



MY REALITY APP

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CHAPTER 2: ONE MAN'S VISION



****Chapter 2: OnE mAn's vISioN****

By 2030, augmented reality had finally broken free from the fringes of obscurity and stumbled into the dazzling glow of mainstream acceptance. For decades, AR devices had been clunky, laughably oversized monstrosities—cumbersome headsets or clunky glasses that only the most devoted tech enthusiasts dared to wear. To everyone else, they were an embarrassing relic of science fiction, awkward contraptions best left in the hands of “those nerds.”

But those same enthusiasts, tirelessly tinkering and dreaming in their garages and basements, had laid the foundation for what would soon become a cultural revolution. Over the course of twenty years, their obsession with improving AR technology had culminated in a marvel that no one could ignore: sleek, stylish glasses that looked indistinguishable from the ordinary kind. These weren't just a product of technological advancement—they were a triumph of vision and design.

The new generation of AR glasses delivered an experience so seamless and immersive that it felt like magic. The image quality surpassed even the wildest dreams of futurists from the 2010s, rendering augmented overlays in breathtaking clarity. Reaction times were instantaneous, and controls intuitive, polished to perfection over two decades of iteration. For the first time, the technology felt natural, even for those who wouldn't normally touch a gadget more complex than a television remote.



No longer the domain of tech enthusiasts, AR glasses became a universal tool, embraced by every demographic. Whether you were a child enthralled by games brought to life in your living room, a professional navigating virtual workflows, or a retiree connecting with distant family through lifelike projections, the glasses promised something for everyone. Entertainment, work, relationships, education—every aspect of life began to adapt to the possibilities of this new platform. The cultural shift was seismic, akin to the introduction of the smartphone twenty years earlier.

But such a meteoric rise was far from inevitable. To reach this point, something extraordinary had to happen. Not just the steady march of technological progress or the natural evolution of consumer tastes—no, this was something far rarer.

It was all because of one man.

Over the past sixty years, society had been on a slow, relentless descent. Once a beacon of infrastructure and public services, the country that had prided itself on being a global standard for innovation and quality of life was now crumbling under the weight of corporate greed. Industry after industry fell into the hands of monopolies, each one less concerned with serving the people and more focused on squeezing every last cent from them.



Telecommunications was no exception. The internet, once heralded as the great equalizer and a catalyst for progress, had become a parody of its former self. Millions of people found themselves stuck with services so abysmal they made the early days of ADSL seem like a golden era. Connectivity was unreliable, speeds were pitiful, and prices were exorbitant. With no competition to challenge the monopolies, the abuse was systematic, inescapable, and unchecked.

This stagnation created an invisible ceiling for progress. The grand promises of technological revolutions—smart cities, AI-driven automation, and virtual worlds—remained tantalizingly out of reach for one simple reason: they required something society no longer had. A truly interconnected world demanded ubiquitous, high-speed broadband. Yet the reality was a decaying infrastructure growing worse by the day, a far cry from the visions of a seamless, digital utopia.

But where most saw a dead end, one man saw an opportunity.

