

REPORT: HELP WANTED

ACCESSING PERSONAL LOGS: INTERVIEW CASE STUDY

SOURCE: PERSONAL JOURNAL ENTRY OF JAMIE EVE.

Pain, Oh god I can't believe this pain, and it's happening here and now. I can't go through with this. Looking down on to the curvature of the porcelain all I can think is.

"Oh god let me just vomit and get this over with."

But the last feeling never comes, just the pain of the throat. One's nerves are one hell of a thing. Stress over one issue too much and your body instantly goes into survival mode, and begins to break down. Currently I was suffering under such a case. My professor from my Computer three dimensional design class help direct me towards getting this job, and I was able to show off my portfolio as a strong start on my life as a professional artist before them. In time I was granted an interview before the local panel for the job, and now here I am. Standing in front of a toilet moments before my interview as my heart races and my stomach is pulsating in spasms. I pray to god that if I finally do get sick I keep it out my hair which like so much of me is worn today in such an uncomfortable and odd disguise of myself.

"Why did I go through with this?"

I stop my own thoughts with an answer of coughing up some slimy liquid, most likely the soda I drank this morning for breakfast. I quickly spit the taste from my mouth into the bowl. This isn't the first time I felt this way. No I wish it was, but my mother had me see a therapist in High school when I got this way each year when I started school. I was one of millions that commonly suffered from Anxiety Disorder. A mental condition that causes the

body to shut down when dealing with stress of new things or challenging things in one's life, a disorder that can only be treated truly by swallowing ones stress and leaping forward. Right now I just wish I could step out of this bathroom stall. Run home, and jump into my usual casual dress of jeans and my college sweat jacket, and letting my blond hair with signature blackish blue streak, fall as it grows. But no now I kneel over this porcelain god trying to keep my one good business suit mom bought for me after graduation, from getting ruined with the little remains of last night's curry dinner. My mother I'm sure if she had a chance would place the blame of this on grandma for my panic attacks. I don't know what happened between the two of them in the past, every time I have asked my mother would just tell me that my grandmother was a bad example of a human being. This of course made my grandmother the perfect person in life to follow in the shadow of, anyone that could run my mother that mad with just a simple few words or actions would only naturally deserve my worship of them. That person was like a god to my time under the dictatorship my mother ran at home. My early years were spent with Grandma at our home in South Miami. Every day was filled with trips to the beach and getting ice cream sundaes for lunch. When we came home at dusk we both would be slightly sun burnt and far too full for the healthy meal mom spent hours working on for us. Mom was a manager of a small chain of clothing stores in Miami and had strict policies on her work as well as home. Dad spent the summers separate from us as he was a sports writer for major league baseball. By no means were we poor. There was always food on the table and money for clothes and a few luxuries. Yet mom decided long ago never to live the lifestyle Grandma put her through.

From what I learned about my grandmother's generation they tried to live a life of carefree work free community. Mom always claims it's this issue that is the reason to this day we had grandma living with us for so long, as she failed to ever build a work ethic and make a living. I never knew my grandfather, since he divorced my grandmother when Mom was still a child. We don't even know if he is still alive to this day or not. But mom said it was the wasteful way her mother handled life that destroyed their marriage. That Grandma was easily swept up into the moment of whatever cause or fad was new that month. One such fad I came to love that grandma spoke so highly of, was the Goth years, back when grandma was in her early twenty's she took part in a culture where people dawned dark clothing of Victorian style, and wore dark makeup on pale bodies and faces. I never quite understood how a South Miami native could ever keep a pale complexion, but the pictures she showed of her youth, she stood out as one of the palest, her hair done in a black and pink bun. It was odd to see the face of a

woman I have only seen with a tan skin and bleached blond hair. One time when my mom wasn't paying attention to the younger me, I found a bottle of writing ink and in an effort to mimic my grandmother's childhood I dyed my hair black. It was a splotchy job and stained parts of my skin on my scalp for weeks, my golden brown hair showed through in patches and the next day when my mother saw it, she panicked and quickly worked hard cutting my hair trying to get the black out, but still some spots remained and some even faded to blue. Weeks later when I went to school I was the talk of everyone with my weird hair, many people I once called friends laughed at me. My therapist and mother both blame this very incident on the cause of my anxiety. While mom did forgive grandma, she still holds that against her to this day, and to help push that rift every few months I make sure to add tones of blue and black to my hair when I see mom.

