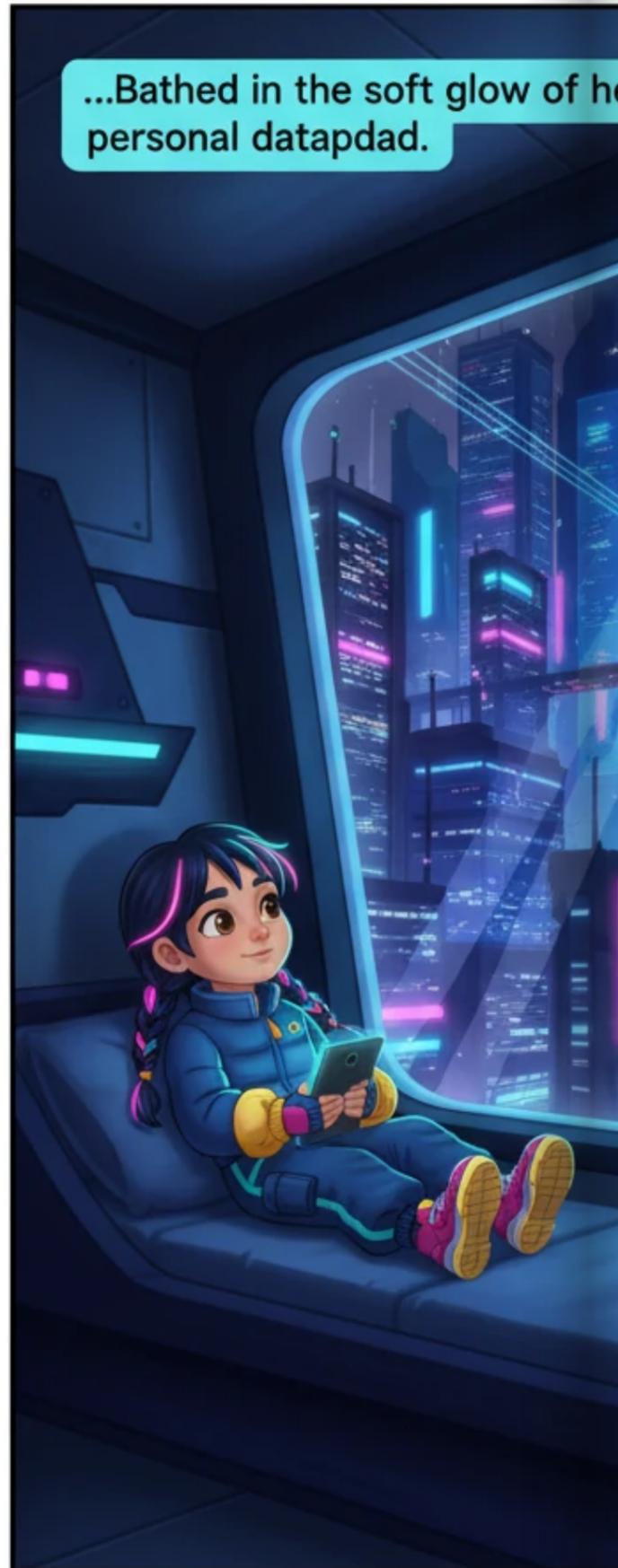
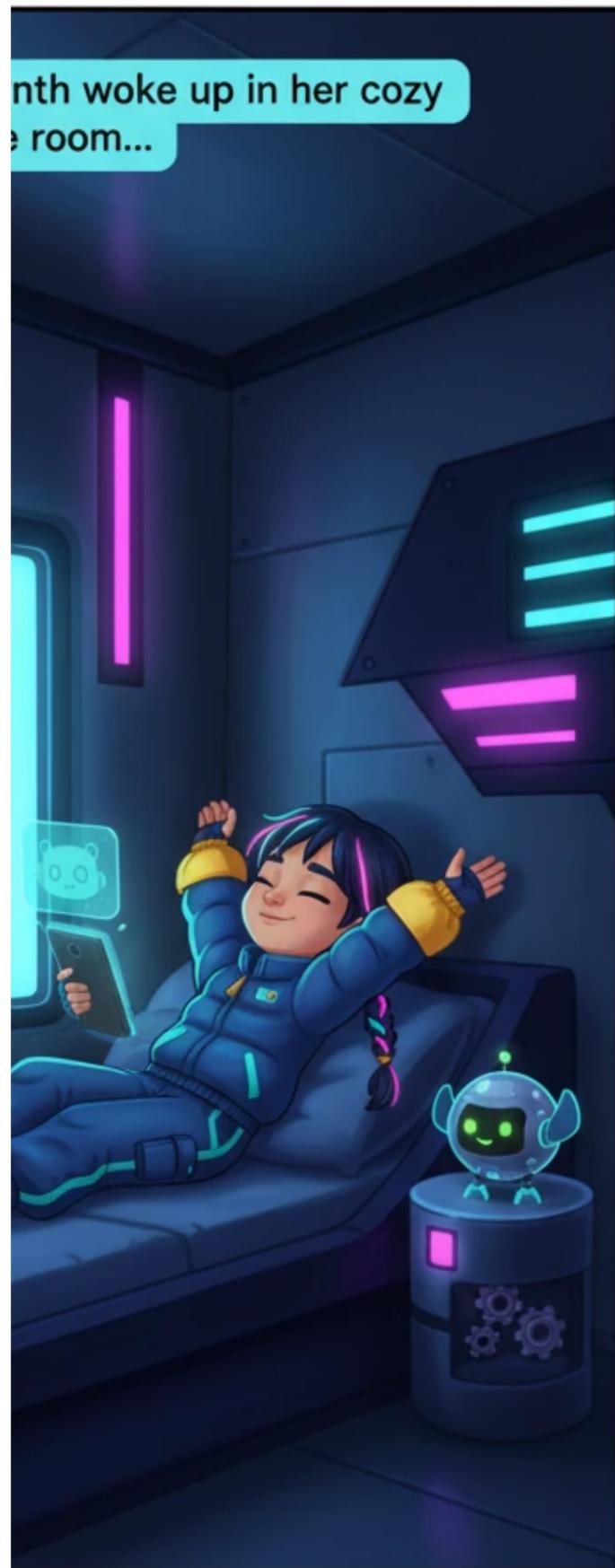


