

# Post

M2M General



## Invisible M2M

Thursday, 17 January 2013



*The ongoing evolution of M2M is bringing us closer step by step to the paradigm of the Internet of things. Every step of the way we are witness of new ingenious and practical solutions. However, the final achievement in this path would be to benefit of the machines without even knowing of their presence. Javier Montero tells us how life would be in this case in a very creative way, with a tale.*

Elizabeth found herself walking down Main Street, dodging people, when she felt an urge. She entered the shop nearby and approached the counter,

“I would like a coffee, please”, she asked the clerk.

“Milk, lots of sugar, in a paper cup, right?”

“Yeah”.

The clerk served the coffee, wishing Elizabeth a great day. “Thanks”, she said while pressing a button on her pocket terminal.

She went back to the street wielding the coffee. Traffic was restricted to reduce both pollution and stress. She heard the voices of the people, the birds on the trees and the whispering sound of the electric cars’ tires rolling over the asphalt.

She turned around a corner and found a group of people crowded around the downed body of a woman. “She passed out”, somebody said.

An ambulance appeared in no time and a medic stepped down from it.

“Please, step aside. She has low blood pressure”, he said

The medic opened his bag and gave the woman some medicine to make the woman regain her sense.

“Calm down, it’s nothing to worry about. The medication you’re taking is just too aggressive. We will have to change the dosage.”

The ambulance took the woman away and the people went on their way.



Elizabeth received a message. “Two o’clock at Ryck’s Café”. She changed her course and two minutes later she reached a bus stop just in time to pick up a red one. She got in, her terminal beeped and, once again, she pressed a button.

Elizabeth got lost in her own thoughts while she finished her coffee. It had been a long time since most of the advertising had gone off the streets, and everything looked tidier nowadays. Trees grew in their holes on the pavement and people walked from one place to another.

Her terminal beeped again. “I’m getting there, alright!”, she thought.

She left the bus on her stop and dropped the recyclable cup in a big bin that was already quite full. She walked a few meters and entered Ryck’s Café. Her friend was sitting at a table next to a window. When he spotted her, he waved his hand and smiled.

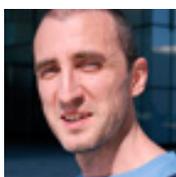
“How are you?” he said.

“I’m fine”. She returned the smile.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the conscience of a city, the events of the day were stored and conclusions were drawn from their analysis in order to improve people’s life. Things like paying for a coffee by pressing a button, knowing what happened to a fainted woman even before examining her, making way for an ambulance through the streets using traffic lights, telling a person the best way to get to a place, tipping him when you arrive if he’s distracted and telling a cleaning robot that a bin is full.

However, when Elizabeth arrived at home that night and got into bed, the only thing she remembered was the way he smiled at her.

*This guest post was a collaboration. If you wish to write in our blog, feel free to [contact us](#).*



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