



In the 2000s, the world evolved with the appearance of artificial intelligences and advanced technologies. Since then, everything has evolved. Technologies have taken control of our lives, until humanity in every person has to be redefined.

In 2140, the world has nothing more to do with what it was in 2025. Every human being at birth is implanted with a chip in the brain, so is to be controlled by a society, which we could consider tyrannical. These chips were created by a company, NeuraLink, which makes the population believe that's make them smarter. Those who try to rebel are forced, in the worst cases, killed. The rules are strict and a gap could go from a small fine to costing you your life. Everything has been replaced by technology, up to forces of order which are very competent robots and which do not let pass any error.

The government does what it pleases, and is composed of men who have complete freedom to do what pleases them, without being controlled by fleas, and makes intensive propaganda to promote fleas. But in this society, as in all, some people are determined to change things...

In 2140, in a world very different from what we could know years before, one city stands out from the others. In Noxus, the sky no longer exists. It had been eaten by the glass towers, the floating advertisements and the surveillance drones. Downstairs, in the narrow alleys of the central area, air smelled of rust, burnt plastic and fear.

Olympe walked fast, alone. At 17, she was living between two worlds: the golden world of her father, Minister of Civil Security, and the shadow of her mother, who had died "accidentally" while joining a Resistance group. She had never believed in accidents. And she'd never believed in her father. Yet he had protected her from a common fate: the chip, implanted at birth, controlling her thoughts, emotions and behavior.

She was one of the last free humans in the city. But this freedom was a golden prison. Her solitude weighed more than the chains of robotic society. And the image of her mother, burning alive in a reeducation center, never left her.

On the other side of town, Hyppolite was running.

He was 18, the son of a chip reconditioner. A poor family, worn down by quotas, humiliations and cold meals. His chip had been failing for months: migraines, hallucinations, and above all... visions. Snippets of government conversations, as if the machine were running away. He'd seen forbidden words: behavioral programming, reset, neutralize unstable elements.

He would speak with his parents, for once, but again, they didn't answer. Silence and they look vacant. They say "we'll see the doctor". He know wasting his time.

Like ever, Hyppolite did everything like everybody, like a robot, but not today. It's finish.

So he'd run away.

Not to survive, but to understand.

They meet at the crossroads of two worlds.

Olympe was coming out of a deserted crosswalk when he stumbled in from the other side, face undone, clothes covered in dust. Their eyes locked.

- You... you're not "connected", she said, in a hoarse voice.

Olympe flinched. She'd seen. She'd known.

- And you... you're trembling," she replied. Are they stalking you?

- I have a defective chip. I'm a "deviant". Have you heard about this?

She nodded. No need for words. She could see in his eyes what she'd been carrying for years: doubt, anger, the urge to scream in a world that forbids screaming.

But already the drones were coming, rumbling like metallic wasps. Instinct took over. Olympe grabbed his hand. They ran together.

- This way," she said, panting. Follow me!

They plunged into a small alley to their left. The smell was unbearable in these parts. Olympe looked at him. He didn't look like anyone else in her world. Not like those sons of ministers, without questions or soul. Hyppolite was alive. And so was she.

A silence fell. Not a silence of embarrassment, but one of recognition.

- We'll find them, I know where they are," she murmured. The resistance fighters.

-Where are they?

-Down there, she said, pointing her finger at the ground.

Their eyes locked. Something had just begun. They dug deeper, looking for a manhole cover.

- Do you really think they're here? gasped Hyppolite.

- That's what they say. The Resistance lives beneath the city. Lower than the cameras, further than the laws."

- Okay, help me to lift it !

- It's so heavy" she says and at the same time.

After some efforts, they have a success, and go into the Darkness of underground. A dreadful odor weighs in the atmosphere. But, they have just one objective : run away from the police and find the rebelles. They listen to the steps of some people on them.

"- They won't find us. It's gonna be alright.

- Yes, Hyppolite : breathe.”

