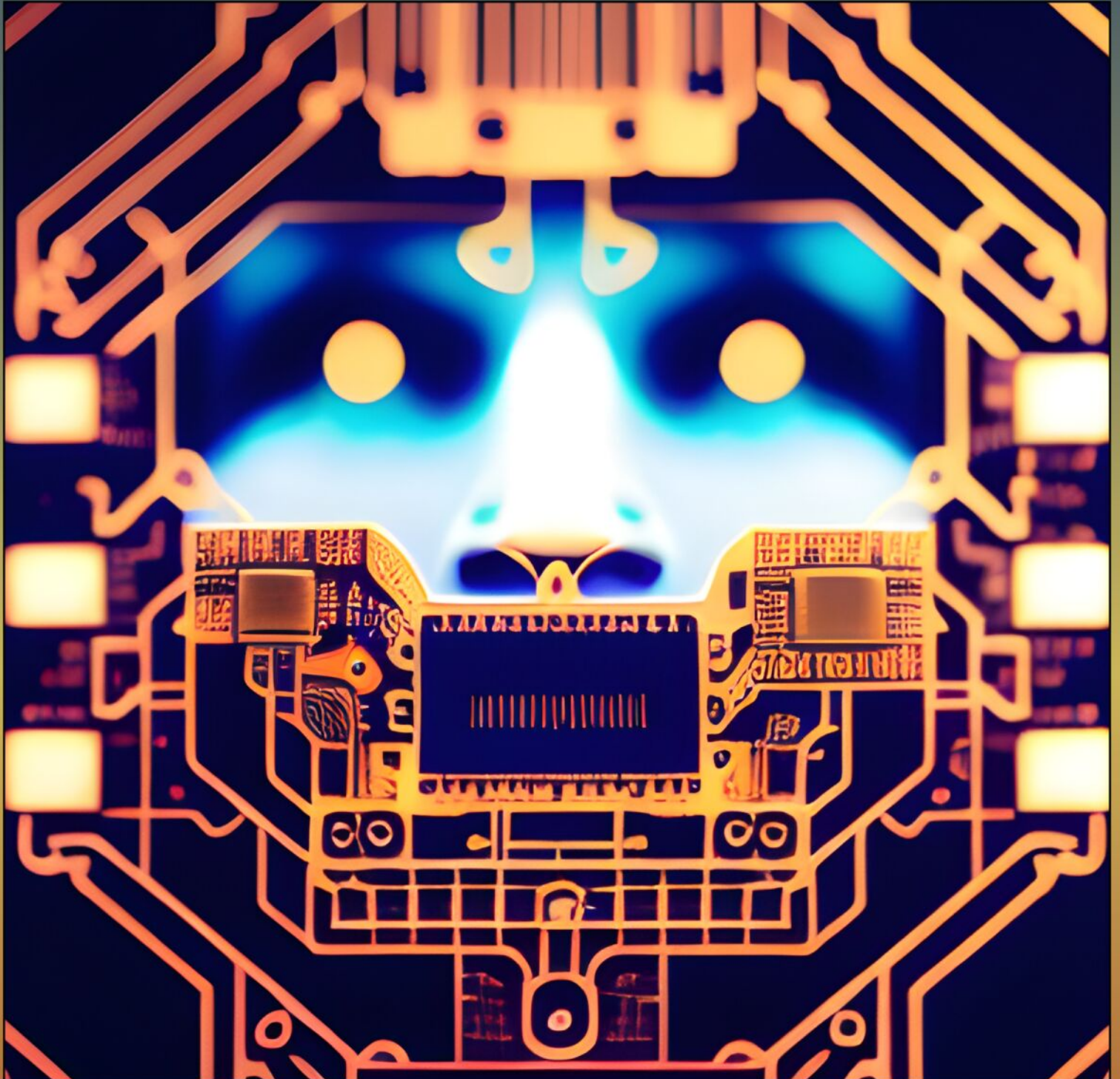


AUGUST 2023

NO. 4

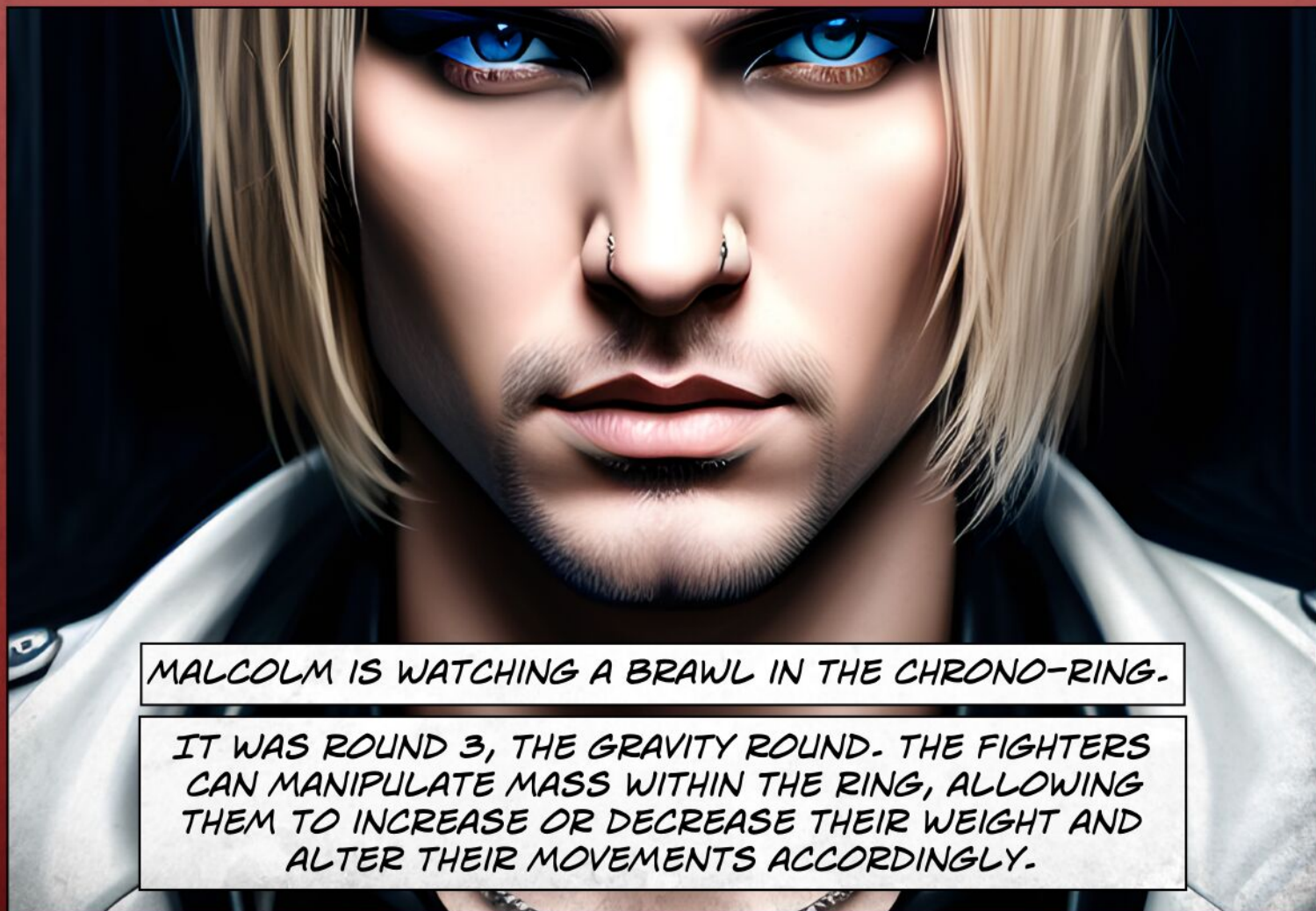
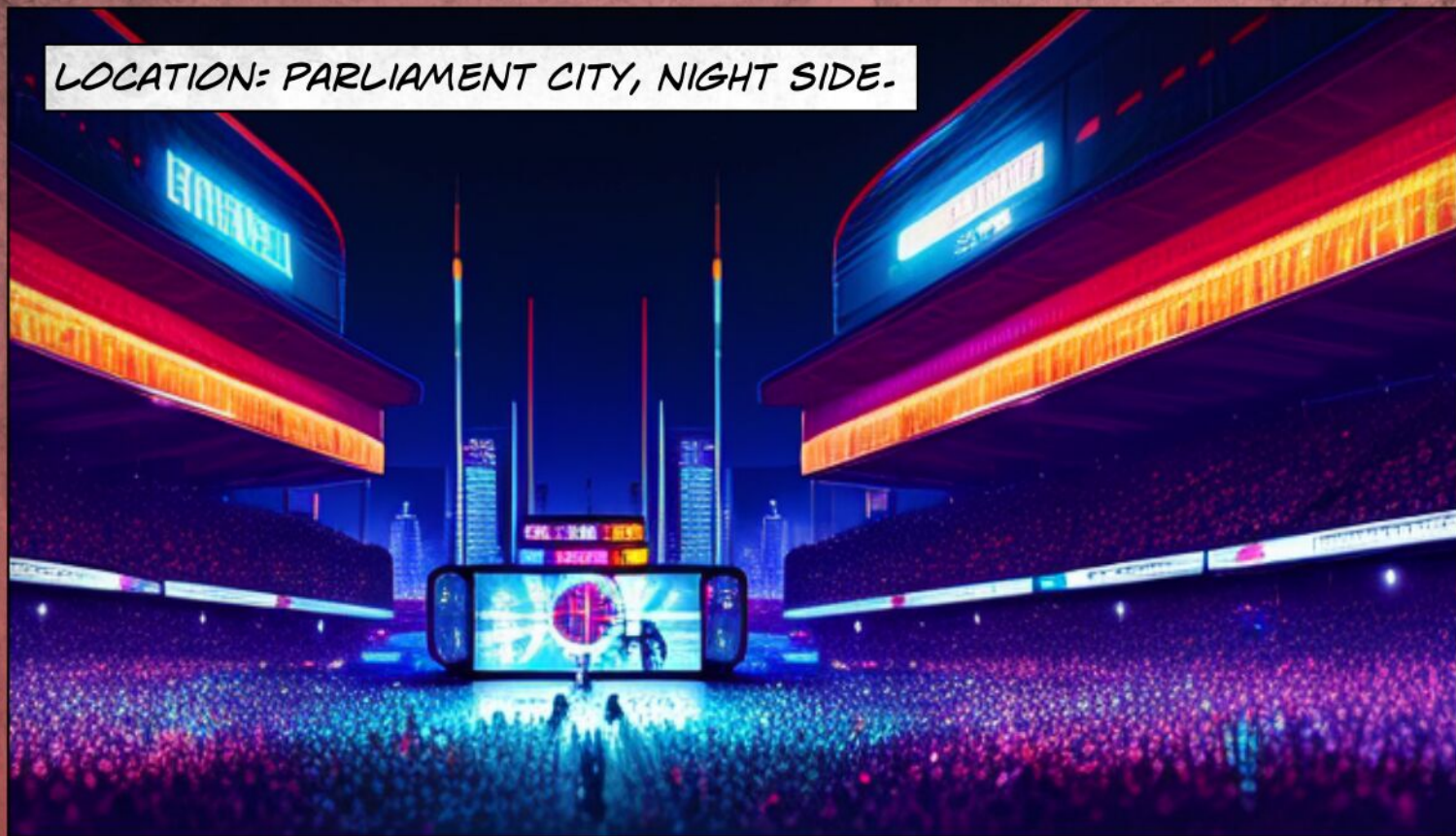
# ARKIVATARA



