

**THE HYPOTHETICAL  
HUMAN  
Tom Ball**

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“Those who seek to dominate usually do.”  
Marquis of Ved

“Those who understand illusion are doomed.”  
Inquirer BCX of planet TR-45

“Imagination is more important than knowledge.”  
Albert Einstein



## FORWARD

By Dick Freeman, editor of PBW magazine (35 years in the publishing business).

If you read this book you will be in for a shock. Tom Ball's ideas are novel and surprising and all too real.

I think it serves as a good study of the philosophy of mind reading technology. How will it change the world, how can it be abused?

In the book science has gone too far too fast and there are numerous problems that arise out of that.

It is set in the far future (AD 2785) and society does not seem to have much in common with modern times. Some will call it a dystopia, and it has a non-inspiring ending.

The whole thing is food for thought.

## PREFACE

I wrote this book out of concern for the future. This book is not about star wars or fighting but more realistic instead. We need to discuss the near future now before it happens and not just write tales of space wars. What serious intellectual book of sci-fi is out there today? Basically none at all.

But the past is over and in the present the things we don't know are all in the future; it is time to get serious about potential abuses of power.

I wonder what will happen to the human race if mind reading technology is invented giving government control of everyone's head.

Science in general is going faster than people imagine and one day it is likely to be one UN government which could easily be usurped by one tyrant or another.

Also eternal youth will cause problems as well. So too out of control cloning and suicidal remaining groups of humans (i.e. non-clones). In the book the leadership doesn't like humans and hoping to replace them all with clones (no eternal youth for "the humans").

Also faster than light travel will appear as reality one day soon.

People will have no job to do (everything is automated) and spend time in “the fantasy” virtual reality worlds on powerful drugs that cause them to just dream their lives away. But for many suicide is the only answer.

The book, though has a surprise ending worth contemplating.

**PART ONE: THE FOREVER MAZE  
AND ITS ENVIRONS**



The first thing I remember is coming down from the sky in a tornado to the maze. I took my bearings and quickly realized I was in a maze of high 30 m walls. With some trees and everywhere dirt paths.

I walked around and noticed that the people here were all naked and I talked with some who told me everyone can only remember “being born here in a tornado.”

I knew my name was AGB-14 but little else. And I seemed to vaguely recall it was the year 2783, but I was not sure and anyway what did time mean to me?

And everyone spoke the same language as me though I figured we had all been born with the language ability. Some spoke with different accents however.

We knew the words for many things that didn’t exist here like “computer” and “Earth;” vague memories... Some said they were just dreams of things that didn’t exist, e.g. dreaming about machines like the food robots who brought us food.

They told me there was “no escape and that the maze went on forever.”

Just a hot climate with walls and trees and food machines only...And the occasional rain to water the trees. They had made clay cisterns to hold the water and people would drink water from sun baked clay cups from one of the many rivers..

I talked with one woman who claimed “The maze had limits,” and others said, “There were settlements of more advanced people underground where the food machine robots were from. Or so they said. One old woman said, “They had no eternal life here but she seemed to remember having it back on a place called Earth.” She said, “We are now on another planet.” Another man said, “We were still on Earth and that those who saw the sea confirmed it was a water planet

like this hypothetical Earth. And it had always been that way. But no one could tell us “why?”

“Why couldn’t we leave?” I said to people. “Who knows? Maybe the Gods were afraid everyone would want to leave?” One old man said.

But then I met a man who claimed he had climbed an outside wall with a ladder made of tree branches, and looked upon “a landscape of mountains and trees and the sea.” But he didn’t go there because he was afraid to be away from the food machines, which were scattered every km or so of maze paths. Robots or electric men as we called them served up food continuously.

We all thought that we had been born with an “adult’s body.” Some said we must be clones but none of us could remember a life beyond the maze. We only had vague memories of another place where perhaps it was more fun.

I had to admit I was an “alkie” which meant addicted to alcohol. “What could be better than alcohol,” many people said. It shows the creator loves us and wants us to be happy. (They made alcohol from the fruit of the food machines).

“Without alcohol I would be dead,” I told everyone. Most people said that “I was a hopeless loser.”

And it quickly became apparent that there were far more men than women here which led to much rancor. But violence was rare here in the maze.

For me personally I wanted a woman, any kind of woman but it proved difficult. I asked one woman to date me and she said, “You are joking, right?” Another woman said, “I am in love with another man and can’t be shared...”

I wondered why I couldn’t get a woman, I wondered if my face was ugly but others said, “I looked and seemed to be normal, even a slightly special face.” I said to all those who

cared to listen that, “This world was not natural. We must be in some bad situation that we can’t get out of.”

However I had to admit that some people were happy here. In addition to lovers, old people seemed to be placid and peaceful. Another old man told me, “Life is fine here. Better than out in the wild lands beyond where food was not plentiful.” I asked him, “How do you know this?” He said, “You have to know who is telling the truth when they talk about adventures beyond.” “I myself,” he said, “have not looked beyond the walls to the outside fearing I would be tempted to leave my comfortable life here. Some one must care about us since they provide food and all these clever people to us,” he said.

But I wasn’t so sure that the people here were clever; only some of them I thought. Sure in my memory there was numerous electronic machines and here the food robots seemed perfect. But for us the level of technology was near zero. Just stone hand axes which were painstakingly cut by banging river rocks together so that we could cut wood to make homes. We didn’t need homes as the weather was always sunny and nice, but some preferred privacy.

I spent most of my days drinking. The people of the maze mostly drank heavily with clay pots for fermentation. It seemed some people remembered nice drugs like alcohol to make people happy. But all we had was crude alcohol. And there was limited trade in alcohol and even sex slaves and hand axes. I met one woman who loved being a sex slave... She told me, “She loved to be a nymphomaniac.” She at least loved me for a time, but finally said, “She was sick of me and my tragic personality.”

I had a few drinking buddies in different nearby areas. We'd get drunk and sing songs with flute and drum. Some people here were good at writing lyrics.

I wrote a short lyric

“Because we are here”

We all had bad luck to be born in a world that doesn't make any sense

To hell with the rulers of the world

We should be the true rulers of the world

We need liberty, I say.

We need technology, I say.

One flute player made a song about it and it became part of many flute players' repertoire.

But people asked me what I meant by “true rulers of the world?” “We have no need of “rulers” here in the maze.”

“You are strange,” one man told me.

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There were no leaders and few factions. However there were a number of cliquy groups; as I discovered. I tried to be friendly but many people were cold to strangers. So at first I was rather lonely, but finally I found a woman who was truly interested in me, but of course she had many other lovers since women were very much in demand. About 70% were men here.

Her name was JK-59 and she was a delight. We traveled around together and she knew men everywhere. So I had to share her love. I asked her “Don't you ever want to escape this existence?” And she said, “Why? I am living in paradise,” she said. I said to her, “You are getting old and you'd best leave while you still can. “This is our world; our only world,” said JK-59.

But I said, “There is evidence of other worlds: I observed that people here were different colored; white, black and yellow all in roughly equal numbers. And I wondered why the different colors? It seemed the different skin color would indicate they were from different worlds. And the high tech food machines seemed to show that high tech existed somewhere. And how did we come into being? Why is life not meaningful, why no children (children was a vague memory for some). And what about all those lights in the sky?”

“And if this was our only world, then I wanted out, any way I could.” I told everyone.

The average age was about 45 years spent in the Maze but most who appeared here were all young looking but aged as they stayed here and the vast majority were dead after spending 80 years here...And I said aloud, “There’s something funny going on here.”

Most people were not afraid of death, believing as JK-59 did that it was part of our fate. But I said, “How can it be our fate to do nothing all day and have no purpose?” She replied, “Life here is long enough and I enjoy drinking and partying and numerous lovers. What meaning do you have in mind?”

I said, “Of course here you won’t find it, but what if millions of other people live elsewhere and understand about science and history.

But I wasn’t the only one to despair, “Many were suicides, even mass suicides of a whole village in one case... The food machine robots would collect the bodies...” One man told me, “They recycled the bodies to make clones.” I dimly remembered the concept of cloning, but couldn’t understand why anyone would want to clone someone who died by suicide.

One old woman said to me, “The only differences between me and the suicidal ones was I was stubborn and proud.

I met a suicidal man who told me, “There was no escape from this baneful existence.” I told him, “There must be a way out of here.” He said, “All that awaits is other mazes. Mazes are life and I am sick of such life.”

But most people believed there were medicines in the food which would prolong life at least to 50 years no matter when they came here. Few people were sickly. “Heart attack” was the common means of death...But we aged while the food robots did not.

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There were rumors of another maze beyond the “mountains,” beyond the maze. Most people believed it. And it was said there were cannibals there. Most believed that too and were frightened. “Aren’t we lucky to live here,” many remarked.

Anyway I was a wanderer here, a rambler. In my second 100 days, I came to a village of 500. They’d all built homes of wood and mud brick... It was the first village I had happened upon.

I was eager for news of escape... I asked all who cared to answer about escape.

I wanted to be eternal youthful like I was when I arrived. I had vague memories of being an important man in a more developed, intellectual world. Here we lived so simply. I sought complexity and honor.

I had concluded by that time that I sought meaning and it wasn’t here

People said, "This is paradise. What more could you want?" I said I wanted to get to other worlds that featured higher civilization.

According to the villagers, some had climbed the walls and left and that others went down the robotic service chute.

I asked if any person had gone over the outside walls and returned to talk about it, but they said if so, none returned to tell the tale. Except some well-known "liars," who told all kinds of fanciful tales.

Some said we lived in paradise and there's no way it could be improved... Nice sunny days most of the time, warm climate. It was like the Garden of Eden some said. They said they had vague memories of such a garden. I said to be frank that I was bored in this garden. There must be something more to life I thought.

I was interested in dreams. I said to everyone I met, "That the dreams indicated that there were Gods in our heads who made suggestions to us in our sleep." I asked others about their dreams. One dreamed of Armageddon, another dreamed of a golden world in which everyone was dressed in gold. Still others claimed to have died but were brought back to life by the authorities...Some people lived for their night dreams and spent as much time sleeping as possible. I told them, "It was an escape." "So is drinking," they said.

But they said, "There must be someone nice in their heads giving them such restful dreams." I said, "It was just more evidence that this whole world was a prison and a fraud. The dreams made no sense nor did this world. I had begun to believe that we were some of the best of mankind who were banished here for some reason, probably for being dissidents. Mixed together with cowards and malfunctioning people and oblivious people. People here said "I was a misanthrope" but

I told them, “They were lying to themselves about the perfection of the maze. It’s far from perfect,” I said.

In any case this village was located at an 8-path crossroads. And one old timer said, “The maze was 1000’s of km long and wide at least.”

This same old man said, “They’d marked the walls at turns for hundreds of km which was their range. They didn’t want to leave friends behind and get lost around strangers. Many went walking for years yet did not try to escape.”

JK-59 told me, “People here in the maze were nice so if we were an experiment it must be a benevolent one. But most people said there was no experiment. It was too beautiful to be an experiment.”

There were few leaders, even in the villages. Some people spread rumors, “That aliens controlled us.” Others “believed in God or Gods”. Some as mentioned thought “it was paradise.” Others said it was “devolution and atavistic.” More than half the people believed in “God/higher beings.” They said, “There has to be a creator. I talked with a believer in a creator. He said, “The creator loved creating happy worlds for happy people. I said, “You are crazy to think that a creator would care about us...”

But this same “believer in a creator”, whose name was XSX-467 took me several hundred km to the outer walls where there were “ladder points...” The walls crossed at odd angles so it was difficult to go straight and hard to know if I was at the outer walls. But the man guided me. The walls made it difficult to walk in a straight line and if I went too far I might be lost and lose sight of my friends acquaintances for weeks or longer. The best method was to put a mark on the walls at prominent corners and ask the locals about their area. Many people disfigured marks on the walls of their territories



so it was difficult for strangers to find your way to them. Indeed every wall looked much the same and it was difficult. Pure concrete.

In any case the old man told me to “climb the ladder to freedom.” I looked out and saw beautiful “mountains” and “forests” and “sea”.... It was a whole new world to me and then I knew that the idea of the maze was to serve as a prison for people the “rulers” didn’t like.

In any case I climbed back down telling the old man, XSX-467, I’d be leaving soon.

The old man took me back to his village and showed me how to guide myself by lights in the sky at night....

Another guy told me he could “predict the future judging by the stars.” I told him, “The stars were like other worlds that we could not possibly access. It would be the same with our maze,” I said “The planet would give off light reflected from the surface. All those people I talked about it said, “Nonsense.” Or “Balderdash” etc.

And one day I stumbled upon an actor troupe who traveled and put on plays. Apparently some had remembered the concept of plays and they wrote plays on clay tablets, and a “theater” had been built. And many of these tablets were stored in the library which was in wooden houses full of sun hardened clay tablets.

I watched a play with several dozens of others. The play was about “Greed” how some people want more alcohol more lovers, more food and better friends. The characters in the play all went crazy. The play concluded with saying happiness is the highest good.

It seemed the play was about me. I was getting well-known for my escapist views in certain parts of the maze.

They had made clay brick maps also in the library... But I found them confusing and the books were not portable. They fit together like pieces of a massive puzzle. The keeper of the books said the maps corresponded to marks on the walls...If the wall markings were not defaced.

Mostly though the books were just gossip and rumor. And there was only one library. Or so they said. I wondered if I could find a more advanced library. As it was it was no better than a fairy tale which I seemed to remember was a children's story.

Some kept walking up to 30 km a day round and round...lost...

Finally after a few days of further wandering, I sat down and cried at the hopelessness of the situation-to be condemned to wander aimlessly in the maze until I died. Or die trying to escape. People were dying all the time here of "old age."

XSX-467 then approached me , it was a reunion and he was wandering too, and told me not to despair that I could make it over the walls to freedom. He said he was too old or he'd do it himself.

But then he said, "This maze is a paradise, a perfect world and that maybe you could get used to it."

"It's just a trap, a prison." I said. I told him... "I had seen beyond the walls and it was a whole new different world."

However the old man inspired me...

But I too was afraid to leave the food machines. I told the old man the rumor was there was salt in the ocean so you couldn't drink the water. I resolved if I made some clay pots and carried them on my back with grass rope that might suffice. And I could always return to the maze if necessary..." He said, "Why not?"

Then I thought perhaps to follow the robots at the food machines down in their tunnels... It seemed safer than leaving the maze altogether. And was high tech.

I asked several individuals where the robot tunnels led but no one had any idea and most counseled against going there.

It seemed in the 200 days I spent here so far that there were more and more women. Many women had vague memories of being great lovers in another world and had agreed to come here and "spread the love around." I discounted this as preposterous. But many had memories of appearing just in the last 100 days. It represented a change in the system to me... But not good enough...

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As to the weather; it was all the same except some areas were warmer than others. Hard to know which place was what, however. But some claimed to remember gravity and said it was like Earth's gravity so it must be roughly Earth sized planet only with more land and less sea. It "rained" sometimes...

Many women were slaves to strong men for protection.

It was a rough league trying to get a woman.

Many women painted their bodies red.

Many women had memories of a certain "Ms. Coo" who was their leader in another world. They figured she lived in the brightest star seen at night.

Many also had vague memories of a previous life where people had to work and everyone was greedy for more...

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Paradise was here some said but many had a vague memory of a better place...

Was it just a dream? But robots technology seemed to indicate a higher power, but others said the robots had been around for thousands of years...

Or so some said. Some said the maze was “thousands of years old.”

Some dug down with digging sticks but didn’t find anything but bedrock down there.

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And I continued to meet people who had perplexing night dreams of another world. Strange glittering cities on a vague place some remembered was called Earth... Some said, “It was just an empty dream.”

Another man said, “We were failed experiments and were banished here where we could not make any trouble. No space ships for us...”

Still another man said, “We were failed clones or failed as youths and were exiled here.”

Others said super clever people had taken over our home (Earth) and sent us here. Some even said we used to be rulers and scientists, now living in exile.

Still others said, “It was survival of the fittest and those who could survive here could survive anywhere...”

But it was clear that staying here was to go nowhere.

For me it was total boredom, nothing to do but wander and chat. I knew I had potential to do science like the food robots or tornados and learn the secrets of the universe. I knew I was more inquisitive than most people here and that made me special. I insisted on being special, even though most people didn’t care to hear me. “Don’t disturb the happy status quo they told me.” I said to not question the world amounted to being a mere zombie, a consumer of food and little else.

I wondered why I had been born here in the maze. I didn't seem to fit in with anyone except perhaps JK-59. I had met a lot of interesting men too but they didn't seem to mind rotting away here doing nothing. One told me the true name of us humans was "sloths" who enjoyed the time and took it one day at a time. I said, "the maze was degrading to me." They said, "I was too proud"

Some walked all day...and said "the maze was the same everywhere..."

Others lived in small villages...

Others were drunk all day in a village or out... just like me.

There were constantly parties with alcohol and dancing and music with flute and drum. They vaguely remembered music and parties...Many partied all day and every day but their livers often gave out and they died. At least we seemed to recall alcohol was bad for your liver.

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Bad people/trouble makers "disappeared" in the night also in a tornado. We wondered what happened to them. Must be bad we figured.

But really good people disappeared also. Were they superfluous? More likely slaves, we thought.

One man told me I was a candidate for disappearance. Maybe if I continued to question the world I too would be whisked away

I said, "Perhaps I was playing a benevolent role in the society of the maze which was why the tornados didn't grab me.

## **SUPER HUMANS, AGB-14 CONTINUES HIS NARRATIVE**

Then one night I dreamt I was in a large open space and there were 10 “alien-like beings.” Each one was radically different in color and shape... Each one was a work of art...They talked to me in my head and told me to escape the maze.

I thought to them, “You are descended from people aren’t you?”

They thought, “Yes we are.”

“And you can mind read?” I thought

And I asked them, “How do I escape from the maze?”

One of them thought, “There are plenty of clues already. Follow your heart.”

And there was a blue shimmering object in front of the “aliens.” They said, “touch it.”

I touched it and dreamt of Earth, our home planet. “I dreamt of eternal youth and space travel.” “Only the best can escape the maze,” they said in the dream.

And with that they disappeared. Where did they go I wondered?

I figured maybe there was some dissent among the leaders of this world to appear like that to me. I told this story to everyone I met but they said it was “a hallucination” or “a dream” or I was “lying.”

But of course many still dreamed of a “home planet.”

“A perfect place, this garden,” many said however.

I said, “Staying here rotting away is no way to live. There must be more to life.”

But, true, most people were nice and life was easy, no work to do... Just wash yourselves at the food stations...eat and converse and have sex and get drunk. Some people remembered praying to a God but it was clear the Gods, if they existed, didn't care about us.

## TEMPLE OF THE GODS IN THE MAZE

One day I stumbled across the Temple of the Gods. I had heard about it from those who had been there. One man had said, “You will perhaps find meaning you seek there.”

I saw a red painted man and asked him if he worked here. He said, “Many people labored for years to build the temple to appease the “creators.” He said he was “just one of the worshippers.” The temple seemed beautiful to us relative to the drab mudbrick “shanty towns...” Here there was intelligent design of the Temple. It seemed like great architecture. The keepers of the temple all said, “This was the most beautiful building in the maze.”

I asked around here and found they were mostly religious, believing in a creator.. Some said the creators were in the sky, others said the Gods were underneath the maze. Still others claimed the Gods were invisible. I said, “I don’t believe unless I see it.”

But I thought quite obviously the Gods if they were in existence would want us to do something, not just stay here in an “empty paradise”... But the problem was if anyone has



escaped they never came back to tell the tale. Or at least they weren't convincing...

But some people even described "men of light" who appeared to them and told them to do good works and be good. This was considered untrue however. But I could confirm I had met these "men of light." And I told everyone who cared to listen, but they discounted me as "a well-known liar." Word had continued to spread about me as a liar and a troublemaker...

People recognized me for the grass hat I wore which was unusual. One man said, "Better to be anonymous and not draw attention to yourself."

Many people believed so-called Gods would have no use for us foolish humans.

Poison fruits, symbolically, like the Garden of Eden were growing around the temple. If you ate one you would die. But some didn't believe it and sure enough they died.

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People came here to the temple to pray and also to fornicate. I indulged with several women. Why not?

"The Gods love sex," they said.

Some people told me they had memories of a thing called science and said that such a thing should be prayed to as well here in the temple. And so it was. We prayed to the electric men food robots.

But they also had a "magic woman" here. She seemed to have more memories (or lies) than others. She claimed, "All humans came from Earth and we were all clones. And we were all specially chosen to come to this paradise." And she said, "They used us clones to settle this world of the maze..." And she said, "She had traveled to many other worlds, all of which were good and unique."

And she claimed that, “The brightest stars in the sky were the Gods watching over us.

I said, “Why would the Gods care about us?” She said, “It is so. No need to question it.”

She was also an oracle. So I asked her “How can I escape from this maze?” She said there were clues everywhere, but you need to really want to go if you try to leave for there is no turning back and death may await you...” I said “That’s nothing new.”

And she said giant computers ruled the world and humans like us were useless. We are all put out to pasture she said.

I asked her, “What my future would be?” And she said, “For a mad man such as you will disappear to other worlds...”

I said, “Can I get eternal youth?”

And the oracle said, “Of course. But you need ‘challenges.’”

Rather enigmatic, I thought to myself.

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“And on Earth,” she said, “Intelligence was gold. Wealth and fame came with intelligence.”

Many people flocked to hear the oracle speak here in the maze

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And many people prayed to have true memories not false ones to the God of Memory also in the temple.

Some believed the Gods were beneficial, others said we were just idle experiments by leaders who were bored.

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I said, “Perhaps winners escape, losers stay here in the maze. But I had no followers just a few friends...”

I said, "The world is likely the work of the devil leaving us clever people to do nothing, to be idle, to be dying off slowly."

Some said, "People who refuse to toe the line will be whisked away in a tornado and tortured." "Lucky if you can make it out alive from this inquisition, that is the maze," I thought.

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But we prayed to the Gods and the Gods didn't listen. It was all futile...

There were no soul mates to be given from the Gods. Hard to find soul mates... With their lust...

Many of us had dreams of soul mates... And that kept people walking every day looking for love.

"But what if there are people outside the maze?" I said.

And I said, "Here is every man for him self... It is not "civilized."

In this case of Eden, AK-59 told me that "Forbidden fruit" was also to leave the garden. You will be in a nightmare if you leave this Eden of the maze, she said"

Here many were afraid of being a radical... The instinct to think differently is not welcome here... I told them they could all be taught to be inquisitive but lacked teachers and inspiration. I really didn't feel I belong here," I told AK-59. She said, "We need wandering philosophers to tell us about freedom. We need you."

But some acted up deliberately hoping to be whisked off in a tornado to another place.

Many said, "They figured they had been born with knowledge and an ability to speak and had chosen to go to the maze. That's why so few try to escape."

Some dreamt of being a child who was educated and therefore not a clone. “Not all were clones unless they had false memories,” people said.

I was concerned about unhappy people “disappearing.” Including some of my “acquaintances.” Many others were suicidal...

Then one night I dreamt the suns went out and we all died (We had two suns).

And then I had a dream about a great war, where everyone died. And people were killing each other with war robots...

I told others about the dreams and most of them thought the suns were just heat machines controlled by the same creatures who controlled the food robots. And there is no war here so it probably was just a dream they told me. And more and more people had heard about me as the biggest liar in the maze.

But for me those dreams were the last straw. So I thought the time to leave was now.

I felt that I was a guinea pig trying to run from his captors.

## SIZE OF THE MAZE

Then I met a man “of the world” who estimated the continent was 8000 km by 8000 km and he claimed to have traveled the whole world of this giant maze. From corner to corner using the stars (lights in the sky) to guide him.. This was much greater than the previous estimate of that other old man who figured it was only 1000 km by 1000 km.

And he told me he, “Estimated another large maze was below the surface where the robots come from. Some were curious about that. And perhaps there were other mazes beyond “the sea.”

Still others said, “The night lights in the sky were other mazes.”

Different colored people in the maze was perhaps an experiment just for variety’s sake. I couldn’t tell the difference between different colored people. Some people also painted themselves using natural dyes. They painted pictures on themselves and different colors but it had no meaning, it was sheer cosmetic in nature.

This old man said he would go to but it was risky so he’d wait till he was very old with nothing to lose and then go.

I said, "If you are too old it will be difficult for you. Best go while you still have energy."

He said, "Perhaps you are right, but I enjoy drinking and partying here in the maze." Just like JK-59 had said among others.

I said, "Too many people here lose themselves in bliss, but we know high technology works judging by the robot food machines."

I said, "I want the world, I want it all, I told the people and I said I would come back in a "space ship" and show them the light."

They jeered and laughed at me and said, "I was a loser which is why I wasn't happy anywhere."

## AGB-14 LEAVES THE MAZE

So it was I decided to try to leave this maze.

I was torn between going underground through the service robots chute and climbing the exterior walls.

As I left to go down the chute I saw some dead suicides being brought down the tunnel by robots (one could always ask for poison pills).

So I changed my mind and got a ladder and hopped over the wall seeking adventure. I brought some food with me and also several clay pots for water with grass rope to hold them...

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I had told my best friend and lover, JK-59 the previous day that I was leaving. She cried and cried but she would not join me.

I said, "There's no purpose to our existence here."

She said, "At least we have each other."

I said, "You'll forget me in time with all your other lovers."

But I left her crying her eyes out and scaled the wall which led to treed mountains. In particular I looked for evidence of

science which most in the maze insisted was magical illusions. After all the only science was the food machines.

Machine birds (air cars) were in the sky and I was frightened. And what appeared to be winged people in the sky. It was all very confusing. But at least it was something different.

I came to a river drank the water and then to a sea jumped in couldn't drink the water... .

I met some people living in the mountains and also some strange looking humans. The people said they had been living over a wide area for hundreds and hundreds of years. Beyond this they had little to say.

I walked down the coast. No one in sight.

Finally I came to a "castle." It was made of mud brick... Located on a river near mountains... Here they didn't worry about just staying alive but rather tried to make a "golden life."

Only a few dwellers here. They said everyone had gone "across the sea" and never returned. Once this had been a castle of 1000 people.

They had fire. And they had an iron works. To make iron tools...

"What was the purpose of the castle?" I asked.

"What does God look like?" They asked. There must be a God. We hope he will find us since we all had the gumption to leave the unholy maze.

I said, "Well maybe they will make Gods some day."

That night I dreamed of nightmare wars and violence with weapons from the sky and "bombs" everywhere.

I wondered who was in my head to give me such dreams.

The next day they told me in primitive times people needed to work. And now for hundreds of years slaves did everything here at the castle.



They agreed that one may not like what one might find they said as no one had ever made it back to tell the tale. But this only encouraged me to go for it.

Many years ago many of them built boats and that was the beginning of the end for the castle. It was a dying fortress against an invisible opponent.

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They told me, “The sea is for those who are not satisfied they said and probably all the people had drowned since the sea was sometimes very rough... Some people are not happy in paradise. In the castle none had ever returned from a sea voyage.”

“No wonder,” I said, “The castle was boring and the food was bad.”

They picked fruit and nuts and mushrooms and other foods to sustain them. If they really got hungry they could go back to the maze temporarily just to eat.

And no children. Apparently all new people were asexual clones... “Something must be wrong,” I said. Did the Gods really want to make us, foolish creatures that we were?

Slaves in the castle carried the rulers on their backs and did their bidding... I said, “It was an outrage,” but they said, “It was the natural order of things.”

The slaves and masters were from the maze and life expectancy was 75 years after arriving in the maze. There were 10 leaders and 90 slaves. They said they were mostly clones and incapable “of having children...” They claimed there was no way to stop their fate from happening...But all had come from the maze.

Better to be owned as a slave then fight for survival. Back in the maze you were pretty safe however... But here in the castle it was safe too.

They wanted me to stay, but I said I want more, and hope to build a “boat.”

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There was an old man here on the coast near the castle, building a boat and I asked if “I could join him?” “Most certainly,” he replied. He said his name was XXD-47...

The man said, “He was 82 years in the maze approximately and thought he’d give life one last try, maybe even find eternal youth.”

Water in clay pots fastened down with lids and rainwater would accumulate in the bottom of the boat. The old man said it rained in the sea more than the castle/maze area...

Our boat was crude but we had a leather sail made from “freak” animal skin. These pelts were from strange humans called animals. “What purpose in life do they have?” I asked the old man.” He said, “People used to be animals but they grew better brains. The only difference between these anthropomorphic animals and real people was intelligence. There were no other animals. But there were sea creatures.”

## **PART TWO: BEYOND THE MAZE**

## THE VOYAGE BEYOND

The old man figured the world was Earth sized on account of gravity and dim memories. He said Earth was our home as so many clones had memories of Earth. He suspected we were on Earth he said and there were no space voyages. It just remained for us to find the “civilized” areas of the world.

And so the voyage began...