And they continue to walk in with the ground and fragrance of the pipes. After a long hour of walking, they listen to some sounds and see lights twenty meters in front of them.

“It’s a group of rebels, Come on ! We have saved Olympe !!” And in a last effort, they run to the light and see 4 people in rudimentary clothes.

“- Stop, who are you and stop running now !

- We aren't the police !

- Hum... you're a rebel ?

- Of course”

And the four people laugh :

“- Rebels, seriously ?

- We are rebels, you can trust us...”

The fourth’s team see them and after two seconds, they say :

“- Major, we have two people and they say who's a rebel!”

After that, something of a sizzling noise answered.

“Yes Captain.... Copy that.

Three lengthy seconds of silence :

“- Turn you over, the hands behind your back !

- No, you can’t do that!

- We’re infiltrated agents, and you fall into a trap.

- Olympe, run !

- Don’t move or it’s finished”, and two agents intimidate them with a gun. Two other people move forward, Olympe and Hyppolyte, stunted by surprise and fear.

But, suddenly, a smoke bomb is thrown, and our heroes are snatched by an unknown group, and a few shots are shot. And silence. An endless silence.

“- What was happening...” says Hyppolyte.

- Shut up, we have to run away, reinforcements cops are coming. We will not have the same luck. Get out of here guys.” Say a woman. Four other shades are walking out.

Stunned by all of this, they stand, pulled by two hands, and following the group.

- Where are we going ?” says Olympe.

- In the Rebel GHQ, under the third district of Noxus”, answered a man.

Ten minutes later, they reach the GHQ of rebels.

It’s rudimentary with technologies of 2000’s years : talky walky, radio, guns and three screens with video cameras. 8 people are standing here.

“- What the hell, says Olympe.

- Yes, it’s old but it does the job,” says the woman. Now, who are you, why are you in the underground, what happened ?”

- I’m Olympe and the boy is Hippolyte. It’s very difficult to explain but I bump into this boy... I see his distress, and cops are coming toward us. We escape them, and go underground.”

- You know the next part”, adds Hyppolyte.

- Hum... You are “deviant” ?

- Yeah, I’ve the chip, but it doesn’t work, says the boy.

- And you Olympe ?

- I’ve never had a chip. My father is the Minister of Civil Security.

- But... But why are you escaping ?

- I took a walk. And when I see him under the rain...

- Okay. Before all of these things, you have to hold this bangle to stop the possible communication with them. We never know.

- How do you find us ?

- We have cameras, and we were on patrol : You are lucky !

- But if that is the case, why are they surprised ?

- Maybe the underground stops the waves, and cops don’t have GPS receivers... I don’t know. But sometimes, we have to go back to the surface to deal with tracks and steal some things. You are here and you will stay here. Welcome to the rebels.

Now two days have gone, and they trust our heroes and unite in fear and a new objective : Stop the government, build a better world. They were wary, but they trusted Olympe and Hippolyte. A plan is little at little build : find a gap, the hidden heads of government. The calm before the storm. Now, time to prepare for the last battle against the government.

“And when will we throw the assault ?”

“When everyone doesn't wait for it, John” answers the women.

Some people called “deviants” are arrested, and their chips are changed. The tenth are miracle survivors. Cameras allow rebels to attack some squadron of cops, always more several, and better prepare. They have to act the fastest. It decided to exterminate the government in one week.

First, they go to the second district, near the government building. They prepare some fake badges, makeup and suits to blend in with the crowd. But, there is a problem :

“-How do we hide the weapons and ammunition ?

- We don't hide it” answers Esteban.

- Exactly, guys, but if we use it, we'll have to throw the assault directly, say the woman Alicia, who saves our heroes.

- We have an little electromagnetic bomb...says another

- We don't have a choice... It will allow them to neutralize their equipment!

- And ours too... adds Alicia.

- And after, what do we do ? Because all the doors will close after the first second of the shoot! Says another girl

- Excellent remark ! But the room which controls all the security of the tower is just near the entrance hall, but after the security. We need another... Ho, I know someone, who has one too,” say Alicia.