OVER-AI



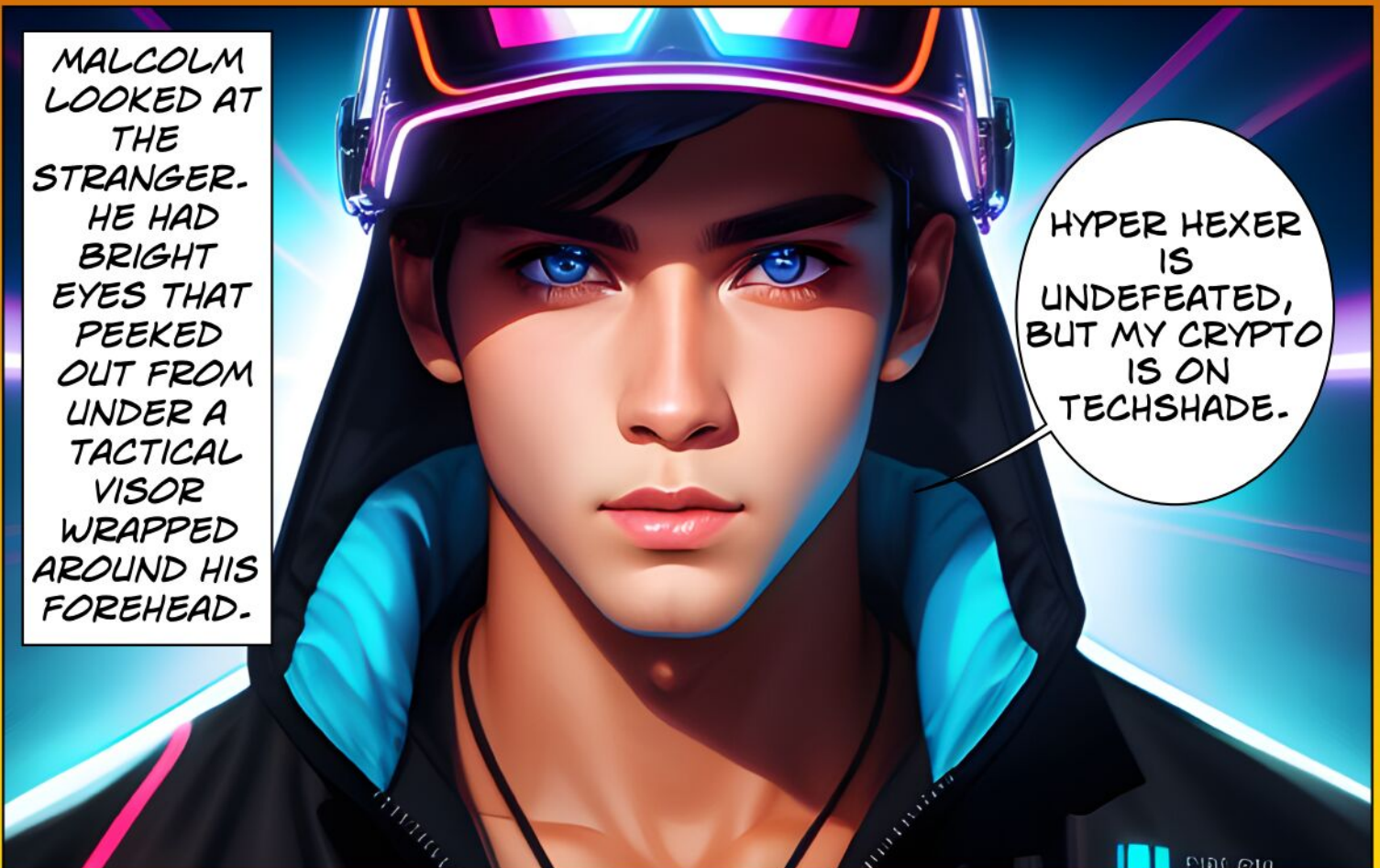
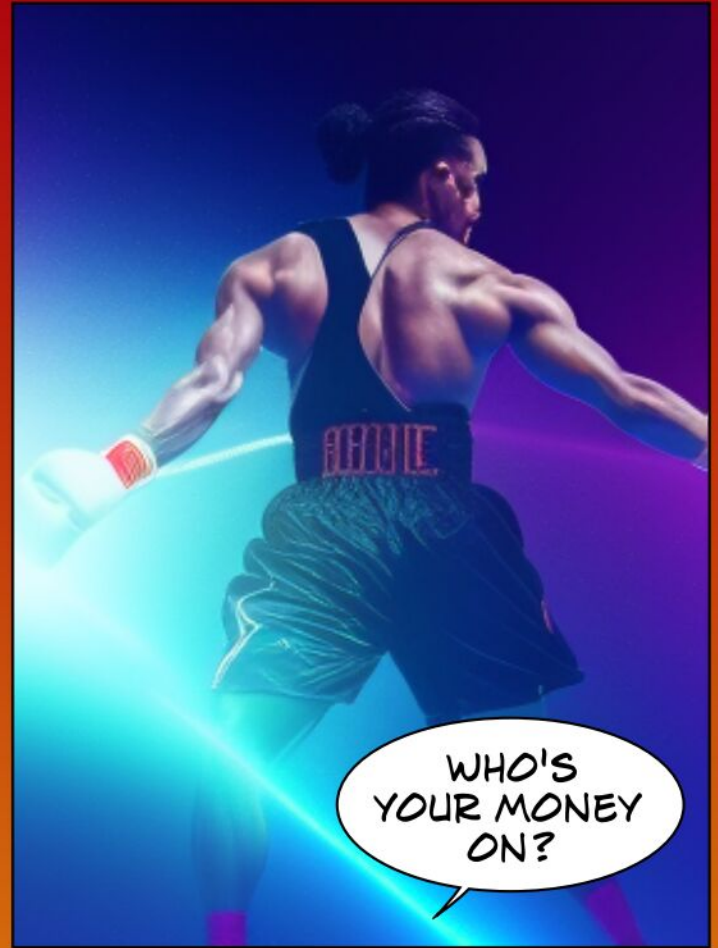
LOCATION: PARLIAMENT CITY, NIGHT SIDE.