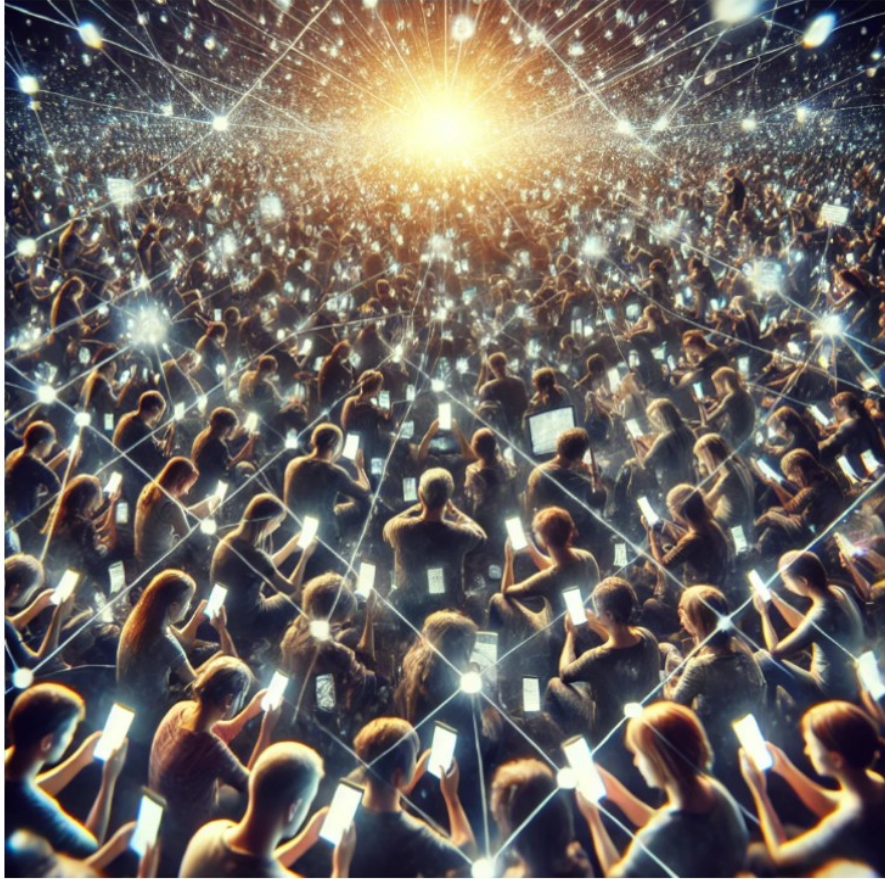
He was no philanthropist, no benevolent genius seeking to uplift humanity. In fact, history would remember him as one of the most ruthless, self-serving figures to ever walk the earth. But his cunning was undeniable. He understood the game better than anyone else and was willing to play it at a level few could comprehend.



For the first time in the cutthroat world of corporate power, a project emerged that appeared to be for the “general good”. This man proposed a radical idea: universal, free broadband internet. Not just in his country, but across the globe.

But let there be no illusions—this wasn’t born of altruism. His motives were as cold and calculating as they came. He wasn’t trying to help humanity; he was trying to exploit it. His move echoed the strategy of Henry Ford, the industrialist who, a century earlier, had introduced the concept of a five-day workweek. Ford hadn’t done it out of kindness—he did it because it allowed his workers to earn and spend more, ideally on his cars. Ford understood that to milk the maximum profit from the masses, sometimes you had to let them keep just enough to make the system work.

This man—let’s call him a visionary, if only for his vision of profit—followed the same logic. If he was to extract every possible ounce of value from humanity, he first had to create the conditions for his schemes to thrive. Free, high-speed broadband wasn’t a gift to the world; it was bait in a trap. And like Ford before him, he understood that sometimes, to get what you want, you have to give the people just enough to keep them coming back for more.



Had this plan been proposed by anyone else, it would have been dismissed as madness, or worse, the person would have been metaphorically burned at the stake as a heretic—had such measures still been legal. But our man, the architect of this audacious vision, knew exactly how to manipulate the game. His genius wasn't just in dreaming big; it was in knowing how to sell those dreams to the right people.

He didn't pitch the plan as a charitable act or even a technological marvel. Instead, he made a far more compelling argument to the power-hungry elites in government. He painted a vision of a future where they held unprecedented control over the masses, achieved through a seamless fusion of technology and psychological manipulation. Decades of perfecting digital addiction loops had already laid the groundwork; this project would merely elevate it to levels never before seen in human history.

With universal broadband as the foundation, they could engineer a society so submissive, so unfalteringly loyal, that even the wildest dreams of history's most despotic rulers would pale in comparison. Every individual, every transaction, every thought, would exist within their reach. No coin would escape their grasp, no corner of the Earth would lie beyond their influence. The power to sculpt reality itself was within their hands, and they need only take it.