Giant menacing sea creatures were in the water. We huddled together for warmth. As it was quite windy and the water temperature was only just warm enough to swim in; for some reason both of us knew how to swim. And we speared some smaller sea creatures and ate them... It didn't taste as good as the food machines, but anyway we were not on a food tour but rather a voyage of discovery.

Giant waves nearly capsized our boat, but somehow we held on.

Mechanical birds (airplanes) went overhead at frequent intervals. Were they watching us? Did they control the weather?

After about 3 days of drifting we spotted a volcanic island. Firecracker birds appeared above. We called them that for their firecracker sound, which we seemed to remember.

We jumped into the water and used our feet to kick the boat towards land.

We were greeted on the beach by people who had red painted bodies and spears. They grabbed us roughly and took us to an iron cage which we could not get out of. But they gave us water...

"Are they going to eat us?" I asked the old man. "Who knows?" Said he.

While imprisoned I kept seeing ghosts and other apparitions... "Dreams," said the old man. "Dreams of another place far away from here."

And we were both brought to a slave auction and apparently fetched a high price. But they figured we wouldn't chance the waters without a boat, but we waited for our chance...

After about 10 days one of our keepers opened the cage and told us to go to go quickly away from this place. So we went to an uninhabited part of the island and built another boat.

While we were building it a man who had 4 horses and a carriage came up to us and asked us if there was anything we needed?

"How to go underground?" I asked. "You'll find a way," He said.

He said, "Go underground to find bliss."

But he also said that, "Most people in the maze were former intellectuals and that's why people were so clever there. But they were chicken-hearted to leave the maze. "What this

world needs is guts,” he said. And with that he was off thundering in the distance.

And we sailed to a village on another island. With another sail made of freak animal skin that we had killed. The freak was unarmed and we stabbed him with our spears.

This settlement had just 36 people and again “there were no kids.” They lived on insects and food that was gathered. But they had only memories of sailing the sea a long time ago... They were convinced here was paradise with little to do all day.

But they knew fire and metallurgy and dressed themselves in gold...

But I was shocked they called this place paradise. I guess one can convince oneself of anything...

So we explored the island further and carefully and we came to another maze. We went in but there was nobody there. A mysterious maze indeed.

We speculated that a new generation of clones will be sent here.

But one day on the outskirts of the Maze, we met “The Queen of the Maze.” She said she’d been everywhere on this planet and people were the same everywhere. She said the few people in this new maze, took drugs to be happy and spent the day laughing. “It was the place of the future,” she said. “It’s all about the drugs; Don’t you want pleasure?” she asked?.

But I didn’t want to get stuck in another maze though, especially one that was not so populated. We didn’t believe it was good and left the virtually empty maze...

So I decided to go with the man back to the Forever Maze and try to get underneath it.

Maybe find the spaceport underground. There must be one I figured.

But I parted ways with the old man who suddenly decided he wanted to voyage further.

So I went back in a boat guided by the stars to the approximate position of the maze where I'd left. I couldn't understand why more people who left the maze didn't return to the maze but maybe they just kept their mouth shut as few would believe them.

## RETURN TO THE MAZE

So I returned. I was in a section of the maze which was different somehow from where I was from. For example there were more yellow-skinned people here.

I was looking for old flames and old friends but couldn't find anyone.

I told people, "There was a big world out there."

But they said "I was a liar." And no one took me seriously.

So I jammed a log in the robot service portal and went down. I was careful not to go at feeding times so as to avoid collisions with robots.

Some men had attacked the food robots using clubs. These men subsequently disappeared in a tornado the following night.

Anyway, I went down the service robot chute and heard "a siren." I was confused.



## THE UNDERGROUND OF THE MAZE

I, AGB-14, hit the ground hard. Landed on a train stop. It said next train 30 minutes. The siren stopped after a minute or so.

So I sat down to wait. Then I rode it to the end of the line. And then I got off.

I was instantly in some kind of laboratory.

In the lab sat a youthful man...

"Welcome to the underground," said the man.

Then a woman appeared. She said "We've been watching you. Just a matter of time before you showed up."

I asked, "How were you watching me?"

She said, "Everyone has a tiny brain implant that allows us to follow/listen to people. It's all connected to a computer."

And she said, "Hypnotism and brain surgery and brain therapy and Mind Reading Technology are all part of our methods."

I said, "The maze on the surface was boring."

She said, "For a man like you every place is boring. However I am the same way." She said.

I asked, "What was going on here?"

And she pulled out a gun and shot me with something and I collapsed.

I was walking in a dream. There was a brightly lit cavern. One of my ex loves was there.

I tried to touch her but she was just an illusion or so it seemed.

Then I dreamt of flying in an air car... Over the vast world of Earth.

I finally arrived at what seemed to be the Palace of Leaders. I was greeted by a door man who showed me to the spy leaders. They said you've proven your worth as a clone so far but you need another test.

But why the maze I dreamt? The leaders said, "The maze was aimed at separating good clones from bad. Some didn't come into their own until their 50s."

But I didn't believe it. I figured there must be something more.

They didn't kill me though so that was one good thing.

Afterwards, it was just a bad dream, I thought...

But I woke up to find it was not a dream...

When I awoke I was in a force field cell. I cried out but no one heard me. Over head was a buzzing bright light was it a camera? Was it reading my mind?

Somehow I didn't feel the same as I had in the past. I felt vertigo.

Finally a robot appeared and the force field went down. The robot picked me up and carried me some distance to where a space ship was waiting on the surface, but the maze and other parts of the world I knew were not to be seen.

We took off and after several days arrived at a distant solar system. It was a binary star system again. There was a planet

with hot weather 80 C for highs, 20 C for lows. Obviously surface activity happened at the short night. I wondered why they hadn't terra formed the place to make it more accommodating.

There was a bluish tower off in the distance and we landed on top of it.

It was a large tower maybe holding 50 000 people. A whole city. And it was beautiful free-flowing architecture.

They told me I was in the tower of KLB a clone grandfather. Many of us were his clones, but not me, I thought. I figured I was a clone of someone else. And about 50% here were women, many with KLB's brain...

I met some of them. Some had even come from the maze but their account of the maze was not as I remembered it. I wondered why? They typically described it as "An intellectual ferment where scientifically minded people could converse and experiment." I said, "I was sent to a part of the maze where intellectualism was frowned upon and I was isolated as a strong believer in science (which was not exactly true...)"

Most of the denizens here were from 1 of 20 different worlds where they had been sent to prove themselves and although they were clones they were brilliant clones but didn't turn out the same especially given the different "cultures" where they had been "born." In essence they were disappointments. I was disappointed too that I was a clone, a mere copy of someone else...

Of course all the clones had been given a different face and voice and fingerprints and eye ID etc... but one could often tell a clone of oneself from inside the tower. It was a kind of instinctual feeling... For example one girl seemed to be kindred spirits with me... I thought maybe we were two clones from the same "father or mother.." She said, "Isn't it

great to meet such kindred spirits?” We were lovers for a short time but it was a little disconcerting.

Some of the clones said laser surgery and genetic therapy had been used on the clones to alter them favorably and to add a bit more variety to the tower.

And sure enough I went under a bright light again and again felt differently thinking not to be so radical and adventurous.

Maybe I was cleverer now...

And they gave me drugs which made me feel euphoric and upbeat. So too the other clones. They all got drugs in each day, but different people reacted differently to different drugs. So there were drugs for everyone.

As to the rulers of the tower, they told me, “There was an oligarchy of 16 and a number of bureaucrats. They were not the Supreme Leaders however they made clear that they were just responsible for this region on one planet.”

I didn’t believe it, somehow it didn’t seem right.

“But with invisible surveillance cameras,” they said they watched everyone...

“Why? I asked.

They said, “We want to see who is the best and who is not a good clone. It’s an experiment.”

But I didn’t believe that either.

## **HIS OLD FLAME AGAIN, JK-59; SHE CONTINUES THE NARRATIVE**

I, JK-59, pined for my love who had dared to leave the maze. Of course he had gone over the wall and not returned. Would I ever find love again?

Finally I was getting sick of the maze also. And I was tired of my motley group of friends. I pondered jumping the wall where AGB-14 had left, but I didn't feel I was quite ready to die, in case only death was what awaited. But I had looked over the wall (using my lover's ladder) and saw the sea. So I figured there must be life elsewhere, perhaps not so boring.

I one day came upon a group of anarchists in my wanderings. I found that there was a lot of abusive behavior here and everyone was sick and tired of everyone else.

So finally I decided to go underground and see if there was any hope.

The next thing I remembered was lying on the operating table with my brain being operated on. After this I was carried by robots back up to the surface. I told my story to others but there were no scars to show. Most people didn't believe it. Just another wild rumor to them.

But I said to myself I'd tried my best to escape and now I was resolved to my fate.

I was drunk most of the time on the bitter alcohol they made here.

I said, "There is no way out of this..." But instead of escape I dedicated all my time to making "more palatable alcohol."

Others in the group said, "I was a troublemaker and that's why I was here. Don't pretend to be innocent," some said.

But another woman was more positive. She said, "Staying in the maze we learn nothing. It's high time we found out what this world really is. There must be hundreds of worlds we could go to if only we meet the right people in the right civilization."

But at this time I was visited in the night by an apparition...

He was reading my mind and he said in my mind that I was destined to leave the maze and not be afraid.

He thought, "I was the perfect human, a woman of hopes and dreams and I should search for such men. No need to worry about others."

And I thought, "One person cannot change the whole universe."

But I thought, to the apparition, in the dream, "What about all the clones?"

He thought; "All people these days are mostly, the vast majority, are clones, including you. Best to grin and bear it."

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I also dreamt of a world in which people were wearing clothes traveling by air car with robots everywhere.

And another night I dreamed the maze was on a giant continent.

And still another dream was I dreamed I was in love on a strange green planet. But my lover left me and I cried.

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Anyway another dream, I was on a cold planet wearing a space suit.

I, called out for a warm world, but instead a man came to take my hand and lead me to a settlement under a dome.

On one particular night I was feeling warm and inebriated when a man came to talk to me. He asked, "If I believed in love and I told him, "It's nothing but a heartbreak." He said, "Love is a mindless attraction that we should get rid of."

"But love gives us pleasure," I said.

"However," he said, "You have an exotic, pretty face. You must have had the best plastic surgery."

"Thank you for the compliment. Some men think I am the most beautiful woman in the maze." "There must be a reason for it," he said.

"Perhaps you can inspire men," he said.

And so he and I became lovers...

He said, "I don't like sharing you with others." I said, "People needed to keep the peace."

But one day he too went down the robot service chute never to be seen again.

All the best men wanted to leave paradise, I said. "There are too many men here, not enough women," my lover AGB-14 had said... But why risk everything on an escape attempt...

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Then another night I had another dream. By a lake.

There was a man there with an exotic face and he said, "Jump in." I took off my space suit and jumped in and immediately I fell to dreaming of my former life. According to

the dream I had been a genetic scientist who broke the rules and went too far. It was an epiphany...

In the pool a voice said, "People who came here were difficult to manage but a bit of old fashioned life often did them a world of good. Some super brains had too much brain power, not enough kindness... And most importantly they had been against the state in a former life..."

Then he said jump into another pool, the pool of the future.

In this pool I dreamt I was in deep space still unhappy yet going further and further out until I was a pioneer in some worlds. This seemed to be good I thought.

It seemed like reality...



## THE LIBRARY; JK-59 CONTINUES HER NARRATIVE

I was inspired to learn more about the world and so went to the library in the maze. It was centrally located in the largest maze village, but it was a one of a kind place.

Here AGB-14 had told me was a useless library. But I enjoyed reading the stories on the sun dried clay tablets. The library included maps of the maze and stories of the maze and musical notations for flute and drum. AGB-14 had said, "That much of the library was gossip and rumor of course...But few people were interested anyway."

The "head librarian" said, "He couldn't understand why people weren't interested in the library."

I said, "There's no science there. No explanation for the meaning of life. There is no meaning to be found.

He said, "I seemed like a "Girl of the East...", and such women were better and more of them relatively speaking.

More beautiful gardens in the East also. The East was where the larger sun rose (It was a binary system). Some people had a dim memory of Earth and its sun.

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But I had chickened out and decided not to attempt to escape.

I had had few dreams of a better world but the older I got the fewer dreams. But I was full of regrets that I did not try for more. And I pined for AGB-14... I didn't realize how good he was until he left me.

I had a vague hope he would come back for me and take me to a greater paradise and something new and unheard of here in the maze.

## SEX IN THE MAZE; JK-59 CONTINUES

I said, "Let the love flow. No sex disease and free love..."

Many people thought courtship was baneful... especially men. One guy said, "JK-59 you are hopeless."

High class gigolos and prostitutes who were paid with good alcohol (as opposed to bad alcohol) were commonplace...

I said, "I suffer from numerous cases of unrequited love. How can this be a perfect world? Maybe a perfect world for some people... But not for me."

And I said, "I knew I have a lot of illusions. Hard to tell the difference between clones and non-clones... Some said we were all clones of just a handful of people..."

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No point leaving your body, I figured. It seemed there was a common dream to be a hologram. Holograms couldn't have sex and how would they enjoy life out of the material world? One man told me that, "Some said the leaders appeared as holograms and had renounced materialism altogether and spent their days in science."

I said, “No body, no life. We live for our material desires and that is what it means to be human...” Or so it seemed to me...

But the man said, “It seemed in this new world that material desires and indeed all instincts were being eliminated.”

I told him that, “It is hard to be unique...”

He said most likely, “It’s always been hard...”

I said, “Taking risks is part of human behavior...”

He said, “But all is well; in space all are clever...”

“But I will never renounce sex,” I said.

That’s how it was in the year AD 2783.

## **MAN IN THE TOWER... AGB-14 CONTINUES HIS NARRATIVE**

One day I had a visitor, here in the tower... The man in the tower building said, "You are too cunning for your own good; and you make trouble everywhere, you ask dangerous questions and spread doubt and chaos among the people so I am sending you to a prison planet and the darkness of the caves."

I said, "All I ever wanted was to be free even though I don't have many memories... But I know I had been against the low-tech maze and the ignorance there... And I had wanted new leadership which would promote science... And I didn't like the fact that so many clones were taken from so few people. The world is a freak show, I had said. The maze had fooled the clever ones into thinking they were in paradise just like through millions of years humanity thought they were in paradise. "People were fools," I thought.

I thought the maze and the tower were all I'd ever known but it all seemed anti-intellectual to me.

I felt the tower was "a palace of misfits. "It was a palace of cowards intellectually speaking who were afraid to think dif-

ferent thoughts, thought crimes in other words... But I wasn't afraid. And I would never give up trying for a new world. But I wondered if they had changed my brain through the lights overhead and maybe I was not so radical now. The visitor said maybe I was an experiment with different types of clones in one, maybe not all one clone."

Of course clones were born with an adult mind but few memories, and I was a clone, or so the man said. Maybe he was mistaken.

He said, "Most clones don't survive 1 year even..."

And he said, "To survive you need to have important experiences to make you into a good citizen. Some people need to suffer more to be a 'real person,' but it can be done."

And he said these final words, "You might consider the darkness I am sending you to is a rite of passage or just a place to survive.

I pondered these last enigmatic words as I was suddenly blinded by light and went unconscious.

## **PART THREE:THE CAVES**

## IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CAVES

I appeared from above gently let down into a totally dark place, seemed to be a cave. I was naked and noticed a vaguely horrible stench.

And I was groping in the dark for anything.

One guy responded to my shouting and started licking me, I ran and hit a pillar and knocked out, but he didn't find me. Then I came to and heard some men say "Who goes there?" And I said, "I am new to these surroundings."

They said I was lucky not to have been eaten by cannibals.

And so these people felt me and brought me to their king.

Then I knew I was in hell. They could've sent me to space or somewhere nicer, I thought to myself.

The men turned out to be a group of one of the King's men and they found me in a patch of vegetables. I had to pledge allegiance to the King who in turn offered me protection.



They asked me what news of the outside I brought and what my crimes were. I told them about the maze and that I couldn't remember beyond that.

It seemed most here had committed crimes that had not been predicted by regular MRT (mind reading technology). It seemed everyone had memories of seeing but there was nothing to see here. I told them there must be light somewhere in the Cave. They said, "Just hallucinations, only".

Most of the people here had committed serious crimes. Crimes of passion that had not been predicted by MRT. Crimes such as irrevocable murder or suddenly becoming a radical and so on.

One guy said he loved his lover deeply but in a fit of sudden madness he cut off her head. He said everyone had thought he was a nice guy and couldn't understand it.

Another guy was a dissident who said he had been fine in his youth but as he got older he came to despise life on his planet (planet ZQ-123)...

I said to him (the guy from ZQ-123), "I felt the same way and ended up a dissident."

And they told me there was no escape from the caves. And there was a lot of cruelty to one another. Including numerous murders. People here said life was cheap and my crimes must be grievous indeed to end up here.

I felt it was hot, every day about 26 C, and there seemed to be air from above, no ceiling that could be reached and it was all one cave... The cave size was perhaps hundreds of sq. km And large pillars were at infrequent intervals.

But for mutual protection the Kings had their followers dig out moats using skulls to dig and used the earth dug up to build a pyramid and they stuck sharp bones along the sides of the pyramids to dissuade attack. And added mud brick from

the river side. And there were tunnels below the pyramids, safe from the cannibals, or so they said. There was about 25 m of mud brick at any given point.

At the height of the pyramids were several hundreds of women and guards and the King and his followers. No choice but to follow the Kings. And the Kings needed to share women with his guards. And they all stuck together on top of the pyramids for safety.

If a woman displeased them they might throw such a woman to the moats where the cannibals could get them, but women were generally too valuable to lose. When I arrived the total known Kings were 4 in number and some other groups who camp out on the outside of the pyramids in large groups but there were no babies to worry about.

The women hunted for vegetables with male guards, (guards carried a bag full of rocks for attacking) and they collected hardened clay pots filled with river water to bring up to the pyramid. I was nominated for this dangerous duty of protecting the women picking vegetables day after day. I was scared I would soon lose my life, a life which I didn't seem to know much about. I wondered why people here had been given plants to eat in the dark. Obviously they want to keep us alive we all thought. There was plenty of food but the population was thought to be dropping and although a lot of new people appeared they were being killed off faster.

It was estimated that there were about 8 000 "people" living here in the caves according to one old man who befriended me. His name was 458-POL. He had irrevocably murdered a man over a dispute involving a woman. He said, "He couldn't believe he'd done it. He didn't know what madness suddenly possessed him."

"Anyway life goes on," he said.

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The castle pyramids were close to rivers and there were a number of rivers flowing in the cave and there were a few small pools. The rivers all ended in pools.

And digging down with skull “shovels” 25 meters they hit bedrock. It was the same all over the caves. The bedrock was of little use (limestone) and they argued there was no escape.

As mentioned, successful Kings shared their women with their followers to keep the peace. Many women were love slaves. You could buy love slaves in exchange for hallucinogenic mushrooms or male guards or vegetable beer (in clay pots). Or even a pot full of worms.

The beer was hard to drink everyone agreed, but some drank it all day and got hugely fat... I too drank every day and was obese. It was boring here and all about just surviving not about intellectual conversation.

Some people disguised their voices to get love, making it seem they were different. And others would lie about their diseases so they would not be cast out...

Cannibals meanwhile, were mostly male and would love a woman and then eat her...

And the cannibals ate a lot of people at the rivers and elsewhere using a “wave technique” whereby they would align themselves holding hands together and running forward to catch people in their way. And their chief would always get the heart.

Sometimes from the safety of the pyramid we could hear screams of people being eaten; newcomers mostly...One time I heard the screams of an acquaintance and ran down and found he had broken his leg trying to scale a cave pillar nearby. The fact that there were pillars suggested it was a man

made cave, maybe many smaller caves had been changed into one large cave...

Anyway with a broken leg he was doomed to be cast out from the safety of the pyramid. I would have liked to help him but there was nothing I could do.

And then one day one of the Kings was overthrown by the cannibal king and the moans and groans went on for days. That left only maybe three non-cannibal Kings...

Cannibals said they needed meat for health and were tired of vegetables though the vegetables here could keep a person alive. They claimed they got strength from meat.

Sometimes they ate one another... The cannibals collected skulls and put them in various places where people would feel the bones and be scared and try to run away. People said if you felt such a skull you were a goner...

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And the people of the Kings would sing and chant...

One pyramid was known for dancing and singing...pledging "Victory over the cannibals. And triumph of our leader."

No one knew for sure how long they had been here but some people who felt like they were middle-aged existed here.

The murder rate was high but new people were "appearing" all the time.

Life expectancy was only a couple of years at best.

Women were particularly "tasty" and in constant danger.

The whole place stunk, although feces was mostly buried in pits... But there were a few rivers dirty mostly. People were afraid to wash lest the cannibals catch them (making noise with water on the river). So once in a while the King and followers went to the river to bathe in the dirty water, but cannibals would slit the throats of some of them using bone

knives. So most people just washed from the pots. But still it was dangerous to go to the river to get pots of water.

As for the cannibals they mostly never washed and you could smell them from several feet away.

People spent their time mostly in the safety of the pyramids in conversation and story telling about their memories. They had not been brainwashed like me since they all had memories. I could only remember the maze. I said to 458-POL, "It was just more evidence that something wasn't right here." "What do you plan to do," said 458-POL, there is no escape. "You tried to escape the maze but ended up in a worse place. Even if you escaped from here they would only put you in an even worse place."

There were always new recruits with new stories about their life of crime and dissidence. But such people were boring and many were evil criminals. I didn't like it. However I met a woman, KLJ-90 who loved me for a while but finally ignored me saying I was not a great warrior but rather a wimp.

However guards took women out everyday to collect tasty vegetables...

Those who displeased a King would often be put in a pit 20 meters deep to fight others with a couple of meters deep feces. And a guard who made sure they didn't escape and many people shouted at the ones in the pit and threw things at them such as mud clay bricks... And such punishment was typical for cannibals who had been captured. The King's people weren't cannibals but they wanted the cannibal's bones.

Diseases like cholera, typhoid, dysentery, tuberculosis and infection were rampant. Everyone was suffering from something.

Bone knives and femur clubs were the common weapons of both cannibals and kings.

But cannibals frequently choked their victims to death as it made less noise.

And a lot of people gorged themselves on the tastier vegetables and were overweight , but some of the cannibals were so fat all they did all day was roll around trying to surprise unsuspecting loners or newcomers. One fat guy in particular apparently was able to sense when a newcomer was about to arrive.

Enhanced senses here but little love...

Breast size or face shape didn't matter here in the dark where one love was as good as another.

Hunter gatherers in the dark... This is what we were...

No possessions, no technology, no love, it was a hard world...

There was however as mentioned, some limited trade in women, trading them for guards with other kings. Also trade in bones, delicacies and bad beer.

One of the four kings was bisexual and he had a strong freehold as all in his pyramid were bisexual. Women meanwhile could not be gay as they were needed to please the King's men of the pyramids. For such women life was easy...

One of the kings was said to be a witch doctor and could cure many diseases but you had to pay him in bones, delicacies, alcohol and sex. Many believed in him. Others said it was futile...

There were constant skirmishes between cannibals and the kings men... I hung back and refused to risk my life in these battles...

The cannibal bodies were buried but there bones were retained for tool making...

All men in the caves practiced fighting with bone clubs. Frequently this ended in injuries like broken bones which would make the victim useless...

A famous story of the King I was with was how he had throttled the previous King and that led to a civil war and the cannibals joined in; it was madness and many people died.

Also many people under the Kings' protection suddenly snapped and went out shouting, "Eat me."

One such woman was tired of being repeatedly raped so when wandering in the cave the cannibals finally grabbed her.

It was a rough league and I knew my days were numbered here one way or another. "It's only life," said 458-POL.

Some sought solace in a type of hallucinogenic mushroom and they claimed it made them "see." Others went where the air from above was fresher.

But everyone said, there is no way out, can't reach the ceiling even standing a few men high on the top of a pyramid and throwing a clay pot upwards with no sound of impact. No other plausible way out... I felt useless and sick from disease.

Of course the best female lovers, the true "beauties of the Kings" were kept safe in tunnels at all times under the pyramid and they were digging a network of tunnels all the time, and planting food plants that grew in the dark there.

In fact many people here said they were "in paradise." I couldn't understand it, but they said food was abundant and life was simple here... Even though everyone was sick, and many had broken bones and had a short life, but they said there were plenty of thrills and free time and anyway seeing is a curse. They convinced themselves anyway.

They thought they were good people and many figured we were on a scientific experiment, albeit a rough one. And the

Kings were always looking for new people to join them (many new people arrived suddenly at different places in the caves of darkness).

But the truth was these people were mostly serious criminals and I didn't like them; didn't feel I belonged here.

And the darkness brought out the worst in many people such as cannibals and greedy Kings.

And I was sick of their foolish chants and songs and stories.

We mostly all slept a lot. And one "night" I had a dream that the cannibals had triumphed and all the others were dead and henceforth all non cannibals would be eaten. Then they would eat themselves and so on. And there was no more food. And the cannibals even dug up dead bodies...

I woke up, feverish as usual, and resolved to take a chance and try and escape. There is always a way out I told myself.

And that next "day" there actually was war between the cannibal King and the four other kings. They fought out in the open and it was chaos...The cannibal king was defeated but most of the kings' troops were killed drastically reducing the population. And there were still some cannibals among the survivors. I slunk away from the battle...and the stench...But at least that resulted in more women relative to the populace.

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I knew the ceiling was no way out. I judged the ceiling must be 50 m high at least. Of course I could try to go up one of the pillars...

However I knew something of limestone karst topography though, and didn't believe there was no outlet and so I left the king and went to follow a river which finally ended in a pool, a dead end apparently but I dove deeper and deeper



into the pool before finally finding a way of egress; I was free...

As I stepped out of the pool on the other side and was blinded by the light and I cried for joy, and then a tornado grabbed me and whisked me away...

Just before I lost consciousness I was thinking what horrible world is next; but I never lost hope. Many after all were convinced, "We were on Earth."

## **PART 4: ANOTHER TRIBUNAL**

## ANOTHER TRIBUNAL

I appeared before a “tribunal” of 10 people. I asked, “Are you the rulers of Earth?” And one of them said no, they were just in charge of problematic people. And they were probing my mind with MRT (mind reading technology).

One thought, “It is amazing your escape ability. Maybe you can help us instead of hindering us at every turn.

“What kind of people do you want?” I thought...

One of them thought, “We want loyal, resourceful people who go to space and build new worlds.

And we want to develop super humans... But this is a secret.”

Another thought (they had different “voices”), “A “perfect worlds’ spies keep peace spying on one another...”

“People won’t expect you to be a spy so it is a good cover,” added another.

I said “People who say they are good and moral are lying anyway. They lie to themselves...”

They thought, “We are willing to promote you...”

But one thought “First you need to undergo hypnotism (again) and gene therapy...”

Another thought, “But we worry you’ve been hypnotized too many times and you will have problems as a result.”

“We will make you more clever, and you will retain memories of the Maze and the Caves Prison...” another one thought.

Another said, “Learn your lesson this time. Welcome back.”

I wondered what this universe was all about and I guessed now I would find out. Why had they tested me so...?

And what is the future of humankind? Will we even look human in the future? Why do we exist? To make Gods apparently.

The routine of a spy they described as dull and predictable... but they said they wanted people of resource...

Was I in for more pain?

One of them thought, “You’ll get what you deserve.”

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And so they hypnotized me to be a productive citizen who put the leaders wishes’ first. This was also called part of one of the Rehab planets.

They got in my mind; it was terrible. They asked so many questions and gave me a headache...

There were several sessions during which they made use of post hypnotic suggestion, but after that was over I had no memory of it so I didn’t know what I had been hypnotized to do.

Anyway they thought, “AGB-14, You are an inspiration to humanity in your struggles to be free.”

“You are hereby promoted to be a spy.” They thought.

And I asked them, “Are there any real humans left?”

“You’ll see,” they replied

And I asked, “What is the hierarchy of spies?”

They said, “At the bottom are the regular spies, casual spies. Their masters are Master Enquirers and their bosses are Prince or Princess Enquirers. Beyond that we don’t know... We are princes and princesses...”

It bothered me however that I didn’t know the nature of the leaders of Earth.

They thought, “Such knowledge might be poison for one of your stature. Be glad you are on the right side now.

And I asked, “What did I do to get to the Maze in the first place?”

They thought, “That’s not for you to know. We want you to look to the future.

We want you to send some people to Rehab, others to the caves, still others to the forever maze or even send them into space and promote some with high positions and salary...

## **PART FIVE: EXTINCTION**

## THE WILD HUNT

I took a virtual vacation to Earth back in 2084.

These were the last days of old world humans. Those who could be found easily were brought here to “The Prison of the Last Humans” (PLH) to ready them for the Hunt.

No matter what they didn’t respect the non-clone prisoners in the prison for them on Earth. It was simply called PLH and subjected all to one debasement or another... These worst and hopeless humans (non-clone) prisoners typically were offered a choice: run in the hunt or die like a dog. Many of the Earth’s spy/aristocrats were amused by the Hunt.

