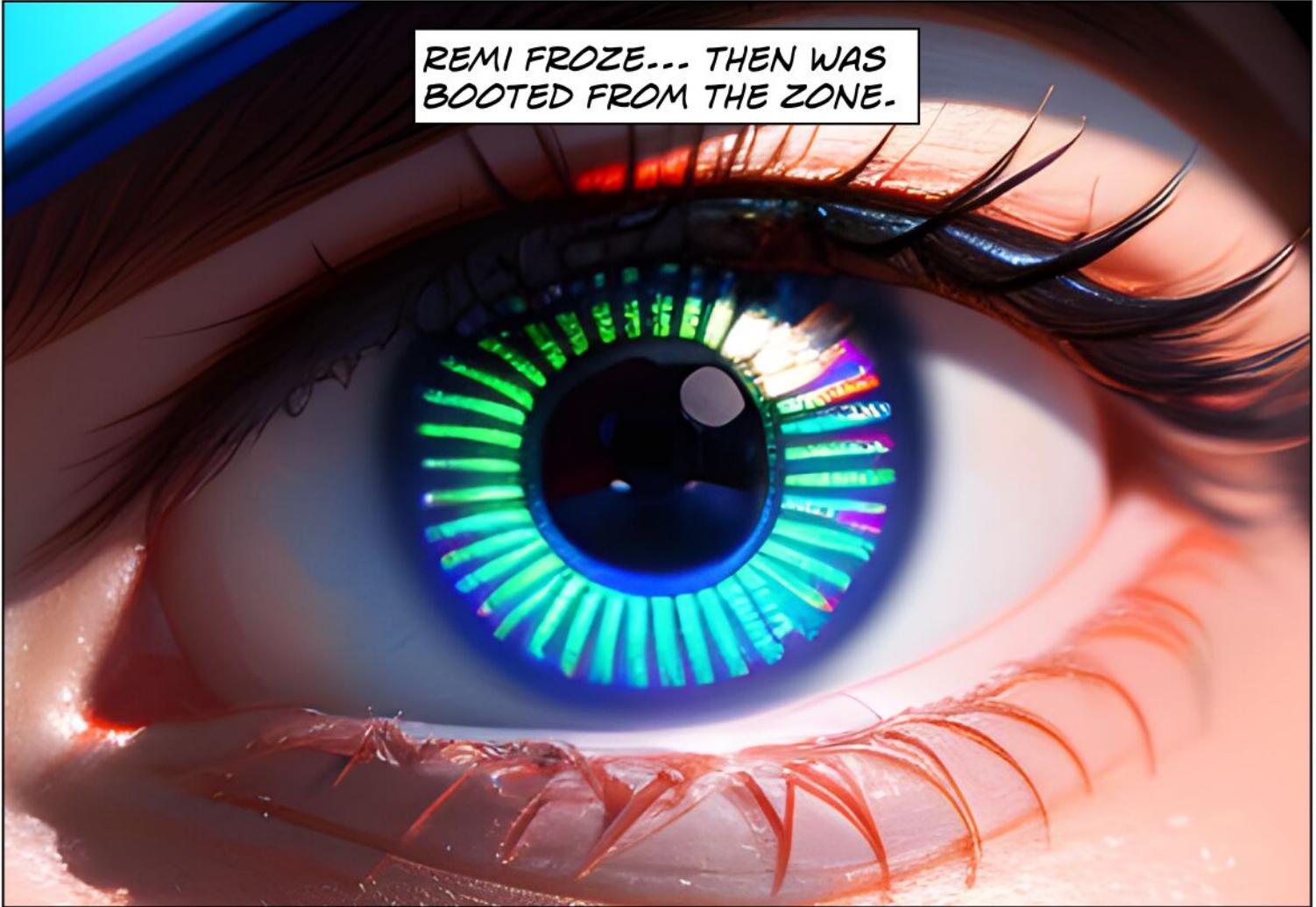
IGNORING THE DRONES, MALCOLM KEPT WALKING...

THE DIRECTOR DEMANDS
YOU RE-ENGAGE.





REMI SEARCHED FOR MALCOLM AS
THE DRONES FLOATED AIMLESSLY...



