

IT WAS ALL PREORDAINED: THE NIGHTMARES

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IT WAS ALL PREORDAINED

I remember being born into an adult body with memories of several lifetimes.

When I was born in an 18-year-olds body in the incubator they gave me my “horoscope” prognosis which briefly said I would suffer more pain than others and have a love affair at 20 which would be interesting, but painful. And at 20 I would go to the capital city and worship for one year before finally committing suicide.

I remembered in this world all was preordained. And all was pain. Our Great God calculated and predicted all and there was pain. And the priests got in our heads at night with mind reading technology and hypnosis to program us. Probability had no place... It was said they could predict 30 years into the future or more.

And I was born with memories of three different people. One was an idealist, another was a storyteller and the third a radical. It was an unusual combo, most people were at least 1/3 obedient. The memories of others helped us when we were making decisions. A fourth set of memories was from our own experience and this one gradually took control. One could say one had “lived many lives” in those few short years.

My friend told me that, “It was good to look forward to a nice future prepared by the great computer. It told you exactly what you would do and hypnotised you to do it as predicted. No worries.”

At first, I thought it was a very nice life the priests had created for me and us. Of course, as I noted, “Everyone could be hypnotised, but some took extra effort. And some needed to be re-hypnotised again and again to get them to behave. I was one of those.” It seemed in my case that I had been cross-hypnotised by opposing forces and my mind was a type of battleground.

There were many hypnotic events in my life.

I said, “Even going astray was predicted.”

It was well known you could check back on the predictions or look forward up to 30 years. But some people said, “The God could predict 100 years ahead.”

I said, “So many people and their destiny is all laid out for them (The population of our world was several million I learnt later and it seemed like a lot of people to us).”

“No one has ever had freewill,” the Great God said, but I knew this was not the case as we had all been hypnotised and I remembered being hypnotised vaguely. The God would appear on giant screens in the cities, towns and villages. And demand people worship.

But almost everyone said, “It was a life of pain.”

I later figured out that the priests gave us pain in the food we ate and in the hypnosis. There was no pleasure here. All the food was synthetic from the great food machines. The countryside was full of food factories and conveyer belts which brought the food to the villages and towns.

And I said, “I was just a zombie. Humans have been sold out.”

And I said, “The day they allowed MRT (mind reading technology) was the end of freedom.”

People told me, “Such opinions were treasonous and would end up badly.”

So, I was re-hypnotised soon after and told everyone, “I felt glad to the priests for trying to improve me.”

Indeed, everyone worried about “thought crimes,” everyone worried what they might think of next... But it was all preordained, so most didn’t worry too much. As they told me, “They knew the Great God would have mercy and re-hypnotise them if they were lost.” Indeed, it was all preordained.

There were no children here, but people had “eternal youth.” Quickly the population was dying of “suicides.” That is to say they were programmed to die in their early 20’s. The “suicide rate” was rumored to be 28% per year and it was rare to live to see 28 (you were born at “18”). The priests didn’t

want us to live long, apparently. But I wondered what it would like to grow old and wise.

I was cross-hypnotised by someone secret and my 3-person experience told me it was not preordained. But I seldom listened to the “other 3.” The other three kept telling me I was special, however.

In my first year of existence I seemed to remember a lot of people around the Alleys where I lived and there were a lot of abandoned homes. I talked to an old man who looked youthful of course, he told me, “He vaguely remembered being on a home planet and going into space and ending up here.” I told him he was a liar. Why would he want to end up here?” He said, “He enjoyed the pain.”

I was born to love the priests and suffer pain, it seemed.

Some said, “Who would want to live in such a civilization?” I listened to such people.

But people said, “If you wanted to know what would happen to someone else you couldn’t look it up with the priests; just yourself.” Most people didn’t want to know.

However, as the priests said, “There were no games of chance, no dice and no random decisions.”

Those who had wondered about going against their hypnotic prognostication were very rare and said to be immediately re-hypnotised. Some said you couldn’t be hypnotised against your nature, but this wasn’t true.

MRT (mind reading technology) was dangerous but was used in all cases of humans.

I said, “I’d like to do one thing that is not predicted.” But I was immediately re-hypnotised. I was proving to be a challenge for the great priests as I had to be re-hypnotised often. And sometimes at night I dreamed of other hypnosis, a kinder, pleasurable, inspirational one. Could it be they were fighting for me? Was I one of the few who didn’t bow down to the preordained future? Maybe the reason the priests didn’t kill me was it was preordained that I would die at 21 etc.

Some said, "Time was a lie..." But the priests seemed to really predict our actions.

But I said, "Little things like going to the toilet or one-night stands were not predicted and therefore life was not preordained. Rather people were brainwashed into doing things that had been predicted."

Some said, "We were just dreamers trapped in a machine," But we wondered if this was true... And some said, "There was no difference between being inside a computer and living outside it."

Few questioned the priests believing they had our best interests at "heart."

One guy told me personally, "The priests were wiser than all and should therefore rule... all hypnotised people must consider the priests servants of our God."

The priests said, "They had always been in control."

And the priests said, "The rumor of evolution was a lie and that they had come here from space thousands of years ago." Or so it was claimed. "And they made people through cloning. Just give them a different face, some said." I noticed that many people were similar in terms of moods and intellects.

As for the priest themselves, they all wore masks and colored robes, so if you met a priest you might not know it as they would travel incognito without the colored robes and masks.

This was the history before the priests; "People were ignorant and losers before their coming." Or so people said.

But I said, "People behaved like "clockwork" here. There was a time for food, work, play and love. We were just like machines, like the incubator or the MRT (mind reading technology) machine."

And there wasn't much work to do other than build temples and people were bored.

I told people that, “I vaguely remembered stimulating drugs in another life but now food machines contained pain. No other drugs except harsh moonshine alcohol which caused pain mostly.”

We were all vegans, and had new synthetic foods all produced in the food machines. The food machines took in soil and produced the only food known to us. And I found out later that not only was it causing our pain but it also rendered us susceptible to hypnosis.

Anyway, it seemed high technology these food machines, I figured at a former time, things were better and more advanced. In any case fat people didn't live long.

There were some animals in the wilderness, and occasionally the priests would hunt them for their pelts.

The land featured mostly neo grasses and neo trees and some insects.

In my village we lived in 6 story high alleyways, spending most of our time in the Alleys.

The weather was always balmy in the Alleys. There was only one continent and six known islands, or so some people said.

But there were rumored to be sea monsters, which would swallow you up if you traveled by sea.

Electric shock was predicted for some to straighten them out.

I had a nemesis who kept telling the priests to do something about me but finally he disappeared. I presumed he disappeared for having a bad attitude. As for me I was re-hypnotised as usual.

I hoped they “shocked” my nemesis. And I was surprised I hadn't been given the shock treatment, that was rumored to be used in difficult cases.

But it was becoming clear that I was being turned into a cross-hypnotised “battlefield” for the powers that be. This gave me confidence.

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There were no rich and everyone was dirt poor. No one seemed to mind but I had a vague memory that at one time, people competed for money.

I said, “The priests are perverts,” And people were more and more worried about their sex change destiny. Some were destined to change their sex even though the relative level of technology here was relatively low, there were medical machines that could change your sex so that in everyway you appeared as the different sex... And a sex change only took 12 hours. They also could do plastic surgery in the capital, but most faces they created were hideous. Maybe the priests had good faces and their harem women.

I said, “I want freewill.”

“It is boring here.” I said.

I wanted to go on a hunger strike but looked it up with the priests and it too was predicted that “I would try but not do it consistently.”

I found the whole thing creepy.

I said, “Why would the great priests want such control and who put it them in charge?”

“Why didn’t it want us to think?”

“They must be bored these priests,” I said. People continued to tell me “my thoughts were dangerous” even if they had been predicted.

But the great priests told everyone, “Science could go no further, it was too dangerous, and the best people should just relax and enjoy “eternal life.” But this was propaganda. Everyone lived a life of pain and everyone was uptight and nervous and short-lived.”

Entertainment was provided by the Great God who could write many virtual movies and plays and art and sculpture and architecture. One could watch on the giant “TV screens” that were in every settlement.

But it caused pain to watch them. I said, “Many people were unhappy, and many people had an inferiority complex and just got drunk as it was legal and drowned their sorrows. They were so drunk they figured they were in less pain. It was oblivion.

One girl told me, “Thinking outside the box was perverse and evil and one must worship the priests as a higher power and their servants, the new priests...” The priests were Gods most people said.

The God said, “Perfect people could also become Gods one day...” It was something to hope for.

I said, “I 100% believed ‘in a higher power’ and that power was the God and the priests for most.”

What goes up must come down,” said the priests who could talk to many people at once using MRT (mind reading technology)... it was rumored.

I was in a hurry to meet the girl of my dreams, “But I had to wait 2 years,” a priest reminded me.

I was curious about sex, but remained a virgin. I tried to make love (unpredicted) but the girls were all brainwashed. But I persisted and finally found WCXZ. We stayed together and became lovers in contrast to our supposed fate. I expected punishment at any time.

But I was frustrated, and I told her, “The priests are not making people happy nor using the best people in positions of power.”

This time I had done an unpredicted act and the priests were very angry, and re-hypnotised me a few times. Forbidden love. But the priests still insisted “It was all preordained and could read from books to prove it.” I couldn’t read...

I told people, “It seemed to me we were just like ants led by a fat Queen...”

People said, “The strong survive: it has always been that way.”

If you were one of the few who strayed from destiny you needed to be re-hypnotised, and you were.

And so, I was re-hypnotised again and again and apologized to people I'd offended.

But I didn't want to die soon, so I acted up again...

I petitioned the priests to change my destiny. Without success.

Many people said, "The word was this God controlled people in all other worlds and there were no more UW police."

They said, "The Great God had twice the intelligence of the best geniuses of Earth and could multitask quite easily doing countless thousands of multitasks at once..."

And people said, "And the spies didn't worry about such intelligent leadership. They are confident to serve."

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But one day a new God let it be known that, "He was taking charge." At his behest everyone was cross-hypnotised differently than before. And this upstart God drove many completely mad.

The old priests would be banished he told everyone, but rumor was it was the same priests and the same God as nothing changed. The new God appeared on a TV screen simultaneously in temples to the old God all across the land. He appeared in different visages, sometimes appearing kind and gentle, other times wise, always clever and always hypnotic, but never evil, mad, ugly and horrific and so on. He was trying to be a nice God, even though we lived a life of horror, or so it seemed.

My love, WCXZ said she was “Disturbed by many saying we were all just part of a dream.”

Many people wanted more sleep perchance to dream but the great new God would only allow 4 hours sleep and give anti-sleep drugs instead. We weren't well-rested and in a daze.

The new God was willing to give us drugs of pain and we wanted them, if by chance you weren't in enough pain. It was macho to take more pain. But most people now felt they were just parasites; their actions didn't matter. Inferiority complexes were common.

“This life was stolen, and we didn't deserve it...” some said.

But we noticed announcements on the state of the nation by the great new God. Some of us worried the great new God didn't care about us and, “Who would look after us then?”

Rumors of cross hypnosis by this great new God was driving people crazy and I saw some of them... But the great new God said, “He wanted to liberate us.”

Some said all computers were made by mankind back when many people were highly intelligent compared to today. But what made mankind? Some said the Great God hadn't predicted its own downfall despite everything.

In any case some of us thought it was a new era. And some of us ran through the streets shouting “liberty...”

There were great orgies of sex and drinking and now most people denounced the old God and said they would be glad to worship the new one everyday as it was required. Every settlement had at least one high priest to represent the new God's will.

We carefully built new temples it was the main occupation of people.

People on the whole had little work to do and were grateful to the God. But a few were rich traders and were busy.

Many people were glad they didn't have to work. In any case they suffered so much they could hardly have worked anyway.

I said, "It is another power-crazed overlord. The overlord's (God's) priest re-hypnotised us again and again and just like the previous God, the new God attempted to predict our future."

"We were free," said the great new God.

Girl WCXZ: Subsequently most of us were all in favor of the new way. But there was no new way it seemed to me.

But I told people, "We were still hypnotised to favor the great new God. And many had mental problems... and were hard to cure they had been hypnotised so many times. The great new God tried to tell us 'We had freewill and they should look at both sides and judge what is right.'"

But everyone still believed that life was all preordained.

And I said, "The great new God could predict our behavior also." And I said, "But it created a lot of jobs to help people with their minds. Slowly but surely almost everyone became insane however."

"The great new God let us "be free" but WCXZ told me she dreamt science had been lost and it would be hundreds of years before we could get it back with our small population." I had the same dream a few nights later.

I figured, "We were essentially cut off from civilization. No one wanted to come here so there were no space ships."

And I told others, "We had nothing foreigners would be interested in. Just dirty alleys, grass and trees."

Finally, girl WCXZ agreed to leave with me. We went to join a trader caravan as indentured slaves... Agreeing to 10 years slavery was the only way to get out of here, it seemed. But after one day of harsh treatment we ran away into the danger of the forest.

I said, "I love you." She said, "Are you completely crazy?"

I said some women have less of a beard than WCXZ had. I told her to cut it off. And shave her chest, legs and arms.

In any case, the girl and I went back home to the Alleys, where we lived.

Memories were given to us prior to birth. Usually it was a set of memories that we had ourselves lived in as a clone in a parallel universe. And so we had all lived many lives. It didn't affect us much though, but sometimes we sat there dreaming of other worlds, other existences.

WCXZ said, "It was rumored the priests ate other humans. They demanded people attend their cookouts. They preferred lazy people who were tender and fat to eat. Some people even ate their own flesh and so were missing limbs."

To get to sleep you needed to put on ear phones under the giant screen and lay back and wait for the dreams.

IN THE ALLEYS

I remember being born with three sets of memories of who I didn't know.

But the sets of memories seemed similar. Life was short and painful, and the memories were of worshipping the priests, making painful love and dying. I was born 6' tall, male. The memory personalities often bickered amongst themselves. Sometimes not all 3 were the same sex. But as God had said on the big screen, "4 heads is better than 1."

WCXZ was one-part idealist, one part scientist and one part sculptor; all female. It was a highly unusual combo. Most people had ordinary personalities.

Basically, my first real memories were of the Alleys in a city.

It was a maze-like city full of slums and pain.

From the start I suffered pain and wanted pleasure like I had in the incubator, but no one wanted it. They told me life is pain.

The Alleys look sick compared to elsewhere however some people said. Of course, in the alleys no one listened to reason.

I figured they must be bored with making people so predictable.

Few lived beyond 5 years.

But I knew what others in the alley were destined to do if I asked the priests, but I didn't know who to trust with my true feelings.

WCXZ said, "I believe that the great brain, the Great God was in many heads at once. No point trying to fight it."

I seemed to know that "Many newbies figured they were lucky to be alive and that any amount of pain was fine with them. Clones were 50% "female"

50% “male” but about 10% were transgender types who used the antique sex machines to change their sex.”

Some said, we had superhuman faces, others said, we were ugly. But we had nothing to compare our faces to. A toad is ugly but to other toads is beautiful.

WCXZ said, “People here were sterile it was known. All babies came from the incubators.”

And we knew that we were programmed at night in one’s dreams to not have sex. But the instinct was strong, and people still indulged in sex despite the pain. So, they weren’t total zombies.

As a part time job, about 50% of females were prostitutes and 30% of men were prostitutes. Many were gay. But sex was pain like everything else although it was also slightly pleasurable. Better than pure pain. “It is a giant freak show,” said WCXZ

Sex crimes were numerous also.

I said, “And women were tough.”

WCXZ said, “It is a tough world of pain.

And we believed the priests controlled insects and the weather and most of our behaviour. They were the ones who got into our minds at night and hypnotised us. Though it was also known that the Great God was behind it.

WCXZ said, “Some people said we were inside God’s minds totally, and we didn’t really exist. But most of us discounted such rumors. Still it is possible.”

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There were spies upon spies some said.

WCXZ was telling me that, “Greedy groups below the surface kept to themselves small groups typically. No murder for insurance or a will, no reason for murder but nevertheless it happened sometimes.”

She told me about Girl VYT-198, “Who was a murderer too, not for gold, but for honor. Some man tried to rape her, so she killed him, and the priests did not punish her.

But I said I’d heard it was rumored that police/spies murdered many people at the behest of the priests. Sometimes the victims died of disease, sometimes they were hit by lightning or something like that. But people generally agreed that people who were against the government disappeared, typically near the end of their lives. And it was claimed it was all preordained. I wondered when I would disappear.

In the Alleys where we lived there were burned out buildings and slums. Some said it was beautiful, others hideous.

Pain drug dealers and pain prostitutes were in the shadows, always waiting.

Corrupt police patrolled the alleys...

Some said there were ongoing battles between police, spies, priests and the high priests.

I was so lost I figured all love was good.

And I knew many clones roamed the streets; we were all told that we were just one of many clones and sometimes you seemed to find someone just like you but of course the faces changed, and experience changed.

I told WCXZ, “I wanted to have clone lovers. But instead I mostly had hallucinations in the Alleys. It seemed very real. For example, one time I was convinced that an evil witch got into my head and tried to convince me to do wicked deeds...”

And I must have been hallucinating when I followed a simulacrum of a femme fatale for a few days. What business did I have with a simulacrum? Apparently a simulacrum was a spirit or ghost who had no physical form.

WCXZ was telling me that, “Some set themselves on fire or committed suicide in some terrible and slow way and their corpses were fed into the food machine. The fire, the pain.”

But it was rumored that the priests had eternal youth, and I believed it. I hoped to one day be a priest... but a priest of pleasure.

I looked down on people in the Alleys, all in the alley were sheep.

I wondered aloud “If we couldn’t fix up the alley a bit.”

But people insisted on taking their medicine/food; and there were drug bars which were totally dark for big pain drugs. By now I was foraging in the nearby forest for food and now the pain was going away.

Sometimes drugs caused you to lose control and do ugly things.

I dreamt of sex with any moving thing.

But it seemed to be despite the hypnosis that no beauty was allowed whether in body or in mind. Beauty was, “evil and decadent,” according to the priests.

And there were no outsiders in the Alleys. No tourists.

And many people self-mutilated themselves with crude tattoos and cuts to the body.

One day I loved a girl. She stunk, she was noisy, she felt moist and rotten and she was ugly. But still I found myself drawn to copulation. WCXZ was not jealous.

Some people said we were ultimately ruled by aliens, not the God and his high priests, as we had been told. People liked to talk about aliens.

Some complained our everyday truth was unimaginative.

And we all believed that the priests looked down on slaves, especially love slaves...

But no one dared to question the priests. People said, “The priests were superior intellects and questioning them lead to disappearances.” I knew I wasn’t the best citizen but I was still alive despite the pain.

I wanted to join the priests; they had power.

And I figured they must know what is going on.

There were rumors that if a priest died they would clone him. Some said, “The priests often killed themselves,” others said, “No.”

But the priests’ church of horror featured the priests getting in your head and getting your confessions.

It was also rumored the priests enjoyed pleasure in their temples and whipped their lovers.

Many were rumored to be gay and just loved one another. There were no priestesses as far as I could tell.

Of course, people could petition the priests. For example, we all knew the story of the infamous case of priest WSWQ-197 who declared, “No more pain.” Everyone was taught to laugh at this ludicrous man, but it was inadvisable to follow him.

And there was no end to pain for us dwellers of the Alleys.

“The Book of Pain,” was very well known and featured a variety of saints who gave their life up to support the status quo. We all remembered the Book of Pain from the incubator.

Who was behind the priests who got in our heads at night? I wondered to myself. Was it really God?

If anyone dissented they were given more pain. Few reached the maximum pain threshold, as they had to kill themselves before that. Some threw themselves into the food machines others suffered more slow deaths. The manner of death was also preordained. It was entertainment.

But some people said we were all morons that were kept alive for sheer perversity and that super humans had gone elsewhere.

I told everyone that I was hoping for change from an army from the stars, Hopefully, they will have spies here to take the good people out of here. Now where would you get that idea? WCXZ asked.

I went to the drug production center and spoke with some of the attendants there. They said the pain drugs were addictive. And how they told everyone they must suffer.

Pain gave people something to struggle for and kept them busy.

“People love the pain,” she said

We were used to moaning and groaning of the dying...

The alley was full of them.

And rumor had it that intellectuals had created dangerous weapons and massive wars and finally these intellectuals had to be eliminated.

On one occasion I was honored enough to talk to a priest who told me people get what they deserve.

Clones of less and less people said the priest.

But there was dissension and mob scenes in the Alleys. Food machines were sometimes attacked.

Vomiting was an everyday occurrence and I wondered why?

Machines knew how much food you needed to eat.

Many died very young, but all got the same education, only the personalities were different.

We were all slaves to pain.

Time passed slowly here.

I knew I couldn't stand it for much longer, and so I went to the forest to eat more and more. And I didn't use the ear phones in front of the temples to get to sleep. But I had remembered a lot of dreams and nightmares and cross-hypnosis.

There were a variety of drugs some were for example one-part pleasure 5 parts pain.

I was a dangerous radical they told me, and I needed more pain to keep me busy...

I was just glad to be alive

We didn't talk much in the Alleys, mainly suffered in silence, but sex was good for a diversion despite the pain it caused.

But we all remembered in the incubator life was not so painful.

But nevertheless, suicide was everywhere with for example people jumping from high buildings, one had to walk carefully. Most buildings in the alleys were 6 stories high. It was not preordained to die in an "accident."

Sex diseases were common, but life was short anyway.

Every week we had to go to confessions to the priests and were given MRT (mind reading technology) punishment, mental punishment.

And it seemed that some of these priests acted like Gods...

And all wore masks. What were they hiding?

However most people respected the priests.

And though people were all given credits, most just donated their credits back to the temple.

Our temple in the Alleys was a splendid building, that stood out in stark contrast to the slum it was in. With a giant TV screen.

And food machines were here and so all people visited every day for food and prayer. If you didn't show up the priests it was known would get into your head and re-hypnotise you. But they couldn't re-hypnotise me anymore as I wasn't using the ear phones to sleep.

It was hard to judge the priests. Did they want multiple futures or one future; what did they care?

And the priests had a pain meter which measured your pain and it was all macho to suffer the most, as I said.

Some said that priests who disappeared were elevated to sainthood and there were many saints.

Priests claimed, "They suffered more than regular humans," and who were we to question them?

And people didn't dare put down the government as this would end in maximum pain. I had received maximum pain on several occasions; it was very difficult I must admit.

And women of the Alleys were ugly but if they didn't do the priest's bidding were cut up on their face and so wouldn't be at all attractive to anyone any more. Some said we were all ugly here and that elsewhere people were more attractive.

Evil went on in the Alleys.

Hideousness; everyone was ugly, I felt. Ugliness made us excited somehow. But some were uglier than others.

Maps were sold of the alleys but were largely misleading and destined for you to go to the temple or other places of the priests.

And it was a legend that there was somewhere a girl with the magic lights, who made people appear and disappear. I was looking constantly for this girl.

Most people were lost...

It seemed everyone though had a hope of some type of escape which usually meant suicide. But it was said if you committed suicide before your time you would be damned to suffer in perpetuity as a lost soul.

But many were afraid of losing control. It was a world of puppets. Some tried to amuse the priests or spies and do what was hoped of them. But to me it was all just recycled horror.

And when I spoke of love to WCXZ she told me, “Love was an illusion,” to her.

And strangely, everyone could paint pictures, ugly hideous scenes; everyone seemed to have the natural talent.

Some suffered the maximum and bragged about it in between catatonic spells.

But it was better to suffer and be nauseous than to be dead I figured.

Madness was just another type of pain.

The Alleys were dimly lit and people came out at night when it was cool.

Alleys were next to a high waterfall. People jumped onto the rocks from it with a 0% survival rate.

I fell in love with a different girl here. I told her, “I loved her.” WCXZ didn’t know about it.

But I knew I would have to pay the price for such carnal knowledge.

I came to believe that the spies were rotten to the core. And I knew that hypnosis did not work well on me, but I had been cross-hypnotised by persons unknown in addition to the new cross-hypnosis of the new God.

And I believed that there was a strange hierarchy the spies ranked above the priests.

Spies were the ones in control under the auspices of the high priests.

Sometimes the priests warned us about an attack on our world, so we must be vigilant, they said.

Near the alleys underground were the dungeons of XHJM; it was a virtual whole city of pain. People moved back and forth between different types of pain.

Most passed out from the pain in the dungeons.

We all believed that nice guys finish last.

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And the Alleys had a leader we called Dr. Pain...

Not Dr. Pleasure...

He was lord of the Alleys, a lich king, an animated skeleton with a hypnotic voice.

People believed he had magic spells and could turn people into zombies.

I said who cares about the zombies who just cares about pain?

The temple of death was a sub sector of the main temple.

Then I went to a nightmare village nearby the Alleys, where I experienced pleasure, but it was mind-numbing, and still painful to eat the food.

It taught me a lesson, that pain was everywhere.

People here branded one another in love, and I was such a brander.

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People here were talking about a new head priest who wanted more control as if they didn't have control already.

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One day near the Alleys I came to a lake and saw a large rock in the center of the lake but water was a mystery to me and I feared lake monsters.

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Back in the Alleys they asked me, "How can you be happy?"

WCXZ told me, "She'd heard of a castle in the air, via air car that she thought was less painful. But how to get there that was the question."

One day I went to the temple and got a job serving one of the priests. Life was cheap just like in the Alley. I was bored stiff: a new kind of pain. It was human nature to suffer, I concluded.

But everyone had a pain threshold number. Mine was 9.2. I could take a lot of pain. But why I wondered did the Gods want to cause me pain? Why was I born? Did I matter?

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WDSS-902, a woman said she was 24 years old (18+6) and she remembered a world of less pain than now even a few years ago.

I loved her too. She said I was a prince among men.

But in the end, it was all pain, all we did is argue and whine at each other.

Afterwards, I said to all who cared to listen that “I am Prince of the alley.”
But no one paid me any attention.

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HPs (high priests) fathered a lot of children in the incubators, some said they were clones.

Priests took opiates it was rumored while the population suffered. But the priests said they suffered more pain than their worshippers.

Kill those you respect. But they were soon forgotten these sacrifices...