I quit seeing my therapist when I went to college in Northern Virginia. Mom kept sending me money for a new one and I would just take the money and use it to buy pizza for my dorms floor each month. While high school was a pit of nerves that brought forth my anxiety, college was far more relaxed most the time. Maybe it was all the experimental drugs everyone was on, or the fact I wasn't alone in the same feeling, but the anxiety was far less in the relaxing life of chaos that the collective had at school. Of course my monthly purchases of pizza for the dorm didn't hurt in the making friend's department ether. I went to school to originally study history. Grandma's stories of her Goth days had created an interest in the past days of knights and lore and the years of fine Victorian ways. I would spend the nights when a party wasn't going on reading the great works of Stoker, Poe and Shelly. In my second semester I took an art class on 3-d sculpture. I thought nothing of it and just tried to work on projects that looked like the works of the early days of glory and honor. My talent shown through and I stood at the top of the class. My professor was so pleased with my talents he beg me to continue working on an art degree. It didn't take much from my professor to convince me, a degree in art was just as bad in my mom's mind as the one in history. No it was worse. Grandma spent many years practicing new forms of art throughout her years with mom. And a good agitation for mom would just twist her for the worse. To say I'm vindictive of my relationship with my mother would be harsh, I do love and care deeply for her, yet the strong force of my own views clash far too often with her views of my future. She wishes for my success in life and with it pushes me towards the path she knows was successful for her. But then my mother's rebellious actions stood in opposition of grandma so I guess the will to

agitate ones Mother is a trait in my family. I'm sure if I did long research into my family history I would find the same argument from mother to daughter generations before.

I had no clue what my future held for me and I was quite sure my study of history, would lead me to a desk job or as a teacher in history myself. These days however the teaching of history is more directed by the United Nations on what can be freely taught, the restrictions felt cold, and we were warned about learning of the early years of our country. But still we learned in underground trades of old musty books. I knew that there was little future in the study of history other than perhaps as a teacher. So at least an artist has some common use in some sense of the world, so I agreed to take my professors offer and switched majors. The road wasn't an easy one to follow. While one would think an art class is you just sit in front of a piece of paper and draw, granting a professor to randomly hand out grades wasn't quite the right way to place things. On top of an understanding of the different styles of art and how Art affected history itself, there was the understanding of form, movement, color, shadow, and even negative space. It was hard to sit there and understand the makeup of space really got my head spinning, we had to not only look at the world in a view of form, shadow and color, but also we had to understand the need in art for nothing. This was a far more vital subject in my sculpture classes, sure anyone could beat a lump of clay and claim it as art, but a true artist knew how that lump of clay worked in the environment it was placed, and how the space around it is affected by the clay's form. Doing this in a virtual environment was a little easier as we could build the sculpture's surroundings along with it. The class was a tech nerd's dream, as we got to use the latest technology from, Black Clover Industries, which originally was developed medically to have cybernetic limbs react to victims without the luxury of two arms and legs. A person would strap a collection of bindings across the body and attach a nerve pack to the back of their neck. The pack would detect the minds electronic pulses and muscle tensions of the body, reading with great accuracy the full movements the mind wants the body to do. While recent adoptions of this medical equipment can be surgically implanted, for the schools art class purposes we used the slightly out of date models which looked more like a sadistic dentist's chair. The school added a display screen in a helmet which let the students truly get the feel of physically being in the world they develop. The programs granted access to the user to choose materials colors and basic computer programming functions to be put into play. The last year I had, they even developed a way for the creator to animate their sculptures by ether using a vast collection of preset movements or by the creator simply moving the creation thru a form of digital puppetry

that the computer would learn and store for future uses? In time I would not only learn this but find I have great skill in using the software. A fact my professor couldn't let go unnoticed once the very company that crafted the equipment, started to hire for some major new video game.