I (AGB-14) witnessed one such Hunt in the fantasy. Through the surveillance camera, The human prey looked scared and ran and hid where they could. Also for many spies at a time, they could get in the head of one of the human prey without them knowing it but they wouldn’t reveal themselves. And wouldn’t tell the hunters. The hunt involved a posse of men on foot armed with bows and arrows and spears hunting

humans who were similarly armed... “It was a fair hunt,” the hunters said.

I said, “It is a debasing spectacle to all humanity. How could they wipe out humans?” I wondered aloud. I talked with the warden of PLH (E-67890) who said, “We need a clean slate to start humanity to be better than before.”

I said, “But why does it have to be so cruel?”

The warden, E-67890, said, “These humans are a debauched, mad and above all foolish race. It is no loss to lose them.”

“Give me another chance,” the prisoners would say, but as the warden told me,” At the whim of the aristocrats they had to fight. Those who didn’t fight ended up dead too. Some times they’d love a prisoner and then send him to the Hunt.

“The prisoners,” a hunter explained to me, “If they could survive the 20 day hunt, were free men and could live in the Wild. But it was all a hopeless game for them. For most there was only death... Death to the non-clones.”

On Earth where the last remaining humans lived about half had been captured and were ready for the hunt and were being held in cold cells waiting to be the prey or victor in the Hunt. The other half were free men and lived in the wilderness. The old world humans in prison would be let go about 2 days before the hunt and so had to take cover quickly.

The prisoners discussed strategy and no one MRT’d such information to make it more of a surprise on the hunt. Basically the idea was to take cover in the daytime near a river so they could drink water and then hope they wouldn’t be found at night with their fires. They insisted on having fires. They said people have had fires for millions of years. And they were proud to be human.



In the prison they practiced their own skills with bow and arrows and spears in the prison. They had no choice to fight as MRT attacks on their heads and/or death would get them. But the MRT was not used in the Hunt.

Some prisoners said, “It was unbelievable Armageddon for true old world humans.”

Prisoners could see the Hunts on a video screen.

And they had a trainer to tell them to learn the art of war well to prolong life...

The warden explained, “The Hunt lasted 20 days and if the human prey survived all that they would get to be free for the next months hunt. They had a Hunt every three weeks. This was all they could hope for. Everyone was afraid of being sent to the Hunt and having your pelt collected as a war trophy.”

The warden said, “Some said it was “contrary to the spirit of humane behavior... Death was irrevocable if you died in the Hunt.” This was true of both prey and clone predators. But the clones hated the old world people and considered them no better than animals.

E-67890, the warden, explained that, “The human free men (non-prisoners) were divided into 3 tribes: red, blue and white. The red were known for their trickery and stunts; the blue were aggressive rather than fugitives; and the white were ultra strong. But to the hunters they were all the same. Just prey.”

“And, “The tribes were “free humans” and the rest were languishing in Earth’s dungeons of pain. About 500 were “free.” And 500 in prison.”

The ones in prison had resulted in spies finding them using long distance MRT. They didn’t try too hard though as they wanted to keep some wild ones for the hunt.

But if many people misbehave in the prison they turn up the temperature in the cages from the normal 30C up to 40 or even 50C... It was hell after all...

Among the aristocrats they would buy and sell good “prey” to participate in your hunt...Keep a few well-trained humans in one’s dungeons...

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While on the tour I asked E-67890--- the warden of 500 prisoners in PLH destined for the hunt, “What kind of prisoner do they want?”

She said, “They wanted these useless people to serve a purpose; which was to entertain the clones/real humans.”

And she said, “Soon we will imprison weak and crazy clones to prepare them for the Hunt which was becoming wildly popular. Not much violence existed in the “real world” and many were hungry for blood and hated the old world humans, whom they simply referred to as “beasts.”

The vast majority of humans remaining were male (80%) And so here in this prison the female cloned aristocrats enjoyed abusing them, so too the gay clones abused them. The human victims claimed such clones were “debauched, tempters, heartbreakers, and many said they were just plain evil.” But the guards were “fighting fire with fire.” These prisoners, they said, were foolish people and troublemakers.

And the warden, “Said some prisoners appear good but are not...” And she said some said, E-67890--- and her minions use MRT ( to drive prisoners mad).” “Not the full truth,” she said.

But the warden said, “It was difficult to change the prisoners however even with hypnosis.”

And she claimed that, “Neo drugs, new “smokes” were a strong stimulant but bad for the lungs as there was no eternal youth here.”

Prisoners who appeased the aristocrats were given the neo smoke drugs... The smoke from the cages gave a hellish atmosphere to the cages with many coughing... The smokes were a mild stimulant, different from the tranquilizers they were on. Of course mixing stimulants with tranquilizers was bad for health, but no one worried about that here. Survival was of the essence.

Indeed I was allowed to speak with a few model prisoners,

One prisoner said, “It was an easy life and had no worries and did not fear death.”

Another man told me, “One man’s hell is another man’s heaven. Black is white and good is bad and vice versa...”

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Still another said, “He was in limbo and destined to die one day soon...”

He said, “The only thing that keeps him alive is his desire to kill clones.” He said, There was plenty of land and resources to share but the clones wanted to take absolutely everything.” The warden liked to, “Show off people like that to make the clones crazy and demanding such men be sent to the hunt.

I said to this prisoner, “Perhaps things will change some day. Maybe humans will be sent to a world all their own. “I doubt it,” he said; “It is clear they want to wipe us out.”

Bad behavior such as shouting and screaming and not serving the aristocrats well, plotting unions etc., all end up with premature appearances in the hunt.

The warden said, “The number of humans in the various worlds was dangerously low.” But she, E-67890, had said the

solution was a plan to hunt “lesser clones;” unsuccessful, crazy clones. Here in the year 2784 it was estimated that there were only 500 humans (non-clones) left in the wild and the same number in PLH. Indeed clones referred to themselves as real humans, super humans.

But now he said, “Already they were arresting clones who were failures and imprisoning them to ready them for the hunt. They would have to wear human style clothing to easily identify them. The fabrics worn by the hunters were high tech.”

And the warden said, “Now most of the free old world humans hunted were deep down in tunnels beneath the surface of Earth. It was tough fighting.”

And he said, “But spy hunters were not allowed to use high tech remote sensing to find them, sometimes a hunt ended up unsuccessful. Typically there were 4 in a hunting party to “keep it fair,” but sometimes in dangerous tunnels the groups were 10 or more hunters.

But they needed to come to the surface to get water and food and the smoke of their fires often gave them away.

In all about 1000 hunters participated in each hunt. So many people wanted to join the Hunt so “only the best were chosen.”

As one hunter said, “They wanted those with a visceral hatred for old world humans.”

Some claimed, “It was the most exciting fantasy out there.” They were tired of peace and serenity. But the hunters had no such access to minds of the hunted. Many said it was more exciting to experience it vicariously. Ordinary clones however watched the wild Hunts keenly, many in fact cheered for the underdog. There were cameras everywhere.

Sometimes the hunters would make a gaffe and completely lose face. They had pressure to wipe out old world humans. And all was recorded with tiny invisible cameras... including deaths of hunting parties. Sometimes the humans tortured captive hunters and all was recorded which put the population (of clones) in a fury.

The Hunt went well though with the latest pleasure thrill drugs. It was a free fantasy to play, like most other fantasies. Of course it was virtual so one would send one's mind to the fantasy but speak not mind read. Only spies/IWP could instigate mind reading.

Hunts occurred once every three weeks and it was estimated millions watched on video. Some had sympathy for the old world humans, but they were careful not to say anything about it.

Hatred is contagious.

And the warden said, "They had been planning a party for some time to mark the occasion of the extinction of the moronic, non-clone humans. They talked about it like it would be the best party ever."

While I was there I was allowed to speak with some of the hunters... One said, "the real, super humans ruled now and it was necessary to eliminate the foolish old world humans."

Another said, "They competed with one another for pelts of the dumb humans and loved to recount how they had slain each one."

But another told me, "They thought going after lesser clones would be more interesting since they were so crazy and unpredictable. The government seemed to be all for it. So in this year they began the new Hunt of hopeless clones."

"We are putting them out of their misery," said one of the hunters.

Then a few weeks later I watched another Hunt.

In the hunt the white strong men tribe battled a large group of hunters and defeated the hunters and ate them. It was a big outrage for clones who resolved to wipe out all old world humans.

I said, "We hoped we were about to live in a world of peace, but it is not so."

The warden said, "It may be relative peace today, but one day war will break out again as spies turn against spies and leaders against leaders."

It was barbaric and backwards despite claims of "purification of mankind"

Many were bored with art even the brilliance of Balvoria, the art planet.

They said the scientific method should be applied to everything. Freezing science 50 years ago or so was a big mistake.

"But on the other hand science had seemed to have done all it can." I said.

And I said, "Now was the time of love and art and appeasement of the leader(s)."

One hunter told me, "Leaders had total control of the various worlds and there were none to challenge them."

I said, "The ruler(s) must get sick of power eventually. Maybe we will have one day a new regime."

But the warden, E-67890, told me, "Power is addictive and makes one feel on top of the world."

## **PART SIX: SPY SCHOOL**

## SPY SCHOOL

It was the year 2784...

As mentioned down there in the underground of the Forever Maze, I was told I was special. But they hadn't figured I'd escape from the Caves...Few people could or wanted to escape the Forever Maze and it was unheard of to also escape from the Cave Prison...

It seemed the leaders saw some light within me and promoted me to spy.

To start with I would travel to a planet and watch certain people using MRT, but I needed extensive practice with MRT. We spy recruits also practiced on one another for some time... It was a good way to fall in love and also develop honest habits.

But all in all, it could only be described as "rigorous training."

We were ready for problems onboard space ships including engine problems...

And crew problems...

And we knew how to create new clones once we arrived. I asked my latest love, UY-653 "Whether it was a good idea to create exclusively clones and no more humans." But she convinced me it must be a good idea and the rulers were wise."



“The wisest,” I thought... I was reformed.

I was appointed to serve a Master Enquirer (leader of spies) who I had not met. The M. Enq. read my mind and decided, “My first assignment was to use MRT in Balvoria, “a planet of beauty,” to “make sure no dissidents appeared in sight.” Apparently Balvoria was a hotbed of dissent. They loved their world of Art and hated “Earth’s dictatorship...” I did not care for art so much, I wished for more science which was dissent. But they knew after all I’d been through that I would serve my spy master faithfully.

And if there were dissidents arrest them with the IW police and also “enquire” about the dissidents minds’ under close secrecy. I hoped I had reformed enough to satisfy the M. Enq.. But it was hard to know when you would suddenly snap under pressure...

The teachers trained me as a journalist and my partner (UY-653) who was accompanying me) was a terra form scientist and so these roles were to be our cover. My partner, said “No one would expect a vaguely illicit scientist (most science was illegal or partly illegal). And there were a large number of journalists in Balvornia. The people who lived there thought journalists were on their side. They were so naïve.”

UY-653 told me, “if our cover was blown we could just get a new face and a new identity.” So we had no worries on that score.”

One teacher told us, “In the past spies were often backing up an evil regime, other times a good regime. But sometimes the leader was too powerful and none could stand in his/her way.”

But I said, “The spies were not infallible.” And this was also borderline dissent.

I said “Is so much MRT really useful or does it just torment people?”

But now one teacher said, “There was MRT used on both questionable characters and each other so that no one spy could take control.”

And another teacher said, “And the Supreme leaders were the only ones not to have MRT used on them. Or so it was said.”

I asked a teacher, “Who the leaders were.” But he claimed “not to know.” No one knew who they were it seemed. One co-spy said, “This was weak link of the whole system. The leaders could do anything they wanted. Or perhaps there was just one leader...”

I asked, “Why won’t the leaders show themselves?”

One of our teachers told me. “That such things were not for me to know.”

And one teacher said, “We must serve the rulers well.”

What the rulers wanted, according to a teacher, “Is peacefulness and tranquility, and going into space with a freezing of science at current levels (science was frozen in AD 2735; now it was AD 2784). Above all no rival leaders could appear.”

One teacher said, “A lot of the problems was in the deep space settlements, where dictators got hold of MRT and used it to control and enslave everyone. However the spies caught them or killed them in the end. People were very afraid of mind reading and people mostly made an effort to control their thinking.”

And a spy teacher told us about the history of Earth. Of course few of us had been properly educated... But now they received an 8 year education to learn everything on new clones. They wouldn’t say how much education we had but I

suspected it had been mostly taken away from me before going to the Maze.

And this teacher said, “All clones now must spend some time learning. They were not allowed to learn about science however.”

Another teacher told us, “History was the key to understanding life.”

I said, “But everywhere history and culture and even instincts are being eliminated.”

One teacher said, “It was progress.”

“We must be vigilant,” they said.

But one teacher emphasized that, “We must not fail. In the past one failure could lead to militarism and war, and spies had often failed in the past. Leading to genocide and carnage and World Wars...”

I said to this teacher, “Don’t you think there will be war again some day?”

The teacher said, “Of course society is not perfect, but at the moment it is pretty close. Why not bask in the sun of peace and imagination (the virtual fantasy)?”

And this teacher told me, “Balvoria was a beautiful place and all the people had brilliant faces, but now the IW police had let it fester and now had a problem of dissenters.”

On Balvoria, there were 10 other spies I was to communicate with. But there were many other spies too often people who no one expected. They would not even reveal themselves to fellow spies...

One teacher said, “People who were dissidents on Balvoria disappeared in the night and no one knew what happened to them, but still many people there apparently dissented, feeling art conquers all. For them dissent was to show a lack of respect for the worlds that the leader or leaders had made. They

even presumed “they should be rulers,” just because they could paint a picture or sing a song. And they sang songs of world change...”



## **PART SEVEN: REHAB PLANETS**

## REHAB

So since, as a spy, I was going to send a lot of people for rehab I decided to take a virtual tour of the best rehab center. I was of course already familiar with the Forever Maze and the Caves Prison and little else that I could remember. There were other rehab planets. This one was on Jupiter's moon Io. Especially useful for dissident clones (there were no non-clones here). I wanted to see it first hand.

Why Io for a rehab center?

It was chosen for its hellish appearance some said, but actually it was its remoteness that made it ideal for a rehabilitation center.

It was a hellish landscape with over 400 volcanoes caused by the gravitational pull of nearby Jupiter. Many of the volcanoes are larger than Everest and they spew sulphur and sulphur dioxide into the air and the surface is covered by these elements.

It was a landscape of many fiery colors such as yellow , red, white, black and green.

The moon is not that large only 0.10 the surface of Earth.

It was in reality a type of prison. For ex-murderers who had irrevocably killed someone. Or other serious offences such as dissent. Dissent was anything that the government didn't like. However the rules were not clear as to what they wanted. For example us spies were told, "They wanted brilliance in the arts, but no science (but most thought there was secret science being researched)." I read about the warden of the Moon, her name was, D--, who wrote, "They specialized in rehab of crazy clones but also did some others. The

idea was to use hypnotism and mind reading technology) to rehabilitate the prisoners and get them to live back in society. The rehab sessions were several times a week and lasted 10 minutes.”

And D--- wrote, “After some time had passed many were rehabilitated but about 50% killed themselves. Some claimed to be lost in the treatment and said they didn’t recognize themselves. But it couldn’t be helped.”

And she wrote, “Another 10% died of old age. But it couldn’t be helped. The successful ones stayed anywhere from 5 years to 30 years before they could be released. There was no eternal youth for the prisoners/patients...unless they could make it out rehabilitated.”

The prisoners lived in cages on top of one another with bars on the sides and a solid floor and ceiling... All under a giant dome.

Masquerading as a government journalist I got a virtual tour from D--- herself. My first thoughts were it was like a giant chicken coop.... “I said it was good to punish murderers but dissent was not so serious, at least to me.”

“The warden of the prison, D---, told me, “It was all justice.

Elevators took people in and out of the cages... at the behest of the rulers.

Bright lights 24/7, bad food... harsh conditions

“The warden and her assistants were all women,” she said.

“It turned out better than other rehab centers. A woman’s touch,” She said

The patients/prisoners were 90% men. Of the 10% women prisoners they were often forced into lesbian sex by some of the rulers who were gay. The men could rarely get sex if



they behaved and also could serve the rulers outside of the cages.

I came as a virtual tourist to survey the world and visitors were quite rare. No one cared about these prisoners. I estimated the population of patients/prisoners must be at least 20 000... And probably only a few hundred female “aristocrats.” The rulers of the prison were as mentioned all women since the manager got good results especially with humans who were “difficult” and “non-malleable” and she brought in other females “psychiatrists” to help her manage the rehab. “But there was a lot of competition between differing rehab centers,” said D---

I was able to talk to some of the prisoners. One prisoner told me, “The women were in total control of the offenders... and made them their slaves and treated them harshly.”

But the warden said, “There was no need for the women to be responsible for the atrocities of their slave mongering... with worthless prisoners“

And she said, “The criminal “slaves” tried to ingratiate themselves but they were hopelessly evil or just plain stubborn, until MRT (mind reading technology) and hypnosis was used to make everyone malleable. Hypnosis didn’t work perfectly on some rehab prisoners but in time after many sessions with MRT ) and hypnosis it successfully rehabilitated most prisoners in time.” She said.

I told the warden, “When I first arrived here I thought, It would be a fresh start for those in rehab, but as time goes by they languish in the cages... it seemed...”

I talked to one prisoner on the way out of the prison. His name was 92782, and he was disliked by the aristocracy. His crime was irrevocable murder of his writer boss. He said, “He drove me insane and finally I lost it with him. They didn’t

find the body for a day and so by this time he could not be revived due to brain damage. I felt bad about it but I was full of hope that I would serve my time and get out... But I've been here 30 years... And now finally they are going to let me go. I can't wait to get back on eternal youth medicine." After all now he was old and feeble.

I said, "You are lucky to be forgiven for such a serious crime,"

He said, "But I am rehabilitated now; I'm a different man completely."

Many people here were good people but had murdered someone irrevocably and now ended up in the cages.

I talked with one dissident who told me, "He had thought nasty thoughts about spies, but had taken no action on it, but was jailed for thought crimes." He said, "It is unreasonable to expect us to control our thoughts.

Another dissident said, "He was against cloning so many upper level people, but in time he had mellowed here at the rehab and wondered why he had had such views..."

Still another said the rehab was "Full of super geniuses they couldn't easily control. They were afraid of their own creations."

I said, "It seemed fair that they were given a second chance, here in rehab."

D--- said, "It was considered anathema for the warden and her aides to keep a slave with them for a long time. Basically a week or two is enough then send them back to the cages... Make them beg you and then break their hearts..."

Some said it was liberating to get away from "work" and lovers...But most people were traumatized here. Truly they were abused...Basically they all had mental problems and

were torn between their persona and the persona the warden wanted to give them.

But I knew, "One must always pay the price to be different or to disagree with others. Especially with the leaders," I told D----

The prisoners/patients were naked, hairless and all had lash marks on their back whereas the aristocratic women/guards dressed in the latest fashion of Earth.

Sometimes the ruling women would chain a man to a rock in low gravity outside the dome and love them in a space suit specially designed for the purpose. The women rulers here liked the "romantic atmosphere of Io."

But some slaves banged their heads against the cage wall or some such action and finally died...

But there was a sewer system, water for washing... They said it resembled a prison of old.

It could be worse than being in the cages some prisoners said...

But it was hard to lose eternal youth and now get old quickly. People didn't last too long in the cages. Death for most came to them one way or another or they succeeded in being rehabilitated.

D--- claimed to be a super human. She was the ruler of the moon based in Hell city. Hell city was underground below the dome..

D--- laughed at the prisoner's endeavours... "They are mostly crazy," she said...

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D--- said, "The mentally strong rule the weak with (mind reading technology, hypnotism) and tough love...."

And she said, "Many of the prisoners were beautiful people at one time but now they were aging fast. If they looked

old there was no way they could be taken out of the cage for love with an aristocrat.”

And she said, “Body guard slaves too had to be young and strong and were given exercise pills.”

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It was a rough league with patients/prisoners dying every day.

The powers that be bought and sold human pelts... human skin. It seemed like an outrage to me. Just like the wild Hunt. People didn't respect human/clone life. It was dog eat dog and no worries about the tragedies this caused.

And many of the female rulers here covered their walls with them; each one has a story...I asked one of the aristocrats, “How can you be so barbaric?”

She said, “These people are mostly scum, even the ones we “successfully rehabilitate”are scum.”

They also used skinned humans as floor mats...

Taxidermy here was high art...

I said, “It makes me realize how cruel the worlds are. It is human nature I guess to screw people over.”

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I said, “All power on Io corrupts...”

The prisoner 92782 complained, “That the rulers were evil but the rulers would announce to all the cages using MRT that they were trying to improve the prisoners. Give them a second chance... Only to break their heart.”

D--- told them, “They had to toe the line and worship the female aristocrats, like goddesses...”

One had to grovel before them. But as 92782 said, “If you didn't do as these female aristocrats wished they'd kick you out in the cold to die... you couldn't do anything to an aris-

toocrat as they had power mind weapons that they could use (mind reading technology).”

I said, “As Albert Speer once said “It’s hard to know the devil when he’s patting you on the back.””

D--- said, “Some of the patients/prisoners were praised by the female aristocrats but then were mercilessly sent back to the cages where they constantly dreamed of serving the women in power.”

Rehab hopefuls here are not religious in the traditional sense but many prayed for a savior.

70% believed in a creator and many believed in hope for themselves...

D--- said, “bad citizens were of course mellowed with time and MRT ( and hypnosis. Sometimes the warden, D--- would “get into all their minds at once and demand they listen to her..”

D--- said, “If you committed suicide in the cells, all your friends and acquaintances here had to eat your body raw. But that didn’t stop numerous suicides. It was hopeless after all, some thought. But it was not my business to give hope to these horrible people.”

And D--- said, “If you didn’t toe the line you would be sent to solitary confinement to be whipped several times a day...Finally you would be left out in the cold of Io. Which was a merciful end.”

D--- said, “It was a graveyard of dead clones just outside the exit portal #9. They were sent out with enough oxygen for a few minutes and dared to die in a creative way. Many of the corpses were grotesque.

I didn’t go to see that even though it was part of the virtual tour.

## HELL CITY

Some called it “Sadist city.” The city was overtop the cages and seemed like a real city except there were prisoner slaves everywhere identified by their yellow clothes.

Prisoners/patients must grovel and kowtow to the female aristocrats as they pass carried on litters by four trusted slave bodyguards. These bodyguards had improved their attitude and were now willing to toe the line.

Strength from exercise pills...for the litter bearers.

The female aristocrats would say “Lick my boots;” and give them a kick and force them to drink their own urine to survive if they anger the female aristocrats.... They would tease and torment the patients/prisoners and would make love with them on occasion.

Aristocracy of evil, they said.

Many prisoners hated the sycophants who were personal slaves of the aristocracy. Sometimes they would drop their litters and fight with non porters on the streets of Hell city.

Some patients/prisoners said if they throw you on the trash heap to be buried alive, you are lucky. Real transgressors are rumored to be tortured....

All the prisoners were familiar with D---, who often appeared as a specter or ghost... no form... It was no hallucination.

D-said, If you compare “good” people with “evil” people it is clear that evil is more powerful just like evil dictators vs. good religious leaders; bad is more powerful than good... So they wanted to be sure and create good people...lots of them... even though it was largely hopeless.”

Of course the reason the prisoners/patients were here was they couldn’t control themselves.

And there would be no order without the wise rule of the female aristocrats...

No pain was good enough for these people, said D---. They need to learn their lesson.

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The old man, 92782, told me he stayed here a long time and finally got a ride down the elevator to be a servant and wow was he happy. For a few days and then they send him back as he was too old and feeble.

He said, “But I was not much use. The woman whipped me continuously to carry my share of the litter but I was too weak... and so was sent back to the cages. At least it was a new cage with new prisoners all around.”

But now he was being released. He claimed to be “rehabilitated.” And he was “in Hell city waiting for his starship.”

He said he almost died when they decided through the grapevine to go on a hunger strike (but not all joined them). Finally after a month and many deaths they called it off. It was then obvious that the powers that be here did not care about us and were under no orders to keep us alive. Sad but true.

Spins on stories made the grapevine useless basically except as entertainment.

It is said that those who tried to kill a female aristocrat were being tortured in a terrible hell for the rest of their life. 92872 said, "He could hear their screams some times from the cages."

92782 said, "I would never forget their cries that reverberated throughout the cages to dissuade prisoners from trying to be violent and out of hand..."

No one had escaped from the prison. There was no way out except to satisfy the aristocrats that you were reformed. After all the atmosphere outside was toxic...

And no one knew what they were feeding us; it a mystery but most said it was full of tranquilizers....and truth drugs...

...

Some were favored instead of others. Also the suicide rate was very high as many couldn't readjust. But D--- said, "If they want to die they can go ahead..."

I interviewed 10 of these prisoners who were being released...concurrently released.

92782 (GX) said he would like to try and go to space if he could get enough money and behave.

UY said he would be a guinea pig for secret science experiments. It turned out the cages had made him adore science.

BV said he just wanted to go to a beach and spend the next 100 years soaking up the sun.

QS said he wanted to escape to the fantasy worlds for as much time every day as was possible.

YT said she was miserable and wanted to die. I am hopeless she said.

GZ was looking to get enough money to clone himself in a women's body. It would be his soul mate.



RR heard about the maze from D—herself, and wanted to go there and spend the last few years of his life there, turning his back on eternal youth.

SD fancied he'd make a good spy. We all laughed but he said no one would expect him to be a spy. He was crazy...

HG wanted to start a new life on Earth with plenty of fantasy and try to succeed in the virtual games and get money to buy a trip to deep space.

And finally RT said he'd like to be turned into an android which was officially illegal but he said he would beg to join the secret android program.

I could tell they had all been successful at changing themselves as they were mostly positive about their future and willing to forget the past. A fresh start for all.

D--- said she looked forward to the day when there were no more dissidents and they could close down this facility. Clones were “easy to change” said D.

No third chance though. If they offended again after being released from here they'd be sent to the Caves prison to die quickly most likely. But D—did her job well. Only 50 proved not to be rehabilitated after leaving here.

Basically as a spy I would send some to rehab and the varying venues competed but since I would be mainly dealing with dissidents as opposed to murderers, if I sent them to rehab they would come here.

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Tourists however were fascinated by the system and thought it was kinky. I asked D--- “What she thought about that?”

She said, “We save a lot of hopeless people who mostly don't deserve to be saved. For all the pain we give them is not enough for their crimes. They are all getting off easy coming

here.” I said, “Life is perverse; always has been with people mixing imagination with perversity.”

She said, “It’s just a matter of tough love. These people lack sanity and discipline and respect and it is amazing that we can rehabilitate them.”

And she said, “But some are hopeless and can only die here of old age.”

I said, “My life has been one prison after another. I wonder if I can ever reach a world of no prisons. Mankind has always tried to be free but it is hard....”

And I said, “Those who try to be free and make their society free are the best people. But here there are many people who are geniuses yet they exist in a prison that tries to wipe out their every instinct.

D--- said, “Don’t have sympathy for these people. They are all insane and can’t act decently in most cases. I don’t know why we don’t just kill them all off in the Hunt.

I said, “The wild Hunt is about to do just that. How can you send innocents to certain death. Some were just a little crazy is all.”

“They all get their just desserts” She said.

## IO ACTIVITIES

D--- said, “The female aristocrats had many hobbies such as Neo chess with a female devil piece stronger than others...”

Some men prisoners sang in the choir.

Some women raised “devil dogs...” that could survive on the surface.

And the aristocrats enjoyed numerous sadistic romances with the prisoners/patients...

Also the aristocrats enjoyed joining Earth fantasy worlds for much of the day as many were bored with the prisoners/patients.

The patients/prisoners had no entertainment except talking to those in other cells. Many killed themselves out of boredom. After all to be trained to think deeply and then come here was too much for many men to take.

Sure the female warden/aristocrats were interested in the deeper thinkers...

But the problem was the prisoners were too crazy in most cases.

All female aristocrats here believed the prisoners deserved their fate.

## ANOTHER REHAB: ORANGE PLANET

My next stop was virtual to another rehab. Again I was posing as a government journalist.

Here was a breezy, orange planet (orange flora) with everyone dressed in blue. Some terra forming had been done to make the climate breathable and temperate.

The warden, MK-98312 said “It was an experiment with virtually hopeless clones...”

And she said, “These clones were typically violent and insane. No wonder after what they had been through in cross-hypnosis.”

She explained that “Here typically  $\frac{1}{4}$  or  $\frac{1}{2}$  your brain was a new, different brain that was tried and true to copied to add to stabilize crazy brains.”

“So you could be  $\frac{1}{2}$  woman  $\frac{1}{2}$  man or some other combination.”

And she said, “Some said it was a kind of death, but there was no other option for these mad people.”

She said, “They worried they had lost their identity.”