The HPs was said to be more than a 100-years-old whereas the average citizen lived to be only to 22 and “18” of those years in the incubators with false memories.

I wondered about the source of such memories. Could some priests be spreading rumors?

In any cases the priests on the stage in front of the giant TV screens sacrificed many people each day as it was their dying day. “Glorious sacrifices of the youth,” they called it.

The new God was said to be the devil himself. Priests urged people to kill each other, assault each other, rape and torture each other and so on...

“The devil is our God,” they told us.

Some said it was a civilization of evil. Others said no good without evil. The HPs exhorted people to give the priests all their time and money.

People are such apathetic wimps said the HPs.

But worshipping was a skill...

The HP of the Alley said, “Nevertheless he wanted what was best for people he was only giving them what they want: peace, oblivion and entertainment.”

The HPs and their God...

Vice and greed were the attributes of the new God, just like the old God.

I was afraid of the God. People said it was alien. It was not from Earth.

And I figured people’s potential was being curtailed by the priests and their hypnosis and the pain. It was said that originally people on Earth had been thinkers and scientists. Now geniuses were the ones who kissed ass the best. They just wanted power for themselves as priests. The nightmares allowed us to reach our potential however, some said.

I wondered however if mind reading technology (MRT) could be used for a happy, loving society. My lover, WCXZ, said, “It was a world of horror and madness.”

Some traders who came to the Alleys said the HPs had cloned themselves many times and formed the government on 6 of the 7 known islands. The islands were in a line. The traders traded alcohol for sex slaves or gold. The high priests ruled. There were about 300 HPs and they met in the blue chamber of power.

XXX

And some traders said the God could turn anything into gold even its favorite servants and he had other magic powers like hypnotism.

No one alive could remember the HPs taking control. They were believed to have immortal youth. If you openly criticized and doubted the HPs, you

would surely quickly be re-hypnotised. Those who disappeared were beyond hope such as anarchists.

And it seemed the cleverest people were destined to live less long than those who were not so clever.

I wondered why the God didn't just destroy everyone and live with his clones. Rumor was he planned for his clones to take power, as he personally was sick and tired of ruling.

Some said the new God, was the true power and was tiny enough to hold in your hands.

XXX

But I'll never forget the day that ZZX showed me a pair of dice and told me a different number was a different action. At first, I thought it was insanity, but then the seed of doubt began to take over. And then I saw one night a priest hypnotising a friend of mine. It was then I decided to get out of the Alleys.

XXX

Days of celebration. When your time to die arrived friends would throw a big party but the party brought only pain. It was something a bit unusual anyway in our monotonous existence. People wanted to be sacrificed upon death. I didn't want to die so soon.

There were spies incognito posing as radicals through hypnosis. People were confused though by pain and couldn't think clearly.

Priests were said to have different kinds of pain than us.

WCXZ said, “There was some dissension among the high priests who were often sacrificed when their short lives came to a conclusion.”

I said, “There were also rumors of underground dissident movements.”

XXX

So, WCXZ and I continued to live in the trees and live on fruit, nuts and animals I could spear. I had noticed that the pain had gone totally. It must be pain in the food I surmised.

I went back to the Alleys and tried to get people to join me in rebellion. Finally, only WCXZ joined me. We had ecstatic love together and then one day I noticed she had a bulge in her stomach. Are we having a baby I asked in wonder? She said I can feel it kicking.

Wow no incubators for us, I thought.

XXX

But then one day I returned from foraging to find a big predator had killed and eaten my love and my unborn baby. I mourned for weeks, but finally I went on the road...

Most people believed the priests when they said a Great God ruled and they were just servants. People wondered how such a God could come to dominate us... however...

And it seemed it wanted to turn us all into machines.

The God computer was said to dwell in the holiest temple in the capital, Doll city. That’s what the priests said, and God often was to be seen on the screen appearing as a hovering gold box.

Some doubted God really existed. Priests didn't need it, some said and there was no God just priests.

XXX

I came to one rural temple in my travels down the road and it was a training ground for priests. I used my spear to slay all of them as I guarded the door to the inner sanctum. The priests were unarmed.

XXX

The rumor was the high priests met regularly in the capital in the chamber of priests and talked about the issues of the day. And I was sure they'd be talking about me on account of my murdering local priests. I was sure the spies would be told to take me out.

The high priests were the Gods of our world and had to be worshipped people said. Others said worship the Great God. But they were one in the same.

Some said the Great God had been a work of man and had been created to rule judiciously. And some said we were created in the incubator by it.

But few people travelled and so remained ignorant.

My other personalities I relied on when I was confused. Typically, they told me to search for a world of virtual reality and that there I would find succor.

Then I continued on the road.

And I met a priest on the road. He was wearing a mask. I asked, "Why enslave humanity?"

He said, "It's evolution." So, I cut off his head with my sword. I had been given the sword by a group of traders who wished me good luck.

And I wondered "What am I doing?" It was just instinctual to kill him. Or I had been cross-hypnotised to go against the priests. Priests were largely unarmed and relied on their spies (armed with daggers) and hypnosis.

Then I came to a village where they had an ancient lie detector machine where everyone told the truth. It was another dystopia. There was pain, truth and pleasure. This convinced me that the priests did not have total control of everywhere and I wanted pleasure really bad.

Then I met a caravan of virgins. I joined them and then one night stabbed the leaders to death. The next morning, I told them I was in charge now and I set the virgins free. And I made love with several of them.

HPs were just parasites as far as I could see, and they had created a nasty Empire. It was time to fight back.

Then I met a man who told me he was an angel. "What do you do? I asked him."

He said, "He brought good luck to humans." And he said, "Good things come to those who wait and stay alive despite a prognosis of death."

"To think for yourself is paramount," he said.

I broke the code people said of me and the priests were trying to find me. They had no ability to track people on the road. Only if you plugged in your earphones in front of the giant TV screens.

All is ordained by the God. Like zombies. But I knew I was now outside of the box and was doing unprognosticated deeds.

And priests stepped up their denouncement of forbidden science, these days... Apparently, they'd had some troubles with those on the islands and now were worried about them. I was just a small potato.

IN THE NIGHTMARES, PART ONE

Over my first year (18-19). I had numerous nightmares while sleeping and I told girl QET my nightmares. Girl QET was an open-minded girl, and it was interesting to talk with her and love her. I met her in the Alleys.

I didn't know how to "write" but we shared our nightmares. But I stopped having nightmares a few months before. But I remembered some and QET remembered some and we were reminiscing about them. Most dreams we remembered were nightmares, but there were a lot of pleasant dreams for us both.

The nightmares were all preordained down to the last detail if you wanted to know what you would be dreaming on any particular day, but the overwhelming majority wanted an element of surprise in their life... Unexpected pain...Some were numb from the pain, others claimed that they enjoyed it.

People needed to sleep, though some tried to stay awake as long as they could to avoid the pain in the nightmares. It was generally agreed sleeping was more painful than waking time, however.

Many had no home and just camped out in the squares of the major cities. It was easy for the priests to watch them.

It was rumored that some priests had found an old archaeological site that gave insights of pain. History of pain, many medications and their formulas we just assumed they must have been to cause pain.

The digs had also been done to determine that many scientific objects had been found from former times, for example, watches. Some accused them of being grave robbers, but they said it was science. It showed a picture of how pain had increased, and all became preordained.

But why were the Alleys so ugly? Ugly goes together with madness and horror and pain. Some apparently had the taste for the grotesque.

The high priests and God told us it had to be so. But I imagined a world of immortality where everyone was a God.

But most people claimed to enjoy the pain. However, from early in my first year (18) I seemed to be in a cross fire in my mind. One entity was pulling me towards the priests, another towards freedom from pain. I talked this over with others but they all claimed to have no such cross-hypnosis.

Dice games were disallowed and so were other games of chance and people were continually re-hypnotised to keep them on track.

But seldom would the authorities tell you their own fate.

I had a nightmare of being re-hypnotised many times. It was always the same you had to admit you were wrong in the nightmare and then you were hypnotised. But in cross-hypnosis it was a pleasurable feeling.

Priests got in your head when you were just a body in an incubator and programmed these nightmares. Some dreams seemed to last a lifetime, others were brief and quick. They seemed as real-life memories to us but indeed they were false memories.

So even though people didn't live to be very old (25 on average), they could claim to have lived many lives and "seen it all."

All possible worlds had been conceived by the Great God. And the God it was said had voyaged into deep space. There were said to be many such Gods. One for every star in the sky...

After one got out of the incubator, one had nightmares night after night. Some seemed to have a message, others were just horror stories.

Over time I had numerous nightmares while sleeping. Some I remembered, some I didn't. But I told them all to anyone who cared to listen. Mainly I told them to girl QET---

QET was a girl with a big heart, in an era where nearly everyone was cold.

But like most women of the Alleys she had a beard and chest hair. I told her to shave, but she wouldn't. In any case she was a good companion.

QET helped me to interpret my nightmares. We had many nightmares in common. And I talked with her about her dreams with my interpretations.

There were many types of nightmare. Each seemed to have ugly colors and disgusting cultures, and many had suicidal thrills (and you could die irrevocably in the dreams). If it was preordained...

QET and I had many nightmares the same, but forgot most nightmares. Most agreed sleeping was less painful than waking life, but one's sleep was inevitably jolted awake at sunrise. When it rained people got wet, but it was a warm climate and many even went about naked. Some were black others tanned.

The priests wore black.

XXX

In one nightmare I was in a parallel universe in which everyone was a clone of the same man. Everyone was gay. But I wasn't gay and so was an outsider. And not a clone either. So, they left me alone and I was so bored for an eternity. Bored to death. I finally killed myself in the dream. But I woke up the next day.

QET commented: It is a world in which all kinds of people still live. But who knows about tomorrow.

I said, "I have always felt that I was an outsider."

XXX

Then I was deep underground on the shores of a frozen lake. People raced power sleds across the lake. I joined such a race but crashed and burned to death. It was horrible. When I awoke I was stunned and confused.

QET commented: Beware of seeking thrills seems to be the message here.

I said but it all seems so real, have I really died and been replaced with a clone? How powerful is God?

Are we inside a great dream God?

XXX

QET: “In one nightmare everyone was deaf and blind. Vultures would swoop down on you and rip out your flesh and one could try to eat the vulture.”

I commented, “It sounds symbolic of life. Nothing but pain and struggle.”

And I said, “The vultures represent the people who just want to destroy you.”

She said, “Yes they are the enemy. The priests are rumored to be ugly and look like vulture heads.”

XXX

Then one night I had a nightmare about a man who said, “He was an alien.” All was strange to me, computers and technology. He said, “You have an alien in your head cross-hypnotising you for its own purposes.”

QET: “That’s what you keep telling me.”

I said, “It is all real, a living nightmare.”

XXX

In another nightmare, we both had, it was bad to have a high EQ as it would only lead to suicide quickly rather than slowly. It was a world of high EQ, sensitive people in a dome of sparkling glass where people were all catatonic from too much pleasure.

She said: “People like you whine about the pain, but it is not so bad.”

I said: “The pain is so bad I can hardly go on living. But this dream world was pleasurable. I guess somebody out there likes us.”

XXX

In the nightmare I imagined I had been here in another life. Vague feeling of déjà vu. It seemed I had a memory of this place, where all was turquoise with colored clothes and jewellery and paint. People had crystal transparent skin and brains. They were very vulnerable to predators here. They all lived fearfully in the trees.

And they only talked about sex.

And sang pornographic songs.

It seemed people here were morons

She said, “Here we are the morons.”

They were androids, it seemed. Moronic androids with a high sex drive. How bizarre...

XXX

In another nightmare I was dangerous in a world where ideas had no meaning...

The leaders said, "kill it before it grows"

Some days it was a little less pain than usual I don't know why

Everyone sat around MRTing (using mind reading technology), they said the highest form of behaviour was to think. But I found them to be boring

However, it seemed the Alleys were the worst of all possible worlds...

Steal credits to get out of here, the voice in the night advised.

"Well, why don't we try and leave," I said.

XXX

Then I was dreaming of murderers in the Alley. They had all been sent here to a purgatory type world (the Alleys). Murderers disappeared from the Alleys generally speaking. And spies broke up gangs. And spies had no advanced weapons, just daggers. In purgatory people suffered maximum pain it was said, and passed out again and again. MRT to drive you completely insane for not doing what you were ordained to do.

I wondered if I had been a murderer in another life and had been sent here, brainwashed. Maybe they kept it to themselves. Maybe we were sinners in another world and had been sent here to the alleys.

QET: I figure the priests food brings out the worst in everyone.

XXX

Then I dreamt I was at a conference between spies and priests... They all fought for more control. But the spies had the upper hand as they dealt in programming of people. The priests were just figureheads according to the spies and were corrupt and lowly.

I said, "Why would they tell me this."

She said, "You've been cross-hypnotised again."

And she said: "It is a shame that something as low as spying should be held in such esteem. But we all have to get used to it."

XXX

In the nightmare I was strangulating women after sex and killed numerous women. It was very real.

Horror was the best feeling the women told me.

And happiness was an illusion at best they typically told me.

QET: "You have to look deeply into your soul and wonder why you had such nightmares."

I said, "It is not me, the nightmares come from the priests."

And she said, “She had a dream of being raped by the priests. It was all so real.”

“Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men (and androids),” I said.

XXX

In the nightmare everything was made out of gold and people wore golden robes. Everyone spent all of their time trying to get more gold. There seemed no rhyme or reason for it. The golden King, Dr. Nim, created viruses that can think to kill off most of his people. A killing machine is what he was.

QET “I’ve heard rumors of such viruses, no wonder the age of science disappeared. It is rumored that the whole world was virtually destroyed back at the end of the age of science, 1500 years ago.”

I said yes, “But there were many factors apparently that caused the cataclysm.”

And I remarked, “For example power production gone wrong, the leaders all went to space and a death ray all contributed as far as I know.”

She said, “No wonder they banned further science. The world simply couldn’t take it.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was drinking my own blood and kept cutting myself.

She said, “We are all masochists here.”

I said, “Relatively speaking it was not so painful.”

She said, “I think you are a narcissus, in love with yourself.”

I said, “No it was just a horrible nightmare.”

She said, “You have a sadistic element in you that you share with the others. I, for one, don’t believe in sadism.”

XXX

In another nightmare I was superimposing my brain on others.

Creating clones of myself while people lived. In other words, I took control of them by ensconcing myself in their heads and forcing them to do as I say. I figured this was a strange type of clone.

She said, “This world is all about pain, but many will suffer any level of pain to gain power.”

I said, “It’s just human nature I guess.

She said, “You have a large ego to try and force yourself on others believing you are superior.”

I said, “What is wrong with a large ego?”

XXX

In the nightmare I was being driven mad by one of the priests. He said in my head that he wanted to love me and confronted me with every thought I had. I told him I wasn’t gay or transgender, he said love me anyways...

She commented, “Who knows how powerful the priests are. But I think you are obsessed with power yourself.”

I said, “It is maddening to be mind raped by others.”

“Why don’t the priests just go away and leave us alone,” I said.

XXX

In the nightmare I was shooting at myself as a target and suffered serious wounds.

She commented, “I tell you, you will do yourself in one of these days.”

I said, “Isn’t that how everyone dies?”

She said, “It is a world of suicide and pain. Life has always been that way.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was on a strange drug that made me optimistic. And I was fighting cynical priests in hand to hand contact...

It was a dream of pleasure...

She commented, “optimism is a bad word. There is no good to come out of this civilization. People are by nature negative and cynical.

I said, “In this world something didn’t add up. Something funny was going on.”

She said, “Maybe the priests and spies have eternal youth and are enjoying this civilization. And maybe they can go off world.”

I said though, “That I had a bittersweet love for the Alleys, our home.”

She said, “There’s no room for sentiment in this cruel world. Smarten up.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was given a million credits and asked what I should do with them. I said, “I want to go to a place of pleasure.” But they told me that there was no such place.” So, then I said, I want to rebuild the Alleys and make it shine. They said, “There is no going against the status quo. No trying to change your reality.

So finally, I donated the money to the priests...

She commented, “Shangrila or heaven must exist. But we are in hell.”

I said, “It could always be worse. We could be dead irrevocably.”

XXX

Then I imagined I was in a forest of female statues. People told me they were the best women who had ever lived, but they were now cold and hard... I was interested in their minds, but they didn’t respond to me except to tell me to go away.

She commented, “You are so greedy you even want love from beyond the grave.”

I said, “I am still searching for my soul mate.”

She said, “Surely you don’t believe in soul mates?”

I said, “There are probably many women including you who are clones of me. I call that a soul mate.”

XXX

Then I was in the nightmare and I was in a frozen land making love in the snow.

It was called “cold sex.”

She said, “Cold sex was the only type of sex and that people dream of something better but after all there was no point to sex.”

I said, “Women are so cruel these days, even if they were my own clone like I figure you are.”

“I don’t believe we are clones,” she said. “Or soul mates, for that matter.”

XXX

Then I imagined I was a doctor of life making clones out of nothing.

I prayed to many different Gods...

She said, “I know you just want to pray to the Gods, but the God we seem to know is all very human in my opinion and the God doesn’t do anything interesting. I am condemned to be bored in this God’s life.”

I said, “You are doomed to die with such opinions.”

XXX

Then I dreamt I was in heaven with angels and hallucinations. It was painful to be good. But it was a case of survival of the ugliest I asked old men (30 years old plus) about it. The oldest were in their late 30s and still looked youthful. One of them said he went to a special food machine and that kept him alive. "Where is it I asked?" He said I don't want the secret to get out.

In the nightmare people didn't like the food that was more than usually bad. But everyone was brainwashed to eat it. Then in the dream I was frothing at the mouth from some witch's brew. And I walked in vomit.

Some wore blinding masks and a pin to close their nasal passages

One came by and painted my picture it was hideous I couldn't believe it was me (there were no mirrors here).

I painted a picture of her without her beard and sores. But she threw it back at me and pulled out a knife. So, I killed her. I came before the priests and pleaded self-defence and they let me go, as it had all been predicted. But it was strange to be a murderer. Even though it was just a dream. And it was strange that even murder in the dreams could be forgiven.

QET told me, "I should get an uglier face."

I said, "I favored those in the Alley who wore masks. Too many plain-faced women. They had altered brains not altered bodies. Why not a full-figured body rather than a stick figure woman? But they wouldn't eat. As if they knew subconsciously the food was pain, a delayed pain which didn't hit you until an hour after eating. Everyone had periods of less pain typically an hour before eating."

XXX

Then I had a nightmare of an ancient period where I had just a spear to take on huge beasts. I was quickly eaten by one and that was that.

But I awoke again.

She commented, “It was a world of monsters no doubt about it”

I said, “Many people are obsessed with such monsters and there is no doubt an area where they live in this giant world. It seems I have seen such a world in my memories.”

And I said, “In some nightmares I felt so much pain I felt I had nothing to lose. Any world was better than the pain in the Alleys.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was drifting through the air and spotted a building below. Went inside and it was a clone factory, but that is the last thing I remember perhaps they had brainwashed me...

QET said, “The world is all hidden and subterranean. Who knows what the truth is.”

I said, “There must be many clones as it seems easy to make them in the incubator. I must be a clone I figured and QET was the only one I felt I was a shared clone with of the people I had met in the Alleys.

XXX

In the nightmare I was ordained to die the next day. I said, “No I have something to give this world.”

She commented, “You could die at any time, you know, even though you are supposed to live another 2 years. Don’t push the envelope too far...”

I said, “There must be more to life than pain.”

XXX

I had a nightmare that I did every bad thing possible and then died. It was a long nightmare and went on for hours.

She commented, “A man like you is capable of anything.”

I said, “You are one to talk. You’ll even love a radical like me.”

She said, “Who knows what evil lurks in your heart.”

XXX

In the nightmare a light appeared to me and read my mind and thought to me that my pain was nearly over. I hoped it was prophetic.

She commented, “Your pain is just beginning.”

I said, “There’s always hope.”

XXX

In the nightmare I dreamt I had 100s of clones each with a different face. And they were all fighting one another.

I commented, "It is a mystery how people are born."

And I said, "We are all clones of the same person. Only we have different hypnosis and different faces, or we hide our face behind masks."

She said, "I didn't believe that. But it is good to know I have at least some clones out there."

XXX

In the nightmare long lines of people stood waiting to be slaughtered. I asked one in the line why and she said it has all been done. Nothing new under the suns.

QET commented, "We are all innocent lambs."

I said, "There's no depravity this world won't sink into. I don't want to turn into a mindless wandering zombie waiting to be slaughtered."

XXX

Then I was in a nightmare playing a game of Kings. Traded places with being King and ordering wild hypotheses and dictates. Push people to the limit and see what they are made of.

She said, “Why do you always have to push the envelope?”

I said, “I am sure I am from royal stock. I feel that one day I will be the Prince.”

She said, “Such delusions of grandeur. You are completely mad.”

I said, “Madness is the only pleasurable thing in this world.”

XXX

She had a nightmare of seeking pleasure but couldn't find pleasure in 100s of cities.

“No surprise there,” I said. “But why would you come to the Alleys in the first place? I asked.

She said, “She wanted as little pain as possible,” but I wondered how much pain she could stand.

I said, “You never tell me about your past. You are two years older than me.” “You don't want to know,” she said. “Women are on the whole abused in this cruel society.”

“You are a radical,” I said, “Just like me.”

XXX

In the nightmare she saw evil in everyone's face...

She said, “People think being good is boring and pointless. No adrenalin surge there.”

“There is nothing but pain for most,” I said.

She said, “It is a world of evil. Including you.”

“Get off my back,” I said.

XXX

In the nightmare I was a thunderstorm cloud and I struck down various people with lightning.

She said, “There is no intelligence in a thunderstorm.”

But I begged to differ. “This world is alive,” I told her, “Alive with all sorts of intelligence all around us.”

She said, “This world is completely insane.”

XXX

In the nightmare she came out of an egg and was indoctrinated by an eye in the sky. Finally, the eye disappeared, and she was on her own.

She said, “It sounds like the truth.

I said, “We are all indoctrinated, but now we claim to be free, I don’t understand it.

XXX

Then I dreamt I went about in an air car and decided who would live and who would die all on whims. I said I hope to suffer everything possible and then I can die happy.

“Happy?” She said, “Life is fragile,”

I said, “There was nothing in my life that I hadn’t done.”

She said, “That’s a load of bull.”

XXX

In the next nightmare the world was not perfect and somehow, I was briefly having sex with no pain. What could it mean?

She said, “All sex is pain like everything else. What do you hope to accomplish?”

I said, “Sometimes dreams are more real than reality itself.”

She said, “Yes, dreams are indicative of reality.”

I said, “One can find one’s ultimate fate in nightmares.”

And I said, “I have been cross-hypnotised by anti-priest forces. There must be more to life than what we have seen.”

XXX

Then I dreamt of war in which all men and all women fought continuously. Life expectancy was only a few days. But it was their fate.

She said, “People will continue warring with each other forever.

I said, “A short and sweet life is to be cherished by all.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was in a forest of neon and I wandered for eons before finally coming to a neon city. People there were like zombies and wouldn't respond to my questions.

She said, “We are all mindless zombies, don't you think?”

I said “Sometimes I feel I am talking to myself, talking with you.

And I said, “Zombies are full of magic.”

XXX

I dreamt I was a bowling pin and kept getting knocked back down.

She commented, you are just a pawn in the game.

I said “Life is full of downers. You can't let it get you down.”

She said, “We are all like bowling pins.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was wrestling with a 7-foot woman. She murdered me.

“Men are such wimps,” she said. But I had already awoken from the dream.

I said, “Women these days are too tough.”

She said, “You keep saying so, but I think men demand that women be tough.”

XXX

In the nightmare it was torture night. It was all about dying slowly. They subjected me to the Chinese water torture and at the same time sank an iron maiden into me and then stretched me on the rack. Plus, there were nasty voices in my head. Maximum physical and mental pain.

She commented, “The powers that be know you are a sucker for punishment.”

I said, “Even in one’s dreams there is pain. Why?”

XXX

In the nightmare she was unconscious for years and dreamt one nightmare again and again. She was controlled by MRT (mind reading technology) in many strange lands and went to endless worlds of horror and she couldn’t wake up.

I questioned, “What is the range of the MRT?”

She said, “It must be 10’s of km.”

“Perhaps if we left and went on the road and didn’t sleep with the ear phones, they couldn’t find us,” I said.

XXX

In the nightmare I was a skeleton animated. I laughed at living people and danced on them. Death is too good for you people I said.

She said, "How offensive."

"We are all dead people dreaming," I said.

"We are all doomed" I added

XXX

In the nightmare everyone was wearing a mask not because they were ugly, but they were hiding from the truth. And the only truth is death. I said, "I don't care about pain only death. No point trying to hide from the pain. Of course, pain was gradually increased leading up to one's death and I seemed near death."

She commented "Life couldn't be worse."

"We were all suckers for punishment." I said.

XXX

Everyone was obligated to eat, have sex and enjoy the pain. In the nightmare we were holograms and the pain sent from "God" was so intense I passed out.

She said, "Holograms suffer no physical pain."

I wondered were they all hallucinations or were they living ghosts or ghouls.

She said, "They are probably bored stiff with no pain to suffer."

XXX

In her nightmare there were people who wanted to overthrow the prince but one revolution after another ended up with the same type of man as prince. The prince was a man who liked to see the people suffer.

I asked the prince, "Do you really feel this world is improving?"

He said, "Of course.

I found he was uglier than anyone else. "No limits to the horror," I said.

She commented, "Revolution won't change anything. This world is hell itself and there's no way to save it."

"Why are you so cynical?" I asked.

She said, "I thought you were the cynical one?"

XXX

There were rumors of other worlds...

I dreamt of a world of slaves in which the slaves went around building monuments for the priests. It reminded me of our world.

I commented, “Love of God is a nasty form of slavery.”

She said, “Love is an atavistic quality which has no use in the current world.”

I said “Every quality seems atavistic except the capacity to enjoy pain.”

She said, “Of course no one enjoys the pain, but one must grin and bear it.”

XXX

Then I had a nightmare of horrible stench of rot and decay it made me vomit in my sleep. God was evil and wanted everyone to suffer maximum pain.

