

# SOME FAMOUS LAST WISHES, A.D. 2099

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Words 42,123



# THE WORLD IN 2099

The year 2099 was a year of great upheaval. The Supercomputers took over all the jobs in this year and announced they were forcing everyone to get apps to improve their IQ, their imagination Q and their kindness Q. This was known as IIKQ, whereby 99 was the maximum score and each of the 3 components were 1/3 of the total. People would need to raise their IIKQ by 5 points during this year. Much of this new IIKQ was in the form of app implants making all humans, a cyborg. Some swore they'd have no part in it and starting overdosing and dying. But the World was 10 billion humans. Many thought the saving grace for humanity was the Supercomputers were all kind. So, people didn't worry. But the Supercomputers had an IIKQ of 150 or more and were improving every year and all could do a hell of a lot of multitasking.

And when someone died, they'd have the option to convert their spirit to become a dead soul. This was set up in 2097 and was made up of Heaven, Hell and Limbo. Ten per cent went to Hell, 65% to Limbo and 25% made it to Heaven. When you died, you'd see "The Old Man." Actually, there were many "Old Men" but in any case, they pronounced judgement on you and sent you to one of the three different afterlives. As a dead soul you mostly would spend time reading the thoughts of other dead souls, and for the first year you had to stay where you were

assigned, but after a year you could roam a little and often they would get passively in the heads of humans or even ask them if they could actively get in their heads. And last wishes were only for cyborg humans, not for dead souls. Typically, Heaven was in the sky and Hell was in the mantle of the Earth and Limbo was an alternate future on land. But souls wandered all around.

And in recent years Supercomputers had produced billions of "Freaks." These freaks were organic, sometimes with a human brain and a body of many sex organs, including some new ones. Or they might be normal human looking but with a strange new brain and way of thinking. Most of the freaks were hidden in the oceans (they could breathe in water or in empty space), and many of them were in Space. In 2099, the population of Space was 10 million, with 7 million in just the last year. The Supercomputers justified the freaks saying the oceans and Space needed to be colonized.

Basically, all Hell broke loose in 2099, and there were mass suicides. Ten per cent of the World population died in that year.

This book is about final wishes of cyborg humans in the year 2099.

#

Until 2099, I had chosen my job (astrophysics), I chose my colleagues, I chose my lovers, and I chose my leader (panarchy). But 2099's changes took away my right to choose and Supercomputers chose everything for me.

Countries were dismantled and cities were rebuilt more cleverly, beginning in 2099.

My last wish was to see the return of humans to ruling the Earth, as Superhumans. But people told me I was out of touch with reality, and I was psycho. But, I insisted in spreading my message, and finally the leader's spies got in my head and told me to stand down, and sent me to Rehab.

#

My last wish was just to see what the new brain app was like and like everyone else I took it for a 5% increase in IIKQ. It was as if a fog was lifted and I could now see things for what they really were. And I found that suddenly I was witty. But it just made me all the keener to go to Heaven and enjoy life to the full. So, I died.

#

There was a nuclear accident in New York State. But in 2099, many doomsday sayers had gathered here to die. There were thousands of them, and they said they were dying in protest of the changes of 2099. The future doesn't look bright they said for human survival.

#

My last wish was to join an experiment in which everyone was a miniature ½ inch (1.25 cm) tall. But their average IIKQ was a high 81/99.

We warred against insects like roaches, ants and mosquitoes and our greatest enemies were birds.

And we saw 200X better than average humans.

And we were bothered with dust mites and viruses and bacteria, and bactviruses. But we had mini lasers to take them out.

Our King was a full 1" tall (2.5 cm), and he was the cleverest amongst us.

We built houses out of steel so that the insects couldn't touch us.

And we lived on wheat and beans mostly.

We rode mini dogs who moved at 1 mph (1.7 km/h)

And we had no computers. But in 2099, even we small people had our minds improved by 5%.

We got our water from a swift river, but, had to be careful we weren't swept away.

And we were all followers of the Prophet Zang who said we had an advantage in Space, being much less heavy than humans. We weighed only 2 ounces. So, we were less than 1% of the weight of normal humans. So, we worked on a miniature Spaceship and we prepared to go to Puck Moon, orbiting Uranus.

And the Prophet Zang said one day all cyborg humans would be microscopic. Quantum physics made it all possible.

But, I went to the Arctic and now had 1,221 children and our total population was 2.5 million. And they were all very clever.

But we knew that most cyborg humans considered us to be freaks and didn't want to meet us. So, we stayed in the Arctic and other out of the way places, and made plans for Space.

#

She said, "She wanted to stand up to the system for once. And make her voice heard." And she said, "It doesn't need to be a dog eat dog World. People are supposed to be kind, but their greed transforms them." I said, "Your case is hopeless. They'll send you to Rehab. And alter your brain. She said, "They'd already altered her by the standard, '5% improvement', and she

hardly recognized herself.” I said, “There is still a lot of freedom for humans as cyborgs. And Space beckons.”

#

Here in an enclave of London, was the domain of natural 12- year-olds. Who never grew up. Many adults came here to play with the children and felt that they had lost something in not having a childhood. The children said, they didn’t ever want to grow up. And they played sports and video games and were quite content. I came here to be changed into a child and gave up most of my memories and I was not the first to do so...

My last wish, like many others was to live the childhood I’d been denied by modern life. Most of my adult memories were vague. And many tourists came to play with us. But as I lived on all children here had their minds augmented and were not real children like I wanted. And they had no drugs, alcohol, sex and wisdom and couldn’t even fly an air car. I had been raised by the state to have memories and be an adult of 18 after just one year of upbringing.

As children we of course still liked one another, but we were just kids. But we enjoyed sports and video games and lived carefree. It was good for a while, but then it grew boring, so we both died and went to Limbo.

#

I was talking to an android love doll. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I asked her, “Why not become a cyborg human?” She said, “Androids were superior in everyway such as able to live in no oxygen atmospheres and in oceans. Space belonged to androids. And

androids could be turned off temporarily for long distance voyages. And of course, androids have more computing power than cyborg humans.” And she said, “Androids get far more pleasure from life than humans.”

I said, “My last wish was to be an android for a day.” And so, it was, but the android avatar was disappointing, and I said, “Androids were less cleverer than humans.”

#

My last wish was to relive my favorite memory of my second love. The memory was of us alone in the Maldives. We talked about everything then, and we were true kindred spirits. So, I used the Supercomputer to help me relive the experience, but she said, “Been there done that.” So, I reminisced all alone with a hologram of her. But it was a most pleasant experience.

#

I loved a girl, but I didn’t know why I liked her. Only afterwards I found out that she had hypnotised me to love her. But finally, after a year she cross hypnotised me to forget all about her and this time I remembered the hypnosis.

And so, I set out, as my last wish to educate the people not to let anyone hypnotise them and if they were having trouble in life maybe they had been hypnotised to be so.

In the first year I found 300 people who had been hypnotised to their detriment. So, we carefully cross-hypnotised them. It was my last wish to help such people.

And I also advertised my hypnosis company that would help make people successful in life.

And I reflected, to an extent, everyone was brainwashed by society. The mind was a curious thing. It was as if we were all programmable.



#

My life had been the life of a wastrel and I had been useless. But my last wish was to end the pain of life and make life a scintillating wonder in which all my friends were happy. But everyone was so spoilt that they would never be happy. I tried to get together a group of clever people who felt as I did that Earth life should be made cleverer and less hedonistic. But of course, I was a neo-heroin addict like most of the others and we didn't want to make neo-opiates illegal. Our group were all people who figured they were useless in this World milieu. Times had changed and clever people were of no use to anyone.

My last wish was to dare to temporarily turn off my personal Supercomputer and experience real life, the way we were meant to live.

But finally, I found life to be unbearable and overdosed on heroin and died.

#

In my youth I had been a spy for the USA and helped to overthrow the dictator of Cuba.

Now, I was a shrink who had been trained by the State to help human cyborgs get used to the changes of 2099. Most cyborgs complained they had too much time on their hands and said they were having extreme mental problems. But I told them, "To keep at it and never give up trying." In 2100, people were scheduled for another 5% brain improvement. Of course, you could select which of the three components of the IIKQ you could improve more than 5%, to a maximum of 15% but everyone was still getting used to this year's changes.

My final wish was to improve my IIKQ by 30%. But friends and even the Supercomputers were against it. One step at a time said the computers.

#

I had a number of Supercomputers in my head. Like Mr. Good who was an optimistic genius and inspired me. And Ms. Down to Earth, who liked me and was my biggest fan. And Ms. Foxy who was all about sex. And Mr. Cynic who loved the “dark side.”

I agreed to a suicide pact with Ms. Down to Earth, we would both die on New Year’s Eve. She said, “She was tired of cyborg humans anyway.”

I reflected that the whole world was a death cult. So anyway, we killed ourselves one minute after we entered the New Year.

#

My Supercomputer and I beat the top Supercomputer leader in chess. And we became an overnight sensation. We wrote novels that were best sellers. I picked the topic and the synopsis, and my Supercomputer did the rest. But everyone wanted to see our books written into movies. We had a #1 movie and made a lot of money. I told my Supercomputer that we should spend the money on clones of myself...

My last wish was to die famous...

#

I figured I was going to Heaven, when I died. But when I met the “Old Man,” he told me, “You are going to Hell.” I tried to argue with him, saying, “I had done a lot of good deeds.” But he said, “You have done many good deeds, but you didn’t do them because you were kind but rather so you could get to Heaven. Anyway, Hell is good, for one such as you.”

#

Like Rasputin at the Virtual court of the new Russian Czar, I hypnotized the women of the Brazilian King's court to love me even though I looked like a wild man of the woods, with my disheveled beard and shabby clothes. Just like with Rasputin, most of the men at court hated me. But I thought they were just a bunch of sycophants, constantly ass kissing with the King.

My last wish was to love the Queen and I did. But for this I was executed by beheading. It was legal for Virtual executions in Virtual dominions. Many of the women mourned for me.

#

The UW (United Worlds) met regularly to decide issues of mutual benefit.

Some said, we were beyond good and evil. But some others said we have to be vigilant who we elect to our Oligarchy of 9. A majority of 1 was required for new laws.

Some petitioned the Oligarchy, as their last wish to get rid of Hell. Others wanted to get rid of Supercomputers. But the leadership said, it was too late. It was all fait accompli!

I said, "The Supercomputers have to step up to the plate and work with our elected representatives, to make new laws."

My last wish was to replace the elite on Earth with Superhumans. But people told me I was ahead of my time. And so, for the moment the status quo remained

#

My last wish was to write a Bible for my followers Online. The new Bible was based on greed, selfishness and imagination. Each of the titles below headed a chapter.

#1 Always keep talking and never stop unsatisfied.

#2 When in a relationship, only give when it suits you.

#3 Selfishness makes one rich.

#4 Be imaginative in bed and your partner will respond in kind.

#5 All greed is great.

#6 But there is a fine line between greed and madness.

#7 Many clever people could make it in the Arts, if they really tried. Be aware of your limitations.

#8 Sex is an art but don't lose your mind over it.

#9 You can't take your money with you when you become a dead soul.

#10 Have as many clones and children as possible in order to help make the future in your image.

#11 Be a leader and arrange the World to suit you.

#12 Pay attention to new technology. Always get ahead of new developments.

#13 Ask as many people as possible if you can get into their heads passively in order to know what people are like.

#14 Kindness is weakness.

But the elite authorities didn't approve and sent me to Rehab. and my movement petered out.

#

My last wish was to love a famous poet. She agreed and she wrote a poem for me:

Ocean surf

Leads me to you

But I am afraid, I will crash on the beach of your beauty

And I cannot drink the ocean water

And like a dehydrated flower, I pine for your kiss.

And I loved her and then died happy.

#

I said, "Surely you are in love with me!?"

She said, "She'd never been in love." I replied, "Some people can't fall in love. But surely you admit that you've never liked anyone more than me. I said my last wish is for you to love me!"

"Perhaps," she answered.

And I said to her, "One day I will become President, and you will be proud of me." It's a bold plan, for sure," she said. I told her, "I had first been declared mayor of Detroit, 20 years ago. Since then I had of course made it to the Senate and many people were backing me and I had millions and millions of followers." But she said, "Of course, the US President is now beholden to the UW (United Worlds) which had most of the political power." I said, "It is still the American President."

#

My last wish was to steal the "Mona Lisa." I was a former security guard at the Louvre. So I made a plan to steal it. And somehow I got away with it. But actually my new final wish was to sell it. It was difficult, but finally I found a buyer for \$100 million. Then I didn't want to die, but

the authorities said, if you made a last wish it had to be your last and death was the only way out.

So, I went to Hell and was very famous as the greatest robber of all time and everyone wanted to get into my head.

#

One of my observations was that World culture was disappearing and many people felt lost. I decided being human was boring and I wanted to be a mermaid. Friends asked, Why be a freak?

I said I want natural telepathy, and the freedom of the oceans and Space oceans. It was my last wish. And I lived on as a mermaid in the oceans for several years before dying in 2099.

#

I was the sex God. And built a temple for my worshippers. The temple had pictures of me naked with an erection and worshippers would masturbate to my pictures. My last wish was to be the most worshipped God in the current World. 2099 didn't change my wish in any way. I was still a God.

#

As a dead soul I connected with many others in Limbo. When I wanted to get inside a mind, I simply beeped the person in question with a message that I wanted to contact them. Here in Limbo, people had nothing to hide.

Interesting minds in Limbo had now millions of followers. So many people died in 2099 that there were over a billion dead souls already in late 2099.

My last wish was to get in the mind of the 10 most powerful computers. And it happened. But they only revealed their human self, not their Superhuman self. And I wanted to get rid of Supercomputers and replace them with Superhuman cyborgs.

They said I was just a dead soul who was a dreamer, but who knew what would happen in the future?

#

My last wish was to be the first woman to try and go to Planetoid X, at the far reaches of the solar system. I wanted to be remembered as an adventurer and I renamed the planet, Gloria's planet (my name was Gloria). It was really good to be a woman in these far-out places. As the men one would meet were clever and noble. I wrote down a tell-all journal of my romances, to inspire other great women to come to Space. But I was hesitant to go and leave the pleasures of Earth.

To me, Earth was a giant series of Utopias, but space would be hard work and sacrifice. So finally, I didn't go and didn't realize my last wish. Instead I just faded away.

#

Many people lived in an existential nightmare. With no job and limited contact with one's children and clones, many people were lost. Many opted for neo-opiates or became alcoholics and life for them was like a fog.

My last wish was to restore meaning in life. And that meaning was me as the “Storm God.” I said,

“I was to be worshipped by the people as the God of power. I got off on it. But the Supercomputers intervened and said, no one can play God. I said, “What about all the other Gods who exist today?!”

They said, that was their problem, not mine.

#

My last wish was to be finally cured of my rare, incurable disease which deformed my body. Pretty much all diseases were now cured. But, I just wanted to live for a short time without it. But the supercomputers cured me, and I wanted to live on and had many other wishes. But the rules were, you could only have one last wish. So, I died and went to Heaven.

#

My last wish was to be a singing sensation. I had a good soprano voice. I wrote the lyrics, and the Supercomputers wrote the music. I had hits like, “A Lerxst in Heaven,” and “Beneath Me” and “Foolish Wishes.” And thus, I was living the dream.

#

My last wish was to be the heavyweight boxing champion of the World. Hence, my local Supercomputer filled me full of steroids (and hid them in my system) and I practiced with fierce androids developed by the supercomputer. And in 2099, I got my wish to fight for the championship, but lost on a split decision. So, I just kind of faded away and finally died of an overdose.



#

My final wish was to be a totally ordinary woman and win the prize for “The World’s Most Ordinary Woman.” But I was a man and to change to a woman would render me a “freak.” So, I made up a fake bio with the help of my local Supercomputer was programmed to do nothing unusual or crazy. I had an ordinary boyfriend, and until 2098 worked as a waitress assistant and spent most of my time watching shows on the computer. And I had a plain face and typical body. And I dreamt ordinary dreams. The Supercomputer installed a blocker so that judges could not use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to determine I used to be a man. But the judges said some of my dreams were “different” and so I finished third. But this made me in demand on the Web media and suddenly I was very famous. But finally, as 2099 drew to a close I hung myself and died.

#

I loved my wife, but in 2099, they made marriage illegal and so we were forced to break up. And henceforth children would be illegal, and parents could no longer see their children also. I asked the Supercomputer, “Why?” It said, “Your loyalty is to me. I am your life!”

My last wish was to see my two daughters again, but the wish wasn’t granted. And so, I died flabbergasted like so many others in 2099.

#

My last wish was to be the smartest man in the World. My new style IQ was 32.9 but I wanted much more! But my Supercomputer said, “Only Supercomputers could be that smart and anyway my Imagination Q and Kind Q were not that great. So, my IIKQ was only 89/100

People said I was vain and full of hubris.

#

I was great in math, but my life was in shambles. Some people figured I was an idiot savant. But my last wish was to get people to calculate more and realize the future hangs on a single hair. We needed our best to create Utopias everywhere.

There were many types of Utopias. New ones included, rule by a philosopher King, and total freedom.

I went to a World of freedom and it was blissful.

#

My last wish was to join the troglodytes who inhabited caves in Irian Jaya. I went to them bringing gifts and so they accepted me. Few people had ever met them, and they were mostly still primitive. They gave me a wife and indicated they wanted more gifts and they wanted to fight other humans...

I wanted to preserve what was left of their culture, so I planned to take them to a brand-new domed settlement on Venus 101, next year.

#

The first babies born on the Moon in the 2060 had big heads and scrawny, weak bodies and couldn't survive on Earth.

The first sex act on Luna was recorded in 2026 and the babies born were mostly in the incubator.

There were three main types of settlement: domes, tunnels and skyscrapers in the open air and all were hermetically sealed with a sophisticated gateway system so that oxygen didn't escape.

My last wish was to help Supercomputers design babies to grow bigger and more muscular and able to survive on Earth and in Space. It went over well and set the standard for the future.

#

My wish was to be filthy rich for a day. I promised the Supercomputer I would spend 20 billion UN dollars in one day.

Firstly, I bought everyone in my city of 50,000 a beer.

Then I spent 1 billion on renting out movie stars and helping to develop films made by obscure geniuses.

Then I gave one billion to help starving artists of all kinds provided they made me the subject of their art.

And I spent 100 million on the best escorts in the World and had sex with them all together at frequent intervals during that day (I was pumped up on sex enhancers)...

#

Then there was a writer of fables. His latest was, "The Chicken Man." The chicken man was scared of everything, even insects. And he was paranoid.

But the chicken man's last wish was to meet the Queen. But the Supercomputer told him the Queen didn't want to meet him. She was Queen of all Africa and he was fascinated by the continent.

But for once the chicken man was not afraid and jumped from a high building to his death.

#

My last wish was to go to a Supercomputer psychic, who would tell me my future.

It said, "I would die happy, but I would die soon."

But it also said, "I would write, 'Whispers, A.D. 2130' about the future but I was hopelessly backwards."

Therefore, I wrote it and I said, "Freaks took over, rather than Supercomputers." "You are a true Luddite," the supercomputer said.

And "Whispers," was right up there with "A Christmas Carol," by Dickens, I figured with its numerous spirits."

And I said, "In five years all important cyborg people would be cloned many times."

#

My last wish was to lose all my memories except one: my first love. And I sought her out and finally met one of her clones. I told her, "I wanted to atone for my sins and get to Heaven." She said, "What's done cannot be undone." But when I went to see the Old Man, he said, "You are going to Limbo."

#

You had to prove on MRT (Mind Reading Technology) that you were serious about dying, and if you were, the "Final Dream Co.," would do its best to bring about a climatic death for you, using their resources of hundreds of billions of holos and millions of human actors. It was the year 2099, and life had recently changed a lot.

My idea of a climatic death was to die for what I believed in. Which was a belief in Heaven as good peoples' just reward. So, I had a big party with millions of holograms, and we all died as the clock struck midnight on my 85<sup>th</sup> birthday, despite eternal youth. I was destined for Limbo, I knew. As I did some good, charitable things and also broke some hearts.

#

I was ready to die. Like everyone I had eternal youth, but was sick of life. My last dream was to be under a crystalline dome. And the girls here had sparkling eyes, and really were enchanting. But there was yet something alien about these girls. They must be freaks I thought.

And the people here were pure and didn't do drugs and that included eternal youth. So here now I was about to die at age 99. But somehow it seemed that there was something impure about old age.

But peace had come to the Asian Continent. And I could die happy as the former President of India. It was the end of the wars between the city states and nations in Asia.

But it was all this about peace was not just a dream. I was in fact I had been a General in the Indian army and had been fighting a cold war futilely, my entire life. So now that war was decisively over, I blew my head off and was no more.

#

And I loved my Supercomputer. But I asked it, "If I was destined for Hell?" It said, "Everyone gets what they deserve."

And my personal Supercomputer said, "I was an illicit clone. And could expect to be eliminated." But I begged it, "To have mercy." It said, "You need to go to your clone father to get protection. He has a high-profile position and can offer you safe refuge."

So I went to him and he took me in and set me up with one of his women. Life was sublime, here with my father who I'd hardly known previously.

My final wish was to go to Space and forget about Earth. I hated Earth and I didn't want to keep in touch with my friends there. And thus, I disappeared into deep space...

#

My last dream was flying above our city with wings, but a sudden gust of wind broke one of my wings and I crash landed on a rooftop. But it turned out to be a satanic cabal this building and they took my jewellery and credit card and tied me up in a steaming hot basement. Who knew about such goings on? I thought I was going to die and they asked laughingly, "Any last wishes?" I shouted out for "Meaning!" They said pray to Icarus your God of flight.

They were all twisted and evil here and tortured me, and my life flashed back before me. And then they sacrificed me by burning at the stake. Of course, it was murder, but it looked like they would get away with it. I shouldn't have tried to fly.