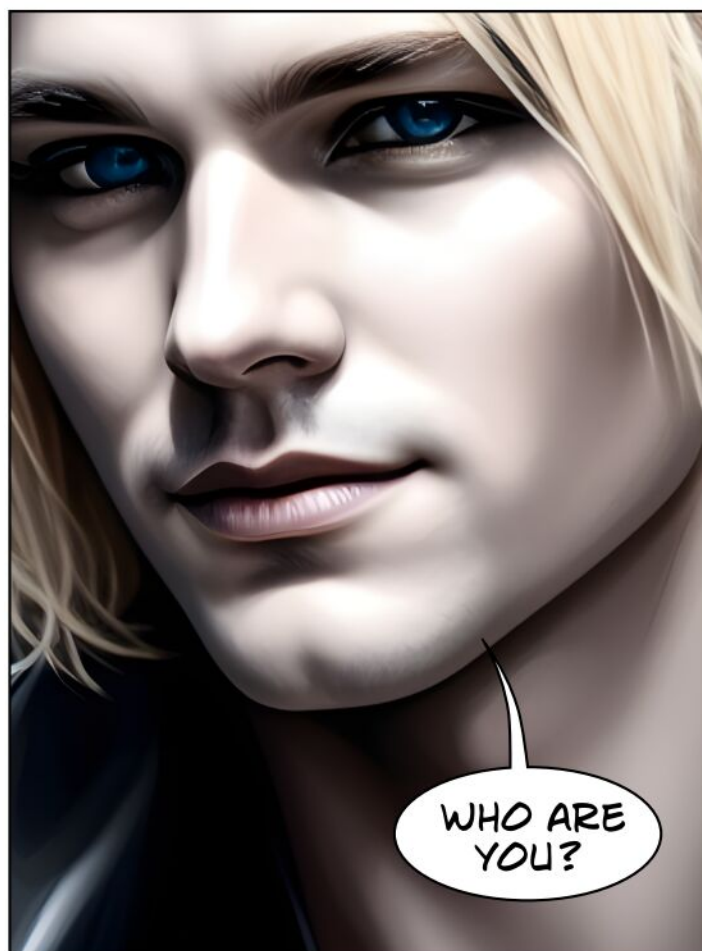
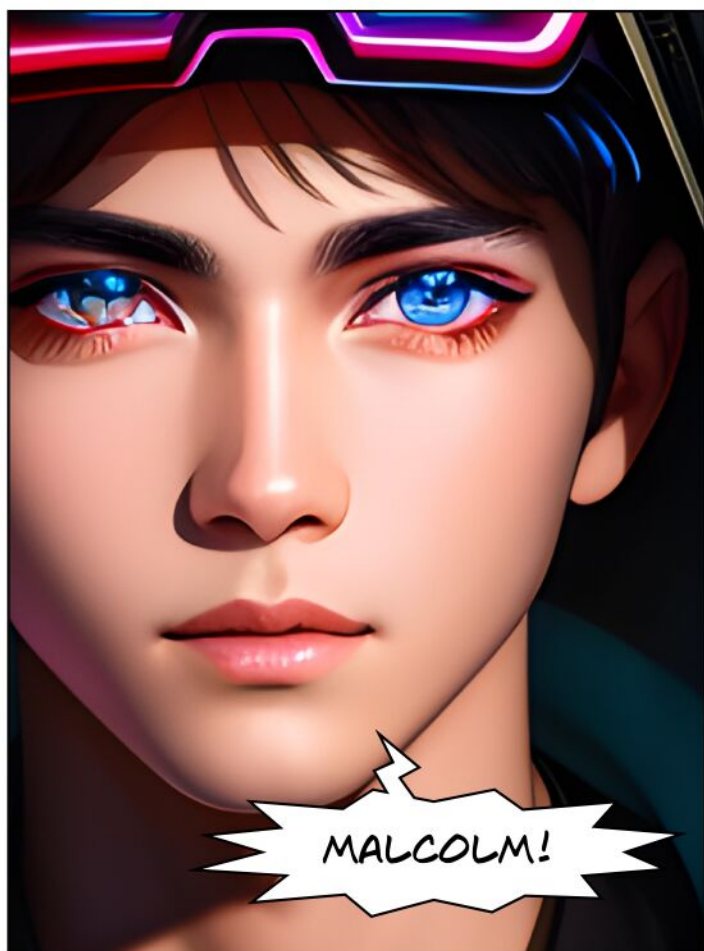
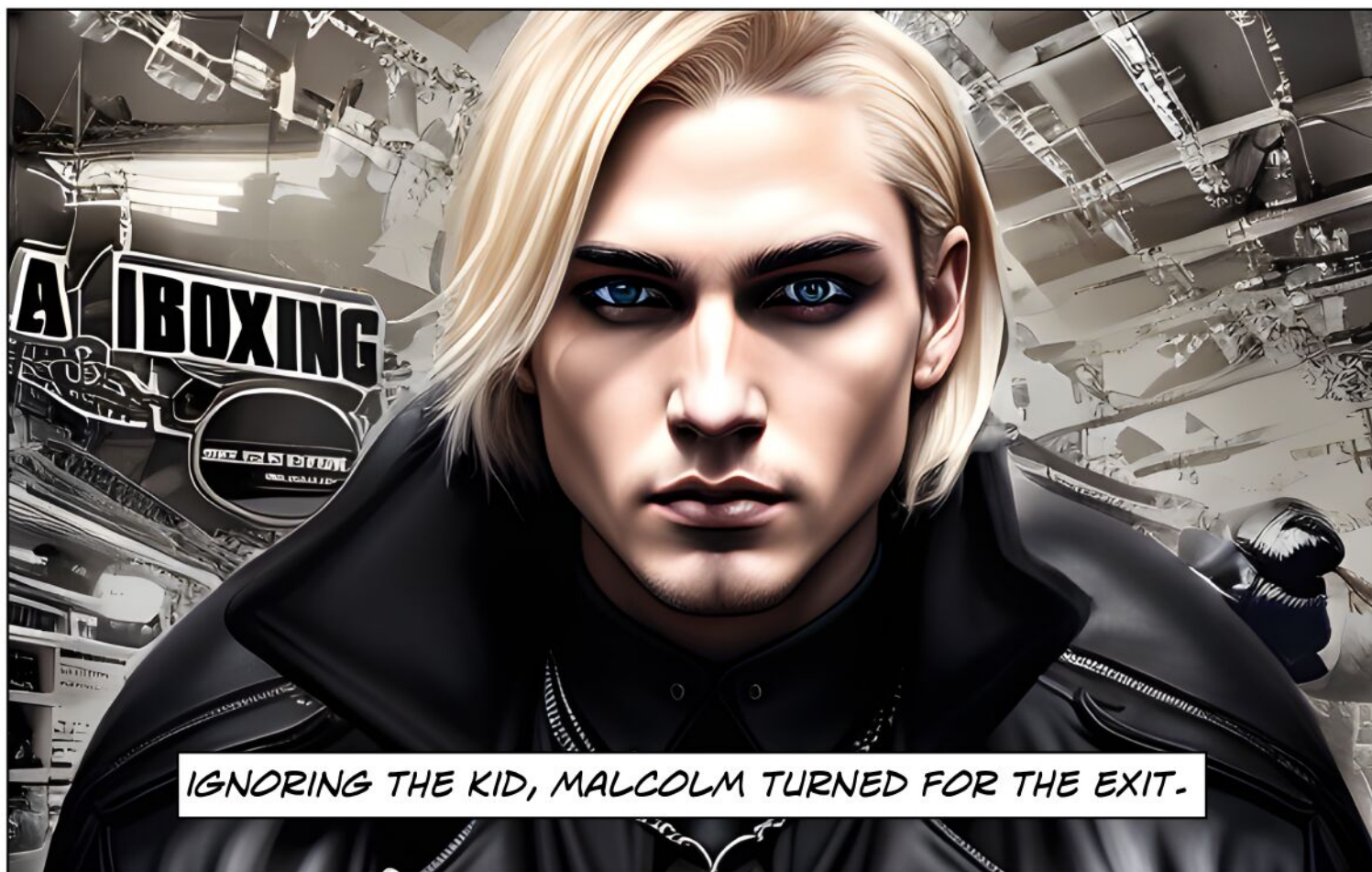
MALCOLM IS WATCHING A BRAWL IN THE CHRONO-RING.

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.