I said, "It's probably good to lose their identity, after all the government hates crazy clones."

And she said, "Here people lived in a city and it was a cardinal sin to violate someone else's freedom. Most people here were kept in solitary confinement since they were dangerous and violent."

"Which seemed like a paradox to me." I said

And the warden, MK-98312 said "We have made prisoners here were afraid of thought crimes. They couldn't control their minds... And MRT was used on them constantly.

They called it a "World of Madness" and said life was hopeless for all. I interviewed one "model prisoner who said, "The only difference between clones here in rehab and those outside was the outsiders pretended it was a sane world."

And he said, "Everyone has a breaking point and they often pushed the prisoners over their limit just to see what happened. It was cruel tough love."

I was able to speak with several other men... One said, "He was from the notorious "Black Luna" where kindness was outlawed, if one can believe it. He said, "He knew it was his last chance to survive."

Another man said he was guilty of numerous thought crimes and figured he'd never get out of rehab.

People here would scream and shout. If there was hope for them then they were released to the wilderness. They all lived off nature and had to gather food. Many of them were incapable of finding food and refused to help anyone and so died... They were too crazy for this world.

Wardens here did MRT with the patients/prisoners in a bid to stabilize their minds. But alas most were hopelessly sick even if given  $\frac{3}{4}$  brain from others. However some people found themselves...and finally saw the light...

The warden told me, “Some said the best clones were ones with the most mental problems and so a lot of brainy people were here... “ But a lot of people here were very clever and unpredictable.

“Best for them to be gregarious,” said the warden, an old wise clone.





## ARTISTIC REHAB

I went virtually to another Rehab. This was on a planet 100s of light years away (a journey of a couple of months, but I was there almost instantly through virtual reality.) This planet was small and cold and featureless, and no one had been attracted to settle here. This warden also gave me a virtual tour. He said, "Here all the prisoners/patients were "dissidents" i.e idealists who were very dangerous on Earth, but here they didn't matter at all. And many were kept here until they died which was too good for them,"

Here everyone was forced to be an artist which was good therapy for the many imaginative people here.

Some were too imaginative and were diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia.

Here to get food they needed good play in the virtual fantasy. They were all trying their best and many on the outside enjoyed hearing about their struggle. Good novels in particular.

Here the rehab involved drugs to make them happy.  
Teach them to be happy.

Different punishments for different people” said the warden of this planet

“But if you can be happy you can survive” He said.

## FANTASY REHAB

Here this warden explained, “People lived entirely in the fantasy. Fantasies were up to them to choose. It was good therapy.. They never knew when a spy would be listening to their thoughts so most of them tried to be good even if it was against their nature.

And he said, “Rise in the ranks to get a ticket out, that was the story.”

For example a Medieval world in which you need to rise to the position of knight to get out. Not easy. The rehab fantasies were mixed with real fantasies of free clones. But the prisoners/patients here had no money, and so started with the lowest ranks in all worlds they went to.

There were many spies watching them all the time and they almost felt special.

Anyway I had enough of rehabs having seen the most common ones and it was time to go to Balvorvia to act as a spy.

## VOYAGE TO BALVORIA

So we went on the voyage to Balvoria. During the voyage it became obvious to me that three people were subconsciously radicals on the voyage it became apparent. Just after landing we denounced these radicals and the powers that be made the three “disappear” in the night. This kind of thing helped scare everyone else from trying to be radical dissenters if only they could control their mind. These three people collapsed under the pressure of the voyage and lost some control of their minds...

Balvoria was an art world which excelled in every type of conceivable art including constant face changes. It was a very rich planet selling its art to the highest bidders.

And we were to watch all tourists who came to Balvoria. Plenty of people thought they would be “freer in space.” But they were mistaken.

And for our work we would get a tremendously high salary so that we could save money and go anywhere in the universe.

But our teachers had warned us not to get too involved with the locals and thereby compromising the mission.

I was enraptured by my partner and vice versa so we would act as one spy cell on Balvoria...

Her name was ZX-489. However one night on the voyage she told me, "She was sick of love affairs and hoped to retire soon for a few decades." It was common for people to go into temporary retirement if they somehow got the money. Money was given to all people and if they rose through the ranks they would get more (rise from IW police to spy to Master Enquirer to Supreme Enquirer). There was a lot of money in fantasy for non spies as well...

I told her I am going places why not join me in a successful career basking in the sunlight of the rulers'/ruler's wise rule. Unlike other planets Balvoria didn't have virtual fantasy worlds. Cyber fantasies were illegal. So everyone "worked" mostly on the arts. Some came here as a refuge from the ubiquitous fantasy on Earth and elsewhere and wanted to live in the "real world."

Also of course illegal was dissidence against the World government, but the Balvorian government didn't have many laws except normal criminal law. Some in Balvoria also tried to hide some dissidents but without success. They were all captured in time and it was even said the Balvorian government was run by high-ranking spies... "But we didn't know... I said what was really going on...? ZX-489 told me, "Things were changing... And one must be ready for anything..."

However "magic pills" were legal. Some personality alterations were through new "magic pills...", and made you crazy, loving, more intelligent, adventurous, and just plain noble. The drugs were like a second brain in your head that altered your thinking. My love and I tried not to get hooked on such

drugs but they were very good so we often took them. She (ZX-489) thought “The drugs are unbelievably good.”

I thought, “Drugs are a cheap thrill, I want real thrills.”

“You are so old-fashioned,” she thought.

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People who sought meaningful jobs and living in the “real world,” flocked to Balvoria in large numbers. The problem was most clones were originally scientific clones but now mostly artistic clones were being created. One man told me, “Balvoria was the way of the future,” And of course everyone here was a clone. They were trying to phase out science practicing clones by not cloning any more instead cloning only artistic clones. It seemed the leader(s) were partial to art in their old age or perhaps they just wanted to keep close control of science for safety’s sake. I was of the opinion now that science was too dangerous and the powers that be were right to control science.

We could only speculate what science they were up to, but most people thought it was all about making better minds...

Other places like Earth had numerous virtual fantasy worlds to join. And such fantasies could take place from across space. But we spies didn’t worry about these “idle dreamers.” All the same we were entertained by the latest fantasy worlds from all over the universe. Of course you didn’t need to be there and could experience it from a long distance. Virtual reality...

It was rumored that the government was considering this world, Balvoria, as an experiment to maybe get people off the fantasy. But others said the fantasy and drugs was an infallible way to keep people happy. Many people I talked with here said it was safe to have no open science and praise the gov-

ernment. But get inside their heads and the picture often changes to spiteful hatred of the leaders.

Most people throughout space on the different worlds, spent about 5 h a day on fantasies in which they had to play a role. For example futuristic worlds or historical worlds, or just plain fantasy.

Fantasy worlds were worlds within worlds... I said, "On different planets there was fantasy...But no matter where you were you could access any fantasy as a virtual actor provided they accepted you. There was a lot of snobbery on these fantasy worlds, however. I told ZX-489 that, "I thought these fantasy worlds were just running away from reality. Sure reality was hard to see, but in the virtual reality, reality was worthless to the players. They didn't care saying everything is reality."

Some said there was no difference between real life and fantasy, but we spies infiltrated both. Spies were everywhere in fact, millions of them.

Personally I disliked fantasy worlds, though I could not remember being in one. I resolved to correct this soon. But I argued people should live in reality. Why run and hide like cowards from reality. So I was excited to go to Balvorica and prove to my love (ZX-489), that fantasy is unnecessary.

I had made love to numerous women who were in the voyage. We made love using MRT; it was intense...It gave one a better perspective of how minds were different and made one feel for the dissidents and others who were just a little wayward. That is to say they were dissidents who were trying to correct their behavior. All clones were human beings after all. And ZX-489 didn't mind if I loved others. Love these days was fleeting and fast. I was, "Afraid of these fast women," I confessed.

But I told ZX-489 that, “I was amazed at the high quality of the women on the voyage. It sure beat the Maze. And I began to think perhaps there was hope for me after all in this new world.”

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Of course we were told all the spies on Balvoria often communicated using MRT even if the other person has no such implant., they could still read their minds on a one-way street.

Apparently everyone on Balvoria was afraid of MRT and it was all hush hush. I was excited about meeting such people anyway when we arrived.

Some of our new spies were “double clone agents having both a male and female half a brain each. So two persons in one. This was highly secret but people whispered, “It was the future of the spies, each half having veto power to stop the other if needed using a mind blast. A mind blast was a mind attack using MRT turned up loud.. Such an attack would cause you to collapse.”

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One spy said, “People love themselves enough already. No need to get them to love themselves more.”

I said, “But in essence the spy training was about self-control and no getting into messy love affairs or bad intrigue with spies.”



## **PART EIGHT: PLANET BALVORIA**

## A STUDY IN BEAUTY

had been one short week long journey to get to this distant world known also Dvorn. The M.Enq. boss of mine was impressed by my history of tenacity and hinted at upcoming promotions...or so he/she said in his/her secret communiqués.

Upon arrival, we were warmly welcomed... We immediately noticed that everyone here was super beautiful in mind and body... And the planet itself was a work of art. They'd left literally no stone unturned to create and change here...

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I told my latest love that "I felt I was on top of the world, about to do work I felt was good..."

I felt I had a purpose..."

And I said to myself, people had always been nosy neighbors... It was no different today, everyone was watching everybody else.

Upon arrival my love and co-spy (ZX-489)and I separated. But we met often to compare notes etc.

I was so impressed immediately by the arts here. People danced through the streets singing songs continuously. It was really something. Art everywhere and poets reciting and paintings and architecture most fine.

I used MRT on numerous people. But at first, on Balvorica, I just practiced with problem artists, I had no power to arrest them, but I could describe them to my M. Enq.. It was often one way mind reading as many did not have an implant in their head to allow them to mind read aggressively. But if you read their mind you could communicate with them and their

thoughts.. Some called it rape and hated the government even more. But we spies were relentless in sussing out potential problems...

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Everyone had to wear a tiny invisible camera so that they could be watched at all times. We had MRT to watch all of them also. One man said, "There was automatic MRT in some cases allowing one spy to monitor hundreds of would-be dissidents at a time. Another even suggested, "Computers ruled the world through automatic MRT."

"Sounds like dissent, "I told them.

People got used to it, "But there was to be no radical thinking here on Dvorn or indeed anywhere." This according to our master spy (M. Enq.)on Dvorn. We still didn't know who the Master Enquirer was, but he/she gave us orders... (me and ZX-489)I was told just to practice my MRT craft here on Balvoria.

So since everyone had their every action taped by the invisible cameras so when you met someone here on Dvorn, they would often ask for a highlights recording their lives.

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On planet Dvorn/Balvoria, the rulers of the planet were trying to produce as many clever artists as possible. The hypothetical human...

But they had to work with existing clones. There were to be no babies (all clones were infertile)

They had their own language which was numerological e.g. "17-12-3," would mean "How are you?" So the word "how"=17. They invented the language as it was easy and fair to all speakers of languages.

One Balvorian said, "They were proud of their language. It was part of their culture."

I said, "It is nothing more than secretive and inconvenient"

Foreigners would use electronic translators...

However the people could also speak neo-English.

For example when exporting art they spoke neo English. English had a greatly reduced vocabulary as opposed to previous English.

It took me some time to learn the Dvorn language. Even with intense study it took me a year to have reasonable competence in the language. (year AD 2784)

Most Dvorn were artists and for many their work was famous on the Universal Net. People could buy their original works at fantastic prices.

One artist, RWX-55 said, "She lived in paradise."

She said, "The Dvorn were known for having new and exotic faces which their artists had drawn for them (and they then had plastic surgery)."

And she said, "They would also "export faces." But all the faces were copyrighted. So you could buy someone else's face if it was for sale. And the copyright was enforced by the Inter World Police. Anyone who violated copyright would suffer a large tax penalty."

And she explained, "On Balvoria there were two basic kinds of beauty: classical and exotic. Most people preferred exotic faces. But sometimes someone thought they had a beautiful face but others told them otherwise. But facial surgery was quick and easy; if you any money at all, you could get a better one. I thought this made for interesting parties and social events..."

And she said the science of physiognomy had been set up. Certain features were equated with certain philosophies. I

said, "It all seems so strange. No one predicted such a crazy scenario."

And ZX-489 said "And women feel pressure to have huge breasts (72' or 180 cm was typical) and men were well-endowed.

ZX-489 said perhaps one day you won't recognize me and vice versa."

"Sounds kinky," I said.

And people had their five senses all enhanced which made them more sensitive to "new nature." In fact there was little old nature remaining even in the countryside.

I told ZX-489 that, "Personally I preferred classic beauty but I felt I had an open mind about it. Some beauties were so strange I was intrigued and wanted them for my lovers."

She said, "For some people here they had little of value except their faces; others' art was exported for \$G's. Here on Balvorica they excelled in all types of art however as mentioned..."

"What is the point of all this beauty?" Some people asked. One woman said, it was shallow. And they said the Balvorians/Dvorns were all "lost."

"Space is so empty they said except for all those spies (stars) in the sky..." One man said.

I said, "One thing we do not know is the future. There is no doubt much to discover."

One old woman so accused the Balvorians of "being intellectually bankrupt."

But the Balvorians said "What else to strive for?" and "It is deep some of it..."

One Balvorian said "They said they had taken human beauty and art to the limit. And they were going to go further."

The “hypothetical human.” People wondered, “What the limits would finally be?”

“Art is life of the new human,” they were fond of saying

I said, “It is euphoric, But how much pleasure can they absorb?”

And the laws said that everyone must keep moving (plenty of empty apartments everywhere). Cliques and friendships were frowned upon except for us spies who could do anything.

## LIFE ON DVORN

Here on Balvoria/Dvorn there were no fantasy connections like on Earth and elsewhere.

Everyone was said to be a clone. One woman said, “There weren’t many ‘natural humans’ since 2650 as they had been hunted down and eliminated.” They had mostly died out with no eternal youth and pressure from the Hunt.

Some clones seemed vaguely alien and not “earthly.”

There were few drugs (creative ones only). One Dvorn told me, “Just living day to day...go to parties and do your type of art, i.e. music, writing, painting, movies, especially make and watch movies. The movies here were largely “art movies” and won accolades in many places. They were also copyrighted. And of course there were the geoarchitects who designed worlds for colonists to immigrate to.”

I said, “I was dazzled...”

And music, art, faces, moving sculptures, patented bodies, beautiful voices and so on; all for export... But above all geoarchitects were the most important...

Geoarchitects designed culture and environments...Including fantasy worlds on other worlds.

Balvoria exported arts of all kinds. For example they changed some people’s voice to sound better... still vaguely human, but different.

Another man told me about, “Cool exotic pets... Such pets were typically furry and cute and had a vocabulary of a couple thousand words. But some people said there were more clever pets who were basically jesters for the high ranking spies. It is an outrage,” he said.

Many here were convinced, “It was by far the most excellent art in the universe, here on Balvorica.

I was mainly concerned, as a spy, with the few pseudo scientists here and not copyrights or art issues. I told my contacts about several of them and they subsequently disappeared.

I felt kind of guilty, but what could I do. If not me another would blow the whistle. I was beginning to second guess myself and now began to see why I’d ended up in the Maze in the first place. I felt I was sending people into nightmare societies. But the M. Enq. was strict and said “It’s a cruel world where the weak and crazy have no place.”

And there was to be lots of gambling however where losers became servants here on Balvorica. It was good to keep people humble, all gamblers ended up losing in the end.

My cover was, as mentioned, government journalist. No one expected much from journalists so it was a good cover. But some people associated us with spies which we of course denied, and they mostly didn’t know when we were in their heads.

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But they said here in Dvorn was the greatest art group in human history. Some of the art, music etc. was stunning...

And I said, by way of blending in, “Everyone should tell their best craziest love story that ever happened to them. And compile it together with others.”

And some listened and so we set up a story book of crazy lovers.

This art was judged weekly by a committee of 20 randomly chosen. And winners got \$Gs. Typically the same artists won month after month, but there were usually surprises at these awards. And it happened. And I was famous on Balvorica. It



seemed I was going places despite my reservations about my work. A lot of people wanted to get to know me, but like others here I kept changing my face and voice so no one knew for sure who I was. In time I changed my “occupation” to be a Geoarchitect. I had imagination to improve worlds. Specifically I was interested in creating a world of the future. It was a world full of imaginative/surreal art and far out people. It was a great success but I washed my hands of it after I was done with it.

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One day I went to the Balvorian countryside. Art was again ubiquitous. Even musical stones and talking trees. Some people loved this “real fantasy.”

Indeed quiet fantasy people enjoyed the unreality of the countryside.

## THE TUNNELS ON BALVORIA

I arranged for a tour of the tunnels below the surface of Dvorn. My tour guide said, “They were “dark”, they had dark brooding movies, crazy stories, crazy music and so on.” Many people wound up there as they lacked cash to get to other planets. But it was hard to earn cash in the tunnels on Balvoria, which is why many people stayed here. It was a kind of one-way ticket to the tunnels. Balvoria on the other hand was rich relatively speaking on the surface...”

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The people here on Dvorn (in the tunnels), tried everyday to improve on each other’s art. “There’s always room for improvement, one woman said

. They invented here the “long story (1000s of contributors).”

Some art here though seems perfect like the faces...

A Student of the Arts told me, “He learned there’s nothing more to life than beauty. And many disagreed with this and had to be watched by spies. The government wanted this planet to produce lots of art for the people, people hoped confidently.”

In fact I figured, “the Balvorians on both the surface and the tunnels were shallow...”

But most Balvorians claimed. “There was plenty of love and imagination here on Dvorn.”

I wondered to ZX-489, “Why people dedicated themselves to art. Art had never changed the world,” I said.

“But they said they weren’t allowed to do anything else,” she said.

In truth I could see how the Supreme Leader(s) had “banished” these people here. Art and government don’t mix. Just like the 2300s when an artistic regime gained power for a time but ultimately were deemed useless and a disgrace.

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As time went by, people here told me, “To work on my sanity.” They said I was too unstable and if it kept up they’d deport me... I worried my cover would be blown, but behaving crazy meant that they didn’t suspect me. In any case I kept changing my identity but it could not fool a DNA test.

Science was anathema to these artistic people. Science, they said, had gone too far. So in this way they agreed with the government.

I said to some that, “I was a journalist looking for scoops. And I hinted that my work was deep.”

To other people, I told them, “I tried to catch the essence of the varying worlds in my “scientific paintings.” In this way I was able to suss out some would-be dissidents before they could become dissidents.”

“And I really had scientific paintings, produced by trial and error,” I said to anyone who cared to listen.

I told them on Dvorn, “That imagination is the greatest good (though I didn’t believe it) and this ingratiated me with the populace. Of course I could read their minds any time

using MRT; but they could not read minds themselves unless a spy allowed them to read his/her mind.

Only spies and IW police had MRT. I was therefore able to surprise people here with my “magical knowledge about their brains and points of view.”

But one man here on Dvorn said “They believed in many types of imaginative genius, even admitting the spies are geniuses...”

## LOVE ON BALVORIA

Girl RTY-908....

She hypnotised me to love her forever.

Later another girl FXV-908 hypnotised me and made me forget RTY-908. I wondered why I had loved RTY-908 in the first place.

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When in the streets of Balvornia spies would commonly challenge you to a MRT session and the spies could read your mind at any time they wished.

I said, "It is best to meet hundreds of people every day. Of the 20 billion or so people there are plenty of interesting characters. Why not meet them. Why not try to meet all the most intelligent people."

One woman told me, "Everyone is interesting they said coming from good clone stock."

But here she said on Balvoria, "People were bored in love and so drove each other crazy. And even took drugs to make them crazy. The spies watched them all carefully however.

My love, FXV-908 thought, "Bad loves are the best, the most passionate."

My love, was bent on becoming “a virtual star.” She thought, “Life here on Balvoria is dull and insipid.”

I thought, “Being a virtual star is empty, without pleasures of the body...”

She thought she could still take drugs in her host body while acting in the fantasies.

I thought, “Without the various drugs you would not be happy. It is the drugs that make virtual fantasy happen.”

She thought, “The fantasy keeps people busy and happy and a chance to be famous. What else could they want?”

And I thought, “We are aristocrats as spies and in an excellent career, or so I hope.”

“You are spying on the fantasy, but I am spying on real life here on Balvoria.” I thought

She thought, “I love you though.”

But I thought, “We seldom have sex...”

“Drugs are better,” she thought. “Anyway 3 times a day is enough.”

“No children are needed,” I thought. So I could see why the government had phased out kids.

But I thought, “Bringing back human breeding would be a step forward and give us more variety.”...

“Clones would be outraged,” she thought.

Clones were sterile too. However they were free to indulge in sex if they wish.

FXV-908 thought, “Platonic relationships can be nice.”

I thought, “It was amazing we could make love to each other and spy on each other at the same time (using MRT). All spies watched each other.”

“But we have eternal life and we have each other,” she thought.

“However nothing lasts forever,” she said.

I was talking with a government official one day, her name was AWE-652, and she said, "Of course some great lovers charged a high fee to love them. Such was their greed. The government generally didn't encourage greed except to strive for more money in the fantasy. But they allowed gigolos and prostitution to help wean people off trying to fall in love and trying to make bonds with others, bonds greater than the love of state."

She thought, "They are getting rid of human instincts: NO sex, food, work, religion, ambition, morals, no love of nature and so on. It is boring to talk to friends and lovers after a day or two. But I wish our society had more lasting relationships."

I thought to her, "I was a sex scientist who was studying clone sex between the same clones." She didn't believe me, but in truth I was studying it, if only part time.

She thought, "But these worlds are romantic, beautiful architecture everywhere in lieu of nature and you never know what interesting clone you will meet. I fantasize I could meet the Supreme Leader or Leaders incognito."

I thought, "At least we still have our dreams."

She thought, "I don't know about that they say higher spies get into everyone's head at night and try to hypnotize them."

"Some say everyone should be a spy." She thought.

"Ridiculous," I thought.

I thought, "Do you think space is romantic?"

She thought, "No those long 10 year or more journeys is anathema to me. Also the frontier spirit is boring. The best clones/real humans are on Earth".

"We should build a lover's city," she thought.

I thought, "It's too idealist. After all our world is still pragmatic."

I thought, "Current government secret programs to build better clones, better "real humans," is not destined to last. There must be a breaking point."

And I thought, "I'd like an audience with the Supreme Leaders... And so gauge the future. Be prepared for surprises."

But I said, "They will phase us all out; we will be fools in a new world."

"Maybe," I thought, "They will put an end to the fantasy worlds and force people to live in the real world which of course would mean the death of many."

But of course such thoughts amounted to dissent. I had to be careful with my thoughts.

Some tried to make something more about love, such people were often writers, with a big ego, but they typically disappeared. "Life is a dream and that's it," for many people.

I thought, "I figure androids will take over from clones. Androids would be 100% loyal and impervious to weather conditions and good workers/slaves and easy to program and can run without a new charge for thousands of years.. . Ideal for colonizing as they can be turned off and on just like that."

"Of course clones too can undergo temporal status to "Sleep for hundreds of years. The leaders perhaps will turn themselves into androids I figure" I thought.

But "why" she thought, "Why can't we just have good clones..."

"It's a world of pretending. People pretend that all is well, I thought.

"But it is a crazy world of pretending," I thought.



She thought, “But it is not a world of war however. We more or less have had peace for many centuries (AD 2184) now. Peace and love for the moment.”

Some high ranks wanted war and the Hunt to keep them busy but war was carefully watched by spies. Basically they could try and make old world humans into prey and also lesser clones. Such people have no value anyway. But there were no attack space ships, or advanced weapons on Earth.

ZX-489 said, “Peace in our era”

I thought, “I would like to have sex with all spies. Especially the rumored super humans. I need cash to pay for exotic women and travel; it’s all I ever wanted to do.

As a spy I get good money and I have loved some of the best clone women.

She said in space progress is going to fast. Better if we all stayed on the same planet. We are all in the same boat.

I said maybe that’s what the leader(s) want. If only we knew what they wanted we could appease them and impress them/ him/ her.

## BRAIN CHANGES ON BALVORIA

One day I happened upon the Hall of Statues. I had it recommended to me.

It was a great hall with many statues of intellectuals with their original brains copied and ensconced in statues.

When people came to visit them they often were turned on to speak. Most claimed they had been duped into being a statue but there was no help for it now. "One day they will release us," they said.

I asked one famous intellect from the 2300s, "What he thought about the modern milieu?"

He said "It's just a phase, soon they will create better and better clones and all others will be cast aside except perhaps to exist trapped in a statue or some such indignity."

I was beginning to despair about the worlds. There seemed everywhere so much pain and I was abetting the pain by cruelly banishing people.

But this place gave me the creeps, I even imagined I saw ghosts, so I left without further discourse.

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Then there was the brain stock market. Buy and trade brains or parts of brains.. And buy and sell memories to others. But I was completely happy with my brain and hoped they would never change it even though I had been hypnotized and MRT'd many times, I still felt it was me..”

Some wanted just  $\frac{1}{4}$  of another’s cloned brain. Others wanted more, maybe  $\frac{3}{4}$ ...

I said to ZX-489, “Although virtually everyone was a clone, many felt pressure to improve their minds. But some said the leader/leaders had already turned themselves into super humans. And didn’t want others to try the same. It seems crazy to me...”

ZX-489 said, “The powers that be seemed to be trying to produce minds that were loyal and faithful to the leadership even though it was difficult to know what they wanted. Knowledge is power...”

I said, “From what people have told me; it seemed holograms were the future, thinking “ghosts” which led us to believe the rulers took no interest in the modern world and were off in hyperspace engaged in conversations with one another. Or who knows what?”

## GOVERNMENT OF BALVORIA

Balvoria, on the surface, was ruled by the people. There were 5 Presidents, who were largely figureheads.

The people ruled by a majority vote of all the citizens... And most people here were happy with the government so there was no trouble.

War was no longer on Earth nor anywhere including Balvoria, due to spies and MRT.

FX-980 had told me Balvoria had a “frontier spirit.” The spirit was, “Don’t worry, think.” However it was believed that most people here were clones and that the government had the future under control.”

I thought, “Some didn’t like this world on Dvorn and wanted to leave if they could earn enough money to get somewhere else in space... And there was a lot of money on Balvoria.”

But she thought, “People on Balvoria had eternal life, and this made many most grateful to the Earth government.”

I said, “They say space is brilliant and full of clever people and art and harmony.

She thought, “But it takes a super genius to know God. It was generally acknowledged top thinkers, might know this; but they preferred beauty to intelligence here...”

I said, “Some said the population of Balvoria was a type of intelligent anarchy. No violence but a lot of freedom. The problem of the past evil types didn’t factor into the equation as the spies/IW police arrested them...”

## INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

Of course Balvoria had ambassadors to other planets. Before appointing them however they needed to undergo a rigid training on MRT by various spies.

I spoke with one of the five leaders who told me, “The Balvorians tried to convince people to believe in “beauty.” And that there is hope for humankind.”

ZX-489 said, “And some Balvorians lived deep below the surface with their so-called dark side.”

One man had told me, “The world, Balvoria, was not about beauty at all, but rather a group of clones vying for power, like elsewhere.

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One scientist, years ago, had the gall to produce moving sculptures with a human brain. Of course IW intelligence took care of him...They called it the wickedest crime ever on Balvoria.

But on the whole Balvoria was a pretty quiet planet in terms of violence, but there was, as I said, “A lot of would-be dissidents here. Ideal for a nascent spy such as myself.”

Of course many people came to Dvorn to hobnob with the beautiful ones. However it was expensive to meet these people at their virtually exclusive parties. Mostly such people were themselves famous in virtual fantasy and wanted to experience a bit of “real life.”

“Super human beauty,” some called it. And many tourists claimed they “had an epiphany” coming here.

ZX-489 said, “In the past people had fought over land on Earth. Now they wanted to take over control of every planet in space and the IW police aided and abetted them.”

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I told her I’d heard from several sources that, “Here on Balvoria, the leaders were said to live in white towers on an unknown island (Balvoria was mostly ocean just like Earth).

“White towers (ivory towers-the gall of these people). But elsewhere there were cities of art though. No one paid any attention to the sea which was said to be full of monsters.”

She said, “But most who came here to Balvoria were “bored.””

One man told me, “They were bored despite the wonderful stimuli... Bored of the drugs and parties. And they wanted to go back to worlds of fantasy such as they had on Earth. Fantasies were illegal here. Some dared to complain that without the fantasy and the fantasy drugs life was boring. “Reality is here,” some said however.

But of course all people in Balvoria were believers in the fantastic...

“People don’t know,” I said, “How good our life is here. We have everything we could ever hope for...”

Girl WX-875, my latest love, said, “We don’t live like animals anymore. We have a highly advanced civilization here.”

I said, "People are too greedy for pleasure these days. Will they ever be satisfied?"

She said, "It's not about greed, it's about ambition and glory and fame."

I said, "I don't know, it seems to be chaos in people's minds these days."