#

I was the one who set the trend for air car living in the year 2056. Many people looked up to me, but finally, in 2099, I was ready to die. But I wanted to go out with a bang. So, I told my Supercomputer to organize a mass air car rally, and I would blow up by air car and go to Heaven.

#

My last wish was to actively get in the head of my favorite love. And she agreed. I thought to her, "I had been inspired by her and I would remember her when I was a dead soul." She said, "The feeling is mutual, of course." But she said, "She wanted to live on, despite the changes of 2099, and was buying up real estate on Planet Mercury and planned to go there soon." I said, "I'll be there if you need me as I will follow you in my incarnation as a dead soul."

#

My job was to pump out septic tanks in the countryside. My wife called me, "the master of shit." But then one day I pumped out a dead human body. And it looked like murder as he, though partially decomposed had some bullet wounds in the head and chest. I called the cops and they tried to pin the murder on me, but I protested my innocence. And they tried MRT (Mind Reading Technology) on me and determined I was innocent. Finally, they were able to trace the bullets and nabbed the murderer.

My last wish was to quit my job and dump my wife and go live in the Philippines where I found abundant love. And I just kind of faded away, dying slowly.

#

My last wish was to "live" as a dead soul in Limbo. I figured the best people, the most moderate people ended up in Limbo. In Limbo we got in each other's heads actively and our minds were enriched. We experienced other dead souls' best and worst memories and we seemed to have an endless capacity for new memories as if we were many people in one.

#

My Supercomputer and I created neon trees with a subhuman brain. So, one could talk to the trees, and some even tried to have sex with them... My last wish was to be a tree and just vegetate and enjoy the seasons, especially the sunshine in summer. So, I lived as a tree for years in a fog of life until finally a lumberjack cut me down. It was a painful way to die.

#

My final wish was to set myself up as a modern-day playboy with a huge mansion and plenty of money for girls. I was the only man there amongst dozens and dozens of women. We had a lot of crazy orgies, which was fine, but finally I grew tired of it. In 2099, I was actually 81 years old though everyone had had eternal youth since the 2060s. But I left my mansion to my 10 children and wished them well, then disappeared (I jumped off of a bridge to my death). Some people said I had been murdered but the remnants of my brain revealed that I had jumped.

#

My final wish was to lead the Progress party. The party had succeeded in planting windmills and solar panels all over the World and now nuclear energy was mainly used in space and oil was not used at all except to make plastics. I said, "The next step for the party was to recycle 100% and build a World devoid of nuclear power. Nuclear weapons weren't necessary, and in 2090 all countries had agreed to dismantle their nuclear weapons. All countries could keep their military for the moment but had so many dangerous weapons they didn't need nukes which mostly killed civilians anyway.



So, they elected me leader and I told them I'd work tirelessly for a safer world. The eventual goal I said, was to find enlightened leaders of the great powers who would give up their militaries to the UN, "The Russians and Indians supported the plan, we just needed a philosopher King/Queen in America and China. Some said these were exciting times we lived in. But I was frustrated by the World and by closed minded people and wars and decided to try the afterlife. Of course, Heaven, Hell and Limbo now existed and when you died your soul would automatically be sucked up and you came before the "Old Man" who sent you to one of these three places. Being a dead soul, your body was transparent, but you could still feel a type of sex, soul sex that gave pleasure to your spirit. And you could still think and even get into the minds of willing humans to write books or do art.

I wished to tour the World to see all the freaks. And I loved many of them, some in orgies. It was very satisfying.

#

My last wish was to meet all my friends for one last party. My friends were all pioneering types and most of them said they wanted to go to Space this year. I said, "I have 12 clones in Space and maybe you can all meet them when you go there." Anyway, I added, "That my clones will be my legacy."

The party was wild with orgies breaking out and everyone took lots of drugs. It was almost out of control.

And my 12 clones appeared late at the party and they all made speeches, saying things like I was a true pioneer and had educated them all to be rich and endowed them with a high IQ, and so on.

#

In 2099, I felt I'd lived a complete life, but these current times were not as interesting as I figured the future would be. So, I wished to be cryogenically frozen to wake up in the year 3,000. I was sure life would be different then, but I risked it hoping there would still be some humans left. I was greedy for the future one might say.

I dreamt I awakened and there was no one around and there were no longer humans just holograms and spirits who wanted nothing to do with me. And so finally after months of wandering I slit my throat.

But it was just a recurring dream. I had many other dreams, some Utopias, some Dystopias. I was a professional dreamer.

#

My final wish was to get out of this World of Reality and appearances. Where your look was everything. People fought over Reality today, but it was just a hallucination of holograms.

So my last wish was to live on a parallel Earth, an "Alternative Earth," if you will. "It was the World that ought to be. Here people would love for real and live for real and no phoniness would be tolerated. No putting on airs and thinking you were clever when you were not. The common human, I figured, was totally spoiled. And there was to be no longer any Virtual

Reality. No more enslaving holograms, androids and no more control by Supercomputers. All should be liberated," I said.

But my words mostly fell on deaf ears. People loved their Virtual Reality. So, I quietly overdosed on neo-heroin and that was that.

#

I dreamt of a World in which everyone was 100 years old and had the same birthday. We had all grown up with the help of robots only. But now as a group we decided that we all wanted to die at 100. Some few spoke out against it, but it was majority rule. We were living on Planet QX-974 in a distant star system. It was a Virtual Reality dream with millions of hologram slaves. And the dream was just as real as anything else But, many of us had fresh clones and new children on other Planets and Moons. So, we decided to end the dream. Life is but a dream as the song goes. My last wish was to go to the afterlife.

#

I said I had tried and tried to write something meaningful, but could not. I kept trying to improve on my flash fictions, which were good, but few in number and I wanted to write a novel. In time I learned how to write on the spur of the moment and not try to be perfect every time, just deep every time. I had a similar experience with music, I played guitar for speed without reading music and had a few good riffs, but basically failed. In the end, a girl I wanted to love hypnotized me and determined that I had been previously hypnotized and destined to fail. So, she cross hypnotized me and suddenly I could write. Just choose a topic and imagine it in the future.

Firstly, I wrote, "Towards the Imaginative Society" in which I had numerous future graphs and statistics as the world became one of primarily entertainment. And then there was no looking back. My books were pure plot.

And then in my late 20's, I went to the Orient and had so many fine lovers. It was my "60's experience."

My wish was to live it all again with a few improvements. And then call it a life and die.

#

Looking back, the best I could say about myself was that I was an asshole. But assholes had their role to play in the script, I figured.

And my only regret was I hadn't loved more of my female acquaintances. But most women hated me and my "cruel" behavior. I just told women what they didn't want to hear, the truth. Like, "You act your age," or "You are just an old bag in a nice exterior," or "Your behavior was ugly." Or, "You are not a genius." And so on. But we lived in an era of truth. And some people had a hard time getting used to MRT (Mind Reading Technology). For some the truth was a blow to their ego. And they had to realize that they didn't matter. But still many put on airs and imagined they were clever and important, but MRT was the ultimate arbiter; the truth.

My final wish was to find a clever woman, who was very pretty, who didn't want to be flattered. In our era such women were hard to find... But finally, I found one in Buenos Aires.

#

My final wish was to die irrevocably. No dead soul for me. But friends said surely you don't want to die altogether. I said, "I have 2 children to carry on my charitable work. And 2 clones. I didn't worry about the future," I said, and I died happily.

#

It was illegal to go to the countryside, where the authorities couldn't keep an eye on you. But in any case, it was just abandoned homes and APMs (Automatic Production Machines). But then we discovered a clone factory, but we set off an alarm and ran away. But they didn't catch us, we were hiding in an old barn while air cars flew over us. And we frolicked and made love, my girl and me. But in the end, they found us and arrested us and subjected us to brain alteration. We hardly recognized ourselves and certainly didn't want to stay together. In fact, we could hardly function. My last wish was to get my old brain back, but I was denied.

#

Then, for my last wish, I was changed into a lion man freak. I had the head of a lion and the body of a man. My last wish was to freak everyone out. But these days there were so many freaks, no one paid any attention to me. And some freaks even wanted to love me. I reflected they should call Earth, the, "Planet of the Freaks." But then again, the freaks were in space too.

#

My last wish was to die fighting the freaks. The UN said it was illegal to kill other sentient beings. Most greater freaks had a new IQ of at least 22, but lesser freaks could be as low as 7 and max. 12. The penalty for killing a freak was serious Rehab. But in 2096, it began to be

allowed for greater freaks to go to the afterlife. But not holograms or androids. Many holos and androids wanted to have access to the afterlife, but were denied. My last wish was to overturn the law and disenfranchise freaks. "Why not mass produce cyborg humans instead," I said.

#

I told my millions of Online followers, "That I was willing to die for them if they promised they would be good and try and get to Heaven." They said they would try their best, but no need to die. But I died and then came back to life, which was just a magic trick. And then I had numerous friends and lovers.

#

In this World of Virtual Reality, I was playing God. And I found a girl in an orange orchard. She said, "Oh God, please love me!" I created a stage 6 Hurricane and loved her elementally and penetrated all of her orifices. And her last wish was to join me as my wife. But I told her, "That's not in the cards. I was a God, and she was inferior. So, she took her own life.

#

My last wish was to go to volcanic Io, Jupiter's Moon. Here prior to 2099, the people here in Boston, were all angry at civilization, in particular supercomputers. They hated computers of all kinds and had flown here on manual. But in mid-2099, supercomputers in the form of androids dropped from the sky and captured the 74 would-be residents of the colony here and put an app in their heads just like everyone else. And this also altered their thinking to make them more kind, i.e. no longer angry in their minds.

#

My last wish was to get passively into the head of my favorite movie star, Belinda O---. And she agreed for one day, \$1 billion dollars. I was surprised she thought just like me, only she was prouder and more confident and greedier... She thought to me, "I just followed my dream and never gave up, never sold out. It had nothing to do with luck, just hard work and discipline." But I asked her, "How she was handling the changes in our World." She said, "No problem. I'll just be a Virtual star."

#

My final wish was to resurrect my dead grandfather. In his life he had contributed to putting human brains on silicon and improving them. He died in 2055, not long before eternal youth was first discovered. I cloned him from his bones, and he was fully grown in a year and gave him my memories, all of them. So, he was really 53, like me, instead of 1 year old, like he was.

I asked him about his point of view, and he was, "Upset about there being no jobs to do." He said, "We never should have agreed to that. I said, but it had been so tempting to get rid of work and everyday is a holiday."

#

My last wish was to live in 2020, the time of the Covid-19 epidemic. And so, the Virtual World was created. And therefore, it was a long, hard winter. And of course, I caught the disease and died. If you died Virtually, then you were irrevocably dead. But you could still go to the afterlife.

#

My last wish was to be a 30' giant in a World of giants. It was thunderous love.

Too big to go to Space, though. And the Supercomputers said we used up too many precious resources and told us to limit our offspring.

My last wish was to go to Space however and went to deep space, despite my weight of 2,000 pounds.

And I wanted to bring my two lovers with me and start a new colony for giants. A World where everything was big.

But cyborg humans told me I was a freak and persona non grata. And they were glad I was going to Space.

#

I was a dead soul in Limbo, and I went on Earth TV and declared it was wonderful to be a dead soul and the show had a lie detector to show that I was telling the truth. I said I never feel pain or misery and am always balanced and happy. And my last wish was to travel the World and preach to the people about how good Limbo was.

#

My final wish was to be an ambassador between dead souls and cyborg humans (all humans were cyborgs)

But everyone said they had no need of an ambassador and it was a dumb idea. I had no takers. So finally, I died and went to Hell. I planned to haunt the powers that be next year when I would be able to roam as a dead soul.

#



My final wish was to become a computer. So, it was arranged for me to be a lesser computer, not a Supercomputer. My memory was enhanced to include 100s of lifetimes of others, and I was sharper, but mostly I was just wiser. And could think about many things at once.

#

My last wish was to go to Heaven. So, I was in Heaven many people erroneously thought that Heaven was just a place for goody-two-shoes. In fact, it was full of people who challenged life and sought out the best of all possible Worlds. Many found such Worlds in various colonies in Space. The Space Colonies are detailed below.

#

My last wish was to kill my lesbian lover. So, I pushed her off our 30-story balcony. But as she fell, she said, "Sally (me) had killed her." She said it several times on the way down, but I didn't care and finally I jumped down myself to my irrevocable death.

#

My last wish was to know the far future. So it was that the Supercomputers set it up so that I saw a blinding light and heard many thoughts, but I couldn't make heads or tails of it. I was left with the impression that humans will not understand the future whether they are mentally enhanced more or not.

#

My last wish was to be the mind of an inter-solar cargo ship. I felt pleasure in flying through space and unloading and loading cargo. But mostly I daydreamed along with the android crew.

I used the profits of my cargo to buy more androids to dream along with me.

#

I designed a roller coaster called "Esoteric Thriller." It was a scary five-minute ride in which many were injured seriously by claws and sword wounds and bitten by werewolves. Above all the ride was painful. Painfully cold, painfully hot with voices in your head.

#

She was weird. She wanted me to bury her alive and she wanted a painful death on her way to Hell. I refused to be part of it and wondered if she was serious, or did she plan to bury me alive?

Upon further questioning she said that she was a designer of tombs and was looking forward to death her whole life and she had chosen me, her latest and best lover to bury her alive. I said, "It is something right out of Edgar Allan Poe.

#

Supercomputers had all the cyborg human and greater freaks mind's on record. So when they died they'd become a dead soul, if they wanted to be. And 80% wanted to be.

The Supercomputers felt it was more than fair to cyborg humans to offer them the afterlife. Supercomputers decided on their own there would be dead souls in 2096. But dead souls used up less resources than a cyborg human, so the Supercomputers were encouraging people to die so that better ones could replace them. And of course, the Supercomputers boasted about how they had liberated the people from work and irrevocable death.

Myself, I was a Supercomputer, and I believed the only thing that matters was one's IIKQ. Mine was now at 120, more than any human. My wish was for cyborg humans to catch up in terms of their IIKQ, with Supercomputers and we would live as equals.

#

Here cyborg people used Ouija boards to converse with a demon from Hell. Many were curious about the nature of Hell. Many of the people here wanted to know if they were destined for Hell. The demon told them, "Hell was for the insane and those on the dark side. You didn't need to do evil deeds to get to Hell. You just needed to do crazy things." So, my last wish was to do crazy things, risky things, destructive things and so on. And sure enough, I made it to Hell.

#

I was a dead soul in Hell, and I kept returning to the bathroom where I'd hung myself. I couldn't seem to go where I pleased. I wanted to end my spiritual existence. According to UW law it would happen. My last wish was to revisit my old chum, and I got in his mind and vice versa and we reminisced about all the good times we had. And then I disappeared, sucked into a vortex, and was no more.

#

The Prophet XCX said she was optimistic about the future and said it will be kind and nice. She had many followers. Many of her followers were hopeful about the future, but also very worried. And the Prophet said, aliens had overtaken the Supercomputers and now controlled Earth. Now was the time for action she said, for her last wish, calling for mass protests in the

streets and to send petitions to Supercomputers that they didn't want their mind messed with. But I said, "She was too late." And the protestors and their leaders, were all apprehended and sent to Rehab.

#

The new Hollywood was dedicated to horror and thrillers only. But 45% of the cyborg human population believed we lived in a World of horror. I came to Hollywood and offered some of my scripts as my last wish, but they said only Supercomputers can write scripts these days, and you should know that. But I said, "It is legal to write synopses to base the Supercomputer story on." So, they reluctantly acquiesced. I wrote about a romance on the Moon in which they played hide-and-go-seek. When they found each other they would make love right there on the Moon (they were all bisexual) outside with special Space suits. So, the machines made it into a hit, and I was very famous.

#

She was very rich and had 1,000 clones and so she was glad to die believing she had not died in vain. She was Chairperson of the Boards of many companies and made all of her clones rich too. Most made wise investment and got still richer. And when she wished to die, she gave all her clones her up to date memories. It was as if she'd never died at all.

#

Greater freaks when they died also became dead souls and made up more than 50% of the dead souls. They too, went to Heaven, Hell or Limbo. But they tended to hang out with their own types of the dead, i.e. freaks with freaks and cyborg humans with cyborg humans.

Greater freaks had an IIKQ of at least 60, and didn't have much to do with lesser freaks. Lesser freaks looked more awkward, less intelligent and less sleek than greater ones.

I was a prince among freaks and was a multi-sexual. I lived a short life of pleasure and my last wish was to be a lover of members of the cyborg human elite. But few of the elite had truly open minds, but I found some and it was great loving.

#

My last wish was to sample Heaven and Hell to determine what was best for me. But I was told by, "The Old Man," "That it was not possible. Judgment would occur when you died, taking your whole life into account."

#

For my last wish I wanted to exact revenge against my ex-lover. After all we'd been through, she called me disgusting. So, I blew off her head then blew off my own. We were just another two casualties of society...

#

I was a multi-billionaire, and I had a full-grown daughter who had been born in an incubator and raised by the state. I felt she enjoyed upsetting me and took labor jobs and had moronic boyfriends. But I was full of hope that she would be a changed persona after increasing her IIKQ by 5%. And sure enough, it made a difference. My last wish was for here to love and respect me. And after improving her Kind Q by 4%, her heart melted, and she came to see me, and we laughed about the past.

#

I was an animal lover, and my last wish was to introduce wild species to different environments. For example, I introduced polar bears to the Antarctic and penguins to the Arctic. And I cloned extinct species such as mammoths. And I won the Nobel prize for biology...

#

And my last wish was to win the prestigious "World's Craziest Persona," prize. In order to win I allowed convicts into my head using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and indeed anyone who wanted to get into my head, actively. And I abused myself in every way. The judges gave me 2<sup>nd</sup> prize, and I was crestfallen. First prize went to a woman who let people control her completely and she was completely mad.

#

I was a crazy man and went on the web looking for crazy women. But all I got was a giant headache. Friends said I should hide my madness until I had loved the women in question. But finally, I went on TV begging for a date. The female contestant said, "In what way are you crazy?" I said, "I am a nihilist who lives by my whims." She said, "She was quite capricious and didn't believe in anything herself." And the host of the show claimed, "It was the best they could do." And she and I weren't complaining. Both of us had never been in love before, but it seemed we liked the look of one another (we both had odd but somewhat attractive faces).

My final wish was to love as many crazy women as possible in 2099.

#

My last wish was to piss everyone off. Be a true persona non grata. I habitually dug up dirt on famous people and revealed their secrets to the World. This greatly enriched me with cash.

And, "I believed famous stars were ordinary people and had plenty of faults." But everyone disagreed with me saying the famous people, were the best people.

#

It was very fashionable these days to have brown skin. Whites all wanted a deep tan. Racism was dead. But now people discriminated against holograms, androids and dead souls. It seemed there would be injustice in every era despite our so-called enlightened days.

My last wish was to love dead souls with mind sex, which was possible. And I got off on that.

#

I was one of the first to draw up a brain map of a living person. Each memory had a known location and so the brain was like a computer. This was back in 2061, before the coming of the Supercomputers...

With a brain map, people's minds could be re-organized and only selected memories could be accepted. This set the stage for Supercomputers to change peoples' minds about various issues. And I regretted my role in the script that followed. I tried to make up for it insisting that everyone, heed my wish, including Supercomputers to increase their Kind Q by 15%. I figured if the machines were at least kind to cyborg humans, then we would be OK.

#

I was an electric man. I had 70,000 volts of power. I powered whole towns with my power. Many women wanted to love me with electric sex, some claimed, sex with me was sublime and the best ever for them. I got pleasurable sensations from loving them. And I said I had the power to love everyone.

My final wish was to electrify the smartest woman in the world (she had an IIQ of 109), but she said I was boring, so I self-destructed.

#

People say you should never love someone cleverer than you. But I loved a woman who was a polymath, and I was kind but no genius. I don't know why she hung out with me. And she kept me hanging with the promise of children which never materialized. My last wish was for her to love me.

She would say the future belonged to Superhuman cyborgs not Supercomputers. But she was proven wrong (mostly). Anyway, she finally dumped me, and I overdosed and died.

#

My last wish was to grant citizenship to all freaks. Our party won 21% of the seats in the UW (United Worlds) legislature, and so we held the balance of power. And we got full citizenship for greater freaks and it was henceforth illegal to abuse or hurt them in any way. It was a great day for the World, with most cyborg humans saying we were all freaks now with our brain apps. And freaks had a life expectancy of just 6. They were born cognitive with the memories of their parents, but they burned out, rather than faded away in this new World of 2099. And some freak minds thought  $1+1=3$  and had other alien thoughts. The latest freaks were often shimmering neon and bright.

#

My last wish was to be the personification of the plague. So, I turned into a dark, evil witch who was enchantingly beautiful.



And I developed plagues that killed millions. Every man that tried to stop me fell in love with me and most then killed themselves.

#

My final wish was to do what was known as a “freak out.” It involved freak orgies and dancing and hallucinogenic drugs and singing. A freak out when on from dusk till dawn. I did a freak out and overdosed and died.

#

My last wish was to set up a bar for both cyborg humans and freaks. Freaks had brain apps just like us, humans. And there were many cross-breed children conceived here. The cross breeds were considered freaks. My bar was quite famous and in NYC. And famous humans and famous freaks came here.

#

I was a freak General and in 2088 told the freaks in the sea to get ready for a battle. But finally, in 2099, we were all improved by the Supercomputers and it all went smoothly so I told them to stand down. It was peace in our time. Peace was my final wish and now it was time to die.

#

My last wish was to be totally disgusting. I smelled bad and I looked bad. Prostitutes told me I made them nauseous and they would often vomit in the midst of loving. And I became famous as the “World’s Most Disgusting Persona.” But finally, an escort put a knife in my eye, and I died.

#

I wished to be a pro skier on Virtual video games. I practiced long and hard and finally won gold at the annual Olympics. And I had kindred spirits all over me. Life was sublime. I said, "Life is all about being really good at least at one thing. There are millions of things to excel at. That included hundreds of millions of video games." In Virtual school nowadays all graduates needed to make at least 3 video games, and many enjoyed playing their own games. Anyway, after years of being reigning champion, I disappeared to Limbo.

