

D I G I M O N - C I T Y

SYSTEM OF THE UNDERCITY

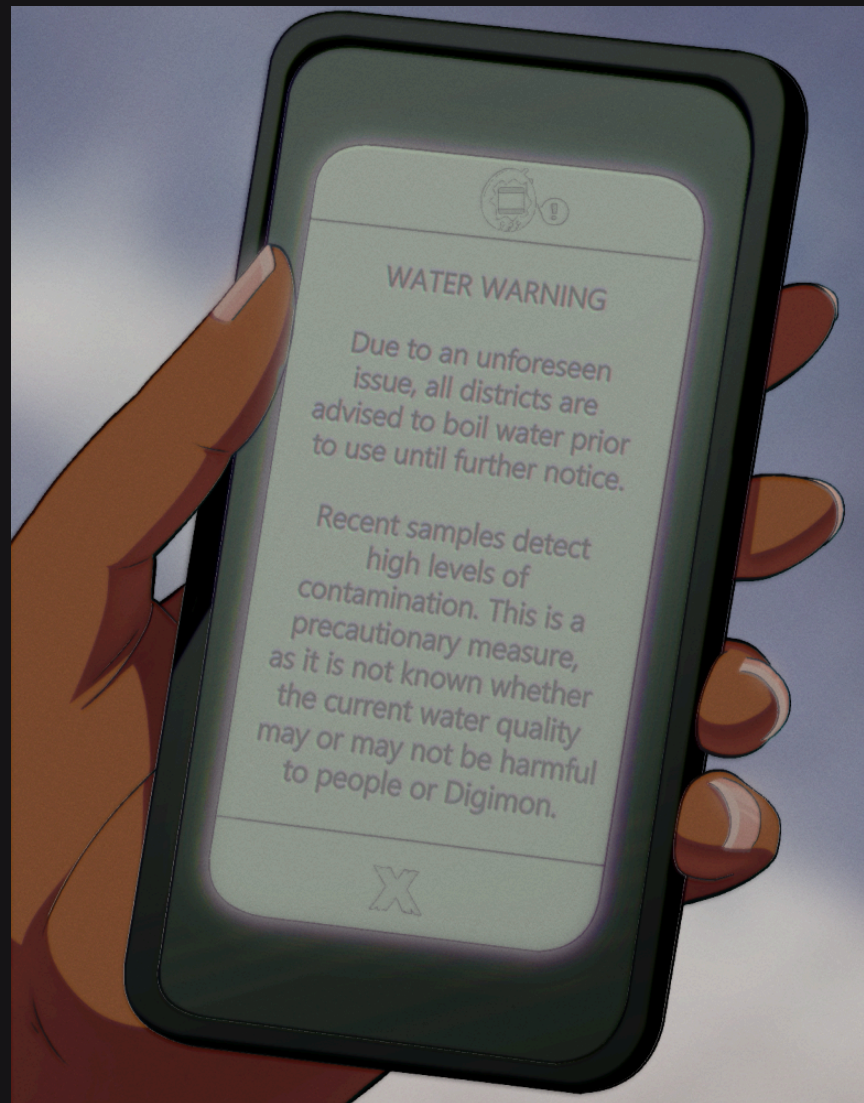
Event Duration: Mid February - Mid to late March 2022

DC Weather Forecast: 12°C (55°F) Partly Cloudy



» [Event Music Playlist](#) «

Another day, another problem.



It was an hour past midday when a synchronized ensemble of phones buzzed with an urgent notification. Although... tamers didn't *need* to read it to know that something was very much amiss. This problem was unavoidable—it stared back *brazenly*, oozing out of faucets and collecting in a thick pool of gelatinous jiggle. The stench was unbearable, and the radiating green was all too reminiscent of **hazardous waste** from a cartoon.



Heeding advice to boil the stuff only changed the consistency, and not more than a peep came from the mouths of city officials about the issue. With so many questions unanswered, mass hysteria set in. Plastic-packaged water soon went flying off grocery shelves, leaving tamers and Digimon alike to reflect on an all too sobering thought: In a place that was controlled by indefective and perfect code, necessities would ***always*** respawn—but here, glitches were a part of life. Who knew how long bottled water would be water? One day it could be *Sub Zero Fruit Punch*, motor oil ...or disappear altogether.

A possible disaster was bubbling just under the surface of Digimon City, so why was there a lack of transparency from those in charge?

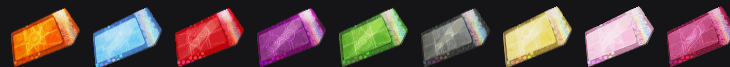
It was that blundering ineptitude that brought a small group of protestors together outside of city hall just shy of sunset. Boisterous voices created a chorus of gossip, speculating which councilmon or person was responsible for leaving the public in the dark. However, their anger and concern fell on deaf ears; no one but a peculiar-looking Zassoumon approached them.

“Psst...! Are you bunch wanting to know more about what’s happening to the water?” He asked. Perched on top of his head was a folded hat made of tin-foil, and his eyes appeared enlarged as if they were trying to escape their sockets.

“I can tell you everything you need to know,” he hunched over in a paranoid manner, **“but not here.”** His nubby-plant-hand reached behind his back to retrieve a small business card. After slipping it to the nearest tamer, he tottered backwards, retreating to the shadows from which he came.

The card was unlaminated, worn, and had been crumpled at one point. Reading the text revealed that the weed went by “Danny”, and he was a *space lawyer*—whatever that was. His e-mail address, listed at 7ruthse3ker333@dc0l.com, appeared to be the only way to get in contact with him... until the card was turned over. Scribbled on the back was an address and a time of 20:00.

TO BE CONTINUED...



Participating in 'System of the Undercity' (part I and part II) will charge your CCard for a new Digivolution!

How to participate:



Draw or write/RP about your characters in this part of the event. Examples: How did they discover their water looked like toxic waste? Were they part of the protest or watching the protesters from afar?

SPECIAL THANKS TO...

Crabsquid Rave

Sliide

Cup-of-Chai

DecaffeinatedJo

Soubi

