

The Misfit Manifesto

The Backstory of the Bleeding Edge

Here we are, still ticking, still kicking, against infinite odds. Against nature's will, against seemingly everything, in 2057. We did it. But buckle up, it's bleak.

The world above and beneath us, our man-made enemy now, adapts itself around the plague it built. Us.

Humans are still humans, flawed and selfish, yet always redeemable. But life around us has changed.

Our homelands have become brands of business, as our governments visibly launder their lust for wealth.

Classes separate further. The majority now cattle of enterprise, sold on manufactured dreams of what is always in wait. Greed is the new god, and the most followed of all time.

Future tech is now current day, blooming amidst the Intelligence Explosion decades in the works.

The era of humanity meanders closer to the cliffs, stepping atop fragile earth, unless a revolution outgrows an empire of unhappily ever after. Bleak as fuck.

Perhaps that's just opinion, they say, believe in those more powerful than you, they say. But history does not care for opinion. History loves patterns. And that's the thing with empires, they are all temporary until they topple.

And all it takes is one.

And maybe that's you.

I guess we'll see, hey? No pressure. But you better hurry. Change nears.

The future chaperones evolution, and the barely united States of America grips the greatest shifts, as creatures of their own conditions.

America's bravado facade still fronts it's 20th century nationalism, the mirage of equality across the decaying horizon. But the apple pie is always an arm and a leg away, the dream is ill, and the stars are slowly dipping behind the stripes.

The country's antiquated infrastructures and municipal support have marooned the majority, creating vast ghost lands between contained and fortified cities.

Independent States clash daily with each other, even staging tirades and demands against other worldly countries.

With a planet smaller than ever before, the egos strong arm tirelessly, always with the tallest of orders, and always with the shortest of tempers. It is the era of assholes.

Governments are bought and blackmailed by the top corporations, changing laws to suit the elite and suppress the struggling.

Corporations have corrupted civic zoning to seize massive plots of residential land in most cities. Borders are bought, often enclosed to protect assets, pushing citizens outwards as their utopias construct. What lies within is lush and decadent, what rusts beyond are slums, savagery and survival. As designed.

To afford survival, citizens must slave for their corporate oppressors. Life's pleasures are scarce, short lived, and surveilled from ivory offices above. The scattered fads that trend upwards are either monetized, blackmarked, or nullified until the uncredited create another.

And for the common people, the ones rich with only empathy, the ones who don't seek ultimate power or the suppression of others, they are sold age old lies.

Work hard. Show blind corporate loyalty. Trust the changing process. Worship your Government. Opinions over facts. Blame before belief. Sacrifice or suffer. And a better future for all.
Distraction as P.R.

Dissonance is mighty hard to come by when you have to work all day to survive. Just like they planned. Just like they schemed. Like they always have. As warned, this is the bleakness but like some crazy person once mumbled, you can't have light, without a little darkness.

Among the crooked and conformed, there are those armed with reason and doubt. The protesters and activists, the belly laughers, they plot and persist in the shadows.
The hopeful, the resistant, the resilient.
The Misfits.

They know that every empire is temporary. Because they evolve into complacency. They always burn out. Rebellion though, rebellion smoulders forever. And amongst the smoke, rose the sparks. Corporate America had unwittingly built their own Frankenstein's monster, and it found an outlet.

Whatever it was, a someone, or something, somehow came hunting for the brain of the heartless beast. It wanted it's Data. It's Finances. Security. Privacy. It's Comfort. Recklessly exposing it all in the greatest data breach of all time.

Many believed the data was compromised by a new wave of rogue AI branching, or perhaps nudged that way by overseas entities. Some believed it was planned by corporate victims to claim insurance riches.

But truth can't evade time, and investigations slowly revealed it to be an unidentified group of digital savants, technical infidels, that climbed from the ashes of America.

Empirical rule had now seen it's spinning sling, a legitimate defiance, in a silent group of system designers, programmers and security specialists.