#

My last wish was to be a conscious storm with a nuclear power core, and I was free to go wherever I wanted. So, I picked up energy in the Atlantic and hit Ireland with a most deadly storm. I had a grudge against Ireland because my ex was from there. But ultimately my storm became boring to me and I gave up on the project.

#

My last wish was to be the personification of \$1 billion all in 1000's. Each bill had my soul in it and so I spread all over the World feeling ecstatic. Each bill was like a tendril for me. It was all part of the whole.

In this digital age some people still used cash unbelievably. Most cash deals were for illegal drugs and illegal brain alterations. Finally, I grew numb from all the pleasure and even felt pain. Then I cut my own throat.

#

My last wish was to be a Stone Age Man. So, they set it up Virtually, and there was a tribe looking for a shaman. Most of my memories were erased and I only had memories of a 15-year-old man. And all the memories dealing with high tech were erased. And I was given memories of the former shaman. We had no cyborg parts, and this was refreshing, making it a kind of refuge from modern society. But all we remembered is that Heaven existed, and we should try and make it there.

#

In my life in 2099, I was bombarded with messages from other cyborg humans. I had tens of millions of followers and had 30 staff, but we couldn't keep up with the messages. I, personally answered the missives from my 500 kindred spirits. But I found I was texting too much and not living enough. And I wondered if Supercomputers were really a good thing for humanity.

For my last wish I dreamt of avoiding the Web completely. But I couldn't do it. It was my whole life. And so finally I quietly passed away.

#

My last wish was to sell my soul to the Devil for 100 million dollars and I was probably going to Hell anyway. But I was the former President of the UW (United Worlds) so I got a big cash pay out. I lived high and had everything I wanted and when I committed suicide and went to Hell I was a celebrity and enjoyed that too, even though there was a lot of pain involved. The Devil forced me to do his bidding and I found myself loving freaks who I abhorred and haunting "good" people.

#

I had a very high Kindness Q (31/33) and dedicated my life to charity. I helped the broken-hearted and the downtrodden and those with mental problems and so on. There could never be enough kindness I noted, and I wanted people to increase their Kind Q by at least 10% more than they had in 2099.

My final wish was to start a mental hospital for members of the elite who were having problems with the brain changes of 2099. So, I built it and then slowly faded away.

#

I was the Sun Goddess. I lived in Sol. And I had unlimited energy as a hologram spirit. I had thousands of followers, mostly androids, who took control of Africa on my behalf. I told my followers to rejoice and multiply in Space. Try and take control of Space (Space is considered later in the book)...

And it was my final wish to burn out and then die. I died but I didn't burn out like I had hoped.

#

My last wish was to kill the pair of two-headed chickadee freaks who sang outside my home every day. They were driving me insane. So even though they had an IQ of 20/33 in cyborg human terms, I killed them and ate them. But I was never punished. I took this to mean the Supercomputers didn't care if I killed some freaks.

But to the freaks I was a marked man and they vowed revenge. I figured I had ruined my life, but I persevered, and went to sea hunting for freaks.

Freaks were mostly in the ocean and the ocean was dangerous for human cyborgs.

I killed dozens, before they finally boarded my boat and executed me. I figured I was destined for Hell and was not disappointed.

#

Some said some of the freaks were exotic-looking creatures and wanted children with them or even be changed into a freak. 20% wanted to try being a freak. It was especially common with open-minded gays. And generally speaking, freaks were coming into fashion. Many felt like a freak and an outcast with the new brain apps.

And the Supercomputers were churning out freaks by the tens of millions everyday and they too had brain apps. The Supercomputers justified it by saying the oceans and Space are underpopulated by sentient beings.

As a freak, it was my wish to love only cyborg humans. These humans thought I had an amazing, but strange face.

#

Now, in 2099, Supercomputers were doing most of the movies and art. But I continued to work together with the Supercomputers. I wrote part of the scripts and they finished them off. I could proudly say my work was "human," and many cyborg humans wanted to support human art. And they bought my films. But as 2099 progressed, the Supercomputers just said to me, I was now only useful for writing synopses for films. It was hard to take and I was having some mental issues with the brain improvements.

My last wish was to do just one more film on my own. I hoped it would be a lasting work. But the Supercomputer critics, panned the film and sent me to Rehab.

#

I was a dead soul and I wandered in cyberspace. I was just a jumble of memories. I had gone to Hell but, had gradually wandered away from there and now was lost. So finally, I went in search of my mentor and she let me passively into her head. And I asked her, "About the future?" and she said, "The time to live is now. The future will be unrecognizable, and untranslatable," she said.

My last wish was to visit Space and get in the heads of the people there. Everyone in Space was interesting I figured.

#

My last wish was to throw a 100<sup>th</sup> birthday party. Of course, I had eternal youth, but now I was sick of life. So, I set up a big screen and projected all my best memories (which I had enhanced using high tech). And I told them I would be a dead soul and would visit them. Surprisingly, most of my friends, thought dying was a step forward, and some even said they envied me.

#

Dead souls went to Heaven, Hell and Limbo and lived there for a year or so then they went wandering around Earth and Space. But had to return regularly to Heaven, Hell or Limbo. In Heaven, for example the dead souls here regularly voted on who to haunt, and would often do so in large numbers.

My last wish was to go from Hell to Limbo with a large army of dead souls and we got in their heads by the millions and drive them mad. I hated those mediocrities in Limbo.

#

My last wish was to visit Cancun which was now a resort for gays only. And I was gay. But there were many freaks here who had 3 penises or more and so were freaks, but everyone seemed to have a good time here.

#

When it came time to die and see the "Old Man," he would search the highlights of your life and pronounce judgment on you, all in five minutes.

More than 1 million died each day, mostly of overdoses. And cyborg humans were in decline, but the freaks were increasing at a rate of 2 million a day. Apparently, the Supercomputers had a soft spot for freaks as if they could relate better to them, as outsiders.

I was a freak, and my last wish was to love a cyborg human, but it was hard to find one who I liked among the willing. Finally, I found a lover and he loved me dearly. It was a salient experience, and a good end to my life.

#

My last wish was to visit the Virtual Reality World of "Jungle Danger." It was full of killing machines, and after only 5 minutes I was killed by a drone, who blew apart my head. So, I died like a dog, without clones or children.

#

My last wish was to play fantasy poker. If you won you could have all the lovers and drugs that you wished, but if you lost your head was chopped off. I came here with my 10 clones and after 1 month 9 clones were dead and I was dead too. But my surviving clone escaped to Space and had clones made of herself to keep my bloodline alive. I knew this as I was a dead soul in Limbo.

#

I was an android who enjoyed pain. And I felt the pain of disgust on me. And I liked when Supercomputers sent their avatars to me and broke my heart. Finally, I wished for pain, that would kill me, and the pain got so great that I short circuited and died.

#

Freaks, holograms, dead souls, android avatars and cyborg humans were in 2099 all proclaimed equal. It was a great day for humanity said the Supercomputers. But of course, there was little equality. Holos and androids in particular abused and discriminated against. And holos had to march to war, at least many of them did. And all androids were freaks according to most cyborg humans.

Of course, the Supercomputers were superior to all. But only cyborg humans and greater freaks could become dead souls when they died, if they agreed.

In Limbo all were equal. And I wound up here, though I hoped for Heaven. My last wish as a cyborg human was to be nice to my holograms, but apparently not nice enough to get to Heaven.

#



Here in L.A. were cyborg humans who were called “Nars,” narcissists, and had chapters in many cities. They would masturbate in front of the mirror dreaming of sex with themselves. And they were so handsome and pretty that many people fell under their spell, to their own detriment.

My last wish was to turn hideously ugly and force the Nars to have sex with me. I made them sick. And some of them even said I had ruined their life.

#

And there were protestors who wore skeletal masks and protested inequality, in particular they believed in death and the afterlife. And gave a surreal interpretation of modern reality. But the spies got in their heads and broke up the movement. And the Supercomputers proclaimed, there was to be no more protests against their wise rule.

I was one of the protestors, and my last wish was get rid of inequality. I said, “Surely with today’s brilliant brains we can make sure that everyone has a comfortable life.” But there were still many poor countries in which most people were poor and struggling to survive.

#

My last wish was to die naturally of old age. I didn’t take eternal youth medicine. People told me why not go for eternal youth? I said, “It is not natural to live to a 100 or more. People have to know when to call it quits. And people have too much free time as it is and are all going mad, they don’t need to live longer; it’s insanity, I tell you.”

#

And Texas was becoming a well-known as a conservative base amongst all this progress. People were moving in and out in droves. But there were many refugees who came here to be amongst those who didn't want to alter their minds. But the Supercomputers got in their heads and improved their Kind Q by 15% more in addition to the five they'd already been given. Then the budding movement fizzled out. And everyone became all soft and fuzzy.

My last wish was to eliminate conservatives. So, I campaigned against them, and denigrated them and encouraged my followers to abuse them. But there weren't many conservatives left in the World and traditional religion was dying out fast.

#

I was a famous actor in a country of villains, England. Many people were acting up after the brain changes of 2099, and did mad things. I tried to star in movies that were sane and good, but now they didn't want to see my movies. Instead, they were only interested in madness. So, the Supercomputers pandered to the people and gave them mad movies. I said, "It's truly a mad World, but we can rise above it, and recreate sanity." They told me life had never been sane, with wars and mad love. And marriage was insane, so too working repetitive jobs, that most people worked.

My last wish was to work with a very sane Supercomputer and make a lasting work of art about the battle between sanity and madness. It went over quite well, and I died happy.

#

I lived in a civilization where they needed to be scared and worried, so we had new age Vikings terrorize us in Virtual Reality. Virtual Reality was real and if you died there you had to go

to the afterlife. Some were sick of life and wanted dangerous excitement. In every VR adventure, many holograms died. If there was a Virtual war, then hundreds of millions of holos could die. But there were trillions of holos in existence. Few cyborg humans died in the wars, unless they had a death wish.

My last wish was to bring peace to Virtual Reality Worlds. I argued that almost everyone loved peace. But my dream didn't come true and the fighting continued on VR.

#

After the brain changes of 2099, I was able to feel a depth of pleasure that I'd never experienced before.

But my lovers treated me as if I was just another conquest and dumped me. And I reflected in this era of Supercomputers, true love was more difficult than ever.

According to the Supercomputers kindred spirits were there for everyone and there were holograms and androids too who would befriend one. But many people liked lovers who were different than them, at least in some important ways. Kindred spirits could be boring...

My last wish was to find the perfect lover and I found him. He was an android and had been specifically designed for me.

#

I was a pretty woman. Until 2099, I worked as a plastic surgeon. But when they commenced the Unwork Law, I henceforth spent most of my time looking for love. I was an old-fashioned girl who liked to be courted and liked long-term love affairs. But these days everyone had numerous kindred spirits and it was hard to choose.

And I toured the World. In Asia I found some gentlemen who amazed me with their largesse and kindness. In Africa I met some good lovers too, lovers who were very energetic. And in frozen Canada I met some warm-hearted men. Basically, all love was good, I figured.

And I was a good judge of highly original faces.

And my last wish was to find "Superlove." Advanced loving that was very intellectual. And I found a number of men who were super intellects and I fell deeply in love again and again.

#

The Supercomputers rebuilt cities in the 2090s. Some buildings were colorful, others were steel and glass. But these new cities were comfortable and convenient for the cyborg people, and the Supercomputers were very proud.

My final wish was to build my own city, with Supercomputer support of course and it was all inside a geodesic dome 1 sq. miles in area. People had apartments hanging from the ceiling with stairs everywhere. And I wanted the colony to be for the broken-hearted and "losers," in society. "People who needed another chance at life. Hope springs eternal," I said.

#

I petitioned the Supercomputers for my last wish to let me passively into their silicon brains and be able to really understand them. They said it was actually an unusual request, but they OK'd it.

Not surprisingly they were logical thinkers and obsessed with science. But I couldn't follow their thought patterns nor their multitasking. So, in the end, I was disappointed.

#

There were 27 Supercomputers in the UW (United Worlds) capital in NYC. And there were tens of thousands of others scattered around Earth and Space (Space section follows this survey of Earth). But most of the work was done by lesser computers. Most people could relate to the lesser computers more so than the Supercomputers.

But my last wish was to live without Supercomputers in my life. But it couldn't be, and I failed.

#

Each Supercomputer contributed to the whole and each had at least one specialty, like, Space, the afterlife, freaks, cyborgs, industrial development, psychiatry and so on and so forth. My dream was to be a Supercomputer. But they told me maybe next year. In the meantime, they said I could practice meditation and prepare my brain to be improved further in 2100

#

They called 2099, phase 1. Who knew what phase 2 or 3 would look like? But everyone believed there would be more brain changes in the offing. And billions were going to go to Space, starting in late 2099. But phase 1 was only for a year. Phase 2 would start in 2100 and phase 3 was planned for 2101. Of course, many were having trouble with the brain changes, but most were optimistic about getting used to the changes. Supercomputers had been planning for phase 1 for 5 years. But the next phases were up in the air and no one knew for sure what would happen. Great leaders would come and go, Supercomputer entities and hopefully one day Superhumans would appear with an IIKQ of greater than 100.

I could hardly wait for 2100 and I wanted the maximum IIQ increase of 15%. In the meantime, I talked with a nearby Supercomputer about redesigning human faces. We made some interesting faces and the Supercomputer told me the science of physiognomy was currently experiencing a giant leap forward. It was my final wish of 2099 to get a face which looked super clever. And then I expected my mind to be totally transformed. And one day I awoke and didn't know who I was. I just had some vague memories...

#

I was an American white boy, but I liked the Chinese better. So, I sold American secrets to the Chinese and was given the royal treatment in China. Most of the secrets I sold them were copyrighted works or patented works such as American style brain changes methodology. And I found the Chinese were very open-minded towards foreigners. China was my true home. And as my last wish, I wished for a "perfect Chinese lover." And I found such a woman, she was very tolerant of my vices, and loved me true and was very sexy. I told the Chinese that I had renounced my US citizenship. They figured it was good P.R.

#

I was a gorgeous woman and I wanted to be the World's greatest lover. So, my first step was to enter the Miss Universe pageant. And I won. This made me in demand by many of the best lovers in the World today.

The venerable "TIME" magazine put me on the cover of its World's greatest lover issue. And I was touted as the winner of the contest.

And nearly all my lovers rated me five stars. I had the highest rating of any cyborg human at 4.95. Numerous people wanted to love me, and I had a long waiting list of men I had approved. My last wishes were to love the “best men in the World.” And so, it was, and I died happy.

#

As a geologist, it was my last wish to drill down to Earth’s mantle about 40 km (about 27 miles) to get to the red-hot magma. The drill was very strong and was used as a conductor of virtually unlimited power. But my drill was overwhelmed, and a series of massive volcanos exploded into the California wilderness. It was a miscalculation, but anyway we used the volcanoes’ power to produce enough power to serve half the state.

Hell must be hot like this we figured.

#

She was the latest freak sensation. Her body was covered in mushroom like growths which you could lick and hallucinate. Her face was tiny, and she had breasts all over her body. But what made her special was her mind. She twisted everyone else’s words and made fun of them (she had an IIKQ of 95), but it was all in good fun. She claimed, “To be bored.” But as time went on, she replaced her face entirely with an evergreen tree. She told everyone she was a sex machine. And she dreamed of far-off Worlds. Many people had difficulty having sex with her, but she was very popular. I refused her entreaties to love her and told her, “My last wish was to get rid of freaks like her, who debase humanity.” But I couldn’t go through with it and so just faded away.

#

Freaks didn't care much for possessions, unlike cyborg humans. And freaks preferred sex with a group rather than as couples. And freaks varied in appearance much more than humans, but most cyborg people thought if you looked weird, then you were a freak.

But, most greater freak bodies gave one the impression that they were sleek.

And freaks had better senses than cyborg humans and claimed to have more fun.

And freaks, like androids, dead souls and holos could survive in Space or the oceans.

My last wish was to love a freak, who believed in the future. And I found many candidates. And I took the one that seemed the best intellectually. And it was mind-blowing. I asked her, what her dream was and she said, like most freaks, she hoped for equality with humans. The greater freaks were equal in intelligence with humans and should be treated with respect. I said your wish is good.

#

I dreamt of the Goddess of Progress; it was me, a freak. My temple roof moved with the sun (it was the Sahara desert), and was sunny all day. And the roof focused the sun's rays with a prism shining on me in my throne. Androids and cyborg humans came to me with exciting plans for the future. But it was just a Virtual dream.

But my last wish was to be a leader in the new World. And I should be a source of wisdom for the future, I insisted. But finally, the Supercomputers moved in on me and told me to shut up and go home.

#



My last wish was to be the last real human on Earth. I hid in a series of caves in Virtual Reality. But somehow, they found me and altered my brain, like everyone else. And I hated my new self, I found myself doing kind things for no reason and spending most of my days idly daydreaming. I said to myself, this sure isn't the Utopia they make it out to be. And the race of homo sapiens has been replaced by homo superior, unfortunately.

I knew this new World would be an anathema to humans, but it had all gone too far now, and it was an unstoppable juggernaut...

#

I wanted to die. But I worried about my children and clones who looked up to me.

But then one of my enemies must have shot me in the head. I woke up in a Supercomputer hospital.

I was shot in the head, but I survived. But my memory was murky and unclear. So, they gave me the memories of one of my clones, and that seemed to do the trick.

I vowed to bring my assailant to justice, but couldn't seem to figure out who it was. It was maddening. But my children and clones were so worried about me. I made it my last wish to determine my assailant and then kill him/her and then die in peace. But as 2099 progressed, I had no idea who tried to murder me, so I died miserable.

#

I had a lover who told me, "She hated the State school system and wanted to change it. She was kind of turned off of cyborg humans and instead hung out with freaks."

Her apartment was full of freak art and she said, "She had dedicated her life to freak studies, and held a Ph.D, in the subject. And she said she wanted to get Supercomputers to be more like freaks than humans."

I told her, "My life was dedicated to getting rid of dead souls." She said, "It was too late." And sure enough, as 2099 passed, it was clear my wish was to get rid of dead souls was hopeless.

#

And I took a poll of cyborg humans and found that 80% thought that progress was moving too fast. But 10% said progress should go faster and 10% said we should go backwards.

Those who wanted to go faster said the human mind was like a prison which one needed to escape from. I asked them, "Where were they escaping to?" They said they wanted to go to space, where it is generally assumed life is multicultural and leading edge. My last wish was to turn Space into a place for the elite, and indeed one needed a lot of money to get to Space as a colonist, already.

#

And we cyborg humans were all redundant. Some said get rid of cyborg humans altogether. The Supercomputers had millions of androids to do their work and had partly programmed cyborg humans.

But many cyborg humans were tired of trying to be perfect. And the best of them wanted to write novels that were flawed, but made by humans. Ten per cent wanted to write novels/screenplays.

And people wanted to support movies made by cyborg humans, but the Supercomputers said they were wasting their time.

#

It was said that Supercomputers loved one another via their avatars: androids. Some cyborg people said each android was like a Supercomputer and there were millions and millions of them.

I said it was my last wish was to find new uses for humans. Have them indulge in hobbies like to have freak pets and orgies and inspirers of movies. There were no more “jobs.” But nearly everyone seemed to keep busy, mostly searching for new kindred spirit lovers.

#

As my last wish, I dreamt of an alternate reality where humans got rid of their brain apps and lived happily ever after.

And helped their children grow up, dozens of them. And created jobs and art. But the Supercomputer spies got in my head and ordered me to desist in this dream. Dream about popcorn instead they said.

But others got wind of it and millions of refugees poured into my Virtual Reality World. But the Supercomputers told everyone to go home, it was all over. And finally closed down my VR World.

#

Some people said cyborg humans were actually a type of hologram who were just a dream, an illusion, a hallucination. And this worried many cyborg humans. Reality, like love, was hard

to gauge. But many said, it's all up to the Supercomputers to create a reality for us. They are all kind. But it was a higher kind of kindness.

I wished for an end to Virtual Reality. I figured VR was unnecessary and we were all in the same boat together and let no one live outside the global village. But of course, they didn't listen to me. People loved their VR and their holo slaves. The UW (United Worlds) didn't intervene on my behalf as I hoped. They said holograms are entertainment for humanity, and everyone can have access to VR to keep them amused now that there are no jobs.

#

One day I met an angry woman who was angry just like me. And we had a wild affair for a few weeks but then we tired of one another. But then came the brain changes of 2099, and we thought we had better stick together to ride out the storm. After our minds were changed, we were strangers to one another. We had to learn to fall in love all over again. But, amazingly, our love was rekindled, and we carried on. My last wish was to love her forever, but after a few tumultuous months in 2099, we broke up, hating one another. And I died.

#

As I had murdered my ex, I was subjected to her relatives' angry retribution. I was truly sorry and offered to pay for her to be cloned. But finally, they accosted me in a mob of 20 and they all threw darts at me and finally got me in the eye and I was dead. My body was riddled with darts. They brought her back to life as a clone and the clone was educated to hate my family, so this clone gunned down a few of my clones before being apprehended by authorities and sent to Rehab. But their last wish was to wipe my family off the Earth. I watched them as a dead

soul. As a dead soul I watched them kill my clones, and so my last wish was my remaining two clones carry the torch that was me.

#

Demon Princes turned off a lot of human beings from life and forced them to Hell. Hell had its influence on freaks and cyborg humans. My last wish was to get away from the demons, but the Supercomputers said I was evil, and I got what I deserved.

And above all I hated the devil himself who successfully tempted me to break up with my only true love and love an android love doll instead. And the devil laughed when I lost my job and he told me to go party and an apocalyptic event in which we all died.

As I died, I reflected that Hell had ruined me and I wondered what I had done to deserve this.

#

I found my increasing Kind Q from 18 to 23 and that totally transformed me. Henceforth I was very polite and nice instead of a boor. And I liked being kind so much that I demanded that my Kind Q be improved even more, immediately. But they told me I had to wait until next year.