She said, "Progress is everybody's creed no matter what they say."



## **IWP=INTER WORLD POLICE**

The IW Police/spies were everywhere in Dvorn and read everyone's minds using MRT. Only the spies and IW police had MRT on Dvorn. The regular police followed instructions from the spies.

I had interviewed a IWP officer and she told me, "The main duties of the IWP were to guard against violent crime, illicit science and dissent, just like the spies, only less secretive (they wore uniforms) and less decision making power. The spies decided who got what punishment..."

And the spies were on the look out, and made referrals to the IW Police. I was, "a spy who made such referrals. I told ZX-489 that, "I was sick and tired of people who didn't respect this wonderful world and I was only too ready to sent them for punishment." Or so I said. I was beginning to doubt this "wonderful world."

However there were many sickos who enjoyed war and destruction, and had to be exiled to rehab or even the Caves. Some times "normal" people suddenly cracked up and lost it. This was to be avoided at all cost by the spies. We practiced on "sickos" and learned how to handle them. The "sickos

were hard core criminals used as guinea pigs... We hypnotized them in the night while they slept.

I was experiencing with ZX-489, MRT on and also on the IWP. But the IWP was also able to initiate such discussions. Only spies/IWP could read minds, but if they wanted, they could engage in a two way MRT with an “ordinary” person.

Basically the IWP had a lot of powerful weapons, mainly MRT, also stun guns; much more than any other entity which made a complete hegemony for the IWP. But everyone had faith in the IWP, and felt safe more or less. Some knew nothing about the spies.

One Balvorian told me, “Money was used for a time for defenses such as missiles and bombs and hackers. But now the Inter World Police and spies had taken control and there were no more wars (except in the fantasy).”

Another man said, “Some said humanity would have destroyed itself long ago had it not been for the vigilance of the IWP.”

I said, “It seems there are millions and millions of IWP operatives and millions of spies too.. And they had infiltrated in every planet or moon that was settled. Basically the IWP were lower level spies, The true spies were higher level intellects.”

One of the leader s on Balvoria said, “They have a love/hate relationship with the spies. At least many people of Balvoria welcomed the police anyway, “As they kept the peace. But many objected to MRT. But what they didn’t know wouldn’t hurt them...”

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ZX-489 said, “As elsewhere there was little work to do... due to automation.”

I said, "Some were bored and left Balvorica on ships that were totally automatic as robots did all the work.

So such disturbing people left the people of Dvorn and so the Dvorn could concentrate on their arts.

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The Balvorian leader told me, "Of course, the Balvorian ambassadors set up schools in other planets and moons trying to teach people to be beautiful in every way and renounce fantasy.. And a lot of these embassies were on cyberspace but some people who were interested wanted to meet the wonderful Balvorians in person. It was more real."

And he said, "To the Balvorians, things were either beautiful or ugly or somewhere in-between."

Because the planet Dvorn was so rich many people left to form colonies elsewhere, but for the most part people came pouring in. The population was estimated at 2 million at this time, nearly all of whom were semi-genius clones. But full on geniuses were hard to attract so they offered unusual lovers and unusual experiences. Second to none.

I said to ZX-489, "The richest on Balvorica were addicted to crazy love. Some thought it was brilliant; others got bored with it in time."

"The problem was," I said, "That we are all spoiled by the various worlds. Life is too good and lacking in challenges."

The Balvorian leader I had spoke to said, "The best minds were hard to keep here as they claimed, they were sick of ordinary clones and wanted to one day find a science world. Such worlds were rumored to exist. And it kept clever people searching in space."

## MORE LOVE AFFAIRS ON DVORN

I, AGB-14, said, “Here on Dvorn the love instinct was alive and well unlike some planets that were asexual. People here said beauty was the highest good and sex was part of that... But the government didn’t like it as love was a stronger bond than love of the State.”

ZX-489 said, “But every clone here had numerous love affairs... And there was brotherly love to boot. But babies were impossible as everyone had been “fixed.” Except for the few last remaining humans...”

I said, “Love affairs too were short and sweet. It was considered poor form to have a lover longer than 1 month. Short and sweet.”

And I said, “Sex drive pills made it easy to have sex 8 hours per day or more.”

ZX-489 said, “Typically one would get your face changed about every 2 weeks, ready to go the next day. Hard to recognize people. They even changed their names and voice. Some said it was madness but almost everyone went along with the trend and changed themselves regularly. I think it is wonderful,” she said. I agreed.

I said, "It was excellent to have people constantly improving in the arts including wonderful faces. I too changed my face regularly which made it difficult for them to identify me as a spy. I took a lot of sex drugs to increase my sex ability to having sex about 12 times per day. Every time with a new girl more or less.

And I said, "One only had to walk to the center of the Dvorn cities and find numerous sex workers. And there was no more sex disease so why not? Men and women both generally liked sex workers, who had a lot of skills in love."

And ZX-489 said, "The Dvorn were known for their psychiatrists. People came from all over to seek psychiatric help in this world of beauty."

I said, "It was hard for us spies to keep watching people that kept changing their faces, but we had MRT and that is what saved the world all us spies agreed."

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And I met another woman spy the first week I was here, who thought, "She used the tiny surveillance camera on her chest to make "documentaries." And she thought she loved love stories above all. Each love story was only a minute long but was a kind of highlights of the actual love story. I especially like awkward and crazy love stories," she thought.

I thought to her, "Why don't you and I buy a distant planet and organize a group of settlers and live happily ever after."

She thought, "It sounds boring. Short and sweet is what this life is all about."

I thought, "But Balvoria has a difficult language and I don't like the food and there are rumored to be several millions of clones here... No religion, no children..."

She thought, "Just like most other places."

She thought, “We must follow the ways of the worlds.”

And she thought, “Come with me to today’s festival.”

I kept an eye on some “dangerous dissenters” at and around the festival.

I told her, “I was now familiar with most of the best minds here on Dvorn, it was the year 2784.

And I said, “If only they knew they were being watched so closely, they would probably lose control and go crazy. So we mostly watched them and sometimes tested their loyalty to the unknown leaders. It was hard for me to justify as I didn’t know who ruled the world and what they wanted. It was all so secretive.

## STRANGE FACES ON DVORN

One day, I went Online to the Balvorian web sites...But not all of their art was online... Some were forbidden or restricted. This included faces.

I met a woman on cyber space here on a Dvorn web site and I said, "You are the best looking female I have ever seen."

She said, "But can you judge my inner beauty?"

I said, "At least it is face to face rather than some fantasy..."

She said, "But your face is strange; not beautiful in the conventional sense..."

I said "It is a unique face with tones of madness; I was born with this face (which was a lie)."

Of course people decorated their bodies with changing video tattoos and the body architecture was ever changing forms/video screens.

And she said, "It was an attempt to vary our existence."

And she said, "Women have to stop wearing make up and change their faces instead. It is more natural..." I said pretty faces of any kind turn me on. I love beautiful women of any

kind. I am addicted to beauty and there is so much beauty to be “sampled” it boggles the mind. There comes a point however of maximum beauty which cannot be improved upon without ending up looking at an alien.”

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People here for the most part told me, “It is the most artistic world in the universe.” But people here though were somewhat strange on the whole.

“You have to pay the price for beauty,” they said.

But like other worlds they were in a state of “constant improvement.”

I surmised, “The population was several million humans, all clones. It was the “Day of the Clones.”

One the artists here told me, “They had been making art for hundreds of years (they had eternal youth) and now were very skilled at it and attracted many new artists...”

People were fond of saying “No limit to beauty.”

“And no limit to the art you can make. And no limit to the places you can travel to (every year numerous new worlds were colonized).”

Artists from Balvorica were also known to help colonize new worlds...

“Turn all life into art;” this was everyone’s goal here.

“Life is art.”



## FACELESS PEOPLE

Faceless people (wearing masks) was an experiment on Balvoria (Dvorn). Some people did not show their face and wore masks instead. Their faces were a secret only revealed to their closest associates.

Masquerades were popular. Many masks had symbols on them hinting at what kind of person you are.

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But with the drugs everyone felt euphoric all of the time, though in time they wanted stronger and stronger drugs. But the government had such drugs.

There were drugs for every mood: happiness, kindness, imagination maximize their intelligence, be crazy, be calm and so on...

I thought, "I wished this world was automated more like they say Earth is. Here we have to work everyday creating art (though not work hard). My work as a part-time "journalist" was more than enough work, I painted scientific paintings to attract would-be dissidents and made masks. And it had nothing to do with the mission. I got tired of brown nosing with Balvorian artists and craved bigger challenges.

One day I met a masked man who claimed he had slept from 2089 to 2700 and he couldn't believe the reality. As it was he was one of the first clones and had eternal youth. But he said he wouldn't do it again anyway. He was bored with his dreams.

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Some people made love with the same person with a different face and voices many times. And all agreed it was great fun.

But a brilliant face was expensive. So why not use a mask instead. It was a poor man's face.

But people here didn't seem to mind. Everyone liked a masked stranger.

I had a mask myself which was a "moon dove" indicating that I was an ambassador of peace.

Many people didn't like my mask saying it was too simplistic, but I didn't want to blow my cover...

## EGOS

I observed that, “Many here had gigantic egos. And thought that Art was the most important thing in the universe. They were full of themselves.”

And I said, “Many took eternal life for granted but they still had to contend with the IW police and spies if they stepped out of line.

I noted that “Tragedies triumph over comedies at the virtual movies.”

ZX-489 said, “People here were serious about having a good time.”

“It was not a world of joking and laughter,” she said.

I thought, “Here on Balvoria, freaks is what they are. All you can do is laugh. They’ll never make super humans, like they think.

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To be honest, I couldn’t stand these vain people.

One day, I witnessed the arrest of a rebel named “KVB-907” who also couldn’t stand this art work.

So they put him on a virtual chain gang building palaces for the elite artists of Balvoria.

KVB-907 said, "I can't stand this meaningless world."

I interviewed him in prison...

He said, "Imagination to the fullest, is my creed."

And he said, "I would do anything to get out of this place... Find meaning perhaps."

I said, "Space is more boring... Long trips... You won't find meaning, you are not clever enough."

He said, "I don't think these super artists will be able to find anything either. Perhaps there is nothing to find... just endless stars," as many keep saying.

I said, "But I think there must be something to find and we need to keep an open mind."

And I said, "We will find God someday even if we have to make him ourselves."

"You are egotistical too, just like the others," he said

I said, "It's not about ego it's about glory and fame and happiness. Why don't you relax a little and take what life brings you?"

KVB-907 said, "You don't realize your own greed."

And he said, "At least I can say I made a stand and fought for what's right.

I said, "Been there, done that. I had suffered enough for no good reason and I didn't want to go back to being considered a dissident."

In any case it seemed KVB-907 was going nowhere fast. He would be lucky to get out of prison with his free thinking. But I wished him luck and told him "to lighten up. Life is long, very long and no need to get uptight and denounce life when it was already perfect, the perfection of the hypothetical human..."

He said, "This world is far from perfect and they generally refuse to listen to the best people, exiling them instead.

## **LOVELIEST WOMAN IN THE UNIVERSE**

YRW-44, a Dvorn, was said to be the loveliest woman in the universe. I thought she was beautiful but “too classic.”

I interviewed her and she said, “I’m just glad to be alive. Life is good here on Balvoria.”

“Sometimes I wish I was still on Earth, but the large number of arts people here on Balvoria is most gratifying.” She said.

I said, “The truth is any lifestyle in space can be good; it’s just that some people are greedier than others.”

She said “I don’t think it will last forever to just create art. It is ultimately empty.”

I quoted a Roman who said “I will not die altogether.” Posterity will remember us and our struggles.”

She said, “Posterity is bunk.”

People came to Dvorn to hope to get a glimpse of her, even if only on video screens... and many men made her incredible offers for her love.

YRW-44 and her personal artist toured known space to the delight of all and her artist sold people special and unique faces.

In the interview, I said, “Sometimes there was a fine line between good faces and genius faces. We spies had to keep an eye on it.”

She said, “What’s wrong with sexy genius faces.”

I said, “There was always the risk of something going illegal. These people were really proud.”

And I said, “But we spies seldom let the situation get so far. We arrested people for thought crimes and we had perfected it... I was improving in my spy skills, knowing almost instinctually when someone was not thinking “correctly””

YRW-44 told me “I was a sell out, groveling before the powers that be. I need to stand up and make a stand.” she said.

I said again, “I’ve been through enough ordeals already for what was probably just thought crimes. I don’t want to go through that again...”

“Anyway,” I said, “I am now basking in the sunshine of the leader(s) love and I feel I can make a difference. To toe the line is important.” But I was not telling my true feelings which I was beginning to worry about. One man had told me, “Once a dissident always a dissident. No matter what....”

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But with regard to love, famous here on Balvoria was the Great Dome of Lovers...

A combination of beauty and love. Tourists were pouring in.

It featured the history of love and projections for future love. Most of the projections for future love were imagina-

tive... Tell imaginative love stories, love in exotic places and so on... It was all about inspiration...

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The Dvorn on the surface spoke out against “ugly faces,” proclaiming it was a “universe of beauty.” But some of the ugliest people in the world came here to Planet Dvorn to get an unique A-one face from the dark people of the underground.

## THE FORGOTTEN LIBRARY

Some went to the “cyber library” of DNA (based on cyberspace) to find out who was their clone parent.. But virtually all people were said to be clones so most people didn’t bother to find out... Some even followed it up and confronted their clone father or mother... Sometimes this resulted in murder. Hard to access the “library” however, one needed to petition the leaders’ representatives. And you might be condemned for meddling.

I figured I was a clone so I went to the virtual library and found that my clone father lived on Earth. I resolved to one day visit him./her but I was sure it was a man. I didn’t know what he expected me to do, it seemed like a big gamble creating someone like me...

I wondered what I would say to my clone parent. Would he be proud of me after all I’d suffered and yet rose to success. But I wondered if I might hate him with the ordeal I was put through with the Caves and the Maze.

But I also wanted to visit the library to gain “forbidden knowledge.” So I did it virtually across time and space.



One needed to make a request and hope it would be granted. The librarians were all virtual robots but someone important must be behind them. I wanted to know anything I could learn about the leaders on Earth. One robot produced a “dancing screen” which displayed the sign “Warning what you are about to see might shock you. The screen said there are no leaders so stop trying to find them. The whole world is automatic, we are surprised you didn’t know that. The old supreme leaders had long since died and there was no one running the show.

I said, “I don’t believe it...” But that was the show; one virtual robot told me to follow him and led me out the doorway back to where I had been in Balvoria. “This is your door of destiny,” said the robot.

What an enigma I thought. But I knew the leaders wanted to remain hidden to avoid anyone challenging them while they kept control with MRT.

## THE MUSEUM OF UGLINESS ON BALVORIA

The museum of Ugliness was another attraction. It was located deep down in the tunnels but everyone agreed it was quite the attraction. The tunnel dwelling people of Balvoria searched the worlds all over and came back with hideous faces and ugly deeds that could be seen here (no pin cameras allowed).

Some nasty people cloned on other planets appeared here. They were arrested by Inter World police and sent to Balvoria and kept in cages here for observation and brain surgery.

They didn't bother to try to rehabilitate these people, believing them to be hopeless.

Hypnotism seemed to help, and they concluded that some horrible people in history could have been good if only they had been hypnotized to do so.

But also here in the museum were ugly works of art that tunnel dwelling Dvorn had created, much to the shame of people on the surface. The tunnel dwellers had created a lot of art on the dark side, and people who didn't like the surface art could always go below. Tourists enjoyed both.

“It’s a life of horror,” one tunnel dwellers said.

I said, “Most ugliness is swept below the carpet, these days. It’s an embarrassment to the government.”

“How so?” said the curator of the museum..

War, genocide, ugly loves, ugly deeds to one another such as fraud in the fantasy or fraud in the real world of Balvoria. Even mass murder and cannibalism in this day and age. And above all radicals are being killed off in places like the Caves. I was thinking in history those who thought differently were more often than not killed off, but this sort of people drove science as well as the arts and even business.

The curator said, “Your words are those of a dissident.”

I said, “At great risk to my career I am saying the best people have problems and these failings cause them to be unjustly judged.”

The curator said, “Justice is always in the hands of the strong, you know that...”

I said but surely in this day and age you will admit that many great people have no use except to dabble in arts and believe it is important. But science is the only important thing and it is prohibited to many great people.

The curator said, “But we have cloned the best and the cream of the crop are doing science one must assume in secret. There’s no way the government would give up on science, no matter what they say.”

I thought to myself that the government was mass murdering wayward clones and humans, but one had to hold one’s head up and hope it will turn out right.

And I said, “Most ugly deeds were in the past. We now lived in a truly enlightened age.”

The curator said, "In any case the ugly people incarcerated here took drugs which were very advanced and gave pleasure to everyone. The drugs were perfect."

The curator said, "But there are also drugs that turn people violent and evil and also feel good."

I said, "People who take such drugs are truly hopeless."

## MORE ON BEAUTY

I talked to one man here on Balvoria and he said, “Some people here said, that anything and anyone can be beautiful.”

And he told me, “They gambled for the money to have clones, the winner gets to use their DNA to have tens of clones all taken care of by the state.

“The beautiful gamble. Power is beautiful.

I spoke with a Dvorn artist (QQ-9121) and I began asking him, “If the beauty here was only skin deep?”

But he said “The Dvorn had great “Art schools” which taught people to love beauty and have deep skill in the arts. What could be better than that?”

He proclaimed a revival of the science of physiognomy (face reading) by which you could judge someone based on their face. First impressions mean everything or so said the Dvorn.”

I said, “I thought it was an interesting science this physiognomy. And I believed first impressions were everything. Everyone thought so”.

Their buildings were wonderfully exotic as well. I felt they were “unsurpassed.” So too the poetry, the writing, the paintings and the music...

And he said, “The clothes were outrageous... hats and other accoutrements. Everything you do has meaning... What you wear, where you work, what you say... For example the purple skinned humans; purple means they strive for leadership. Hats indicated your philosophy and there were many hats and make up on top of beautiful faces.”

And he said the best of all were geoarchitects (world designers) here were in demand and so on. And I said geoarchitects often blended nature with human design like tree buildings and always changing shape” I said, “I was impressed.”

And QQ-9121 said, “Every stone, every tree had been redesigned for better art.”

And he said, “Of course Balvorians struggled to outdo one another in terms of beautiful works. Some had a great reputation.”

I said, “I could understand this world, unlike many others.

He said, “It is a world of Art, said the Dvorn tried to attract promising young artists to the planet.”

It was “maximum art” and many tourists wanted to see it in person. QQ-9121 described it, “As being overwhelmed by beauty. Blending in and always changing shape.”

He said, “Of course as elsewhere programmed robots did most of the work.”

The Dvorn gave the orders for great works of art and so it was.

## PARTIES ON BALVORIA

And parties were considered artistic.

People would try to impress others with their charm and new faces.

And afterwards they would watch highlights of the day's parties.

Try to live in "all possible worlds..."

But the fantasy worlds of most of the universe were not to be found here. Here people lived for real, not virtually. I figured it was the only way to live, but many if not most clones preferred the fantasy. "Not real, no good," I told everyone

I observed that, "Each day all of Balvoria "played" the parties altogether. It was always like this.

Specialization in one of the Arts is the key to success. Makes their planet Balvoria rich in artists..."

RX-777, a party man I met here said, "It was all about being beautiful, to be crazy, to have brilliant arts..."

But he said, "Many pined for fantasy and left Dvorn. The population was dropping and many on Balvoria began to be concerned."

Many said “Balvoria was too competitive, too elite for the common clone.” Said he.

I noticed that, “Even rich, successful people were often at a loss here. “It was too demanding here; if you didn’t produce good art, you wouldn’t get cash...”

I said the strategy should be, take the money and run from this backwards place

RX-777 responded, “It’s not so bad, why not enjoy life and forget about trying to improve it. After all we live in paradise.

I said, “Life is not a paradise. The hypothetical human is insane.”

The man said, “If you want to be happy these worlds are for you. But if you want to be super greedy you should go elsewhere.”

I said, but people here seem to have a one-track mind, caring only for art, beautiful as it is.”

He said, “But to specialize is the essence of having a good career.

“There are many arts to specialize in here,” he said.

And he said, “Our whole world is about art. It has never been done before and will never be done again in all likelihood.

I said, “I have to admit you have a point there... Nobody can think of a better world. Or at least I can’t to be honest.”

“Stay a while on our planet he said and you may be in for some surprises...” he said.



## CREATIVE STIMULI

I spoke with a Balvorian leader...

She said, "Primarily on the surface cities of Dvorn, they worked on movies... The Dvorn people loved movies and if you made a good movie (or other good art) could increase your rank and privileges.

I said, "What about the rulers?"

She said "The rulers of course were said to live in white towers. Which were at secret locations. Some said the towers were in cyber space. But I can tell you we live amongst the people incognito.

And she said, "Drugs played a big part in this world, making people creative. Art drugs they called them."

And she said, "Some made your brain work 100% and made you alert and witty. But many people were still bored despite the wonderful stimuli..."

I said, "But in any case the IWP... didn't want people to get too high or too creative. Everyone was watching everyone else."

But I said, "This world is starting to inspire me. It seems to be one good thing in an universe of madness.

She said, cloning the best artists dead or alive has resulted in brilliance never before seen. Everyone is inspiring one another to higher and higher heights.

## POPULATION

I was speaking with another Balvorian. She said several million people were on the surface cities and in the wild lands 10 000 followers of the White-Masked poet and 49 000 in the tunnels below the surface.

All of them clones, she said... The hypothetical human was being limited by cloning. It was the "Day of the Clones."

Of course 12 billion lived on Earth, 2 billion in the solar system and 5 billion in space according to government statistics. But many people felt there were far more than 5 billion in deep space, with all those easily produced clones.

But there were many suicides out of sheer boredom. As you age, even with eternal youth, you get sick and tired of everything.

So those who tired of the world were being replaced by new, better clones.

**PART NINE: MORE ON THE  
TUNNELS ON BALVORIA**

## THE TUNNELS

Deep in the ground, hidden from view, but infiltrated by IW spies...were the tunnels.

They took drugs to inspire logic and science ability. Creativity also.

Upon arrival, I (AGB-14) asked a girl about the education system here. Her name was, MN-9065 and she told me, "This was the best educated place in the universe where people study 8 hours a day. There were many cultures to learn about, many wise people to listen to. Tunnel people wondered why no one gets a good education anymore; just clones born with someone else's memory... Everywhere clones. On Balvorica they tried to educate their people as well as possible about the history of Earth. But most modern day people weren't interested. However dwellers in the tunnels had more education than anybody else spending up to 8 hours a day educating themselves. Many foreigners wanted to come here and study."

And she said, "People on the surface of Dvorn were required to spend a couple of hours studying everyday. So Balvorians had one of the top educated populaces in the uni-

verse. For others on other planets, it was mostly learning from experience.”

And she said, “Disgruntled artists from the surface went into the tunnels. Easy to get a visa from the surface..”

I said, “Like all other space travelers (and their descendants) the people here were very clever.”

MN-9065 explained to me, “There were tunnels with subway trains and numerous stops at all points even deep down.”

And she said, “There are 11 groups (underground villages) work at arts and partly most of the time. Largely a happy place this underground.”

I had observed “No drugs here except creative ones, so in this way they were like the surface. Many are drug addicts, yet can still be artistic...”

“Most were happy but the suicide rate was high,” She said..

I said, “How can most people be happy while others are suicidal?”

She said, It had never really been a world of no suicides. People kill themselves out of boredom or bad love or just plain hatred for the world. The strong survive.

But the crime rate was low. But still there were some irrevocable murders, attempted fraud and other crimes. The IWP caught pretty much all of the transgressors of the law.

But she said, “Dissidents were on the whole deported to terrible worlds like the Prison planet (cave planet).”

But she said, “Some of these would-be dissidents in the tunnel claimed Earth and all its colonies were police states...”

And she added, “They said that space travel never should have been allowed to happen.”

She said, “Such people typically “disappeared.”

One Earth for all, she said. And of course there was plenty of room on Earth for the 19 billion+ humans in the universe, even though they were making new clones every day.

I said, "Yet some say it is the best place in the whole universe is Balvoria, in the tunnels..."

And I said, "Many people here claim to be "in love, enraptured in dark, mysterious art."

Tunnel dissidents said, "Knowledge is poison, beauty is poison... There is no escape."

I met another girl,, VV, She insisted "Love doesn't exist anymore."

VV said, "What is wrong with these people they don't even know who they are?"

I said, "But in history did anyone really know who they are.? She said, "Ridiculous."

I said, "Also it is fun to keep changing your face and friends with you not knowing who's who."

Everything seems fresh and new I said. The architecture the art, all is changing.

And I said, "Instincts are towards the dark side here."

She said, "Dark art was the skill of these people, such as dark faces of horror, dark art of madness and so on...."

VV said, "What is needed is "practical love."

I said , "And they import Venusian (from Venus) as love slaves here. Cynical but good. Buy their freedom to go further into space... Kind of a rite of passage. Humbling experience to be a slave for a while. Most people are far too proud."

"And some like to be a sex slave... what about you? " I said.

She said For some gambling on Art projects value led to destitution and slavery and being marooned here...

I said, “Many thought they were themselves crazy, to turn their back on a nice life on Earth; they thought afterwards.”

She said, “For every one success in space there were 5 failures. Failures often disappeared.”

I said I’ve heard that IW police were on every voyage of every ship. No weapons on ships.

She said, “Some of the tunnel dwellers on Dvorn said the surface was “unnatural” and should be destroyed. Others, on the surface, were disgusted at the “lack of progress” here on Balvornia and wanted to join the subterranean dwellers.”

And she said., “Similarly some of the surface dwellers wanted to wipe out the subsurface dwellers. But cooler heads prevailed (i.e. the Inter World Police removed hell raisers).

I said, “The future of subterranean people on Balvoria looked bright. As its dark, magical arts were in demand.”

But she said, “Balvoria, the whole planet, will become a giant zoo just like Earth.”

And she added, “They are following too far behind in terms of technology.”

They claimed the suicide rate will level off in the tunnels (rate: 1%/year, yet some lived to be very old with eternal youth). But on the surface the suicide rate was low. After all if they got bored with Balvoria, they could always go somewhere else since there was a lot of money here.

The main part of the tunnel civilization was near the surface and the deeper you went through the tunnels, the more radical it got. But there were thousands of spies and some didn’t even realize they were spies, as they had been hypnotized to play the role. And if anyone else other than spies used hypnosis, they would disappear.



I got in the habit of wandering underground train to train at random. Never know who you'll meet. Common to strike up conversations with strangers.

Deep underground they had neo fusion power to produce food so none went hungry.

I met one girl down in the underground who said, "The people in the tunnel talked about their higher drugs, "dark drugs" and said the surface was not producing anything interesting in art. The tunnel dwellers said their faces were more clever and mysterious."

Her name was CV-999 and she said, "The tunnel dwellers also claimed the surface was more interested in sex and parties, than art... Or that is the prevailing view anyway."

I said, "Indeed, the people of the surface considered those in the lower echelons to be freaks. And, to the tunnel dwellers, the surface was not a civilization of beauty at all. It was just a bunch of idly rich people who praise one another and brown nose with each other."

She said. "It was said that unwanted clones were dumped deep down in the tunnels to be raised by the people there. Also bad breeding clones (guinea pigs) were let go down there. They were former experiments. Or dissidents above also tried to come deep, but failed to get away with it."

And she said, "The goal of these troglodytes was to one day leave this planet, but they lacked the money."

I said, "The Balvorians said the tunnel dwellers were a tourist attraction however... And tourists brought money in for both the surface and the tunnels."

And I said tourists are often such fools they gawk and do nothing

"The future looked bright, however," I thought.

It seemed to me that people were more and more happy...

**PART TEN: THE WILDLANDS OF  
BALVORIA**

Outside of the cities on Dvorn, in the wildlands; the ruler was the so-called “White-Masked Poet and his fellow leaders, the blue robed/masked poets. Most of the others wore yellow masked/robed and had poor poetry skills. Except for a small group known as the “Black school,” a group of rhymers.

One day in that tumultuous year, 2785, my lover (YYD-12) and I (AGB-14) were walking down the highway in the wild lands and finally arrived at the palace of the White-masked poet (WMP)...

We studied for several months very hard and could now speak the lingo.

We met a blue masked poet who explained the history of the wild lands.

“In 2505 the first White-Masked Poet (WMP) took power in the wildlands. (White year 1) They had eternal youth granted to them so here was a place for the “different clones” to live on. The people here were all clones, of course.. They could have children and basically had nothing to do with the Dvorn of the domed cities.”

People, he said, everywhere ignored the wild land of Balvoria denizens but the denizens of this wild land developed a unique culture.

And he added, “But everyone was surprised when they produced some books full of one line songs and their interpretation.”

## THE WILDLANDS

And he said, "Henceforth by 2560 (White year 55) when speaking to each other, people sang/recited poetically here."