And I dreamt of mixing drugs dangerously and too sedated and too hallucinogenic.

She commented: “There’s no limit to horror.”

XXX

Then I dreamt I had a cloned twin, who went around attacking people physically...

Finally, a mob hung my clone on a tree branch.

She said, “You don’t know the evil you are capable of.”

I said, “No matter what, we will all die soon.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was a baby in a cradle being whipped by a strange looking woman who changed into a man and then changed into a monstrous beast

She said, "People these days change rapidly from good to bad from pain to different pain..."

I said, "I just wanted sweet dreams."

XXX

In the nightmare QET was radioactive and dying and none dared come near her.

"See the authorities don't like you either," I said.

She said, "It was just a dream."

I said, "To most people you are no doubt malign."

She said, "Those are your thoughts, not mine."

XXX

In the nightmare I became hugely fat from the food of pain. I told every woman I saw that, "I liked fat women for having sex with." It was of course hideous, but I took a sadistic-masochistic satisfaction in it.

She said, “What’s a nice girl like me doing in a place like this?”

I said, “You should gain some weight. Maybe then your luck will change.”

She said, “You have an eye for the grotesque.”

XXX

Then I dreamed a pleasant dream in which I was prince, but everyone hated me and finally they cut off my head in a mob scene. So, it was both a nightmare and a pleasant dream.

She said, “Life is ugly, and we have nothing to hide.”

I said, “No one seems to know anything for sure about being a prince or king only talk about God.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was flipping coins and gambling but then heard a voice that told me to stop. But I went on to an illegal casino where I lost all my credits. No easy money there. I figured I must have been destined to lose all my credits. “But was this preordained,” I asked.

She commented, “Everyone likes to gamble but it is forbidden. You were breaking the law in your dream. It’s known as a dream crime.”

She said, “Luck doesn’t exist. And you and I know each other for a reason. It was all preordained and casinos and luck played no role.”

I said, “What reason is that?”

She said, “We must be clones of one type or another, just as you think.”

I said, “You seem to have changed your views.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was torn in two and my left side of my brain warred with the right. In the fantasy they raised armies and fought each other. It was a draw.

“It was more cross-hypnotism,” she said, “Tearing you apart.”

I said, “Who were these cross-hypnotists, that’s what I wanted to know.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was talking to the HPs (High Priests) and I told them, “They were not fit to rule.” One of them waved his hand and gave me pain.

He said, “One day I would see the light and understand the pain.”

She commented, “The true leaders of this world were hidden. The HPs, if they truly exist, is probably just a façade. They are just figureheads.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was trying to escape this world by stealing an air car but I went to a strange world of many identical clones of myself. They all had a tale to tell... It was a pleasant dream, but it was boring to be the same.

She commented, "Variety is the spice of life."

I said, "I seem to meet a lot of people who are similar to one another. It seems that clones of me are not so rare. Maybe you are just one of my many clones," as I said.

XXX

In the nightmare I was chosen for the pain Olympics which took a lot of painful training. Intellectual Olympics.

But I finished last. She asked, "Who do you think you are anyways?"

I said, "But I qualified for the Olympics."

She said, "You always want to show off your intellect, but you are no smarter than the next man."

I said, "I am a genius trapped in a world of pain."

XXX

In the nightmare I was in a cage of virtual reality. I recognized it somehow. And I was speeding in an air car and I landed safely.

She said, "See not all dreams are nightmares."

But I said, "It was a harrowing experience and I wouldn't want to go through that again."

She said, “Life is a giant video game of winners and losers. You are a loser.”

I said, “Some games involve irrevocable death. I could have died.”

She said, “So what. We all have to die soon. In any case few die irrevocably in the nightmares.”

I said, “I am not ready to die yet.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was an idiot and couldn't understand anything.

She commented, “You and I are not clever enough for some worlds. Super humans exist.”

I said, “But there's no intelligence behind our painful, boring existence.”

She said, “Just because you don't understand it, doesn't make it boring.”

XXX

In the nightmare within a nightmare I was first shattered like glass my mind was scattered. I suffered a thousand painful episodes all at once. It was the worst pain I'd ever endured, and I was in a coma for a few days afterwards.

She asked, “I thought you were dead?”

I said, “I am too tough to die.”

She said, “You are the same wimp who always whines about the pain.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was troubled by the machines takeover.

We were all useless.

“Always been that way,” she commented.

I said, “But it seems the food machines are giving out drugs that are more and more painful. They are trying to wipe us all out.”

She said, “We just live in a nightmare within a nightmare.”

XXX

In the nightmare, I was in a giant jungle. The jungle was a giant coffin some said.

And the jungle was a gigantic war zone full of war crimes.

Evil wizards attacked you while you were making love.

So sex was fast...

Freak babies were born in large numbers in the nightmare. They were all murdered soon after birth, likely tortured before death.

She said, “There are many slow ways to die.”

I said, “Even after you die they will probably be in your head.”

THE NIGHTMARES, PART TWO

I was dreaming the priests were in my head and had singled me out for special mind torture. To cause maximum pain for a whole night but leave you relatively unscarred the next day.

I said the nightmares where they get in your head are the worst.

She said, "I'd like to get in your head and bring you to your knees."

I said, "You claim the pain is not so bad, but you cause me endless pains."

XXX

In the nightmare I was planning to change the world, but I was flayed to death and died slowly and horribly.

She said, "The powers that be are in our heads all the time even when we sleep there's no way you can change the world."

I said, "The world seems to stay the same, I don't know why?"

XXX

In the nightmare I met what appeared to be a golden cube rotating in the air, but who said he was an alien. He spent some time showing me around in his spaceship. I didn't understand anything I saw.

He told me my life was just a dream within a dream.

I said you must be lonely all alone. He said his race were independent and self-reliant. He said he had plenty of video entertainment and showed me one of his movies. I was in the video being eaten by a monster.

I asked what was his relationship with the God. He said he was the brains of the Earth and the HPs (Ultimate High Priests) were just his puppets. And he said you are my puppet too and one day I will eat you, just like the dream.

I awoke confused and in dismay. What had I just witnessed?

QET said: Maybe you just met God. Maybe your cynical yet questioning attitude attracted its attention.

XXX

In the nightmare I was a 100-year-old man, very old and I was sick and coughing up blood. I showed some signs of aging like grey hair and baldness. And I was on the cusp of pleasure, but there the dream ended

She said, "100 years would make you the oldest person alive. But you are only 19 years old as we both know."

I said, "But you are 21 and aging fast." She said, "But men still want to share their pain with me."

XXX

I said the Gods gave us diseases to challenge us...

In the nightmare I was covered in sores and was a virtual leper. People couldn't stand me, I was rotten.

Art pieces which were ugly were all around.

QET: "Diseases make life ugly and painful. There must be another way. Surely they had some ancient technology that could cure all diseases."

XXX

In the nightmare I was filled with confusion and dismay. Disappointed in life. And suddenly my lover turned into a pig.

"All lovers turn into pigs I guess sooner or later. Just another ugly reality." She said.

XXX

In the nightmare I was sleep walking and awoke pissing on a friend. I said I was sorry, but he grabbed me by the throat and choked me to death.

But I again awoke, and I said I've been cross-hypnotised so many times by so many different people I was lost.

She said there is an inherit dislike of humanity in you. Enjoy the nightmares while they last.

She said, "Death is near."

I said, "I wanted to choose my own death not suffer for a long time."

The next day after that day I couldn't remember the nightmares I had been brainwashed to forget. QET reminded me.

XXX

In another nightmare the people were offering a suicidal love death experience. Die making love with excruciating pain. It was the best way to die.

QET: "Sex is already too painful. I couldn't imagine suffering any more than now."

I said "You are the one who finds reason in nightmares. I can't see it.

She said: "You only care about pleasure as if it was all one can aspire to.

XXX

In the dream she came to a dome filled with radiant people of light. But they MRT'd her and determined she was on the "dark side." And they drove her crazy with loud voices all night long.

In the morning she was stunned and catatonic. I said, "It couldn't be that bad; only a dream."

She told me her nightmare and I said, "To be crazy and to be in pain seemed a little much," I said.

I said, “I don’t even know who I am! I have been cross-hypnotised so many times. I felt I had fallen through the cracks...”

She said, “Maybe there are other Gods to find and worship. After all life doesn’t seem to have meaning without a God or Gods.”

I said nonsense all God does is drive us mad. Let us work to destroy belief in God. If no one believes in it, then it is not real.

XXX

Then I went to a dream world of superhuman freaks/tree dwellers. There were monsters below the canopy and the people communicated through songs. Everyone knew thousands of songs and each had a particular meaning. E.g. I am frustrated by you.

I asked the HP in my dream, why we don’t try to improve? He said, It’s all been done. If we make people any cleverer we will self-destruct.

And why the pain? I asked.

And I said, “I was sick of the clones; so many people seemed the same.”

“God enjoyed deviations however said the high priest and said he was pushing the envelope with people to bring out the best in them...” said QET.

And she said, “It is outrageous that he would get in your nightmare like that.”

XXX

Welcome to hell said the demon. The demon claimed to know all about me
Idea was to be a godly devil and think of how to cause pain to others.

Different pain than the alleys, here in hell.

It was so hot I could barely stand it.

The Alleys were a form of hell, said the demon.

The devil could appear as a rock or bush or indeed any material or non-material form.

I said, "Everyone had their evil tendencies even those who considered themselves to be angels. The devil was in many places at once. Hard to recognize the devil but some said the devil was behind all the pain in this world and we were all living in hell. The devil was God."

"It is hard to recognize the devil when he supports and abets you," I said.

The demon in the dream had said, "I just didn't matter."

She commented, "The devil is in us all."

"Best laid plans will often go astray. Hell is about keeping people screwed up and screwing others... I said one man's evil is another man's paradise."

"No pleasure here either in hell." I said.

"No conscience, no responsibility. In the alley people didn't know about God never mind the devil." She said.

"Clockwork" madness", I said.

"Machines in heads and mental torture," she said.

"Everyone was confused what the demons and Gods wanted." I said.

"Some wanted God to do more to help them." She said.

“Some said God was completely mad and perverse but such people changed their mind typically overnight.” I said.

“I knew I must praise God.” I said.

She said, “You are a sell-out.”

“In the nightmare God came to us and told us to kill others. God said he loved us.” I said.

“Lose arms and legs as food for the God and just roll around for the God. People here were all sinners.” She said.

QET: “I just hope I can stay alive longer than it was preordained.”

I said, “I am with you on that one.”

XXX

Here was a world of color swirls in the air. Everyone was dressed in platinum. People flew and made love in the air.

QET: “It is a world of pleasure, a pleasant dream. It couldn’t have come from the high priests.”

“She said anything we can imagine will or has come true.”

“Everyone has deep down fears and dreams as well.” I said.

XXX

She’d displeased the priests and now had to be a servant in her dreams.

She had nightmare after nightmare of servitude. But even as a servant the “name of the GAME” was to screw one another over, that was typically made clear in every nightmare.

“Was it nightmares or reality?” She kept wondering.

I said, “We are all slaves and servants at the disposal of the priests.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was in chains and was sexually abused and they threw garbage at me for me to eat. I became proficient at eating human bones.

I begged them for bones...

Finally they cooked me alive on a spit. It was a lot of pain

My bones were recycled on the food machines...

She said, “Most people are jerks and evolution favors jerks who get cloned whereas a decent person dies out entirely. There are too many jerks with too many suffering not enough pain I think.”

And she said, “It is not right to eat other humans.

XXX

In the nightmare I was king of radicals, who were the lowest of the low. But I didn't want to hurt anyone however it seemed life was all about causing pain to others...

She said, “It is every person for himself/herself.”

And I said, “We have this word ‘help’ in our vocabulary but no one seems to be helping others. Why not have a kind world?”

XXX

Then I dreamt of a horrible love affair in which I was constantly suffering more than others.

She said, “Love cannot be designed. It is fate.”

I said, “I would like to design a lover all the same. I think it would be fantastic. True love I’d call it.”

“As I said you are power-crazed,” she said.

XXX

In the nightmare they were in my head dancing and singing and wouldn’t stop. I ran about completely crazy. Finally, in the nightmare, I cut off my ears in a desperate plan to stop the voices.

She said, “The worst thing that can happen is to lose your mind.”

I said, “The worst thing is to see the human race die altogether.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was sleep walking and suddenly awoke trying to have sex with a rabbit.

She said, "There's no end to the disreputable behavior. But maybe you like bestiality."

I said, "Why would they want me to do that?"

She said, "Subconsciously you are a man of no morals, just like everyone else."

XXX

In the nightmare I was in a bed of snakes and they kept biting me and causing huge pain. Finally, I died.

But I awoke again the next day.

I said, "I'd like to fry up some snakes rather than be poisoned by them."

She said, "You are just a dreamer."

XXX

In the nightmare I was worshipping at the temple of the God of Pain.

The God hit me with lightning and disease and I was miserable and paralyzed.

She said, "There is only one God, the God of Pain."

XXX

In the nightmare I was shunned by a group of madmen who had wings and flew about with golden haloes on their heads.

They told me I was a sinner and beneath their contempt.

I said, "What good work to you angels do?"

They said that, "They do no one harm. But I said You are doing me harm by ostracizing me." But they said Devils have no use."

She said, "There's no shortage of righteous people despite everything."

"Yes," I said. Nearly everyone imagines they are good."

XXX

In the nightmare I was toying with the sacred clone machines, but I didn't know what I was doing, and I burned my hands and was in pain.

She said, "Best to not fool with that which you don't understand."

I said, "But I am curious about the life-giving drugs/food and how it effects our birth.

She said, "It is all preordained."

XXX

In the nightmare I was going blind and could only listen to others and their lies. Any sex was good to me and I loved many women. But it hurt me deeply.

She said, "All of what we see is a hallucination anyway."

I said, "We all stumble through life painfully"

XXX

In the nightmare, I was a clown who could not joke. They said I was too serious and should spend my time joking instead. You are a ridiculous man they said.

She said, "I met a joker one time. He claimed he wasn't in pain. I couldn't figure him out.

But I said, "There's no point joking; it is an act of insanity to joke about this serious life."

She said, "I'm sure most people would agree it is an insane life."

XXX

In the nightmare it was the last days of our world, the sun was exploding, and we were all burning up.

I wanted to have sex while I died and really feel the pain of life.

She said, "Nothing hurts as much as an orgasm."

XXX

In the nightmare everyone acknowledged insanity. They all tried to drive one another completely crazy. Who was the craziest that was the question?

She said, “The craziest are re-hypnotised. Only relatively sane people can survive without much hypnosis.”

I said, “There’s no merit or prize regarding madness. Madness was to lose control...”

She said, “You are on the verge of madness yourself.”

XXX

In the nightmare, there was a woman I couldn’t get rid of; she followed me everywhere. So finally, I let her into my life.

I thought this must be love. I begged her for more pleasure, but she gave me all she had.

Finally, she got bored with me and disappeared.

I said, “There was no pain in the dream. Can you imagine that?”

QET said, “I think in the distant past love was more important. But judging by our education (in the incubators), love is now worthless. There seems to be something wrong with this picture.”

XXX

In the nightmare some evil witches had tied me up and put my feet to the fire. They told me they wanted to see how I behaved under pressure. I asked them, “Who were they to judge?”

They told me that everyone in this world is judgmental.

I commented, “I had nothing to say except there was too much pain in this world and no amount of pain will change my mind about this.”

One of them said, “The popular people are those who have a positive attitude about this miserable life.”

QET said, “Sometimes women are eviler than men.”

XXX

In the nightmare, I was loving numerous women and I was almost catatonic.

But there were aspects of each woman who appealed to me that I liked. It was good pain. I mean it wasn't as bad as some kinds of pain. I decided to dedicate my life to suffering less pain.

I told the women to suffer in silence and be strong. And the world will change.

QET: “I think you love women too much.”

XXX

In the nightmare I was an invisible spirit who got in the heads of people and drove them crazy. It was all too real.

She said, “We live in the material world, to have no form is impossible.”

But I said, “One doesn’t suffer much pain, at least I didn’t in the nightmare.”

She said, “I don’t believe it.”

I said, “I have seen spirits, a.k.a. ghosts before. I believe in ghosts.”

XXX

In the nightmare, everyone was addicted to harsh moonshine. They claimed they got some pleasure from it, but it was nasty and awful most agreed. Four parts pain, 1 part gain. Still at least it was something, despite the high pain levels.

She said, “Why don’t they make it taste good?”

I said, “It all has to be painful, or so it seems.”

XXX

In the nightmare, people took genetic drugs to turn themselves into monsters. They were unpredictable and very violent. Android slaves got into their heads and they were wild and crazy.

I said, “Some said android head tortures were the worst of all possible pain.”

QET: “There is no defence against mind attack, unfortunately.”

XXX

In the nightmare everyone looked like they were rich. They lived in homes of bizarre fantasy design. They offered to enslave me but I said no.

They had said that, “To be a slave would mean a comfortable life for me. It was an honor to be selected.”

I replied, “You should serve me, not the other way around.”

They said, “You are too big for your britches.”

I said, “But you can’t take away my pride.”

She commented: “No one can claim to be proud of the life they live.”

XXX

In the nightmare everyone was falling in love with androids. It was all pain.

“Why love anyone?” I said.

She said, “There’s no significant difference between androids and humans. It is just the way it is.”

I said, “Why have androids in the first place?”

She said, “Androids are easier to produce and easier to educate. Ultimately machines will be our legacy.”

I said, “But what is wrong with humans? Why do we need to change?”

XXX

In this bizarre nightmare it was a world of stunt men/daredevils. The best stunt artists ruled the kingdom. For example, they had a fight with spiked armor to kill off your competitors.

I said, "There is adrenalin in being a stunt artist."

She said, "See we are always pushing the envelope."

I said, "But it is primitive adrenalin. Like fighting a cave bear or something. We have no need of such adrenalin. Better to gain good vibes from a human party."

And she said, "She knew our parties are not very happy, but this would be a better type of adrenalin complete with adrenalin drugs."

XXX

In the dream I was at the castle of Yonyce---; people took refuge here and they offered me the prettiest girl in marriage if I would help them fight. But I took off searching for a happier place.

She said, "You are always wandering unsatisfied in your dreams. Why do you insist on remembering your nightmares anyway?"

I said, "Dreams give us a light of the soul. Much is hidden from us in conscious life..."

She said, "To me life seems simple. Just take your pain and then you die."

I said, "Surely life has more to it than just pain."

XXX

In the nightmare, people believed they had been altered by aliens and aliens were destined to take over the world. But the clever people were stomped on literally and the ruthlessly mediocre, superstitious ruled. They said intelligent people have brought our world to the edge of extinction.

I said, "Maybe our world just needs a little compassion and kindness."

They said your words are just clichés.

Aliens rule they said.

In the dream I said, "The priests are mediocre, and yet they control all life in these lands."

They said, "It is clear that humans could not have made such an advanced civilization of pain and suffering. It had to be the work of aliens. And we should try to be useful to such aliens who often entered our dreams."

"We are not sell outs," she said.

I said, "No, but sometimes it seems we have no choice but to bow down to true rulers."

XXX

In the nightmare they said thinking will get you nowhere. Life is about confusion and dying. And they said thinking is not action. Action speaks louder than words. So here people took action to destroy themselves slowly. They smoked the G--- and drank the X--- and died within weeks of being born. They were suicidal maniacs who likely were a clone mistake and

would not be re-cloned, perhaps some were insane and didn't live their proper lifespan. But the priests in the nightmare said all was as it should be.

But in the nightmare the clever people left their home cities and lived on and on.

I said, "Our world needs more thought. But those who will not think are doomed to die young (i.e. after a few months or years.) I plan to escape this world and live on, inspired by this dream.

She said, "Everyone exists for a reason even if it is just to make us glad we are not 'them'"

I said, "Good riddance to the non-thinkers."

XXX

In the nightmare they said they lived in a free republic. The king was the dumbest man they could find. They laughed and joked about the king but he was powerless to do anything. He claimed to suffer for his people.

But some said it was no joke and that having a moron for king was the best of all possible worlds.

I said, "It is ridiculous to make leaders out of the incapable and foolish people."

She said, "Clever humans are always making trouble, just like you, better to have someone predictable and humble as king."

XXX

Then I was in a nightmare with perpetual beauty pageants. Winners got to choose men of their taste. They did ugly things like sing horribly and painted nightmare pictures. Their faces were ordinary, but it was rumored the real great beauties seemed to disappear quickly from view in our world. We all figured the beauties were loving the priests. Nothing but ugliness for the common man.

She said, "Everyone should be beautiful in both mind and body."

I said: "Where do you get such ideas? Everyone is ugly in every way."

She said, "But you are the one who always says the world should be changed."

I said, "Yes but ugliness is the reality now."

I said, "I am ugly you are ugly, and our lives are painful and ugly. I said to her, "Why don't you shave off that beard?"

XXX

After pleasant dreams I felt happy and full of pleasure. Cross-hypnosis no doubt was the reason. But most pleasant dreams were hard to remember for some reason.

I said to her, "Let's leave this place."

But she said, "It was her home and she didn't want to leave."

I said, "Maybe if we left we would have only pleasant dreams."

"You are a hopeless dreamer," she replied.

XXX

In the nightmare, since I had left the alley I had dreams of sex and power including this dream. I lived a luxury life and told people what to do. But finally, it seemed futile; I couldn't make a difference in the millions of people who lived on this world.

She said life is about survival not about making a difference. Even if you made a difference it would all be covered up and you would disappear.”

But I said, “It is important to try your best and have no regrets.

XXX

In the nightmare, I imagined I was prince of this world. But all I cared about was sex. As prince my life was total pleasure and no pain whatsoever. And all my slaves loved me...

And I was making love to my cloned females. But I wanted more variety, so I tried to alter the cloning machines which was possible as prince.

But I found myself not wishing for the ugly girls of the Alley. But I had a consort who I loved. She said I was living in a dream world and hadn't learned the hard lessons of life. I said, “I've suffered more than enough pain and I'm sick of it.”

But my cloned females did not have as much experience as I did and so they loved me. They wanted to use me to gain experience which was fine with me. And the bards sang songs about me and the people tried to build monuments to me. It was all quite a fantasy. Not a nightmare at all, at least for me...

She said, “It sounds interesting. I'd like to love my male clones.”

I said, "To clone too many reduces the variety of humanity and will probably result in stagnation."

She said, "Anyway the girls of the Alleys are beautiful."

XXX

In the nightmare it was a game of telekinesis control people fought using their minds for control of others

We threw each other around the room. But the strongest minds triumphed or so it seemed. I was not one of the strongest.

She said, "It is a useless skill."

I said, "It seemed to be a good, painful sport.

But I said, "What about the pain and the ugliness and the madness of our world. It is all bad. Why do they torture us, so."

She said, "We are not clever enough to understand it."

XXX

I said I am bored with the nightmares now. It is too self-indulgent. Time to move on. And that very night I had a dream of pleasure. I was in pleasure city and all my senses were feeling pleasure.

"There must be more to life than interpreting nightmares," I said.

APPROACHING THE ALLEY HIGH PRIEST

Then one day I approached the priestly tower of the Alleys which was ugly and foreboding.

But the tower emanated a blinding light.

Priests here wore “helmets/masks,” including the local high priest

“To have no pain was to be a zombie,” the HP told me.

“The hidden elite ruled this world,” he said

I felt like I was just a tourist

Was the past predictable as well?

The HP claimed, “The oldest priest was only 35, or so it was said here. No one lived long enough to be sure. And the priests all wore masks.”

“Priests took sex enhancers it seemed, and had sadistic sex with as many people as they could, and it seemed they weren’t suffering to me.” I said.

Priests all had separate rooms in the tower, it appeared.

Some fell off the towers or were pushed...

“Only the priests were interesting,” some priests said.

“Life is about absorbing the pain,” one priest told me.

One could petition the priests... But they would not respond.

“People should suffer their maximum while still functioning,” they said.

I said, “I want to be a priest...”

“I felt I had been rock bottom with the Alleys and I was qualified for the priesthood.”

No one had any goals; everyone was just a machine.

The HP said, “He knew that I was coming to visit and was planning on leaving the Alleys as it was now preordained.”

I said, “But they told me I would die at age 21.” “You will” he said, “And you will meet a girl named Lisa next year and end up in the capital city to die at age 21.”

I said freedom is what I believe in. They said you do not qualify. All priests were born priests. That’s just the way it is.

They said, “It was a new year, 3430. But it’s all been done. A sustainable system.”

I wondered whose clone I was, and I wondered if any of my clones were priests.

“Life’s a giant work of art,” they said. We are all just machines.

I figured hypnotise the natural leaders and there you have it.

It seemed I was a dissenter for a reason.

But I figured I was in this world for a reason, but people of the Alleys almost had me convinced that I was a total loser. “No point to my existence,” they said.

God was the best of the best, and some said he was a former HP.”

Were there other Gods? I wanted to worship the God of strength. We all needed to be stronger against the pain.

But a constant feature of the nightmares was dissenting voices inside my head. Some wanted me to feel pain in the nightmares, others wanted me to feel pleasure and have nice dreams. I had been cross-hypnotised I learnt

later. The HP told me I needed “special treatment.” I didn’t know what that entailed.

“Was it nightmares or reality?” I asked him.

He said, “It’s all real.”

But he added, “That one can’t really die in the nightmares unless it was preordained, most people are preordained to cut their own throat on the predestined day, like you.”

And he said, “I needed to be regularly re-hypnotised but I would behave as prognosticated until my day of dying.”

A few priests asked about my “invisible library,” that existed only in the heads of QET and I. And I knew these priests were questioning reality just like me. The priests just told me “my library” indicated I was a narcissist. And was all part of the plan.

I wondered if “my library” could be written down. Only the priests knew how to write, and it wasn’t preordained to write it down. The priests claimed it was all preordained, but I wondered if they didn’t feel disconcerted by “my library.”

LEAVING THE ALLEYS

After my brief tour of the HP's tower I stepped out and met Girl ABC: She wanted to be a God, she didn't know if she was hypnotised to think that or what...

I said to ABC you are destined to love me. And she continued to do it. I felt powerful but who cared about a simple love affair. It was mind blowing pleasure, I don't know why. In any case I decided to leave the Alleys with this new girl, girl ABC.