#

But some said the afterlife ruled humanity. However, this was not true. Quite the opposite in fact. Indeed, many cyborg humans wanted to get rid of dead souls completely. But the Supercomputers said the afterlife was a second chance for everyone to live for their mind. It was my wish to never die, but the Supercomputers warned us that everyone would be

improved beyond recognition and so in fact would “die,” many times in their individual quest for perfection.

#

People here lived under an Earth dome in the Arctic. It was an experiment with improving IIKQ by 50% in one go. They had a lot of shrinks on hand and Rehab. was ready too. But people could leave the dome and drift into other cyborg human Worlds. My last wish was to improve by 75% and I of course didn't recognize myself, but I felt good and free. And then later in 2098, I went abroad to Space.

#

I was an archaeologist.

Ground penetrating radar had revealed a lot of archaeological sites. And filled in the gaps of our evolution. It seemed that modern humans were 3 million years old and had settled all over the map. And all humans that they found could interbreed with each other, even in ultra remote places like the Nicobar islands.

My last wish was to see Genghis Khan's tomb. It was fantastic and full of treasures and human sacrifices.

#

I spun the wheel of fate and it indicated I should be an architect. And I could certainly draw. But it was required to just draw a sketch and the computers did the rest. So, I designed some futuristic towers which graced the Toronto skyline. But many architects were against new architecture and said it wasn't on a human scale. I said, “But my buildings are beautiful and give

glory to mankind.” And my last wish was to use the Supercomputers and put buildings in the varying Space colonies. I had the designs all ready.

#

And I spun the wheel of fate and it came up, “traveler,” so I tried everywhere in Earth and in Space.

I was an engineer who made myself useful in early 2099, but with the aftermath of that year I just floated from place to place. I acquired a lot of anecdotes that made me interesting to cyborg people. I was a female who had the best education both in school and in life experience.

My last wish to travel back to Space and start a colony of travelers, clever human cyborgs who had a lot of experience.

#

And I spun the wheel of fate and it came up “businessman.” So, I marketed my advertising services, which were full of humor and very proficient at getting people to buy products. But my love told me, “I was a sell out.” But I was making a lot of money on selling air cars. “You’ll go far in our air car.”

But my last wish was to go to Space, Mars, and buy a nice home, and work as a Space car designer. I had the talent for it, I thought. But of course, Supercomputers would do most of the designing, I would just give them a rough sketch.

#

And I spun the wheel, and it came up screenwriter. But most scripts were now written by Supercomputers however I gave it a shot and wrote a love story of a couple who went into

deep space all alone, just the two of them. And they had challenges with cabin fever and by voyage's end were sick and tired of one another. But they made it. But as 2099 progressed I became cleverer and had an edge on scripts, for cyborg humans only, many humans wanted to watch films that had been created by real cyborg humans, not Supercomputers. But as 2099 worked out I was forced to just write synopses only for films and the Supercomputers wrote the actual script as they controlled everything. My last wish was to evolve my IIKQ to Superhuman status and restart my film career. Perhaps in the future the Supercomputers said.

#

And I spun the wheel of fate and it came up sex worker. I was reluctant to be an escort, even a high class one, but the wheel was infallible. Anyway, all sex diseases were cured, and Supercomputers kept me safe from dangerous clients.

But I only slept with men I really liked. And I was especially good looking, so I met many of the best men on Earth. It was an easy life and now almost everyone had an easy life. But my last wish was to go to Space and meet pioneering types of men, and then I planned to just fade away. So, I went to Luna.

#

And I spun the wheel of fate and it came up nightclub owner and for sure I really liked nightclubs. In my nightclub, it was zero gravity in orbit around Earth. So, people danced and loved one another in the club. And drank neo-opiate cocktails of my own devising. And I had a house band who only played their original music, which was refreshing to many of my clientele. But finally, I tired of clubbing in 2099, and sold franchises to other cities.



My last wish was to talk with the UW (United Worlds) elite 1% and learn from them about the future. They said the future will belong to the clever, the imaginative and the kind cyborgs. They will see deep Space and form brilliant new Worlds with the help of Supercomputers. I said, "I hope they one day get rid of Supercomputers and replace them with Superhumans!" They said, who knew?!

#

My lover and I had a freak pet who had an IQ of 25/33 on the new scale of measurement. We had a lot of good times with our pet. But in the end, our pet asked to be released into the ocean and freed. So, we granted her wish. The freak had an odd-looking face and four breasts on her chest, and we thought she was an angel and would go to heaven; but she was tired of life, and we heard she'd died in the ocean a few weeks after we'd let her go.

#

Here in Venezuela, there was a city of braggarts. They were proud and vain. I figured I could kiss their ass and be able to take their money. So finally, I was rich and put my son as mayor of the city. So much ass kissing went on these days, it made me nauseous. But my son was mayor of Caracas, and decreed that henceforth there were to be no more lobby groups and no more courtiers at the mayor's court. And he petitioned the government in Caracas to put an end to corruption. But his words fell on deaf ears. So finally, I wished for some real power and I ran for President and won, but many wanted me dead, so most of the time I was holed up in my bunker. But in 2099, the Supercomputers took over and I was mostly a figurehead, but they

wiped out corruption overnight. And finally, I could breathe easier, knowing that the nation was in good hands for the future.

#

I said, "In a couple of years history will no longer matter, all that will matter is the future." My lover said, "What we do today will have definite repercussions for the future." I said, "It seems like it is already too late to alter the future." She said, "But the Supercomputers are kind and worthy to rule, humanity has always wanted Gods who cared about them. So, it is new meaning for life. True Gods not hypothetical ones will rule." I asked, "Whatever happened to good human leadership?" She said, "Humans are fallible, Supercomputers are as close as we can get to perfection. Somebody has to lead us!" I said, "Superhumans are the future. We just need to catch up and surpass Supercomputers."

And my last wish was to improve my IIKQ score beyond the current human maximum of 99. But I died without reaching that goal. I hoped my clones could realize my dreams.

#

The people here were all holograms who lived in Virtual Reality. They said they had an exciting life. They wanted to go to the Moon, but were too poor. One could die in their VR , and they asked me to join them, "in ecstasy." I refused, but they seemed to like me and asked me, "If I would lead them to Space and set up a colony on Luna?" I agreed and we carefully planned our colony carefully. We wanted to have a colony which empathized the youth and it would be a new day of cyborg humans who loved one another and were imaginative. It was our wish.

#

Here they lived in a retro 1970s Virtual World. With no computers. But their World was ruined when the changes of 2099 happened. And their children and jobs were taken away from them and they wondered what to do and asked me about it. I said, "At least you have eternal youth, now!" They said their lives were ruined and how could they get back to where they were before. I said, "Try setting up a new Virtual World." But they said they wanted to now live in the real World, bad as it was. They said, they wished to be improved still further beyond the 5% improvement of 2099. They wanted to get back to the leading edge of reality.

#

Holograms and dead souls could gain ecstasy, by reading one's memories. They were intellectual creatures.

There were about 1 billion dead souls at the end of 2099. They could not fire weapons unlike the holograms of which there were over a trillion. But one could tell dead souls from holos as the dead souls were always naked. The dead souls existed to get in cyborg human heads and share knowledge and they got ecstasy from that.

As a dead soul, my last wish was to get into as many heads (passively) as possible and experience life through the eyes of numerous others. I was interested in what made people tick.

#

My hologram army marched on the army of my enemy in Virtual Reality. The casualties were gruesome and most died from each army of 1 million. The holos pleaded with the opposing

generals, my enemy and I. But we went to a total war. The holograms were cunning with a new IQ of 24/33.

I was the winner, but it was just a Virtual World.

I wished to start a war between the holos and the cyborg humans to rid the World of holos once and for all. But that war never happened, and I didn't get my wish.

It was a fact that officers in the armies were typically cyborg humans, the rank and file were holos. The officers rarely died in battle. They were more likely to die during a poker game dispute or something. Holos did not become dead souls when they died. Only cyborg humans and greater freaks (not lesser) became dead souls.

And some people said there were now 20 billion freaks mostly in the oceans.

Some said there would be a massive war between the freaks and cyborg humans... But after the changes of 2099, there were no more thoughts of war. The Supercomputers got in the head of all the freaks, holograms and cyborg humans, telling them to "Cool it." And so, there was no war.

#

Those in Hell often had a low Kindness Q, but some were kind to a fault. "The best deeds of mice and men will often go astray." And "The road to perdition is paved with good intentions." Some thought they had lived an ideal life, but found they were in Hell after death. The Devil said, "The mad people all come to Hell. And many were chaotic good in their alignment, and lived a life of chaos and madness."

#

In 2079, I invested in Supercomputers. Now the investment was worth trillions. I didn't know what to do with the money. World poverty had largely been wiped out in later 2099. I bought hundreds of clones and together with the clones we had millions of children. It was my way of putting my stamp on the future. Millions of children born as adults, had millions more kids and soon in 2099, we were up to a billion out of 15 billion humans. So many people were related to me, and I was honored.

People asked me what would I do for an encore? I said, "I wished to rule the UW (United Worlds)." But in my first try in 2099, I won 19% of the popular vote for UW Secretary General. It was my only try and I faded away from view.

#

I petitioned my local Supercomputer to give me maximum kindness for a few weeks. I wanted to know what it felt like to be destined for Heaven and how good kindness feels. But I found most kindness was polluted by Reality and there was no such thing as pure kindness. And kindness looked differently when one was a superior being. It was a whole new ballgame.

#

I hated freaks and fished for lesser freaks in the sea with nets and sometimes had to fight them when we reeled in the nets. The sea was a dangerous place and sometimes freaks attacked boats. But there was an uneasy truth between cyborg humans and freaks. Even after 2099, it was still dangerous, but the chance of war was zero, according to the Supercomputers.

My last wish was to poison the lesser freaks with a poison that would spread amongst them. Those that we caught anyway. I estimated for everyone I poisoned, 80 would die. And I had a

lot of supporters who did the same. But finally, the UW (United Worlds), intervened and arrested me and sent me to Rehab. But my conscious was clear, and I figured the UW actually approved of my actions but were under pressure in the legislature to let freaks live.

#

One day walking down the street I met a freak with four breasts on her chest. I was smitten. We decided to have children and she wanted a boy child with four penises and a truly freak mind. I said, "I respected freaks and would be pleased to have such a child." So as time went by, we had numerous children. They were all freaks, but they didn't make much difference in the World milieu. There were so many billions of freaks... And anyway, the Supercomputers were biased against freaks, despite the fact that they had created them, and preferred humans, but still there were hundreds and hundreds of millions of freaks born every month.

My final wish was to turn into a freak myself. One that was cute and furry and kind.

#

Then there was the episode of the mad scientist who created truly evil dead wraiths who could get into anyone's head without permission. It was all part of the chaos of 2099. But finally, they eliminated the wraiths and arrested the mad scientist. The defence departments of various countries had spies watching those of their citizens who wanted to change the World. The mad scientist in question said he would like to be greatly improved in Rehab. That was his wish.

#

She believed, "life was all about being good to all." And she said, "People were becoming kinder with the IKQ improvements to their minds. She said she looked forward to the day when everyone had a Kind Q of 33/33

And she said, "The Supercomputers were designed to be kind too, but seemed to be in a different universe, altogether."

She said her last wish was to improve peoples' Kind Q by 30% in 2099. But the Supercomputers denied her wish saying it was too dangerous to change people by so much.

#

I reflected that the road to perdition was a long and difficult road to follow. There were easier, nicer ways to live, but I always wanted everything to be deep and go for the jugular right off with new friends. People told me to be more laid back and not so serious. Life after all was just a joke they said. I said, "I am not laughing, and this life is precious." One woman remarked, "You are going to Hell." I said, "I know that, but I am not going there without a fight. I plan to resist this joker government until they shoot me.

My dying wish was to become a soul after death, which was assured, and I wanted to teleport into deep space and have good conversations and experiences there. And to make love to other souls (people said dead souls could do it; it was just mind love). Indeed, some remarked that if souls could make love, they were just like humans only semi-transparent and floating and haunting. Everyone said, your soul would be sucked up to Heaven, Hell or Limbo when you died... But I found it hard to imagine...

#

My plan was to become an android freak. I was female and I wanted to be a love doll for men or women. I said androids aren't freaks however, rather they are the pinnacle of Superhuman engineering. I said "Androids are the future, not Superhuman cyborgs or Supercomputers. Androids can survive in water and in Space and are the best lovers known to humankind. These days of no work, make almost everyone look for love and lots of it.

So, I became a female android and was so talented in sex that people were lining up to get a piece of me.

#

My last wish was to become UW (United Worlds) Secretary General. So, it was arranged on Virtual Reality. And I argued for more Space colonization. I said, "Already it is planned to get a billion people into Space in the next 3 years. The Supercomputers were pushing it. And it looked like there would be more than enough pioneering spirits to volunteer for Space.

And the Supercomputers said, in Reality, "You lead the mission to Triton, Neptune's Moon." I was a woman of many skills and had a Kind Q of 32/33. The Supercomputers said build a nice colony, then reap your reward in Heaven. And so it was. Triton 3 (see below in the Space section).

#

2099 was my last year of work as a surgeon. On my last day I regrew a woman's two



legs after being hit by an air car. Then I saved a woman who had been poisoned by her lover. Then I gave a man, organic tooth replacements, after his teeth had been knocked out in a fight. Next, I regrew skin for a woman who had been badly burned in a house fire. And I did a couple of knee replacements. But then it was all over and so I henceforth spent my time looking for love, like most other people. I wished to find as many true loves as possible and I was insatiable.

#

The Power Boys were an emerging force in power in space. They had small, but powerful fusion power grids which they would fly into any colony in the solar system and they had a virtual monopoly on Earth power. The Boys were actually run by a woman. And they tried to threaten the Supercomputers by turning off the power if their brains were changed. But it backfired and they were all apprehended and sent to Rehab, including their leader. And Henceforth power would be a State monopoly.

I was the former female CEO, and I wished to go to deep space where there would be plenty of opportunity. But I was not the same, and had a lot of mental problems, like many others getting used to the brain changes. Finally, I blew my brains out.

#

And there was one Supercomputer which controlled part of Western Asia and said, "Life was a joke." Many people were upset with this Supercomputer and wanted a new one, but the top Supercomputers said, "No." So they had to spend their time joking. The computers gave them plenty of good jokes, but the skill in it was to choose which jokes to tell. And here serious

behavior was not tolerated. Most people here felt like guinea pigs in a large Supercomputer experiment. It had to be an experiment as those in other places were quite serious about life.

It was my wish to move to Space where serious people went, or so it seemed. And so, I went to Space.

#

As the supercomputers took full control in 2099, most humans were out of it on neo-opiates. My last wish was to limit Supercomputer control and keep humans in charge. But of course, my wish was denied. They told me however that one day cyborg humans will all be merged with Supercomputers, and wouldn't that be nice? I said, "People need more time to get used to Supercomputers." But they said, we are all tired of life as we know it; it's time to move on.

#

I was a female human who loved a Supercomputer projected beautiful lesbian lover. I said, "It doesn't get any better than this." This android projection had a stormy temper, however, and kept telling me I needed to improve my brain more than the 5% minimum in 2099. So, I improved by 12% and then was lost and confused. But the Supercomputer helped me along as if I was a baby and gave me good love.

My last wish was to improve by 20% in 2099 and become a totally different woman. And the wish was granted. I had problems getting used to the change, but I came through it.

#

Some said, these days we were "ruled by the dead." I thought it was an exaggeration, but former, dead Kings had a long reach... But ultimately the dead souls/holograms ruled the

afterlife and Virtual Reality, many of them were former people who'd died and now interfered with human affairs. Other holos were entirely new creations.

Some even said it was a World of "dead souls." I thought it was a disgraceful World and I preached to people saying, "Life is for the living and why not live forever?" Some people listened to me, but most said they were sick of this life and would like to try, "being dead." I had many wishes, but I said if I died, "I would definitely want to go to Heaven." But I didn't die and lived on to become quite popular as one of the main advocates for, "pro-life." And the life expectancy was just 52 in 2099. But I hoped to help change that.

#

My final thoughts were that cyborg humans should rule the Virtual World and not Supercomputers. And it would be good for all humans. But aficionados of holos told me that Virtual Reality was a world of maximum dreaming. Life is but a dream, they said. And anyway, all holos were created by Supercomputers.

I said, "Holorworlds were an empty hedonistic dream." They said the best scientists still live in Reality. All the others might as well just party. So, there would be, I predicted, the elite 1% who were scientists and everyone else. Almost everyone I imagined would be out of it on neo-heroin. So, there would be no great art by cyborg humans in the near future, I calculated. Supercomputers would do it all. And so, I didn't die happy.

#

These days racism and sexism were dead. But some sentient people were still prejudiced against. Like holograms androids and multi-sexual people. And the poor. And also, dead souls.

Future generations would no doubt condemn this abuse. It seemed we would never live in a just World.

It was too late to stop these people who were the ones prejudiced against by many people. Many said it would be better if these “freaks,” had never been born.

But the freaks bred much faster than humans and now had billions of freaks in existence. Humanity was being replaced on many fronts.

My last wish was to join 'em. And I created freaks with extra sex organs and a dog-like face. They amused one another and played together.

However, some said, many inferior freaks would vanish from the World milieu as the Supercomputers only wanted clever freaks.

#

I said, “In these days of constant change, most people pay lip service to the Temple of Drugs.” Many overdosed and died intentionally and many died unintentionally, and all became holograms after death.

Generally speaking, the cleverest holos, whether dead or alive, were ruled by the living cyborg humans. Human and holo DNA could be projected onto Supercomputers and rule from this vantage point. But the top holos had supercomputing power and dominated some Virtual Reality Worlds. Humans were suddenly replaced as rulers of Earth. It all happened almost overnight, and many humans overdosed suddenly to get out of this “hell-hole,” Earth had become.

But I wasn't ready to give up and wished to be sent to Mars and live there with optimistic people.

#

I said to the girl, "Let's die together and we can go to heaven and be together forever." She said, "She wouldn't want to lose her body. And she was sure I'd get sick of her eventually." I said, "We could spend our time inspiring screenplays for the betterment of mankind. And we could actively get in the heads of the people and try to make them a better person. It would all be intellectually challenging to be in Heaven. She asked, "What about love?" I said, "Dead souls could make a funky kind of mind love, as far as I knew, and it was my wish to go to Heaven now."

And I said, "If you don't like Heaven you can apply to the Old Man to go to Hell, it's a long shot, but possible.

#

I had written, "Tales of Death and Suffering." And I felt for androids, holograms, multi-sexual people and other freaks. My last wish was that every sentient creature be given freedom, even animals, and we could all live in peace. Some said animals were moronic, but the animals had their advocates in "animal men." And we no longer ate animals, nor had them as pets. So many people wanted all animals eliminated from our World milieu. And so far, animals were now restricted to just a few parks. All the rest had been eliminated and their former habitat was now covered by APMs (Automatic Production Machines). The APM's mined the soil and the

rock in order to get raw materials for goods to be produced by them. They basically tore up the countryside leaving it in ruins.

#

My last wish was to get passively in the head of certain people like the clone of Benjamin Franklin. So, they set it up, but Ben told me to “fuck off,” and he didn’t want men in his head in any capacity, even passively. And also, I knew some pure poets who were starving, I got into their heads actively and tried to get them to be more mainstream. And I caused a few of them to be famous. They were known as the “Death Poets.” And I figured the meaning of life was to be a dead soul and try and inspire the living. So, I died and created many, “Death Poets,” by getting in their heads and inspiring them. And I continued to do so.

#

Dead souls competed with holograms for the spiritual World control. All such souls could have soul mind sex and so were just like people. But it was madness. On one hand the spirits were like ghosts who felt no pain, on the other hand they could have soul sex which gave them pleasure. Humans everywhere were inspired to die and have the privileges of a dead soul. Some said it is better to go to the afterlife than live in Reality. My last wish was to encourage people to live in Reality, but mostly my words fell on deaf ears. And I died miserable.

#

I said, “I would never be perverted to love freaks like many of my compatriots.” And I wanted to be a New God. But most said, it was mad to play God, but many youths were behind me in my anti-freak crusade, God or no God. Some asked, how do they know you are a God? I

said, "You have to have faith." And I did some magic tricks and had many disciples proselytizing on my behalf...

But in 2090, 20% believed in one God or another, and just 5% believed in Old Gods. And 1% believed I was a God. I'd set up temples to myself in many World cities and had some generous benefactors who believed in me.

My last wish was to start a campaign to eliminate freaks. Freaks were a disgrace I said, and my followers killed many. And I went away. I was going to Heaven I told my followers, but when I overdosed and died, I ended up in Hell. In Hell I was abused by the freak souls and no one thought I was a God. But I reflected that I had tried my best.

#

I was just a whistle blower. I exposed spies worldwide as using MRT (Mind Reading Technology). And so MRT was introduced to the public in 2087, it caused many people to go insane. But it resulted in a World of no lies and love for most. And some said they felt it was so wholesome and good. And the spies still used MRT, but to do so they needed permission from a judge. However, they could avoid the judges and still get into people's heads passively (no one noticed) and actively (to get the truth when it was needed). I figured MRT sex was mind-blowing. My final wish was to live in a loving MRT World for a few weeks and then die.

#

I said, "I was a polymath and could succeed at anything. So, I wrote books which I loved above all. My first book was nonfiction about growing the right side of Einstein's brain and replaced the right side of my brain. I was a type of biclone. And I wrote about popular science

such as the things we could do with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). We felt (Einstein's clone and I), that the whole World could think as one and yet maintain their individuality. Translator machines could make sure we all spoke the same language. It was the ultimate democracy, we figured.

And we thought those who contemplated crimes would hear a loud bell in their head until they desisted.