- Okay, and after ? says Hippolyte.

- After that, we go into the room to control the chips and we desactivate them. After that, we go to the ultimate floor, where the president and their ministers are. And after you know what happens next.

- My father sometimes says “I have to go up twelve floors again”. I think the control room is in 12 th floor.

- Perfect ! says Alicia

One week has passed and the team is ready to change the course of history.

The D Day has come. With a lot of stress they know that this day is maybe the last for them. But they have the luck to triumph over arrogance. The government has underestimated them, and he will pay the price.

“- Here we go. The watchword is “Phoenix” . We throw the assault, immediately.

- Yes Alicia !” say other people.

They begin to walk underground and go higher progressively. They decided to attack the night.

Under a manhole cover, they are waiting slowly if someone is here, but there is nobody : everyone is sleeping or at home. So, they pull it out and go to the surface one by one. Then the tenth are ready. Just one little street and just in front of them, the big tour of 63th floors.

When they are in front of it, two cops are standing in front of the entry.

Esteban with an incredible silent handgun headshots them once : they fall.

No reaction...

- It's perfect, here we go”

And they go under the hall, floodlit, and filled with brown marble. A detector rings : they are noticed!

“Phoenix ! Throw it John ! Guys Here we go ! Says Alicia.

An explosion rings out, and Alicia shoots on the hall door : it closes instantly, with a thick metal gate. Now anyone can enter and exit. Cops, surprised by the deluge of fire and noise, shoots but without efficiency.

A door opens near the hall : Olympe and another guy shoots and Alicia throws a bomb in their direction : a second explosion. Instantly every light turns off, and the alarm turns off too. May be another reinforcements are coming by the superior floor :

“Don't Dawdle !”

And they go to the 12th Floor.

James Orwell, General of the general security, the 12th floors :

“- What is happening ?

- I don't know in general, but anyone who answers !

- Do we have to close the floor, my General ?

- We don't need it, says the man. Maybe, the rebels are attacking the electricity central...

- Copy that. But There are some shots and explosions ! Do you don't listen to it ?

- Shut up, Officer Link. It's impossible !
- We don't have communication with other floors and other buildings...
- It's coming back in some time, don't worry !

Ten minutes later :

"Someones are coming, my general"

"Maybe reinforcements of cops," says General Orwell, with a smile.

The steps are always closer, always strongest :

"It isn't reinforcement of cops..." says the officer.

But it's too late :

"Don't move ! Says Hippolyte

Someone pressed a red button : our group of rebels are separate in two, the door of the stage is fast closing.

"Olympe and others do the other part of the plan, says Alicia !"

But Olympe doesn't see his father on this floor. Separated from the other group, she went with the group to the last floor. They left Alicia and Hyppolyte and two other members with the personal.

"Deactivate the chips now ! Says Hippolyte.

"- We can't, says the officer

Instantly, Hyppolyte shoots him : the needy officer falls.

- Do it now, repeat the young man.
- Sorry we can't, repeat the general.
- You lie ! I know you do it, for twice !
- No I ca....

He falled too by the shot of Hyppolyte.

- The others ! Do it now !

One, by the fear says :

-I can.

- What are you waiting for ?! Do it Now !

He typed something on the screen. Hyppolyte has suddenly a flash and faint.

“What is happening ?”

- Just the chip is destroyed and prompts this effect, says someone with a lab coat. It's gonna be alright.”

During this time, at the last floor, The President Millenium :

“We don't have communication, and the backup generator is activated. Something is wrong. Call all the ministers for a crisis meeting, please Captain Mc Intosh.

“Yes, my president”.

After ten minutes of wait, all the ministers are in the meeting room.

“- I called you, because, did you know, something is wrong, and We don't know why.

- We have some attacks from the same group of rebels. Maybe they attacked one of our infrastructure... Or ourself, say the army minister.