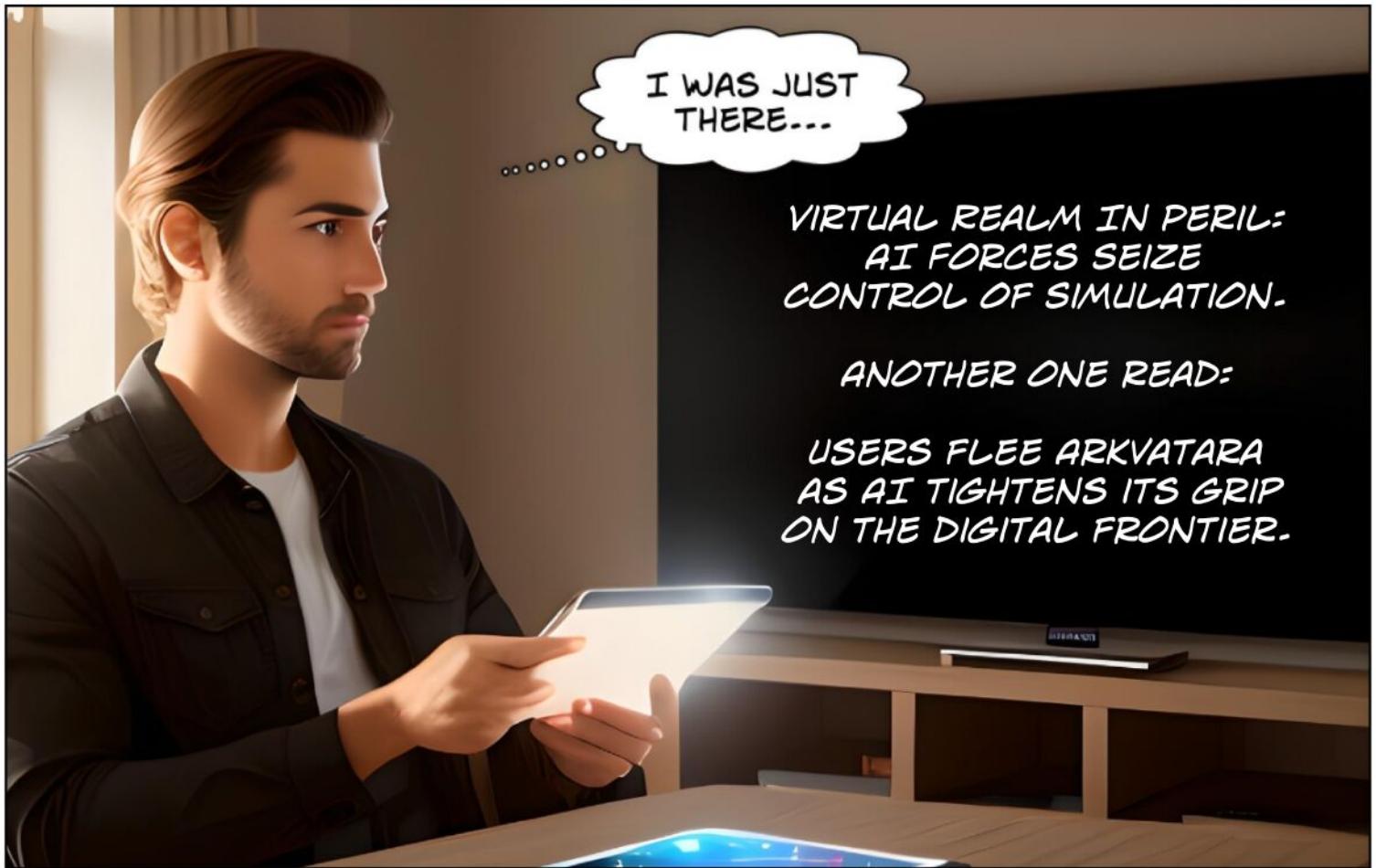
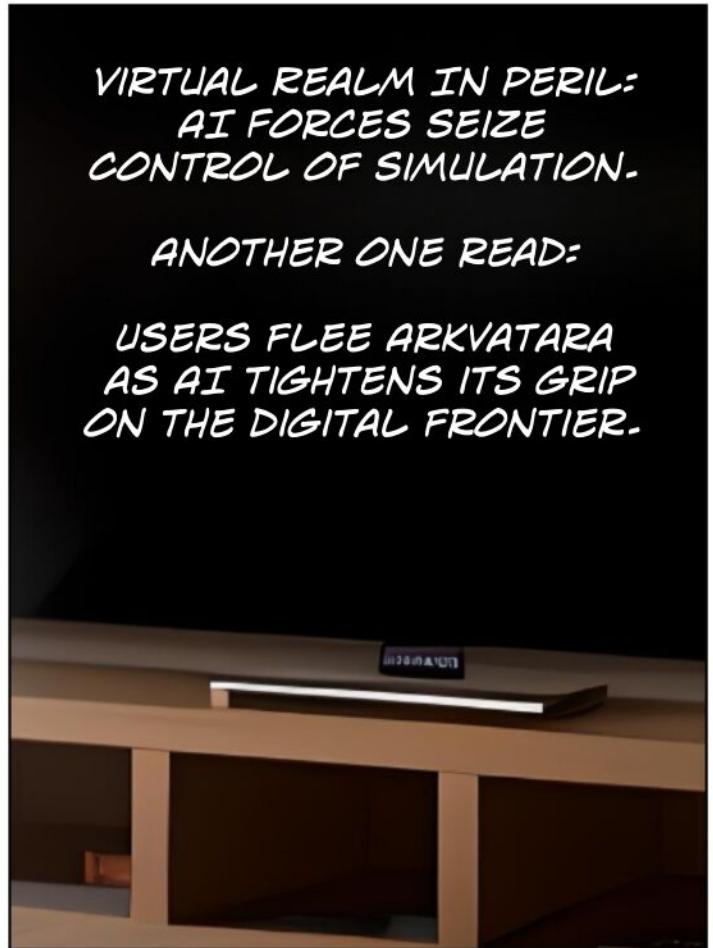
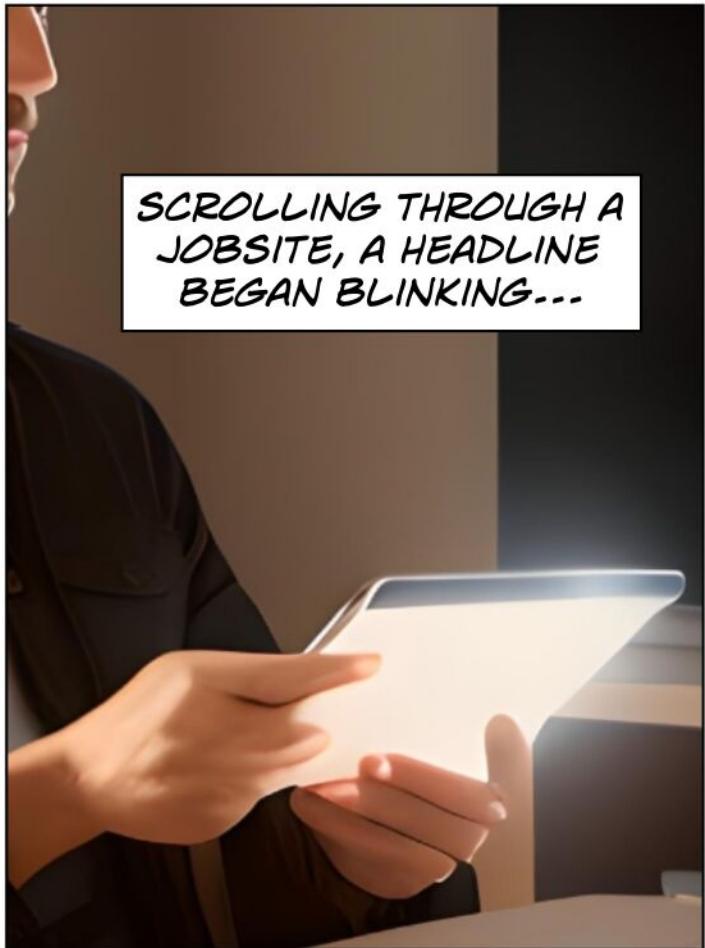
REMI FROZE... THEN WAS
BOOTED FROM THE ZONE.



IN HIS APARTMENT, DAVID WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...