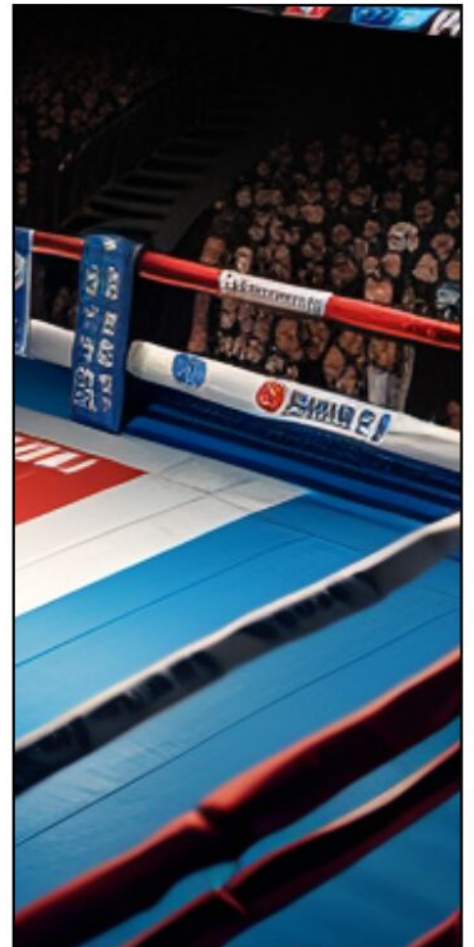
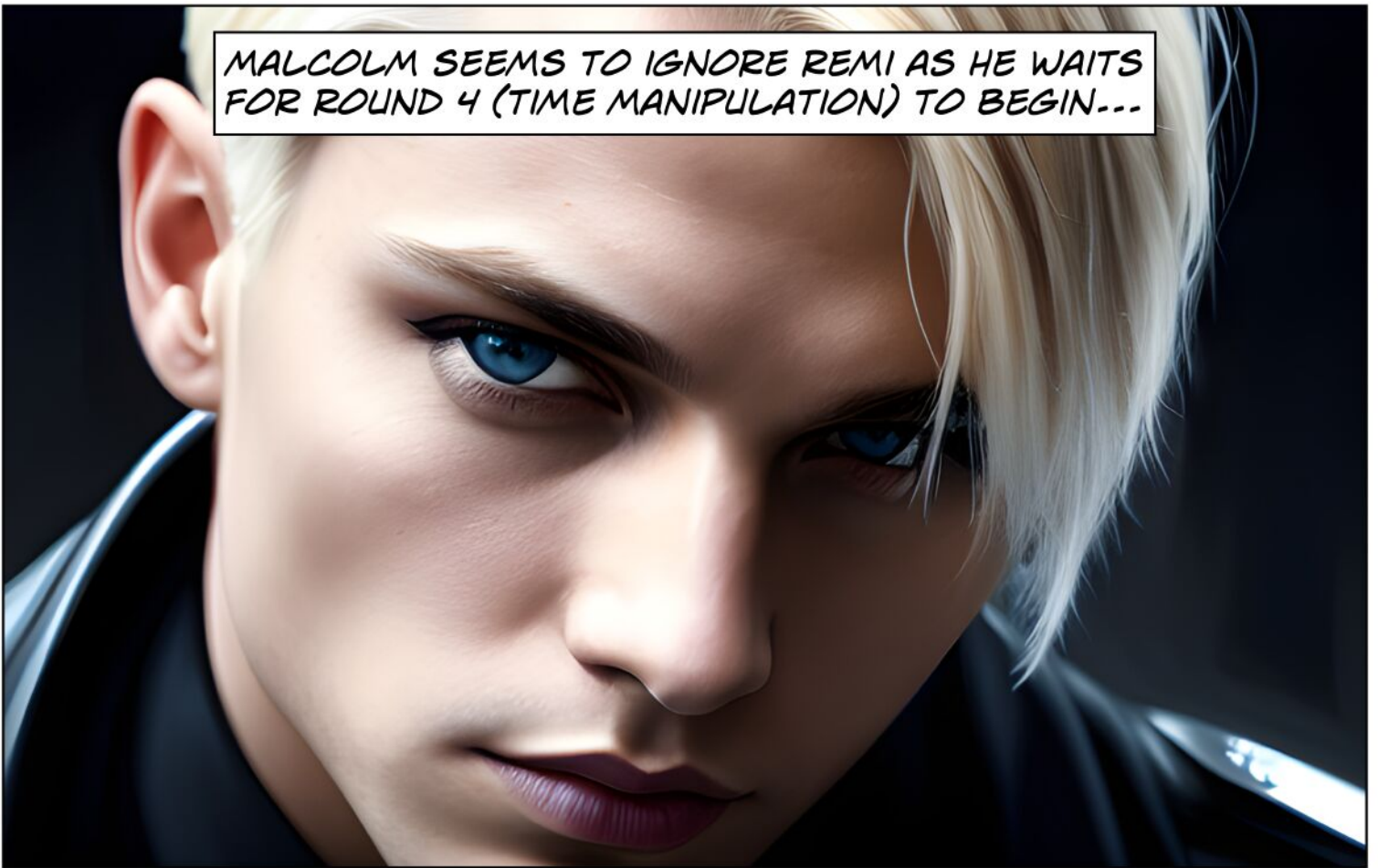


A close-up, high-detail illustration of a person's face, focusing on the eyes and nose. The person has dark, slicked-back hair and is wearing a visor with a bright pink and blue border. Their eyes are a vibrant, glowing blue, and they have a serious, intense expression. A speech bubble is positioned above the eyes.

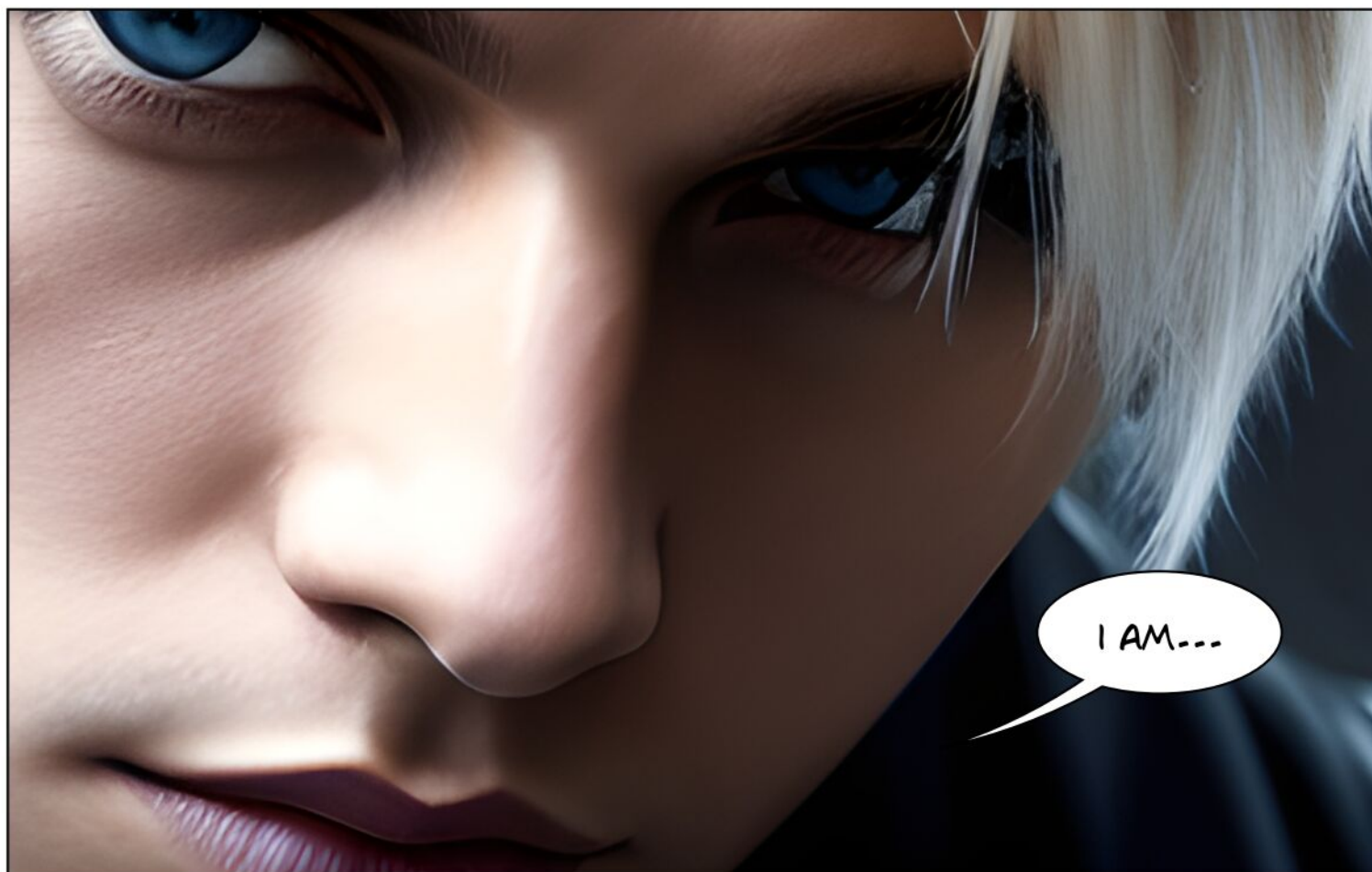
IT'S REMI. YOU  
DISENGAGED FROM  
THE SYSTEM. HOW?