Kira Synth and the Neon Garden

Saira



Kira Synth woke up in her cozy capsule room, bathed in the soft glow of her personal datapad. Neon blue and purple light from the city outside filtered through her window, painting sleek shadows on the metallic walls. She stretched, her small robot companion, Bolt, whirring softly on her bedside table.



PEERED OUT HER WINDOW...



...GAZING AT THE
SPRAWLING METROPLIS

She peered out her window, gazing at the sprawling metropolis of Neo-Kyoto. Towering skyscrapers, adorned with holographic advertisements, pierced the perpetually twilight sky. Flying vehicles zipped along aerial highways, leaving trails of electric green and pink light.



Today, Kira felt a spark of adventure in her heart. She decided to explore the bustling lower districts, a maze of glowing market stalls and hidden alleys she hadn't seen before. With her trusty backpack, she set off into the vibrant urban labyrinth.

Amidst the lively chatter and shimmering displays...



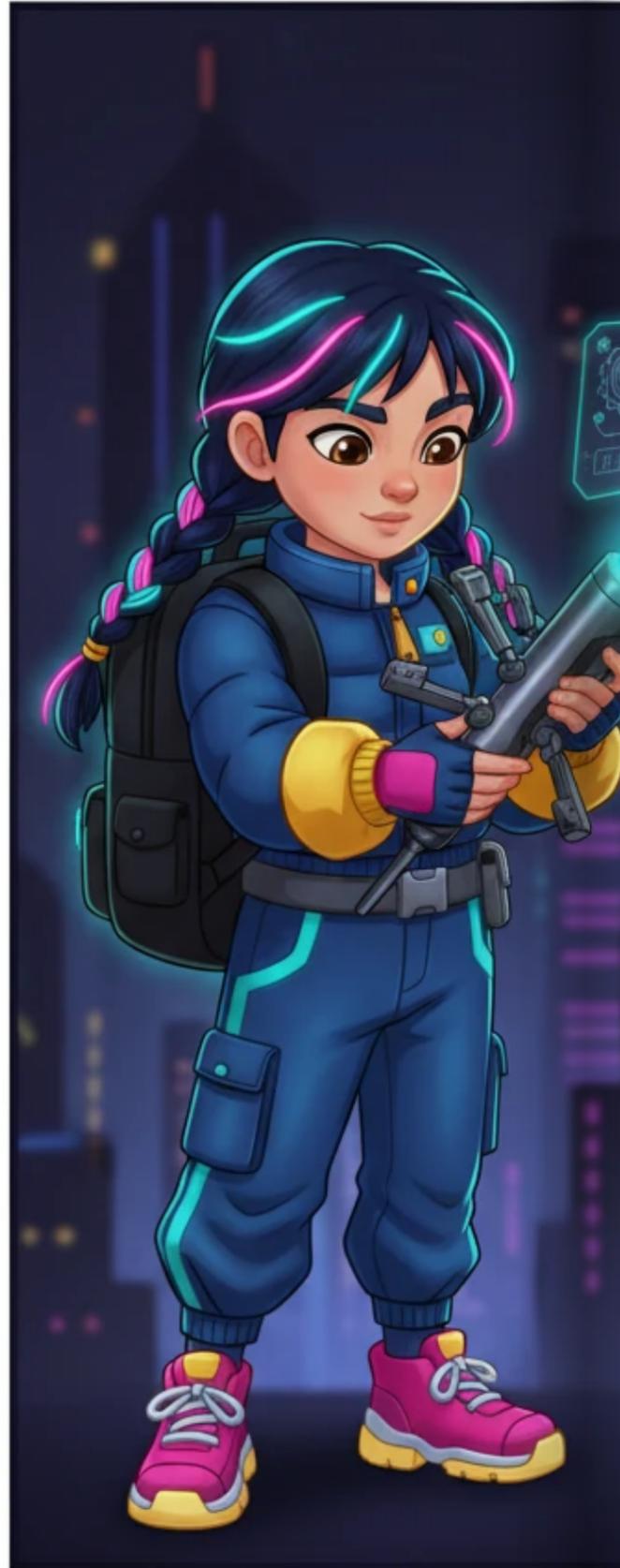
...Kira noticed something unusual. Tucked behind a vendor selling glowing noodles, a small, disc-shaped drone lay motionless. Its usually bright optical sensors were dim, flickering faintly with a weak red light.