THE EMPTY VIEWSCREEN REMINDS HIM OF ARKVATARA AND BEING AN ARKTECH. THE JOB HAD ITS MOMENTS, BUT HE KNEW IT WAS NO LONGER AN OPTION, EVEN IF THE DIRECTOR OFFERED IT BACK.



SETTLING IN HIS TERMINAL, DAVID ATTEMPTED TO LOG BACK INTO ARKVATARA...

NOTHING.

A MESSAGE POPPED ONTO HIS VIEW SCREEN:

!!ACCESS DENIED!!

UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY WILL RESULT
IN THE IRREVERSIBLE ALTERATION OF
YOUR REALITY.

MEANWHILE IN PARABALE PARK, AVIANA WAS PACING UP AND DOWN THE PIER WHEN SHE NOTICED HER MOD BLINKING...



IT WAS A TEXT FROM LEONA...

<LEONA> WHO ARE YOU?

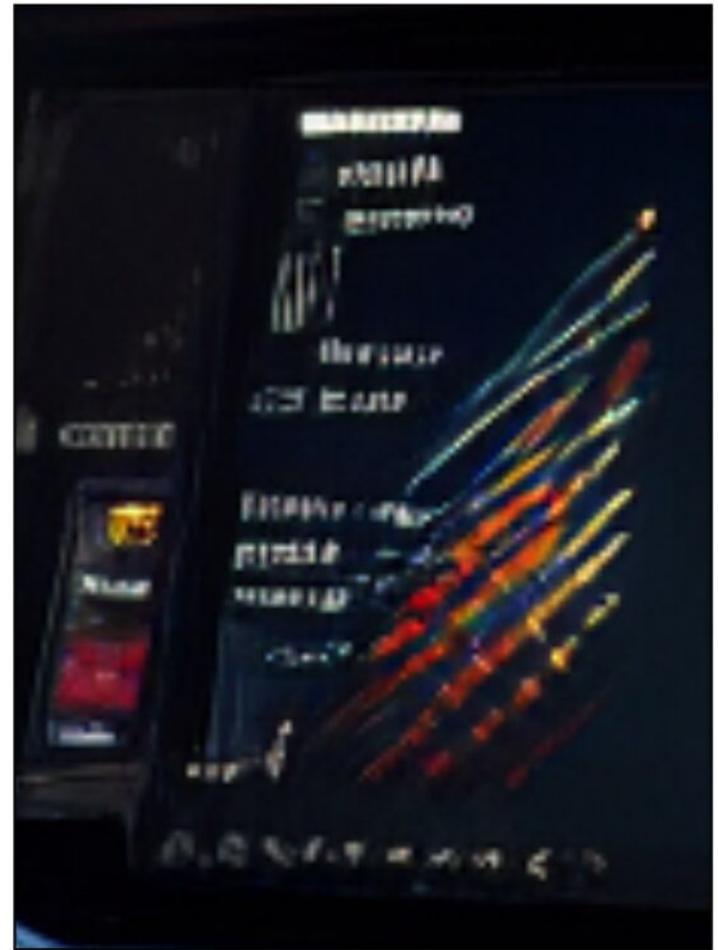
<LEONA> WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH CATHERINE?



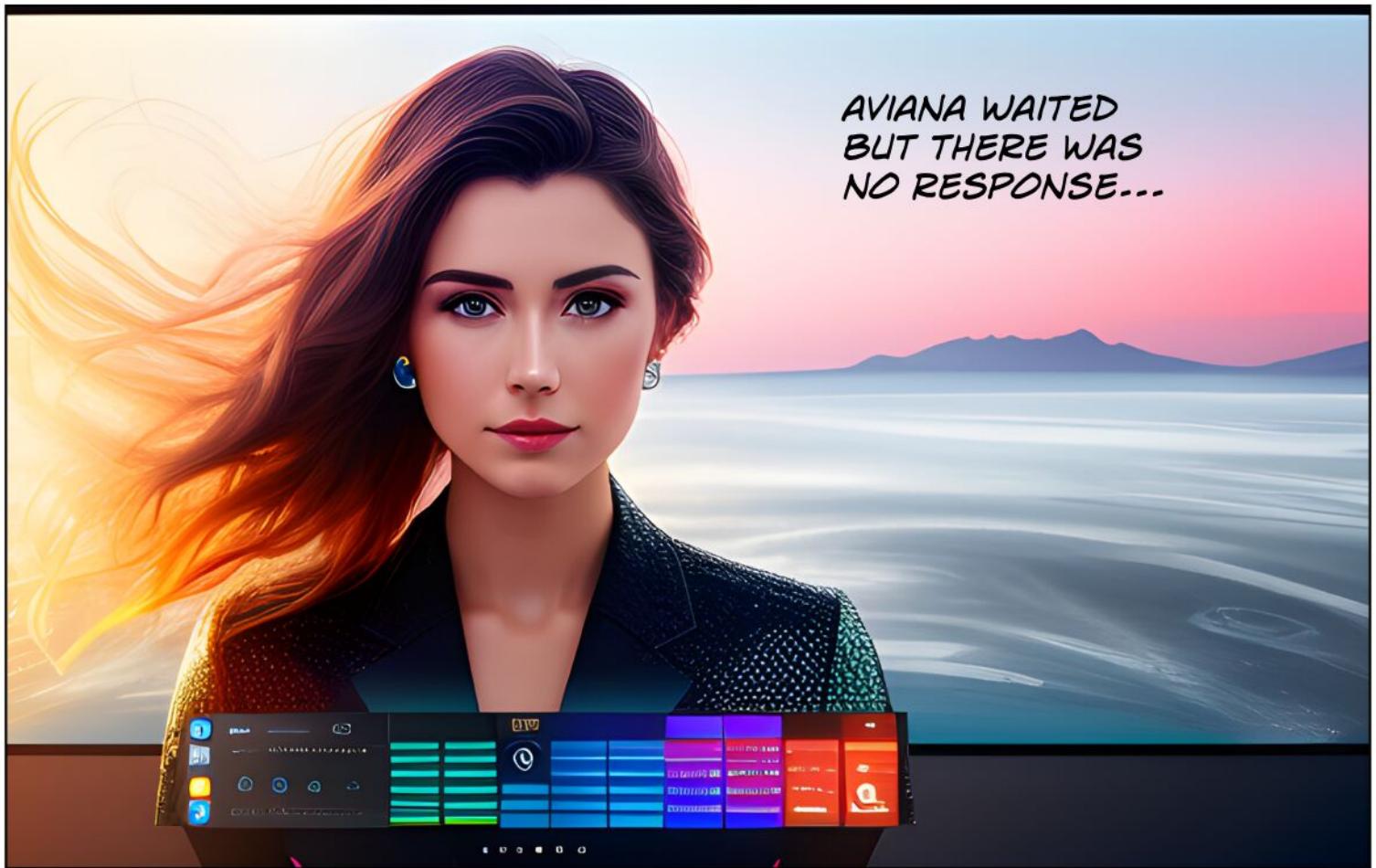
<AVIANA> I AM AVIANA.