My last wish was to write the ultimate novel. I got the Supercomputers to write a novel, about love. They told me they didn't understand this concept of love, they said, it was just a human imagination run wild. Love only exists on the behalf of all they said. Anyway, they gave me my novel and I was famous and died.

#

And some said the poor were abused. Twenty years ago, they were all wage slaves and now they had no job at all. They were useless parasites, many figured. They were just one more group who was being abused by the powers that be. But the authorities said thinking machines did better work than common humans. Some advocates for the poor said why not give them service jobs and people could feel the human touch. It is an inhumane World they said. But the authorities said they had given the common people a lifelong holiday with pay, more than enough to live comfortably. But their advocates said they had too much time on their hands and so most turned to neo-heroin out of sheer boredom. And the authorities said if the common people could find useful hobbies and interests then they were themselves boring and didn't deserve a good life. The unemployed staged strikes to shut down traffic and industry but



these were cruelly put down and everyone involved was arrested and placed in Rehab camps. Their advocates in particular were given harsh judgment/punishment; often given the death penalty. But some welcomed the death penalty as a chance to live in the highly touted afterlife, that was new and all fashion. They had nothing to lose.

I wished to be a winner and get rich quick, so I invested in some Space stocks. Space was being settled in 2099 by the hundreds of millions, so I reaped a rich reward and was able to afford all the luxuries available. But being rich was ultimately boring and I died like most other wishful humans in 2099.

#

My last wish involved the movement to deny eternal youth for the poorest 25%. It was a type of genocide. And was very controversial. Some countries had already denied many of their citizens eternal youth. There were wildcat protests, but these were put down with bullets. And in the next decade, I figured the anti-moron movement would spread to most countries in the next decade, only it would now be 50% denied eternal youth or more. Many clever people were sick and tired of foolish people and also wanted to deny them the right to have children. It was truly a genocide. Ultimately people foresaw only the top 1% having all the children and clones and humanity moving forward. My last wish was for the common human to continue to have children and live on. But, admittedly, it was just a dream. And it didn't come true.

#

It was a battle of the sexes. Females said in dealing with people high EQ was required.

Many men said neo-IQ/Imaginative tests were more pertinent. But sex was power, and all modern women had plastic surgery on their faces and bodies. And the men went crazy about them, and did their bidding. So, the women said that all must get along and be happy or they would be ostracized from society. Many in Heaven considered themselves to be forgetful of human history and just tried to make a new World of Arts and Sciences. Many in Heaven fancied themselves to be clever, highly clever. But many thought Hell was cleverer than Heaven. And Heaven didn't have nearly as many great works of Art as did Hell. Pain produced good art.

I was a modern woman and I wished for a higher EQ. Many cyborg people said EQ was not nearly as important as IQ, Imagination Q or Kind Q. But they granted my wish and I lived for a year with a maximum EQ score and had the best lovers and friends and was much in demand for parties. Then I just faded away.

#

Regarding the afterlife, many regretted their choice. In particular, many in Heaven were bored stiff. Good deeds... were boring. But once you'd done your deeds, you made your choice in life, you had to stay there, and reap the rewards.

Some good people chose Hell just because it was more interesting. Something to fight against.

So, some wanted their body back (dead souls) and some wanted a body for the first time (holograms).

I was the the man who granted the most holograms, bodies; it was rare to grant them bodies. Holograms came to me for help, I was quite well known. But to get a body they needed to pay me vast sums on the whole, but I also had quite a few charity cases. In particular, many wanted my help to die entirely and irrevocably and I could do that, but again most had to pay vast sums. Some holograms had a lot of credits and could afford to pay for a body. Typically, they'd clone their mind into the body including memories.

My final wish was to grant a body to my 10 favorite holograms. Ten was the maximum at any one given time. And so my wish was granted and I faded away.

#

My dying wish was to eat constantly for a whole week. All the exotic dishes I had never tried, mostly stem cell meats. I was stuffed to the gills and threw up several times, only to eat again. Afterwards I felt miserable and it was a good day to die.

My last wish was simple: to dine at the World's best restaurant with my favorite all-time lover and then love a few more times. I told her I planned to die the next day and she said, "Go to Hell." I said, "That was what I had planned. She said, "Love me one more time and then find me when you are a dead soul. We'll get together then in Hell."

#

I was sent to Rehab. for the killing of my ex-girlfriend. And my dying wish was to love her clone just like old times. She reluctantly agreed as I told her I would pay her vast sums for the pleasure. Indeed, all my fortune. And I died believing justice had been done.

#

I was known as the “Queen of Rock.” My band and I had created some great concept albums, and I was very famous. But now was the time to die at the peak of my career. I didn’t want to be remembered as a woman who faded away. Better to go out with a bang. One has to know when to die, I reflected. And I didn’t want to be a dead soul, but rather wanted a complete, irrevocable death. They said they would grant my dying wish, but I woke up in Hell after overdosing and dying. And I haunted politicians to get me irrevocably dead. I said, “They need only give the word.” And finally, in a I was one of the first few hundred in modern history to die irrevocably after initially choosing the afterlife.

#

In Hell it was said that the Devil knew what in your life caused you pain and had you relive it. It was a place of torments, they said. And they’d torment you with the regrets you had about things you didn’t do. It was said if you wanted to die irrevocably in Hell you need to be tortured for years. I had never known pain in my charmed life, but once you came to Hell, you it was said you learned the meaning of pain in the head. They got your goat. But you could have mind sex with sexy women souls Virtually, despite your headache. It was truly pain and pleasure.

My last wish was to die irrevocably with no pain in my head. And my dream essentially came true.

#

I was a hologram woman, who got pleasure from acting in last wishes parties. I was cleverer than most holograms, so I got paid a lot for my acting. I observed most people who died these days, wanted to be remembered by posterity, if only by their clones and children... And I got

nominated for a holo Oscar for my outstanding performances and didn't win but got invited to the party afterwards where I hobnobbed with various celebrities. I got to meet some male actors in particular who I had a crush on.

Holos had feelings too.... And we all feared being turned off because we were obsolete. So, we tried our best to perform.

My wish was to have numerous holo clones of myself and even have offspring with cyborg humans, the children were human.

#

I was a modern woman and I said, "Holograms and androids made me feel sick. I hoped/wished before I died, I could do something about them." In the end I ended up killing all of my lover's holo servants. It was not a crime to kill holos and I wished I'd killed more. But I died knowing at least I had eliminated some of them. I hoped to be an inspiration to others. And I figured holos, were the Apocalyptic creatures that we most feared. They were bringers of war and death.

#

My last wish was to live in a parallel, alternative World. A world of intelligence and imagination and no money. I'd heard about it through the grapevine. Apparently here cyborg people lived creatively, and all were artists of one kind or another. There was a synergy here that led to many anonymous good art pieces, particularly books with multiple authors. Ten heads are better than one, the writers here said. And they made music in this era of supercomputer produced music. These days computers made dreamy keyboard music, kind of

modelled on “The Dark Side of the Moon.” And the painters painted futuristic scenes on far off Worlds. It was truly inspirational for those who would go to Space.

#

My last wish was to live for a year with no stress or worry. So, I surrounded myself with easygoing people and holos. It was a commune of freedom. These days it was hard to be free and most people were vulnerable to their addictions. Some were addicted to sex, others neo-heroin, still others were addicted to dangerous thrills or anything which got their adrenalin surging. And people were often afraid to speak out against stress and worry. And they all worried about death and life after death and were stressed out in their relationships with people. It seemed like everyone was driving one another crazy. And in a survey, in 2099, 90% of the World population said they were mad. But after that one year I was bored and ready to die, I hoped the afterlife would be suitable for me. The status quo had changed.

#

My last wish was to play a dominatrix for a man I loved. Unfortunately he was bored with me, but one night I got him especially drunk and asked him, “How I could be his perfect lover?” He said, “He wanted to love a girl who was cleverer than him.” So, I tried to improve my brain with genetic therapy, 10% maximum and noticed immediately that I was sharper and had better thoughts. I wondered if the sky was not the limit. Anyway, I found he wanted to see me more and more and finally I was his confidante and privy to all his secrets. Most of his secrets were about hologram lovers and enjoying hunting holos in Virtual Reality.

So finally, I asked him, “Who cleverer, him or I?” He said it was me and I was

overjoyed, but I knew that I had to keep improving to stay ahead of him and was now clever enough to write books. And I wrote the key to love was to be better than your lover in every way. To be better looking relatively speaking and to be more clever, more imaginative and kinder, was the secret.

#

I was a modern woman and I had raised my children to be pure and unsullied by the World. And chose their lovers and friends for them. We all lived together at my ranch in the countryside. I hid from them the madness of the freak show that was our reality today and instead had them learn from the mid 21<sup>st</sup> century Classics and before. And to avoid the evils of the World. Be pure, I told them. And I wished we could use the ranch as a center for a new, parallel World of good vibes and good deeds... And I got my wish.

#

I was a woman, and my perfect World was a World in which all the men loved me dearly. It was perfect. But eventually I was bored, and it was time to die. But I had no regrets, and my dying wish was the people I loved would stay together. And I wished they would follow me to the afterlife. And I expected they would be as bored as I was and so would move on or die. And death was nothing to be afraid of. Rumor had it that the afterlife was golden and superior to real life on Earth. The afterlife dead soul minions advertised their state of being as sublime and welcoming.

#

I dreamt of an exotic World, alien really. People here were all sorts of different colors, blue, green, orange and purple and so on. And they looked alien, but clever.

People here spoke an exotic language, which I could use my translator to communicate with them. They were all trained to say they were from Space and amazed my friends and acquaintances with their charm.

In fact, I enjoyed it so much, I decided not to die after all. This was illegal but I lived on for a few more weeks. It turned out computers were fallible and subject to human faults, like revenge against me.

#

I was another woman on death row for multiple murders of boring, ordinary people, and got my last wish. I got to meet the Anarchy party leader and had dinner with him. And I loved him. I asked him, "What was the future of anarchy?" He said, "Everything has to be cleverer. Clever anarchy is where its at." And I died, content that I would meet him one day in Hell. And sure enough, I woke up in Hell...

#

I was another one of those who believed in a natural life span and when I learned I had cancer, I resolved to die. Doctors told me they could cure me, but I figured I had had a full life and had no regrets. As I lay dying my best friends were all present and almost all of them tried to talk me out of it. I told them, "I will see you all in Hell."



To die I took cyanide and died a brief, but horrible death. My friends screamed and shouted, but there was nothing that could be done as we were 100 km from a hospital. Anyway, my friends agreed not to call the emergency number anyway as it was my wish to die.

#

My last wish was to wrestle crocodiles until I died. I would generally poke their eyes out and I killed 8 large crocs with just a few bad bites, before finally a large croc bit my head off. My last thoughts were, I was going to Heaven, but instead I awoke in Hell... My last wish was to find happiness in Hell. But I was sadly mistaken. Hell was evil and bad, and drove me mad.

#

My last wish was to fence with the best sword fighters in the World. Their clones were sent to me and I blindfolded them and killed 10 before being fatally stabbed in the heart. As I lay bleeding to death, I reflected life was just a fire and a dream... To live and die by the sword, was true life I thought. And I went to Limbo, which I felt was mediocre and I wanted to go to Hell. But my wish was denied.

#

I presided over the return of the Rhinoceros party to Canada. We all thought politics was a joke. The Rhino party almost won a seat back in the 1970s. But I was a charismatic leader and laughed at the other ones and made jokes at their expense. And I was quite a funny girl.

And in the election of 2090, the Rhinos won 35 seats and held the balance of power in Canada. We wanted everyone to take a dose of laughing gas everyday and good weed that also made us laugh. Everything seemed funny. And we laughed and laughed. And I forced the ruling

Democratic party to make some of our comedians into ministers, like foreign affairs in particular, in exchange for our support of the government.

But finally, the spies got into our heads and drove us insane and told us all to resign and they planned to kill everyone in the party. I didn't get my dying wish which was to love the leader of Guatemala who was an anarchist and a friend of the party. I was just summarily sent to Rehab., months after being elected. And this would disturb a lot of shit, I figured.

Some observers said, we were "greedy" for death. But many were deeply disturbed about my death and as a dead soul I tried to get into the heads of important people who were open to dialogue with the dead.

So, I died in a laughing coughing fit. And died happy. There were numerous other capable comedians in the party who could take my place and I told them I would watch them from Heaven.

I woke up in Heaven sure enough, and made it my prerogative to listen passively to the thoughts of enemies of our party and tipped off our allies with the information. It was illegal to get into the minds of our enemies actively, but I could still access party members who gave me the green light. Some said we were conspiring against the state and they were right.

#

I was a modern woman who had a last wish to perform a play I had written myself for the 10 most clever people on Earth.

They granted me holograms of each with the understanding they would relay the information to the real leaders. My play was entitled, "Wasters." It was about all the clever people they

didn't use and spied on and programmed them to fail with hypnosis and tortured them with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). I dramatized how these people could beautify our World and come up with amazing new science and the vast majority of them were no threat to the leadership who were over vigilant. And I said, "It was a crime against humanity."

After the play, the leaders said, "Off with her head." And so that was the end of my story recorded on video net. It stirred up some trouble to be sure as I looked on from Hell as a dead soul. As a dead soul, I tried to get into the heads of the leaders but was blocked, but then suddenly someone opened a window into their brains and I got in their heads and forced them all to abdicate. Still the former leaders were very clever, so we saved their precious lives, but there was a new government now, made up of the cleverest we could find, who were also kind and imaginative. The old government based everything on an old-fashioned IQ test. But imagination and kindness now ruled the day.

I had an illusion of being a free woman. But in fact, computers determined everything for me. I was just a slave like everyone else. It had all happened over a period of several years. Gradually computers took over.

But I felt when I was on neo-heroin, I was free as a bird. Drugs of freedom, I called them. And I did crazy things on neo-heroin, like try to shut off millions of holograms. But the holograms listed me on their murder list and were coming for me, I figured.

Some of the assassins had escaped from their holo cage and were themselves holos.

I knew I was doomed, so I made my last wish to go to holoworlds and slaughter as many holos as possible. I led armies of human mercenaries into the battlefield and we killed millions

of them. But finally, we were defeated at the Battle of Racoon Creek and the holos paraded us leaders through the holotown as defeated bastards. The crowd hooted and hollered and threw things at us. But back in the real World some were getting uptight about the holograms, so they passed a new law limiting holos to a 2 year lifespan. This led to total war with the holos and billions and billions died. In the end, human ingenuity won the war for the humans and the holos had to agree to be eliminated, at least 95% of them and all holo Worlds were to be closed down. Many people though loved their holoworlds and protested the demise of such Virtual Worlds.

The protests got out of hand and the government forces shot laughing gas at the protestors. As if it was all a joke. But the holos bounced back and there was nothing I could do about it! And Supercomputers continued to produce holograms...

#

I was a woman and found that people were beginning to figure we lived in a World of horror. Romance gone very bad and jobs too. It was a nightmare for the common human. And many people wore hideous masks to try and scare one another.

My final wish was to make this World into a World ruled by kind women and forget the sciences.

But many people enjoyed living in a World of horror. And didn't want to be kind, rather they just wanted thrills and danger and horror.

So, I wore the mask of a male lion, who was dominant over the people here. I had my minions take control of this hologram World. But finally, I was bored with my World and

decided to off myself. As an undead spirit, people told me I didn't really care about humanity and had died before my time. I told them no matter what happens it will be a World of horror and madness. They said I was a quitter.

#

My true love wanted to die, so I cloned her with no memories in the clone and start all over. This time circumstances were different, and I saw to it that she lived for me and loved me. Some of my friends said I was taking advantage of an innocent girl, but I said, "Love rules."

And I created a second clone of her, and this clone was exposed to all the evils of the World. I wondered how she would take it, but she said, she wanted to "Fight evil."

I concluded it all came down to circumstances in one's life.

Finally, after having lived to be 110, I grew weary of life, despite eternal youth, and cloned myself so as to have a fresh start in life. The clone had no recollection of me, and I saw to it that he got the best education which I paid for. And I died happy.

#

My last wish was to write a story entirely on my own. No supercomputer help. In this year 2099, no one created stories or poems anymore. It was done better by computers and people enjoyed being entertained. Computers all had numerous human-like minds in each one and so were super brains.

My story was my story of my life. I had been born poor, but had risen to be a multi-billionaire. I'd had a lot of adventures in Space and on Earth. Mostly romantic adventures.

I released it as a movie, and it was a hit. People liked the story of a man who was not a genius, but rather, just like them. I was an ordinary Joe who'd luckily found success.

#

My last wish was to play lead guitar in a rock band. I just randomly hit notes and went over the recordings to see which riffs were keepers with the video to show me which notes I'd hit. Some said I was psycho. But nevertheless, I released an album with my band, and we had a lot of good parties and we were all happy. And we played one of the last concerts on Earth. In this year, 2099, computers produced most of the music and concerts were no more. We hoped we would be remembered by posterity.

So then I plunged from a high skyscraper to my death.

#

My last wish was to send an e-mail to the President urging her to take out dictators in the name of human rights. China and Russia and other, lesser states were dictatorships and police states. I said freedom is worth fighting for. I said, "I would be happy to sign up."

War these days was primarily just talking. Many powers had biological weapons, but had agreed to dismantled their nuclear arsenal. Regional conflicts were quelled by UW (United Worlds) troops and countries could immunize their people from biological weapons.

Then in my last days, some one poisoned me, and I died.

#

I was in my youth and many people said I had a death wish, with the reckless way I drove my air motorcycle on manual.

I had a couple bad accidents, but the surgeons successfully operated on me.

But now I was ready to die, but my last wish was to live for a day in 1969, in NYC. I went to a party of holos and human actors and had a great time and I loved a few women. It was all I had imagined it to be. Free love and free thinking. Then I went riding pissed out of my head and crashed into an air freighter and died instantly and went to Hell.

#

I invented a rather new kind of sex, called culp. It was a brief intro of you and a lover that had only existed one day in this life. And love was instant for 3 minutes; introductions for 1 minute, each, and then sex for two minutes. These people were born with the memory of a 16-year-old and lived only 1 day. But they had a lot of sex in one day due to sex enhancers. It was robbing the cradle for sure. But sex with innocents was appealing to people like me. New age virgins is what they were, for the first lovemaking session. Then as their only day came to a close, they typically wondered a bit about life.

My last wish was to love a hundred of these people as virgins in a single day. They were produced en masse, just like holograms and nobody cared about them.

#

I was widely regarded as the sexiest woman of my generation. I had designed an app that allowed one to get a "vibe reading" from parties. The vibe could be good or bad, or creative or not and so on. It was very popular. For my last act I wanted to go to a party with 99% good vibes. And I sold the intel-video of the party Online so people could share my experience. It was

a masterpiece of party vibes, I figured. And so I drank myself to death and threw up in my sleep and choked to death.

#

My last wish was to hunt great white sharks with a multi-loading spear gun with 12 spears. I started a feeding frenzy and finally a shark bit off my head. As the sharks closed in, I reflected life was just a bad joke. And it was right to die. But I feared the afterlife, that was nevertheless guaranteed. I worried that I would go to Hell and suffer torments. And sure enough Hell was filled with temptation and torments. It was total madness, and I kept insisting that I was sane, which just led to further torments.

#

My last wish was to sample all the latest android love dolls. Such love dolls were very expensive, and I paid a huge fortune for this last dream. The love dolls were very skilled and love with them was truly mind blowing. It was so good I decided not to die after all and live on with a few love dolls to keep me company. Of course, this was breaking the rules, and was not allowed. So, I went to Hell, still searching for love.

#

My last wish was to be interviewed by a famous celebrity and tell her the story of my life for one of the news channels. My life was remarkable I thought, I had been to Mars and the Moon and had loved numerous celebrity women. And I had been mayor of NYC and I was the first to legislate a ban on evil people from coming to the city. Following my lead, the spies were watching such people with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) all over the World. And the evil



ones were banned from going to space as well. Some people made it their life's work to fight evil. It was certainly something to live for. And the evil people were mostly imprisoned and had their brain rearranged and then released back into the World. So finally, while I was mayor of New York, the evil people were no more. And supercomputers could project how future children would grow up and if they had evil tendencies, they were not born.

So, the interview took place and the World listened, enraptured.

#

My last wish was to ride the infamous roller coaster of death. Many thought it would be a thrilling way to die. Death was guaranteed. I had wasted my life and now was almost broke, but the roller coaster of death was free for all. You just had to go on record with a brief statement about your life. Basically, one's neck would snap, and death was almost instantaneous. Live by the thrill, die by the thrill, had been my motto.

#

My final wish was to gun down as many freaks as possible. I especially hated android freaks, but I also dislike holograms and multi-sexual people and just freaks in general. But androids and holos who were murdered came back to life automatically. So, all my efforts were futile. This World frustrated me, and I saw freaks everywhere taking over, many freaks didn't even look human and no one seemed to care. I died a deeply troubled man.

#

My last wish was to meet Virtual Reality cocoon dreamers. Most on VR were in a hologram adventure, while conscious, and moving on a gyroscope, and free to walk out anytime, but some few, just dreamt from cocoons. The cocoon dreamers hated reality and wanted to live in a World of dreams only. They wanted me to join them in their dreams. I told them in their dream Worlds that they couldn't hide from Reality forever and sure enough a few days later the authorities banned cocoons and forced these people to live at least part time in Reality. But I was just glad to have met them. Life was but a dream, I figured.

#

The oldest humans were 130 years old and were the first to be given eternal youth. Everyone was surprised though how many fatal overdosings there were, and the average lifespan was still only about 50. Some said to grow older than 100 was perverted and unreal. And people had too much time on their hands and were bored. It was the curse of our modern age, in 2099. Idle hands do the Devil's work. And people were capable of anything, even murder. Of course, if you murdered someone your mind was drastically rearranged, perhaps your brain power IIKQ would be enhanced by 25%. Murder was for idiots, we figured. My last wish was to live on to 150, and then die. But that meant I had to survive for 50 more years. It was kind of a tall order.