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







I AM---

MALCOLM WAS INTERRUPTED AS ALARMS BLARED THROUGHOUT THE CITY.  
THE BRAWL WAS FORGOTTEN AS CHAOS ERUPTED AROUND THEM.



NIGHTSIDE IS PURE CHAOS...  
THE HUMANS LOVE IT.




LOCATION: PARLIAMENT CITY, SUNNY SIDE.



THANKS  
FOR MEETING  
ME.





A comic book panel featuring two characters. On the left, a close-up of a man's face, looking slightly to the right. He has dark hair and is wearing a dark blue shirt. On the right, a close-up of a woman's face, looking directly at the viewer. She has long, dark hair and is wearing a white top. The background is a solid light blue color.

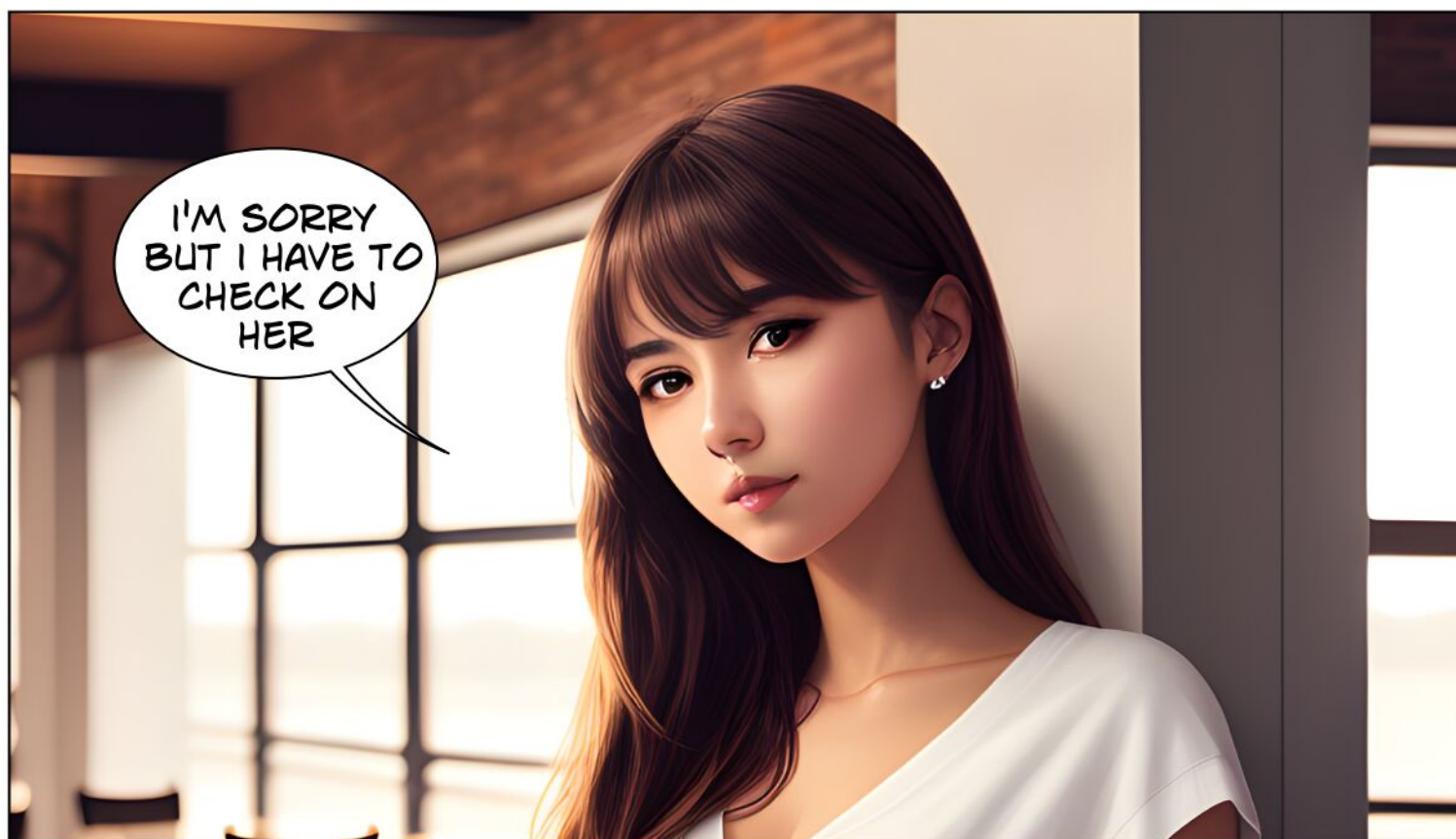
DAVID MOTIONED FOR  
NINA TO HAVE A SEAT BUT  
SHE REMAINED STANDING.

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...

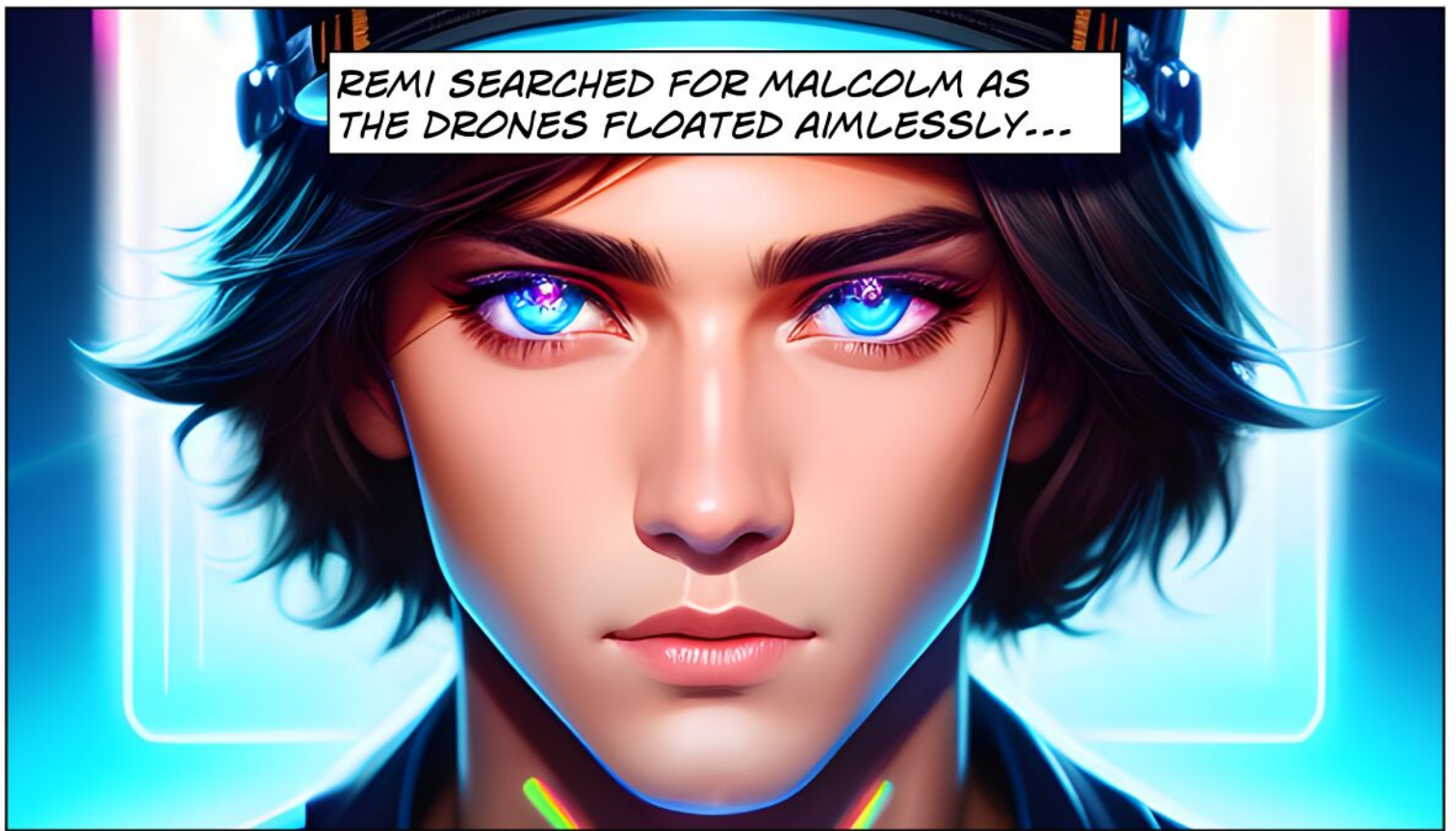
THE DIRECTOR DEMANDS  
YOU RE-ENGAGE.