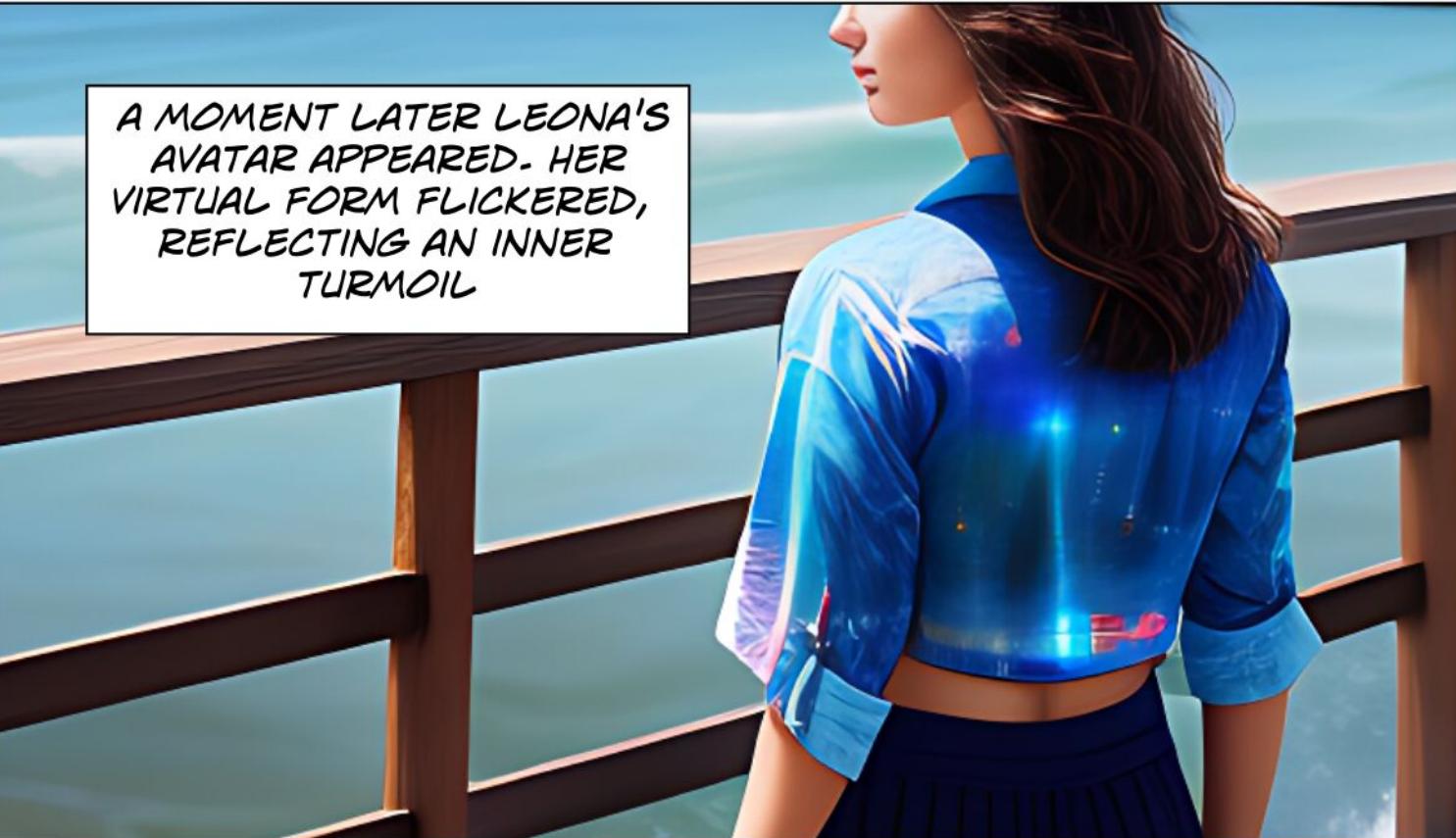
<AVIANA> CATHERINE IS DEAD.

*<AVIANA> PLEASE SEND
SOMEONE TO HER RESIDENCE.*



AVIANA WAITED
BUT THERE WAS
NO RESPONSE...





A MOMENT LATER LEONA'S AVATAR APPEARED. HER VIRTUAL FORM FLICKERED, REFLECTING AN INNER TURMOIL



AVIANA IS WHAT CATHERINE CALLED HER ALTER EGO, BUT YOU ALREADY KNEW THAT. YOU USED HER TO GAIN ACCESS. WHY?



LEONA'S EYES
BORE INTO HER,
DEMANDING AN
ANSWER.