And in 2049 it began, the surge. Over 66,000 disruptions targeting the untouchables and bringing fortune 500's down to zero.

Entire online corporate accounts would cannibalize each other. Back-ups would be encrypted on infinite loop.

Corrupt officials would fend off coronary attacks, as their haven accounts would would vanish in the clouds.

Automated delivery of medical aid, food convoys and luxuries would be overridden and diverted to the poor.

Building security systems would need to be physically extracted or destroyed. Door activations were corrupted, creating prisons of industry.

All automation within the corporate world was compromised, corrupted and converted into an enemy of it's owner. Shareholders would be locked out of their properties and homes, giving everyone the cold stare of homelessness.

Some believe that all this distracted from a greater cause that prevailed in 2050. The release of the Human Augmentation Systems Corporation's monopoly of information, data and designs of cybernetic technology and human enhancement.

HA Corp was a pioneer in the field, but had later earned it's ugly reputation by mercilessly pirating, then trademarking any promising work developed by outsider, singlehandedly spawning the latest legal trend of blackmarking. Edison's ghost drools.

HA Corporation's unparalleled Quantum Digital Rights kingdom was compromised, and re-gifted to the world. Their longtime stranglehold on an entire industry, was cramping. Their golden rule was being dethroned by golden means.

With this catalog public, it meant unlimited access to all, no longer just the wealthy elite. It meant the people had tangible paths to assist the handicapped and the elderly. It meant the struggling could be rid of outdated and unsafe hardware needed to simply live and work. But it also offered the intrigued a step up in physical development and prowess. No more taking shit from authority's thugs. No more sitting back.

What was once only accessible with inherited riches, was now within reach of a 3D printer and fabricator rig. Caged information was now unleashed as the rabid online attacks ripped the meat off the corporate bone, opening the doors to the poor.

It was a beautiful, orchestrated disaster that would never be duplicated. And unveiled in the after effects, deep in the encrypted code, it's maker's placed it's name. The Skeleton Key.

It wasn't just cutting edge, what this hacker group did was unprecedented systematic insurgence, a hostile makeover, cutting the corporate world open, and bleeding it's stronghold dry of it's knowledge and assets. Cutting edge cyberware was bleeding.

With reputation, comes the titles. They were called the Mandelbrot Sect, The Robin Hoodlums, angels, even demons, and endlessly unamerican by the spokesperson tongue. But the independent media and the common people branded them, the Bleeding Edge.

So now it had a name.

And it had a leader.

Daemon.

Enigmatic and aloof, masked and perplexing, not much was known of Daemon despite the sponsored man hunt to make him face his crimes. Part hacker, part artist, part fighter, part mystery and now one of the most wanted criminals in US history. The digital thorn in the corporate paw.

With the flood of tech free and flowing, living landscapes were changed forever. New cultures grew in the aftermath, the weak stood up, fighting leagues developed amongst the underground, and human augmentation boomed in an open era.

Daemon returned too, but only to the underground's eye, calling on the physically modified to showcase their invention and design, in a spirited fighting circuit. For fun.

His words would become wildfire, crowds would then clamber, betting would manifest, and gambling rings would stream the fights for greater draws.

Every match offering new technological marvels and underdog heroes, endlessly inspiring the disenfranchised. This violent expression of invention had somehow become a majestic movement. The rich loved the risk, the poor loved the fight. Everyone was invested and entranced.

Seven spectacular years would watch the sport gain mass popularity. Conservative fronts, and government escaping it's profit, would cry for it's eradication, while cheering behind closed doors. The world waited to see how tall it would grow.

But the ruling class, the bloated turds in high fashion, their army of suppressors lost sight of it's origins along the way.

They forgot that Daemon planted this implosive seed, like a trojan horse, the mare at night, and the future waits to see it's real purpose unmasked.

So tell me Misfits, what future is yours?