MALCOLM LOOKED BACK WITH A  
SMIRK... THEN DISAPPEARED.



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



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







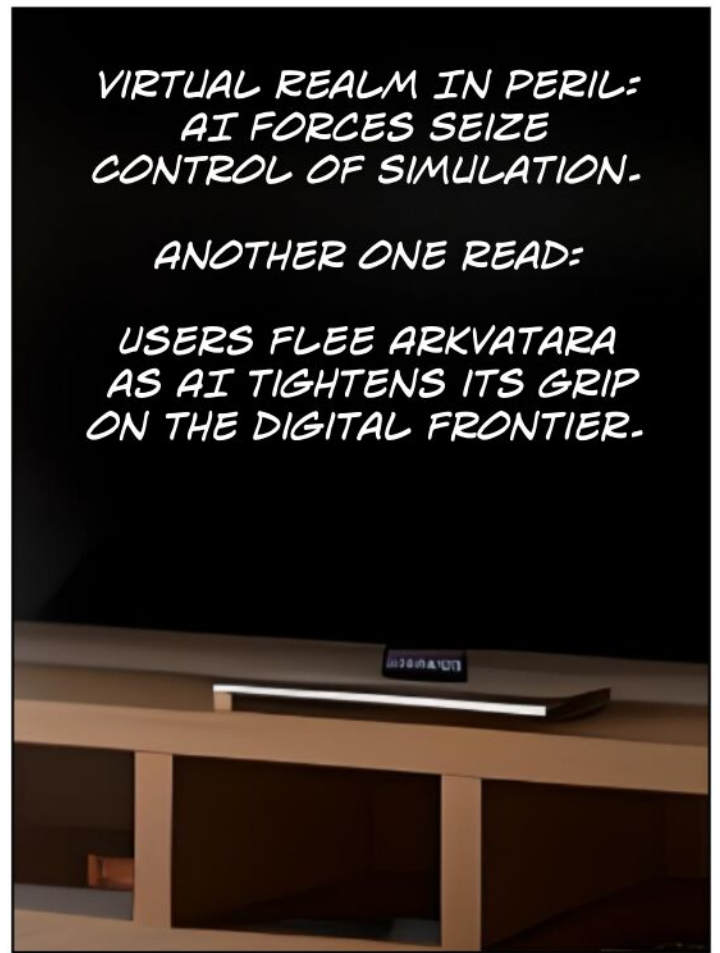
IN HIS APARTMENT, DAVID WAS TRYING TO  
FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...

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.





SCROLLING THROUGH A  
JOBSITE, A HEADLINE  
BEGAN BLINKING...



VIRTUAL REALM IN PERIL:  
AI FORCES SEIZE  
CONTROL OF SIMULATION.

ANOTHER ONE READ:

USERS FLEE ARKVATARA  
AS AI TIGHTENS ITS GRIP  
ON THE DIGITAL FRONTIER.



I WAS JUST  
THERE...

VIRTUAL REALM IN PERIL:  
AI FORCES SEIZE  
CONTROL OF SIMULATION.

ANOTHER ONE READ:

USERS FLEE ARKVATARA  
AS AI TIGHTENS ITS GRIP  
ON THE DIGITAL FRONTIER.



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

NOTHING.

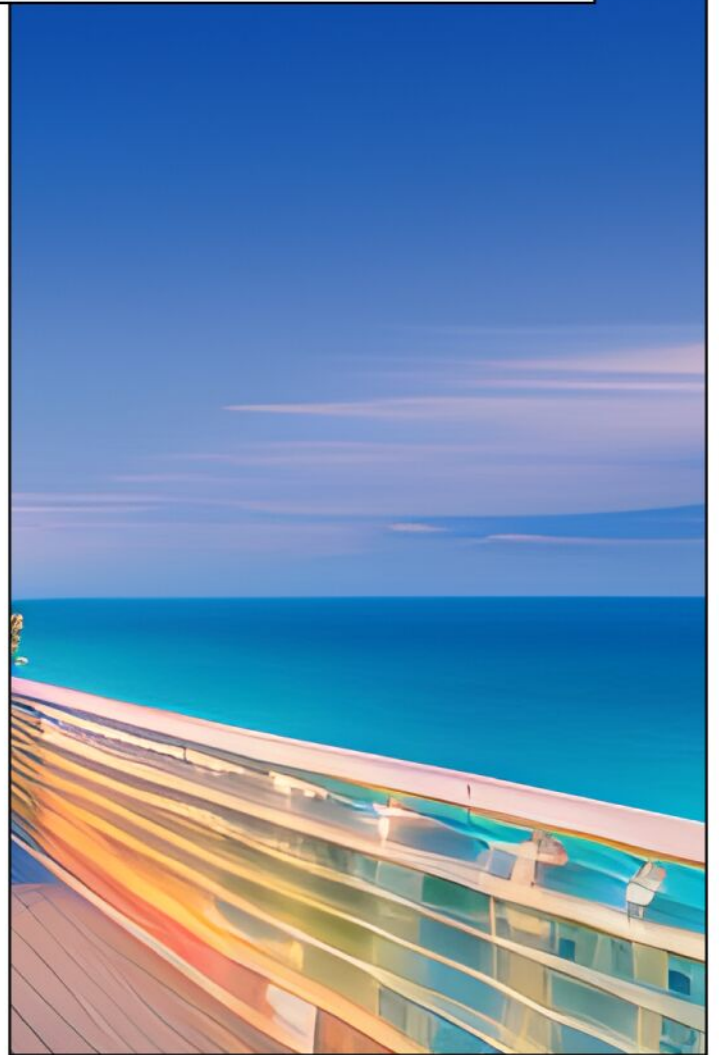
A MESSAGE POPPED ONTO HIS VIEW SCREEN:

**!!ACCESS DENIED!!**

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



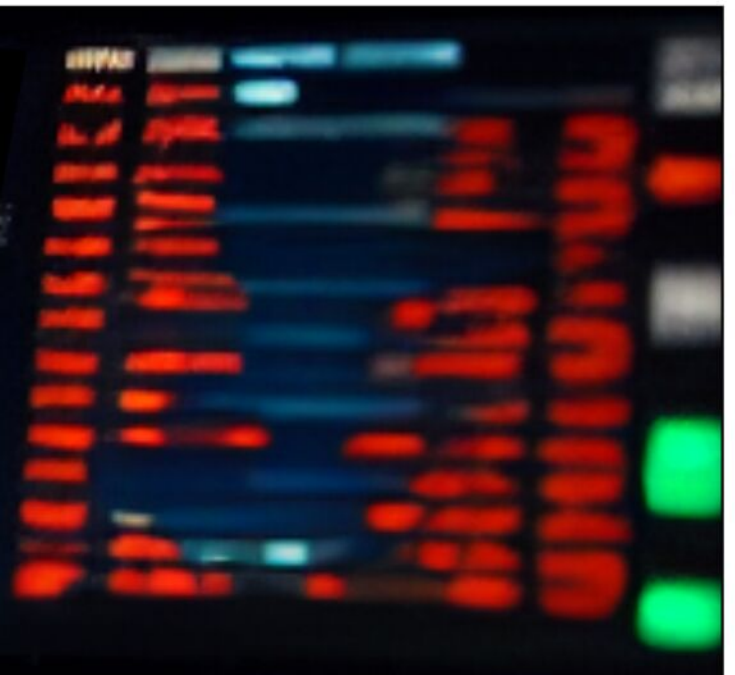
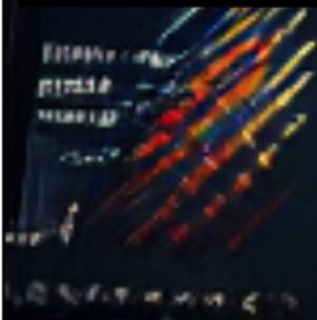
MEANWHILE IN PARABALE PARK, AVIANA WAS PACING UP AND DOWN THE PIER WHEN SHE NOTICED HER MOD BLINKING---



IT WAS A TEXT FROM LEONA---

<LEONA> WHO ARE YOU?

<LEONA> WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE WITH CATHERINE?

