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THE BINARY SHOOT

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A GRIPPING EPIC OF LOVE AND PROFIT IN A NEAR FUTURE OF
CORPORATE INTRIGUE AND TECHNOLOGY.

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS MYSTERY?



L. Lightfeather

python.pie



Python 3.7.3 (v3.7.3:ef4ec6ed12, Feb 20 2023, 23:20:00)

<MASC v.1916 32 bit (Intel)> on win32

--FLASK_APP=mainchat.py FLASK_ENV=virtual chat run--

izzie_mist:

hey.

python.pie:

Izzie peasy lemon squeezy! To what do I owe the pleasure?

izzie_mist:

There's my favorite leprechaun. I need a pie. HIGH-FUCKIN PRIORITY.

python.pie:

Of course you do, lol. What's the job?

izzie_mist:

The headquarters made me retrieve a recovery seed and I think it's a big deal. We need to access the wallet and read the transactions.

python.pie:

Easy peasy, Izzie. Bring the seeds and I'll analyze the hash codes and give you a spreadsheet with the inputs and outputs.

izzie_mist:

on my way, pie boy.

System.exit(0) █

VIII. IRISH PIE

Irish music producer whose true notes were programming syntax and whose true instrument was a Powershell terminal. A binary ghost of the multilayered digital dimension. "I know a guy" is what his clients would say when they were in desperate need of a tasty and strategic Celtic pie. That's how Python was known in the anonymous side of his life, while to his friends, he was an admired programmer, DJ, and producer of electronic music and Lo-fi beats. A true adherent of transhumanist philosophy, Python saw technology and the binary dimension as a perfect evolution that would forever surpass the biological capabilities of human beings.

A skilled and versatile engineer who had consummated his executive career as Chief Technology Officer of one of the largest big tech corporations called Starlight by executing an exit strategy at the moment the company went public on the stock exchange. Since then, he lived life as if each day could be the last tab to be opened on one of his VPN-protected browsers.

Along with his music production equipment, Python had a set of monitors and hardware in his basement that looked more like a command center. He did not trust the hosting of large providers and therefore had his own

servers that ran incessantly with completely proprietary and cutting-edge encryption, running the software and automations he created for his clients.

Python valued his peace, but he wasn't exactly the most discreet guy when it came to his comfort and opulence. After receiving his giant slice from the sale of Starlight's shares, he bought a million-dollar mansion in an exclusive rural area near the big city where he had worked hard for years. He was considered an enigma by friends and clients precisely because no one understood his true motivations. Python didn't need more money, otherwise, he would still wear a suit and tie. He also didn't need to get involved in intrigues and conflicts in the underworld of the web, but he didn't like to stand still. Much less did he need to produce music for other artists, but music was something he would never give up. He had a synesthetic mind, he could see musical notes and hear colors, life for him was a long musical track with beats, kicks, and snares whose rhythm was harmonious and tasty, like a pie.

He had gone up to his huge living room where a chimney was lit on that cold rural night. He was waiting for Izzie seated on a retro turquoise blue divan sofa with retro feet, which was in front of the main door of the house. Three rhythmic knocks were given on the door.

— Who is it? Python said in a simple security protocol.

— It's fucking Elon Musk and I'm here for an acquisition on your dreads, said Izzie, trying to

incorporate a deep and masculine voice. — Open up, man, I'm in a hurry.

Python opened the door and Izzie rushed in using her classic and iconic independent agent suit. She always wore a caiman leather bomber jacket with high collars, a backpack on his back, and jogger pants with many pockets. Her shoes were always and indispensably Air Jordans of the most varied colors. Pixel entered right after.

— Hey, Izzie! Feline Pixel! Did you bring my ambrosia?

— But of course, pie boy, no one works for free, right? Let me ask you something, do you have a bowl?

— A bowl?"

— Yes, a bowl, any bowl. Just give me a bowl.

— Follow me.

They walked towards the kitchen while Izzie rotated her bag on her body and unzipped it to take out its contents.

The corridors of that house stretched for meters of a cold marble floor, connecting some empty rooms, others closed, and ultimately leading to a well-lit but disorganized island-shaped kitchen. Above the dining table, a huge chrome metal and champagne glass chandelier caught everyone's attention.

Python headed to a drawer and took out a black porcelain bowl, which he handed to Izzie, who was already sitting on the counter and opening an expensive sachet of chicken and rice flavor for adult cats. Pixel had

somehow also found her way onto the counter and was impatiently waiting to devour her favorite food, which was soon served in the bowl.

Izzie also pulled a well-packaged Irish cream pie out of her backpack and handed it to Python, who immediately started his work.

— Spit it out, Izzie, what are you getting me into this time? Said Python as he put the pie in the fridge.

— I'm asking you, do you know what this means? Said Izzie, taking a bullet out of her pocket and placing it on the counter.

— W.C.? Where did you find this?

— Maybe it's hard to believe, but this bullet was thrown in my face by a detective who seemed to have come out of a noir movie, or titanic.

Python held the bullet against the light and began to analyze it as he came to the conclusion of what he had in his hands. He started laughing, and it was difficult to tell if it translated to fun or nervousness. — Izzie, you've been trading cards with Wolfcrown, said Python, returning the bullet to the owner.

— Crown? This guy is a Crown? Holy shit.

— He left the family business a long time ago, joined the police force, and became the agent who was sent on operations to go after the most bizarre people in the system, Izzie. They say he's looking for Nakamoto. How did you get out alive from this encounter?

— So he was telling the truth, huh? I always come out

alive, Python, I even left a kiss mark on his face with the butt of my Magnum.

— If you both were in the same place, it's because something of great value was there.

— That's what I have right here. I never disappoint my fanbase, pie boy, said Izzie, reaching for her mission asset for Python. A piece of paper with 24 words written in random order.

— Let's solve this mystery, you and me.

They went down to the basement where they spent the next few hours accessing that bitcoin wallet and analyzing it to try to extract some kind of information. A fog of smoke populated the atmosphere while a Lo-fi playlist played in that studio that had enough equipment to be used at an electronic music festival.

Python typed and clicked at an increasingly fast speed, like someone who seemed to be reaching the end of a race for a prize while Izzie sat on the couch laughing alone.

— Pixel, listen, this is our moment, if you're the reincarnation of Cleopatra, tell me the truth right now, said Izzie, staring fixedly at her assistant, who was lying on a puff while looking back with half-opened eyes.

— Meow.

— I knew it, damn it, my cat is the best of all, said Izzie laughing as if she didn't seem to care about what they were about to discover.

— Python, my cat is Cleopatra, dude, be careful with her.

— Now tell me, how many fingers do you see here? Said Izzie signaling the number two with her hand to Pixel.

— Meow.

Izzie began to contort herself with laughter, that dialogue between species seemed to be one of the funniest moments of her life. — Python, I think the smoke got into this cat's head, look at her face."

— Izzie, what the hell is this wallet? Said Python as he got up from his chair in a shock of reality.

— Ask Pixel, she's the one who found it.

— Izzie, this wallet is completely empty, but in the records, it has transacted at least five percent of all bitcoins ever mined in history. You don't understand what we have here, said Python, leaning on the table with his hands and looking at the screen in disbelief.

— What's the math, Eistein?

— Nothing too special, Izzie, just a total of one million bitcoins totaling almost a hundred billion dollars.

— Pixel, did you also hear this guy talking about a hundred billion dollars?

— Damn it, Izzie. Only one person in the world is known to have such a large stash like this.

Finally, Izzie realized the seriousness of the situation. She took on a contrasting tone, looked directly at Python and said. — I need to report this to headquarters.