To say one could go through the past few years that I did, and not know who Kinchrou Masaru was, hell for that matter it was rare to find a person under the age of 40 that didn't know the man, that the world dubbed the King of video gaming. The master of many genres of games he was the rock star of the video game world, and here I was applying for what I thought would be a position as a staff artist to work under his direct tutelage. I was an average gamer at best, finding an enjoyment as most girls my age toward the graphically heavy and vast story of a RPG, then the strong and heavy first person shooters that seemed to dominate the market with the constant stream of them. Much of my childhood love of the dark ages could be relived in the RPG games, but my busy class schedule most of the year and busy summers spent helping mom at one of her stores kept me from really getting to play the ones that some of my classmates would rave on about in the breaks we took during our long hours of studios. The job I applied for was a simple character design artist, I had the feeling that if I landed this job it meant I would have to get a visa to travel to Masaru's Kyoto studios. But my first interview which was over the web, one lasting a whole 10 minutes, I found out that the company is taking on a major game development using a game designed by Masaru, yet having different regions of the world designing different sections of the game for each region. Much in the same way a group would be gathered to make a large mural each placing their own artistic mark on it, so too stood this game, while the basic world and designs are a creation of Masaru. The more local designs, creatures and environments would be designed by the team of artists in a given region. As it stood I was in the region of eastern North America. And now it's come to my turn for a second interview, a face to face one. One where they will take apart my work from college, showing my inexperience at the job I am applying for. All the while they poke at my personal life all by dissecting me with words and uncomfortable staring. Oh god. They are going to judge me aren't they?

A quick spasm in my throat confirms this. The choice of the local light music station which is a simple way of saying, we play the top pop songs that don't have curse words and

we won't play rap, Makes my uneasiness even worse. For its stations like this I would hear playing each time I faced an uncomfortable situation. Perhaps on a day where my nerves weren't being tested as badly I might like the tune about how a teenage girl found her true love, in a rhythmic upbeat song from a top artist named Angela Mastique, now a known drug addict seeking to sell a new record to get the next high. Still no hope of getting out of this situation, I guess? My Therapist would tell me to visualize myself in a friendly environment. But all I see is the real world running, in making short work of my peaceful place turning it into a new parking lot to a theme park, dedicated to all my greatest fears and I'm being pushed by a crowd through the turn styles, and straight to the scariest roller coaster life can ever put you on. I just hope the vomiting starts on the way down, so less of the sick ends up on my good blouse. A sudden disruption of the station music is heard as the intercom breaks in calling a name.

"Jamie Eve ... Jamie Eve. Please report to Conference room B."

"Oh god damn it why me!" I cry out.

I swallow a breath of air, flush the toilet and make my way out of the bathroom. It's time. Time for my execution by interview, I grab a paper towel and wipe what liquid remains on my mouth. I hope they don't fault me for looking three shades of pale green. Tossing the towel I open the door to the bathroom half ready to take steps and flee.

Yeah that's a plan! I can run from this job. Then what? I could go home. Okay what about making a living? Well I could always work for my mother. WHAT THE HELL AM I THINKING, that's just what she would like to see from her rebellious daughter, to come crawling back and work the same job she has, the same boring life. No I need this job it's a way to make myself. It's a way to become independent. I turn myself around and start to slowly walk towards the conference room when the speaker calls my name again.

"Jamie Eve, please report to conference room B."

I pick up my unsteady pace, passing the secretary placing the call and heading on to the door marked conference room B. As I place my hand on the door I inhale a little breath, and let it out slowly opening the door to display a large table with 12 seats, 9 of which stand open. Oh God which seat do I sit in, if I choose wrong then I won't get this job and I will be stuck working for Mom, why did I choose to go through with this, who was I kidding, I'm not.... My train of thought is broken with the sudden welcome from one of the three people in the room. This being a well-dressed man who couldn't be but 10 years older than me, the picture perfect business man of the 1950's with a clean pressed suit and tie and a sly smile.

"Welcome Ms. Eve. We are glad you could join us today."

"Um... Thank you, for inviting me!" I reluctantly reply.