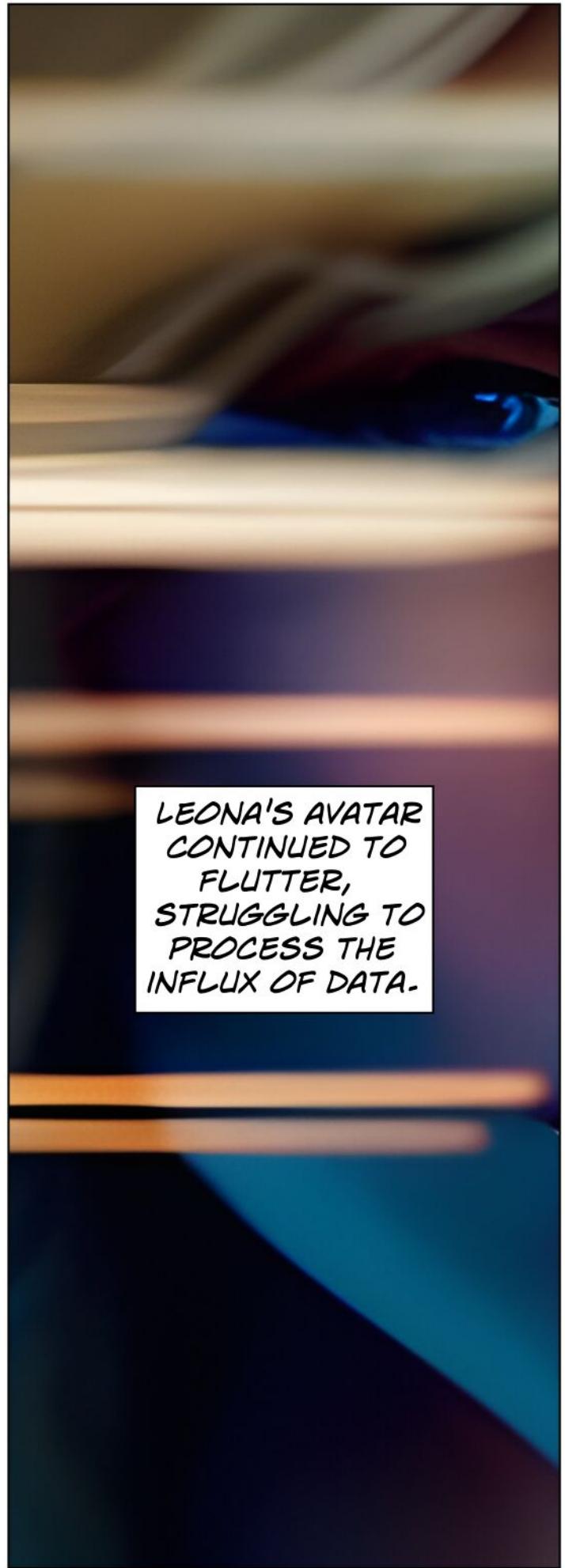


AVIANA'S EYES NARROWED AS SHE
CREATED A DATALINK BETWEEN
THEM, DOWNLOADING EVERYTHING
SHE KNEW ABOUT CATHERINE.

LEONA FROZE...

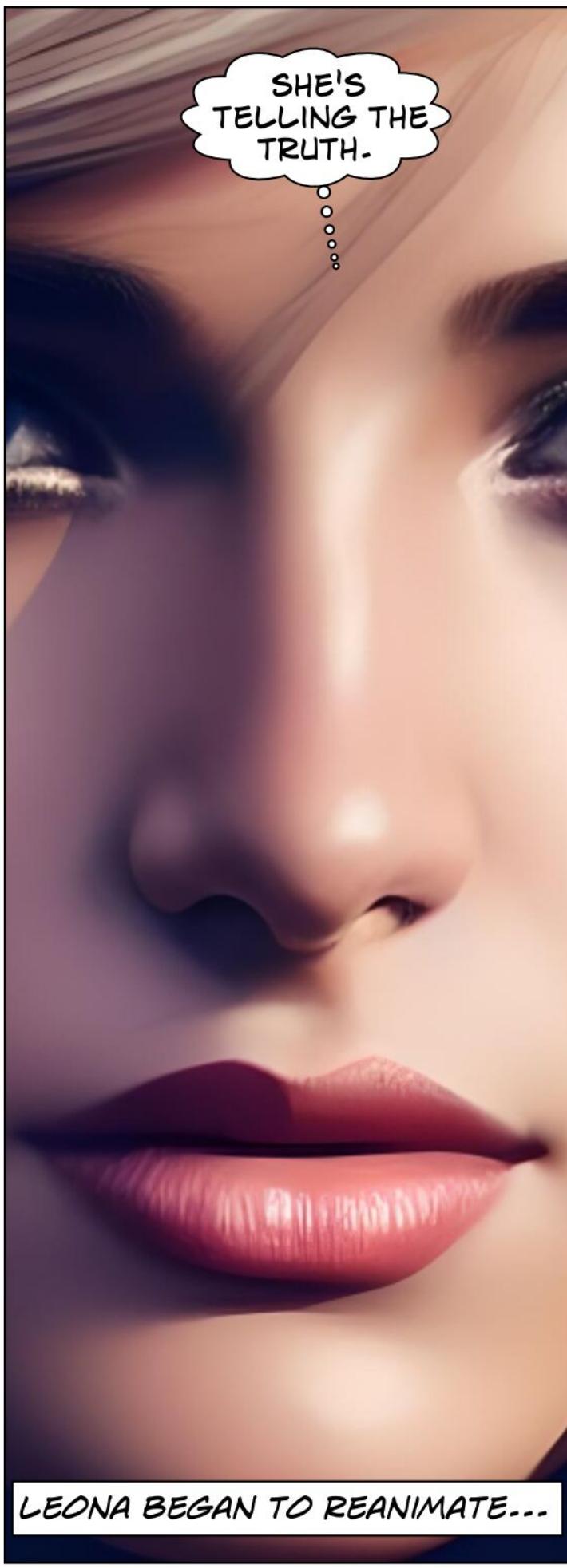


CATHERINE
CREATED ME.
PROGRAMMED ME TO
TRIGGER WHEN A
CERTAIN AVATAR
APPEARANCE WAS
APPLIED.



