

The skyline is oppressive; the towering buildings, long since abandoned, reign high over the street, turning men into mere ants. The streets are dirty, unwashed, and the concrete pavement has long since cracked and tattered. Under these slabs, a distant roar of an underground train echoes up. Apartments are clustered and moldy, melding onto each other like melted clay. They're so old and decrepit that there's not even any paint left to chip. This is a small part of the old world, free of technological advancements and the people that used them. The migration of the world's financial elites underground in the twenty-second century has left many cities across the world like this one; regardless, the world's oldest trade still flourishes, raking in an insurmountable amount of money. Today I'll be interviewing one of the richest women in the city.

She told me to find her in a park, and after combing the area for a while, I found her, legs crossed, on a moss-covered stone bench. I expected her to be a bit odd. From what I've heard, apparently she's fully organic, no trace of telemechanics in her at all.