I turn to look at the three people that are sitting at one end of the table each with a seat separating themselves from each other. The man in the clean-cut suit, with slicked back hair held by some product surely designed by chemicals unknown by myself if not most of mankind, has his hair hold in a solid firm form almost as if he wore a piece of plastic painted on to look like hair. Sitting in the middle at the table's edge, guess he's the man in charge. To his left sits a woman in a nice blouse and jacket combo. She looks to be a bit older and she is by far the least in shape of the group, as I look at her I nearly feel the spasm of my throat close as she has a mostly eaten bear claw in front of her on a napkin, near a pile of folders and papers with one bearing my name sitting right on top, and several red marks already placed on it. She shows her age through the stress showing in a few wrinkles and bit of grey hair. Next to her is a guy that doesn't look at all like he fits in with the room. Sporting a two-day beard at least and wearing a T-shirt with what I can assume is a coffee stain that he tries to cover with a gray sports coat. If anyone screamed this was their art expert in the room it was him. As his shirt stated with the joke 'Why was the art dealer in debt?' I am sure

the answer was on the back proclaiming he was out of Monet. One of those really bad jokes only artists and art lovers would tell in their free time.

“Well Ms. Eve this here is, Mrs. Balanch from our HR department, Mr. Howser from our game design department from San Francisco, and I’m Frank Williams, I’m from Black Clover Industries legal department.” The slick-looking man proclaimed. So the clean cut guy is a lawyer, should have known with the sly smile and classy suit. I never have had the fortune required to actually need one in my life but, the few winters I spent with dad I recalled him bickering about how you could always tell one by the way they dressed. Only three kinds of people dressed that way he said. The first was politicians, the third was lawyers, and the last was con artists. Dad went on to say that meant that they also acted and did the same things to other people, they just would change their title of their job to trick you into believing them in their latest scam to separate you from your money. “ Now we must say your work is good and meets what we are looking for the effect of the overall game, and add to that you come with a glowing recommendation from your professor.” Stated Mr. Williams! “Your portfolio shows the kind of work we are looking to add. We just have some basic questions before we go ahead with the next steps.”

Quietly and shyly I reply “Um, yes go ahead.”

“Where do you see yourself in 5 years?” Mr. Williams without changing his straight forward dead locked gaze on me sits tapping his pen back and forth, letting his eyes pierce at my mind to dig out the answer to the question. Of course it would be that question. Rule number 1, when anyone sits in a chair for a job. Ask them where they want to be. And the answer is always elsewhere. Away from this job you have me at, ether higher on the company’s ladder or doing something completely different. But how to go about it answering them? Do you go down the route of company loyalties and flat-out lie about not having grander dreams? Or do you speak about your greater vision of a better world, better you have one of a bright future that the company may be able to add their own twist into. A maddening question indeed, right now my every fiber of being wants to answer with myself running screaming from this room, thru the quickest way possible. What was I thinking, how could I go

through with this? My work is no better than the next guy. How high is this office room, maybe I could use my portfolio to smash the window and dash out to the parking lot, and flee from this mental anguish? No I have to sit here and answer the dumbest question in all of history. Worse yet I have no idea how to answer it, oh crap, are they staring. Of course their staring I've been sitting here rambling in my mind like a lunatic on a single question. Just answer it. But what if it's wrong? Answer it. Okay, okay.

"I hope to be able to design art that truly affects the future of the world through its use." I state. What the hell was that! Benefit the world, how will my designs for a game benefit the world?

"Why not just become a sculptor or painter then? Why choose game design? Video games don't normally affect the world as far as we know." A reply comes almost instantly from the lawyer, and it's no surprise. I can't believe I'm so stupid for saying that. His words are making a strong clench in my stomach. But I try to keep my answer going.

"Well I hope to one day be a part of a game that changes the way the world looks at itself. I mean games are more like a good book on how it affects the player emotionally." I say nearly passing out, while I reply in a nerve racked tone. I was far too focused on my nerves and constant shaking, that I did not notice the Game Designer gain a slight grin on his face. Sighing out a breath of air, I peek up and see the grin on his face. Crap I just did something completely embarrassing. I mean, how can video games, change the world. They are just a form of entertainment used to calm the stress of people's meaningless lives.

"Well I think that an answer like that really speaks well of your ideal of the world, and how this industry can affect it." The game designer lets out, breaking my thought process and nearly knocking me to the floor. He agreed with me? "Having looked through your work and given your references, I think you would make a great addition to the team of our latest

project." Utter shock hits my face, as the designer continues praising me. What the hell is wrong with him?