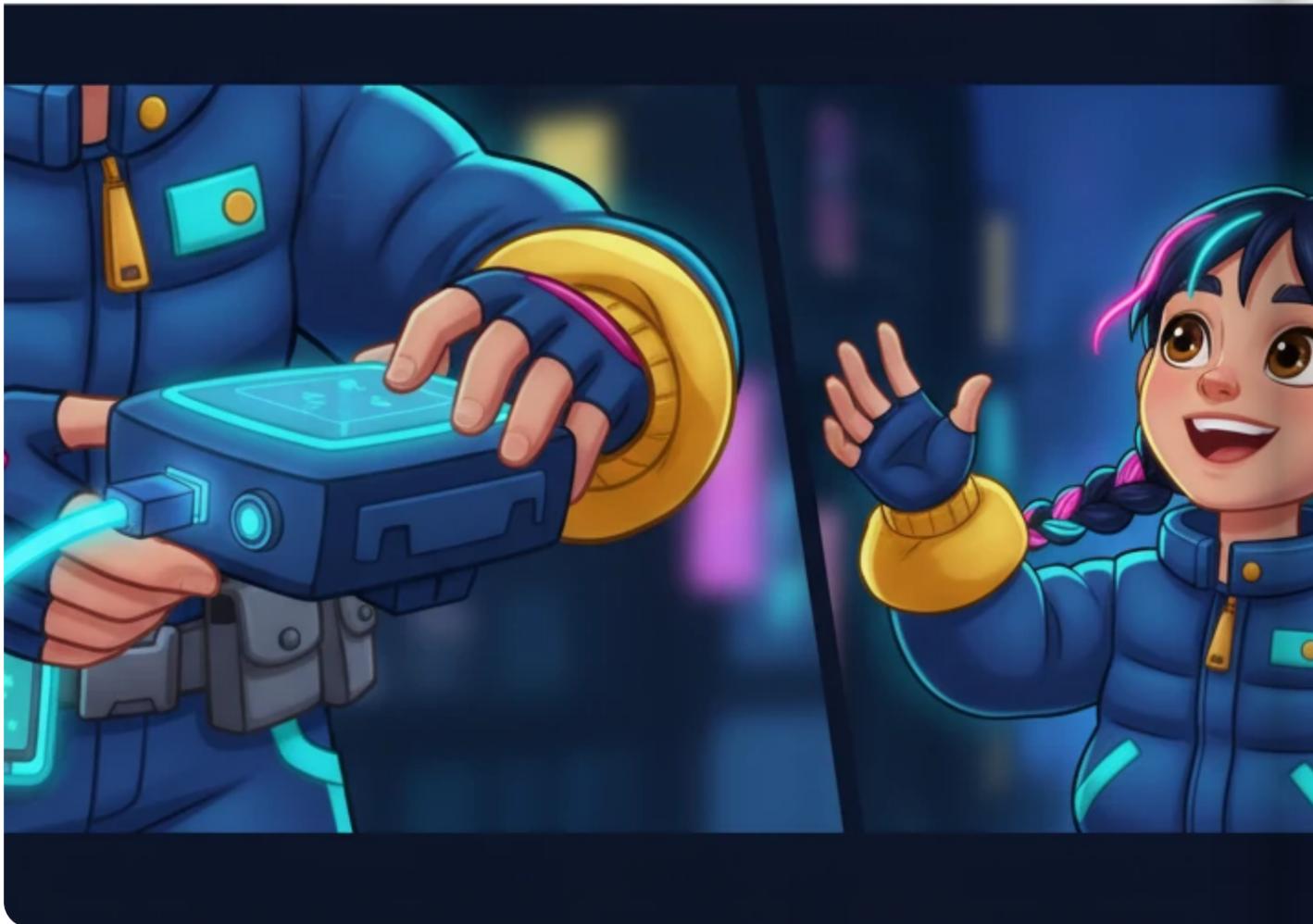
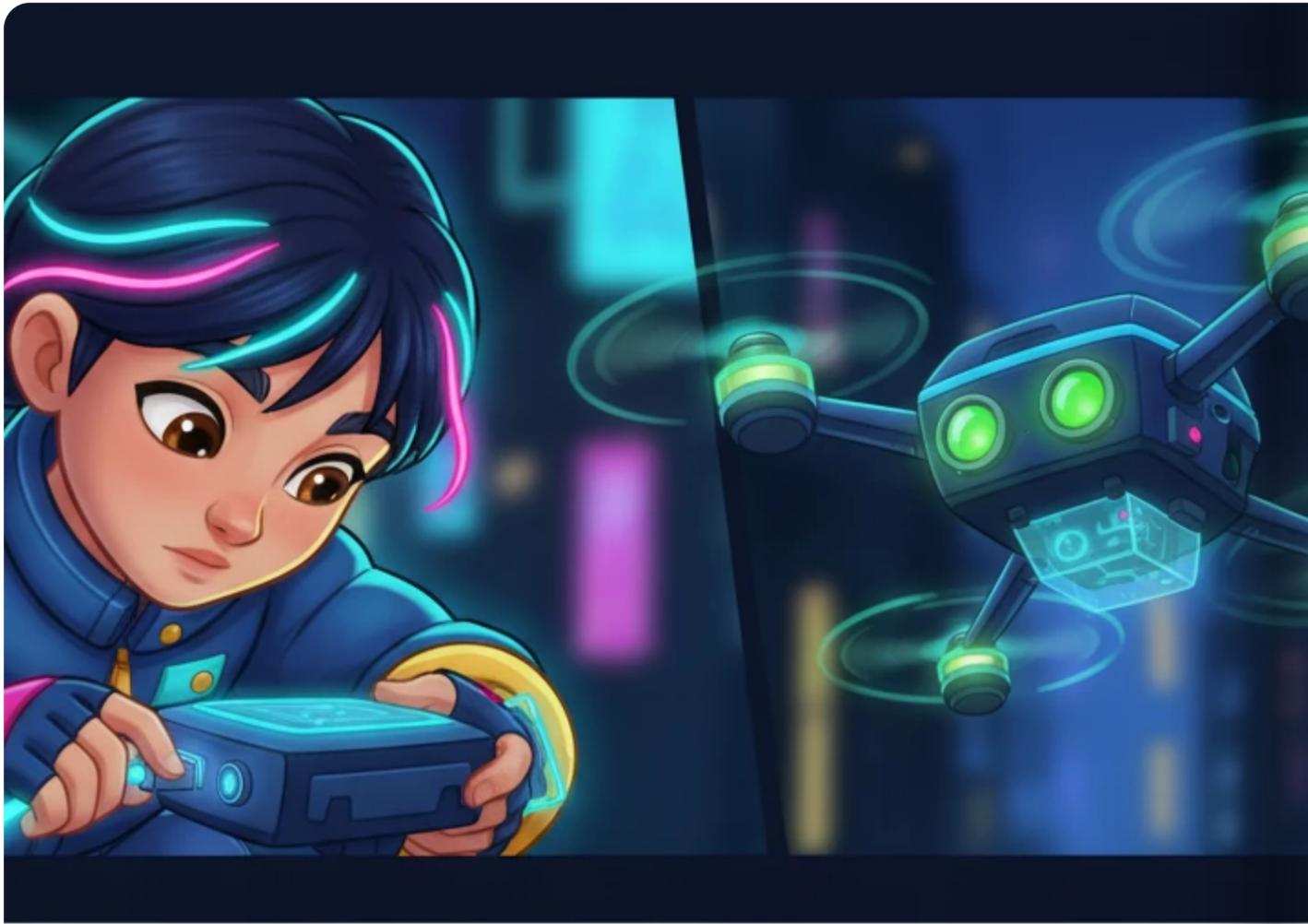
Amidst the lively chatter and shimmering displays, Kira noticed something unusual. Tucked behind a vendor selling glowing noodles, a small, disc-shaped drone lay motionless. Its usually bright optical sensors were dim, flickering faintly with a weak red light.