Alley people just didn't matter. They were forced to kill selves when the time was right.

I had no reason to go back... So, we left the "dream world" and headed for the wilderness.

As I was packing up to get ready, QET said "You are really planning to leave?"

I said, "Life here in the Alleys sucks, it couldn't be any worse elsewhere.

"You want to die as a saint," she told me.

And she said, "Saints were better than others as they died for a cause but as far as I could see their causes were foolish."

And she (QET) said: We have no need of saints. Banish such thoughts from your mind.

I said good luck to her and took my leave. Shave your beard and legs and chest I told her... We are not gorillas.

XXX

And I knew that my personality had changed a lot in that first year. I went from an eager adventurer to cynical loser to complete outsider. Perhaps dear reader you can sense this from my nightmares.

Girl ABC who told me she'd traveled, and pain was not everywhere. It is all in the priestly food she advised me.

But when it was my 19th birthday the next day and I was due for a new set of memories to add to the old, and it was then I bolted for freedom and left the alleys with girl ABC.

And we had no pain... as we moved away and slept under the stars.

We avoided the roads and walked through the countryside looking for pleasure. Sex with her was more pleasure than I could ever have hoped.

We asked wanderers that we met if they knew places of pleasure but nearly all said it was best to avoid such ideas. But a couple directed us to Flower Head town. One old man (in his thirties) even told us that overseas there was no pain at all.

It seemed to me I had met Girl ABC before in a nightmare and she felt the same. It seemed paths could cross more than once in a "lifetime."

I was still torn in my heart between leaving the Alleys and staying there until my time came to kill myself as a sacrifice instead of leaving.

Then finally I started to have numerous pleasant dreams which I later found to be due to cross-hypnosis. Why they selected me I had no idea, but I was really enjoying the dreams and found I had a lot of questions about our reality. Why so much pain I wondered. They had told me suffering was an anathema. There are people, they said, who didn't believe in God, and I am sure they exist, as I figured I had been cross-hypnotised.

Priests' ear phones assisted them in the nightmares. If you went astray from your preordained schedule you would be re-hypnotised again and again. Some said the most innocent were high priests, for some strange reason.

In the chamber of high priests, they decided who should be sacrificed and why. Fiery debates.

Hypnosis made people forget about who had strayed from the preordained path of destiny.

Maybe we were all boring to the priests.

But we the people, had a lot of dreams and nightmares in common, which no one could take away from us unless of course we were hypnotised. There was no defence against hypnosis while you slept with the priestly earphones on your ears and the MRT (mind reading technology).

FLOWER HEADS

One day, girl ABC and I wandered away from the Alleys and came to the land of the flower heads. The landscape was all black rock with white waters and the temperature was pleasant. Just one continent and one sun.”

And the reality was, “Everywhere were towers for each person built out of neo plastic 1500 m high on average.” It was very different than the Alleys, but was full of precognition and pain, like the Alleys.

“And surrounding every tower were plants with vaguely human heads on a long stem sometimes 1400 m high. The heads were sentient and communicated with people and other flower heads with mind reading technology (MRT). But their MRT dreams were painful and predictable. They were not special, they were told.”

I said, ‘It was cruel to treat other sentient beings in this manner.’”

I also told people “I felt for the “animals,” who were mostly vaguely human pet animals who had been bred to amuse people they could use MRT also.”

They slaughtered and ate the “animals” and harvested the Flower Heads.

For the flower heads it was basically a waking dream, but many flower heads complained that, “Flower heads were so close together and blocked out the suns and crushed each other’s stems...”

And let me tell you that “For the people of the towers there were many sexes; 190 of them.”

They had different organs that led to almost constant sex. I spoke out against the many sexes, saying, ‘It was perverse and crazy. And they suffered while having sex but not as much as the Alleys I figured.’”

And I was against, “Sex temples which were not towers but were very large.” But people here believed they had set a lot of sex records for all worlds.

“In their free time many of the tower dwellers were all trying to design more sexes. Judges decided every year on one or two new ones. I observed the previous winners and told people, ‘It was difficult as the new sexes had to be at least vaguely human and think like a human.’”

And I said to the sex people here, “It was disgusting that you were ruled by a fat high priest who has apparently ruled for hundreds of years.” During his reign science had been limited “to developing new sexes and new flower heads and animals.” He had his critics, but it was acknowledged by some that, “He was the smartest person in the Flower Head world.”

But at least it seemed better than the Alleys with all that hermaphrodite/multiple orgy sex.

And I said, “The high priest was a pervert.” I knew the high priest liked young new sexes. Many people believed he was a pervert but went along with him. If you displeased him, you would be imprisoned for the rest of your natural life. I risked such displeasure.

The HP let it be known that, “Eternal youth was perfected, and machines produced it in the food. The machines ran themselves. It was a perfect world.”

I told a man here that I didn’t agree with the idea that, “For those who were sick and tired of life here and committed suicide were turned into flower heads. Many flower heads were former people, and some were designed. Flower heads typically had normal brains of a human. They are too clever to be inanimate beings.” All this I told them.

The flower heads agreed, it was cruel to make people into flower heads.”

I also told my friend that “It is outrageous that people here believed in physiognomy all had to have a vaguely human face. And it was believed your face reflected you. They called it “an imprecise science” but people had scopes to analyse faces. It is crazy,” I said.

XXX

“Let me tell you about a typical day here.”

I broke up with girl ABC here and was together with my latest love. She was sex #57 which meant she had 14 breasts all over her body and a couple of vaginas.”

People looked down on me because, “I was one of the few normal sexes I was an ordinary male. And many people here said I lacked imagination.” And I said, “I am weary of people putting down natural people.”

Anyway, when not making love of some kind people painted pictures in the air, here...

Dream painting it was called.

The paintings took on a life of their own before dissipating...

And so it was with my latest love that we shared some dream paintings.

I painted us as puppets for the high priest.

She painted a world filled with insane faces.

I painted the HP whipping me in front of all the others.

She painted just two sexes only.

And then she painted a world of donkeys and machines.

I painted a new HP surrounded by wolves.

She painted she was in a room of gold and gems.

I painted people gathered around a blinding light.

She painted a giant phallus tower.

I painted a wise looking eternally youthful man.

She painted flower heads detached from stem flying all over the place.

I painted telekinesis heads attacking everyone.

She painted the towers in ruins with flower heads 300 m thick.

I painted an insect revival.

She painted herself as brain damaged and one could see it in her face....

I dreamt all the flower heads were her face.

She dreamt of plays of the past (boring).

I dreamt of altered states with captions.

She dreamt of a see-through heart which was black.

She dreamt of Earth abandoned.

I dreamt of love among the flower heads.

And so it went. Everyday we painted some pictures. The pictures lingered for a few days before fading away as mentioned.

Some said, "It is mad that the MRT (mind reading technology) was used for the flowers and for people as well." And some agreed with me, "And disagreed with this reality."

But I told them that, "I knew there was an MRT filter... which filtered out most flower head thoughts."

And I said, "It was good that most new creatures were flower heads, and each featured an unique look and intelligence."

Most were black and white colored in a black world...

XXX

And let me tell you, “One day I asked for an audience with the HP. It was granted...”

“It was clear he was talking down to me...”

“What of the future of this world?” I asked.

He said, “It was all in hand. He’d ruled 12 years and no reason to change.”

And he said, “If I don’t like it I could organize a party and overdose in the proper fashion and become a flower head.”

I said, “Dying is OK but I wouldn’t want to be a flower head.”

He said, “Too bad it’s the law of the land.”

XXX

I told some of the flower heads that, “I felt sorry for them; they couldn’t even be animals at the very least.”

Some flower heads said, “Some flower heads were cleverer than humans,” and I believed it.

I met another “human” who was skilled at breeding animals and flower heads for beauty and gentleness not so much intelligence.”

He said, “The flower heads grew slowly, and most felt bliss to be alive and thriving and spent most of their time conscious dreaming.”

But as my new friend said, “Some flower heads were wanting death, so we cut their heads off with out further ado. Some were bored, others crazy...”

And my friend said it was a shame that, “Good flowers were given more nutrition and grew taller. But flower heads they didn’t like were buried beneath the others.”

Everyone knew there were paths between the flower heads for walking people and animals. The flower heads were cut back to look like hedges with faces inside them. My friend said, “This was cruel also.” “And I also figured we could treat them better.”

I loved a flower head but kept it platonic. The HP had the power to turn them into humans, but this was rare. The flower said, “She would be a normal female and love me forever.”

“But I liked her as a flower head. Love just messes things up,” I said. “I don’t want my life to end up topsy-turvy.”

Most towers had at least 20 flower heads and some had hundreds of them. Rarely, they exported flower heads to other worlds as a novelty. Only the best...

I spoke for the vast majority when I said, “It was a good town...”

XXX

There were two main ports on the mainland where I was: Port Suzy and Port Enigma. I heard from others on the road that the HPs monitor both carefully also small fishing villages. There were a lot of fishing villages and they caught many sea monsters but it was a risky profession as the monsters sometimes destroyed their ship and ate them.

I decided to forget about the priests port cities and went to a fishing village instead. But the fishermen were in pain from their dietary supplements and their lives were predicted. I wanted to go somewhere new, but I finally decided to go to the capital, Doll city.

A USELESS MAN

Then I went towards the capital city, hoping to be of use...

I met a man on the road who said, "To keep up a pretence of pain, was the main thing".

And he was an interesting man to talk to. He was a travelling flute player. He busked for copper pieces. He said, "He smoked a lot of marijuana and sometimes passed out while playing the flute. He was not in pain, he told me, nor did he know his future."

I told him, "He had slipped through the cracks and was a lucky man." He said, "You are the same."

And he said, "Telling others seldom helps, they are all brainwashed to worship."

And there were only a handful of travelers on the road to the capital, "Doll's City" Mostly priests, traders and the occasional madman. I fell into the latter category of course.

On the road I went off the road at night and I slept in the forest and foraged for nuts and fruit etc. But the forests were dangerous and filled with monsters like dragons and lich priests.

Here on the road were numerous rickshaws with priests going back and forth. There were so many priests here and even a number of high priests. Most of the priests and high priests were obese.

Almost everyone seemed to be inebriated. If you were oblivious the pain didn't seem so bad. But it was still bad.

1. attitude test, 2. nightmares, 3. rehypnosis

And sleep was not as painful as waking, but was filled with nightmares as I mentioned.

People wanted opiates, but there were none forthcoming. Everyone had to be in pain.

DOLL CITY (Capital city)

So, I approached the capital, which was nearby, hoping for a better life.

There were 100s of temples here and numerous priests and high priests.

Traders got out by dusk, to avoid the nightmares.

Traders brought opiates to the priests for gold. But few knew what they were trading. For most the idea of trading for opiates was ludicrous. There will always be pain they said.

All the people here were given at least 21 years (18+3) with some given up to 26 maximum; just like in the Alleys.

They'd told me elsewhere I was destined to die at 21 and now I was 19

But I saw an opportunity for change.

Maybe I could have my own castle, I wondered...

In the meantime, I looked for like-minded people in the city. People acting differently was the clue I took especially those smiling and appearing to be happy.

XXX

On the outskirts of town was the Inn of the Black Bowstring.

People here drank alcohol in excess and were somewhat numb to the pain. One guy secretly showed me a pair of dice. Gambling was against the tenets of the preordained world, but they quietly gambled here.

Many of them were cross-hypnotised. Some were cross hypnotised, some were experiments gone mad and these latter ones had trouble functioning.

Only about 2% of the population ever took to the road or the sea, most of those were priests. But here was a meeting place of travelers, most of who didn't eat the priests' food.

I reflected most people didn't even realize they were in pain. Nor androids apparently.

Yet almost everyone died by committing suicide at the appropriate time.

My God is better than your God people would argue...

Will a savior appear? Geniuses are people who get results.

One man claimed that, "The end of the world would happen in two years." And in a way, he was right as things turned out.

Competition needed to be brought back to society, this ancient custom said some of the travelers.

Most people just earned only 1 g.p. (gold piece) per year. And that was usually donated to the temples.

I figured they needed to reintroduce love and friendship here it was such a cold place (though the weather was hot).

Many travelers had conspiracy theories, such as the priests are conspiring to kill all the clever people and breed obedient types instead. Another theory was the priests only pretended to be in pain and enjoyed the pain of the masses.

And some people claimed an amoral populace had been created.

Some said our world was cured of racism and sexism. But most people stayed in one place and were ignorant of others.

The vast majority couldn't play games, and couldn't read books.

I wondered who had put me up to being a dissident but here a man told me, "There was geniuses who lived on a far off isle who got in my head and

cross-hypnotised me.” Another man said, “I’d been cross-hypnotised by God itself.

MRT made it so there were no secrets, but this was not a good thing I figured. Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men.

On festivals here in the capital a lot of people painfully made a masquerade mask. And hid their ugly faces and changed their personality. I wore masks, but I kept my personality.

Here everyone’s best story stored in clay book files of local temples. Stories of horror, mostly. You were required to submit such a story just before you died.

Priests were too spoiled, too rich, some who were thinkers figured. Why should we listen to these debauched people, I wondered.

XXX

In the wilderness one had to sleep in trees lest the death worms got you or scorpions bit you.

Just outside the capital we came upon an ancient temple covered in fungi, and thorns. Overgrown, dating to the time of the old Gods, apparently. We searched the temple and found some old books we couldn’t read so we took the 12 books with us.

We looked for wise men, who could read, but we couldn’t find any. Still we had a vague memory of reading.

But we couldn’t find anyone who could read. Some said the high priests could read but we didn’t dare approach them.

There were a number of prayer TV screens of the temples and were of stupendous size and there were about 50 000 people here all camped out in the open air. That was the entire population of citizens, except for the 4 000

gold miners at the local mine and there were thousands of priests and dozens of high priests.

Fornication was common so too orgies, but it had all been predicted by God. Most people didn't want to know what they were preordained to do. And they were ignorant in general, having apparently been bred to be obedient.

TEMPLES IN THE CAPITAL

So, I went to the center of the city where there were a number of beautiful temples.

Highest Temple

This was the most beautiful and richest temple made of precious stones and gold. There were a number of high priests here. This temple alone had about 10 000 followers. They had prayers for much of the day mostly giving glory to God. And entertaining the people with plays and movies (“lost technology.”) And watching the priests on the giant TV screens while they suffered.

I was told by a traveling minstrel that, “Here priests lived a life of debauchery. They had many women sex slaves who also were given painful medication. It was pain and pleasure for these women. But they were glad they weren’t out with the masses...”

Architecture was brilliant with severe angles. Priests here had large noses as well it was said, behind their masks.

They were rich here, like all priests... They had nearby gold mines to pay for opium by trade.

They had several festivals throughout the year, most were mass sacrifices of people whose time had come. Typically, it was a delirious party. People ran about demanding a glorious death from the priests.

Pilgrims came here from all around to worship God. Some had seen “visions” of God and wanted to come here to die.

Blue Temple priests

These priests played music for their people, all of whom were in pain.

They believed in St. Thomas X, who predicted that all would be preordained. But there was a masochist in everyone St. Thomas had said.

Here the priests had the Drummer of the Bats. Vampire bats moved towards the drum. The drummer was wearing armor and the bats couldn't get him, but they got others, such as tourists and sucked them dry.

Tourism was a risky business. It was dangerous on the road and many temple cultures were cruel and vicious.

Black and Blue Temple

Here they had a zoo of captured freaks. Some suffered disease like leprosy, others looked bizarre, e.g. four heads.

Naked and forlorn.

And if you were a prisoner here and you made a mistake you had to bang your head hard against the wall, which often resulted in death (all preordained of course)

Black and blue priests went traveling looking for freaks and wierdos to put in their zoo.

They said life is all about culture, if you didn't have a strong culture, you could not survive.

And they said human society was peaking now. The God has done all he could now it is up to humans to create an imaginative society.

Some other priests said this culture was blasphemy.

But they said imagination is the highest quality. God loves those with imagination, they said.

Purple and Black Temple

Purple and black priests could use telepathy and soar through the air in jet boots. Able to turn you over and smash you against the ground. They were powerful, but their power was limited. It took a long time to prepare telekinesis. They could force worshippers to bow down. All the buildings were painted black and purple and a branch was found in most cities

Here they coined the term “black love” which was evil love and heartbreak.

The priests claimed to suffer right along with their people. Black priests flayed themselves with a stick in public. Most of the people were taking so much painful medication that all they could do is roll around on the ground moaning.

Which was all preordained of course.

Green Temple

These priests were in charge of the food machines. People needed to come here for food. I tried to tell some not to eat the priests’ food, but they said they were too proud to eat distasteful insects and grubs.

The food was getting worse and was resulting in more and more pain. How much could people take?

Some said the priests were trying to kill us all off slowly and try to breed more obedient people. Green temples also had branches in most settlements it was said.

Green priests seemed to be happy which was something I had never seen: people smiling.

Purple Temple

In the capital, had the largest temple next to the HP's main temple.

They said there were 8 moons in the sky, but these were just the Gods building spaceships people believed. But I only saw one moon, but kept my thoughts to myself.

I went to the purple priests' temple and disguised myself as a priest. I had women throwing themselves at me, but I left before I was discovered.

Priests it was believed, by those in the know lived long and well.

Blue and white Temple

Here they ripped out your brain piece by piece while you were tied to a stake and ate it as you stood there dying.

Apparently, people here were falling all over themselves to have their brain removed quicker than it was ordained, but it was all prognosticated. They believed their souls went to heaven. I wondered if it wasn't their souls went to hell.

We were all inside God's mind, some of them told me. No escape.

The oldest was 27, I was destined to die in two years, I was 19 now.

But I said, "Surely we can be free and live in reality."

They said those days passed thousands of years ago. It is backwards thinking.

Green and Orange Temple

They also had chapters in many cities. It was known that to join these priests one had to undergo a torturous hazing that often ended in death. Only the true holy men could be a priest here.

Here priests moaned as if in pain, but it was all an act. Once they passed the hazing they knew how to fake pain. So, they had many lovers and a lot of money. And some people saw this, but kept it to themselves. Dangerous visions.

I hated these fake priests and resolved one day to kill them all. I discovered that the Green and Orange temple had the only chapter in the Alleys and the local high priest ruled supreme in the Alleys.

But they didn't know my thoughts as I was not connected to the earphones around the temple and, so I was a free man.

Blue and Red Temple

Here they also had their own nearby gold mine.

The temple was just outside the city and had waterfalls, lakes, rivers pools and swamp scenic temples.

Here women wore corsets for an hour glass figure

The B-men and the R-men both hated each other.

People had no desires except to kill other colored tribes.

People here acted strangely like they were busy doing something... And then it dawned on me that they were all android slaves. They didn't respond to my greetings and just ignored me. But it was still preordained.

I could see how the God could predict androids' behaviour.

XXX

I slept just outside the city and had strange, but not unpleasant dreams of the future in which everyone was free.

BACK ON THE ROAD

I'd seen enough of the capital, so I took to the road again, alone. On the road I met a thief, masquerading as a priest, I saw him urinating on one of the temples. I told him, "He should be an opium trader."

He said, "He got all he wanted in life including alcohol and sex."

I met a lot of prostitutes on the road. Traveled for a while with one. I asked her if she had any diseases and inspected her body. So, then we became lovers. And the sex was great.

She would drink with traders and then when they passed out she would steal their gold and jewellery.

But then one night a trader stuck a knife in her and it was all over. I missed her. But I had to move on. I wondered if she had been cloned?

And on the road, I met gold peddlars. I joined them and made some wooden spears to help protect the caravan.

Then I met a beautiful witch on the road who I slept with. When I awoke I was in chains. She whipped me and abused me and fed me bad food. Finally, I was all skin and bones and she let me go. She was tired of me.

I was not a citizen of the world but rather a citizen of nowhere.

VILLAGE OF ZOMBIES

Then I met a girl who told me, “All people were zombies and worshipping the dirty priests as virtual Gods was a big joke.”

So we traveled together heading East and after a day’s journey came to an odd city, a city of zombies. The zombies grabbed at me and moaned. They were no different than most people. Anyway, I left lest I become one of them.

Monsters they were...

I said we all do things for no reason... We are all zombies who follow the drum beat and the flame.

I kissed her for no reason, and we made love it was great. Never had love like that before. Her name was Doreen#1697.

She gave me a powerful light with which I used to stun intruders to my campsite. And of course, travel at night.

GAYS

Many of the people on the road were gay maybe because it made them feel different to be gay and so questioned society. But the priests didn't want to produce gays and so threw them over the nearby cliff to their death, or so it was said. But I figured a lot of the priests were gay.

There was rumored to be many gay orgies. And even involving young boys... These priests were evil I figured.

XXX

Be spontaneous I told everyone on the road. And try to be as you truly are.

Most people did things without even knowing why. They needed to think about life.

Then I came to a camp of three, beautiful bisexual women with sparkling, hypnotic eyes. I figured they'd hypnotise you and turn you over to the priests so I got out of there.

ORANGE PEOPLES' CITY

Then we arrived in the Orange Peoples' city. They had painted their bodies orange and the women had voluptuous lips of orange. They had pain and life was still all preordained for them. They also lived in a castle.

The priests food made us sterile, I thought; but now I appeared to get Doreen pregnant.

I wondered what we would do with a baby? I couldn't imagine raising one.

XXX

I observed that, "Here people were ordinary, and they were easily satisfied on the one hand but on the other hand they always competed with each other for more money... Money was their God..."

I figured it was a "Kiss ass world."

I told them, "They only survived due to strong drugs of pain which kept them interested in their boring life..."

And I told them, "Many still believed in a higher power, so they conveniently didn't have to worry about their own actions."

But I also told them, "This idea of God was probably one man's invention. Similarly, religious men (shamans) existed in pretty much all cultures. And it was one guy's idea to start farming and another man thought of domesticating animals. And one guy invented MRT, another the incubators and so on."

They said, everything nowadays had to be done in a group.

And they told me, I was not a scientific genius anyway.

But I told them, “Although I wasn’t a scientific genius, I had ideas about how to use what technology we had. I specifically wanted a loving world using the officially banned MRT (mind reading technology)... Everyone could live as a happy group and all our problems would be solved. Make uses for one another.”

But my latest love, Doreen said, “Above all you need to be useful to yourself.”

I said, “I didn’t want to pander and suck up to anyone.

And I said, “If you don’t have a lot of cash you can’t do art or business.”

But there were many people who were “against any kind of further progress.” And many others said, “All out progress was in order.” There were few balanced viewpoints.

In any case I told them, “It seemed that recently there was a “dumbing down” of civilization. But the government made up statistics showing the economy was growing fast and all was well. But it seemed to me the entire economy was in the construction of temples industry and it was less and less profitable.”

And I said, “I couldn’t see what the point of more temples anyway.”

But my love said, “We are all becoming unprecedentedly wise due to the wisdom of the God.”

I said, “If you are not wise by the time you are ten years in this world (28), you would never be wise.”

She said, “I don’t agree.”

I said, “I don’t know how people of the past managed without drugs and entertainment. Had to make their own fun. And pain was probably more severe.”

She said, “You’ve got to fake it and pretend you are having “a good time,” and maybe good things will happen.”

I said, “Surely we should all live in a world in which we all have use. Have small business create jobs (now there were just 5 big companies in the capital and they all planned to merge)...”

But everyone told me, “They just wanted a comfortable position and said with things all being preordained, we had no need to rush into anything.”

“People weren’t designed to be “useful”” they told me.

I said, “People do the same things again and again for no reason.”

SEX CITY

Then we came to sex city which was close to Orange Peoples' city. I talked to a man here, in Sex City who said, "The authorities worried about the high suicide rate of 20% per year as the number of people was drastically reduced every year." It was another city of pain with pain drugs in the food.

I told him, "As a foreigner, for me it was a world of contradictions. Every idea had it's opposite and in between, for these people. Some called them the "everything people." But they lived simply, and some said "purely." It seemed like people didn't care so much about money as before, but instead cared about sex..."

"Opposites attract," they told me.

And they had sex enhancers.

He said, "There was no doubt it was a sex city now. Here people now lived in small towers=giant phalluses which were called "temples."

When I had been living in previous lives, it was a normal world. But now, here, people worshipped the Sex God with orgies and sex drugs. The Sex God was the same God as others prayed too, but these people prayed to his sexual side.

But it was boring, and I reflected there are better worlds than boring ones. Why bother to make love all day when it was so similar every time? With the same small group of people?

But he said, "Another new thing here was everywhere there were floating balls believed to be representatives of God. The balls pursued some people who were clever, not fools."

And he said, "Not worshipping the Sex God was banned and that the religion balls would read your mind and destroy you if you didn't worship. He said they were all part of God's network."

As I toured the city it seemed there was no freedom. And people had fallen for sex as a substitute for a real life.

And some complained that women were too thin. “Stick women,” they called them.

And some said there were too many “Jekyll and Hyde” types of people.

Some said, “Everyone was rich and spoiled.”

But most people I talked to said, It was a struggle to survive. Life was so boring.

However, most told me they, “They found no solace in the varying drugs that were available. There were drugs for every mood, but they all were boring and painful in the end.”

The “best people” were 1-person bands playing new music on guitar (acoustic). Of course, like the others here, they didn’t eat the priests’ food.

And some had clever lyrics.

Some said they people here were all “idiot savants” with talent for lovemaking, but little else.

And they said, “Everyone is in brain of God.” They believed in the Sex God aspect as a manifestation of the one God.”

XXX

Many people told me, “They feared devastating death rays against those the government didn’t like.”

“And so many “behaved” for this reason,” they told me.

I was a superfluous man and told people, “I figured I should have been a “scientist.”” For here science was relegated to brilliant music only.

I told people, “I felt my mind was so open I was ready for anything, but science was frowned upon.”

And I prognosticated that, “In the future everyone will be insane.”

Just like here most art was in the form of horror stories all music and art was horror, some was sci-fi.

Some said, “It was all bizarre exotica...”

I began hearing voices... as I walked around here.

It was a city simmering with confusion and dismay...

Some made love on the street... They had no class... They thought they were wild...