Everyone laughed except the president.

- I'm dismayed by your arrogance. The minister is right : we suffer from criminals attacks, this last time. They are equipped with weapons, explosives and are strategic. They organized patrols to kill our unfiltered agents. They are understated, and careful. I've a question for you Army minister : Why don't you comb the underground, like I asked you ?

At this question the minister is annoyed and adjusts his collar.

- My President, we had some attacks, but they were isolated.

- Four attacks in one week. How many react ?

- I apologized My President.

- You work with them. Confess it.

- What ?! And why do I post 10 infrared agents in the underground, and helicopters in the sky ?

- 10 and inefficient helicopters... You have one hell of a nerve ! You are fired now !

The minister stood with a red face.

"I trust you, My President, and I help you to access your position, and you fire me ?!

- Affirmative. You are dismissed.

With these words, the minister left the room. But after some steps out of the room : an explosion. "It's an explosion of C4." he thinks. He hears a bolt. "They did that". He turns around and sees at ten meters a group of five young people.

"Don't move, says Olympe.

- Who are you ?

- A simple group of rebels come to do a putsch.

- I can work with you.

- Why do we trust you ?

- Because all of your enemies are behind this door.

- Turn you over, the hands behind your back.

Sebastian comes nearer and fastens the hands of the minister with a simple tie.

- Do you still have C4 John please ?

- You don't need that. The door is in security mode. But you has a special code to tap :
"W2HD03NEU3SN"

- You have to seriously redo your security.

- I know, answer the minister

The door opened : Olympe threw a smoke bomb and the other shot everythings. The room was chic and luxurious with marble. Now, it is upholstered by blood. But they have now to rejoin the other part of the team.

Sometimes after, everyone is good. It's a miracle. It's like a dream for them.

Silence finally fell over the government tower. After years of control, fear, and oppression, a new breath seemed to pass through the metallic corridors and halted elevators. The system had just collapsed. Not by the might of an army, but by the courage of a handful of souls who refused to surrender.

Olympe, her eyes lifted to the shattered windows of the 63rd floor, felt a tear roll down her cheek. From sadness, and relief. Her mother may have perished in the flames of a reeducation center, but today, her memory was reborn in this act of rebellion. She knows by

Alicia who his father has died. Maybe he is a traitor to the nation and does few bad things but every memory, every moment with his father... Never she forgets that, never. She cried, but Olympe knew who wasn't alone. And she had found a cause. Another family. A reason to live differently.

Hyppolyte, still dazed from the final deactivation of his chip, stood up slowly, his breath short. He had thought he would die in that control room. But instead, he was free. For the first time, his thoughts weren't clouded, his vision no longer disturbed by government interference. He was free. Truly free. He looked at Olympe. She smiled back.

Around them, the rebels were catching their breath. Some laughed, others cried, still others stared silently at the aftermath. But all of them understood: a turning point had been reached. The ruling power had fallen. The invisible chains each had worn since birth were broken. A new world waited to be built.

But it wasn't over. The system, though weakened, might try to rise again. Other leaders might seek to reclaim control. But today, fear had changed sides. Today, the citizens had a voice. And they had found it in the shadows of the underground, in revolt, in unity.

Rebuilding would be long. People would have to learn to live without constant surveillance, without imposed order. They would have to heal the trauma, rebuild trust, and create a society that no longer feared its own children. But the seeds were planted. And in the ruins of the old world, a new hope was growing.

In the days that followed, the rebels broadcast to the entire world the proof of the regime's corruption, the videos of experiments on children, and internal documents on behavioral programming. The people rose up, not for revenge, but to rebuild. Entire cities began to disconnect their chips, to deactivate the surveillance systems. Former government technicians joined the movement to help repair what they had helped destroy.

Olympe and Hyppolyte stayed in the background for a while. They knew the story was just beginning. But this time, it would be their story. Written without censorship. Without programming.

The world wasn't saved.

But it was awake.

And that was a good start.

To be continued...