Kira's heart went out to the little drone. She knelt down, her fingers tracing its smooth, metallic casing. She carefully examined its circuits and wires, noticing a crucial power conduit had come loose from its port.



Remembering her inventor parent's advice, Kira reached into her backpack. She pulled out a compact, multi-purpose tech-tool, a gift perfect for intricate repairs. Its tiny, glowing tip pulsed softly, ready for the task.



With a gentle click, Kira reattached the loose conduit. A surge of electric blue light pulsed through the drone's system, and its optical sensors flared to life, glowing a cheerful, vibrant green. The drone whirred happily, its propellers spinning with renewed energy.



The newly revived drone, which Kira affectionately named Sparky, hovered excitedly. It chirped a series of grateful beeps and then gestured for Kira to follow. Sparky led her through a narrow, graffiti-covered alley, its path illuminated by hidden neon art.



They emerged onto a secret rooftop, a breathtaking oasis hidden amidst the urban sprawl. Bioluminescent plants glowed in a spectrum of soft purples and blues, creating a magical garden. Rare, glowing flowers unfurled their petals, filling the air with a sweet, synthetic fragrance.





Kira and Sparky sat together, marveling at their beautiful discovery, a peaceful escape from the bustling city below. Kira promised Sparky they would visit their secret neon garden often, a special place for two new friends.