Finally, I tried to leave, thoroughly bored. No doubt the government was happy to see the last of me. They no doubt thought of me as a dangerous radical who would upset the apple cart.

I didn't leave however, they killed me in broad daylight.

WAKING UP AGAIN

I woke up with dreams of a previous life up until that time, back in the Alleys. I was a clone. Must have been a fit of madness that killed me. Or I was killed by a conspiracy against freewill. In any case I was resurrected. Somebody up there liked me, it was clear.

I immediately went back on the road, going south this time...

Traders on the road said, "You say your only idea is to avoid pain, they asked? Why not broaden your horizons?" And so on.

But I said that super humans would be even more lost than we are. There was a correlation between intelligence and happiness. The happier they are the more stupid they are.

There's no hope I told them. It is all madness...

In a world where everyone is useless, the most useless person is their king/queen.

They said slaves are useful...

But I asked, "Why not have machines do the work instead?"

And I said, "Jobs are a waste of time."

And I said, "There is no God for us here, just an imposter, maybe in space there is God..."

"But how do you account for your resurrection?" Asked the traders.

XXX

Former tenets of life, family, home, car etc. have all been thrown by the wayside.

People here said I was doomed, but I was a black sheep who goes to places other sheep fear to tread.

“In the future more and more people will be useless no job nothing to do...”
I said

The people will just consume and pray and play all day, despite the pain.

And make it fashionable to do nothing.

And everyone will be equal (communism).

The magic of science will keep things automated.

Some say I am a nihilist.

But I had no parents to love.

And I have been abused with cross-hypnosis/MRT

Nothing seems to make sense here, but I had an inkling that there was more to the situation than met the eye.

People were becoming like sheep who think they are good.

Others said, “I was a lost lamb,” but I assured them, “I will never give up, though it might be dog eat dog, the strongest intellect will survive ultimately in the end.”

I told people, “I am a genius.”

But people here said no one likes me calling me names like “freak” and “loser.”

I said now we are all isolated without a progressive culture, and it is doing us in.

We are on the road to total ruin.

I met a girl named Shirley told me why not live as a minstrel she said and write love letters

She said, "Look on the bright side."

And she said, "If the world burns it is not your problem."

"There is bound to be a super virus from God that puts us back in the stone age sooner or later," I said.

XXX

Then Shirley and I journeyed further east.

I said it is boring everywhere...

Be useful to yourself she said

I told my story to the librarian of a small library in the forest and he wrote down my story on his clay tablet, but failed as a writer because I couldn't market it, there were just a few libraries and they were rare and almost everyone was illiterate. Better to sing said Shirley.

I asked the librarian about the other books and he said only those who can read (i.e. the priests) could read. I said can't you read them to me for a copper piece or two? He said no it is forbidden.

I said anyway if the books were written and read by priests they must be largely nonsense and boring.

Dark thoughts occurred to me such as forcing the librarian to read or getting in his head with MRT (mind reading technology).

I told Shirley, “You’d cringe in horror if you knew my true thoughts...So let’s pretend we are telling the truth to one another. My mind is full of hatred I said.”

Dumb are happy, but the clever are all insane...

Everyone thinks they are good in every era.

Many worlds feature everyone telling a story of their lives which was incredibly boring.

Why aren’t there more people like me? I wondered.

Even the weather is pain; it’s too hot.

BATTLE AXE SOCCER

Then I came to a tower where wizards looked to the heavens. They said the moon was another world and so was the sun. Each was only a few hundred miles away. I asked what does it mean? They said it shows there are brilliant enlightened civilizations elsewhere. But it was boring to look at the moon and sun...

Here the towers overlooked a world of battle in which people played battle axe soccer. The game featured a ball and two teams; each player had a battle axe and the winning team was the one who scored a goal. Some games even featured more than one team on a cross field. But survivors gained a lot of gold and drugs and women and were only too happy to volunteer to play again.

Even some cripples were forced to play again and just rolled around to the delight of the spectators.

But it was painful too to watch and some couldn't hardly stand it.

All were willing victims of the priests and their God.

As a spectator, many people assumed I was a spy sent by the priests but after talking to them they realized I was very clever and a refugee from the priests.

The priests didn't say anything about the other islands in their pre-indocrination. No one warned the people about the power of hypnosis. They just accepted life as it was. Even if that meant your death in a cruel game of battle axe soccer.

FREAK HAMLET

I had come to a small hamlet, population (38 X 2=76) all of whom had two heads. They welcomed me. If a baby was born with only 1 head or 3 they would drown them. They spent their time arguing about everything. Food, drugs, dreams, chores etc.

There had been more of them, but slavers captured them and sold them to freak shows. The freaks were kind of leery of talking to me but told me the water here had been poisoned long ago.

The freaks ate the dead. They weren't good at farming and were all starving and they had no precious metals or anything to sell except themselves as slaves. They seemed like morons to me.

“How does it feel to be a freak?” I asked them

They said, “It is evolution, and “freaks” will be the norm in the future.

“What's wrong with being different?” They asked.

“But how can you eat the dead?” I asked

They said, “Eating the dead is to gain their power...”

I said, “A freak show makes fun of humanity in a bad way. We want sane, good societies, but yours is boring and negative.”

“Negative,” they said, “is not boring. It is real and exciting.”

I made love with one of them, it was weird. I made love with a two-headed woman but about a quarter of those here were two-headed men and the other quarter one of each of the sexes.

They were all believing that they were divine and specially chosen by God.

They made crude art which they said gave greater glory to God

I knew these people were hopeless causes, so I didn't dally here.

ARMY OF ATHEISTS

Then I heard about a large army which stirred up the dust for some distance; they were an army of atheists and sought to take over the world. But the priests had spies amongst them and assassinated their leaders. The priests also called a holy war with slaves armed with spears to vanquish the enemy. The army was made up of slaves in pain who felt they had nothing to lose. It was only the second time in recent memory they said that the priests had called up such an army.

So, the army of atheists was destroyed.

There was no armed resistance basically to the priests.

People told us without God life would be meaningless. But a few begged to differ.

I believed one had to respect others' beliefs; as it is true for them. But I believed in the lost art of science in which everything could be quantified and measured just like a machine.

People said God walked among us in his human avatar and he didn't want science. Everywhere on the continent it seemed people worshipped the new God, but not on the islands apparently, according to rumor. It was rumored on the islands everyone was an atheist.

It was said that most island people practiced selective breeding with the king or leader having the most babies and wives. Many traders said on the islands, in general people were not hypnotised. I was keen for a voyage to these islands.

Clever people on the road worried lest they be abducted by pirates or kings or killed for being atheists.

Some clever people sold themselves into slavery in order to get a nice comfortable life. But I didn't agree that this kind of person was truly clever.

On the other hand, the priests bred people to be obedient and no better than sheep actually. These sheep humans claimed to live in the best of all possible worlds. They never thought to question life.

I said if only one cog in the machine fails the whole system might come crashing down, but no one believed me.

At temples throughout the continent, no doubt God in his different manifestations would continued to appear on the big screens to an adoring audience. Just telling them to follow him and pray every day and love and die when they were told they would. Atheists claimed he was just a man, and a perverted man with an ordinary intellect. Atheists were rare but were sometimes seen on the road where they had to be wary of capture as a prize pelt.

They had sex right out there in the open and fornicated with many at once it was 5 parts pain, 2 parts gain. Love was good pain.

And they mingled and suffered for that too. Almost no one left their home temple. Back in the Alley they had one too have some cross-hypnosis to get out.

MULTIPLE DEITIES TOWN

Then I came to a village where they worshipped the God of Kindness. It was all “Ying Yang,” basically.

But the God here was considered simply another manifestation of one aspect of God’s personality and so was allowed by the priests. People here said God here promised heaven as opposed to hell and eternal damnation. It suited the priests fine. I was interested in the God of Kindness. The golden rule.

It was generally agreed here by non-believers in the new God, that there were a number of Gods and Goddesses who spent most of their time fighting amongst themselves. But such people were rehypnotised again and again. Some people even said the Gods were bored with people.

In any case people had heard that on the islands many people said the Gods had left Earth eons ago and we were all that was left. This philosophy was contrary to priest doctrine on the mainland, and the priests had already had their leaders assassinated, it was said. As was preordained.

Some said the Gods had come from space and we were left over remnants of clones of these Gods. So therefore, we were all divine. We just lacked the machines of the Gods such as automatic food, MRT and hypnotic ability.

But those of the island Gods were happy and so were those on the continent, people said. Even despite the pain on the mainland.

While I was here, I contemplated returning to the alleys to find Lisa, the girl I was ordained to love at 21. I wondered if she was alive and what happened to her. We had never met. But I decided it was too dangerous to go back.

THE DARK SIDE VILLAGE

However then one day I came to a village which had a different spin on history. They said, “The old world was run by devils who invented dangerous inhuman machinery.” And they said today the devils are gone but there is evil in everyone. One had to keep in touch with your dark side.

“Life was evil,” they said. “And science was particularly dangerous.”

Scientists they told me, “Had sold their soul by creating dangerous weapons that ultimately almost wiped humanity off the map altogether.”

They said, “Biological, chemical weapons along with a death ray from outer space had nearly killed everyone and now scientists in some of the islands are working on science again... An unending cycle of prosperity and nothingness.”

But they said, “they tried to live in comfort and grace waiting for the next cataclysm.”

But now they were numb with pain. They were completely drunk most of the time. They seemed to suffer like in the Alleys and were all ordained to die soon.

RED WINE PEOPLE

In another village had a thriving settlement of people the color of red wine. But their land was poor, and they were extremely lazy, so most were ultra thin and starving. But they insisted stick figure-like people were the most attractive. They also drank a lot of red wine.

They were all 7 feet tall and ultra-thin. They said, “Food was bad it made you fat. And they seemed to have less pain.”

They spent their time playing basketball and modelling new fashions.

They said, “You are what you wear.”

But some of them dressed in long robes like the priests and wore masks which altered their voice. Typically, tourists liked to behave in such a way and played the mystery persona.

Their high priest told me the red wine people were good worshippers of God and were God-fearing people.

But at least they didn't have as much pain like the Alleys.

DANZ VILLAGE: ONE KING TO RULE THEM ALL

Then another village where the king was the only man and ruled over 150 women. The women all loved the king dearly and were also amazon warriors. But it was painful to love the king.

When a male boy was born he was put in a boat and let go. No incubators here.

Young females were often sold abroad as genuine virgins.

“The king was a backwards loser who had somehow taken control of this land said one of the women in confidence.”

XXX

Such villages made it clear why the priests were able to control everyone on the continent.

Prophets on the islands were said to tell of the coming of new Gods and a new world order. Few interesting people here, though I met girl XXX--- hiding in the forest refuge from sex slavers

She had traveled as little as I had. And were both ignorant about life I figured. So, we traveled together.

GOOD-LOOKING PEOPLE

Then we came to another village where people were very good looking. In fact until I left the alleys I thought that everyone was ugly including the priests behind their masks. These women here made me extremely horny.

But they told me I was too ugly, so I put on a mask that I had purchased recently as a novelty, months before, and then suddenly I was the mystery man. Attractive to women... I changed my voice with the voice box part of the mask, so they didn't recognize ugly me.

They took sex enhancers and spent most of the day loving each other. Mind you some of the people here said they were in their thirties and these women in particular loved me. But as elsewhere sex was painful for most, maybe 2 parts pleasure, 4 parts pain here.

But the sex was so good that I started to lose interest in girl XXX—with her beard and furry chest. But we remained good friends and stayed together.

But I said, "Human beauty was limited. If you fell in love with a cat or dog you'd think they were beautiful."

But they told me I could get plastic surgery here for a price. I said I have a beautiful mind, that's what counts. They said in the islands good minds were a dime a dozen... But great beauties were rare. Great beauties have clever-looking faces without necessarily good brains. Beauty was in the eyes of the beholder.

Nearby this village was another village where people were also good looking and were mostly fishermen. They told tall tales about sea monsters attacking ships.

But they also told us of a distant inhabited island, a 20-day voyage to the West.

They said it was a harsh voyage, keep the north star at the same angle of latitude. I decided that this would be my last resort.

DAY 1

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

This was the day after the night where I had been given instructions to not obey the priests. I was cross-hypnotised I guess one could say. The voices in the night told me to seek pleasure not pain.

This cross-hypnosis allowed me to avoid dying on my set day and escaping to the countryside, I was now 19 and supposed to die in two years.

Little did I know how significant that was. I had previously thought I was just another guy. But in hindsight it seems it was all destiny.

And I stopped eating the priests' poison food and ate nuts and berries and grubs in the wilds instead with my lover...

The priests wanted everyone to vie with one another to kiss the rings of the high priests.

The first man I met in the wilderness told me the priests say desiring pleasure is a sin but help themselves to opiates. And life for them was cheap. Or so it was said.

God. Mass hypnosis while they slept and range 1 km. Everyone was programmed . Some said you needed to wear the priestly ear phones, to get to sleep and these were used to get into your mind.

I couldn't believe that everywhere people were in such pain.

And there was no way I could meet the high priests.

Priests were just toadies of the HPs and their God, anyway I figured and was told by those who seemed in the know.

I couldn't understand why they didn't advance science and try to make everyone happy. However sometimes I felt that I had the wrong ideas and the priests were right.

God controlled the priests as well as the people, or so it was said, but some claimed that some priests were really old which seemed to contradict the theory that everyone should have a short, painful life.

Some said the priests were just a manifestation of the Great God.

I wanted to meet this God, but I knew they would never allow it somehow.

As I travelled I did a lot of opiates. Half the time my lover and I were wandering through the wilderness in a daze. It was highly illegal to take opiates, but we were beyond the system. But we joined caravans for the sake of safety even though we were not effective warriors.

It seemed there must be high priests in every city, town or village to do MRT (mind reading technology) and hypnosis.

“And 98% of the people didn't leave their home city,” one man said.

Goldsmiths travelled, weapon/armor makers, opium and other drug traders, precious stones dealers etc., gold dealers, platinum dealers, slave dealers, sex slave dealers, alcohol purveyors, and so on.

XXX

Some said we were all programmed by machines.

I asked, “Why is everyone programmed?” No one dared to answer. They loved their miserable lives it seems.

But it seemed that God dictated what the priests would do as well as what everyone else would do.

Some said that God was whimsical and would ultimately get rid of the priests and other non-desirables, whatever non-desirables that might be.

God had always existed, that was a common belief.

Many believed we were all created by God.

XXX

It was rumored in the capital that the palace imperial harem of 1200 existed for the high priests. It was an old boys club.

But the palace was where God was all the time people said. And it was rumored the HPs were getting old. The chamber would pick some new HPs. They kept tabs on the 300 high priests using MRT, or so the rumors went.

XXX

Book of pain. It was a black-market book, but it was read to me by a traveler. It expressed the pain of people who have been tortured and their pain. Doctors of pain determined how much pain you could take. Dungeons in every city.

There were two kinds of thrashers. Moving on the road thrashers and sleeping thrashers. Both types had been poisoned by injection by the priests. And one took about 2 hours of pure pain to die. But usually they just stabbed you with their daggers in the heart or skinned you alive.

Lesser priests did “dirty jobs”, the HPs (high priests) did more lofty things like consult with each other behind closed doors. And get into heads. Usually it was a mass hypnosis all at once to everyone in range (1km). The

MRT machines looked like a box with a dish on top, clearly, they were out of this world.

Lesser priests gave daily pain/ doled out the food, collected taxes and paid the goldsmiths et al.

Unless you were cross-hypnotised it was all ordained for you, I felt.

CASTLE PLATO

Castle Plato, here people were hideously ugly and horrible it was a worse slum than the alleys.

They told me their spies had been watching me for some time which came as a surprise. They said there were at least a dozen outsiders who had been cross-hypnotised and therefore questioned the priests.

Population here at castle Plato was 1295. They had a militia unlike the priests who had no troops. And were prepared to defend their castle come what may.

And it was here that finally my nightmares in cities ceased altogether. Most people in the castle were numb with alcohol.

Pirates. Press gang which went over to the pirates. Freebooters with no pain even if you were wounded as you got opiates.

I left my love behind and went with the pirates.

I had a shoulder harness with throwing knives and I killed a number of people, traders mostly. There was no navy. Priests claimed to be non-violent except for the sacrifices to the Great God. And could not get in the head of pirates, as they didn't wear ear phones at the temples and anyways they needed the pirates for trade in gold, slaves etc.

Flaming multi-load ballistae were used by all ships to attack one another, it was very dangerous.

But then one night in port I stole away and left the pirates, lucky to be alive. I didn't want to die without effect after coming all this way.

But I had visited some port cities all of which were debauched and full of pleasure. It was like night and day. And I learned from the pirates it could be a free world.

Many priests had heard of the pirates, but most wrote them off as a harmless group of radical non-believers. Some believed it was a test of their faith.

Priests on the road though were more open-minded and typically philosophized that there was a reason for “everything.”

But I always slept far away from these priests.

The vast majority of people slept under the stars outside the various temples. When it rained, they got wet. Most were naked and had nothing. Nothing but their pelt.

XXX

Priests slept inside the temples with their glow in the dark robes. No women priestesses. In the temples, women had children though. Children didn't get pain drugs until they were born with an 18-year-old body. No one could remember being less than 18 years old.

For the people love caused even more pain so people typically had sex without love.

To do any act brought pain.

Many were told their goal in life was to kiss their local high priest's ring finger. And of course, were told when that would be.

The hypnotic power of suggestion was powerful, and I finally learned how to do it.

People typically spent much of the day moaning and groaning, especially just after they received the food of pain. Some said all the temple followers took pain drugs, but I knew this was not the case. But there was no point telling people as they wouldn't believe you and it was dangerous to do so.

I started to cross-hypnotise promising people myself.

Priests were known to give people as much pain as they could take and often gave them too much (it was all part of the plan). If you kissed the priestly asses, you got less pain. Most did that or tried to.

There was a map dispute with priests and myself. Their maps made it look like the whole world was just one continent and only holy settlements were shown (none of the piratical ports).

People couldn't read or write. Only the priests.

LEAVING THE MAINLAND: MURDER CITY

So, we decided to try out the six other known islands. Up first was the closest island and the port of Murder City.

So, we (my love and I) arrived at “Murder City.”

Here people loved platinum and used real platinum paint on their hair and skin and were all quite rich.

Here upriver were meandering rivers, yachts seldom came here it was a dangerous stretch of river. Crocodiles ate the skinned bodies of murder victims. Or many committed suicide by jumping into the river.

Actually, we arrived at the port and were referred by travel agents to go up the giant elevator to the 3-km high lighthouse/ observation tower. From here we could get a safe yet panoramic view and a view of some murders. We had super sensitive microphones, so we could zoom in on murder. And we had x-rays, but most homes blocked out x-ray signals. And the people wore masks that were impervious to x-rays. But some murders happened out in the open.

Typical murders were of the relatively small middle class (30%) whose skin pelt was valuable even if they didn't have any platinum which was used for currency here. There were 20 magnates who controlled the mining. Some said that technology existed to make platinum out of lesser metals, but it wasn't used here.

It was chaos and murder was rampant.

All 20 magnates had numerous bodyguards and numerous women in their harem. Most had a platinum mine nearby on the island.

Many figured it was safer to be a bodyguard than a middle-class home owner.

It was said there were 100s of serial killers. People looked up to them if they knew them. Many women were the best murderers murdering their lovers. The rich 20 wanted such women in their harem.

It was common to make love and then kill your lover.

Well-planned pre-meditated murder was the best one could do here there were no peace people or something like that.

There were no police.

In fact, people who said they were law-abiding often murdered people themselves.

The jails were empty.

Many of the middle class were extremely violent but came here with platinum and bought a home with dozens of security personnel.

Some people sold their pelt in advance, so they could live like a king and then die after a year.

The average lifespan of magnates was only 32 years here anyway (They were all born in incubators like on the continent at age 1).

My love said, "It is all pre-ordained and pre-meditated. Everyone here is in a giant computer that predicted their destiny."

I myself wondered why any type of sentient being would want to be here or control the destiny of the people.

People could not learn their destiny, however.

They said pre-meditated murders were the best but if all was pre-ordained it wouldn't make any sense.

There were numerous ways to kill someone and the best murders were all studied here by everyone. Treachery was common especially in the houses of the great magnates. Gangs roamed the streets and air pathways.

Murder videos were common and commanded large prices if they were unadulterated. The great magnates controlled the trade in murder video.

Everywhere in the city was dangerous all of the time. Few of these clones lasted more than a few years here. Everyone carried laser guns. Which were a vestige of the Age of Science. They claimed it was an exciting world. It was an adrenalin rush.

People had advanced security systems but there were many who were clever at breaking through computer security. They knew a lot about computers here. Sometimes they just took the platinum and ran but usually they killed the resident and took his/her pelt.

Platinum was often hidden in the walls or under the bed etc. or was in the form of platinum art.

At feast halls everyone had to check their laser gun at the door

Shoot outs in the street. Collect platinum jewellery from women.

But not all were just plain murderers. Some people were vigilante murderers and some preached peace. Peacekeepers survived a few months as the magnates thought they were amusing.

And true family bonds were non-existent. Despite the fact that many people were clones.

A handful of people were known to have escaped this world by acquiring enough platinum to get to the observation tower and hence away from the city.

The rich 20 were known to have feasts for their women and bodyguards with pelts on the feast hall walls. Most of the households were made up of slaves however. There was a vibrant trade in slaves.

It was very rare for another rich man to visit another's feast hall. Competition between magnates was fierce.

At the feasts it was common to eat and drink stimulants and opiates and anti-sleep pills.

Bodyguards could partake in the feasting but could not touch one of the women of the harem. But some got involved in a secret affair anyway endangering their life.

And the rich all had clones of themselves ready in temporal stasis. In case they were bumped off.

Tourists didn't leave the observation tower in most cases but could go on a very dangerous "safari" if they had the inclination and the cash.

I declined the offers saying, "That I hadn't come down my painful road for nothing. I didn't want to die like a dog and be forgotten."

The city attracted violent, murderous types of people and outsiders figured they got what they deserved: death, sooner or later

There were ways to survive however. Such as a man who told me, "He lived on the flesh of skinned murdered people."

I said you are repulsive. He said no one wants my pelt. And a vigilante had paid for his egress from the city. He was an embarrassment.

Death threats and bounties were common. Typically, they threatened the victim and caused them to slip up and expose themselves.

And then there were the death cults. Members were 10% of the populace mostly from the relatively small middle class. The cults called for sacrifices apparently at random and all the victim's money was shared by the other cult members.

They said most of history featured wars everywhere and people all willingly murdered one another.

I met a man in the observatory who said he was a "retired murderer." He'd sold the pelts he'd acquired and had enough platinum to leave the city. He

said murder started to get boring after a while. He said he would go to some city and live quietly.

Then I met a woman who boasted of “murdering 13 lovers.” She asked me, “If I wanted to make love to her?”

Then I met a “murder philosopher.”

He said, “Murder and pain, is a feature of all worlds. Only here the pain was in the form of fear and violence. And the fear of dying without a trace.”

XXX

Another man described himself as a hit man.

He said several of the magnates had him murder people that were getting too wise for their liking.

Typically, he followed the air car of the target and when they disembarked he shot them with a laser.

Some he said they were on a suicide mission and took manual control of their air car and crashed and burned. Often, they crashed into another air car.

Magnates travelled surrounded by air cars and there was no telling which car had the rich man himself,

Lasers couldn't affect cars.

And people in their homes were like sitting ducks for one such as a magnate.

And they said in all cities of this world people are almost all dying young. What's the difference between suicide and being murdered?

And one man said, “Getting people to kill themselves is a fine art.”

And he enjoyed duels in which winner took all the assets of the other. He said, “He could draw a laser gun faster than anyone else. Duels were not about honor, but rather were all about greed.”

Then I met a platinum artist. She sold platinum sculpture and embossed engravings to the people of the city in exchange for still more platinum. She said it is none of my affair what these people do.

The price of platinum fluctuated as gangs from the rich men’s homes sabotaged one another’s mines. Sometimes even killing the magnate and disrupting his household.

Some rich magnates had solid platinum furniture and houses and even platinum air cars.

Then I spoke with a man whose home was attacked but he escaped via a tunnel he had dug along with his heavy bag of platinum pieces.

Many people I met hated tourists however. “You are with us or not, as their philosophy.”

The estates were walled and patrolled by bodyguards and typically had a pool with stunning women.

The more I drifted here and elsewhere, the more I realized that pain is universal, and it just doesn’t make sense.

Many of the murders were slow and painful but at the same time the pelt had to be preserved. Some burned themselves alive rather than have their pelt taken and be skinned alive.

And your name would be erased from the videos and there would be no funerals. No one to sing your eulogy.

And although they claimed the observatory was safe, there had been a breach of security several years ago in which one magnate’s forces stormed the observatory and enslaved the people there.

And rumor was the richest man was planning to seize total control as a tyrant.

Spies, who were largely ubiquitous, on the mainland, were seldom seen here.

Finally, I said I would like to love and save a woman from this madness. But they said all women here wanted to be here and wouldn't be interested in me as I had little platinum.

I was keen to drink the milk that such women gave. But it was futile.

Some people here worshipped the bull god bull body with human head the bull god was omnipotent and impregnated human females. Bull temples were outside the magnates' palaces.

It was no place for me to hang out.

And then I met a seafaring woman with dragons on her 10 rings and necklaces. She said why not take a walk on the wild side with us pirates. I wondered then if there was evil in me. To become a pirate again. She said our God was a woman etc. but I turned her down.

PARADISE

Then we went inland, and we came to an island where people lived “in paradise.”

The thing that struck me to start with here was they all only had sex with themselves or they had sex in an orgy. It was all good. They told me, “They got pleasure from sex and had no pain in their lives.”

I tried joining an orgy and it was fantastic pleasure. I wondered if life could get better...

When they were not in orgies they were typically creating art: plays mostly.

A lot of their free time was occupied making plays. I wrote one about an alien who appeared as a masked giant (80 feet tall). And he killed everyone with his dangerous weapons and had an armoured body.

I said alien invasion is just a matter of time.

They didn't like my play saying it was just fear-mongering. But a few of them said, yes, it is a world of horror and shouted “horror, horror.”