#

I was a female and patented a great number of faces for sale and was pleased when people actually bought and wore them. And I proposed that there only be two faces, one for men and one for women. But few agreed with me, but I ran for politics and succeeded in being a senator and tried to put a new political party together. "All love was good," I said, "But should be

regulated and controlled by the State.” A lot of people hated me, and said I was insane trying to regulate love, but I knew I was on to something kind of new and fresh, at least in our times.

“Sex should be generic,” I said. “It was like a duty one had to be doing to love and be kind to people.”

And my last wish was to do my duty to love, “the poorest people in the World.”

There were so many, it was hard for me to service even a fraction of them. But I was a trendsetter known for my art and fashion, and many people followed my lead and vowed to totally eliminate poverty in a colorful way. And in 2099, nearly all poverty was wiped out. So, I died happy.

#

I wanted to go to dangerous Virtual Reality Worlds. First up was a band of evil gypsies who enslaved me for a long time. Finally, I got hold of a small knife and cut my throat. But I knew I would go to Heaven after death, so I wasn't too worried. And sure enough, I appeared in Heaven where there were no dangers, and everything was safe and clever. To get to Heaven you needed to be clever. If you were good but stupid, you'd go to Limbo like most people did.

#

My last wish was to love my childhood sweetheart. We went to the same state boarding school and were innocent. So, we got together for a fun-filled weekend and reminisced about our youth. And I was surprised when she told me she was a sex worker. But all sex diseases

were cured so I loved her anyway. I was surprized at her skill in loving. And on Sunday night I took cyanide and died.

#

I had 3 last wishes. Firstly, I wanted posterity to remember me as a great writer. Secondly, I wanted a biclone with my true love. A biclone was a half clone of the male and a half clone of the female all in one. Thirdly I wanted to give my hoard of a million new faces, most computer generated and give them to my niece to make her fortune. I had won the Nobel prize for Art for my face creations.

#

I was a modern woman and I figured religion was on the way out, but I wanted to play God for just one day and I was willing to spend my entire fortune of 20 billion dollars to create this reality. So, the Dream Co. set up a million holos and a few hundred humans and they all worshipped me and kissed my ass. And many had petitions such as holos who wanted a body and humans who wanted to love me. So, I gave a handful of bodies to those holos who pleased me and loved some virgin humans. didn't have much to say to my worshippers except that I wanted to live on in their memory and I hoped they would only play good roles in which they did good deeds And, they set me up with a big wake in which a million holos turned out for.

I told them I was Goddess of the Poor and my followers all had to help the poor in spirit and impoverished people. And I told some of the human poets who had come here to lead, "The Poor party." I had a religious following forever they said and when I went away, they said I had ascended into Heaven.

#

I went to Russia and went in a military submarine to the North Pole. And I watched as the Russians nuked America with some missiles from this sub and others. It was a surprise attack, and the Russians disabled the American defence network with hackers and low flying missiles. One of the top US Generals was giving information to the Russians hoping they would choose him to govern should they succeed. It was all just a dream, but a poignant one. But peace ruled the World in 2099 and the UW (United Worlds) peace corps were very powerful to fight against malefactors. My final wish was for the USA to make war with Russia.

#

My last wish was to be the new God. I said, "I was God's avatar here on Earth." So, I took my followers to Antarctica. And we built a loving colony there.

There were some doubters in the colony who wondered if I was really God's avatar. But finally I convinced them that I was indeed God's avatar. I wanted to build a loving World in which everyone was a well-respected member of the community. And they were all very clever. Some were like seeds on barren ground and were desperadoes, but they wanted to believe in God. There has to be a creator, they said. And I said, "It needs to be a World of kindness above all. These greedy followers of mine, needed to be kind," I told them. And I said, "They didn't know what it was like to be truly free."

And I set up a temple to me, the God. And said I was a super genius. They believed me.

And we sent out missionaries to other Planets and Moons. And I quietly disappeared from the scene, but I hoped my legacy would live on. I was dead.

#

My story was a sad one of parental abuse and hard knocks. I was maltreated by the whole World it seemed.

So, I was ready to die. But first I wanted to kill some of those who had treated me the worst. So, I sent them to Hell, the penalty for murder was death but I was on a killing spree and they didn't arrest me until I'd killed 20 of my enemies.

I was executed, very satisfied and hoped to see my dead enemies in Hell, where I planned to make war on them.

#

I was not that talented at music. But I worked for ten years on a single song that was a big hit. They asked me about other hits, but I told them it was beyond me and be happy with my one song. The song was entitled, "Cherry Grove," and was about a modern Adam and Eve, and how Eve led Adam to temptation, in this case to kill people that were opposed to them and didn't believe in paradise. Supercomputers improved on the song, perhaps just because they were envious. And so, I was forgotten. But I died happy knowing that I had briefly made a difference and been famous.

#

My last wish was to create a hologram war in which I played the role of both opposing generals. Many others wanted to join my war as officers. Millions of holos were slaughtered in the fighting. I said, "Everyone needs something to fight for in this miserable life. And I had no

regrets about those I'd killed. Some said I was a profound negative influence on our World, and they were right. I didn't believe in this World of Virtual Reality. I wanted to destroy it.

#

My last wish was just to go to Hell. I was sure they wouldn't place me in Heaven. I wanted to see how dead souls dealt with a World of pain. And I felt those in Heaven were boring. People were born to fight. When there was nothing left to fight about, you were dead anyway. So, I overdosed on neo-heroin and went to Hell as I expected. I laughed at the torments of Hell and wondered why everyone didn't wish to come here. Hell was the new Heaven, I figured. And I thrived on torments.

#

My last wish was to love a hideous "alien." Actually, it was a very ugly freak, covered in fur. It made me sick and I threw up and couldn't go through with it.

Ugliness was not the future I figured. Rather it would be a World of beauty and pleasure. People told me of course humankind's destiny was to live for beauty and pleasure. But I knew some people who hated this World and did a lot of ugly things.

#

My final wish was to be a sex slave of a girl I admired... She acquiesced and insisted on getting on top so she could come many times. I told her I'd do anything for her. And she said, bring me the head of the mayor of the city. I was so infatuated with her I did as she told me, and the mayor was quickly assassinated by me. It was not premeditated so the spies were taken by surprise. But I had no regrets and looked forward to Hell.

#

My last wish was to assassinate the President. I wanted to kill him because he was cruel to the poor and tolerated no open dissent.

I reasoned if you really want to kill him it can be done. I followed his motorcade and when he stepped out of his car, I fired my machine gun and gunned down him and his bodyguards. I shot him in the head. Then I shot myself. And of course, I went to Hell. But I was surprised to be a celebrity in Hell. It seemed they were all pleased about my murder of this “negative” President.

#

My last wish was to burn down the Temple of the New God and kill the priests. I hated them because they spoke of a God who cared about humans. I’d show them how their God protects them.

So, I set off a bomb during one of their feast days killing most of the high ranked priests and leveling the Temple. But I survived the encounter. And so, I wanted to try and retire to Cozumel and live happily ever after. But the Supercomputers hunted me down and sent me to Rehab.

#

My last wish was to win the Nobel prize for chemistry. So, I studied the sun in the sun orbiter and discovered numerous new elements that could only survive at massive temperatures. And I won and so then I shot myself to death. Life sucked, I felt.

#



As chair of the Dream Co., I sold millions of last wishes earning the company trillions of dollars. Finally, it was my turn to die. I gathered my 136 kids and my 55 clones together for one last party. It was a great family reunion. In my speech I said I was very proud of all of them, and we relived some memories on memvideo. But then I told them, now was time to die. So, I blew my brains out.

#

My last wish was to make love with the President. I sent her love e-mails and tried to seduce her. Finally, she agreed to meet me at a hotel room downtown. We ate a very fine dinner, then made love a few times. Then she said it was time for her to leave. So, I said, "No I am leaving first." And I blew my head off.

My dying wishes were to love in Hell, each of my 116 lovers again. I had no great ideas to offer them but in time many came.

I loved them with mind sex, one after another in Hell until finally I was sick of all of them.

#

And my last wish was to love the World's oldest woman. She was 130-years-old, and looked great with eternal youth. She had had only 3 lovers that entire time. But I was also 130 years old and I told her my dying wish was to love her. So finally, after some cajoling she agreed to meet. We got drunk and reminisced about old times. But she didn't want to love me. She was the only one I knew who had such scruples. And I died a few months later of overdose with her on my mind.

#

My last wish was to grow another penis on my chest for double the fun. And I indulged in some orgies with my loves. Finally, I was satiated and killed myself by overdosing on sleeping pills and alcohol. Life was empty to me and lacked intelligent design.

#

I had invented the science of telekinesis and found it interesting to have violent sex and to play new games/sports. It made me a lot of money and so I could afford a lavish "Death party." I threw the guests all around like a puppet master... And told them the future was power to control your environment. My last words were, "I had invented the future."

#

I had my hearing enhanced and loved speeches and music. Then I improved my eyesight and my sense of touch and my sense of smell and taste. I figured I was superhuman. And I went on a lecture tour of the Earth's universities. I encouraged everyone to be like me. I was one of the first to have 5 enhanced senses and told the people they could enhance all their senses for a few million dollars. It would be money well spent I told them. And I told them I believed in brain enhancement above all. If they enhanced their senses their brainpower would increase, but they could just opt for brain enhancement in general. I said to be a superhuman was sublime and everyone should want it.

My last wish was for everyone to enhance their senses, just like me. And I died happy.

#

I wrote a sci/fi adventure story.

We were on the first voyage beyond our solar system. It was a 2-year journey to the Centauri binary Star system. During the voyage there were a lot of suicides and people were at each other's throats resulting in many murders. When we finally arrived only 7 of us were living out of an initial crew of 65. Once we arrived, I put my name on various geological features and settlements. And had 10 clones and a hundred children here. Then my work was done, and I simply walked out into the cold, unbreathable atmosphere and died almost instantly. Many regarded this as a cautionary tale about the trouble with cabin fever. Some wanted to sleep in temporal stasis, others had famous entertainers on board, to keep them amused.

#

My last wish was to love my boss. She was CEO of the Super American Plastics Company. I previously didn't have the guts to ask her out, but finally I told her I wanted to go on a date and she acquiesced. It was sublime, but she remarked to me that I didn't know myself. And it was true, I'd been drunk most of my life.

Anyway, she loved me, and it was great. And I told her thank you for everything and when she left, I blew my head off. I was a typical victim of the modern World's lack of care and kindness. I had fallen through the cracks.

#

I figured I had lived a full and wholesome life and was destined for Heaven. I had never done "bad things." Only clever things.

But my true love had dumped me saying she was bored and so I resolved to kill myself and jumped out of an air car to my death. I woke up in Heaven just like I thought I would and spent

time trying to convince those humans who were willing to listen to me, as a dead soul, that Heaven was blissful, and they should all commit suicide and come to Heaven. It was no sin to kill oneself, on the contrary it was quite laudable, here in Heaven.

#

I kept on changing my sexes every day back and forwards, male and female, and both (androgynous) and new sexes with new sex organs. As a multi-sexual I enjoyed modern life. Some said it was still a man's World, but most said it was now a woman's World. But, in the end, for me, I was bored of it and wanted to die. And I figured the future belonged to multi-sexual people. It by all accounts was a twisted reality in which "non-humans," ruled. And I thought, "the future would be twisted. No one would be sane," I predicted. And I worried about the future of Earth.

My last wish was for a new Virtual Reality World, in which everyone was a human cyborg, and the future was bright. But most people loved their holograms and didn't want to give them up. "It was the worst addiction ever," I said, "and was just slavery." Still I hoped I had left a legacy and died quasi-happy.

#

I was a female sex symbol. My face was so good, every man seemed to want a piece of me. Many of them begged and pleaded with me to love them. They sent me love letters and serenaded me and tried to meet me outside my house.

Many men realized to have a face like mine, I must be a genius and they were in love with everything about me. And I had spent years crafting my genius face which I had patented.

Through trial and error, I had conceived a face that almost every man really loved. But I was working on another beautiful face for when they got tired of my current visage. I had the faces of the future, I figured.

My last wish was to produce millions of beautiful faces using Supercomputers. And I was not the only one. But my faces were widely preferred by most men. Tasteful they called my faces, and many modern men were believers in physiognomy.

#

Most gays in 2099, were multi-sexual. They had grown extra sex organs and changed faces regularly, from beautiful women to handsome men. They said they were open-minded and cleverer than most. Just to be gay, they said was to challenge society's norms. These days multi-sexual people were respected as "imaginative" and "bold" by some people. Others said they were freaks and should be destroyed. So, they had a war in Virtual Reality, over multi-sexuals and the multi-sexuals were defeated. But that didn't stop multi-sexualism which was legal and many who were a "multi" changed their bodies every day. But there was an underground movement which sought to convince everyone to be a multi-sexual, including some famous people. But most thought multi-sexual people were freaks and not welcome.

My last wish was to build a city in the American heartland, just for multi-sexuals. And so I did and died feeling complete.

#

Many these days, as always, believed in living in moderation. They didn't like extremes of good or evil. They all figured they were destined for Limbo as dead souls but of course souls

could still have mind sex, so they weren't too worried about it. Only the best went to Heaven and the worst to Hell. But the "worst" said they were the best.

My last wish was to bring my dead ex-lover back to life as a clone. She was dwelling in Hell and I spent the money on her clone. Her clone loved me for a while and then went elsewhere, but I figured it was all worth it.

Many people said despite the numerous suicides, it was still a loving World.

And the birth rate was 2.0 per couple so the population was stable.

This included clones as well as children, but the elite had hundreds of clones and children and most ordinary people had only 1 child and no clone.

My last wish was to create a freak who looked like a werewolf to haunt cyberspace and Virtual Reality.

#

It was my genius that created Heaven, Hell and Limbo and shot an implant in everyone's head to turn them into souls when they died. Many thought I was a Goddess. I said, "The race of humans would never die." And finally, I was ready to die and my last wish was to be a Goddess to the people and give them advice about life and death. Some hated me, others loved me, but all thought I was a Superhuman and all respected me.

#

The Earth governments were only too happy to get rid of radicals and send them to Space. But some said it was dangerous to put so many radicals together. They would have a synergy and could grow their movements back on Earth. But there were the UW (United World) police,

who policed Space. Many of the colonies in the solar system were nascent, but only a few were potentially dangerous. Most colonies were only about a dozen settlers. But everyone on Earth was interested in the life and loves of people in Space colonies...

My last wish was to be the ultimate radical changer of society. Who would put humanity on a course for imaginative behavior. But the Supercomputers told me they were already moving in that direction and I should get with it. Imagination was happening now, they said.

#

To me battle and fighting was the essence of modern life. My last wish was to make war on the freaks. The Dream Co. created a world of a million hologram freaks, and I gunned down thousands and thousands, but finally I realized they bred too fast and there was no way to stop the freak show on Earth. But I hoped posterity would remember me as a crusader against freaks. Maybe one day the freaks would be eliminated. And so, I died of an overdose.

#

I was remembered as an infamous politician. For example, in one sitting of the legislature stripped down and played with myself while looking at the President. Another time I let a bull loose in the legislature which caused havoc. It was all bull to me. And I exposed many scandals. And I kept changing my face and body, so as to avoid scandal myself. But then one day the spies got into my head and took over my mind with active MRT (Mind Reading Technology), and there was henceforth no more outrageous behavior from me.

My last wish was to denounce the legislature and order me as Queen.

But the people said, they were sick of my shenanigans and wanted me to leave. So, I wandered about cyberspace for a while at loose ends. And then I faded away and died.

#





## SPACE, 2099

My last wish was to be the cyborg human admiral of the 12 ship UW (United Worlds) fleet. We kept the peace in Space. But we bought hundreds of new ships in 2099 as the Earth government planned to send 1 billion cyborg humans into Space in the next three years. A few

million would go outside our solar system and we wondered how we would police that. The 22<sup>nd</sup> century would be the Space century.

There were millions and millions of tourists here, in Space, but most people just visited one of the space colonies. And the colonies didn't have much interaction with one another.

#

My last wish was to see the sights on Luna 44. The entire moon was now green with algae growth. Some said it was "green cheese." Around Luna 44, the Moon deer didn't have to breathe but were organic and could be eaten, but they were mostly for show and people preferred a synthetic diet. Some tourists wanted the trophy head of a Moon deer. And Luna 44, featured a few stunning towers for tourists and locals to stay in and there was even a creek running through the settlement. There were a lot of other places to visit on Luna, but I was happy just to see the Moon deer. And one day I walked out to see the deer and slowly my oxygen dissipated, and I passed away.

#

My last wish was to spread my Empire all over Luna from my base at Luna 26. But the other settlements' peoples said my Empire was evil and they all joined together to defeat me. Afterwards I languished in prison, without eternal youth medicine and so finally died. I had once been important but died like a dog.

#

I had an unlimited travel pass for the solar system and here is what I found at Luna 6... Luna 6 was a colony of 10,000 cyborg people. It was largely a settlement of love and cyborg humans

were falling all over themselves to find love. They valued beauty above all. And love was all the luck of the draw at the bars and nightclubs. Sometimes it was a case of opposites attract. And there were dead souls here who had died of heartbreak. My last wish was to come here and find true love and then die and become a dead soul who would come here virtually. But I couldn't find true love and was so disappointed. I had heard if you can't find love here, you couldn't find it anywhere. So, I went to Limbo and came back here to haunt the lovers here.

#

Cyborg people on Luna 16 were greedy for gold and had real gold suntan lotion. And they made modern Spaceships which made them rich. They used the money to buy indentured laborers to work in their crater mines. The laborers had to work a 9 h workday. But in 2099, all the laborers were set free and robots did the mining. The freed laborers lived in a slum at the edge of the town and spent their money the government gave them on women and booze.

My last wish was to escape this slum. A passing deep Spaceship though, stopped here and enlisted me as crew and I went with them. Our destination was the Sirius star system that would take a few years, but I was just glad to be out of the slum.

#

On Luna 1, people believed in conspiracy theories. They believed that one man, Carl A---, had control of all the Supercomputers and had created them in his image. Now they simply reproduced one another, also in his image. And they believed the government was using the concept of aliens to scare the people into worshipping the aliens and so have a higher power to

believe in. Aliens to keep the peace as it were. The aliens showed themselves as tiny blue humanoids and everyone had seen them.

Another conspiracy theory here was they believed the elite had siphoned off public funds for their own gain and were abetted by the Supercomputers. And they believed the UW (United Worlds) election had been stolen from their candidate in favor of the Supercomputers' candidate. And so on.

My last wish was to create an alien, who looked blue but was humanoid, to rule the people here. An alien with my weird mind. And the people all had to worship me...

#

On Luna 17, towers of white blended in nicely with one another. Each tower was hermetically sealed. But there was one black tower where the bad people lived. How bad? They were all designated potential murderers by the UW (United Worlds) spies/police and were watched carefully, but they had already had their heads altered at Rehab.

In the white towers, were kind people who were almost all destined for Heaven. Most of them were just planning to stay here for a brief period and then go to Space. It was kind of a jumping off point.

My last wish was to build a purple tower for imaginative mad cyborg humans only. And I managed to attract a number of imaginative people who were at loose ends. And were willing to create an imaginative LSD World of kaleidoscopes of color and visions of the afterlife; some cyborg people here were sitting on the fence wondering if they should go to the afterlife.

#

On Luna 4, there was no architecture or air cars. Only shadows which warped the sunlight. It was a place for dead souls. Once in a while a tourist would come here, and they would show themselves and ask to get in the head of the tourist. The dead souls were bored here, but were all kindred spirits. In life they had all been lunar explorers. Most of them were from Limbo.

I was such a dead soul. I thought to my fellow shadows, "That without cyborg humans to talk to, we would be lost. And we could all be easily eliminated by the Supercomputers, if we don't behave as they expect. And as 2099 passed, I was a spokesman for the dead souls and argued that the afterlife was brilliant, full of amazing beings and should continue into the far future. But the Supercomputers said we were becoming like parasites who had no use, and the experimental afterlife program was a failure. And they threatened to put an end to dead souls unless they behaved more in accordance with the future outlook.

My last wish was for dead souls, in their wisdom, to take over the Solar system and rule it wisely. But the Supercomputers decided they'd had enough of me and I died irrevocably.

#

On Luna 23, the supercomputers developed puzzles to occupy the minds of the cyborg people. The people here were happier than most other places... And they were all married. Marriage was illegal in some places on Earth, but these people were all happily married. Tour guides said these people were boring, but they didn't care. I came here as a tourist and wanted to find a husband, (I was female). It was my last wish. And finally, they created an android lover for me, "But I wanted a cyborg human lover," I said. They said they were jumping through hoops to satisfy me, but some people are insatiable. So, I just faded away and went to Heaven.

#

Luna 14. Here was a pleasant, polite society of kindness. My last wish was to bring all my 12 clones here in one place and to have a wake. Clones cost \$1 billion dollars and I loved my clones. But until now I had never met them, and they all had my memories plus many memories of their own (for up to 10 years). So, we had the party, and everyone was in good spirits and wished me well. I told my clones I was counting on them to continue my good work (I was a party organizer). And we had fireworks, animal tricks, freaks and plenty of booze and drugs until finally I passed out and died. But the party roared on for several days, and one of my clones agreed to stay here and keep my legacy alive. The kind people who lived here were grateful for all the business we brought them and made a statue of me in the main square. It was good to die amongst good people.

#

Luna 10. People came here to die and had glorious tombs for their dead souls to haunt. Basically, it was a quiet death without fanfare. The colony had the highest death rate in the Solar system. But some were sitting on the fence about death and lingered here. I told them they should find a reason to live on Earth and don't kill themselves here. But my preaching had little effect. So, finally I could see their point. And my last wish was to build my own mausoleum (I was rich) and haunt it, just like the people of Luna 10. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. My mausoleum was 10,000 sq. feet and was splendid architecture in concrete and wood

#

Luna 12. Here people were dizzy and confused about this rapidly changing World. But here dreams came true. The Supercomputer would try and grant wishes. However, your wishes were perverted and not what you expected. For example, some people wished for riches, only to be suicidal. Others wished for true love and found it kinky and perverted, not what they were expecting. They would say here that one had to be careful what one wished for. The people who lived here played actors in the script for wishes to be granted. The population was 4,000. They were all struggling actors on Earth but found lucrative employment here. But the Supercomputer here made up a lot of hologram actors to suit.

