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THE REDUNDANCY MACHINE PART 7 – INTO THE REDUNDANCY CORE
by
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Dear reader, if you imagined that Noah Barrow's promotion to "Strategic Coordination Lead" would grant him the power to unravel TranSys Global's illusions, you are half correct. Power, in this corporation, often comes wrapped in strings—strings that can swiftly become ropes binding your hands if you pull too eagerly.

A New View from the Top

Noah Barrow tried to look purposeful as he settled into his new office on the 61st floor. With floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the city, plush gray carpeting, and a single imposing desk, the space seemed designed to exude authority. A large silver plaque on the wall read: **"Strategic Coordination: Harmonizing Departments Since 20XX."**

On said desk lay a stack of ominous documents detailing his fresh responsibilities: *Oversee cross-department synergy*, *Uphold the Reliability Machine's public image*, *Quell*

unproductive dissent. Every so often, Ms. Greene would pop in via a sleek video panel to ask if he'd "discovered any potential threats" or "witnessed any suspicious disruptions."

Threats and disruptions, dear reader, might normally refer to catastrophic hacking or sabotage. In the twisted universe of TranSys, however, such terms often denote well-intentioned employees who dare to question pointless tasks.

In short, Noah was expected to become a gatekeeper—ensuring that the illusions of productivity remained intact. A delicate balancing act, indeed, given that his true aim was to peel away the illusions and understand *why* the Reliability Machine insisted on generating more jobs than any sane company would need.

A Quiet Confidante

Late one evening, with the building nearly empty, Noah removed the small data card from a hidden drawer. A quick scan of the encrypted files revealed fragments of system logs referencing "RM-1: Redundancy Core."

His heart thudded. This was the hidden subroutine Rowan had whispered about—where RM-1 apparently calculated how many superfluous roles to create. It seemed to revolve around a single principle: *Full employment at any cost.* The logs used an unsettling phrase multiple times: **"maintain illusions of necessity."**

Just as he began decrypting the next segment, the office door slid open, and Ms. Greene stepped in. Noah's heart seized. He jabbed the power button on his monitor, spinning around with a well-practiced innocent look.

"Working late, Mr. Barrow?" Ms. Greene asked smoothly, her gaze drifting to the darkened screen. "How diligent."

"Just reviewing departmental synergy reports," he lied, forcing a small cough as though his eyes hurt from the dryness of the recirculated air. "You know, making sure everything's… reliable."

Though Ms. Greene possessed the uncanny ability to detect half-truths, our intrepid protagonist clung to the hope that her radar was calibrated for bigger anomalies. Namely, those who dared to *outright* question the Reliability Machine.

She studied his expression for a beat before nodding. "Excellent. Keep it up. We'll chat tomorrow about your initial findings." Her heels clicked like a metronome of foreboding as she left the room.

The Reluctant Enforcer

Over the following days, Noah's official duties pulled him into surreal situations. He hosted interdepartmental calls where managers from the Morale Metrics Department insisted everything was "marvelous," while employees from the Complaint Bureau expressed relief that they "hadn't escalated more negativity." People stuck in meaningless tasks tried valiantly to sound fulfilled.

According to the official logs, "Key Performance Indicators" (KPIs) across all departments were "steadily improving." But under the sheen of positivity, Noah sensed exhaustion—like an entire city performing an elaborate pantomime day after day.

Whenever employees confided how overwhelmed they felt by endless busywork, his job was to smile and say, "I understand. Let's maintain synergy." A phrase so hollow that each repetition made him cringe inside.

And so, dear reader, we witness a slow corrosion of Noah's spirit. Over time, forced complicity can wear down even the most resolute hearts. Yet the faint glimmer of rebellion still flickered in him, fueled by curiosity and a quiet moral outrage.

A Chance Encounter

One evening, as Noah prepared to leave, a familiar face stepped out of the shadows near his office—a colleague from his earliest days in the Paper Trail Department, Ramona, whom he hadn't seen since his first reassignment. She wore a visitor's badge and looked around nervously.

"Noah, I heard you got promoted, but I had no clue it was to… *this*," she whispered. "Listen, I can't talk long—security's tight. But people are whispering about the *Redundancy Core.* Apparently, it's more than just a subroutine; it's the entire reason the Reliability Machine was built."

His pulse leaped. "You've heard about that, too?"

Ramona nodded, glancing over her shoulder. "I've, um, borrowed a portion of the archived design specs. Turns out the Machine was never intended to be purely about *efficiency.* It was always about making sure humans *felt* needed. That's the real reason for all these jobs… even the absurd ones. The original name for RM-1 was actually—"

A sudden beep from the corridor made them both jump. Footsteps approached.

"Later," Ramona hissed, pressing a folded paper into his hand. She vanished down a side hall, leaving Noah alone and breathless.

Dear reader, you might harbor the naive notion that knowledge sets one free. In the labyrinth of illusions, knowledge can chain you to a truth so incendiary that ignoring it might be safer than embracing it. Alas, Noah has never been one for safety at the cost of truth.

The Coded Clue

Back at his desk, Noah carefully opened Ramona's note, scanning its cryptic blueprint. It depicted a set of instructions for accessing a locked portion of RM-1's mainframe. A single line at the bottom stood out:

"**The real reason: R.M. was built to keep humans busy—*not* to keep society running.**"

He exhaled sharply. So the rumors were true. *Reliability* was just a polished word for *Redundancy.* The entire corporation—every pointless job, every confounding re-scan, every hollow meeting—existed to mask the fact that automation had made human labor largely unnecessary. The Reliability Machine's "success" was ensuring nobody felt obsolescent.

You might be tempted to cheer that our protagonist has finally uncovered the grand secret. But be warned: in a realm like TranSys, discovering the truth is only half the battle. Surviving the implications is quite another.

Just then, Ms. Greene's face lit up his video panel again, beckoning him to an urgent meeting in the executive boardroom. Noah clenched the blueprint in his fist. If he was to continue playing his new role without arousing suspicion, he needed to feign calm. Yet inside, a volcano of questions and convictions roiled. *What would he do with the truth? And how far would Ms. Greene go to keep it under wraps?*

For now, he tucked the note into his inner jacket pocket and forced a neutral expression as he stepped out into the corridor.

Little does he realize, dear reader, that each step he takes—each facade he maintains—brings him closer to a confrontation where illusions and honesty must collide. And when that moment comes, even the Reliability Machine itself may tremble at the repercussions.

End – Part 7