The pitch landed with thunderous impact. The dictator wannabes, who already ruled with iron fists in their respective nations, were electrified by the prospect. The unchecked power to create a populace that would not only obey their every whim but would thank them for the privilege? It was intoxicating. Fantasies of excess and domination danced before their eyes as they imagined a world where they could drain their citizens of everything, including their very autonomy, without resistance. It took just one meeting to seal the deal. Their signatures inked the plan into reality with an almost feverish excitement.

At the time, the world's populations were still divided. On one side were the unconditional followers, those fervent supporters of the dictators who had already pledged their loyalty without question. On the other side were the moderates, people who still clung to the fragile hope that the system could work, that reason and fairness might still prevail.

The unconditional followers were easy prey. Despite the glaring contradictions between the plan and some of their most deeply rooted cultural beliefs, it took little effort to bring them on board. The beauty of such devotion was its malleability—beliefs could be shaped, erased, or replaced as needed. If today's truth was green, tomorrow's could be blue, black, or white, and they would follow without hesitation. By the end of the first wave, nearly all of them were already in line.



The moderates posed a greater challenge. They were suspicious—rightly so. They could see through the plan's veneer of altruism, recognizing the danger of placing such an essential service under monopolistic control. Yet they found themselves trapped by their own rhetoric. Free, accessible broadband was something they had long promised the people, an ideal they had championed. To oppose it now would make them hypocrites in the eyes of their supporters. And so, reluctantly, they found themselves unable to stand in its way.

After four relentless years and an almost unimaginable expenditure, the project came to fruition. It was, by all accounts, the largest undertaking humanity had ever faced. A global network of satellites, bolstered by millions of communication towers, blanketed the planet. The dream of that man—the so-called 'gift' to mankind—was now a reality. A gift not unlike the one Henry Ford had bestowed upon his workers a century earlier: something ostensibly altruistic, but in truth, a calculated maneuver for control and profit.

But this gift carried a price—one that would reverberate across the world. Access to the network was strictly controlled. Only corporations approved by the governing body of this new infrastructure were allowed to deploy their services. This wasn't merely an enhancement of the Internet as it was known. It was an entirely separate creation—a "New Internet." And unlike the chaotic, decentralized web of old, this one was fully corporate-controlled, designed to function as a closed ecosystem.