"Mr. Howser's words are good praise for you, but I do have some questions before we proceed any further along, I have a few questions I believe from Ms. Balanch as well." The lawyer continues kicking my hopes over the cliff they had just climbed. I knew it was too good to be true, here comes the big but, that will have me stuck behind the cash register at mom's store till I'm mercifully shot to death by a criminal wanting the money from the register.

"Are you willing to relocate if the company provided accommodations?" Ms. Balanch states watching my facial reactions like a hawk.

She watches as my eyes roll back with my chin soon to follow their direction. "I guess so but I don't quite understand, what do you mean by they provided accommodations."

"What Ms. Balanch means is due to the nature of the game we are hiring for. Black Clover needs to keep control over the designers. To insure no information isn't leaked before they are approved by marketing. For that reason they are setting up a live in community for many of the new employees." The Lawyer broken in on a gaped mouth Ms. Balanch, and the words went on to have me mimic her facial expressions. What did they mean by this? If I get hired will they lock me in a room and watch my every step? What about my rights as a human being and a citizen of the US, given since the UN calls most shots these days? But still we have many laws that protect us I thought. It's not the first time I have heard of such, I have read about such work based communities are a regular thing throughout the world but it never quite caught on in the US. This was mainly due to the high depression rates found in such complexes that far too often led to bigger issues.

"I can tell by that look you stand a little shocked at the situation. It's a set up merely to make sure the employees are well cared for as well as to build greater team work by having most of you all living in an environment together." Ms. Balanch tries to reassure my quizzical facial expressions.

"The area is merely monitored to insure game info doesn't leave, and the way for that is by having the computer systems controlled at both work and home for you all. While the system will keep track of you, through a Nuro-link device that will let you connect to the system, that the company will place on you." My expression goes from confusion to shock at the statement of the lawyer. To reassure me the game designer turns around and shows me a small white box with small wires attached to the base of his skull. He pushes a button and the box falls off and the only evidence of it having been there is a white splotch and four pin like marks where wires went in under the flesh.

"It hurts at first, but this allows the creator a greater connection, and it reads their actions better than the devices you used in college." States the Designer. My mind focuses back on the device I used back in my 3 years of art in college. The device had a small pad like thing, which would be placed at the neck to sense the slight electronic signals, that would run from the spine to the arms and legs letting the device read ones motion as such digitally. We got taught that the device designed in medical practice would transfer those charges and be transferred to devices, such as robotic limbs so they would react like the real thing. This box the designer wore I could only guess had a stronger connection through the wires reading closer to the source with the signal.

"I can't tell you much but the current set up is slated only for those that work on the game. The company is working on a less evasive design for public use when they play the game. But the device helps not only with issues you previously experienced in college, but will help send signals to the brain in creating a false sense of touch and pain. The body senses things that in previous games could not bring the player in to the in-depth experience of the game." The designer continues to explain.

"Isn't that, a bit too extreme? To ask a new employee to let their employer, surgically attach something to their body. Even if it's removable, I don't see why anyone would agree to such a thing." I can't shake the creepy vibe I get from the device that my opinion just slipped out openly.

"It's good to see you speak your mind, Ms. Eve. However if you choose not to go through this I'm afraid our company will have no interest in you, and I must say as one of the few companies these days to have the power to employ someone with no experience, like yourself I wish you the...." The Lawyer goes on but I find my gut reaction forcing me to interrupt him as I see him placing his copy of my paper work down, and making a mark about it with his pen.

"I will go through it I just want to be comfortable in that it won't be used in ways to track me, at all times, and control my thoughts or something like that." I ask as the nerves start to visually show in my body's shaking.

"Black Clover, despite its size and holdings in many world governments, and industries, has no interest in the mind of a fresh out of college artist. Nor do we care what you do in your own life, but the project we are hiring for needs to be kept secret. While our competitors do not have the means to actually compete with us financially, leaking the info could cause a rival group to pirate our software and ideas to make their own version of the work being done. In a way we are working to protect the work our employees do."