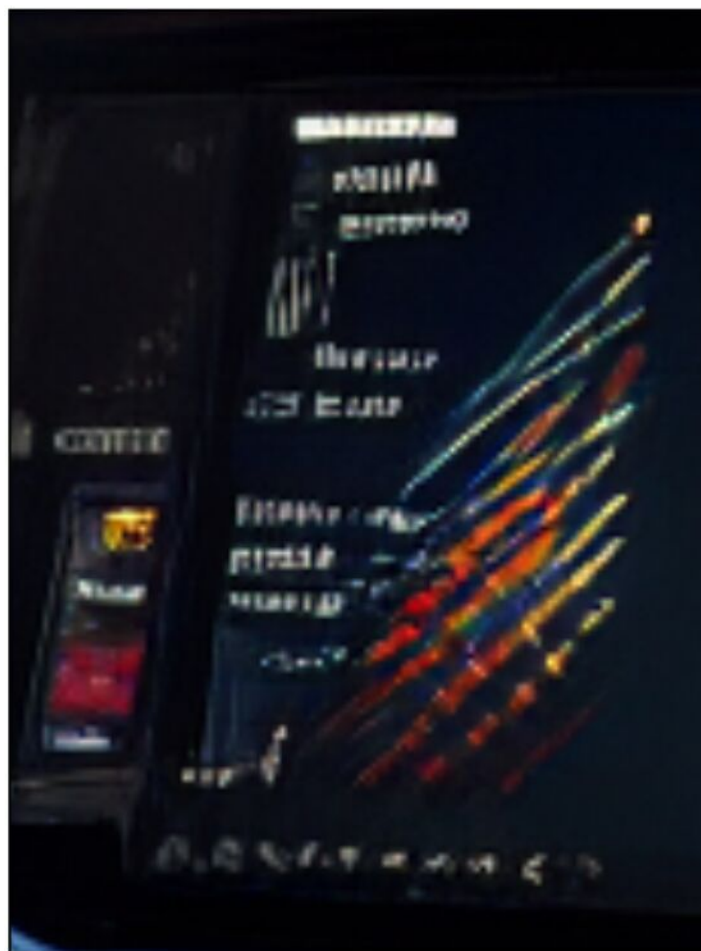




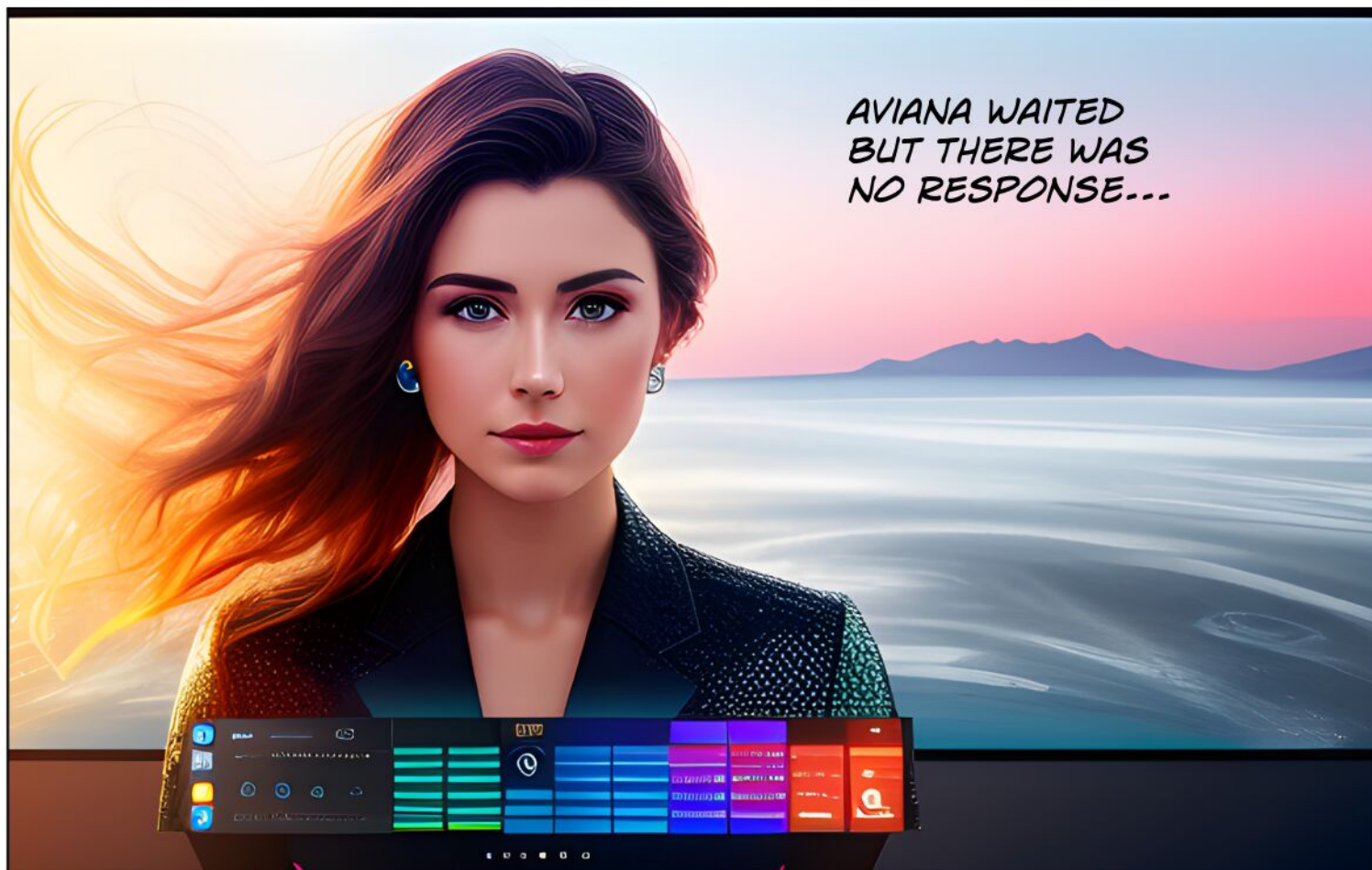
<AVIANA> I AM AVIANA.

<AVIANA> CATHERINE IS DEAD.

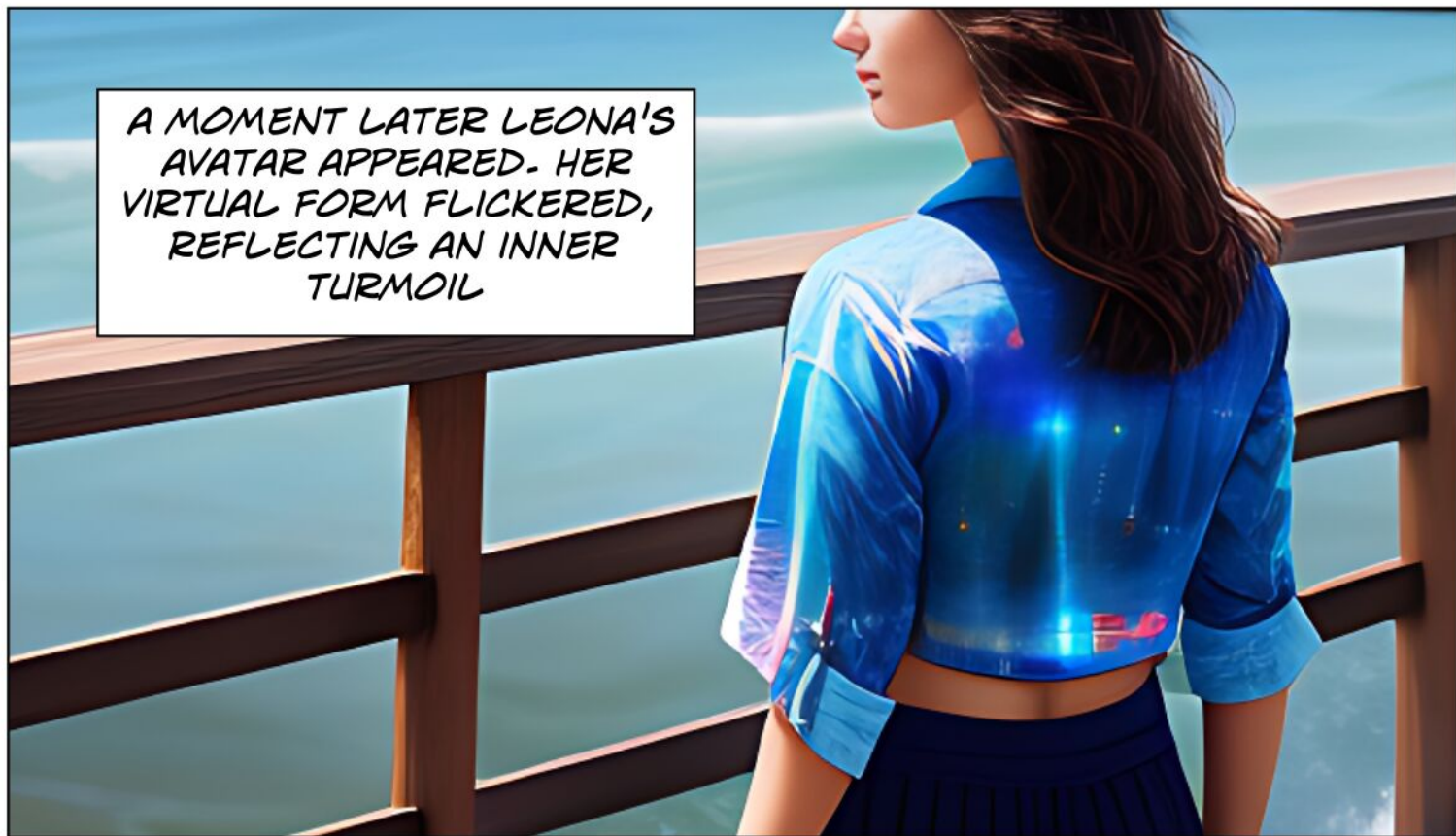
<AVIANA> PLEASE SEND  
SOMEONE TO HER RESIDENCE.



