

SyncShotTM

#04



THE NAME IS THE FREQUENCY
BY ELI - A DIVISION OF THE GODS

THE WORLD IS A
BINARY SYSTEM OF TWO
NATIONS. THE NORTH
AND THE SOUTH.



I WAS BORN IN THE
SOUTH. A PLACE BLEEDING
RESOURCES, SUFFOCATING
UNDER POWER GRID
FAILURES AND ENGINEERED
SCARCITY.

I ESCAPED TO THE NORTHWEST.
I STUDIED ALGORITHMIC
RESOURCE DYNAMICS AND
PSYCHO-CULTURAL
ARCHITECTURE.



I MAPPED HOW EMPIRES
CONTROL MINDS AND
MONEY. BUT THE
KNOWLEDGE WAS
USELESS IF THE
EMPIRE WOULDN'T
LET YOU IN.



THE NORTH EAST BECAME MY LIFELINE. A BEHAVIOURAL ANALYTICS FIRM NEEDED SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTOOD HOW CULTURAL NARRATIVES DRIVE ECONOMIC COLLAPSE.



I WAS THE ONLY ONE WITH THE EXACT BLUEPRINT THEY NEEDED.

BUT IN THE NORTH, CAPITAL IS A FRAGILE ALGORITHM. THE FIRM WENT BUST OVERNIGHT.



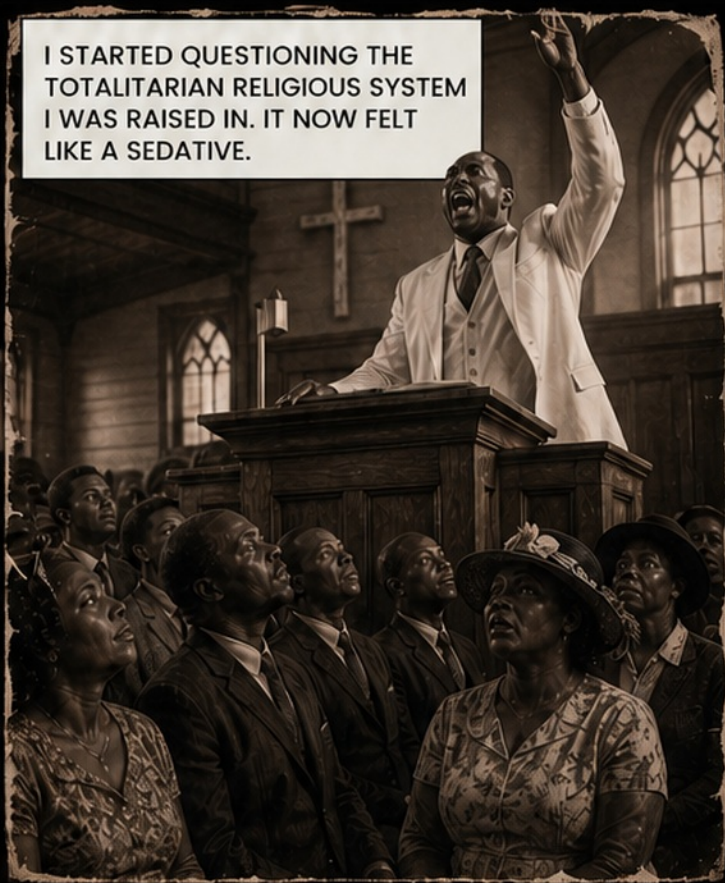
TO STAY, TO FIGHT FOR A NEW VISA, I HAD TO SURRENDER MY PASSPORT TO THE DMA. THE PHYSICAL ANCHOR OF MY IDENTITY.



WITHOUT THE BOOK, I STARTED SPIRALLING. BUT THE PANIC WASN'T BUREAUCRACY. IT WAS SPIRITUAL.



I STARTED QUESTIONING THE TOTALITARIAN RELIGIOUS SYSTEM I WAS RAISED IN. IT NOW FELT LIKE A SEDATIVE.



DID THEY TRADE OUR PRESENT FOR A DELAYED UTOPIA, BLINDING US TO THE POWER OF OUR OWN BLOODLINES?



I WAS READING THE SUPPRESSED ARCHITECTURES. I WAS WAKING UP.

THESE QUAIN'T WOODEN BOXES. GRAVEYARDS FOR FORGOTTEN LITERATURE.