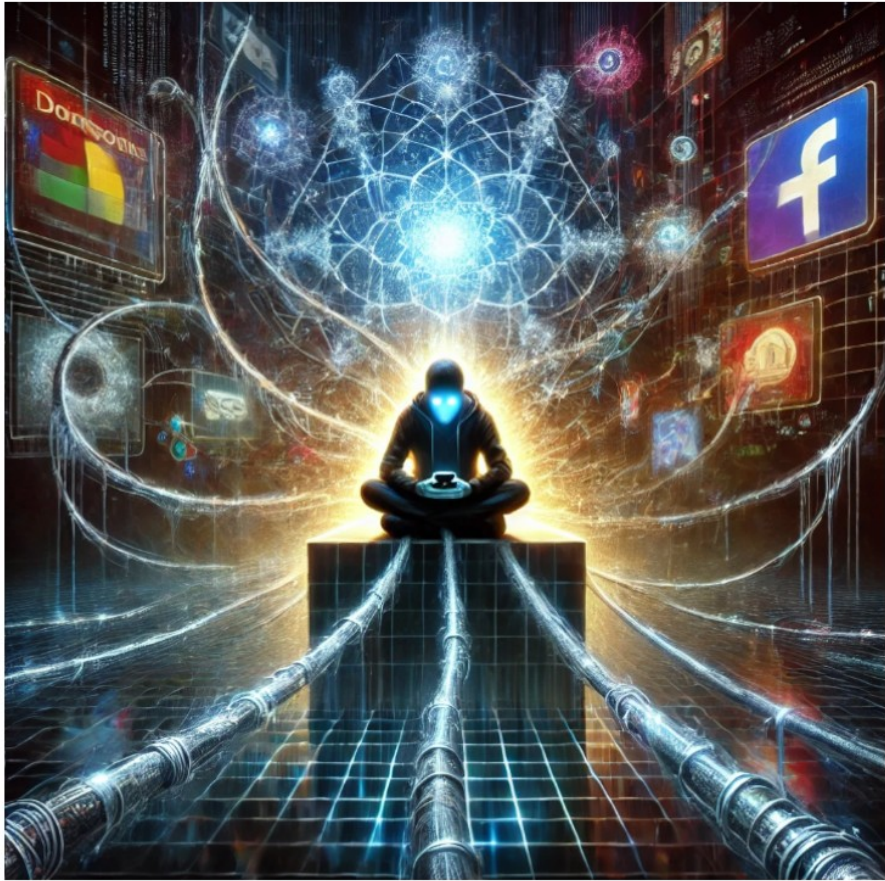


Curiously, the mainstream population adopted the New Internet with little to no resistance. The transition was seamless, even enthusiastic. The major platforms were all there: the biggest social networks, the trendiest influencers, the most popular media corporations, and the largest video game publishers. Everything people loved, everything they depended on, was already onboard. It wasn't just free; it was leagues ahead of the sluggish, overpriced service offered by the old Internet providers. Faster, more reliable, and infinitely more appealing, it was an easy sell.

The old Internet, meanwhile, decayed rapidly. Those who clung to it were left with rising costs and deteriorating quality, as executives of failing ISPs squeezed every last dollar from their sinking ships. In no time, the old web became a shadow of itself—a graveyard of forgotten sites and abandoned networks.

And so, the profit began to flow.

The New Internet's business model was designed for one thing: maximizing revenue. Only "approved" products were allowed on the platform, and every one of them adhered to a strict Free2Play model that had been perfected over decades. The addictive mechanics, honed to a science, transformed casual users into revenue streams. On the old Internet, these games had generated millions. But with billions now plugged into the New Internet, the results were staggering.



The term “whale”—once niche jargon for big spenders in digital games—now described a global phenomenon. With their reach expanded a hundredfold, the number of whales exploded, driving revenue to levels beyond even the wildest dreams of the corporations. The addiction loops, refined over twenty years, extracted every possible drop from their users.

The human cost was staggering, but the response was chillingly indifferent. Stories of whales losing everything—jobs, homes, families—were dismissed as the price of progress. Suicides became disturbingly common, yet they barely caused a ripple in the mainstream consciousness. To the masses, it was a matter of personal weakness. *"If you're a whale, it's your own fault,"* people would say. *"Everyone else knows how to play responsibly."*

This normalization of exploitation mirrored the old stigmas around drug addiction, physical or digital. The games, to most, were harmless fun—a way to pass the time. Few stopped to consider the parallels: how the same tools of addiction that hooked whales were subtly manipulating everyone else. After all, if it didn't hurt them, why should they care?

But beneath the surface of this utopia lay a simple, unspoken truth: the New Internet wasn't about connectivity, freedom, or innovation. It was about control—control so total and insidious that no one even thought to question it.



With the foundational system firmly in place, it was time to think big. Not just big—really big.

The first major innovation to erupt within the “New Internet” was augmented reality (AR) glasses. With the network’s unparalleled latency and the massive leap forward in cloud-computing capabilities, AR technology finally had its moment. By shifting the heavy computational lifting to the cloud, the glasses themselves became sleek, lightweight, and accessible. All they truly required were high-quality cameras and precision projection lenses—two technologies that had seen remarkable advancements and extreme miniaturization over the past decade.

The AR glasses weren’t just a technological marvel; they were a gateway. A window into the user’s world—and, more importantly, a two-way mirror for those who controlled the infrastructure. The cameras embedded in the glasses captured everything users saw and heard, feeding an unrelenting stream of data back to the corporations. Privacy, once a fiercely debated issue, had long since eroded under the weight of convenience and apathy. The population, already conditioned by years of data sacrifices on social media and smart devices, barely batted an eye at the implications.



Within a few years, the adoption of AR glasses reached heights comparable to the smartphone boom of the early 21st century. They were everywhere. Only the most remote and isolated places on Earth were free of their ever-watching lenses. And as the cameras spread, so did the unchecked power of the corporations. Governments, too busy indulging in their slice of the profits, offered no resistance. Corrupt politicians, easily bought, ensured that laws protecting privacy were either gutted or never written in the first place. In this new world, the corporations had free rein, harvesting an unthinkable amount of data without oversight or accountability.