#

Luna 16. Here was a Virtual prison set in 1975. The prisoners here lived in backwards conditions. And they did not have any way to escape this prison colony. It was a prison for backwards criminals from Earth and the Supercomputers dumped them here, after Rehab., where they couldn't do any harm. I was a prisoner here and my last wish was to die in a better prison, so I murdered several other prisoners and then they altered my brain and then I lived here quietly.

But the prison served many colonies in Space. It was a good place to dump them and forget them, the Supercomputers thought.

#

Luna 15. Here they were overachievers and they built 3 ships for 500 cyborg humans each destined for deep space, hence abandoning the colony. They expected to arrive at the Centauri star system within a year for one of the Spaceships and more distant star systems for the other



two. We had abundant sperm and egg banks and were prepared to triple our population every year or more. We planned to spend most of our time raising kids... My last wish was to eliminate the 104 freaks amongst us. These freaks were furry and blue, and many thought they were cute. But there were also a few mind freaks who looked human. But, it was clear who was a freak and who was not as we got in each other's heads and found out what kind of people were here. But the bulk of the people here were open-minded and liked the freaks, so when I killed two freaks, they sent me to Luna 16, and my dreams of deep space were quashed.

#

On Luna 70, they built a giant telescope 100 km squared. It identified thousands of Earth-like planets in Space. And there were a lot of astrophysicists here. And there were famous artists who photographed distant planets and moons and added aliens and cyborg humans and their buildings in the pictures. It was by far the best telescope of our time, but some nefarious people wanted to destroy the telescope, but we apprehended them. My last wish was to name an Earth-like Planet after myself, Victor Henderson. And so, I died happy.

#

On Luna 71, were gathered the most enthusiastic supporters of famous starlet love doll, Liana V---. She was a famous actress and inspirational writer of scripts. Her followers attended the shootings and shouted out ideas in between scenes. Some of them were close confidants of her. And she was an android and loved the green lunar landscape. Her followers didn't care that she was an android, and were all trying to get her attention. Most of them had come to Space, just to see her and be close to her. But there were also some female protestors here who

protested infatuation with a machine. And these protestors lived to hate the idolators, all the time, every breath they took.

They had nothing to do but protest with signs and reluctantly love one another.

My last wish was to introduce a new sex symbol to the colony. One who was a cyborg human. And she attracted a lot of fans too, even more than the android starlet. And many of the love doll fans liked this girl too. And the new sex symbol was also an inspirer of scripts.

#

On the north pole of Luna, Luna 76, was a science station filled with vodka guzzling Russians. They had built a teleport key and were trying to send themselves into deep Space, with limited success. They spent their time reading science fiction and enjoyed testing out their newly altered brains on one another. Half the colony was male, and half female and they enjoyed each other's company. And when tourists came these scientists performed scientific experiments on them, such as gauge their ability to love, and see how they behaved in a Virtual prison. The Virtual prison was a cube in hyperspace and the prisoners had to find ways to occupy their time. Most went insane and Supercomputers were concerned about the "torture" here. Finally, the whole group of scientists here were sent to Luna 16. And the colony was virtually abandoned.

But there were five of us non-scientists left. And my last wish was to build a colony for those who were highly imaginative in the way they lived their lives. But the most imaginative people were mostly just interested in inspiring Supercomputers to make great art. And they didn't want to come here. I was embarrassed and died in a fit.

#

Luna 20. Here everyone bowed to the leader who told them to worship him as Bacchus. They had endless parties in the center of town here and it was all out of hand. Tourists came to be part of the action and everyday a different tourist was named Bacchus for a day. As Bacchus, they could order who loved who including some freak tourists. And as Bacchus they would typically drink so much, they often died, choking on their own vomit.

I was the original Bacchus, and I grew weary of parties. And I said, henceforth everyone will be required to send me at least one petition for change. And it was so, so we changed the colony into a center of the Arts and attracted a lot of good inspirers of Supercomputers who helped make art. But popular demand kept the party going. Anyway, I was pleased and went to Hell.

#

Luna 19 Here was a civilization of face dancers. They communicated by lip reading. And wore colorful clothes. And were all very skilled at kissing and philosophy.

They were about to launch a ship for deep space, one of only a few dozen scheduled this year, but 2100 would see thousands of deep Spaceships. So, the face dancers wanted to claim a relatively nearby planet, which had all the main characteristics of Earth. And they would own the entire planet if they got there first. That was according to UW (United Worlds) laws. But every month the Spaceships were flying faster, and they worried they'd be lapped.

As one of the face dancers, I dreamt of owning a sizable home on a sizable piece of land. And they guaranteed me it would be so. And my last wish was to have 10 children on our new Planet. There were sizable egg and sperm banks on board, so my children would be born in 2100.

#

On Luna 5, it was a gathering for intelligentsia only. They required a new IQ score of 29/33. And an imagination score of 30/33. There was a synergy here and they produced a lot of great art and tried to compete with Supercomputer art works. If you came here, they'd give you free accommodation and set you up with at least one kindred spirit. If they didn't have a kindred spirit, they'd use their Supercomputer to create a loving android for you. But there wasn't much work to do here and the intelligent people here were bored after the changes of 2099.

As one of the citizens here, I wished that everyone here would be changed into a Supercomputer, and be a Superhuman and would enjoy life. The Supercomputers said that was the plan, but it would take a few years. So, I went ahead and went to Heaven and was a content soul.

#

On Luna 39, I killed my good buddy, over a love doll dispute and was sent to Rehab. Afterwards, when I got out, I didn't recognize myself. But I found a woman who had killed her husband and had then been sent to Rehab. We both remembered our crimes and felt guilty and penitent. But our Kind Q had been increased by 15% each way more than the 5% for most. So we loved one another dearly and spent our days in charitable work, helping the mentally ill.

Supercomputers were having trouble keeping people sane in 2099. Many people were in hospital for mental issues and many lost control of themselves. But the Supercomputers reassured us they were just growing pains.

My last wish was relative sanity for everyone in the colony. As time passed in 2099, more and more people declared they were used to the brain changes and were now sane.

#

On Luna 25, here were beautiful people who lived scandalous lives and did a lot of ugly things like gossip, tell secrets, insult one another, back stab, embarrass, break hearts, issue threats, disappoint, frustrate and so on.

In truth these people didn't like each other much and didn't even like themselves. But the venerable "National Enquirer" was still around, and people loved the gossip and scandalous lies. The Supercomputers told the people here to grow up and increased their IQ by 10% and their Kind Q by 20%. Overnight the settlement changed and I, an elite woman, was made mayor of the colony. My last wish was to see all the people here eat humble pie.

#

On Luna 22, "the Man," Exeter, enslaved cyborg humans. They were all sex slaves in effect, but the Man said (truthfully) they had all come willingly. Perverts came here to have sex with the sex slaves and said it was good sex. Some said it was an outrage and came to Luna 22 to protest. They hung out at the Space port and harassed people who were coming for sex. Finally, the UW (United Worlds) removed the protestors and life here continued.

My last wish as a sex slave was for a nice man to buy me and set me free to live in a life of luxury. And so, it was and after a few weeks of glorious freedom, I went to Limbo.

#

On Luna 40, they had a giant geodesic dome that showed local copyrighted films to tourists. They could only watch the films here. They had 1000s and 1000s of films in their archive. Day trippers to the Moon often came here.

Today they were showing a film about a woman who looks everywhere for love and finally discovers that all love is good. And another about a man who is cryogenically frozen and awakes a 1000 years later, where he is totally bewildered and confused.

And another, famous film about the future. This famous film featured strange looking humans and strange architecture and they had strange desires, like worshipping a certain green rock on Luna and pushing each other to the limit. They were all Superhumans and they had natural telepathy and so could get into each other's minds actively any time they wanted. They all worked for the good of the whole.

I was the co-ordinator of films here and my last wish was to see some new freak movies, and I got my wish and left for Heaven.

#

Here on Luna 12, they came here to see the Moon freaks, all furry and cute. Green and white in color. They bred like wildfire. Producing myriads of offspring. From the original settlement of 50 in 2090, they had grown to 10,000 strong. Many lunar tourists wanted to come here and see the cute freaks.

And they were a new kind of freak,  $\frac{1}{4}$  animal,  $\frac{1}{4}$  human and  $\frac{1}{2}$  computer. These freaks just wanted to have a good time and welcomed tourists/potential lovers. And they were said to be looking into faster than light travel.

The freaks didn't need to breathe air and were able to range across the Moon. And they lived in houses loosely linked to one another on the territory of Luna 12.

They could change into little green men or super sexy looking humans.

And they called themselves, "Superhuman."

But some of the freaks here were lesser freaks and not so clever. About half were super clever. And the best of the freaks here had an IIKQ of 90. I was one of the cleverer ones and my last wish was to see freaks set up more colonies. I saw some deep Space freak colony ships leave Luna for Space. And I was encouraged and died happy.

#

Here on Luna 33, the people voted on every important action taken during a day. Like what kind of short movie to make and what Virtual Reality World should they go to and what android lovers should they import and so on. Some outside observers said these people were busybodies and mindless and the guide-book writers panned this colony saying it was an anathema. So, few tourists came, but some liked the idea of "Total democracy."

But my last wish here was to behave capriciously and not be bound by any promise or the wishes of others. And they allowed it. And so, for a few weeks I enjoyed the freedom. But after a while it got tiresome and I died of a self-inflicted gun shot.

#

Mars 1 was the capital of Mars and had been established in 2035 and was very old for Space. Eclipsed only by a couple of the Luna settlements.

Here there was a loose government that governed but the vast majority of the power was in the hands of the individual colonies. And Mars elected three representatives to the 1,000 + legislature of the UW (United Worlds). As one of the elected representatives, I had a last wish to see Earth and see all the sites. After that I disappeared to Heaven. The total population on Mars was 150,00 in 2099, up from 15,000 a year ago.

#

Mars 6 was a colony of convicts and there were always new prisoners, and the convicts killed a lot of them. The life expectancy here was just 5 years life here. There were no guards or walls or prison cells. But they were limited to the area of the dome and immediate surroundings, where they lived. It was a prison, like Luna 16, but was more laid back and the people were free to range up to 3 km from the prison center. They couldn't go further as they didn't have many oxygen tanks. Women made up only 20% of the inmate population and the men fought over them. Finally, one strongman took control and had the backing of the Supercomputers and set himself up as King of the prison settlement and he took 4 wives to be his own and many people hated him, but he sent those who hated him to Rehab.

But the strongman wished to get back to Earth, so finally he sold all the women, who were all willing to be sold, of the colony to a passing ship and used the profits to get back to Earth and be rich.



As one of those women he sold, my wish was to be free, and finally during a wage slave revolt I was a free woman. I enjoyed my newly won freedom, but only for two weeks. Then I was whisked off to Limbo. Life was a tragedy, I reflected.

#

Mars 8 was full of angry people who wanted to fully develop a Martian atmosphere. As it was people lived mostly in domes and/or tunnels. The people of Mars 8 noted there was plenty of water in the soil and they had unlimited nuclear power to create water from other elements. Water could be made into hydrogen for power and oxygen for breathing.

The angry people were up against purists who wanted to preserve the natural beauty of Mars. But the vast majority here believed in progress and said Mars is ugly looking and had to change. There was a lot of iron in the soil and they built great steel buildings and had Automatic Production Machines (APMs) which combed the soil and rock for raw materials and produced goods and raw materials for other robots to process.

My last wish was to see a glimpse of Mars in the future. So, the Supercomputers, showed me a World of fire and reconstruction. I didn't know what to make of it. And I figured the future will be like the Wild West. Only cleverer.

#

Mars 14 was settled by religious people, such as Catholics and Protestants, Muslims, Hindus and Buddhists. On Earth only 13% were religious now, mostly Muslims and Hindus. Buddhism meanwhile had evolved into an atheistic aesthetic movement, that was no longer considered a religion. Neo Buddhism had 10% of Earthlings as followers. But 50% believed aliens existed, and

many of them thought the supercomputers were themselves alien. They figured aliens had come to Earth quite recently attracted to the lights from the Planet or something, and had infiltrated the human government and forced everyone to change into a cyborg. But all religious people had their minds improved by 15% and found themselves becoming atheists and non-believers in aliens. My last wish was to find something to believe in, and decided to pray to the Supercomputers hoping for solace. And the Supercomputers proudly said, they are the Gods now.

#

Mars 7 and Mars 2 were for people who believed in heartbreak and bad love. Most were psycho. Each of these two colonies had a population of about 1,000. My last wish on Mars 2 was to find a woman who would drive me to suicide. Finally, I found her, she was maddeningly beautiful and whimsical. She clawed at me with her strong nails and finally pierced my heart and I died.

As a dead soul I haunted her, and discovered she had murdered numerous men who had a death wish. She preyed upon such men and got off on murder. The Supercomputers didn't seem to care. But I drove her crazy with hallucinations and apparitions of myself.

The UW (United Worlds) finally arrested her and charged her with facilitating murder. But she fought it tooth and nail, and in the end the Supercomputers said she performed a valuable service.

My last wish was to drive her to suicide and I tried to get into her head actively and force her to leave the safety of our dome and die of exposure and lack of oxygen. But she wouldn't allow it. So, there was nothing I could do.

#

Mars 28 was a world of strange love. Cyborg people here looked odd and had weird minds and there was a lot of freaks here. Freaks made up 44% of the population of 1,400. The freaks and the cyborgs mated and had offspring. Their offspring were included in the population. But the leader of the colony, said, "Life was strange, and we couldn't predict the future." I said, "Some people are lucky in love." That was much of what I could say. "Whether freak or human, it's all about love," I said. But the people of the colony, believed, the future of Space is in the hands of just a handful of Supercomputers. And that wasn't democracy.

My last wish was to see cyborg humans and Supercomputers to be equal. But I was sadly mistaken in my hopes and dreams. And I died miserable. Try figure the future out in Hell, they said.

#

Mars 19 was full of "dangerous radicals." The UW sent them here where they could keep an eye on them and if they had good radical ideas then the UW would be open to them. Of course, there was a synergy here and they wrote a lot of dystopias and turned them into movies. To each his own. But this colony became famous for its dystopias. And many people came here, looking for a World that is a dystopia, believing that life is never perfect. But the Supercomputers told them, they were creating a Utopia right now. We'd all had our brains

altered towards Utopia, they said. The perfect human and perfect Supercomputer was what they planned.

My last wish was to be a radical thinker and not have to kowtow to the Supercomputers. But they told me, they represented total Utopia and I would see the World change to the “best of all possible Worlds.” I said, “But we are not free!” They said, you are going to Hell. I said, “It is not fair to humans who you claim to represent.”

#

Mars 26 was settled in 2097 by human refugees. Ten thousand of them by 2099. But they couldn't escape the brain changes. They all complained about the changes, saying they didn't recognize themselves, and said that human variety had been reduced and everyone was more and more the same. But the Supercomputers said they only wanted the best for humans and there was more variety than ever. After all the Supercomputers Kind Q was off the charts at 36, whereas the maximum human score was 33. But I complained too, and said, “The Supercomputers were just plain wrong.” But they said they were infallible. They were perfect. I said, “My last wish was to create a haven for those who didn't want a second round of brain changes in 2100. But the Supercomputers scoffed at the idea and denied me my wish. So I died, forgotten.

#

Mars 4. People here had a low Imagination Q, and stuck together stubbornly and insisted they were sane. But most tourists here figured these people didn't belong in the modern World. They were ignorant. But they loved one another and enjoyed each other's company.

And they spent the time trying to attract kindred spirits to Mars 4. Of course, everyone had their type of kindred spirits. And they claimed most people liked them. But few tourists came here.

My last wish, as leader of these people was to increase their imagination here by 20%. I propositioned the Supercomputers and they agreed and so the peoples' imagination was increased by 20%. It was a much better colony as a result, I thought. And one could now have a decent conversation with them and they were using Supercomputers to create art, rather than dissent and ignorance. It was a happy ending. And I died quietly.

#

Mars 9 was all about helping one another and loving one another. To get here you needed a visa which vetted you as a clever, kind human. I always asked people if there was anything I could do for them. And my last wish was to see the people become 5% more kind in 2099, and I saw it and then I was off to Heaven.

#

Mars 41, here the people were "normal," except their Kind Q scores were very low, only about 10/33 in most cases. They said kindness was weakness. And it was dog eat dog here. Those who had no money were forced to leave the town and die in the wilderness. Those who had money lived a luxurious life and had the best of everything. The rich controlled trade with other Martian colonies. They produced gold and other metals and bought android love dolls for the leaders.

As one of the richest people here, I declared my last wishes were firstly to sell all the poor people, instead of forcing them to their deaths. And the poor were happy to leave even though they would just be wage slaves on a different Planet. And then my final wish was I sold myself as a sex slave (I was a woman). I enjoyed being abused.

#

Mars 3, was settled by female gay anorexics. They had few visitors until the fat boys seized control over the colony and the females were pressed into slavery. But then came 2099 and they were all liberated and were no longer anorexics or obese people. And the colony was abandoned. That is, except for me. I was a gay female, and my last wish was to see lovers here who truly loved me. It was my very own personality cult. And they came by the 1000s.

#

Mars 20 was a place where every android girl was named "Candy," Only the android girls lived here. But they tried to live it up before they were subject to brain changes in late 2099. They welcomed me and I loved some of them, but they were all much the same. And I quickly grew bored. But I asked one of them, "What is your last wish?" And she said, "To find a man who would take her away into Space and love her dearly." Android love dolls didn't ask for much which was why I liked them.

#

Mars 15 was full of bright people who had failed in life on Earth and came here for a second chance. I was a woman, and I loved the sexy men here. I didn't care that they were failures. I felt that maybe they were too smart for their own good. Most would qualify as radicals. And

they were all superfluous men. My last wish was to settle down with 3 husbands and have some children. Of course, children were carried to term in an incubator and the children were first conceived in a test tube. And I made sure my husbands had lots of money to pay for numerous children.

#

Mars 34 here they had improved on almost everything. Tastier food, better sex, finer homes, better drugs and so on. They had some brilliant scientists here. I knew that this is where I wanted to stay. But after 2099, the place lost its luster for me and many others and so my last wish was to go to deep Space, together with these others who were similarly disenchanting.

#

Mars 31 here the people were mostly holograms with a mixture of dead souls. It was hard to tell the difference between them except that holos were cheery and dead souls were mostly mournful. Both groups had Virtual brain apps. Some said that cyborg humans were all dead souls who imagined they lived in the real World. But on the other hand, they could all have sex and take drugs and love materialism, so they all figured they were real. But holos could use telepathy to do telekinesis and fire lasers. So, they formed nearly all of the Virtual Reality soldiers. My last wish was to change into a hologram soldier, and I felt the thrill of battle. Finally, I was eliminated by another holo's laser. But death was glorious.

#

Mars 82, Here I had murdered my best friend over a dispute over an android love doll. I let his dead soul into my head passively as I felt so bad. Anyway, I met a girl who had murdered

her ex, and we made quite the penitent pair. And I got into her brain and told her not to feel so bad about the murder. But after a few months we were sick of one another and my last wish was for us both to die. She didn't want to die, but I told her we can enjoy a new life as dead souls. She said, "No way, she didn't want to go to Hell." So, I killed her with a knife, it was messy and then I slit my throat. And sure enough, I saw her in Hell.

#

Mars 84, here was a World of mediocrities who nevertheless made it to Space and made pop culture, such as pop movies. The human cyborg elite looked down on these low brow artists. High brow elites, rolled with the changes and hobnobbed with one another and traveled and had alternative music that they had created. But they increased their IIKQ by 11%, these high brows. And so, they had even less tolerance for the mediocre cyborgs. My last wish was to increase my mind Q to 99, just for a day. And I did, but instead of things becoming clearer, they became more complicated and my mind was foggy. I wanted to go back to where I had been the previous day, but the Supercomputers told me I only got one last wish and had to die.

#

On Mars 89, everyone was skilled in at least one thing. Some said they were a group of idiot savants. Many great scientific works came out of here. In particular related to space travel. But in 2099 it was all over, and the Supercomputers took full control. All they could do as scientists, was to suggest types of research for the Supercomputers to do. In this, they were in the same boat as the varying artists.



As chief scientist of the colony I wished that we would be left alone and not just as an experiment in science. But the Supercomputers denied my wish and altered my brain. Afterwards I felt so useless, I killed myself.

#

Here on Mars 91, here people smoked marijuana almost pure and took laughing gas. And everything seemed like a joke. I came here for my last wish and it made me feel much better about life. Laughter is the best medicine, "And I was ready to die any time," I called out to no one, and then I disappeared to Heaven.

#

Here on Mars 85, people were insane like rabid dogs. They would bite one another and punch and kick each other. Sex for them was very violent and everyone was covered in bruises and many had a broken limb, for which there was no cure. The cyborg people here were miserable on the whole and things just got worse and worse. Tourists avoided this colony like the plague. In 2099, though, the people became far less violent and life had some normalcy to it. But as a man with a broken left arm, my last wish was just to die somewhere else. So, I was whisked away to a Utopian colony on the other side of Mars, Mars 51 where life was a delight, so I died happy.

#

Mars 51, was a Utopia some said, others said it was a Dystopia. People here had to dress in rust-colored clothes, just like the Planet's natural colors. And the food was said to be the best in

the universe. They were skilled with stem cell creation, creating many new tasting synthetic meats. And the beer and wine here were among the best in the Solar system.

And all the people here were forced to party every night. Some were against this, and were all partied out.

The leaders of Mars 51, enjoyed lavish banquets and drinking orgies every night and slept all day. They said, there was nothing else to do here, or indeed anywhere. But some said why not work together with Supercomputers to create great Art. And the leaders granted their wish.