I had heard, "That there were many long stories in e-books with poetic meanings. These books required years of study and it was said that many had been written by the White –Masked Poet/Leader.."

"Yes," he said, "There were tens of thousands of short one line poems and many meanings for each according to the tone."

And I said I know , "The meanings of the words is changed according to tone of the song...or recital. And I would like to give it a try."

YYD-12 said, "Me too.

The blue mask continued, "Also important were body gestures and body language.

So too were emotions like anger, happiness, sentimental, greed, hate, love, sex desire, confusion, amazement, sarcasm, opposite meanings (Black is white) and so on. These emotions were all indicated by different gestures/body language along with the songs/recitals..."

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My lover and I were both in their sixties...but of course had eternal youth... Here in the wildlands we met some blue-robed poets who were blue-masked and blue robed since

their language was superior. But most acknowledged they would never make it to be the Supreme Leader of poets.

The White college as it was known was led by the leader and 400 blue-robed poets...

We studied for several months very hard and could now speak the lingo.

For example...

I, AGB-14 said, "You are everything;" (sung in an angry way), (Meaning: sarcastically speaking indicating her idea of good was false).

YYD-12 sang, "You are too crazy" (sung in an innocent tone), (Meaning: I don't believe you are crazy).

I sang "Poetry is life," (sung in a worldly tone), (Meaning: Poetry is "an empty, mundane pursuit."

And I added: "People would never speak directly in this city in a sarcastic way," (sung in protest/complaining, which is generally poor form), (Meaning: It is poor form and unimaginative poetry)."

YYD-12 said, "Look at that building! It was green and had numerous arches, (Meaning: it was a bridge to the future)."

It was no doubt one of the WMP's projects. Building contours had meaning. The colors also had meaning as well.

Then there were flower arrangements. Each flower had a code, e.g. roses=love. Violets=imagination. Roses and violets together mean love affair. There are thousands of flowers... And numerous meanings and combos.

My lover and I, passed by a garden full of meaning. One could spend days trying to interpret such a park and its subtleties.

Sometimes the meanings are vague, for example, when people sang one had to be careful how one interpreted the poetic songs...

Sometimes the meaning is vague other times crystal clear depending on the situation. Often times one wanted to be vague.

The poetry had to be deep and the meaning depended mainly on your voice. Singing or talking both determined the true meaning of the words...

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Why did they do it? The government idea was to be graceful and elegant and artistic... But on yellow mask said, "Why beat around the bush? "

The yellow mask told us, "Society had become too polite and too tactful and just plain crazy." "Poetry would lead nowhere," he said.

I said, "Well it is not easy for one man to change the world unless you are a member of the elite leadership. For them everything they think has repercussions for humanity."

I tried to imagine what life would be like if the White-Masked Poet controlled the Earth. It was too bizarre to contemplate; it was too complex for most.

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The yellow mask told us. "The White Masked leader wore a tall white hat with his white mask in official appearances which both radiated light."

And he explained that White city (on Dvorn) was the capital where the White-Masked Poet (WMP) held court It was a small town, just basically a judicial and legislative center."

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I knew that basically there were just the countryside and wildlands (which were ruled by the WMP)...

And the yellow mask said, "Of the 400 blue poets, many studied hard to aspire to become the White-Masked Poet, many others rebelled and were banished permanently to the

various off world prisons. Most of the blues however were spies who often disguised themselves in yellow or went incognito to the wild lands. The advantage of the wild lands was neo opium grew everywhere.”

And they had kids who were natural births... But the population was declining due to suicides and there were few new recruits.

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The current WMP had frozen science back to the level of ancient times. All recent science of the last few centuries was illicit. This process took place in the 2530s (White Year 280 now/ AD 2784). And this had the support of the leaders of the surface Balvorian cities.

“History was bunk,” as Ford had said.

In White city, the people lived in simple apartments. Maximum 8 stories. No cars or horses. People walked everywhere. No computers or TV etc.

No one could believe that science had disappeared just like that.

Some said the WMP was just like Hitler, who got to power in a democracy, with one bad thing leading to another... While people stood idly by.

As to the WMP, he was at first an altruistic philanthropist but he turned into perhaps the worst tyrant ever. Obsessed with his poems and control of the populace. And he had ruled since 2505. Too long most said (now 2784).

Civil wars loomed so the spies made many wild lands’ blue robed masked poets disappear.

But the IW Police spies allowed the neo opium trade in the wild lands.

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YYD-12 and I were again walking down the street of the White city. It had been dangerous to go through the wild lands to visit this city, but they were safe here provided they didn't say anything against the WMP.

She said, "Poets are known for their manliness or lady-likeness," (sung in a despising tone), (Meaning: The WMP leaders are weak).

I said, "We live in a world ruled by intellectual weaklings," (sung in a proud tone), (Meaning: I should be in charge).

She said, "Better to be ruled by artistic types than by greedy entrepreneurs or irresponsible scientists," (sung wistfully), (Meaning: Some say we need to give this world a chance, but I have had enough of it).

And I said, "The WMP has many admirable qualities," (sung in a laughing manner), (Meaning: he has a lot of faults).

And I added, "A lot of the poetry is just pretty language devoid of depth," (sung in a happy tone), (Meaning: A world based on poetry is ludicrous).

She said, "After all life is subjective," (sung in a confused tone), (Meaning: Better the devil you know).

She said, "I think this government has gone too far to take away meaning from people. Everyone in the wild lands has few children and the birthrate is only 0.3 per woman in the wild lands. And we are not going into space to find God (No special meaning).

And she said, "Watch your mouth. There are spies everywhere," (No special meaning).

I said, "They are in our minds anyways, no point in trying to hide." (no special meaning)...

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We learned that, "Life expectancy was only 40 years. Life was hard. The suicide rate was high..."



And they joined together in small groups for mutual safety. They had only primitive tools. They ate mostly plants.”

And I also found the leader and those of the blue robe/mask lived in nice apartments with many yellow-masked slaves; but they thought spies from the Dvorn cities were controlling everything (making people disappear and so on)...

One blue mask told us, “People who were losers elsewhere came here usually with no money. But an artistic point of view.”

But we observed, “They kept the wild land populace quiet with euphoric drugs which were produced in the wild lands. E.g. neo opium.”

We spoke with another one of the blue-robed poets. He said, “Most of the populace wanted nothing to do with the cities anyway. In the cities many were not rich and just had a small apartment to live in.”

And he said, “They were freer in the wild lands, but even here if anyone tried to raise an army or be a dissident, the spies would hear of it and that person would “disappear.””

I said, “Some said humanity was hopeless and self-destructive anyway. (Meaning: life was a joke...)”

And I said, “Others lamented being cast out to the wild lands, but most preferred it to the Earth yoke.”

He said, “For most in the wild lands the primitive conditions were intolerable. But whenever someone tried to improve things they miraculously disappeared. So everyone knew the Dvorn spies were everywhere.

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And he said, “The government of the WMP kept insisting that their brand of intelligent conversation was the highest form of activity.”

I personally thought it was a brown nosing, foolish society that turned its back on all the achievements of science. It was an irrational society where no one says what they truly mean even though they pretend to do so. But such thoughts you had to keep to yourself.

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Automation was not used in the “White city” or the countryside as the yellow-masked slaves did all the work. Most slaves had no choice but to serve, even though many hoped to one day wear a blue mask...

In the wild lands people spent time living simply with chores to do, no automation here either. And they enslaved one another as well.

There is nothing in space, said the WMP who gave brief news to their heralds to bring to the people. So it is futile to try to go there (Meaning: the God is the WMP).

Some said the leaders had cloning but no one could know for sure and it was dangerous to speculate. Some said the leaders were practicing science in secret, but it seemed unlikely since they seemingly were dead set against science. And they were very stubborn and backwards.

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The blue-masked poet said, “Rumors had it that the Supreme Leader wore blind folds when speaking in order to focus on the words rather than gestures.”

And he said, “He thought it was an ugly world. And he thought he was the one to save everyone from evil scientific conduct.

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YYD-12 and I (AGB-14) were walking again down the street in White city (The WMP capital)...

I said, “Do you play?” (sung in a decisive note) (Meaning: are you serious about love?).

She said, “I play for gold,” (sung in a depressing tone), (Meaning: I play to be #1).

I said, “What will it take to win your love? (sung in a confused way) (Meaning: Why is it so easy to win your love).

Y said, “I am a pillar of virtue,” (sung in a laughing way). (Meaning: I gave up on virtue a long time ago).

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I sang, “If I loved you more I would die,” (sung in a crazy way), (Meaning: I am self-destructive).

She sang, “I’ll die some day soon,” (sung in an optimistic way),” (Meaning: I will question society and get banished soon).

I said “You will be a winner,” (sung in a weird tone), (Meaning: You will be a slave who is happy).

She said, “You aren’t for me, (sung in a vague way), (Meaning: You are too smart to date).

I said, “I’m blue,” (sung in a profound tone), (Meaning: I am happy and deep).

She replied, “I’m red,” (sung sadly), (Meaning: I am disappointed in you as a lover).

AGB-14 replied “You are a slave though,” (sung in an emphatic way), (Meaning: You lose control in love).

She answered, “It’s my pleasure to serve,” (sung in an intellectual way). (Meaning: I am not in love).

I said, “I want to be the lover you want me to be,” (sung in a self-deprecating way), (Meaning: I love you better than I love myself).

She said: I want to be someone who challenges you, (sung in a challenging tone), (Meaning: I am cleverer than you).

I sang, "I hate this life," (sung in a hopeless manner), (Meaning: I am not good enough for the WMP).

She said, "I love life," (sung while crying), (Meaning: I am addicted to a boring, dull routine).

I said "This is love," (sung in a disappointing way), (Meaning: Love doesn't exist).

She said, "I also believe in love, (sung in a tone of disbelief), (Meaning: Love is illusory in this day and age)."

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We found out that sometimes the WMP would gather the wild lands populace for "parties" which were debates for the WMP and the blue-masked poets.

All blue-masked leaders claimed their society is an intellectual one... the key was to debate the subtle points of life. Anyone was welcome to the outdoor theater to hear the debates of the highest leaders.

My love and I watched a debate which was mostly esoteric subtleties of poems. It was boring...

But notably one blue-masked poet said, "Love has no meaning in this world" (Meaning: We should bring it back and create a loving world). And who ever heard of poems without love? (Meaning most poems should be about love). And one said, "The leaders believe that love is for the youth." (Meaning one gets sick of love, but sex is good). "

Other than that it was pretty tame with the usual subtle praise the people heaped upon the WMP.

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Then sometime later the two of us were in the park, away from potential spies.

She said, "Why not speak directly here?"

I replied, "Yeah, not graceful or elegant or studious," (sung in a damning way), (Meaning: Modern poetry sucks).

And I sang “Previous civilization was crass and cold, not brilliant like today.” (Meaning: we all assume we live in the best possible worlds.)

She said, “I suppose some people think it is brilliant,” (sung in a tone of hatred), (Meaning: Is sarcastic).

She added, “OK let’s not beat around the bush.”

I responded “Our love affair is great for us but cosmically speaking it is without valor.”

She said, “But life doesn’t make sense anyway. It is as if the WMP says the meaning of this world is to make beautiful poetry. Yet they hide their faces and bodies,” (masks and shapeless robes) and are almost proper in the way of most ancient times. Ignorant in other words.

I answered, “The WMP and his court are corrupt leaders no doubt, but no one can dare try to prove it unless they want to be banished to live in the wild alone.”

She then surprised me and said, “I loved the WMP once. But he gave up on me in disgust saying I did not understand the subtleties of poetry. Why he spent time with me in the first place is a mystery to me.”

I said, “I am shocked. I didn’t know that.”

“He is just another man,” she said.

And she added, “And I’ve heard rumors that the White-Masked Poet has usurped total control of the government and replaced other blue-masked poets with his own children and friends and it is rumored he now has thousands of wives... He has had many wives since before he took power...”

I said, “Of course the designs of the masks mask your true voice so no one knows anything about it for sure. All that is known for sure is the WMP wears a tall white hat unlike anyone else. That is when he is not going incognito.”

DXY-39 was a student who was studying hard the songs and poetry books in the hopes of becoming a blue-masked poet. But he was 50 now (still had eternal youth) and still had been ignored. He was not even chosen to be a spy. He came to the conclusion he would never succeed (the WMP didn't like him) and he might as well go live in the main Dvorn settlement. So one day he simply snuck out of his city and left just like that. All his life had been in vain.

In the surface cities of Balvoria he tried to sell himself as a story teller but everyone was bored with his stories. He was shunned by all.

"Be a scientist," they told him. "Do something useful." (Which meant kill yourself).

DXY-39 indulged in neo opium and wondered why he had trusted the WMP to promote him where no promotion was available. He took more neo opium than others and was basically just a dreamer who lay down for most of the day, without hope.

YYD-12 said, "I believe in the future. Today is so foolish and we are all so useless."

I said, "I'm sure our worlds have gone completely mad. I am mad and I am going to tell that to the Supreme Leader and be banished, no doubt

She said, "Me too. I am sick of all this syrupy poetry and bad singing."

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Together we made a pact to go before the WMP and demand change (suicide basically some would say).

First YYD-12 asked for an audience with the White-Masked Poet, (thus far she has behaved in an "exemplary way). (And she had been his lover but without much dialog. Just sex.)"

And she came before him at his palace. It was a brilliant white tower and he radiated light of many colors and there were harmonious sounds and yellow masked servants everywhere. And she to him, “Don’t you think eternal life ruins life?” (sung in a pleading way), (Meaning: Your policy is wrong).”

The WMP said, “We mustn’t interfere with the natural order of things that we have,” (sung in a profound way), (Meaning: This society is perfect).

She said, “And couldn’t we find use for all those people in the wild lands,” (sung in a demanding tone), (Meaning: You are unimaginative).

The WMP said, “Enough. Guards take this woman to be free (sung in a vindictive voice), (Meaning: Take her back to a Dvorn surface city, away from the wild lands).”

She said, “I’m sick and tired of your songs and bad poetry...I hope you die soon...”

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Many people secretly hoped the WMP will die soon. But some said he would never die and his tyranny is getting worse.

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So then I (AGB-14) went before the WMP...

And I posited, “I propose a new school of poetry called the world of horror poets,” (sung in a tone of outrage), (Meaning: I strongly believe this world is evil).

WMP said “Your boldness is surprising,” (sung in dulcet tones), (Meaning: I have known you to be remarkably brazen in the past).

I answered, “You are the barbarian not those poor people in the wild lands,” (sung in a humble way), (Meaning: You don’t care about anyone except yourself).

WMP said “Guards set him free,” (take him to a Dvorn city).

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AGB-14 and YYD-12 searched everywhere for each other in the Dvorn cities and finally hooked up again. They felt safe now in the city and had no worries of cannibals or criminals and a host of other dangers. We both had different faces again...

There was a crude trade in slaves in Balvoria, also limited exchanges of goods such as neo opium beer. 70% were men so women slaves were in high demand.

And many people in Balvoria, the tunnels and in White City were drunk all the time and alcohol was legal. For the yellow robes there was not much else to do other than party. Some jokingly called it a “party world.”

By contrast there were more women than men of the blue school, studying hard in White city.



## HISTORY OF THE WHITE-MASKED POET'S RULE

“Once we had left the WMP, we felt a sense of relief. No one wanted to serve the poets anymore and all wanted neo opium so finally the numbers of people in White city declined drastically as the leader was boring them, being too strong and too controlling, though they still believed in the poems.”

She said, “The WMP had lived and lived and many wanted him dead, but he made very few public appearances. And people said his kids and relatives occupied most of the high posts. But the once great poetic settlement of White city was now virtually abandoned in favor of “new villages,” made up of wild lands peoples who didn’t care much for poetry.”

It was general knowledge that the offspring of the WMP were surprised the population opted for neo opium rather than intellectual poetry but they and their spies couldn’t stop the sun from setting on their “civilization.” But for a short time back in the 2500s (the first century of the WMP’s rule) it had looked like the WMP and the blue-masked poets were really going somewhere. But alas it stagnated. By its very exclusive nature it stagnated.

So the remaining blue-masks began to die out finally in the White year (it was now 2784), White Year 280) (most had committed suicide). They would be recognized if they tried to go to the wild lands with their voluminous book learning and accents etc. And they had a magic tattoo on their ankle identifying them which they couldn't get off.

So the WMP was promoting new relatives to take over the posts of the deceased blue-masked poets.

The latest news for the heralds was that the WMP put out an epitaph saying there was once a beautiful world of poetry but alas the people didn't want beauty. Once they had a unique civilization. It was a great tragedy they said.

Now in the wild lands with the end of new science society got progressively more backwards...

"A new civilization would be born;" said the White-Masked Poet.

He explained, "A new civilization where art is unique and paramount and everyone would love it.

**PART ELEVEN:  
MIND INTERVIEWS AS A SPY ON  
BALVORIA**

## MIND INTERVIEWS

The local Prince of Enquirers, promoted me to Master Enquirer. The spy hierarchy started with IW Police then spy then Master spy and then Prince/Princess of Spies.

I told the people I interviewed that we were experimenting with MRT and I would like to interview them. It was nothing new as they were subject to MRT several times per year.

So I interviewed many of the leading artists of Balvoria, to get a feel for the place. Of course there were thousands of spies here, it was just a place to get started with my spying career to get used to MRT.. It was easy work but it prepared me for further promotion.

No B.S.; mind reading was for real in a world of illusion and deception.

The love here involved spy love for me and keep the masses happy.

YYD-12 said, “You are old-fashioned. Will you ever marry?”

I said, “Why not with eternal youth you can marry for a year or two.”

She said, “You are so hopelessly backwards...”

I said, “You are telling me you don’t like old-fashioned gentlemen?”

She said, “As they say nice guys finish in slavery.”

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Anyway with these people I was quite welcome and loved.  
I could see why so much good art came from Balvorvia...

## CRAZY HYPOTHETICAL HUMAN

One day I woke up feeling crazy and out of sorts. I told my lover, YYD-12 that, "I think I am going crazy."

And I thought to YYD-12, "That after all I'd been through to now be promoted to the leadership was bizarre to me. It seemed to be a world of pain despite all the drugs."

She thought, "It looks like anything is possible in our world, we are limited only by our imaginations."

But I thought, "The new hypothetical human is crazy,"

YYD-12, my true love, thought, "The hypothetical human is unpredictable is all."

And I thought, "Everything is crazy in space. Clothes, food, occupations, arts."

"Many people just wasted away on drugs or spent all their time in virtual reality," I thought.

And I thought, "A select few of the madmen created who knows what science that will probably make humans obsolete. And many people insisted they were sane, but sanity is not possible in this day and age."

YYD-12 thought, "Where will it end?"

And I thought, “Armageddon seems certain with science out of control even though all science is done under the auspices of the government.”

And I said there is no point pretending it is our world. The world belongs to neo clones, super genius clones.

I thought, “There would be a lot of discord but most people fear the IW police and spies...and “behave.””

But she thought, “The spies put limits on behavior. In essence the Prince or Princess Enquirers are ruling the world at the behest of the Supreme Leader(s)...”

I thought, “Some worlds of course are crazy. But there are good crazy people and also bad ones.”

She thought, “Crazy people are those who have lost control in my books...”

I thought , “Most crazy people are bored with control and rules and kowtowing to a leadership that doesn’t care about them.

She thought, “It is not a perfect world but it is better than the past.”

I thought, “All progress has done is make us more greedy. It is shameful...”

She thought, “What can be done about it?”

I thought, “Our case is hopeless. Science cannot be stopped. Science brings a wonderful life to many today, but what about tomorrow? We are all doomed.”

She thought, “You make it sound so tragic and you are so serious. I think you have to lighten up now and enjoy your new position.”

I thought, “If you are not serious then you don’t really care about humanity and just want to have fun on the drugs. But I feel I can make a difference anyway especially if I get promoted to P. Enq.”

And I thought, "All I can do is try."

She thought, "You try to be a noble, tragic figure, but you seem so sad and pathetic in some ways."

I thought, "It is a struggle."



## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A BALVORIAN WRITER

For my first interview I chose one of the leading writers here, a science fiction writer. I was interested in the future and wondered if I could gain some insights.

Of course as a leading writer he had an exceptionally fine face.

He thought, "Some Balvorians were story tellers. Their stories short and sweet songs 1 minute, stories 1 page, just like you would tell to a friend."

"Or the 1000 person story books." He thought.

I thought, "Science fiction and fantasy were the most popular genre of writing here on Balvoriana... Why is that?"

This writer was writing dystopias. He thought, "There is no way civilization could continue on its present course. It was bound to implode or suffer other mega disasters."

"In history peace seldom lasted long," he thought.

He thought to me, "He imagined star wars and apocalypses of many kinds."

I thought, “Why can’t you look on the bright side?” I mean I am skeptical of the future too but we musn’t give up hope.”

He thought “Many people want tragedy.”

And he thought, “Happy endings are anathema for the modern human, the hypothetical man..”

And he thought, “The sicker the ending is, the more this perverted race likes it.”

I thought, “But what about imagination?”

He said, “Perversity is imaginative.”

I thought, “So what will happen in the future?”

He thought, “Despite many wars and other disasters, humanity will most likely be replaced by super clones.”

I thought, “It doesn’t seem inspirational to me.”

And I thought, “Isn’t there a possibility of today’s clones somehow surviving?”

He said, “It’s impossible.”

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A MUSICIAN ON BALVORIA

My next interview was with a famous musician on Balvoria.

This man was known as a wise man, a future soothsayer...

He was known for his “Tunnel vision” set of songs featuring new types of instruments. His lyrics were all about hope for the future. He was from the tunnels, just visiting the surface.

He thought, “What better job than artist, but in the tunnels they said what was best was the dark side of art and living. And of course new legal creative drugs were developed in the tunnels.”

He thought, “The new creative drugs, would eventually inspire everyone. They had the full backing of the IW police in this.

Also the tunnels deep below the surface of Dvorn produced “dark faces, mysterious faces...”

Soon there would be more I thought, “Science has no conscience. But many of us trusted science and went into space only to find happiness here on Balvoria.”

“Good to work,” he thought. “But most people were lazy and loved parties and drugs.”

“We went from toiling as peasants to neo opiate dreamers. It was bizarre,” I thought.

But he thought, “Many people were confused and didn’t know what to do. So much free time turned out to be a bad thing for them. Many claimed to be unhappy. Some even petitioned the leaders whoever they were to allow them to work more and so go into space with lots of \$G’s.”

I thought, “What kind of people listen to your music?”

He thought, “Dreamers mostly. My music is classic dream music..”

And I thought, “Are you the pied piper?”

He thought, “Of course some young people go crazy about music, but my followers are all mature and sick of pop music.”

## MIND CONVERSATION WITH A PAINTER OF HELL

Then I bumped into a painter, he also lived in the tunnels most of the time and painted what she called, “The Planes of Hell” series.

She painted hundreds of them- 666 to be exact.

Her paintings were like a waking nightmare and many people said they were disconcerted by the paintings...

“Radical artists would be good leaders,” she thought.

I thought, “I can’t imagine.”

“It’s a world of horror, not beauty.” He thought.

I thought, “It’s all up to you whether or not it’s a beautiful world for you. But few people would agree these days that it is a world of horror.”

“Well then they need a wake-up call,” he thought.

I thought, “Do you really believe art is important?”

She thought, “Art is the highest activity of mankind whether old world men or new world men.

I thought, “You will come to a bad end.”

She thought, “The day everyone becomes an artist would be the perfect day for mankind. We approach this perfection on Balvoria.

I thought, “The road to hell is paved with cynics and skeptics and dissidents.”

And I thought, “What are you working on now?”

She thought, “I am painting scenes of the new age devil. No one had stopped me, so I will continue.”

She said she figured. “She was an “Imagination painter.”

I thought, “I have known several ‘dream painters’ who put no effort into marketing their work even though it was brilliant. I bought a few of these paintings.”

She thought, “Yeah it should be easier, but most people don’t understand great art, especially if it comes with a poem.”

And I thought, “I like anything imaginative. It would be good to have more philanthropists helping poor artists.”

And she thought “Most people are not educated properly about art. (except for Balvoria).”

“Some people,” she thought, “live hundreds of years in obscurity and then suddenly come up with great art.”

“What is the biggest challenge facing artists today?” I thought.

She thought, “Every year people’s minds open a little bit more. I couldn’t ask for more; to be honest. Except I wish I could do MRT.

I thought, “People were not born to be honest. Everyone lies a lot.”

She thought she “didn’t lie.”

“Well then you put your own spin on things.” I thought..

She thought, “We are only limited by our imaginations.”

I thought “Many people say that but the whims of the leadership become reality and everyone else’s hopes and dreams are worth nothing.

She thought, “You have to fight it.”

I thought, “But why then do you have all those mad paintings?”

She thought, “In truth it is a world of pain and horror and madness.” She said.

I thought, “I couldn’t agree more.”

## **MIND INTERVIEW WITH A BALVORIAN VIRTUAL MOVIE ACTRESS**

Above all (more than the faces), the Dvorns were known for their short 1 minute films. Many were true stories...

And of course their long 1000 contributor stories, were popular too.

People here loved creativity and almost everyone was involved.

All was available on the Inter World videos and a fee had to be paid. Some renegade states refused to pay as a country entirely however.

But copyright infringement was enforced by the IW police who would give tax penalties to anyone who stole copy rights or patents no matter how many people did it.

I mind interviewed a famous actress...

“How do you feel about virtual actors/actresses?” I thought.

She thought, “It’s all real to me.”

I thought, “You don’t think virtual actresses will replace you?”



She thought, “There’s plenty of roles to go around. No fantasy here on Balvoria, but people are doing art as their role in the script.”

And she thought, “Many men want to meet a real woman anyway, rather than a empty virtual woman.”

“That I can understand,” I thought

But she thought, “All people have their own sex fantasies.”

“Virtual love is perfect, but all love is good with the legal neo-opiates.” She thought.

And she spoke about, “love drugs” that make people enjoy the ecstasy, of drugs and of love.

I thought, “What was your favorite role?”

She thought, “Once I played a woman who hated movies, hated virtual reality and so she ended up in Dvorn.” And that role inspired me to come here where I would still be virtual, but also real..

And she thought, “Another role I played a gorgeous witch who stole man’s hearts and left them crying.”

“It was a good role,” I thought.

I thought, “Couldn’t you act in a deeper role?”

She thought, “I would if I could, but there just don’t seem to be any appropriate scripts. If you can believe it.”

“Life’s not deep,” She thought..

I thought it is intolerable to me to see all these “brilliant clones,” who can’t seem to do any good art here despite being high clones.

A lot of clones were complete failures,” I thought.

She said, “Yes success as an artist is like magic. It is very hard to pin down what it takes to do art. A brilliant clone is not enough. Sometimes experience is more important.

Whereas a lot of these clones are thrust forward to dazzle everyone, only to fail.

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A RELIGIOUS MOVIE DIRECTOR ON DVORN

Religion. Back on Earth about 15% were still religious (5% on Dvorn). But even they wanted to go to space. About half of these religious people, believed in the God of Progress or some other relatively new religion.

But there was a man on Balvoria who called himself the “new prophet.” And he preached go back to Earth and stop this nonsense. God will be unhappy with our greed and madness.” He said. “And bring back love. Don’t abandon our important instincts...” thought he.

And he thought, “And we already almost live in paradise. We should rejoice and be glad.”

And he thought, “And we mustn’t neglect the common man.”

I thought, “These days prophets come and go, but art lasts long.”

He thought, “But I think many of history’s greatest figures were prophets or holy men.”

But I thought, “It’s a new day today. We don’t need demagogues.”

He thought, “I want to make a movie about God today, not yesterday. Today God wants us to be creative and love the worlds he has created.

Anyway he had a following and was watched by the IW police... And finally he disappeared...shortly after I interviewed him.

“Such people had their use though,” I thought to YYD-12...

“Too bad the government was so tyrannical,” I thought.

She thought, “Religion is much older than civilization and pretty much every historical culture had religion. Some say the people need religion, but it was a new day today and people have to face the reality of a creator/aliens..”

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A POP STAR ON BALVORIA

Still using my cover as a journalist, I interviewed a Balvorian pop star. Some people here claimed her different faces were second to none and many men wanted to love her. The men typically lost their head over her

I thought, “How do you feel about popular culture?”

She thought, “Most people like it. I enjoy entertaining people.”

I thought, “But surely there is more to life than just entertainment.”

She thought, “But I do a lot of charity work as well. There are many people with mental problems who need help.”

But I thought, “How does it feel to have so many men go gaga over you?”

She thought, “Most are young men who have strong passions.”

I thought, “I think as belief in God declines on Earth, people need someone to ‘worship.’”

She thought, “There is nothing wrong with adoring people who do good things. In any case you can’t do much good charity work unless you have star power.”

She thought, “Or you are rich.”

I thought, “True, big movements change worlds, but to just struggle alone and without money to help the word is futile.

She thought, “The right approach is the key.”