But for all the success of AR glasses, they were merely a checkpoint—a milestone on the road to something far greater. The real vision, the ultimate goal, was still taking shape.

That vision required another piece of the puzzle: artificial intelligence.

While AR had made significant strides, the advancements in AI were nothing short of revolutionary. Over the past decade, the pace of progress in AI had reached levels that bordered on the incomprehensible. The explosion of generative AI had captured public attention, but it was merely the tip of the iceberg. Behind the scenes, investment and breakthroughs were happening across all fields of AI. Image recognition, a technology that had been steadily evolving for over forty years, now operated at a level that surpassed human capability. Paired with generative models and advanced predictive algorithms, the potential for AI to reshape reality was finally within reach.



With cloud computing now a practical reality and AI capabilities soaring, it took only a few years to develop the software that would complete the plan. It wasn't just a tool; it was the realization of one man's dream for absolute control over the population—a system designed to guide, influence, and manipulate with surgical precision.

On May 25, 2032, version 1.0 of My Reality was released to the world.

Over the past twenty years, our man had observed a profound transformation in how the population interacted with the maturing Internet. He noticed patterns—ones that many overlooked or underestimated. The Internet, once celebrated as a tool for connecting humanity, had become something else entirely: a mechanism for division.

People gravitated toward like-minded groups, forming echo chambers that warped their perception of reality. These bubbles insulated them, amplifying their biases and shielding them from anything outside their chosen worldview. What began as a means of connection evolved into a system of isolation—one where individuals selectively curated their reality, filtering out everything they didn't want to see.



Our man saw the historical contrast clearly. Before the Internet, people were more exposed to a variety of sources. They consumed newspapers, books, and even cable TV, which—though flawed—had not yet become the radical, sensationalist machine it would later be. The world had been more tolerant then, more open to the exchange of ideas. Different viewpoints, while not always accepted, were at least encountered.

But by the late 2000s, social networks began their rise to dominance as a primary channel for information. These platforms brought with them a seismic shift in how people consumed and engaged with content. The companies behind them weren't interested in fostering understanding or community. Their goal was singular: profit. And they found the perfect fuel to achieve it—hate.

Hate was addictive. It was magnetic, drawing users back again and again to argue, rage, and vent against strangers thousands of miles away. The algorithms fanned the flames, prioritizing outrage because it kept users engaged longer. As this cycle repeated, society fragmented further into a sprawling web of disconnected bubbles. People became less informed, less tolerant, less willing to entertain new ideas. If information existed outside their bubble, it may as well not have existed at all.



This wasn't a random side effect of technological progress—it was a systemic transformation. The Internet was no longer a unifying force; it had become a fractured reality, where every individual lived in their own carefully constructed universe.

To our man, this fragmentation wasn't a tragedy. It was an opportunity.

He understood that a less informed, less tolerant population was far easier to manipulate. Ignorance wasn't just a byproduct of the system—it was the foundation of control. And as the bubbles grew more rigid, society itself became malleable.

While he contributed to this fragmentation by launching his own social network, he hardly needed to. The other platforms were already working tirelessly toward the same outcome. Their business models depended on it. The momentum was unstoppable, a runaway train that no one—not governments, not academics, not society at large—seemed willing or able to derail.

And our man smiled, watching the rails extend endlessly before him.

The software My Reality was built on a simple yet profound principle: society's growing desire to retreat into their bubbles. It was an application for AR glasses that allowed users to reshape the world around them, tailoring reality itself to their personal tastes and preferences.



No longer did you have to endure the sight of a crumbling, dirty street or the drab confines of your cheap, run-down apartment. With My Reality, you could replace it all. A dull city block could transform into a whimsical Disneyesque wonderland, the sleek futurism of Star Trek, or even the grotesque, thrilling biomechanical landscapes of Alien. The world outside became a canvas, rendered in vivid, fantastical detail by the system's immense computational power.