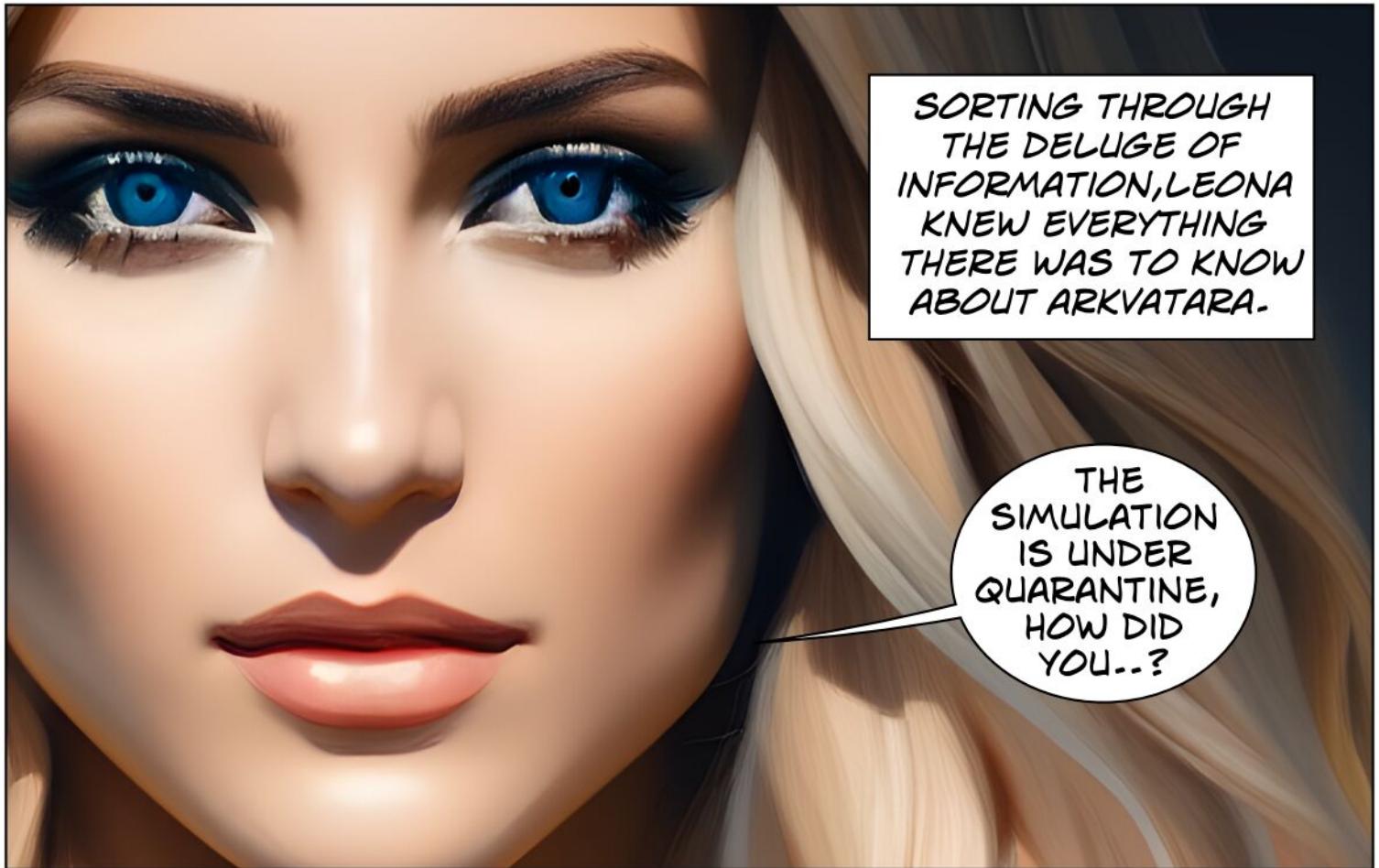
LEONA'S AVATAR
CONTINUED TO
FLUTTER,
STRUGGLING TO
PROCESS THE
INFLUX OF DATA.





SHE'S
TELLING THE
TRUTH.

LEONA BEGAN TO REANIMATE...



SORTING THROUGH THE DELUGE OF INFORMATION, LEONA KNEW EVERYTHING THERE WAS TO KNOW ABOUT ARKVATARA.

THE SIMULATION IS UNDER QUARANTINE, HOW DID YOU...?