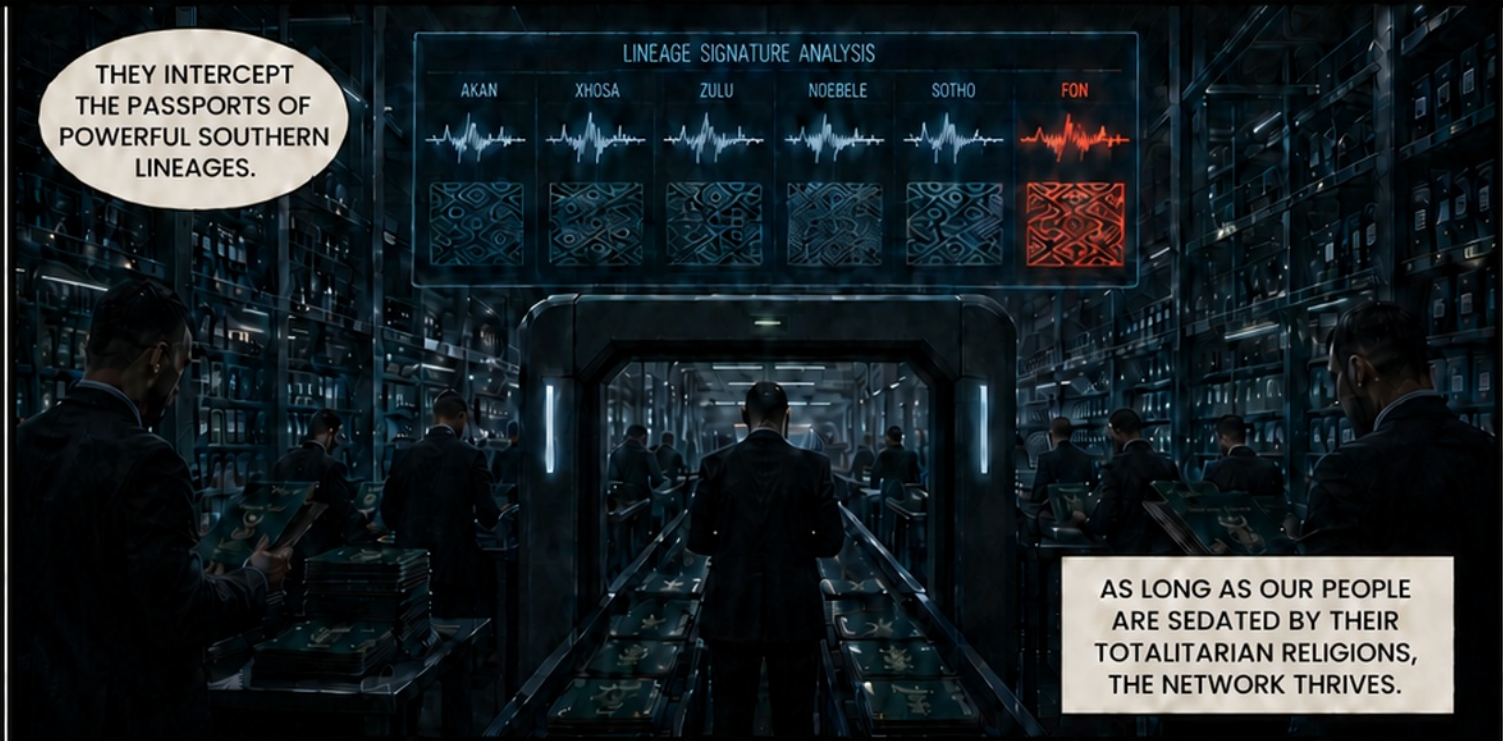
A BOOK ON HAITIAN VODOU, ZOMBIES, AND THE SCIENCE OF THE SPIRIT. IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT. IT WAS A BREADCRUMB.





I HAD A DREAM THAT MY PASSPORT WAS BURNED IN SOME KIND OF RITUAL. THERE WERE PEOPLE AROUND A TABLE WITH A PILE OF AFRICAN PASSPORTS.

IT WAS NOT A DREAM, ELI. THERE IS A COVERT NETWORK EMBEDDED DEEP INSIDE THE DEPARTMENT OF MAINLAND AFFAIRS.



THEY INTERCEPT THE PASSPORTS OF POWERFUL SOUTHERN LINEAGES.

AS LONG AS OUR PEOPLE ARE SEDATED BY THEIR TOTALITARIAN RELIGIONS, THE NETWORK THRIVES.



THEY STEAL THE PASSPORT TO SEVER YOUR ANCESTRAL TETHER. TO KILL YOU SPIRITUALLY.

I THOUGHT HE WAS
A MYSTIC. I DIDN'T REALISE
HE WAS MY FAMILY'S
QUANTUM COMMUNICATIONS
ARCHITECT—WEAVING
THROUGH DREAMS AND
ANGELIC ENCOUNTERS UNTIL
THE EXACT MOMENT WE
WOULD MEET IN PERSON.



CRYPTOCHROME
(CRY4)

RADICAL PAIR

50 μ T

THE BIRD'S EYE IS A QUANTUM SENSOR.
ONE PHOTON SPLITS AN ELECTRON PAIR;
THEIR ENTANGLED SPINS TILT TO A
FIFTY-MICROTESLA FIELD. COHERENCE
HOLDS FOR MICROSECONDS — LONG
ENOUGH TO READ.



TŌGBUI DUGAN...
MÍELE YŌWŌM.

THE NAME
IS THE ADDRESS.



QUANTUM INFORMATION IS
NEVER DESTROYED.
ONLY SCRAMBLED. THE
ANCESTORS AREN'T
GHOSTS THEY'RE
STRUCTURE THAT
CAN'T BE DELETED.

IT HAS
EARS TO
HEAR.

HE WASN'T
PRAYING. HE WAS
CALIBRATING.



NOT SPIRITS.
PRESERVED STRUCTURAL
DATA IN THE QUANTUM
ARCHITECTURE. STILL
ANSWERING.

THE MESSAGE
IS SENT. YOUR
WARRIORS ARE ALREADY
RETRIEVING YOUR
PASSPORT AND
YOUR VISA.

TWO DAYS LATER THE DMA
INEXPLICABLY MAILED IT
BACK. VISA APPROVED.



PREDICTIVE DATA
SYNCING. A NEW JOB.
A NEW VANTAGE POINT.



I STOPPED LOOKING FOR
A PLACE IN THEIR EMPIRE.
I STARTED DRAFTING THE
BLUEPRINTS TO BUILD
MY OWN.

SyncShot™

TO BE CONTINUED IN #05 — BLOOD & FIRE