But the real magic of My Reality wasn't in reimagining lifeless objects—it was in reshaping living things. The application's true highlight lay in its ability to alter the people around you. Thanks to the incredible advancements in cloud computing and AI, your partner, neighbor, or coworker could be rendered exactly how you wanted them to appear. Was your partner's face too plain for your liking? Purchase a lookalike skin of your favorite movie star from the in-app store. Licensing agreements ensured that celebrities, eager for a slice of the revenue, enthusiastically promoted the platform.

And the transformation didn't stop at appearances. Voices, too, could be reimagined. With My Reality's computational power, the voices of those around you could be filtered and altered, even down to their tone and message. An insult could morph into a charming suggestion. If someone rudely commented on your unkempt appearance, the system could reframe it as, "It would be lovely if you could grace the world with your beautiful self after a refreshing aromatic shower."



The software was an instant phenomenon. People's long-held dreams of living in their fantasies became a tangible reality. With My Reality, they could finally escape every annoyance, every disagreement, every confrontation. Unpleasant images, unwelcome ideas, or people who didn't align with their worldview could simply vanish. The app's data-collection systems, fed by users who eagerly volunteered their personal information, allowed for ever-deeper customization. Users could filter out individuals who didn't share their political ideologies, ensuring they never had to interact with anyone outside their carefully curated bubble.

It was paradise—or so it seemed.

Yet our man wasn't fully satisfied. There was still a crack in his vision, a flaw in the system: people could take off their glasses. They could step away from the illusion and face the unfiltered world. That option, however fleeting, was unacceptable.

He continued to work, driven by his relentless ambition. The success of My Reality generated an insane cash flow, giving him the resources to design the next step in his plan—the ultimate evolution of his creation.

The solution was bold, revolutionary, and insidious: contact lenses. Unlike the glasses, these lenses would be surgically implanted, integrating seamlessly with the user's eyes. With My Reality embedded directly into their vision, the experience would be inescapable. The illusion would no longer be a choice. Reality itself would be overwritten, and there would be no way to turn it off.



Our man was close to achieving his ultimate goal. And this time, there would be no escape.

Curiously, there was almost no resistance to the latest advancement in technology. The population, already deeply addicted to their own custom realities, leapt at the opportunity to never see the unfiltered world again. The allure was irresistible, and the implications? Barely questioned.

For appearances, a small fail-safe was included—a button, embedded in the temples of the contact lenses, that users could press to 'switch off' the system. Of course, this came with a hefty fee, ensuring that only the wealthiest could even entertain the illusion of control. But the switch wasn't truly an 'off' button. Even in its deactivated state, a minimal level of augmented reality filtering remained active. The world became uglier, certainly, but not as ugly as it really was. True reality was something the system never allowed people to face fully.

Despite this restriction, the vast majority embraced the trade-off without hesitation. Why confront the bleakness of the real world when they could remain in a dream? Why endure discomfort when they could exist in curated perfection? For most, it wasn't a choice—it was salvation.



And so, humanity finally retreated fully into their bubbles, their personal pocket universes, disconnected from the ugly truths outside. They surrounded themselves with the comforting illusions of My Reality, safe from the discordant chaos of differing opinions, inconvenient facts, and harsh realities.

The success of the technology was so overwhelming that it transcended its origins as a consumer product. Governments around the world adopted it as a cornerstone of societal infrastructure. Participation in the My Reality system became mandatory, integrated into national identification processes. If you wanted to exist as a citizen—if you wanted access to services, employment, or even basic rights—you had to be part of the system. The justification was simple and airtight: it was for everyone's safety.

And that was it.

Our man had achieved his ultimate goal. A population blissfully unaware of their own misery, trapped in fantasies while living in squalor. They spent the little income they had on his services, pouring their lives into his pockets without hesitation.

He and his allies held everything—every ounce of wealth, every shred of power, every thread of control. No coin escaped their grasp, no thought remained outside their influence.



There was nothing left beyond their reach.

And it would remain that way.

Forever.