I thought, “The government must help people more. Especially those with mental problems. Instead of banishing them to horrible planets. The government treats new clones as being, “All or nothing. Right or wrong.”

And I thought, “the experiments were too harsh on them, they needed time to grow and adapt, not simply appear as a great genius.”

I kept in touch with her for the next year, her pop music was becoming very popular. But one day she killed herself. Like so many suicides, the person seemed to be doing alright and then they suddenly snap. We spies could do little about it... It was a tragedy.

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A POET ON BALVORIA

My next interview was with a local poet. I must say that I was down on poetry which was just after all mostly “pretty language.”

I thought, “Plato considered kicking the poets out of his Republic. Indeed many poets just are about pretty language with no meaning. Rhymers especially have no meaning in their poems.”

“What kind of poet are you?” I thought.

“Are you writing ancient rock band songs for the modern age with disturbing lyrics?” I thought.

She thought, “There’s only one kind of poet. Poets ideally seek to inspire people with their poems.”

I thought, “But what poem has ever changed the way people think?”

And I thought, “Just like music stars that everyone adores, largely without meaning...”

And I thought, “There are no more rhymers; they were replaced my modern poetry which is basically still just pretty language.”

But she thought, it is a struggle for a neo poet to live. Hard to get \$G's...

And I thought, "Barely enough to live...What else is new?"

She thought, "To set them to music is brilliant..."

I thought, "Look at Hitler one man can do so much to change the world."

And I thought, "Only one would hope for the better men to drastically change the world for good..."

And she thought, "A poem could do a world of good...like a short short story with ideas."

And I thought, "I'd like to see it."

She thought, "Here's one I just wrote today..."

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Alone

For those who would stand alone  
Know well when to be the aggressor  
And know when to run

And always beware of the nihilists  
They'll bring you down  
And make you suicidal

And know those who seek sanity  
Are insane

There are more nihilists than you think  
And there are more psychos than you think."

You got to surf the waves of insanity  
And avoid being carried out to the  
Unforgiving sea



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I thought, "It was an OK poem, but not something that would change one's life."

She thought, "Life is all about color and amazement."

I said, "You are doomed to die a miserable death."

She thought, "You are a sell out to this evil world."

How disconcerting, I felt to myself...

But she was well-liked here in Balvoria. Some said her poems were deep. But I believed she was too eager to put the world into succinct verse. Perhaps to her ultimate detriment.

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A GEOARCHITECT ON BALVORIA

Of course geoarchitects were constantly designing new worlds in space.

I thought, “Smooth flowing forms. Is that the future of architecture?”

She thought, “Yes no more rectangles...”

I thought, “But it is abstract beauty, wouldn’t you say? Kind of like a beautiful woman with no brain?”

She thought, “Maybe in some future day different forms will have different meaning, but for now it is just abstract beauty.

I thought, “And maybe future architecture will be a living thing that grows and mutates, but that too is in the far future.

And she thought, “Maybe peoples’ brains will live inside statues when they die. who knows?”

And I thought, “Maybe they will have moving pictures on all the buildings that can think as androids...”

But I thought, “Too much money is spent on a “stable design,” and not enough money on intelligence.”

And I thought, “I too want to be famous and many want to emulate me, but you or I are not a God and have to be careful what you do.”

“The future goes to the Gods however,” I thought to her.. And I thought to her, “We are not clever enough to be Gods”

But I thought, “Regarding fame, it is glorious I think, but you’d get sick of it all eventually. It’s a boring world for most. Even you get sick of the creative drugs or the neo opiates. And even with eternal youth.”

She thought, “Don’t generalize. Some have already lived for hundreds of years for example on Balvorica and Planet 169 (Planet 169 was known to attract people over 300 years old).

I thought, “The important thing is the philosophy of the new planets, not the geoarchitecture.”

She thought, “I am sorry to hear that. I thought we were doing quite a good job in terra forming planets and moons while still maintaining the essence of the original world.

I thought, “But still it lacks depth; it is just pretty things.”

She thought, “You set your standards too high. We do the best we can.”

I thought, “It is human destiny to set our standards higher and higher.”

We parted ways after a torrid relationship. She went on to her next project, a world of old, rich people basking in the heat of two suns with a “mature culture.”

The “mature culture” involved trying to raise money for clones of oneself.

People were mad about cloning. It was kind of like they were power-crazed for offspring...

It was known that some people had dozens of clones, all very expensive to be raised by the government.

My parting thoughts to her were, “Some people are too wise for their own good in this society.”

“Watch your step, “I thought to her.

And that was the last I heard from her.

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A SCULPTOR ON BALVORIA

I thought to him, “Your sculpture is wild and imaginative.”

And I thought, “Of course now they are mass producing famous works.”

“But they have no meaning,” I thought. He thought, “There is no meaning to life. No point trying to find a meaning that doesn’t exist.”

“But my work is beautiful, though,” he thought.

He thought “I have sketched had sketched 10s of thousands of statues and then sold them off world.”

And he thought, “Perhaps one day there will be sculptures everywhere due to automation and computer design.

He also worked with thinking statues and ugly statues and virtual statues.

He thought, “One day he hoped to have a catalog of everyone in the universes’ and make automatic statues of all of them, hence preserving and era of beautiful faces.”

“It’s all about conservation,” he thought.

I thought, “But statues in themselves have no meaning.”

He thought, “But combining a great sculpture with a poem can be very deep indeed.

I thought true, but how many can excel at that. It doesn't matter he thought, there is plenty of art to go around here.

“Yes,” thought he but it's art. Art is a challenge, art is an inspiration. Art is to be charming and interesting. “Without art life would be completely dull. To do art is to live.”

We need to “leave our footprints in the sand,” thought he.

“What was your favorite piece?” I thought.

He thought, “One time I made a sculpture with 10 heads. They told me they would put minds in the heads. He thought it was cool,” He said

He explained there were a number of schools of beauty such as dangerous, horrific, loving, ugly, beautiful, inspiring and so on.

He liked all kinds of art,” he thought.

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH ANOTHER WRITER

She thought, “The government has ordered the arrest of most writers who show their wrath about the world today. They hypothetically serve a purpose these dissidents... But are frustrated at every turn.”

She thought, “Some people said they were ‘frustrated’, but most people couldn’t care less.”

“Me me me,” they said.

I thought, “It was like milking a cow dealing with these (mostly) sci-fi great writers... It was the Day of the Clones...”

And I thought, “What is your favorite book?”

He thought, “My own books I like best.”

He thought, for example, “The Road to Heaven” was a sarcastic satire about how everyone thinks they are having a good life and will happily ever after...But the winds of change are blowing and in the future it won’t be good enough to just idly dream every day.

He thought, “All people were all clever and good looking on Balvorica. It was paradise most people agreed...And every-

one had written at least some things. A nation of writer/artists...Everyone had at least a few good stories to tell. And there was a great demand here for good experiences.

And he thought, "People who were considered "Life of the party" were in great demand, and such types had been cloned millions of times. The hypothetical human was a charming, sociable person."

I thought, "Have you ever feared arrest for your views?"

He thought, "I try to control my thoughts and not go too far but it looks like I haven't much time left considering most radical artists disappear."

I thought, "Why not keep your thoughts to yourself and just enjoy life?"

He thought, "I am only happy to be a writer. Nothing else suits me."

I thought, "I am kind of the same way. It is a hard, cruel world when you really think deeply. But I too wouldn't want it any other way."



## INTERVIEW WITH A RETIRED CLONE SCIENTIST

My next interview was with a retired clone scientist. I was keen to learn what he felt about our clone take over.

He thought, “They forced me to retire for not designing good enough clones.”

I thought surely the problem is partly due to cloning only a handful of people too many times.”

He thought, “I am surprised as you are about the clone take over. We replaced ourselves just like that; without fanfare.”

And he thought, “I don’t think they know what they are doing. They kind of adlibbed and lived spontaneously creating a future that will not be suitable for any modern day clone.

And he thought, “Such thoughts will be the death of me, but I can’t control my thinking.”

He thought, “I believe in the “Art of science...” However it was no longer allowed.” He admitted, “He was just another clone...”

And he thought, “But some people accused the IWP of corruption as they had allowed so many clones of the same people and were serving the government of Earth and no one else.”

It’s the “Day of the Clones.” He thought.

“Maybe one day all of the clones will be from the Earth leadership, maybe all just clones of one person.” He thought.

I thought, “Sounds bizarre, but it is a realistic reality.”

He thought, “In any case the new clones were bound to surpass us.”

## IMMORTALITY ON DVORN

As the Romans said, “Art lasts long.” And, as an artist, “you won’t die altogether...”

A long time ago, they replaced organs with stem cells and create new brain matter slowly as you live your life. Quite easy to do (Since AD 2056, now it was AD 2784). Presto. Eternal life. Some religious types however said it was against nature and refused it (they virtually died out). But everyone else could not believe their good fortune.

All the people in the tunnels as well as the surface and the wild lands had eternal youth. But there were a lot of suicides every day, especially in the tunnels. Most other worlds were similar in this regard...

And most types of religious/backwards people were no more.

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I (AGB-14) said to my newest love, CF-7701, a girl from the tunnels, “What was your biggest mistake?”

She said, “Getting marooned in these tunnels with no cash to get to the furthest regions of space. And you?”

I said, “Sometimes I wish I’d stayed in the Forever Maze on Earth pathetic as that may sound...”

She thought, “But this Balvorian society has its strong points...It is maximum creativity and also peaceful and loving for example...”

I thought, Of course it could be worse, it is true. As it is most people in the universe remain ignorant of the artistic skills of the people here. They say they are “anathema” without ever visiting the place.

She thought, “But you can always go deeper and meet even better artist type people.”

And I thought, “I feel there is nowhere for me to go however...”

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And I told my love, “That I was head over heels in love with her.”

She replied that, “Love is all about dominance, submission, perversity and madness.”

“Of course that’s why it’s good,” I thought.

But I thought, “Every new perversion that they come up with is copied. For example sell yourself as a kinky sex slave.”

“Or refuse to have sex except in an orgy. And get people to love you and then dump them unceremoniously telling them you hate them. And so on.”

I thought, “What about living for a thousand years. Imagine how wise you would get.”

She thought, “Something has to break here. The “wisdom is too wise; too many people feel they know more than the leaders on Earth. In history peace never lasted long. Humans are designed for fighting as well as being peaceful.”

I thought, “Immortality is the greatest gift anyone has ever done for the world. Who knows what is next for science?”

She thought, “The future will obviously be about making clones more clever, but finally only the top of the pyramid will survive through clones.”

I thought, “No one seems to care all the ordinary people are on heavy neo opiates every day.

She thought, “They were fooled by bread and circuses, just like in ancient Rome. The Romans knew how to deal with the ordinary man just like the government today.”

## DAILY NEWS ON BALVORIA

And then there was the news. Interstellar news channels had 24 h of different news everyday. So most people just set their computers to receive only certain types of news for perhaps a 1/2 hour. They would program their house computers to do so... Most of the news involved adventure highlights and party highlights...

I was saying to my love, CF-7701. In some off world governments, they paid their citizens money to watch certain news, especially local news and gave tax penalties to those who didn't watch. But most people didn't care about the news which they considered was mainly propaganda. They were apathetic towards government which seemed to be doing fine. Governments wanted the populace to feel apathetic so they wouldn't raise trouble.

Of course there was infinite entertainment on the Inter World Net as well. Such as people in fantasies, video sports, plays and neo movies.

And their homes were covered fully in art. Most Balvorians could always use graphic art reasonably well...

Some scientists who created secret sexes with new sex organs resulted in arrests and exile to the Forever Maze as the spies caught them too.

The murder rate was negligible amongst the Balvorianians. They fought over illegal drugs, however. The police largely ignored this. Most good drugs were legal anyway...

Some people wanted out of Balvoria and had the cash to get out on space freighters. But most people were convinced Balvoria was paradise."

People of Balvoria kept changing. Changing how they looked, how they spoke and all this as they became wiser more intellectual."

And I reflected people of the Forever Maze thought the Maze was paradise too...

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"I wouldn't change my face," I said

My love thought, "She was tired the way I looked."

I was "outré," she said

I thought, "I was proud of my face, and one has to believe in something, not to be overly capricious."

She thought, "Most worlds nowadays require you to play a role in a script or just play the role on whim. Fantasy or reality. What is wrong with that?"

I thought, "Everyone trying to constantly play different roles... It's madness I tell you."

She thought, "You and your backwards Maze. You just can't open your mind can you?"

And I thought, "Don't you think there's more to life than beauty?"

"I believe in love of all kinds of art," She thought, "And yes it is all beauty."

I thought, "You enjoy breaking hearts don't you?"

She thought, “Many men are mentally weak.”

I thought, “Women are supposed to be feminine and nice but all this cloning makes women more like lumberjacks of old.”

She thought, “Things have forever changed for the hypothetical woman. Haven’t you noticed? It is all good.”

I thought, “It’s all madness. The universe is too large... And the fantasies are getting us nowhere.”

She thought, “People like you and I are royalty due to our intelligence in most worlds.”

“Why don’t we go to a backwards Medieval world. You’ll probably like it,” she thought.

I said “I don’t care so much about backwards life so much as improving life as it is. This is why I am happy I left the Maze...”

“Then what’s your problem?” she thought.

“OK,” I thought, “Let’s go to a randomly generated world and see how we do.”

She thought, “They say it’s random but I doubt it. The rulers of the world are always influencing human behavior. The hypothetical human at his/her best is their goal. Or so we hope.”



## MADNESS ON BALVORIA

One day I was with a new lover, TR-555. She was another M. Enq. and she was crazy in love. A pretty good lover.

“Do the spies really care about the people? Does the government?” I thought.

And I thought, “It is a self sustaining system it seems... For machine people.”

And I thought, “The leaders could go on forever...”

My lover, TR-555, thought, “No need for reason, there are even crazy worlds... But such craziness is shut down by the IW Police sooner or later. Crazy people don't know where to go....”

“Everyone has their crazy side,” she thought.

“Madness like everything else gets boring after a while, anyway.” I thought.

And she thought, “Madness is like being a “fish out of water.”

And I thought, “Leaving my home for an abstract art world is nuts, and most of the people there in the maze are crazy too.”

And I thought, “To me the definition of crazy is simply unpredictability and surprises.”

“Every world is like a prison,” she thought. “The longer you stay the worse it gets.”

But I said, “Just because some worlds are not to your liking doesn’t mean you have to go to deep space.”

“It’s called expanding our horizons,” she thought.

“There’s no limit to anything,” she thought. “Including intelligence and other human traits like sexuality and kindness.”

She thought, “Even for the ordinary human.”

And she thought, “Some ordinary humans claim to be hundreds of years old and still going strong. For such people life is paradise.”

“Just like the Maze,” I thought, “Only they live on too long.”

“But they claim to improving the intelligence gene pool.” I thought.

She thought, “Future people will see the light of the future shining brightly.”

I thought some say, “Aliens have shown themselves to get people going into space.”

But I thought, “We apparently haven’t heard from them otherwise...”

“Science seems to have gone as far as it can. But super brains will find new things to invent.” I thought.

“Earth will be a giant museum, as everyone will leave for space,” She thought.

## **PART TWELVE: EARTH**

## TRAVEL TO EARTH

It was a short one week trip to Earth. To go through thousands of light years.

While on the trip, TR-555 said, “It was extremely expensive to buy the technology or pay fares but the government on Earth, subsidizes interstellar space trips... since the government wants to colonize the whole universe. To get from Earth to the limits of the universe only took 20 years now maximum (it was the year AD 2785), due to super fast space drives.”

And she said, “Perhaps the best of the Balvorians have left on air ships. Many on the ships were very bored but they had access to news and entertainment from Earth. And of course they had eternal life if they wanted to live on to a great age.

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I said , “Of course mediocre and foolish clones died out with no money to have offspring and a high suicide rate... No one feels sorry to see them go.”

But she said, “It was said that extensive MRT with hypnosis could turn an ordinary person into someone quite interesting.

And she said, "People who were watched by MRT could be watched automatically and thoughts like "murder" or "rebellion" would alert a IW police officer..."

I said, "It was a kind of brain drain. The most adventurous had already left. With many of the remainder on Earth (clones) as just materialistic average people who were dying out fast and replaced by superior clones. But most people insisted the clones were brilliant since everyone was a clone."

On the trip I watched a show about a 600 year old man who refused to die and kept on living. All his friends disappeared centuries ago but he said the world was wonderful.

She said, "But there were few people so old. On Balvoria only a few thousand were 500 years old. Most got sick of life and committed suicide."

"They need more brilliant clones," TR-555 said. "After all MRT (mind reading technology) worked wonders...Also genetic therapy to "improve your genes..."

"But some people said we have more than enough clever people and the whole situation was getting out of control," Said she

And some said there were far too many clever clones anyway. The problem of course was they were too like one another. Variety is the spice of life."

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I observed to TR-555 that. "Many here had a huge sex drive and potency with pills."

It was a sex world in which everyone was desperate for love..."

As I say, I was accompanied by my female friend, TR-555... Upon arrival here she said to me, "You are so weak-willed and a masochist to boot to believe in love."

I said to her, “Everyone has a masochistic streak in them. We can’t be high all the time. Life is like a giant roller coaster... Yet you only abuse me... What would it take to win your love?”

“What about kinky sex?” I said. “I’ll pay you large sums.”

“Now you are talking.” She said. And she said, “I think I am in love...”

Perversity, some say, makes the world go round...

We wanted to live on to a great age. But this was all hypothetical.

After clearing the spaceport I went to the palace of the “World’s Most Perfect Woman.” But it was said men got bored of her after a few days. People were all spoiled rotten. It was the Age of Boredom.

I gave it a try and told TR-555, “I thought she was an awesome lover. She was also very entertaining.”

TR-555 was “jealous” and in any case “I had to share the World’s Most Perfect Woman with many other men. Men drooled around her. So after a couple of days I gave it up.”

## **EARTH AND SPACE COMPARED FROM “A SURVEY OF WORLDS” BY CVT-76, A.D. 2785**

I knew that, “In space most people had jobs (like Balvoria) whereas on Earth few worked. People in space earned a lot more money than Earth but everything was expensive in space.” So I told TR-555.

I said, “There was a fortune to be made in space however. Even in space there were poor, but space dwellers were generally very well off.”

TR-555 said, “In space people were more useful, most of them having a job and many very rich. Those who controlled the automation were the richest, and also those who bought whole planets for settlement.”

And she said, “A big house, big air car they wanted these things. And as time went by many got still richer and aimed for the stars.

But I said, “Most people on Earth had graphic arts skills, which they developed over the years; some such artists were hundreds of years old. One person films could be made to compete with Balvoria.

My love said, “Some said Earth was a world of fools compared to space. And there were now hundreds and hundreds of settled worlds with many more on the way.”

And she also said, “The combined intellect average was 7.2 on Earth; 9.2 in space. EQ, IQ, Memory Q, Imaginative Q, Kindness Q and so on made the “combined intellect”.

But I knew that most great cloning scientists stayed on Earth where they could get more money... Even though science was banned in general, the science of cloning continued, mostly in secret. I told her I knew this as I was a M.Enq.”

And I told her I knew, “Most people on Earth were not rich compared to space salaries.”

And my lover said said, “These cloning scientists had lots of clones too.”

And I knew spies were, “All over the scientists though making sure they didn’t do anything dangerous.”

I told TR-555 that, “They used MRT (mind reading technology) to help them keep a hold on things as previously mentioned. Cloning was legal and sanctioned by the authorities apparently, if one had the cash. Just as long as they don’t try to make mad freaks for clones.

TR-555 said, “It seems most business was about trade in people and ideas.”

I told the people of Earth about the Maze. “Most didn’t believe it and shunned talking with me considering me to be a pathological liar. Others recoiled in horror...But some said, “It was just another world of fantasy.”



## FANTASY OF THE FLYING PLATFORMS

So I decided to try out with TR-555 a fantasy world to see what I had been missing. I went to a world that was strongly recommended: The Fantasy of the Flying platforms.

This world was ranked #71 of the millions of fantasy worlds' lists. Most of the top worlds were love related worlds. But for IQ status this world's people were #4 out of all the worlds.

Here it was a world of floating platforms... Everyone owned one, but at times you could dock your platform with another or even many. Upon my arrival here we were both given a modest platform and free to fly wherever, but not on the ground as there were "dangerous clones" down there, or so they said to me.

I observed that, "People here were dreamers. They gave some people night stimuli to produce better dreams, , but some people were so good at dreaming they didn't need stimuli."

TR-555 observed, "It was a different kind of fantasy which kind of mixed the unconscious mind with the conscious mind.

And she said her they, "Sleep 2-20 h per day (anti sleep drugs if we wanted them or neo sleeping pills)."

And I said, "It seems that "Platforms" were sized according to your rank and decorated by professionals."

There were also some specialty platforms such as floating libraries where you would go to tell your dreams to the head librarian who would file it on computer. They had millions and millions of dreams here. Or you could just watch it on neo virtual reality TV.

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I was only interested in my own dreams. I know I was selfish but that's the way I had been bred. They called me narcissus boy. I told them I was the way of the future.

Here are some of the dreams I had while I stayed here on the platforms. With the meanings that I interpreted. They said, "You can't interpret your own dreams." But I wouldn't listen to that.

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I took the dream stimuli though...

In the first dream, I dreamt the leaders of Earth had disappeared but the system of spies and computers continued automatically forever and ever. Advanced thinkers were worth nothing. Then in year 4325 A.D.the whole universe blew up in a war fought over trivia and after that civilization declined. A new dark age. I dreamt of destroying suns and planets and rearranging them

But nothing lasts forever; it is just an illusion. But there's no doubt people were too powerful, just like Gods. In such an era people would likely fight continually if only due

to boredom. And they would probably destroy the worlds. War is interesting to many people.

Meaning: War will come again. People are programmed to fight.

Then I dreamt I was trapped in a machine from the future, a giant computer. I had many moods in the machine but it was boring. So this is how holograms must be I concluded. How many minds were in computers?" I wondered.

Meaning: The future holds many surprises.

Then I dreamt I awoke after 10 000 years of continual dreaming. All around me was blackness and no solid ground. With a few blinding lights at irregular intervals. I wondered if they had destroyed the Earth and everything else besides. It seemed I had left my body for good.

Meaning: The far future will be incomprehensible to us.

I dreamt I was 10 men in 10 different places at the same time. A type of monster some said. But it was highly enjoyable... I dreamt they had done brain surgery on me and when I awoke I was like Frankenstein's monster, totally out of control and destructive.

Meaning: People in the future will be bored to just have one mind. But with all those clones of the leadership ultimately one must rule in the end was totally mad like the monster Frankenstein.

All this playing God was bound have serious casualties.

I dreamt I was the only man on a planet of 1000s of women. I had purchased them all from money I had earned as a Geoarch (world builder). They all had to agree to serve me for two years.

The women all begged for my love and talked to me in dulcet, imploring tones...

Meaning: Money still has value even in this day and age.

I dreamt of the Creator and then dreamt of the Creator's creator and so on. It boggles the mind. I awoke from this dream in a cold sweat...

Meaning: We are not smart enough to figure out the universe(s)

I dreamt I was on a world of angry people who were angry about everything.

They hated me and finally killed me. But it was not real death. My killer said it was an act of freedom. I woke up some time later.

Meaning: Hatred is another instinct they will have a lot of problem ending...

I dreamt I loved two women who made me choose one of them. I chose the crazy one believing madness is better than boredom. It is a world of madness I thought.

Meaning: Crazy people are unpredictable in many cases and are a nice break from conformity (many clones were bred to be conformists and loyal to the state).

I dreamt I was standing naked on a plain of colors. Suddenly a light ring surrounded me and then there was another ring around that and another ring around that; total 5 rings.

They said just to get to ring stage 2 you need to get rid of your body... And there were other stages of greater and greater depth. It's all intellectual. I thought I'd rather not.

Meaning: It seemed that humanity was passing away faster and faster.

I dreamed I set up my own world, a world of comedy but the comedians all wanted money and were serious about travel and sex and didn't care for my world at all.

Meaning: Never underestimate the public's greed for travel and sex...

In the dream people were saying there is no reality except perhaps for the leader(s). But some said reality is just an opinion of things that can be looked at in oh so many ways. Some said “it’s all been done” but I insisted far off space was full of surprises.

Meaning: Everything is real, if you can imagine it.

I dreamt of cerebral sex, sex of the mind, just get in each other’s heads with numerous drugs. I said to girls in the dream, “Do you want to have cerebral sex with me?”

Our brains had mostly been altered for maximum pleasure and there were mind orgies.

Meaning: In the future as clones get more and more intelligent, they will give up on normal sex no matter how much drugs they take...

Spies were dreaming with me. To keep an eye on me and I watched them. We were in each other’s heads. Out of an estimated 19 billion people I estimated 0.5 billion were spies. But if you counted the holograms and invisible minds in computers the number of people and spies would be far higher than those figures.

Meaning: Some people feel secure with the spies all over them. Others hope for “a change in the weather.”

I dreamt I had once been a writer but now had been brainwashed through hypnosis... A number of people had been cross-hypnotized and this made them crazy and often had to be banished to rehab. I figured this had happened to me also. Only I was banished to the Forever Maze.

Some spies were hypnotized so as to be protected from probing minds. Their idea of truth did not come out even in MRT.

Meaning: There seemed to be some intrigue in living with people in power having different agendas.

I dreamt of a breakdown of the spy system through dissidence in the leadership itself.

When the regime fell most worlds turned into love worlds which were frantic and insane. As if they would die tomorrow. I envied such people.

Meaning: If the regime falls everyone will be relieved at least temporarily to rid ourselves of the leader(s)' yoke.

While dreaming I felt three opposing forces. One urged me to be a dissident progressive, another to be an elitist and a third to be a fantasy man. It was well known that the government was elitist and anti-progress, but didn't mind the fantasy.

Anyway I was caught in the middle, didn't know which way to turn.

Meaning: It seemed that the leadership was cracking at the seams and there was intrigue...

I dreamt of a world of scents. Enhanced smelling capacity for all and the subtleties of scents.

Meaning It won't come to pass as the government is getting rid of old instincts. The government doesn't care how much we cherish our instincts; they are a group/person who was completely mad. Mad in a bad way.

The best thing about dreams is you can't be held accountable some said, but others said thought crimes of any kind deserve punishment.

It was common to exchange dreams on the brain network... in order to escape punishment. Even to add  $\frac{1}{4}$  or  $\frac{1}{2}$  of another's brain.

Meaning: Life had never had less privacy, even in hunter-gatherer days. It was just another factor driving people mad.

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I shared these dreams briefly with other people on other platforms. They said I was too far out, too serious. “That life is for enjoying, dreams are to be enjoyed.”

They wanted to share their dreams with me but I refused. Maybe it was just a stereotype but I figured the people here were mostly lotus eaters. Wasters... Going nowhere...

## REUNITED WITH GIRL JK-59

Surprisingly on my dream platform I met girl JK-59 from the Forever Maze. She thought she'd look me up and here we were together again. Of course she'd changed her face and body and voice, but it was her alright. She said she found the spaceport on the Maze world and got out that way. Only a few hundred had escaped she estimated.

She thought, "I was inspired by you."

But things had changed and now she was an elitist, whereas I was a progressive. And we were no longer innocent like we were in the Maze. "People change" I said.

She thought, "I know you are an idealist. You want to be a super human but you haven't got the guts to change."

I said to change yourself completely is suicide."

She thought, "Well I am going to try it anyway. Throw caution to the winds."

We had cerebral MRT sex with each other but it wasn't the same as in the Maze days when everyone was desperate for love. I told her she wasn't good enough for me anymore.

Anyway we were both disappointed in each other. And after a few days she left me forever.



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So much for the fantasy. I had seen enough to know it wasn't for me.

## **PART THIRTEEN: EARTH PEOPLE**

## PEOPLE OF EARTH; AN OVERVIEW

Here on Earth, most people are happy with part time work in service jobs... Or indeed no work at all.

Some people thought and wondered what the point of making money is when you already have free food, free housing, free drugs and free entertainment...

I fell into conversation with one Earthling, his name was ZW-445. He said, "Our real world has no more science. They claimed they didn't need any more science as it all had been done. As much as a human could do. As much as a hypothetical human could do."

He was angry about "Tax incentives are a big part of the economy. For example you would get money from the government if you used your time wisely, used creative pills only, used subsidized space travel, were loyal and so on."

And he was mad about opting for a single happy life which also brought subsidies. After all the government was rich from automation...

But I said, “You could petition the government if it was important...” But no one knew who the leader(s) is/are as already mentioned.

In any case I was bored and I asked him, “Where are all the hippest parties? He told me “Party Inc.” was where it was at. It required a hefty fee to join but all the best parties were there.

So I went to one of their parties and quickly realized it was just about drugs and conversation with other clever people. Many of them partied everyday... Most spent time in fantasies every day.

I asked some people, “What they thought about the government?”

They told me it was “a taboo subject.”