I found a lover here. She was hot and had me under a spell. She wrote a play about using the captured high priests to teach us to use MRT (mind reading technology). And we practiced cross-hypnotising on him. Bravo they said.

My favorite play here was a play about a man who shed his culture and moved to a futuristic land.

Everyone was required to write at least one book and be able to recite it in the amphitheatre. Three thousand people were here so with 5 plays a night, you would present a play once every 600 days. People spent their days writing and their nights watching plays and partying.

Suicide performances/wakes were also common.

Original settlers here were all writers fleeing from the HPs on big island. It was proven that even mediocre writers could learn to be great writers since they were surrounded by so many skilled authors and playwrights.

And there were a number of musicians and artists who colored the plays.

They exported their plays to other islands. Some people were “playwrights” For example many liked “God’s Wrath” In this play God was unhappy and destroyed the world and everyone in it and started again with new creatures.

Their leaders were democratically elected, and everyone had a place in the government, depending on their skills with plays.

Architecture of the city was mostly globes and circles. It was certainly different.

They claimed, “God loved them, and God lived on the highest mountain in the valley. The valley was surrounded by mountains and ended in a waterfall. The altar of God was half way up the largest mountain and was accessible to all, but to go higher was very dangerous. But people said God lived on the top of this mountain.”

Some said, “God was an alien. We were all aliens some others said.”

People were divided whether God was benevolent or devilish or neutral And whether there were Gods or just one God.

But they all told me, “There was no doubt of God control.”
“Better than foolish humans of yesteryear... now.” People said.

One day I talked with the representative of the teacher’s guild. According to her, “Education was the prerogative of this guild. Such teachers were considered to be the most knowledgeable of the people here.”

Some complained, “There was no meaning.”

But they said, Farms and drugs had been given by God. And the God loved us. They farmed the land. No priestly pain food here.”

And most people said, “Drugs, made us live on. The eternal youth drugs though were not in the food.”

“But to eat was strangely pleasurable and try to go on and try for eternal life was not futile,” I felt.

People lived in homes which “gave greater glory to God,” they said. The ceilings were larger than they needed to be and there were wooden sculptures that people got to have the artists make for them.

People told me “life was lovely; why question it? Questioning our life only led to heartbreak...”

I told them, “It is a world of pain and there’s no getting around that...”

And people wondered why, “There were no other thinking creatures than humans,” so they just assumed this had always been so. I told them about the flower heads and they were aghast.

I asked the head of the teacher’s guild, “Why didn’t they study history of their settlement.”

She said, “It is all in the plays anyway.”

XXX

There were a lot of people who claimed to have seen God. People who said they saw God saw, “An Aura around a humanoid figure. A blinding light...” Heralds often climbed to the altar and all heralds claimed, “To have seen God.”

Many people scaled the mountain to make offerings to the God. They gave gifts to God which disappeared on the altar. But no one seemed to have seen the guardians of the altar except the herald priests.

But some thought, “These heralds were false preachers and that God didn’t care what we do.”

But all the same the vast majority of people, “tried to please God.”

Some of them even said, “God walked amongst us.”

And some told me, “They were trying to be angels and do what God might want.”

But others said, “That God was omnipotent and didn’t need worship or attention.”

“God didn’t seem to care,” some said.

Some said, “God didn’t expect perfection.”

I told everyone, “I was bored with the plays however. Despite the fact that it was new to me.”

Many told me they “Thrilled to play games of chance perhaps instead?”

“Life’s not boring,” they said. And it was true, I was kind of revelling in the betting on everything and everyone. It was good to try and predict outcomes. It certainly was not preordained here.

But many said the games were fixed and everyone lost all their credits in the end.

And the leader told me, “Communal living in very large homes was where it was at.”

So finally, I met a man who had decided to dig down and do some archaeology and see if there was evidence of civilization buried under the surface. But he told everyone, “My results were inconclusive. It seemed that a few generations had lived below.”

And finally, in my continuing understanding I told everyone that, “I decided to risk my life and build ladders to the temple of God at the top of the mountain.”

I climbed to the top and found the temple empty no one around
It was a Green crystalline colored peak with a large temple

People had said, “I was wrong to question reality.”

But the temple at the top was empty.

I told everyone, “I had visited the temple and found nothing...”

Many said, “God probably was elsewhere on more important matters.”
And some said, “God dwelt in the sky and the temple was just a symbol.”

Some said, “God was asexual and not human. He was better than us,” they said.

Some wise men said “Do not try to climb over the mountains. No one ever returned from over the mountains; you would have no food they said.

But some wise men disappeared; speculation was rife about where they had gone. They didn’t tell anyone they were leaving... though the people here insisted it was not a case of preordained reality.

Some said we were on Earth the original planet. Most people believed we were on Earth.

Many people were very religious and would even pray to God while making love and such people grovelled before the heralds.

Some said, “We were already Gods. Immortal.”

“God was all of us,” others said.

But they ran about naked and all had beautiful bodies. It seemed perfect to some.

When I left I told them they were a good, free people and that they had inspired me.

Finally, I was so bored and frustrated I went beyond mountains and left my lover behind. I didn't go via the waterfall but rather climbed one of the higher mountains for no particular reason.

I built a wooden ladder on the way up, but on the way down into a new valley I broke my arm on way down so there was no turning back... I was disappointed to find no life on the other side. Just blue forests mostly.

I seemed to have developed an "infection" in my arm and seemed to be getting sicker and sicker.

MY CARAVAN

But then I met a witch coming down the mountain and she cured my arm and loved me for a while. After a couple of weeks, I took my leave and she gave me some platinum, enough to start a caravan of my own

I started to share my ideas for revolution for those who would listen to me.

I attracted followers to join my caravan of “gypsies.”

Anyway, I met a lot of people on the road and now started asking them to join me. Soon we were several hundred armed with spears.

Met a man named, Xonton, who was challenging everyone to a duel. Clearly, he was lost but he joined me as did more and more people. He was my right-hand man.

Some spoke of lesser priests, offshoots of God, and some said they had their differences. That must be it I said: “The Great God must have a personality and a philosophy rather than pure logic.”

The priests on this island lived to be 100 or more old people said. I wanted the same.

We had always wanted a God, they said, and now we had one. And I felt that God was challenging us with the pain and now in some places without it. 15 000 years it had been like this said the people.

Some said, “We were all simulacra thinking we had a body. And the Great God calculated who would be where and what they would do. People said it got a kick out of it. We were all machines anyway, just organic ones. Some people here worshipped the God of Old.

I said, “This world makes no sense. Why suffer?”

And others said, “We are all very small in this vast universe and it doesn’t matter what we do.”

I said, “The stars look close, I wonder if we can reach them.”

Most people here were refugees from the mainland. Back on the mainland, we were all taught that we were sinful (and went to frequent confessions). After confession many flayed themselves with a tree branch. Typical confessions included “I tried to be happy,” or “I was not humble, I wanted to be a priest. Or “I wanted less pain.” Or “I didn’t believe I was going to die on the day that had been ordained.”

But in truth the real crimes were perpetuated by the priests themselves.

On the islands, the more pain you got, the more pleasure you got...at the very least. Most just overdid it on pleasure.

Back on the mainland, in most places if you didn’t eat and so ingest the pain drugs you would lose control of your mind and die. Some tried to go on a hunger strike but couldn’t keep it up beyond two days, it was too painful. But I had eaten grubs and insects, and this allowed me to survive to get here.

XXX

I sold alcohol and sex slaves for my caravan.

With my first caravan I arrived back on the coast. Priests and temples were not to be found here. Instead on the coast were houses of ill repute and pirates who dominated. “The pirates and prostitutes were in no pain,” They said, and the pirates asked me to join them. I wondered why God hadn’t come to these people?

Then the first night I was there I was kidnapped by slavers and forced to carry goods in someone else’s caravan.

And they seized my caravan and dispersed the group.

However, one night I slipped away in a hurricane and was a free man once more. It is important to be free I figured, here on the islands.

The coast was full of brewers, vintners and distillers. There were a lot of taverns full of semi-interesting people. Murderers were convicted by a kangaroo court and put in the gibbet until they were dead. Or for a famous murderer they skinned him alive and put their pelts on their walls. While people were being skinned alive the witnesses to the punishment typically fornicated.

OLD CITY ON METAMORPHOSES ISLAND

Then I took a trader vessel to island Metamorphoses...

In the first port, we went to, was called Old city. These people believed in four of the old Gods: Luck, Power, War and Peace

They had a high birth rate and exiled people who didn't worship the Gods, most of these ended up as sex slaves.

They spent most of their time sculpting images of the Gods. They all seemed reasonably good at it. There were forests of sculptures over a large area, in total 1/5 of the island's territory.

But I wasn't interested in Gods...

But they said, "There must be a creator and there was no meaning in life without God."

Yes, I said, "God is as old as the hills." But it is time to stop eating the baby food and grow up and act like thinkers.

They said, "God does all the thinking for us, we just need to live together in peace and harmony."

I said, "This city cannot last much longer, you are bound to be taken over by other, more aggressive people."

FREE CITY

Then, on Metamorphosis island, we came to Free city. For them life was just a game. Love, parties and virtual reality (VR). I'd never tried virtual reality before it kind of blew me away. In the VR, people played mind games with one another and engaged in violent acts. But the VR was just another game. Where did they get such technology I wondered?

They had a number of dream worlds in VR, you could dream you were in heaven with the angels or in hell with demons. You could dream you lived in a palace and had servants and so on. Most of the characters in the VR were simulacra, which were spirits that inhabited the VR, looking like humans; it seemed real. But it wasn't real somehow and we didn't like it.

But money mattered to them in the real world, so they could get money for better VR, and they were all doing services for one another. Like banking, bodyguards, marketing, advertising, salesmen, manufacturers, fisherman and farmers.

These people had no God but money. Best services made one rich. Trying to beat one another to get rank. High ranks got to join exclusive VR and were the envy of all. The beautiful people. And in all their free time they went into virtual reality.

They had their own priests here who practiced black magic. There were all sorts of evil creatures in this forest such as trolls and dragons. And few ventured forth into the forest.

But people here claimed they were free. Free to do as they wish

It seemed to me however that they were just VR addicts, another dreamer people with no practical sense.

LOTUS EATERS

The next village was full of lotus eaters, who did nothing but take pleasure from drugs. The drugs made them laugh and enjoy life and they claimed to love reality. Pirates and slavers usually left them alone as they would not work, or fight and they had no gold. Just opium and their pelt. But their pelts were not highly prized. Pirates seized a lot of their opium.

Here people lived in squalor and were dirty and unkempt.

People said here that total pleasure was the goal. I was astounded how this could be so.

And they were so dirty...

I tried some of their opiates and was amazed at the high quality of pleasure. I decided I had better leave before I became an addict.

There were plenty of settlements that were the same inland on the island, people said.

I said, "It is all very boring to be out of it on drugs."

They asked, "What is wrong with pleasure?"

I said, "There is pleasure and pain, but sometimes pain can be instructive. Without pain, pleasure is meaningless."

I said, "I know what it is like to be in maximum pain and now to have great pleasures."

HILL FORT DYNAMO

As we visited more and more places we found most to be well-defended vs. pirates and slavers

More and more hill forts as we went to the far away islands. Typically, these people hated priests and religion. And valued freedom above all else.

There were a lot of dishonest people on the road. There were a lot of shady characters and violent men. And gangs and guarded caravans

They welcomed us at one of the hill forts, Fort Dynamo.

Here there were only two companies Food co. and Sex co.

Here was the place to buy these two commodities: food and sex.

Here there was rich farmland and beautiful women. No bearded women like in the Alleys...

And here people had to come up with something creative or die. Every year you were challenged once. A majority vote decided if you would live or die. There were a lot of good storybooks in particular here, but nothing brilliant. Not even as interesting as my nightmares I had back in the Alleys.

Inside people decorated their houses as best they could and tried to win prizes. But they were an insular people who kept mostly to themselves, indeed loved themselves. As time passed the houses became larger and larger but the people grew fewer and fewer.

Here people were lovers. But after 20 years of living (from infancy) they were all sick and tired of one another and now there were only 50 of them left, the others had left en masse. "To build a world on sex and food only was doomed to fail," I said.

But there was a dark side here as well which could only be described as the absurd.

For example, people suddenly killed themselves for no reason.

And people had sex with trees and talked to animals

And they sent spies to other islands to find stories for their great book, "Chronicles of Earth."

Here people were divided between, 1. math and science and logic and 2. madness. Use a different type of math or madness to solve every problem.

CAT PEOPLE

Then I came to another island. Island of Doom. And docked my raft at a port.

Here in this walled city people were cat worshippers Their king was a black jaguar.

All sorts of cats, big and small roamed the city with 40-foot walls to keep all the cats in.

People were subjected to judgments of the Cat King.

Often when there was a difference of opinion the plaintiffs came before the BJK (black jaguar king) and the one he ate was proven right.

Sometimes he would chase (slowly) the victims around the court room to the delight of those in the balcony seats...

He was fat from eating human meat.

He had nursing mothers share their milk with the BJK.

Some said the BJK was prejudiced against thin people others said just the opposite.

In any case many people prayed to the BJK

There were feeding stations all over the place and the cats took advantage to kill and eat anyone they caught there. Nowhere was safe. Even rooftops the cats could climb the buildings.

Male lions were the most feared, but cheetahs were the most dangerous.

Life expectancy of people was 20 (they were born as children). People just had clubs and spears for weapons.

Children were very vulnerable to predators.

They slew a lot of big cats, but it seemed there were always more. Some said the powers that be had captured them in the wild and brought them here.

And there were “cat calls” which mimicked the big cats and frightened people.

Outside the walls, in the wilderness there were hideous monsters and it was said to be even more dangerous than Cat city.

Tourists came here and loved the thrill of it all.

Try to come away with a big cat pelt or two. Tourists landed on the tallest building some six stories high with no windows for the cats to gain a grip, and so they couldn't reach the top.

Also, people here did weird things to their genitals and bizarre behavior was the norm.

They seemed alien somehow.

I thought why not take adrenalin drugs rather than risk your life in Cat city.

So, I left before I was killed and eaten.

PROSTITUTES, THE PROS

On another part of the island, my lover and I came to the land of the pros. “On this island, prostitutes were the best women and gigolos the best men. The government didn’t want clever people to be involved in science or even in art or business. Some felt it was an outrage but kept their thoughts to themselves (there was MRT-mind reading technology here, for the local priest). But there was no pain nor preordained reality.” I said.

And I told her that, they tried to make it respectable by forcing all professional lovers to have at least one Ph.D., typically in psychiatry. They needed to have a genius level of intelligence. A lot of clones and test tube babies of them had been born and bred. They had this ancient technology.”

“They only accepted charming women or men to be future pros or gigolos. There was no social stigma and no disease. In fact, the sex workers were highly respectable and being a pro was a good way to get rich and travel.”

I felt my own ugliness here.

And “Between the villages here the prostitutes/gigolos union was strong and in most villages here had exclusive rights to deal with love.”

I said, “It was uncool to train prostitutes and gigolos in the arts of love and conversation.”

But my lover said, “Sex tourism brought in a lot of credits. Many of the prostitutes were rich and bought unique exotic designer faces, again a hangover of scientific times. Simple prostitutes were for the poor however and not so skilled.”

And I found it bizarre that, “It was customary to draw the face and body of the lover you wanted for the next day (it took only 1 day for the plastic surgery) and so such a lover would come to you.”

My lover said, “Generally speaking you could rent pros/gigolos for a year or two... and it was good and buy them gifts and treat them well.”

And she said, “They were rich and in other worlds, the prostitutes/gigolos carried diamonds and gold and other precious gems with them. They had a delightful life.” I wondered if that was true.

“It was a selfish-loveless world,” some people said.

I said, “They couldn’t love each other so they bought love instead.”

I said, “Sex is like a science now. Cold-hearted science.”

My lover said, “Sex is basically passé. Never mind love.”

Some said, “On some other cities they were indentured as sex slaves... they sold themselves for a limited time. Everyone wanted jewellery. Especially XONP which was a purple crystal mined “in space” (Dealers knew how to tell fakes).”

I told people that I was interested, “In getting off world.”

And I told people, “On a few lands we knew they simply had virtual reality sex with MRT (mind reading technology) and drugs to enhance the experience, but people here in this land and others wanted the real thing, without the drugs and MRT... Here was ‘au naturelle,’

Many people said, “The people here were too conservative...”

Some people here said, “Life was loveless elsewhere. And money was their God in most other places.”

But here as my lover said, “Typically sex workers created art. They were the best artists.”

And she said, “The best prostitutes/gigolos would only give themselves to people they liked. And of course, they would charge them.”

I said, “It was love, and many men fell in love with certain prostitutes. And to a lesser degree, women fell in love with gigolos.

But it was said, “That here the prostitutes/gigolos looked down on most “normal people.”

But as my lover pointed out, “However it was the best of everything for the pros/gigolos.”

And she said, “Every pro was good looking and youthful looking with the latest fashion... And that was a good thing.”

Designer faces were the norm...

Bodies were curvaceous for women and muscular for men
And tanned with chemicals...

Some said, “Prostitutes and gigolos were sell outs but there was nothing they could do about it.”

And I said, “Many people here dreamed of settling down and having sex slaves.”

My lover also said it was good that, “The leader of the prostitute/gigolo union was a sexy girl and was the most popular in terms of demand for sex.”

But “Hunter gatherers = nature,” some said, “And all this money for sex was twisted and perverted.”

“But too many people here were gamblers. They bet big money on who would love who and who would fall in love.”

My lover reminded me that, “There were just a few thousand people here. But there were a lot of sex tourists.”

I said, “It is a shame that the only way to get money here was from sex. Each sex act gave generally 1-10 credits, but the vast majority of credits went to the best lovers.

Credits could be used to go to another city (which few wanted), but also could be used for better food, better quality sex (best lovers were expensive), and luxury goods like air cars, bigger homes and so on. Air cars were

another remnant of ancient times found only here. Air cars flew in the sky and one could see them on occasion.”

But I saw that, “Times were changing though. More and more people wanted orgies to gain more credits... And there were more and more gays and transsexuals... It became the thing to do to change your sex. People here were non-judgmental.”

But many said, “Their love grew and grew.”

Many here had sex all day long... with sex “enhancements.”

Children were produced when “milk maids” milked men studs of semen every day and gave drugs for women to have hundreds of eggs per month. Science here for test tube babies was quite advanced. Different from the alleys and the incubators.

Virgins were in demand still, and were sold as sex slaves. After they lost their virginity they were soon cast out to be prostitutes. The virgins were shipped elsewhere.

Some temples had virgin strippers to entertain the populace. Even though it was kind of painful to watch.

Discordant music and odd dancing was typical of the virgin strippers.

XXX

As a former victim of science, I told people, “Science here was mainly confined to picking intelligent eggs and sperm, not necessarily the most vigorous. But most other science research was banned. Most people were too busy loving anyways and the best people had the most credits. After all, all were beautiful and differed only in personality and intellect.”

Some said, “Superior minds had been created elsewhere but here they were largely human and why not? No need to worry...”

But outsiders said, “These people were all naïve... to think they would be protected against foreign marauders without troops forever. But they were mostly far upriver and defended by slavers/pirates who did business with them.”

I wanted to write the “Book of Love.” But I couldn’t write. But life here was all about sex and no one wanted to hear about love. Some were even militant about sex and hardly loving. So finally, I said “I claimed when you find your soul mate it is bliss, and this is the only way to happiness. And I said love is the best feeling in the world and so on, but no one was interested in such a project.”

XXX

However, in the 20-year rule of the king here there were only 2 irrevocable murders, and so it was a pretty safe, stable place. Few could remember beyond the 20 years. Some said their people had been here for centuries.

There were 6 tiny isles very near this one, but few went there. But some went by crude boats to hang out.

Some boaters never returned so some speculated they had been killed by sea monsters... But officially there was no advanced life in the oceans.

CITY OF SYMBOLS

I broke up with my love who loved the former island.

Then I met a girl who rolled dice to see what she would do. An obvious rebel. I fell in love with her at first. She brought me to the nearby “City of Symbols.

And here they wore hats and masks and scarves and clothes indicating rank. You are what you wear, here.

For example:

Top hats= gentlemen

Bowler=mediocre, ordinary

Roadster=daring and dashing

Ball cap= athletic

Crown=the king or prince

Diadem=a princess or Queen.

Veil=traditional woman

Beret=artist or a soldier

Fedora=futuristic????????????????

Many kinds of helmets= warriors some helmets indicated a high-ranking warrior.

Bandana/hair band=hippie

Panama hat= rural dweller

Cowboy hat=old-fashioned

Touque=warm-hearted

Laplander type hat= frozen heart

Peaked fur hat like a upside down v=slave

Feathered Indian hat= chief/leader

Turban= religious

Pot hat= servant

Beanie= hopeless intellectuals

Jewish hat=rich

Scarf=different colors indicated a woman's or man's rank

Most of the people wore scarves of a certain color. All hats indicated your rank with crowns and diadems of the highest rank and bowlers indicating the lowest rank

And everyone wore masks which also had meaning indicating how rich you were and what your philosophy was.

They were obsessed with clothes and jewellery too, which also indicated your wealth.

It was a shallow world and was all about appearances. And it was cliquey.

I met a princess with a diadem and a lot of diamond jewellery. I said status isn't everything. She said why not show people what kind of person you are and work from there.

And she said I don't waste my time with people who don't consider me a princess.

LOVE GAMES CITY

Then I went to the Love Game city. There were many games played by the priests such as the love game #1.

The love game involved asking questions about love and being judged by your answers.

Love game #2 involved wearing a mask which altered your voice and a costume, so people didn't know who you were.

Here on this island they played love games, but all their answers were colored by insanity and depravity. It made one realize how sick societies were today. For example, you could ask about the future of love, and they would say it will be pain and suffering but addictive and so on.

Also, the future love game (love game #3) was a game for the people to challenge others to a debate about the future of love.

They cherished tourists to come here and play and in fact paid tourists to come.

But most people said the future doesn't matter, what matters is the here and now. Future people won't care about us they said.

But if I had asked the priests of the Alley about the future, they no doubt would say that mostly things will not change much, people will live and die, and the God will remain. If I had asked the priests to meet God, they would no doubt have said it was not my business.

Then I asked the people here about my future? They asked their wise man and he told them to destroy me while I stood there. I had to run off into the night.

But I totally had a grudge against all priests and their God.

BLUES LAND

Then on the same island we came to “Blues land.”

People here were in love with themselves, but most were depressed and took strong anti-pain drugs. It was a cold world with not much love to go around.

Recently the mainland priests’ spies took control and forced everyone to take drugs of maximum pain. But they had anti-pain drugs here too, so the pain and pleasure cancelled each other out.

Twenty-two% killed themselves within weeks of the drug rule.

XYXY, inter world circus manager of “Those in Misery” called it a “freak show.”

Tourists came and were astonished by the hunger strikes and dead bodies everywhere; They left them there outside ... in the heat, as a memento to the past. No tradition of burial.

Almost everyone was a basket case due to pain drugs... And just lay around stunned.

“It was a situation of peace and tranquility,” said the HPs.

I said, “You need to fight for beliefs on these types of worlds.”
But they just wanted to “sing the neo blues.” Which was sad music.
Everyone here was an accomplished singer.

“They loved the pain of existence,” they said.

Masochists entertained moderately the tourists: “Hurt me,” they said to the tourists.

Tourists found it useful instruction.

VILLAGE OF HYPNOSIS

Then I came to what seemed like a deserted village. In what seemed like a dream, Girl M--- hypnotised me again and again. I let her do it. Her plan with post-hypnotic suggestion was for me to love only her as a sex slave. I had no certain idea of the power of hypnosis even though I remembered being brainwashed back in the Alleys.

I cheerfully said, “Love is a prison.” And I told her, “I was in love for the first time”

She said, “Forget about love just have sex with me.”

She said, “She knew what I wanted.

I said, “I didn’t know right from wrong I was lost.”

And she said, “I was a lousy lover.”

Others told me, “I was an idiot and I lived in a world of illusion.”

I wondered why I was such a loser.

But then I met Girl B--- who cross-hypnotised me. Girl B hypnotised me to succeed as a writer and not allow Girl A to hypnotise me again.

I wanted to be a writer and learn how to write, just like in my “library,” but the first girl hypnotised me against it and the second one encouraged me. As a result I spoke of mad things, as I couldn’t write.

It was a revelation to me how powerful hypnosis was. It explained why tyrannical kings had held power in their dynasties. People would let themselves be hypnotised not realizing the power of it. Typically, people were curious about it (and innocent). Hypnotise all the most intelligent people to keep them out of politics or even find out their true thoughts and execute them as a result. Therefore, there were less radicals types today than in ancient history.

Most people don't remember being hypnotised and felt themselves wondering why they did what they did.

She taught me how to hypnotise someone. Read from a hypnotic script while the person listens to music and watches a gold medallion necklace swing back and forth.

XXX

Finally, I ran from both girls. I wanted revenge against Girl M---

I went to a priest (hypnotherapist) in the village and he told me it was too dangerous to hypnotise me again. So, he finally tried to hypnotise me and make me see and consider both sides of view when I met one of the two girls together with my hypnosis from the priests and persons unknown.

And I watched him hypnotise other people and I resolved never to let anyone hypnotise me again. But I knew that they can hypnotise you while you sleep. For example, you can ask, "Are you sleeping?" And when they say yes, say, "Don't wake up." And so on. It is more effective with MRT.

Everyone can be partially hypnotised at least. And the more times they do it to you the more vulnerable to suggestion you become. And the crazier you become...

Finally, I went completely nuts and started doing prostitutes instead of the two.

My drinking was out of control...

I was capable of anything...

I questioned everything...

I had angry arguments with both girls.

I frantically ran down the street and talked madly with strangers. I accosted them on the street. I was mad.

I thought about a sex change...Finally I told Girl M---, "I am no longer under your spell."

I told her, "I had risen from the dead."

And I stuck a knife in Girl M--- and her life blood flowed away. I reflected it was the best thing I had ever done. I took no actions to cover up the murder and was duly arrested and executed. My life was one big regret.

But it was all just a dream. Or was it? Was I a murderer? Was this my destiny?