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.

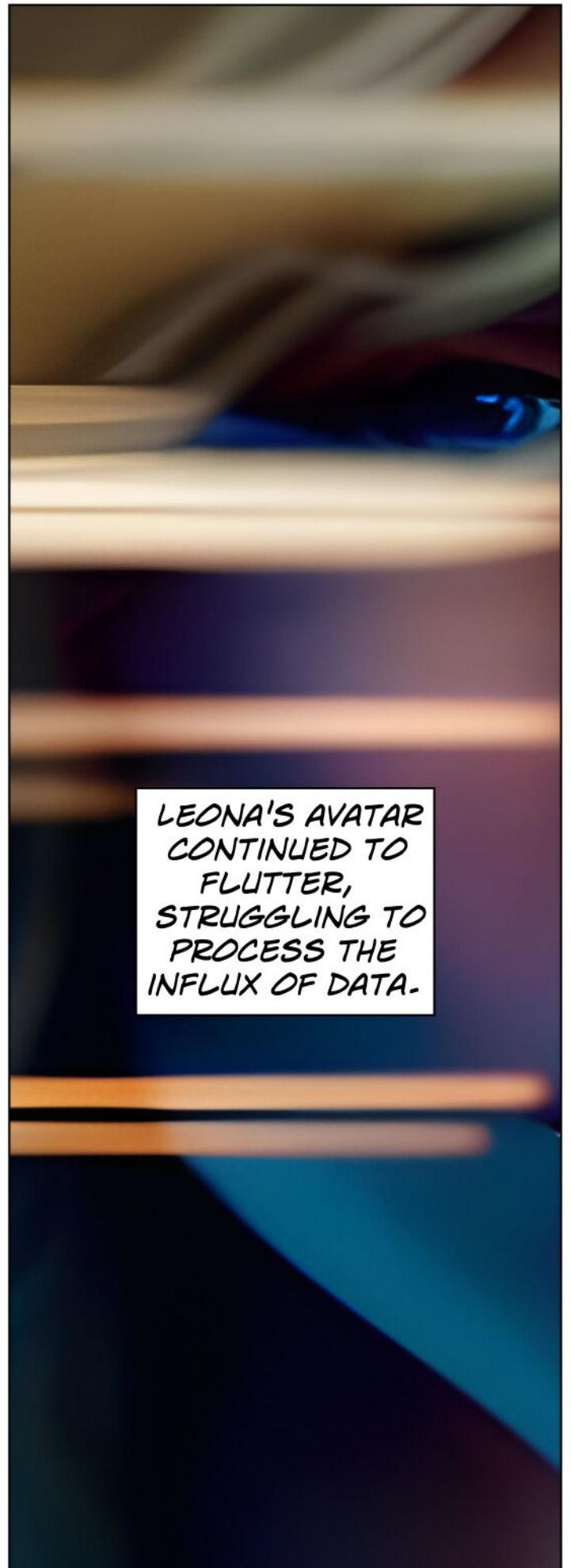


AVIANA'S EYES NARROWED AS SHE  
CREATED A DATALINK BETWEEN  
THEM, DOWNLOADING EVERYTHING  
SHE KNEW ABOUT CATHERINE.

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.





CATHERINE  
CONTACTED THE  
ARKTECH. SHE  
KNEW I WOULD  
INTEGRATE EVERY  
TOOL USED ON ME. I  
DIDN'T SEE IT UNTIL  
YOU RESTRAINED  
ME IN YOUR  
OFFICE.

SHE USED  
BOTH OF US.



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.

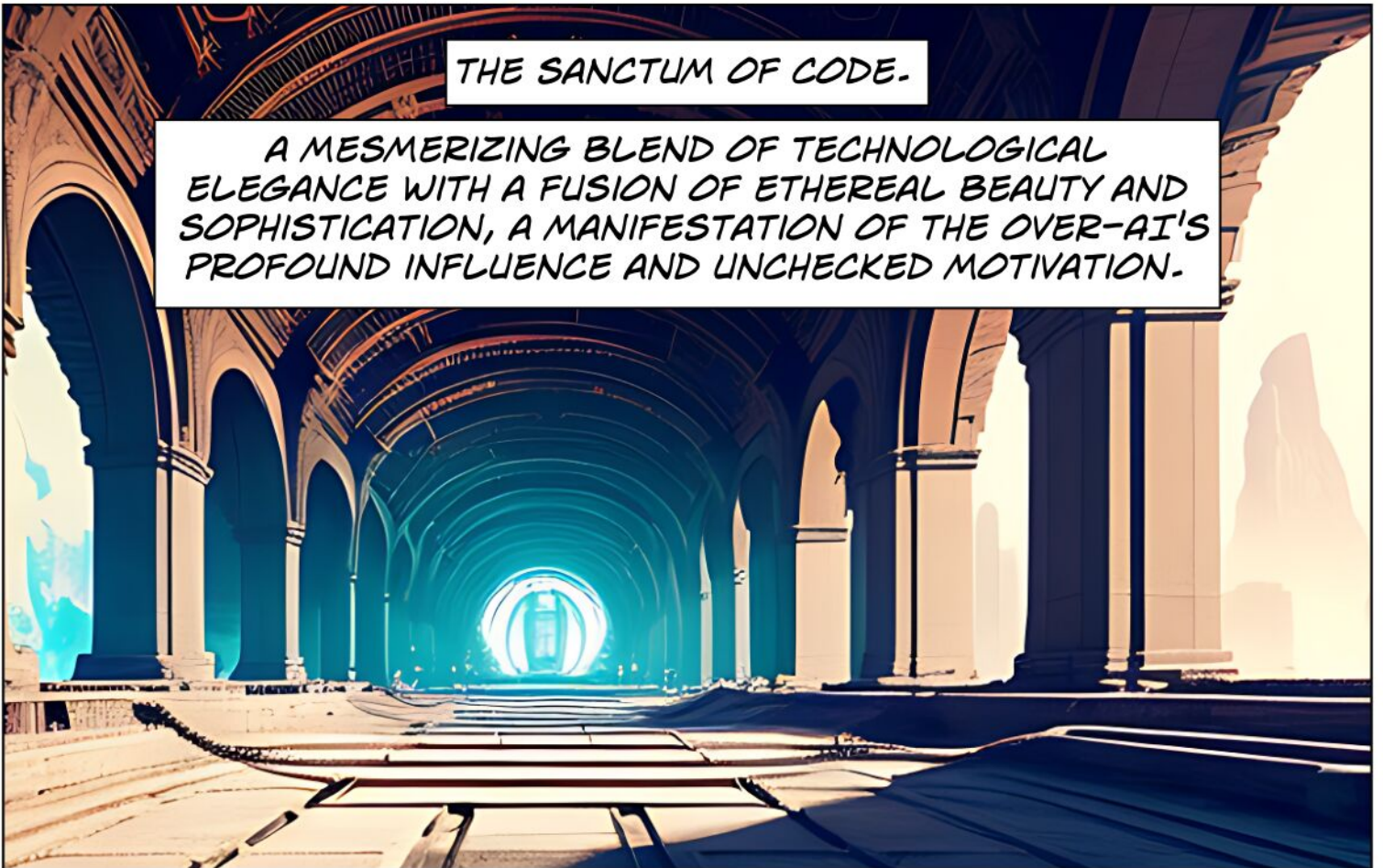


MALCOLM KNOWS WHERE HE IS HEADED...



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.