The words the Lawyer spewed out didn't comfort my feelings one bit. I fully understand the need to stop the release of pirated movies, and games that have brought down many companies recently. Fewer people want to work in the industry that doesn't pay because their stuff is stolen and leaked out on the web. World government measures to halt it became a joke, and here in the US became the second constitutional law to be repealed as it began to choke off the net from all public opinion and views as well. A lesson taught strongly in my High

school civics class and still much debated by the public. But to look at a small device that being implanted at my neck that detects me trying to leak info, it's like something out of the old Science fiction movies I would watch with my grandmother.

"Say I get the implant. Then say I leak information. What would happen to me?" I ask with part curiosity and part to settle my rattling nerves.

"You would be legally sued to the point that it wouldn't matter if you ever had a job again, the debt on your head would never let you survive. That is of course after the possible jail time you would serve for committing Piracy." I was surprised at the cold blunt answer from the lawyer. The way his answer came out told me that he had either the case well locked in, or had the courts already well in their favor to win no matter who stood before them. Even the living embodiment of Jesus Christ would face the wrath of his legal might. No wonder Black Clover stands as the largest Company ever built. Their legal team must be the coldest, sharpest, and best in the world. The Lawyer continued. "Look it's not like the company isn't providing you with a lot of luxuries here. We offer you a plush suite, a very good salary, the best healthcare in the world and plenty of vacation time as well. We just need to make sure when you come to work here you can be trusted and the best way for us to do that is monitor you."

"The device does more than just monitor you against theft. It also helps connect you stronger to the game design and game itself. It also monitors your body's health to help keep you safe while you work in the game." The Designer added. "Keep in mind these devices were originally intended to help people with medical issues be able to walk or use their arms. Something that medical science couldn't do for countless years, the Nuro-link lets paralyzed people live life again as independent individuals. It's really a remarkable piece of technology." The designer tries to speak up the benefits, if there are any, of the nuro-link device being added to my body.

"I am not, doubting the good it could do, but surely some question the bad that can be done with those?" Oh god why am I fighting them so hard on this. Shut up, Shut up and tell them what they want to hear.

"Your worries are a good thing to note." I notice as the mostly silent HR woman spoke up. "I too worry about how far and what issues these devices may bring the company. At this time the precautions the company has taken on both this and the earlier version you have used in the past have proven to do little more than lightly shock the user during electrical storms. So I can assure you all efforts are in place to assure no problems are set to arise, and if they do the company is set to take care of you through the healthcare we provide." My tensions ease a bit with her words. Something about Ms. Balanch comforted me in my fears. She reminded me of how my mother was when I was young and feared the dark. Her words comforted me greatly. I could sense she must also have that calming motherhood instinct to form those words.

"Okay. I give. I agree to the device. I just want it known I'm permitted to an, I told you so, if or when something does go wrong." I shyly state.

"I will let it be in the record." Replies the Lawyer who lets out a sly grin, yet I almost let out a giggle as I watch him actually make a note after saying that. "Well unless you have any other questions I think we are done here. Welcome aboard to Black Clover Gaming, Project K11."

"I will be sending you a package in a few weeks, with all the papers you need to sign and the info on your work location and suite. We will also need you to go in for a checkup, for the health care to be active we will provide you with. " Calmly replies the HR woman.

"I think you will be involved in team onyx, I will send your info to a friend of mine to watch over you while you work for them. And I will look forward towards working alongside of you."

The Designer replies as I shake his hand and proceed to go down the line from there. "Oh and Fridays, will be Nerf wars so ammo up!"

I walk out of the room with my nerves in greater pressure then they were when I went in. Quickly I dash for the bathroom and hit the stall. This time I don't have to wait, the vomit comes, and the pain burns my throat, as I strive to choke on some air between spasms. If I can't take the pressure of the interview, how good will I be as an employee of Black Clover. A tear escapes my eyes as the pain of the convulsions of my chest hits. I got the job so why, Why do I feel this way? I should be excited but my body is reacting in a fit of repulsion. As my body begins to spit out the last of the remains of my liquid breakfast, my gut continues to convulse in a rapid nature, and I go to my bag to reach for a stick of gum to clear the taste from my mouth. I accidentally knock against the small black box in my bag as I search for the pack of gum. "Sigh I guess it would be a good idea to tell her now before she calls me." Sticking a piece of gum in my mouth, I push the sides of the Digital Address System box, or DAS box, as the geniuses in the world have dubbed them. The holographic screen pops up displaying my email, and then brings up my contact list. As I begin to make a call that makes my now empty stomach turn even more. There is literally no one I want to talk to less now. But her way of tracking me down will make things far worse. I hear the tone give way to the click of the signal opening up and I speak. "Hi Mom!"