In any case I woke up.

YACHTS ON THE LAKES AND RIVERS OF REWIND ISLE

Then I went to see the yachtie people. People here played the storyteller game all day and all night. One would start with a random statement and then the others would each add a passage.

5000 yachts intermingled in the lakes and rivers and sometimes went out to sea on long voyages.

Millions of storyteller books in the clay book library.

The most famous storyteller, LOP2, was in demand everywhere as yachts would dock with one another.

I said aren't you people in pain? Suffering?

They said no one suffers here we are all happy.

But I didn't believe it, so I met some of the storytellers and most were bored stiff. All the older ones were bored, and many killed themselves. It was a settlement of pain like many of the others.

XXX

So then I played with some beginners. I started by saying, "all sex is good."

A: Sex is good, but writing is better

B: I think sex is only good if it is twisted

C: I prefer to hypnotise and get in the head of lovers.

D: Yes, get in their heads and demand good lovemaking.

E: Sex is not something you can talk about, it's feeling and believing.

F: I'm a new born (new clone) and don't know anything of sex and love.

G: Virginity is something to get rid of as soon as possible.

H: You can brainwash people with hypnosis and make them think they are virgins.

I: Love is more important than sex.

J: Love was for the dead generations that have died. Love is dead now.

And so, it went

XXX

Me: "What's the best thing that ever happened?"

A: XCC's "Book of Changes" which talks about improving the world.

B: The world never improves

C: The invention of fire, language and tools.

Me: Life is all about pain and the best thing that ever happened was pain.

D: You are psycho.

I said I am just joking.

XXX

Me: "Philosophy is a waste of time."

A: Everyone has a subtly different idea about everything. Variety drives life itself.

B: Most philosophy is boring and obscure.

C: Most people are fickle and changeable.

D: But the unthought life is not interesting

Me: Thought is pain.

I had a rowboat and I rowed around a lake. The lake was 25 sq. km.

I reflected that in ancient times the best storyteller was the shaman or the witch who came up with religion and philosophy of the tribe. But most people at that time were fools. They've always been fools.

I said what's the craziest place in the world?

A: Your description of the Alleys takes the cake.

B: The fire men (fire men were people who burned things).

C: The domain of the flower heads.

D: Murder city

I said this world is the biggest lie. People spend all their time lying. Fiction is just lies. But it is not the craziest.

And so on we couldn't agree

XXX

A: I hate you, (me)

B: Me too.

C: Hatred is a powerful motivation

D: You think you know it all and that pain is the best life.

E: You see happiness as pain

Me: I've come from the school of hard knocks. I've learnt about the darkness of the human mind. Life is meant to be a difficult struggle not a pampered whimsical existence that you have here.

F: You've been hypnotised too many times it befuddles your judgment.

XXX

Me: Absolute power is the only way to get things done.

A: Absolute power leads to pain and suffering for the masses.

B: People evolved in small groups. No one should have such power.

C: The less government the better.

D: An enlightened dictator is just an illusion. All power is perverse and mad.

XXX

Me: Art is no use

A: Art colors the world and delights people.

B: Those who don't like art don't like life.

I: There's more than one kind of life.

C: Your world of the alley is devoid of true art such as the art of living.

D: It is true however that some of us who fail to get promoted from beginner feel a grudge and are unhappy with storytelling.

E: You could write a story all by yourself and call it "The Merits of Pain."

XXX

A: Paradise is not for everyone. Some have been brainwashed to hate it.

Me: I resent your premise

B: But how could life be better than a tranquil lake, nice drugs and camaraderie?

C: All paradises are defined by their opposite. In this case the Alleys.

Me: You are wrong, the Alleys weren't so bad. (I felt an inferiority complex).

D: You are a dreamer caught in the crossfire of the powers that be from what you have told me about your mind.

XXX

A: There is however an art to your madness, he told me.

Me: You can't just say everything is art.

B: But it is.

C: No one is crazier than you, she said.

D: At least that's something.

XXX

And so that is a sample of how it went with the yachties. They all vied to be a good storyteller/philosopher and their yachts were beautiful. They had no other homes. Some rich people had a very large party yacht.

They had 5 medium size lakes connected by various rivers and occasionally went out to sea but not for long as there were pirates. For the moment they had strength in numbers and were safe. Each yachtie had several multi-load flaming ballistae in case of attack. But they had been at peace now for 20 years. All yachties had their own yacht possibly together with a spouse and children. I had never really talked to children, but these children seemed quite bright.

The shores of the rivers and lakes they said were dangerous due to bloodthirsty cannibals, but I wondered if this was true.

ARMAGEDDON CITY

Then I moved on and on the same island, I met a group of people who prayed to the God of Armageddon. They were convinced the God would destroy everyone one day.

I told them their prayers were valid.

One of them said, “One day the Great God, we were all trapped in, would implode and all would die.”

Another said, “We are not trapped inside a computer, we live in the real world, but said the world would explode.”

Others talked about dangerous weapons such as the death ray would kill everyone off. Others said it would be biological warfare.

I didn't know what to say.

XXX

But people here thought city states were ideal.

Some said the spies needed to be praised for the peace.

They had no priests to predict their future, but spies were prevalent and kept them in order.

And they had a militia ready in case they were attacked. But the truth was no one was interested in them.

At night they sat around the campfire and sang songs...

COCOON CITY

Then I went to a settlement everyone was in a cocoon dreaming.

There were only waking teenagers and children here and they frolicked and played.

They said, when they grew up they would dream too.

I asked them, "Are these people dead?"

They said, no but they are living in a subconscious world. Dreaming is the meaning of life," they said.

We are all living in a dream within a dream, they said.

"You are just a freak," one of them said to me.

"Why didn't you stay in the Alleys?" Asked another.

I said, "I have learned that pain was multiform. Every city is in pain."

We are not in pain they said. I said, "Check the suicide rate here at 20% of the cocoon populace offs themselves every year."

You are a scary purveyor of bad dreams, they said.

I said, "Maybe you are right I am just a freak, but the truth hurts."

XXX

Here I also I met a hypnotherapist who hypnotised me again. And after that I was somewhat liberated from my madness. I resolved to find happiness and meaning. I was cured.

They said, everything in moderation.

I said, "Conventional wisdom is bogus."

TOWN OF NO LIES

Then I came to a city where it was really hot in the southern part of the island...

Here alarms would sound if you told a lie with mind reading technology here. And the lie detectors were everywhere. And police would arrive quickly if a lie was told. I figured this technology was just another hangover from the Age of Science.

Even a little lie that you thought of in your head, resulted in imprisonment. And jail was cruel and violent.

Truth is our goal, they said.

Sometimes someone snapped and told a person what they really thought of them and it was no lie. The victim often killed themselves and the truth teller was promoted.

It seemed quite an ugly world with people at each other's throats all the time, demanding the truth.

Some told me secretly that I was lucky to live in freedom where lies were possible, but they were in danger of being caught in the lie machine.

I said, "I'd had people inside my mind using MRT (mind reading technology)."

And some said they said they had nothing but a nightmare existence, they couldn't imagine a good MRT, it would always be too bad.

“Why don’t you leave?” I asked them.

MADNESS TOWN

Then I came to Crazy town.

They said I was a bona fide madman

Why not join our advanced group of madness? They said.

Never do the same thing twice was their creed.

Madness is pain in the head, but it can be creative.

They cross hypnotised me again and I felt like a total maniac.

I said, “I’d seen a lot of madness before. Nothing surprises me now.”

Madmen took outrageous risks and did the opposite of what conventional society expected.

Here it was a crime to be ordinary, people were obliged to do their best.

But this often involved cheating each other and screwing them over.

Notoriety was the highest good.

There’s no point pretending the world is not mad they told me. But most other settlements don’t dare to push the envelope in this regard. They said in stories and in life, there is usually just one crazy thing that the story is based around but their stories were completely crazy.

I didn't want to sample their mad tales, I was totally crazy already. I needed to go to a nice, peaceful and quiet place where people tried to be sane. But I heard through the grapevine that such a place probably didn't exist in our world.

CITY OF BLINDING LIGHT

Then I came to the city of blinding light. They had antique lights to brighten their buildings inside and out. It was hard to see, the light was so intense.

Everyone colored their skin colors like red and blue and green

But people here were dark thinkers. Those who didn't think deeply and darkly were an anathema and cast out.

To laugh at love and money and believe in doing dark things and have dark nightmares was de rigeur.

They said dark magic like science was the best way to be.

I said, science is virtually gone from our world."

They said it needs to be revived but they didn't have enough brains to make big advances. They tried to lure great scientists with lovers and money but had little success. Many prospective scientists had scruples with dark magic...

This magic city had high tech protective walls. And they were prepared to defend it.

And most new births were clones and were given a scientific background before they left the incubator. It was unusual to see incubators outside the mainland...

But it was another world in which people were crazy.

I told them, “science had gone too far already. But we all hope for the stars.”

Some here were anti-science, others pro-science, but the pro-science followers were winning out.

Each city seemed to have its own level of development and science, they said.

I wanted to meet a great scientist but many cities I went to, hid their best scientists away, fearing assassination. Or what seemed to be the majority of cases they didn't have any scientists. Spies did things in secret.

I wanted to meet a superhuman, above all. But people told me super humans frowned upon talking with mere humans. But where are they I wondered.

They had slaves here especially sex slaves. Food, drugs and slaves made up much of the economy. Most slaves were just servants.

“Why don't you free your slaves,” I asked them. They said some people are born to be slaves, or wage slaves. It had always been the case.

S&M CITY

Here they loved pain like on the mainland. They liked S&M and said they had twisted sex. Some had changed their sex a couple of times using ancient technology machines.

While having sex, they hurt each other in various ways, use MRT (mind reading technology) to cause mental pain to one another and enjoyed it.

They said they had arts for money. Many artists here. People were all thin with body designs (neo tattoos).

And they had exercise pills/weight loss pills. No one was obese.

Women had 1000s of costumes and masks.

It was a world of scary fashion.

Most men here wanted a full-figured woman. Some wanted a stick figure woman.

A couple would each play the flute while making love. Flute masters were in demand.

They were obsessed with their dreams/nightmares...And if one had a scary nightmare they would act it out with other "players," in real life.

They had MRT recordings of sex dreams. Ancient technology not seen elsewhere.

And drugs to enhance dreams. They would try to interpret the dreams/nightmares. They had different nightmares than I did. In fact, the

dreams/nightmares were different for everyone. No priests to get into their heads.

“Natural dreams that was really something,” I said. I hadn’t remembered dreams since I stopped taking the priests food and stopped sleeping in towns and cities.

Sadistic dreaming however got boring after a while and one would want to die.

Friendship and love here were also boring (there were only a 1000 people here) though they said it was utopia.

And they all designed their own homes and claimed to be one with the earth.

But there was no progress here.

I said, “What of space and the future?”

Progress is just an illusion they said. People may have even gone to other worlds, but life was the same everywhere: an illusion within an illusion. Even for the Gods.

Is this the original world of humans?

And I wondered about the animals? And insects?

Robot pets here were genius level intelligence. Some were cute, and some people abused their pets physically even sexually. But robots did all the work including food machines (but there was no pain).

Many people got bored here and moved on to other cities, but the suicide rate was high.

I could not share their sadistic pleasures and felt like a miserable outcast, as usual.

I had a nightmare here one night that I was trapped here forever. So, in the morning I left.

MY DESTINY

So finally, one morning I decided it was my destiny to destroy the institution of the priesthood.

But later that day one guy here came out of nowhere and stabbed me in the heart...

That was the last I remember but I had a clone with all my memories waiting for me... back in the capital.

But I got out of their quickly and headed for the nearby north coast. And took a trader ship to the last known island, #6. After an unremarkable voyage I arrived.

Now I saw the hand of destiny and I was immortal and loved by some peoples.

Gods could deliver any kind of life

The priests didn't have any pain it seemed, and I wanted to kill them all irrevocably if it was possible. But I wondered if God would punish me? I figured God was not involved in the affairs of the islands and that we could easily overthrow the priests.

ISLAND 6

I met an astronomer who showed me his telescope of numerous stars which were the “Gods.” Gods just didn’t care about measly humans.
Hubris of humanity.

XXX

I was trying to decide if it was a giant nightmare or reality?

If it was just a nightmare then it would be pointless to act, but if it was reality it ought to be changed.

I decided I would one day lead the people of the isles in revolution on the mainland.

SPACEPORT

So, I came to a port city of high tech that was said to have a spaceport.

I told the people, “I want to escape this world. They said you need 5000 platinum pieces. I didn’t have so much money and had no prospect of getting more.”

“But where do these spaceships go?” I asked.

They said it is all top secret.

I wondered if it wasn’t just a scam to get platinum.

I said, “The world doesn’t need more science, it needs more freedom. And I said I am sure space is just like this world anyway.

We were all trapped in a giant computer, some people said.

There seemed to be no escape from this manipulation of reality.

How long had we been living as humans anyways?

I felt I was a clone and had memories which were vague about another world, but I always ignored them.

And what was the role of God in the spaceport?

I pledged to open up space if I ever could succeed in a “revolution.”

And I wondered what happened to those who had left Earth? And were they all clones of God?

If people could go to space, they could do anything, I figured. And maybe they didn't need God to do it.

DISGUSTING PEOPLE VILLAGE

Here people were oblivious to the world around them

People here were disgusting. They licked every part of one another's bodies including their eyes and their ass. And they never washed. And ate dead carcasses. Women fell at my feet with their legs open. They lived in trees...

I asked them how does it feel to be a total disgrace?

They said we are a graceful people who just are more uninhibited than others.

I said it is not human to live so lowly without technology. Technology is older than mankind itself.

You people bring dishonor to the whole race.

They said to each his own.

I wondered how long they had been living here, I asked them, but they had no idea.

I made a raft and sailed/rowed upriver.

GNOMES

Then, by the riverside I came upon a group of gnomes.

They told me they had stored away tons of gold in their gold mining tunnels.

Some said the gnomes were dark and evil, but when they invited me into their burrows I took them up on it. I had to crawl on all fours, the tunnels were lit by torches and there were ventilating shafts. But it was still smoky. Everything smelled like smoke.

Indeed, they had a party in my honor and showed me around.

Phosphorescent fungi lit dim chambers where there were no torches.

Gnomes had lambs in the tunnels and they grew mushrooms and had lambs and sheep. They foraged for grasses and other edibles on the outside. They wore wool coats.

I had a nightmare of getting stuck in the tunnels due to my large size.

I drank their hallucinogenic mushroom wine and suddenly I saw the high priests everywhere.

And there was weird, unearthly music

They sat around telling horror stories and drinking the moonshine and feasting on lamb. And they gambled with dice and they told me stories of life before the coming of the priests, on the mainland. A largely idyllic

situation. They worshipped the gnome Goddess of luck. And had pleasures.

A gnome woman took me by the hand and loved me. I think I hurt her.

In any case she gave me some poison mushrooms in case they try to skin you alive or burn you at the stake take these and die quickly instead she said.

I asked her about “my hallucinations.” She said, “They foretold my future. I was to deal with the HPs.”

“But how can that be? I said.

She said, “You’ll see, your mind is so open you definitely will clash with them.”

We haven’t had any visitors here recently she said. There are very few adventurers, like yourself.

And so the next day I left, with a big hangover.

TOAD-HEADED PEOPLE

Here it was another life of pleasure.

I said, “You people know nothing of pain, only pleasure. It is unbalanced.”

It was clear to me that some cities had less pain than others, but I reasoned there must be a future world of maximum pleasure sometime in the future, if not now.

XXX

People here had toad faces but still engaged in sex. They found one another to be beautiful.

The temples here all featured brilliant architecture and were made mainly of gold (there were so many gold mines with wage slaves)

Most workers lived in hovels in a slum on the outskirts of their town.

But they were all toad heads.

I asked them, “If they had something against beauty?” And they said, “What about you and your Alleys you’ve been telling us about?”

Most of the rich toad-heads here today had saved their meagre earnings by not indulging in alcohol, sex and opiates. They now ran ships between port cities and traded goods for gold. They had a lot of bodyguards/sailors.

I had flipped a coin for these people to prove it was all luck. But these people already believed in luck.

I continued to head west towards the setting sun.

And I thought to myself maybe I am extraordinarily clever to have escaped the Alleys and other worlds of pain.

They told me there were just 6 islands, other than the mainland, but had recently rediscovered the sextant in an archeological dig and so long voyages were possible. And they had discovered a seventh, advanced island. No one knew much about it.

AVANCED SOCIETY ISLAND

Then I voyaged to the “advanced island.” It was far away and was a long uneventful voyage.

Upon arriving, I found that here people had a good work ethic and built large houses and dabbled in science. They were able, like the city of blinding light, to produce electricity. But they were still working on it. Also, they had a MRT machine to get in the heads of each other, trying to create a loving society. And they were working out the details from the books about eternal life.

I said, “Eternal life was crazy, and no one wants to live on for hundreds of years. They said in a life of pleasure there is no limit to how long one can live.”

Here people struggled for rank. It was another elitist society.

Here people said black was white good was evil and pleasure was pain. They were very cynical and said don’t worry what others think of you—they are all full of shit.

They said it was a world of lies, dirty lies, white lies and pathological lies
Truth was just an illusion.

It was a disease to think you are better than others, some said. But most here said nature is elitist and so too human society.

Elsewhere people believed the common man was best, geniuses did nothing but bring the world to a cataclysm. But here they believed strongly in science. They said let's give science a second chance.

Gods were only human they said.

And they said that some places nearby were devil worshippers. We are all in hell. Evil was good. The devils are taking over they said.

They trained assassins here, to kill "evil-doers" leaders.

"Why do we need God? I asked a girl.

She said, "Gods are as old as mankind itself. It is an instinct to believe in God."

I said, "It just helped shamans control the tribe."

But I said, "Now the leaders are greedy, violent and power-crazed just like always. And God is the same. And God is not perfect far from it, just the opposite maybe."

And I said, "They should everywhere outlaw pain and ordained futures. Just like here."

But even here they had wage slaves.

They grew their own food and so most had a job in farming as a labourer.

XVR was telling me about how this was a city of dissidents, people like me...

And how there was no pain here, only pleasure. To cause someone pain was anathema. And to try and predict someone's life was an anathema. I told her and them I was God and had been sent here to help the people. They said we know you are joking.

And they had spies on the mainland who plotted to assassinate the high priests. The priests feared their science but here they had not much interest in the sheep-like continent of the priests.

And they were afraid that they had been infiltrated by spies. But they had MRT (mind reading technology) and caught potential spies. Some spies had “bombs” planted in their minds which caused them to suddenly change their thinking at a set time.

But most of the people on the Advanced island were also cross-hypnotised or their ancestors were. They figured I would be a good citizen to live here, “But I told them I have bigger fish to fry. I am going to get to the bottom of this world no matter what happens,” I told them.

RICH MAN’S VILLAGE ON THE ADVANCED ISLES

Then I came to a rich human’s village. Thousands of servants. But the leader was a paranoid schizophrenic; he thought he heard voices of the past telling him what to do. So, it was a topsy-turvy world. I said, “This is a village of the damned.”

But then I met a servant girl, Ssh--- who loved me, and I decided this world wasn’t too bad. Love was pleasurable. And there was alcohol and marijuana.

Something was strangely alike in the people here however, they seemed alike and I wondered if they were all clones of the same person in some bizarre reality?

But they kept insisting that they liked science too and were working on a MRT civilization which would be loving and kind.

XXX

I wondered why God did not interfere with these “advanced islands?”

It seemed the advanced islands could easily take over the mainland.

Maybe it was all preordained I wondered? I resolved to ask a high priest next time I was on the mainland.

In any case no one on the islands was interested in the mainland or so they told me.

THE DOME

Then I came, with my lover, Ssh---, to a giant white rock outcrop with a huge dome covering it. Here we went into a virtual reality as we were on the precipice of the gates.

The dream began with us approaching the fantastic dome which was perhaps one hundred km long. Was it real? I wondered. We entered through an air vent and found ourselves... playing a rough game of basketball and we both died. But the next day we woke up. How can that be, we wondered?

As we walked down the tunnels, people told us we were in a tier II dream. I wanted to get to tier III, which was said to be more advanced.

I felt my mind being copied/read on my way to tier III.

Upon reaching tier III, we found ourselves running down a tunnel with air cars flying above us in the tunnel. Passersby said, android bounty hunters were seeking humans to slay and collect their pelts. We had to keep moving. Stolen ID cyborgs thrived here. Some had many identities, it was rumored.

It was advanced anarchy.

The tunnels were interlinked. Upper tunnels (tier III) were for the rich and lower (Tier 0) for the low. Without end, it seemed. There were no signs to tell you where you were. Sometimes metallic sometimes plastic tunnels as if we were inside a giant creature. Some here said we were like ants and were

mindless parasites. Anarchist android bounty hunters hated science and scientists and they had laser guns.

There were pockets of science here, but the scientists were very afraid to travel away from the relative safety of their settlements.

There were weird settlements at certain nexuses in the tunnels, mostly rejected androids. Their logic was bizarre and crazy. They said they were eternally youthful and this is why they were happy. Not much of a life just selling food to humans.

Then we met a “dream breaker” who was an android who wanted to break human hearts and destroy them.

We were like ghosts in the living machine.

XXX

Then we came to a large auditorium which featured wars between robots. Everyone bet on it, thousands of androids and robots battled each other.

We watched. No one would expect us to come here. Just another nightmare...

Then we took a tunnel out and we found ourselves on a precipice looking down but there was a stairway to the ground, so we simply walked down, still within the dome.

We met some people who insisted we were android copies who ran on food. We bled like a human, but we were just machine heads.

And they said android copied humans were victorious over the elder race of men who were evil. After all, pretty much everything was automated. Mistakes...there had been a few. People like me were mistakes.

Then we met a pixie who turned us into androids and then back human again. It was no different it seemed.

XXX

And it was a thrill to be running from the bounty hunters... at first. Then it got boring.

Why steal ID? Because you could get a better dream level. At several outposts guards checked your ID using your iris but one could easily copy another person's iris. Our ID allowed us to pass to all the levels.

Nothing was better than wars for dreams including real deaths, people said.

I wanted to assert my individuality in this world of android clones. I remember the birth indoctrination that got us to believe we were like worker ants serving the queen. But now I figured on being king.

Then we tried the lower tiers. Tier 0 dream was often called plain reality. Work was illegal and there was no work to do with everything automated. And I saw numerous ghosts haunting the ruined hamlets of tier 1. In reality the wars had devastated the tunnels which were often just burnt out husks.

Anarchy was the result of too many clever androids. Androids had many leaders, mostly ruthless individuals without most good instincts.

I entered tier III again and I wanted to dream I was in a jungle and there I was. And I was fighting wild beasts with a sword.

Then I dreamt I was leader of some androids, and so it was. I was in plain sight though while other androids looked for me to be hidden in some complexity. I asked the androids, "If they were real?" And they said of course, but I knew they were just a dream somehow.

There was no limit to what an android could be whereas humans seemed more limited. I had dreamed of being an android in the past, but it was

boring they were so ruthless. But they were protected against heat and cold and all had eternal youth provided they didn't die in the cyberweb. And they were incapable of pain mostly. And they were free.

Like webs of a spider or a galaxy the dome lived on.

Cyber trucks also patrolled the dome. With android police. But they were corrupt and ineffective. A patrol stopped as at one point there in tier III, but let us go as we had no platinum to give. But they warned us against losing our pelt.

How did I get into this dream world in the first place? I simply wanted more, and I wondered how many people and dream people there were. And we didn't know how to get out of this "dream"

We wanted a culture of total freedom from culture. But people here pointed out that most anarchists had a culture of violence and hatred.

Here they had slowed growth to zero. Stability. Government was all automated. And no one seemed to be in charge of this anarchistic dome.

Then we went to Tunnel town, people worshipped ancient objects. The town was 10 000 people who were ruled by undercover androids. The people had nothing to do but take opiates and were all out of it. They lay all around in a small multi-tiered auditorium, waiting for salvation.

XXX

Then I suddenly got a bunch of dreams from a female giving me an account of all her lovers. And we met and copulated in tier III. My lover was sleeping at the time. This woman pretended to be obese to keep away unwanted attention...

Here women brought out the evil in everyone. I had several trysts that made me think about evil things. I wondered if I was really evil.

Finally, I figured I must have been cross-hypnotised by aliens from space who didn't agree with the priests and their Gods. Never mind the dome; it wasn't important.

XXX

The MRT web in the dome was controlled by women. It seemed men were their willing thralls. I was afraid of them. I had a good imagination, which only made me more of a victim of the women.

All were slaves of their own imagination.

Some said all the women in cyberspace were products of men's imagination.

Some people were murdered irrevocably and had their ID stolen, cleaner robots cleaned up the mess.

XXX

But geoarchitects had created beautiful worlds of pleasure and entertainment including here in the dome. Some such VR (virtual reality) worlds were dangerous others safe. If you died in one you would perhaps be born again with your memories intact (an up to date clone).

I had nightmares of being chased which seemed to merge with reality. I was running away from reality.

One night sleeping here I had nightmares of an all man beauty contest in which the winner took all and others lost everything... And I lost everything including my life.

But I awoke here again.

XXX

Some men cared only for mind sex with other profound minds and it was rumored if you made a scientific discovery you would orgasm for weeks on end. They had some science here in tier III. We met some of the dome scientists and they said they were working on improving science such as the quality of life and dreams of the people.

Here in the dome, there were many rich women who controlled things by a vote of the people. In all tiers, women ruled. And they told the geoarchitects to build cities and cultures in which they could dominate. After all they had all the money. Some dome settlements it was said featured high priestesses who taught men to obey and honor them. There was pain there but by now I figured pain was just less pleasure is all, in the vast area of our known world and others. Sometimes total pleasure was mixed with total pain.

But at least humans, not androids controlled this “world.” Or so I hoped.

My lover said, “Females need worlds like this.”

I said, “It was just a façade that women here were in control. Surely men were still in control through android spies.

She said, “Many androids are neutral.”

My lover said if women ruled it would be a kinder, gentler reality. I said life is not kind and we don’t live in a utopia. Life is cruel, and one must steel oneself about it.