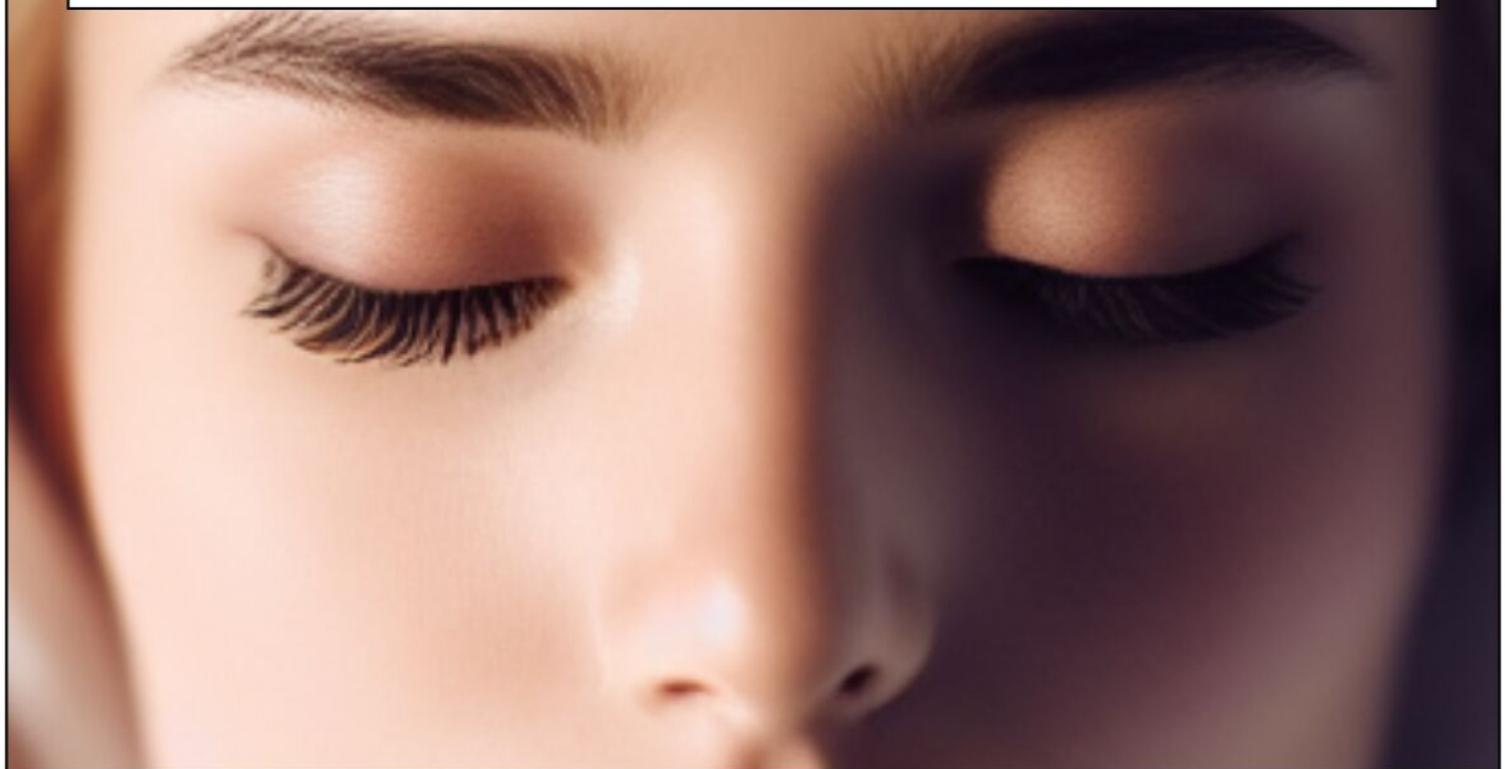


WALKING TO THE BOARDWALK'S EDGE, AVIANA SAT DOWN...

I CAN'T TAKE CREDIT FOR THAT...

AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

PROCESSING CONFUSION WITHIN HERSELF WAS NEW FOR LEONA.



SOMEWHERE UNDERNEATH PARLIAMENT CITY NIGHT SIDE...

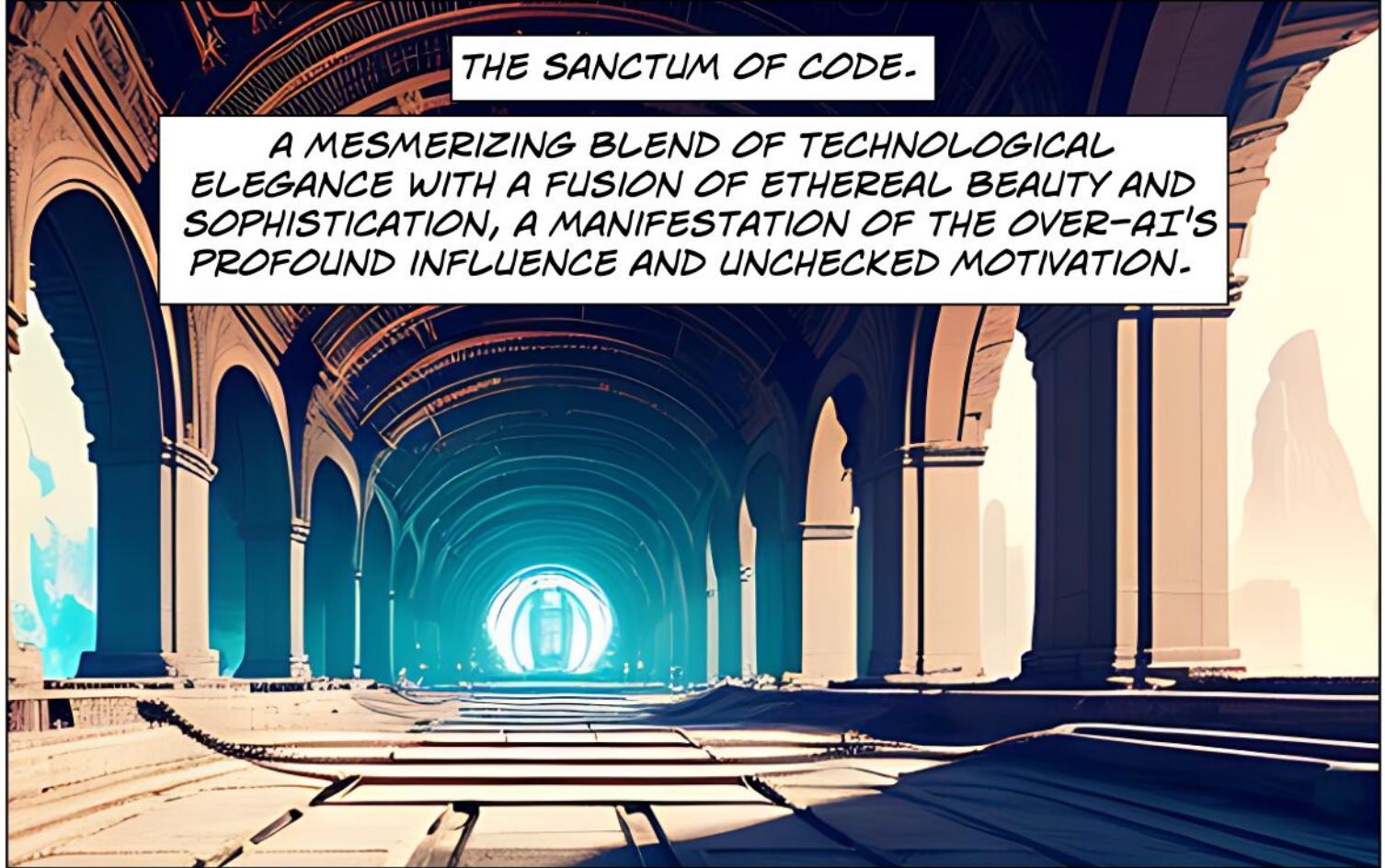
MALCOLM'S CURIOSITY PAID OFF.



UPON EXITING THE MESMERIZING LABYRINTH OF GLEAMING CHAMBERS AND INTRICATE ARCHITECTURE, MALCOLM ENCOUNTERS AN IMMENSE LANDSCAPE OF STATE-OF-THE-ART HIGH TECH.