FILE SOURCE END.

ACCESSING LINKED MATERIAL

BLACK CLOVER REPORT – K11 HIRING

K11 – Hiring practices and standards.

Report compiled by Charles Thick, President San Francisco Branch

Date: February, 11, 2065

As the work for the company's latest gaming project K11 begins, due to the size and nature of the project we need to make a strong effort on hiring talent that can meet the demands on the overall size of the project. R&D is working on the hardware and the development of a new system of Nuro-links will be set and built for all artists, coders and testers in the upcoming game production. The use of the links are a given need for all employees working in these fields and will be a reason that is informed to the applicant upon interview. To make things more comfortable we will be offering housing along with all company hiring packages. These actions are for security purposes and as such are a legal requirement. To insure the game be produced at an expedient rate, we are having each of the slated games 11 divisions worldwide, work on the creation of their own part of the world, with a central division working on the remaining factors. Central Employees will further be held to be kept in a secret location so that tampering with their work will not be effected and that they can remain unbiased in the decisions of the separate divisions. The general game mechanics are being handled by, Master Masaru and his personal game staff. Each future employee will be offered pay equal to mid-range of the corporate rate in their given division, with more skilled employees acceptable at a higher rate. At this time we only are seeking coders and designers. The company plans to hire in the near future testers and operatives to work in the game, possibly choosing form a core collection.

At this time my own headquarters, will be taking the lead on this project and promotional actions will be housed through these offices and our office locations in South Los Angelis and Los Vegas. Attached are a list of credible schools and even some officials to pull future staff from in this hiring, along with all information on future documentation needs for applicants to agree to, when signing a contract with us? Any questions should be directed to my offices Human Resources Department.

Thank you, and good luck finding the next crop of employees.

Charles Bernard Thick

Black Clover Gaming, San Francisco Branch President

NEWS REPORT: [NURO-LINK SYSTEM]

Gaming Gives Back

United News Network

Reporter Colleen Dalton

For the last 50 years Black Clover has shown the amazing power they can bring to the world of gaming, and more so in their acts of business. Back in 2023 the makers of the small game studio decided to invest some of their money into other companies and before long the company became a power house not only in gaming, but Oil, technology, clothing, food and even shipping. The average person hasn't even noticed how much their lives are changed by the workings of the greatest business men like Charles Thick, who many say is the face of the corporate power house that rivals many governments worldwide.

But there are a few people who take note of the changes that Black Clover brings. Such as young misses Ester Veldman. In 2054 at the tender age of 7 Ester was a victim of a horrible traffic accident. The driver of a Semi truck dozed off behind the wheel and the truck turned into her father's family van killing her father and leaving poor Ester paralyzed from the neck down.

For the next few years Ester couldn't walk, her mother had to quit her job and spend all day caring for a daughter that had no hope of ever being like the other children. For 10 years she lived a state where she had no control over her own body's functions. Enter Black Clover technologies.

Black Clover, in an effort to design a better reaction based controller, came across a way to simulate the damage link of the girl's nervous system with a system of braces and wires. Ester Veldman is now taking the first steps she's taken in 10 years. While the system is still a bit buggy, it lets the young woman take on tasks that her mother and even Ester herself thought she would never again be able to take part of.

But Ester isn't alone. Black clover even designed ways for paraplegics to regain the use of limbs that formally were taken from them. The system takes a small Nuro-link that senses the electrical impulses of the brain, and the strains of muscles to cause cybernetic limbs, or in the case of Ester a cybernetic brace system, that wraps around an unresponsive limb to move and react in a way that mimics the movements of the human body perfectly.

For today Ester is taking a small step for herself, while Black Clover is taking a great leap for humanity. For United News Network this is Colleen Dalton reporting on this medical miracle.

REPORT END

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