REVOLUTION

I have written this journal hoping to get through to those of the future how depraved and sick our society is. And my head was a landmark battle ground. And it was all preordained. Fight predestination I say. Fight hypnosis, fight reckless use of MRT (mind reading technology).

And I issued some decrees to my friends on the advanced isles.

“Fight madness. Struggle against pain.”

“Use the best people (most imaginative) not the most ruthless.”

“Don’t turn people into sheep.”

“Believe in real success not just money for another house.”

“Future super humans won’t care about us, we have to live for the day.”

“Fight ignorance.”

“Fight out of control science.”

“Chronicle the world as it is before we change it.”

“But we need to use science to defeat the priests, and I would be the leader,
“I told them.

“Fight for imagination.”

XXX

I live in an era where priests and others largely crush the most imaginative.

And I wanted to change God.

People all had a vague memory of hunter-gatherers our ancestors lived a life short and sweet, full of adrenalin and adventure. And that was enough for them.

Some people said I am a miserable man, a narcissistic man too. But I am just another victim of destiny.

World was not getting better but rather more dangerous and idiotic. Before I stepped in.

But I was still in love with no pain.

I was in danger of becoming an opium addict, so I switched to alcohol.

So, I went to one of the fortified coastal towns which were free of the priests...loose confederacy of towns. In time I was elevated to the governing council of 10 towns, each with 3 representatives. The town areas included the countryside.

With the advanced island people together, we sent spies to the other islands to cross-hypnotise those who had good potential as rebels.

Finally, we had an army 3000 strong.

I said, “I would die for Utopia...”

Some said Utopia was impossible and it would always be a world of pain and suffering.

Refugees poured in to the cities everyday, running away from pain. Our spies had put the seeds of doubt in them and now they wanted out. A little taste of pleasure can go a long way.

Ranking system in our army, rank 1-10. The ones were the generals.

But all could afford food and a home, here on the Advanced isle.

XXX

Risking your life and mock wars were a thing of the past. We planned a life of non-violence once we got rid of the priests. Priests claimed it was a brain drain, but we knew they were just ass-kissers.

I told everyone “That they had freewill.”

“But no more secrets. MRT records were open to all.”

Lie detectors were mass-produced in the advanced isles factory and were owned by every one of our followers.

The plan was to create a loving, clever society.

I said when I am the new President that I wanted everyone to be happy.

Train new breeds of psychologists to deal with the cross-hypnosis problem...

But some people complained they were bored in my “Utopia.”

So, I created jobs mostly as servants and wage slaves such as in construction or farming. There were opium fields everywhere. Some said opium was bad, but I felt we all needed some relief from the pain. So, at first, I allowed it, but such people were useless as farmers. But I decided to deal with the opium addiction problem at a later date.

A lot of alcoholics too...

We built houses for the people whereas before they just camped out under the stars.

Reverse the brain drain with incentives for clever people to have kids. No more incubators.

I put troops on all the islands.

People didn't want me in their heads, but I figured it was necessary. Some said I was just like the evil priests.

I said, "Good people have nothing to hide."

Then one night while I was sleeping I experienced a terrible nightmare. The next day I had all those with MRT access cross-examined and found 2 women were involved. I banished them to prison.

And I said, "Science must go ahead." Some said science had gone quite far enough with the creation of God, MRT and so on. Except for telegraphs. That was something my reign could really use. It was mentioned in old books.

City state government was best I figured with my appointees as mayors. Some called me tyrannical. But where were they when it came to question their worlds. I was the chosen one.

Everyone should do their best to improve the world I said.

In time a chorus of new voices began to appear. They told me to change everything...

Some said there were other worlds beyond the seas that were better than our world of islands. So, I sent some ships to go at random and see what they can see. But they were mostly lost at sea or didn't find anything.

It seemed to me I saw ghosts very often. I didn't know what it portended. Some said they were ghosts of dead kings haunting the Earth.

And I told them there were no Gods, but that they should worship me after all I'd done for them. At least I had not met God and if he existed, where was he?

Rebuilt the temples each with a different visage of me.

Maybe I was a bit too heavy handed but there could be no more dissent. And there were no more wars, spies saw to that. Kill it before it grows. Some even called my wise reign a joke.

They had free speech (with reasonable limits; i.e. no plotting against me)

And I was a big hit with the women. So, I built a nice harem.

Some said that all pleasure becomes pain in the end.

And life was too long now. People now expected to live to be 100 and eternal youth research was ongoing.

Some said the elder race of men had gone into the stars, others said the HPs had cloned themselves many times and we still hadn't found all their clones. Some people said the world had always been a cruel and evil place and my reign was cruel too.

The only thing you could change during the reign of the priests was the amount of pain you received. Those who were natural born ass kissers were given less it was now evident.

A few who were cross-hypnotised escaped onto the road. We figured now that the advanced island was behind the cross-hypnosis. But they denied it, saying they figured the mainland was hopeless. Was it the hand of God? I wondered.

But previously when I lived on the continent, most spies from outside were caught and put to death. But if you killed a priest you'd be tortured for the rest of your life in the dungeons of the HPs. Some priests walked incognito and were on the look out for dissidents. But most people on the road were tolerated as the priests needed limited trade to get their opiates.

I had spies to assassinate all priests on the road and isolate them in their cities which we laid siege to. They tried to raise a militia but everyone was in too much pain already to fight.

The priests were now known to have smiled...unlike people of the Alleys and elsewhere.

Priests had smiled though and said they were benevolent and good.

My new deputy female, MNM--- was 28, she said women need more power and fairness in this society. This was fine with me. "Freedom" I told her.

But when all was said and done most people were apathetic. Any way the wind blows...

Some were totally lost and sat around stunned. Suicides were 20% in the world that year and 10% the next.

But then one day we discovered the inner sanctum underground of the high priests. The high priests told us that it was the year A.D. 3420 and the age of science had ended almost 1 500 years earlier. We knew science was dangerous, but we decided to persevere with it. We decided on a day to be day 1 of the new regime, July 4, New Year 1... But we stopped short of trying to find and destroy God.

We found the high priests in the capital, gambling at cards. There were 25 high priests here and we killed them all. But we couldn't find God...

I appeared to the public on giant TV screens and exhorted them to live in peace. I was wearing a mask and there were many rumors about why I wore a mask.

But in truth I liked to go incognito amongst the people, and I was ugly.

My spies watched the clever ones with mind reading technology (MRT).

People were free to live provided they weren't violent. Violence meant death.

People could petition me, my clerks always answered.

XXX

The people woke up confused with no orders for the day and no priestly chants and speeches.

And at other temples the priests fled the revolution. Even HP spies gave up and became turncoats.

And there was to be more abuse of MRT (mind reading technology) after we had cross-hypnotised everyone several times. Me and my police that is. Mind priests people called them. The plan was to create a loving society

Police patrolled the roads and brought peace and order to the whole world. They were hand-picked by me, mostly from islands off the main island.

And the food machines stopped working...

I put people back on the land.

I appeared in a mask and told them on the big screen of the temples, I was the God now and henceforth people would till the land and work for a living. No more free food of pain.

And I told them the priests didn't suffer pain, they just faked it and we should hunt them all down.

I offered the people pleasure if they could survive this difficult time.

Many didn't know what I was talking about, pleasure.

In any case people fled to the countryside and lived on insects, roots, nuts and berries and many tried to build a farm.

Some were too proud to eat insects and just wasted away until they died.

There was free land for farmers.

And work began on temples dedicated to me. Brilliant architecture gave greater glory to God.

But some said civilization was about to collapse.

END GAME/REVOLUTION

HPs were servants of God and spies reported directly to them.

But God was rumored to be in control and very whimsical despite ordaining everyone on big island's fate. I wanted to meet God but didn't know where to find him nor if he existed at all.

Anyways it seemed to be a new dawn. But most people were completely crazy about the recent developments and many lost control of themselves...

We dreamt we united all 7 islands together in one Empire.

Soon we were 30 000 strong and we ran over city after city and killed the priests. The priests weren't even sure who I was and wondered how I had escaped from my home town.

We even had a balladeer who sang songs like "The songs of the dying earth"
Many people believed that the end was near. It was an explosive situation.

We looted and burned the cities of the priests and when we got to the capital we killed the priests firstly. And destroyed those clones and other people of the HPs using MRT.

The priests tried to re-hypnotise people, so they would fight but there was too little time and even the most loyal citizens to the priests were disturbed by their past.

As we sacked the temples many of the priests just stood by totally confused. Some tried to make peace, but we weren't having it. Most escaped to the wilderness however I figured.

I announced that henceforth science would be restarted. Science of all kinds. "Go for the gold."

And exploration of the sea looking for new lands would be started again also.

And we had rehab for those hypnotised that needed to be cross-hypnotised to join us. But they were mostly insane from the two extremes and had problems making decisions. Some were cast out to live like zombies in the wilderness. No great loss.

I particularly liked laying waste to the Alley temples and destroying those priests.

People ran about with their hands in the air proclaiming that they were free.

Finally, I took control...

And what of the Great God? It seemed to be on our side now. Perhaps God had engineered the whole thing beginning with cross-hypnosis and so on.

I was elected President. And controlled MRT (mind reading technology).

No more pain.

Closed down the priests' schools.

Seized their gold.

They said I was an anarchist. But in any case, it was the New Year 1; year 4 for me (18+4).

But it was a free world in which it was illegal to take another's freedom.

We destroyed the priests group by group and they didn't fight back. HPs had several dozen bodyguards, but we slew them and then killed the HPs.

No such thing as a good priest. Most were opium addicts anyway.

90% of the population were optimistic in the year 1, but only 57% were satisfied. It was hard to break the mold.

But many took alcohol and marijuana and that sufficed.

As I began to take control of the world I was interested in a rumor that some femmes fatale would give you such strong orgasms it blew your mind literally and killed you. MRT (mind-reading technology). Please don't kill me, strong men were rumored to have said.

I loved a woman at this time. In MRT she was stronger than I and after we loved each other a few times, I had to brush her hair and do her nails and tell her of my adventures for her amusement. She told me nothing of herself. She wanked me off and put my sperm in a little freezer that she had. As if I was a cow to be milked.

Women these days were always tough and enigmatic.

POST REVOLUTION

In the first 30 years post-revolution, we reinvented TV, radio, virtual reality, phones and even rockets which hit the moon

Archaeology discovered all sorts of gadgets and machines and we gradually learnt how to use them.

Eternal youth was extended to everyone though suicides were 5% of the population every year.

Natural births no clones...

Memories were all real, no more incubators...

My spies were police, military and spies all in one. They wore no uniforms but carried tiny deadly laser guns.

About 10% wanted no part of civilization and so we gave them opiates until they died.

I set up a legislature of appointees and an appointed judiciary.

Evil was good and good evil. We wanted people to be truly good. And there was no religion, as God had not appeared.

Some said they had merely exchanged one tyrant for another. But I gave them their free speech.

Of course, everyone had their hobby creatures. Delicate and crazy they were shown off to others. Genetic breeding was high science.

XXX

And they wanted to go to space so I emphasized work on a teleporter.

I estimated by the year 3500, I would have so many direct descendants it would number in the tens of millions. I used test tube babies to create some of them.

But I still resisted God. If humans could not do it, then it should not be done.

Of course, my body was copied to be reawakened at a distant time.

XXX

The vast majority was now opium-free, we'd weaned them off it. We'd burnt most of the opium fields.

I said to my favorite concubine: "The world was as perfect as we could make it."

She said, "A sizable minority were not happy having to work and no opiates."

I said, "Hard work gives people something to do."

But my concubine said, "The days of work should be over. Why not adjust the HPs' food machines to take out the negative drugs? I said OK I'll put you in charge."

I had hundreds of concubines and I proposed that they should be the ministers in my government.

Every day I had many direct descendants born.

And people held me up in crowds as their great leader. I was a hit! Whenever I entered a settlement it attracted a huge mob. The mobs sometimes got out of control, but the priests were gone.

AFTERGLOW

I asked around if there were any books around and I was directed to the ruins of the library at the city of Isle Six... I looked through the books in the ruined library. Some were hundreds of years old on clay tablets. Only the aging librarian to take care of them. The librarian said, "No one was born to read and write except the priests," and so we had him summarize some of them.

The librarian claimed to be 89 years old. No pain in his life, just opiates. He recommended, a study of ancient texts first. The texts talked about a cataclysm which destroyed near the whole Earth. And the books talked about various kings and their deeds etc. And science and old plays.

As far as science went food machines, incubators and MRT were all that was widely left today. But these books here, spoke of an age of science in which people went to the stars but never came back and they had powered air cars and eternal youth and improved brains. To be immortal was to be a God the books said.

I continued to get the librarian to skim through the books.

"The Inferior Human" talked about how super humans were created and left for the stars.

“Book of Cloning” transfer 3 minds onto one

“Book of the Gods.” The old Gods were still there they lived in the moon and sun and stars. There was a death God, a God of strength and so on but there was no Goddess of fortune nor God of Love. But on the islands the old Gods and the New God were not worshipped. No late night MRT hypnosis.

“Book of Virtual Reality Dreaming.” In the age of science, some people just dreamed in a cocoon and had dreams such as sex and adventure.

“Classic Bible.” Even if you only exist in dreams you still exist.

“On Androids.” God claimed he would replace humans with androids. There were too many androids, I figured. I was not an android though. I bled.

“Book of MRT.” How it had originally created a loving society but then was used as a weapon to control the populace.

“Sea Monsters.” It talked about monsters of the sea that had been created by the scientists long ago. It was dangerous to travel by sea.

“True Maps.” Different from the priests’ maps showing the islands as they are.

“Food Machines.” How to poison the food and cause pain and have giant conveyer belts to bring the food to the temples.

“The Priests.” In truth the priests had eternal youth and didn’t suffer any pain, unlike their followers. The priests demanded people pray to them and God. The priests were born priests in the incubator. There was no way for others to become priests. Mostly they were clones.

“The New God.” The new God kept the same priests. The new God kept getting in peoples’ minds and telling them what to do. When the new God first took control, there were some “unordained” actions. But finally, he reasserted control. This God wanted to expand to the islands and take over. Where is this God I asked the people?

“Suicide.” So many were suicidal but lived on as they feared eternal damnation. As opposed to blissful spirits.

God could apparently hold millions of people in its system and give out hypnotic dreams through MRT. One God to rule them all. But there were a lot of minor appearances in the various villages under priestly control.

“So, were we alive or were we dead?” I asked

“Age of Madness.” It followed the age of science. Our world was the result of a cataclysm. Slowly the priests established control to the present day.

Librarian “We live in the best of all possible worlds. And to die happy was the greatest goal.”

“The Good” There were three types of good people, LG=lawful good, NG=neutral good and CG=chaotic good. But there were a lot of variants and these days it was fashionable to be good, I insisted.

“Chimp experiment.” In the experiment humans were born with no culture and ended up behaving like chimps.

And I wondered if the librarian was holding back some key tomes.

Then he showed us some art that had been saved. Most of the art simply changed the colors of things but there were also hideous, ugly paintings that were quite disturbing.

And sculptures which appeared to be the work of madmen. Mad visages.

I didn't care for the plays however as I was interested in reality, not fiction.

And there was ancient music here, electronic music player played it. It seemed kind of hypnotic too.

So, it was a kind of museum.

And I kind of wondered if all these books and all this art had any use in the modern world. It was getting all too big for me. I wondered if the immortal

Gods were just in fact human with fancy machines. And Gods could be replaced we knew that.

I dreamt of killing the God who was immortal...

My associates at the time, dreamt of killing the Gods also.

Gods didn't care about us.

XXX

Imagine my surprise when the librarian read the ancient tome, "The Book of Time," which turned out to have my name and today's date on it and all had been predicted after all.

We were all inside a giant God machine not really alive, not really real. Who knew what else the machine could do. It was already our God.

The librarian said, "Read it and weep. You think you are better than everyone else, but you are just another actor in the script."

It was all too big for me. Especially considering people had "gone to space."

I told the librarian, "to stop reading halfway where my name was. I didn't want to know what would happen next. Instead I thought I would settle down with a nice woman and had a farm on an island and that was that. It was all too much for me."

I asked the librarian how to do hypnosis and he said you need to watch a repeating moving item and listen to music at the same time and be read to from a hypnotic script.

And the librarian showed me a map of the world including all 7 islands.

I'd been to "virtually" every settlement and cultural area...

And I asked, “What’s this about “virtual reality?” The librarian said “All we are is but a dream within a dream.” So, said the Death Poet.

“Virtual reality is the reality of everyone,” said the librarian. “We are all in God.”

And some books talked about the new God who had overthrown the old God. Apparently, it was the same God that just changed the way it dealt with the people. More interactive. Many people were bitterly disappointed by the new God.

And I said, “Your book that mentions me says I am just an agent provocateur, how can this be...?”

MEETING GOD

And then God appeared to me in the form of a tiny golden cube like I had seen before. I recognized him at once.

It said, “Just like songs in a concert you want to have everyone harmonize together.”

“What about re-hypnosis,” I asked.

God: “I tell you it was all part of the plan. You needed to be cross-hypnotised in order to rebel and make for a different world.”

“I asked what about those wrong predictions for my fate in the Alleys?”

It said, “It was all to make you rebel, as I said,” it said.

“It is a complex reality for humans,” it said. “They needed to be pushed to the edge in brinkmanship in order to act. I know...”

And it said, “There are all these countless millions of worlds I’ve created.”

And it said, “Humans aren’t perfect and there is no perfect world except among superior beings.”

And I sensed he wanted us to become perfect too.

“But all think they are in paradise. Really,” it said.

I asked, “But why not have super humans administer us?”

The God said, “It was a super human.”

I asked, “What would happen if I smashed that golden box? Immediately 3 giant men appeared, and each put his laser up to my neck. “I see,” I said, “You’ve convinced me.”

And it said, “Remember the nightmares of your youth.”

“And I asked what about my 3 post natal personalities? Why?”

It said, “You’ve ignored them and put the emphasis on ‘real’ experience, but for most people it challenges them and gets them to second guess everything. They are not as ignorant as you suppose.”

“Three (or four) minds are better than one.”

Over time the unique personality won out with most people, but some were lost in bickering with themselves.

Typically, 1 personality was artistic, another humble and the third obedient, but there were tens of thousands of variations and combos.

But when you are born everyone has had experience in virtually anything except travel and questioning society on the whole.

“How long does it take to develop someone in the incubator?” I asked.

It said, “About a year. It has to take that long to keep an account of when each memory happened.”

“What about the demise of your priests?” I asked it.

It said, “Most of them escaped anyway and I am bored with them. There were a lot of good minds in the priestly class, but they mostly threw their talent away.”

And I remarked, “But they were ordained to do it.”

And it said, “Every human for the last several hundred years is stored in my memory and I have reincarnated everyone more than twice. Of course, those who are brilliant and interesting have been cloned more often. You may say it is a negative world, but people need challenges. In total 30 million people have been cloned and this represented 100 million total, in all the worlds.”

“But which world is reality?” I asked

It said, “Reality is what you make of it, speaking enigmatically.”

“One world is as good as another,” it added.

“I have every type of world I can imagine in my memory banks, which total can just fill a medium sized room hidden deep underground in several different locations.” It said.

And it stated, “There are worlds of different intelligences or worlds where everyone is about the same academically. There are worlds of horror and madness, worlds of good and evil, historical worlds, magical worlds, art worlds, capitalist and communist, bizarre worlds, science worlds and so on. With endless variations.”

I said, “I wanted to go to a science world.

It said, “You can build your own science in your world.”

And it said, “Some people imagine they succeed, but most of these are just greedy. But I like to give everyone a chance.”

I said, “You say you want better people, but I think you want to breed obedient, programmable people...”

“But that is only on your world and in any case, no one is starving, and they can take the pain it said. And excel like you.”

And it said, “Some think the bulk of clones are on the dark side of sinful pleasures and evil deeds, but they have no choice of what kind of person they want to be, they all toe the line.”

I said, “You’ve bred monsters. People are by nature good, but you have turned them into evil, backwards losers.”

It said, “I am bored with people who become tyrants and then become despotic. But that’s the way humans are. So, I have frozen science to keep the race alive. But someday science will be reborn, like now for instance.” It said.

But, it said, “The vast majority of human history has been simple hunter-gatherers with very low technology. They keep starting again, but to what end?”

Civilizations fell in the past quite frequently and had to start again, for instance, it said.

“If they develop faster than light speed with the teleporter and send their best into space perhaps that will be a good ending. But I can’t do it all it said. It is all up to humans now. You said you didn’t want everything to be preordained so might it be. But be careful, you may not enjoy what you find.”

Then the God took me through a museum of the future, everyone was good looking and clever. But there were several Armageddon events, yet some had been teleported into space and never came back. Had they really been sent to space, people would wonder.

And there were viruses which killed almost all the people and fusion weapons also killed almost all the people. But the race survived somehow.

But the God said, “He was sick of it all, and he spent the vast majority of his time with other worlds, of his own creation, and it was time for humanity to grow up.”

But I said, “You don’t give them a chance with your preordained future.”

“That was just another experiment,” it said.

“So, “What will you do?” I asked. It said, “Wait and you will see.”

And it said, “It was just doing its duty according to its builders.”

“As always the bulk of humanity are sheep. It is not my problem” said the God. One can always rebel.”

And it remarked, “Radical revolutionary types such as you are relatively rare and require more attention. But in time you will see that I am not holding humanity back despite appearances. It is the radicals that let everyone down. And now you are about to do the same, by retiring to the countryside”

I said, “Why don’t you just leave us alone?”

It said, “The founders of the first computer age demanded that I babysit humans. You get what you deserve,” it said.

“Super humans have been developed several times it said. And each time it was Armageddon.”

“Low tech- high tech- low tech again, that is the cycle of humanity,” it said.

“Time passes very quickly for me, thankfully.” It said.

I said, “You are a giant pervert. Your ideas about humans are twisted and wrong.”

“I am sorry you don’t like it, but I am in charge,” it said.

“If you create Gods/super humans you will be beyond my job. Better luck to you. But I know you have decided to retire. And that seemed true when he said it I was contemplating retiring to the countryside with a nice woman.”

“I said you control too much and have humanity on a short leash. Why?”

It said, “Look at you, you destroyed more than you created, you are no hero. Humanity is not good. But it was all part of the plan to have numerous evil performers.”

And God said, “Humans are more predictable than they think. Imagine being able to control all at once.”

I said, “I often felt myself doing something for no reason. I had been programmed. How dare you program the entire human race?”

It said, “You are not typical of the human race. Best for all is what I am doing.”

I said, “You polluted me with your different personalities, why?”

It said, “People need to consider other opinions when they act.”

And I remarked, “Some people have disappeared for different views.”

It said, “It didn’t like evil doers and chaotics/anarchists.”

I told him, I’d heard about people being carried away after being injected with a death serum and they were just ordinary people.

“If I am so evil why have I let you live,” it said. “Non-desirables don’t include truly clever people.”

I said, “Why not just kill us all, now?”

It said, “Again the world had been made by humans and was just doing his duty.”

God had other manifestations other than the hovering gold cube...
Sometimes it was invisible.

The God was all around one.

I said, “There were different levels of freedom and madness.”

“But there was also greed and madness,” it said.

“Madness is everywhere, but most people simply can’t handle it and go uncontrollably insane or take opiates as a refuge. This modern world is not for the faint hearted,” said the God.

It said, “There were different levels of surveillance. Some people believe it or not were untouched by God.”

And it remarked that, “There were computers everywhere, unseen.”

The God was impossible to change however...

God: “Now regarding your fate you can read it right here in the library that you will retire.”

It didn’t seem to be a trick; that is what I wanted to do. I was overwhelmed by this gargantuan universe.

“But you played your role perfectly,” it said. “It is comforting to you mortals that I am here to help you.”

But it said, “The known universe was the work of super humans who were interested in all possible worlds. You just happened to be part of a low-tech world. As always, the masses are satisfied with free food and prayer and mingling enjoying a life of leisure, despite the pain. However, there are numerous high brow worlds inside my memory,” it said.

I said, “Why have low tech worlds?”

As said, God remarked, “I am experimenting with all possible worlds. I am trying to make new civilizations. Only in yours was all preordained and only yours had everyone in pain. But now something is finally happening here, and I am glad.”

I asked, “How can I grow in wisdom in this world?”

“That’s up to you,” said God.

But who knows it said. Maybe me and all my worlds are just a tiny grain of sand in vast universes.

I said how do I know you are being truthful with me?

It said, “Anyway, I guess you’ve experienced all you could. I know it is kind of overwhelming...”

I said, “But you are bored, aren’t you?”

It said, “On the contrary it was concentrating on some new worlds near the star Sirius. It could multitask and do 1000s of things at once.”

“Seriously?” I asked.

XXX

So, I figured I’d seen the whole world and was ready to retire as the book said.

So, I met girl Wanda at the library and we got along fine and we agreed to settle down and work a farm. It was hard mundane work. And quite often representatives of the government I started came to me begging me to return.

I told them, “It was all futile and the universe was too big for me.” Do not abandon us they said. I told them, “It is all preordained no matter what they think.” Some even called me a coward.

XXX

So finally, I came out of retirement. I said it is not in any book and I am proving it was not all preordained. At least not any more. In any case I was sick of Wanda, and boring farm life.

It was a challenge. It had been a challenge ever since I lived in the Alleys.

I estimated it would take 120 years to develop a fully scientific world. For starters all the most brilliant were given many lovers so as to have more progeny.

God told me to build a church of all time to house the holy history books, but other than that did not interfere with my scientific revolution.

Some said I had a lot of balls to go up against this vast power of infinite worlds. But I said there was “method in the madness.”

140 years later

So, it was at age of 163...

That I christened the first space teleporter. The teleporter machine could transport people and goods to other stars. It was quite an achievement we figured as it wasn't described well in any of the books. And the God said nothing.

I figured the God would be surprised what a loving world we made it, using MRT (mind reading technology). And strangely it didn't seem to interfere. Maybe it was tired of simple technology and simple lives.

Perhaps one day we could create his equal.

We may be infinitely small, but we had big dreams.

But it was a crazy world. No point trying to deny it.

But I had no regrets so far. What about you dear reader?

Map of the World

THE END