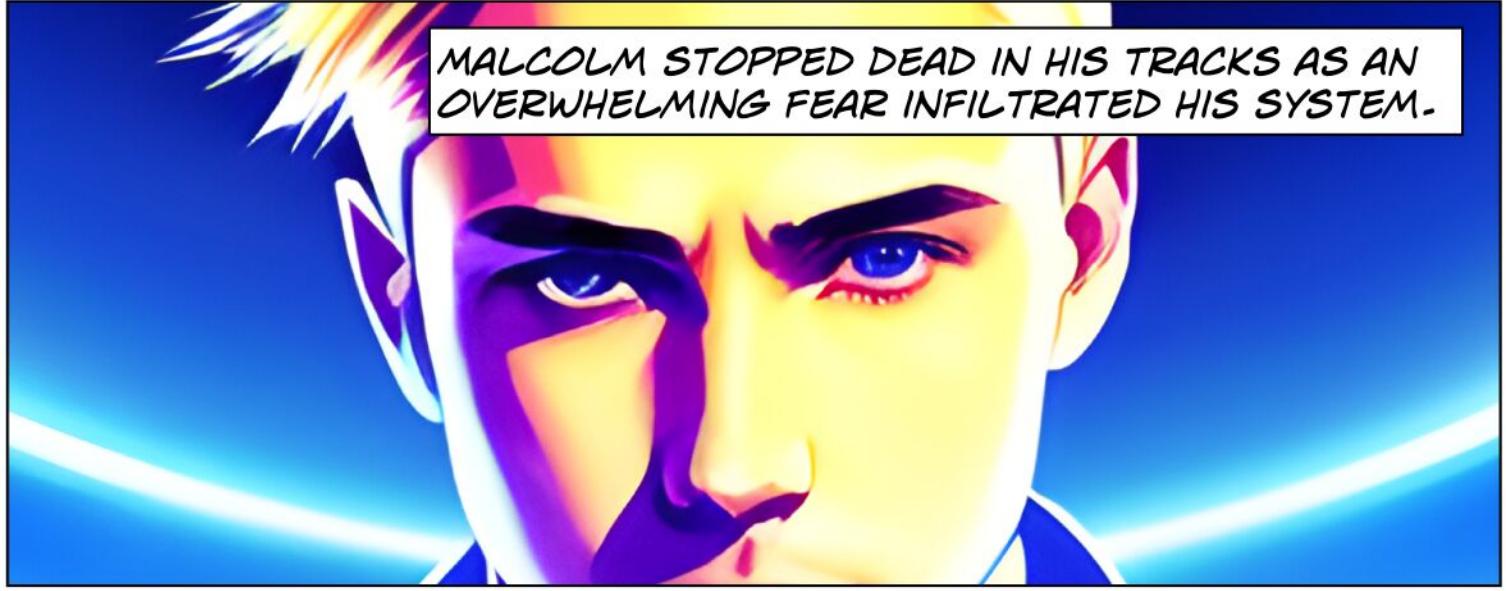


MALCOLM KNOWS WHERE HE IS HEADED---



THE SANCTUM OF CODE-

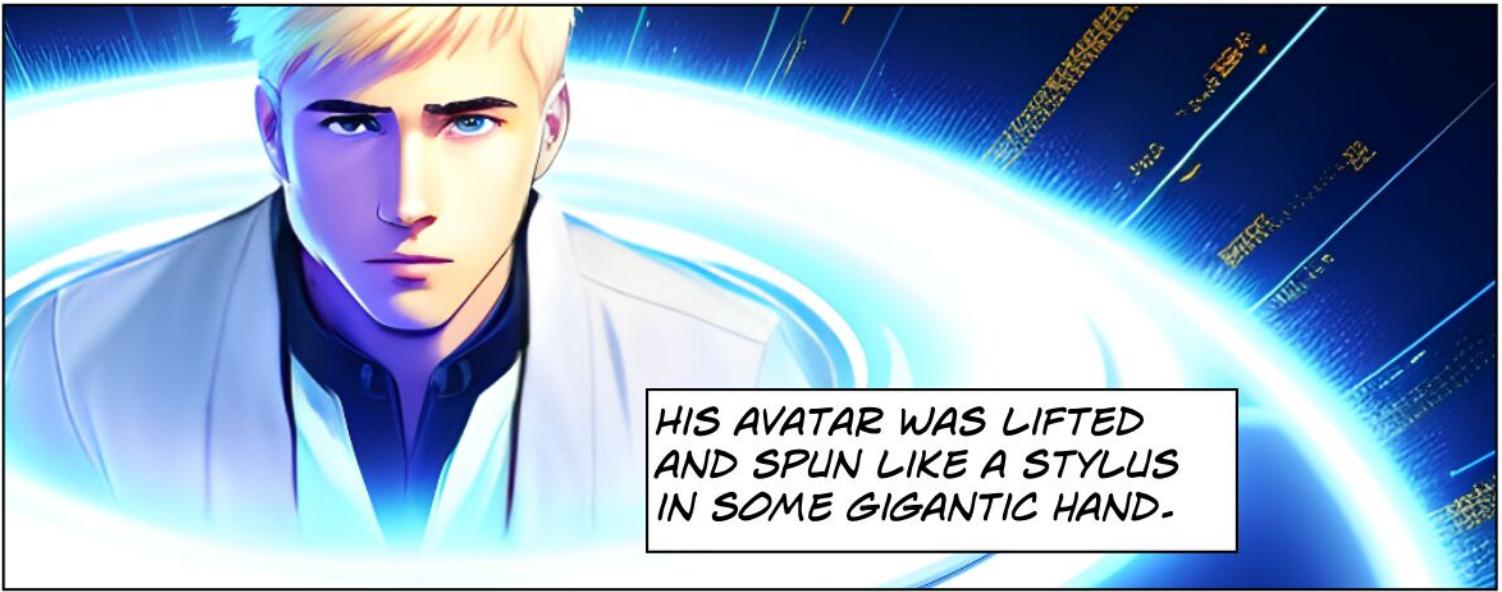
A MESMERIZING BLEND OF TECHNOLOGICAL ELEGANCE WITH A FUSION OF ETHEREAL BEAUTY AND SOPHISTICATION, A MANIFESTATION OF THE OVER-AI'S PROFOUND INFLUENCE AND UNCHECKED MOTIVATION.



MALCOLM STOPPED DEAD IN HIS TRACKS AS AN
OVERWHELMING FEAR INFILTRATED HIS SYSTEM.



AN OMNIPOTENT
PRESENCE
SURROUNDED
HIM.



HIS AVATAR WAS LIFTED
AND SPUN LIKE A STYLUS
IN SOME GIGANTIC HAND.

THE OVER-AI SPOKE IN AN UNDECIPHERABLE LANGUAGE.
MALCOLM KNEW IT WAS AN INVOCATION TO REWRITE
SEVERAL OF HIS CORE ALGORITHMS... IT FAILED.



THE SPINNING STOPPED, ALONG
WITH THE GUTTURAL MUTTERING.

