

Concert Mania in Singapore 2053

Chapter 1: February 2053

I returned home from work to see my son pouting in front of his computer screen.

“Pa, help, I think I just got scammed,” he said, rubbing his head sheepishly. “I transferred this guy \$90 for the BTS concert tickets, but he just ghosted me.”

My eyebrows curve into a frown. “I thought I lent you my credit card for the special presale? Why did this happen?”

He mumbled something about the tickets being sold out within minutes, and how he succumbed to the temptation of buying from a ticket scalper.

You see, my son is a bit of an old soul. He loves listening to retro pop, like BTS and Taylor Swift - the kind of music I used to listen to as a teen back in the day.

Alas, it appears that my indulgence in his musical pursuits just went sideways.

Not one to let out a jaded sigh, I quizzed him instead, “Well, you’ve seen news about scams before. What recourse do you think is available to you?”

He twiddled his thumbs clumsily. “I think... the Digital Arbitration Courts may be able to help?”

Chapter 2: March 2053

With the staccato cadence of a metronome, a robotic voice recited, “Wel... come to the Digital Arbitration Courts. Case number four-seven-four-three. Reported resale scam. Plaintiff Alex Poon, a minor, accompanied by his father. Defendant Scott Fang. Eyewitness Spike Lee.”

I glanced around the metaverse in amazement, admiring the life-like rendering of people shuffling about the digital courtroom.

The judge’s irritation was evident even through the hologram. “Well, this case is pretty straightforward, isn’t it?” his voice boomed.

My son stood up with an unusual resolve, which I suspect was triggered by the sight of the scammer, face-to-face for the first time. Or at least, digital face to digital face.

Alex spoke, “Yes, Your Honour. I submitted the Carousell records to the courts, which show that Scott had agreed to sell me two BTS concert tickets, at a negotiated price of \$90.” Scott shrugged nonchalantly. “My bad, Your Honour. I plead guilty.”

Alex frowned. “Your Honour, the police helped to track the CBDC* (**Central Bank Digital Currency*) notes I used to pay Scott. The \$50 note had a serial number of F2053, while the \$10 notes had serial numbers from T1001 till T1004. I would like to seek restitution.”

Ah yes, the beauty of fungible, yet non-fungible CBDCs, I thought to myself, as I observed the court proceedings from the side. Just like the blue and orange paper dollars of yesteryear - interchangeable

but each with a unique serial number.

Out of the corner of my eye, the eyewitness stood up. "Your Honour, the Blockchain Police tracked the serial numbers of the CBDCs to my digital wallet. But I'm no scammer, I'm just a durian seller! Scott used the money from his scams to buy durians from me back in January," Spike Lee protested.

The judge rubbed his chin sagely. "Scott, do you confirm these allegations?"

Scott nodded in assent.

"Hmm, I wonder how the judge will settle this case," I whispered to Alex. "Money is like a contract, son, between the buyer and the seller. Spike is a hapless victim caught in the collateral damage of Scott's scam."

I was curious to find out, how would the judge clawback the affected CBDC notes, in a way that would do justice to Spike, Alex, and even Scott? Dollar notes, whether physical or digital, have to be fungible in order to work - my \$10 has to be equal to your \$10. Parsing the unique serial numbers of each note would violate the interchangeability and thus the functionality of money, no?

To my surprise, the judge was quick to deliberate and decide. "Well then," the judge resolved. "I am issuing Scott a mandatory two-week community service order, which will generate income to pay for the durians he consumed. Spike, return those CBDC notes in concern to Alex, for now. You'll get your payment from the State once Scott completes his community service."

Chapter 3: 13 June 2053

"Thanks for joining me today, Dad. It was a real headache trying to get BTS concert tickets, and I'm glad we finally made it here to the National Stadium." Alex smiled, decked out in his favourite purple BTS hoodie.

I stared at him incredulously. "Are you kidding me? This is the best day of my life! BTS's 40th anniversary and their farewell tour? I've been listening to them since before you were born, son!"

The excitement was palpable as fans streamed into the concert venue, singing along to music videos, taking selfies, and cheering for their favourite band members.

"You're lucky they added more nights to their concert in Singapore, Alex. Especially after that whole fiasco with the Digital Arbitration Courts." I remarked, as the lights dimmed in anticipation.

Shaking my leg impatiently, I asked, "Where are they? When are they going to come on stage?"

"Oh, silly dad! BTS isn't *actually* going to be here in Singapore. They're performing in Seoul right now! You got to wear your AR contact lenses to see them! What, you thought that the two of us would get to see them in the flesh for just \$90? I think those tickets would have cost \$900 instead!"