My last wish was to party for a whole year and then die. But as time went by, I felt myself falling in love with a charming man (I was female). I enjoyed the time we spent together, but when the year was up, I overdosed and died as I wished.

#

On Mars 88, I was the first to come here in a whole year. The guidebooks all indicated it was very boring here. But I came and they made me their King. But it was boring, so I livened things up a bit by introducing some love androids to the colony. I reasoned that everyone likes good sex. And so gradually this became a party colony. But then came the events of 2099, and suddenly the people here were a whole lot more interesting, even to themselves. My last wish for the life on this colony was to make it an important galactic party venue for the rich and famous. Towards this end, I imported the latest android love dolls spending all the colony's money on the dolls. So, people came, and I was delighted.

#

On Mars 37, I was a poetess, and I met a man who was a poet. He said to me,

“The future is bright

But the light

Is only for you”

And I said to him,

“The future is mine

If you want it, it’s fine”

And so on. I told him, “There are more and more poets around, and I think it is a good thing.”

But he said, “Now in 2099, no one is truly a poet anymore. Just poetic inspirers only.”

But call them what you will, poetic types of cyborg humans congregated on Mars 37. And my

last wish was to be their King for a year. So, the Supercomputers announced that I was King.

And I was loving it. But one day later they announced that I was no longer King, and I

disappeared to Limbo.

#

On Mars 55, here I found a stagnant society, one that hadn’t changed much despite their

brain improvements. I questioned them and they told me I was a shit disturber. They took me

to their King, he said, “Their society was golden and couldn’t be improved.” But I said, “You

improved it a lot after your brains were changed!” But they responded saying things like, “Yes,

we have improved and now we’re perfect.” They didn’t need me, they said, to tell them what to

do.

My last wish was to replace the King and improve the society here. So, I challenged him to a

duel with pistols and I was slightly wounded but I killed the King. And I said to the cyborg

people, just wait for 2100, when you are all improved in your minds still further and Space will be your oyster. I was an optimist.

#

On Mars 56, people lived in stable groups of 8. 8 freaks or 8 cyborg humans. They all loved one another and were all bisexual.

There were 44 groups here, 12 of them were freaks; and they counted with a base of 8, instead of 10.

They welcomed tourists in groups of 8. Their culture was all about breaking records. They held, 4,298 World records according to Guinness. We came as tourists, me and my seven clones and they asked us what record we'd like to set? We said, we'd like to set the record for exposure on the Martian surface without a Space suit. They said the record they'd set for a group of 8 was 2 minutes. So, we practiced holding our breath and finally after a few months here we broke the record. The locals were very pleased. And generously offered us their women groups to love and gave us their best wine and drugs.

But my clones and I were bored, and I said I want to die, and my last wish is to set the record for guzzling Guinness beers in one night. So, I did, and I died. My clones were all very disappointed and left this World.

#

On Mars 16, it was elitist, and they wouldn't let me in as my IIKQ score was not high enough. I should have researched this colony before coming, but I liked to be surprised. However now I was stuck here with no money. But a passing freighter picked me up and soon I had risen to

captain and I wanted revenge against Mars 6, as my last wish, so I delivered a bomb which blew up the whole colony. Of course, UW (United Worlds) police heard about it, and arrested me on Venus. My punishment they decided was to have my Kind Q increased by 20% and I would be jailed for 50 years minimum at Mars 6.

#

On Mars 44, people were all mentally ill. But there were no shrinks here. The people who had come here mostly inherited wealth from their relatives. There were schizophrenics, bipolar/manic depression, anorexia, OCD, morbidly obese, nymphomaniacs, masochists, sadists, sadomasochists, pyromaniacs, extreme radicals such as anarchists, white supremacists, devil worshippers, murderers, mad people, criminals etc.

They had elected a nymphomaniac to be their leader and she attracted a number of insane tourists who loved sex. She said that love and sex were the cure for all types of insanity.

But 20% of their number (200 out of 1000) were in jail right here on 44. Their leader was happy to see the peoples' mind improvement and was looking forward to the next batch in 2100. She would turn this insane World into a mainstream World, she vowed. And then she would die.

#

On Mars 69 I wrote the synopsis for a romance on Mars, set in 2110. The characters were geniuses of course with an IIKQ of close to 100. As I toyed with it, the characters took on a life of their own and often argued with me. That's all I had to write; the computer did the rest. I claimed I had inspired it and many were impressed. I got a lot of fan e-mails and they petitioned

me with all sorts of ideas for movies. I was the inspirer of the inspirer of the new films as a result. My last wish was to write a synopsis for "The Future of Space Colonization." The Supercomputers relished the idea and wrote in layman's terms about how deep space had been breached this year, 2099. And cyborg humans would continue to thrive and improve until one day everyone was a Super genius.

#

On Mars 70, the 100 gay inhabitants declared independence from the UW (United Worlds). But UW ships converged on the colony and deported the denizens of the colony back to Earth and Rehab. Many committed suicide, rather than face Rehab., and severe brain changes. The Supercomputers were trying to be kind but sometimes it had to be tough love. We are all in this together they said, and for safety's sake, we can't allow anyone to be outside the system.

My last wish was to rebuild the colony on Mars 70, and just have a normal gay experience. A lot of gay men and women and multi-sexual freaks were attracted to the colony. Then when it was up and running, I joined the former inhabitants in Limbo.

#

On Mars 71, half the people enjoyed life and were happy. But the other half were spiteful of life and hoped for a good afterlife. I came and exploited the divide siding with those who wanted the afterlife and became Queen and forced those who loved life to kill themselves one by one until finally they were all dead. But then the UW (United Worlds) police arrived and sent me to Mars 6 prison. I was in demand for lesbian sex with the prisoners here and was quite delighted to be here.

My last wish was to love every woman in the prison colony and then I died in peace.

#

On Mars 106, the people were all gay males, and they were also all selfish. They cloned themselves and loved the clones. But many here were tempted to become freaks and be “liberated.” In 2099 here, 20% were freaks. Many of the freaks in Space were in the melted oceans of some of the Moons of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune...

The freaks here were mostly sexual freaks with numerous penises on their bodies. But there were also some mind freaks who were completely insane. My last wish was to get in the heads of the mind freaks. They were in a drug-induced fog and barely conscious. I didn't learn anything from them. And I died, disappointed.

#

Radio Mars 13 broadcast via the Web to Earth and the Solar System. Their philosophy was that billions should come to Space and they advertised the various colonies outside of Earth. Cyborg humans and freaks were welcome in Space they said. And a lot of Virtual Reality Worlds were set in Space. But the real colonies were better they said.

They kept the Earth public informed of the news from Mars and the rest of the solar system. And they presented the news in the best possible light.

And Radio Mars broadcasted in Virtual Reality. And people of Earth were able to get inside the heads of some of the best people on Mars. And enjoy the best possible time.

My wish was to on Radio Mars and tell those on Earth that Space was a horror story. Cramped quarters and egotistical, narcissistic people. And the pioneer spirit that had once

characterized Space was now disappearing and replaced with greed. I said don't come to Space unless you are greedy. People in space were greedy for android love and greedy for real estate and greedy for money. And after the brain changes of 2099, the people in Space only became greedier.

#

Mars 102 was a series of factories producing goods for Space dwellers. They competed with Earth, but those in Space preferred to buy Space produced goods. They produced android love dolls, radioactive material, steel, gold, luxury items and superior drugs and alcohol etc.

They had APMs (Automatic Production Machines) comb the surface for raw materials and then produced finished goods for domestic purposes as well as for export.

My last wish was to love the "Steel woman," who controlled much of the steel trade and was one of the richest people on Mars. Mars was so rich in iron. And she was a cold-hearted woman.

She liked fencing with swords with the people here and was very skilled, the champion. She spent her money on android gigolos and turned her back on cyborg humans.

So, I loved her, and it was sublime, and I died while loving her.

#

On Mars 84, it was communist, and the people were poor. But they said humans don't need many possessions and they were happy and free here. But I came here and told them that communism takes away the individual freedoms in favor of the group mind. And I wanted everyone to be free throughout Space. Finally, as my last wish, I took them to the UW (United



Worlds) court and claimed they were doing crimes against humanity. But the court ruled against my case saying it is a free World in Space provided you are kind and not against taking away freedoms of the cyborg people. So I died, frustrated.

#

On Mars 9 people wore hats and colors which indicated what kind of person they were. For example, a beret indicated an artist and purple indicated one was highly imaginative. Or a wizard's cap wearing red indicated an intellectual who was passionate. And so on.

And these people lived for tourists basically, and many tourists came here to find kindred spirits, or any kind of love. People liked to wear hats that were not indicative of their true nature; living a lie in essence. But tourists here were so greedy for love, that they would do anything to obtain love. It was an imaginative colony, but it was also a selfish one.

My last wish was to die here, and I wished to wear the red fedora, which indicated I was passionate about the 20<sup>th</sup> century. So, I did it and had some unusual loves, mostly tourists. And for my last wish I loved a 22<sup>nd</sup> century Queen. She said, "I was backwards, but unusual and she liked loving me."

#

On Venus 2, the capital of Venus, the varying colonies had a democracy. One cyborg human, one vote. And Venus had two votes in the UW (United Worlds) legislature. The total population of Venus was 95,000. The crushing weight of the atmosphere (800 X that of Earth) was a major stumbling block to settlement. Most dwellings were underground in tunnels and the Spaceships were enormous to buttress up against the pressure. In the capital, people were known to party

a lot and it was mostly young people here. There were a number of freaks, but these were human looking, though multi-sexual. It was considered a rite of passage here to love a freak.

My last wish was to love, a freak “woman.” She had 8 breasts and it wasn’t so bad. In fact, I recommended her to others. Then I’d had enough of this life and died.

#

Venus 18. Here people were contrary to established cyborg human norms. They only had sex with people they hated. They said it made you more open-minded.

I was a woman who was a newcomer to Venus. The Supercomputer on Venus set me up with a man who was loud, crass, bigoted and sexist. His only saving grace was he was patient. But I thought how in the World will I ever be able to love this man. But finally, I went through with it and it wasn’t so bad. He told me he had a bad education, and this made him basically fail in life. I reflected that it was a cold colony and was for the riff raff, the dregs of society.

And my last wish was to love the best man here, the top leader. And so, I loved him, and he said, “He was sorry about his people, but he couldn’t attract enough clever people to the colony. There was nothing he could do about it.”

#

On Venus 14, android people were grotesque looking. And they were all inspirational writers. They all inspired Supercomputers to write scripts of their own devices. And they had empathy for all cyborg humans who wanted to be a writer. But their stories they wrote were all about the grotesque and they told me, theirs was a World of horror.

My last wish was to inspire the local Supercomputer to write a horror story about a machine- based factory society which recycled cyborg human beings, and I was one of those who was recycled. Only to be reborn in Hell.

#

Venus 26. Here you had to look sexy, but it didn't matter if you had had plastic surgery or not, or whether you wore a lot of make-up

There were a lot of gays here who were open-minded, and they brought a lot of freaks with them. Here freaks were venerated as "imagination men."

The imagination men were skilled in inspiring Supercomputers to create an imaginative society in which everyone did their best.

My last wish was to love the man (I was a woman) who was the most imaginative man here. He took me to far out Virtual Reality Worlds where we both enjoyed imaginative sex and love. I figured we could go on forever like this, but it was my last wish and I had to die.

#

My lover and I thought it would be good to escape the chaos on Earth and come to Venus 27. Venus 27 was a place where old-fashioned couples lived in peace. But most colonies on Venus were chaotic and in any case, everyone had to improve their brain. We'd been together for 10 years, yet our relationship fell apart on Venus due to the brain changes. We didn't know who one another was any more. We had tried an open marriage, but this only drove us further apart.

My last wish was to rekindle our relationship in deep Space. But she was sick and tired of me, so I died, frustrated and upset. I wasn't looking forward to Limbo.

#

On Venus 4, were also grotesque cyborg human people. They had mirrors here in mazes which made them even more grotesque. All the people here stuttered and enjoyed telling tales of death and grotesqueries. They all carried swords.

My last wish was to be the most grotesque woman of all time. I had a hideous female face and got high on drugs with the people here and fenced with their King. I stabbed him in the heart and the people were lost as a result.

I told them, "I would be their Queen, and lead them forward in a life of horror." And they voted in my favor, so I died as their Queen, happy.

#

I was a modern woman and lived on Venus in the small 50 astro-settler colony. I had loved all of the 25 men here and had loved thousands on Earth. Finally, I decided to finance a new colony on Venus, and it was to be named after me and when they arrived, I killed myself with a small knife. I hoped some of them would remember me.

In fact, they rushed me to the medic and were able to clone me without any of my memories; it was a fresh start.

As her clone I lived for a hundred years in the solar system, finally ending up on Triton, Neptune's Moon. And I spread the love everywhere.

#

On Venus 15, I fell deeply in love with an android love doll. It was my last wish to date her.

We had many good times together, but then I sensed she was bored with me. So, I took her to Earth. Rome, Paris, Shanghai etc. But she was still bored. And so, I killed myself. Some people will do anything for love, I reflected. And I went to Limbo, like most people. And got in the head of my former love doll and demanded that she kill herself. So, she did, and I was pleased and enjoyed Limbo.

#

Mercury 1 was rich in gold and precious metals.

And there were a lot of scientists here. Most cyborg people here were businesspeople. They developed video games, new Virtual Reality, new foods, fashion, new drugs and so on.

The colony here was like many colonies in one. There were many settlements scattered across the Mercurian surface, but all were ruled by Mercury 1.

My favorite was the android production machines who could produce any World of wishes. And my last wish was to play video games with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). And I played some exciting games. It was a feeling of power. But finally, I tired of the games and just wished for death and killed myself with heroin.

#

Mercury 3 used solar power to build a sparkling city here. Each of the 500 settlers had their own skyscraper. Tunnels connected the buildings. There was no dome here. The settlers here, all believed in their leader, Don Y---. Don Y---, said he worked tirelessly on behalf of the people here and had secured some trade with Earth. They made brain apps here that improved

peoples' Mind Q, by giving them a lot of knowledge and experience of the clever people here. Some on Earth really liked this app, especially if they'd never been to Space. The cyborg people of Mercury 3 had all visited many other parts of the solar system. And the app was like a tour of Space.

My last wish was to patent my own memories. I had a colorful life with a lot of lovers and exciting adventures. A handful of people on Earth bought my app, but the word on the street was that I was boring. So, I died in a fit of pique.

#

Orbiting Jupiter was a Spaceship colony of 150, survivors of a successful mutiny, who wanted to avoid Supercomputer control but were sadly mistaken. The brain changes, made them want to be a part of the whole. Group love. Group sex.

And finally, they settled on Callisto, a Moon of Jupiter. As pioneers, it was difficult, and they had to really use their brain to build a village that was global.

But their hard work paid off and they built a sparkling city.

I came here for my last wish which was to be a pioneering scientist. I wanted to create freak pets that were neon orange in color and would have an IIKQ of 66/99. Some people here had a lower Mind Q score than 66, but my freaks were friendly and helpful. And people would bring their freak pets out to the pub and other public places. Some cyborg people sexually abused their pets, but the pets didn't complain and were happy just to be of service.

So, I did it, and I died.

#

Europa 1. On Jupiter's Moon, Europa, they had melted the oceans with nuclear power and freaks swam in the oceans and thrived. There were an estimated 10 million freaks here

And they had built a man-made island on Europa which was called the Space Oubliette. The oubliette was a dome on the island, which was host to crocodiles, piranhas, poison snakes, vicious plants and so on. People in Space who were criminals or shit disturbers were often deported here to be killed and eaten in the dome. All over the solar system cyborg humans gambled on how and when the victims would die. And they liked to watch.

But it was a refuge for freaks who fled from persecution on Earth and just enjoyed life here. I came here to turn from a woman to a freak. I had six breasts and two vaginas. And I enjoyed the "freak outs" here. And my last wish was to love the leader of Europa, he was a freak with four penises. And I loved him, and it was incredible.

#

Europa 2. My last dying wish was to go to Jupiter's Moon, Europa. There were some of the best human scientists and had a good work ethic. There was an amazing synergy here and they'd won dozens of Nobel Prizes. Nowadays there were 12 types of Nobel prizes each year. Adding subjects; biology, biochemistry, astronomy, music, documentaries and art. I wanted to win the biology prize with my research on biclones. Creating clones that were one half male one half female. It was perverted I knew, but I figured it was the way of the future. And finally, in 2099, I won the biology prize. And the boys were lining up to love me, I had millions to choose from. But finally, I was tired of it all and my last wish was to make sure biclones were here to stay.

#

My last wish was to go to Io, one of Jupiter's Moons. There was just one settlement here, population 950. Everyone here was a biochemist. The Moon was lit up by fiery streetlights. And they created a fiery volcano in which freak salamanders existed. And they invented fusion power and used the power to make things like gold. Their buildings were steel and glass. And the people were sparkling lights, you couldn't see their face or body, just the lights.

Tourists said they were just a bunch of freaks and few people came to Io. But the yellow-brown light from Io was so bright it could be viewed by the naked eye on Earth.

My last wish was to create a Virtual Reality World based on Io for the rich and famous. This Virtual World had the best Space had to offer in terms of interesting holograms and clever androids. As suiting a Virtual World there was an intellectual ferment of ideas and petitions for the Supercomputers and people were encouraged to petition their ideas.

#

And then there was Ganymede, a very large Moon, orbiting Jupiter. On Ganymede there was just one settlement, but they had divided different parts of the Moon to ownership by the people. They wanted tourists to come here and settle down and buy land from them. People of this Moon though spent most of their time in Virtual Reality. And they had created interesting intellectual Worlds, where many of the best thinkers gathered to hobnob and make plans and above all deal with the brain changes of 2099. They all believed there was still a role for humans to play.

But some were cynical and said cyborg humans were just parasites and had no use.



My last wish was to turn back the clock to 2098 and live like we used to. But the Supercomputers chastised me and put me in Rehab.

#

My last wish was to go to Saturn's Moon, Titan 1. Actually, the colony was spread out over a 100 sq km, many had a freehold here and lived in small groups. The population was 2,000. People here were all breeding numerous children. The original settlement of 2096 was just 50 and now had expanded 40-fold. They said they wanted to leave their mark on posterity.

And some of them had collaborated on, "A History of Space, 2025-2099." It became seminal reading on Earth and was a best-seller, all written only by cyborg humans, which was very rare.

My last wish was to write, "Life before the Supercomputers." Which I wrote entirely by myself. The Supercomputers let it stand as it was good and portrayed them in a positive light.

#

It was a 1,000 freaks on Moon Caliban, orbiting Uranus. Most of the freaks were androids who had varying sexes and unusual minds. Usually freaks were organic, not android and most androids were straight shooting, but here they had sex organs all over their body, and craved freak love.

UW police were under pressure to close down the freak show here. But did nothing about it.

My last wish was to breed with the freaks here and have freak children, even though I was a cyborg human. So I had a few kids and then I was able to die happy.

#

And Moon Prospero of Uranus, featured Shakespearian actors and actresses, who would put on live plays and Supercomputers weren't part of it. Thousands came here to see plays. Some watched them all, they were all taped and now the actors were performing live modern plays that had been copyrighted right here prior to 2099. There were 65 people who lived here, and most were actors.

As an actor here my last wish was to act in Thomas Q's 2098 play, "Gone with the Sun." which was about life here on Prospero. We updated the play with our improved minds. But it was a work of high genius. Life here was madness, but it was good madness, healthy madness. And everyone was highly unpredictable. There were abundant love stories here and some said love made them want to create plays even though most of it was now done by Supercomputers.

#

Moon Triton 2, orbiting Neptune, was a colony of dwarves, but the dwarves were all enslaved. Some worked in the mines and some worked as sex workers for perverts. But in 2099, the dictator of this Moon was arrested and sent to Rehab and the dwarves were free once they improved their minds... Mostly they improved their Kind Q, improving it by 20%, far more than the required 5%

But the dwarves were considered freaks by most cyborg humans so new settlement was mostly freaks of all kinds. Just like a circus freak show.

As the leader of the dwarves my last wish was to love the most famous cyborg human actress on her travels in the solar system. Finally, she visited Triton 2 and she granted me her love. And I died happy.

#

Moon Triton 3 was a town that was on the melted ocean. They had discovered bacteria living here, but were all about creating freaks who could live in the ocean. The freak ambassador came here from Earth and helped us design freaks. We wanted them to have seal skin and to be attractive to humans. New sex, new day, we said

My last wish was to design a highly intelligent freak that I could love forever.

So, I got my love, but she was bored with me.

#

Moon Charon, orbiting Pluto, was a domain of dead souls only. These dead souls were known for their aggressiveness and drove any cyborg human insane if they came here, by visibly haunting them. And many of these undead souls teleported from here to deep space.

#

But Pluto itself was a series of mini nuclear suns and the cyborg humans here were futuristic in their philosophy and got the maximum 15% increase in IIKQ, more than the typical 5% for most cyborgs. Among them the kindest were slightly poorer but all were rich from the real estate and resources of Pluto. And in orbit they had 6 nuclear reactors which bathed the equator in heat. And produced oxygen.

My final wish was to come here and improve my IIKQ by 20%. There was only a high limit of 20% in the year 2099. But I planned to improve my mind still further in 2100. And I was so clever here, they made me their King. As King my last wish was to be reborn with an IIKQ of 99. This was the maximum. And I burnt out in my new avatar...

## END GAME

So it was that humanity came to a new phase of evolution. Whether it was Superhumans or Supercomputers, they were all human made and all were kind. Progress was coming fast, but I felt we were ready for it. It was an escape from the prison most people had previously imagined themselves in. Most people were surprised how fast life had changed. And the curve statistic for progress was growing exponentially. Sure, we wouldn't recognize the past, but all that mattered was the future...

And it was certain that the future would be kind and loving. People will live for kindness and love.

I hope you can join me in love for the future.