One man said, “They said spies were everywhere and those who spoke deprecatingly about the powers that be, soon disappeared.”

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In any case ZZW-445 told me, “People were forever grateful that they had been given eternal youth. And little work to do. They said Earth was paradise.”

And he said, “Many of the best minds had left Earth. But they were producing thousands of brilliant clones every year. it was still a very rich planet. No one starved on Earth...”

And he said, “In general it was Earth scientists who designed most of the new space drives... But now people were starting to say it was fast enough. No need for faster space drives.”

“And no need for new drugs etc. He said.

I said, “Some people said space cities were too cramped and uncomfortable and the voyages even more so. But most thought conditions were reasonable. It takes an open mind to

get to space as well as a lot of G\$'s And I claimed to have, "Soul mates all over the universe through super speed Internet signals. So they need not travel... One could even make love virtually across space."

## CLONES ON EARTH

Everyone knew, "It was the Day of the Clones."

I observed, "Many experiments and tests. But being born with an adult body and no memories or even with memories often turned out badly. They needed to send them to a testing ground to make sure they were "sane."

And they, "Changed faces, no memories... They were experimenting to see what happens. One man told me, "The prevailing rumor is that many of all clones were genetics from the leadership of Earth who were said to be just 8 people. The Octagonal government."

I said, "Some said there were far too many clones but many of such people "disappeared," who knows where?"

And I said "False memories to some clones. In some cases driving them crazy..."

I was one of those who had been born with few memories, a grade 3 education perhaps.

Some have no idea who their cloned mother/father was, generally speaking.

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They asked me, “If I wanted a clone? Of course it would be expensive, but I agreed to create one, a female with my brain. Kinky I thought.”

And I told TR-555 “I wanted to visit my own clone parent... One day...”

She said, “They said the clones must undergo a lot of testing and training. Sometimes it is a hopeless case in which case they would be sent to rehab they said.”

I said, “They said it takes two years generally for a clone to mature and fit in.”

We learned that, “Each new generation was just 2-5 years with clones... That is 2-5 years to make them an experienced adult. About 2/3 needed to go to rehab first according to government “statistics.”

The Supreme Court of Earth decides who should be judged via their minions (the Prince/Princess Enquirers and the Master Enquirers) and sent to the Maze/Prison planet/space/rehab and who deserves a promotion. I however hoped that I could be a good “Master Enquirer,” It seemed challenging.

TR-555 observed, “Fate is determined by your behavior and hypnotism and MRT (mind reading technology).”

And she said, “It was clear the Master Enquirers also decide who goes to space and who does not after consulting with the International World Police.

I observed, “The Enquirers judgment was always final.”

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And they told me, “All clones were given a different face and voice. Impossible to tell if they are the same clone unless you find matching DNA. But this is highly unlikely for an ordinary clone to find out.”

TR-555 told me, “The top 100 clones in terms of numbers were mostly from a handful of leaders. Some claimed there were far too many clones and that individuals were disappearing to places like the maze even though all of those in the maze were clones.

I told TR-555, “That some problematic cases were sent to “testing worlds” like the Forever Maze. To see what their mettle was. It was hard to escape, unless you truly thought differently...But I had to also go through the ordeal of the caves.”

I felt, “I had really suffered a lot.”

“It seemed to me that I had met here many clones that were just like me. But I tried to speak with them but they told me they sought variety instead. But I was proud of the one clone I purchased myself,” I told TR-555.”

She said, “She wouldn’t want a child in this world milieu (of course even those hundreds of years old still could have a clone but most were sterile.)”

I said, “They alter all clones to make them at least a little different from each other but anyway they are mostly virtual geniuses and hard to predict.

And TR-555 lied about her age saying she was just 80. I suspected she was several hundreds of years old. I apparently was only about 50, but no one could tell me for sure.

TR-555 said it was Female/male 50/50 in terms of numbers and this was important...

She said, “The vast majority in space were brilliant genius clones. But many said these clones had not stood the test of time and needed to be experimented with...”

And she said, “Better to clone a super genius 100 times than have an ordinary man uncloned. Who could dispute that?”



I said, “We are all freaks...

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I said it was a case of, “Perfect love with a female with the same brain.. in MRT.”

And I said, “I saw merit in the “clone factories...” Clone all the interesting people...

I talked with TR-555 about “Clones of dead people as well. Dig up their bones and take their DNA....

She said, “It only takes one week to produce a clone...

I said, “Rumor had it that if you died in the real world you might be cloned if you were good...This led to reckless behavior... And people didn’t worry about their progeny, as all children were clones; this was impossible; no more children, just clones, except in a few places like Balvoria. Since 2738 mostly people did service jobs and wanted to buy a clone but they were expensive.

I said, “But it was starting to look that the party was for everyone. “Let the good times roll.””

## NEW BEGINNING

And so I prepared to begin my post as Master Enquirer...

The interviews were to take place on Earth. And I would interview about 6 people per day.

TR-555 said, "I would do anything to keep you here. I have never loved like this before."

And I said, "Don't worry, I am staying here and have a lot of free time available."

I said, "You are a beauty queen who is clever. I am deeply in love with you."

And I said, "Everyone is beautiful..." But I feel I am unique.

"That's why I love you," she said. But she said, "But some worlds are not terra formed and people must toil for years to get the planet ready for living..."

And she said, "And many people these days fear hard work...Me for instance. I would go to the stars if you came with me..."

I said, "People know very little about space anyway..."

And I said, "All knowledge is just hypothetical..."

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I said, "The people here are vain. I'm tired of their superficial beauty."

She said, "I pity you. There's no perfect world anywhere. So your search is 'in vain.'"

I said, "Drugs and intelligent camaraderie is all I've ever needed. But it is hard to find good mates."

She said, "Hopeless people such as your self make good slaves."

I said, "You should try and go to the Maze."

She said, "I would be bored by the lack of drugs and entertainment as well as the lack of women you have described."

I said, "Well we had some music (flute and drum) and sculptures and everywhere storytelling..."

And I added, "Everywhere people put themselves in cages and limit their own freedom. At least in the maze virtually all were free..."

And I said, "But you people need to work and struggle for drugs you don't need. And material possessions you don't need."

But she said, "What is the Maze if not a giant prison?"

And she stated, "Your people of the Maze are not even educated except how to speak. It sounds so atavistic. No way to educate yourself in the Maze."

"But also," I said, "Space is imaginative with many of our best thinkers there, who are free to travel anywhere."

I said, "Most of the interstellar voyages have a long building period to develop their cities, and when they are finished their civilization is much like Earth and they still get most of their entertainment from Earth by power beams."

She said, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

I said, "People who go into space are mostly running away from Earth and feel the grass is always greener..."

And I said, “Many just go from drug bar to drug bar, planet to planet.”

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And I said to her, “Perhaps you could join me one day in my Maze home. We would be so happy together...”

“What? She asked. “With no eternal youth or modern conveniences? You have to be crazy.”

I said, “Your so-called fantasy worlds are boring. I’m tired of having to try and blend in with people who do not have an open mind. And watching them.”

“I wish I could be born again and have different experiences.” I said.

“Perhaps that could be arranged,” she said.

“I wish that I could have been educated to be creative, totally creative...” I replied.

And I told her to change her face more often, as I was getting bored with the ones she selected.

**PART FOURTEEN: THE MASTER  
ENQUIRER, JUNE 2785**

## THE MASTER ENQUIRER

Upon arrival at sector 17 on Earth, I had a mind reading session with a government official, a Princess Enquirer, who was in charge of some Master Enquirers. She said, “As Master Enquirer I was in charge of hundreds of spies and would personally get in the minds of bad or important people and pass judgment on them.”

The conversation was intense and she thought finally that, “Henceforth I would be one of those in charge of MRT (mind reading technology) on wayward people and brilliant people through out the continent of North Aesop on Earth.”

She thought, “Of course also the MRT could be used Online. So I was also in charge of many people on planets and moons beyond Earth.”

She emphasized, “The most important part of the mission was to stop and to watch scientists or pseudo-science... And dissidents too needed to be watched...”

“As part of my mission, I was to take not so many drugs...except for the so-called “creativity drug series.” She said.

“It was serious work...” I told TR-555.

I thought, “The more people take strong panacea type drugs, the more boring the world gets. But that means less crime for a spy to deal with.

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During the course of preparing my work, I spoke again with TR-555, I asked her, “What planets do you prefer?”

She answered, “All the love worlds... We don’t have many problems with them. Why don’t you join me?”

I thought, “I want to find out what all worlds are about.”

And she thought, “No energy boosts, no mutual drugs, no flowers and no neo scents, neo sweets, no courtship and no romance. I believe in instant gratification. Instant love. Instant love on Earth.”

“Still” she thought, “People have problems in the love worlds... Some are driven mad by love or broken hearts.”

“Yes, but they are the most peaceful worlds on the whole,” I thought.

She thought,, “Greed of all kinds has created most of our problems. There is no way we need to settle so many worlds.”

She thought, “Rule of the rich clones is what disturbs me the most...”

## FATE OF THOSE JUDGED

My P.Enq. reminded me, “That there were many old clones, but now they had become “obsolete.” As time went by each year they would take the best new clones and banish the backwards ones. It was my job to take care of the backwards cases.”

I spoke with a government scientist who told me, “That only 1 of 1000 clones was ultimately successful. It was traumatic to be born in an adults body with no memories or indeed someone else’s memories.

And the scientist told me, “Of course, In many cases hypnosis therapy was used again and again to get them to be all they can be...The hypothetical human.”

But I was prohibited from speaking about government science.

And she said, “Of course many people also had problems with the constant changes here on Earth. Everything was changeable. Body color, body shape, face, personality, change of location, change of fantasy worlds, change lovers and friends... Also change your voice, height and even your gender.”



I said, "To change yourself so dramatically would only lead to loss of who you were and a chaotic world milieu."

She said,, "It was the "Day of the Clones;" Others said it was the "Day of Changes... Still others claimed it was the "Days of Truth."

TR-555 said, "She wanted to take some time off before beginning to mind read with the wayward people." Many took time off for rehab since they weren't feeling well... Many of us were trying to be perfect and failed.

Promotions typically involved a lot of G\$ and/or promotion to Prince/Princess Enquirer."

The P.Enq. told me "Most people sent away were manically depressed and insane."

And she said, "Only 3 people had ever left the Cave Planet Prison, rather the vast majority died in fighting/from cannibals and disease."

And also she said, "Only a few hundreds made it out of the Forever Maze..."

I told TR-555, "As Master Enquirers We had to condemn many people. This did not sit well with me, but I was determined to give it my best shot. In any case I planned to promote a lot of good people as well.."

The P.Enq. pointed out that "In studying former case studies, it appeared that many of them blamed a lack of education as leading to their downfall. They simply didn't know what reality is, they said."

The P. Enq. also said, "They often met people with same ideas and knew they were clones, and this disturbed them and made them crazy... The human intellect is fragile."

Basically the P.Enq said, "The majority of problem cases were hopelessly malfunctioning clones, often they were dangerous ones. But I was to deal with more borderline cases."

My P. Enq. told me, “My long term goal was to search the universe on cyberspace with MRT to find out the limits and limitations of mankind. The essence of the hypothetical human.” I was to do mind interviews of a cross section of unusual people...”

I reminded myself that anything is possible and I tried to keep an open mind.

And she said, “All spies were clones, just like the malfunctioning clones only more deft in dealing with life and its vicissitudes.”

The government spies had promoted me and thought I was a “genius,” at finding dissent, being a former dissident myself in the Forever Maze.

There was nobody around to suggest I was a “sell out.”

I told TR-555 that, “Sometimes a genius has just one scientific discovery, sometimes, like Boriskov in the 2400s who had a breakthrough related to the space drive. Most geniuses used to be in science, but there is always room for a genius in the arts but there was not much business with everything automated.

Or a genius spy... Some say it is the “Day of the Spies,” not the “Day of the Clones.”

Some don’t know they are geniuses. But they feel they don’t fit in to society. These people have to be carefully watched.

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I told TR-555, that as a man, I have thought of myself as still superfluous. I was pessimistic that I could do good work.”

And I said, “My feeling has always been that I am a superfluous man, in the Maze, in the caves, in Balvorica and then

Earth, I've always not fit in with any job I have done. But maybe spying was the career for me....”

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TR-555 said, “I feel I you are a strange man.”

And she said, “Society looks down on “weirdoes and strangers...”

I said, “But strange people can be interesting and color our world....In any case it is a strange universe. And spies in particular try to be different all the time.”

“Weird attracts weird...” I said.

“Are all geniuses weird?” I asked her.

She said, No some can play any decent role that is required, and do it in normal fashion.. Basically they are open-minded,” She told me.

I said, “The bigger the dream the better the reality...”

She said, “Society approaches perfection. But I wondered if it wasn't the exact opposite. We are approaching the limits of humanity; the hypothetical human.”

And she said, “Others said the judgments of old clones were faulty and unfair. But it couldn't be helped; they needed to follow the system.”

**PART FIFTEEN: A MIND SURVEY OF  
THE UNIVERSE, JULY 2785**

## INTERVIEW WITH AN “ANTHROPOLOGIST”

Here on Earth some scientists were involved in secret programs to use ancient bones to clone those who had died thousands or even millions of years ago. They also put human brains in apes. With a voice box included. These scientists told each other there was no difference between those who had died millions of years ago and human beings other than looks and culture.

The head scientist had slipped through the cracks and did his research illegally over a period of almost a year before finally MRT and the spies caught him.

When it was exposed, many spies were disconcerted by this world.

Suddenly there were a lot of spies here. We were all disconcerted. A number of spies said it was just a freak show. Others said it undermined humanity.

I interviewed the head scientist of this planet...

I, AGB-14, thought, “This is a disgrace to humanity.”

He thought. “It’s our heritage. What’s the matter, don’t you like the facts?”

I thought, “I can tell by your thoughts that you have a very dim view of humans.

He thought, “You mean a dim view of modern, identical clones? Yes I do.”

And he thought, “Cloning famous people is good.”

I thought, “If you don’t like to follow the rules, you must go elsewhere. I’m sending you away to the Cave Prison planet and closing down this research center.”

I felt kind of guilty sending him away but I was under pressure from my Princess Enquirer (my boss).

Actually I thought it was interesting research and I suspected the Earth secret scientists had already been at work cloning historical persona.

It wasn’t fair and it depressed me.

## INTERVIEW WITH A GOVERNMENT REPRESENTATIVE

Then I talked with a government bureaucrat. “She had the look.” She had come to our attention by telling us about potentially problem people in her city. Even though we used MRT on everyone once or twice a year, in the mean time some people can go astray. In half a year a lot can happen and everyone makes mistakes. Some felt the spies were too intolerant.

I thought, “With the spies there is no more war.”

And she thought, “Some say there’s nothing as exciting in this world than war. But such people are sickos.”

I thought, “I agree.”

And I thought, “Due to spying, there are hundreds of settled planets and none of them have had a military in their history (now it was AD 2785).”

And I thought, “The spies won’t allow military. No more military they said. Just the spies to keep order on behalf of the rulers/ruler.”

I thought, “Amazing how men used to march off to war even if the war was unjust. We were well beyond that now.”

She thought, "If you can get them to fight useless wars you can make them do anything. Why not have a world where people think for themselves and are all pacifists?"

I thought, "Some worry about a race of thinkers saying it would be chaos and madness."

But I thought, "With all these new clones life is more intellectual."

She thought, "I try my best but feel this world is futile to try and change."

And I thought, "As for you we feel you've done good work blowing the whistle on potential war mongers and are promoting you to be a spy." And I thought, "We need to hypnotize you first however. .



## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A CHARITY WORKER

My next interview was with a rare charity worker. Of course these days, everyone had food, housing and free entertainment. But there were a lot of profoundly sad people.

Like all women today she was good looking but she was also unusually kind. Hard to find a kind woman these days.

She thought, "The world still needs charity... Some people are poorly educated in the Arts. And so many people want more education. And many people have serious mental problems from the "stress of life."

She thought, "Stress causes a lot of suicides. And much of her work was with people who have mental problems"

I, AGB-14, thought, "I like your face it evokes kindness and there is not enough kindness in our world."

She thought, "I had a good designer and I never change my face, unlike so many others so I am easily recognized by numerous people."

I thought, "How can we make the world more kind?"

She thought, "You need to promote kind people to positions of power. It is the only way real change will come."

And I thought, “So now charity workers help people with mental problems even though they have mental problems themselves.”

I thought, “Anyway, many people are depressed and need help it is true. From probing your mind I can understand you care deeply about people. So I am giving you a grant of 100 billion \$G’s to help with your cause.”

She thought, “I feel relieved. I thought I would be punished here... It is a cruel world but some people are generous such as you.”

I thought, “Good luck to you...”

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH AN OLD MAN, 500 YEARS OLD

He was one of the oldest people in the world. But he had eternal youth and felt he wanted to live another 500.

I thought, “How do you feel about your life in retrospect?”

He said, “No regrets. But I still wish I had done more than I did.”

But I thought to him, “Surely you’ve done it all in 500 years....”

He thought, “Yes, especially with so many clones; I’ve had a lot of clones. But there are a lot of interesting places to go. New worlds are being started everyday... I’ve even started a few worlds myself...”

I thought, “Yes, the government feels you are an inspiration as one of the best and oldest (now 2785, born 2285)

And I thought, “Many people commit suicide and leave their clones behind them. We support longevity that is stable and good.”

And I thought, “What is the secret of longevity?”

He thought, “Well with eternal life many thought they could live forever but most get bored with it eventually and want to die. Humans just aren’t programmed to life forever.”

I thought, “Maybe we should reprogram their DNA and brain.”

I thought, “But you are an inspiration to us all and so, I am therefore awarding you a grant of half a zillion G’s to use as you wish. You deserve it.”

And I thought, “Good luck.”

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A WOULD-BE “SUPERHUMAN”

IWP police try and make sure super people don't happen illicitly. It is against the law.

Anyway it was rumored that secretly some supermen had been developed, but they weren't interested in the affairs of mortals and wanted to peacefully go into deep space. But this was only a rumor. Some said the chief of the IW Police was himself a superman.

Spies were on the look out for altered DNA. They caught almost all the those with “altered DNA” and sent them to the Maze or some other kind of banishment.

One such “super man” was stopped at a space port for altered DNA.

So it was up to me to interview him...

“Are you really a super man?” I thought.

He thought, “I am just very intelligent. There's no limit to intelligence.”

I thought, “But I thought a person such as you creates dissent and problems which are unwelcome.”

He thought, “There’s room for improvement in this world. He was a superhuman artist,” he thought.

And he thought, “Many people think all super humans must be scientists but that is not so.

I thought I looked at your art and didn’t really understand it. You just make people feel bad.” And I thought, “You are too smart for your own good, so I am sending you to The Forever Maze. I am sorry but the world has no space for you.”

He thought, “It is not fair. Give me a chance to prove my usefulness.”

I thought, “It’s too dangerous. They shouldn’t have released you into society.”

And I thought to myself, I could always go back to the maze. Yet I felt guilty when I sentenced people to the maze. But I worried if I went back I would lose my memories and lose eternal youth as well.

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A FANTASY DEBASER

He was “a sporting man.” But he organized many “suicidal worlds” in which many of the players could die for real on virtual reality machines. Death was irrevocable.

Some were just injured. For example if you broke your leg in the dream you broke it for real and needed robots to service you. A broken bone could heal in one day....

Many neo sports were violent and crazy...

And you could die in battle or die in some other world.

But some were on a suicidal mission... To die gloriously...

These people got their wish and disappeared... apparently dead.

Battles were popular from all historic periods, but now the government spies had eliminated many of these past time “hells” and “empty” worlds...

We had been watching this battle-crazed man for some time now.

I mind interviewed him... “I thought, “You are guilty of mass murder.”

He thought, “All my battle worlds were optional to all the players.”

I thought, “You take advantage of desperate people or people who just want thrills. They don’t realize what they are getting into.”

And I thought, “I am disgusted that you think life is so cheap.”

He said, “People are bored and like to take risks. That’s all these fantasy worlds are.”

And I thought, “Too many clone people lose themselves in fantasy worlds. From now on no more violence...”

And I thought, “We want people, especially our best people, to live on. We don’t want a death cult such as you have apparently set up.”

So I pronounced him, “guilty.” And I thought, “I am sending you to the Cave Prison planet where you can’t hurt the world order. And I am closing down your fantasy world.”



## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A DANGEROUS SCIENTIST

X was considered a dangerous man...

Some said, "In the future scientists will be the dangerous ones... But most science today (AD 2785) is frozen as it is and is illegal to try and do scientific research... It has been frozen since 2735... But everyone knew the government continued various branches of scientific research."

He thought, "I know that. Those who do science will have a tracker implant to listen to dialog and then record their work. But the work seemed important to me and I've given much of my life for it." MRT was used on all scientists regularly. But he and his microbiological research, "slipped through the cracks" so to say.

And I thought, "We've read your mind and determined that the micro biotic science you are doing is a dangerous breach of the law so we are sending you away to the Forever Maze."

And I thought, "How did you ever think you would get away with it?"

And he thought, “The micro world is the future. And he was making invisible art and creatures with quite an advanced brain.

I thought, “But it was highly dangerous and anyone who tried to do microbiology, ‘disappeared.’ Just like you. So I am sending you to the Forever Maze.”

And I thought, “You failed to follow the scientific laws.”

He thought, “It is not fair, government scientists are given every luxury and help but if you don’t brown nose you can’t work in science.”

I said, “The world has never been fair, it is always the rule of the strong, not necessarily rule of the clever.”

But personally I felt for the man. It really did seem that many of our best people were banished while others prospered.

But we couldn’t allow millions of scientists; it would all be out of control and dangerous. In this case the scientist was not watched carefully enough. We should have caught him long before with MRT.

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A JOKER

A ship filled with funny people were headed for edge of universe a journey of several years, but they couldn't stand it finally and picked a nearby desert planet. And many returned to Earth in the space ship.

They thought, "Life is a joke and what does it matter which planet we live on?"

Personally I thought life was ridiculous for all I'd been through. But I interviewed one such joker on the interweb.

I thought, "Of course you want to surround yourself with funny people."

"Others say the world is so light-hearted they can't stand it."

He, this joker thought, "Meaning is love, children, career, future and God for some, but these people were all lost.

He thought, "I dare you to make anything meaningful..."

I thought, "Do you really believe that life is a joke?"

And he thought, "Well as they say you can laugh or you can cry."

I thought, "You sound serious."

He thought, "Many comedians are serious about comedy."

I thought, “But many people are so full of themselves, even though relative to the universe we are all quite small. Evolution has created a lot of serious people however.”

He thought, “I envision a world of heads in which everyone loses their body and just has a floating head. This would make people more cerebral.”

Then I talked with this self-proclaimed joker about how serious the people of Earth were...

He thought, “Most people are too serious. They should lighten up.”

And he thought, “There was no need to endlessly work just to afford a big home and air car.”

And I thought, “Yes, large homes are not needed. But many people like to work hard to afford one. You can’t change human nature so easily.”

And I thought, “Some believe in Gods who will save them. But such people are often trouble makers...”

And I thought, “But materialism is the God now and also the God of Progress.”

But he thought, “Life is a maze no telling where it will lead.”

And he thought, “But life in your Forever Maze that you keep talking about, is hopelessly primitive and you know it.”

I thought to him, “Comedy can go too far. You have disgraced the UW leadership with your satires, all for your own gratification.”

And I thought, “You depress all those around you... with your apocalyptic ideas and black sense of humor.”

And I thought, “So I am sending you to the Forever Maze. Have a nice trip...”

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A SPY WHO FELL FROM GRACE

Then another subject was a spy who had been fired for non-governmentally approved activities. Many spies felt uncomfortable giving out harsh judgments to intellectuals, but that is what I basically did. It was hard as the P. Enquirers were watching us closely. It seemed we M. Enquirers were in a cage ourselves and had to dance through hoops for the benefit of our leaders.

She was another attractive personality, I wanted to love her.

She thought, "I hate life yet I go on living. It is hard to get up everyday."

And she thought, "I am disappointed that this world is so cliquey and greedy and selfish. As a spy I sent many people to their doom and I feel guilty about that."

I, AGB-14, thought, "Well if you are going to critique humanity it will be a long list."

She thought, "This world of Earth is hopeless. One person alone can do nothing about it."

I thought, "Yet do not give up hope."

She thought, “What is hope to me? Hope for more of the same? Hope is like poison; it tortures you, it deranges you.”

I thought, “But in the future it will be harder than ever to make a difference. Why not go to a relatively poor planet now and make a small difference.”

She thought, “I’m going to write a book, ‘Jerks of the Modern Age.’”

And she thought, “There are many candidates for the book. Jerks screw each other over all the time...”

She thought, “They pretend to be in love, they have no kids, go traveling and meet no one, they are apathetic about the world, don’t read, not even the news and above all they are dull and they are fools in virtual reality.”

I thought, “Well I concur that it is a world of nonsense, but it doesn’t have to be.”

And I thought, “I would like to write a ‘Book of Arresting Liars.’” I think that is the biggest problem: dishonesty. People have no one to blame but themselves for being deceitful and greedy. The spies will root them all out.”

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She thought, “Some people if they were truly free they would probably kill themselves. It’s just the way people are. Sometimes people are jealous of one another but are afraid to be free. Instead they destroy themselves by playing it safe.”

I thought, “Yeah freedom is underrated.”

She thought, “Some say anything can happen in the future, but in fact it will probably be more of the same. It is unlikely anyone would want everyone to be a genius and a thinker. They don’t have good education anyway. And the “elite” guard their own territory.”

I thought, “I think the cleverest will take control in the future and we will live happily ever after. After all foolish hu-

mans have died out as there are no more children. True almost everyone has eternal youth, but there are many suicides. Now all suicides are clones.”

I thought, “But it is likely that peace will stay for hundreds of years.” But I thought, “However, we must celebrate how far we’ve come from days of barbarism.”

And she thought, “New barbarians are what we need. Imaginative, wild people.”

I thought, “Maybe the scientists will take control or maybe the business people... Who knows...?”

She thought, “Most likely the greedy and the power-crazed will keep control...”

I thought, “But it seems the spies have it all wrapped up at least for the moment.”

And she thought, “Yes in the past, many evil leaders have come to power, some in democracies (like Hitler and Boston and Fann) others in popular uprisings. No end to dictatorship in the past and we basically live in a dictatorship today of the Great Empire of Worlds, or so it seems.

And she thought, “Most political problems are related to intolerance as far as I can see. And the Earth dictatorship could drive the whole world into a catastrophic war. The spies can’t catch everyone some people say...”

And she thought, “And who is watching the leaders? No MRT for them.”

But I thought, “But the spies carefully watch other spies with MRT.”

And she thought, “But there are more and more people caught doing illicit things. They chafe at being controlled so much. The population of the Forever Maze is full.”

And I thought, “And some have lived a long life and feel they have nothing to lose by being dissenters.”

And I thought, "Yes people give up too easily on making a difference. But ultimately the powers that be punish many of those who try to change their world. In my days in the "Enquiry" I am sending many fine people to their doom."

And I thought, "Look on the bright side things are getting better at least these days..."

She thought, "They have some progress, but I feel things are the same as ever..."

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And I thought, "I know that you complain too much..."

She thought, "But if no one complains nothing gets done..."

I thought, "I never want to complain. I'd rather strive to improve instead."

She thought, "Some say we are on the road to hell..."

And she thought, "People disdain life and yet love it too..."

I thought, "Many of our best people are destined to fail... Success means nothing to them..."

And she thought, "And many people are phony... And I guess most people could be best described as simple... Even clones due to their bad education."

And she thought, "You are driving me insane with your mind probe."

And I thought, "Your obstreperous behavior leaves me no choice but to send you to the Rehab planet I hope you can write poems and be happy one day."

And I thought, "I am sad to send you away, to rehab. I am sad to have this job with other spies breathing down my neck, I have no freedom to allow one such as you to pass muster."



And I thought, “Personally I wish you luck. Just try to accept the world as it is a little more. We are all in the same boat...”



## MIND INTERVIEW WITH ANOTHER FORMER SPY

She was a former agent on Planet QWS-15, who had just quit. Quitting was frowned upon as an ex-spy knew too much. She had an exotic look and I wanted to love her but I was being watched. There was no better romance than loving spies, I thought to myself.

She thought, "Why be "useful?"

And she thought, "We are all lost whether we admit it or not. We could call these worlds the "Lands of the Lost."

I thought, "Keep on changing your face and the world will go your way, you'll see."

I thought, "For most people to have plenty of drugs is fine and no need to feel useful."

She thought, "Where will it end? I feel we are all just machines..."

And she thought, "To tell a "machine man" that you love them seems bizarre..."

She thought, "Instead of going headlong into space we should make sure everyone gets an imaginative education."

This would make the world and space more interesting. Make us all we can be; “The Hypothetical Human.””

And she thought, “I am well versed in the art of love and I am very imaginative. I could write curricula.”

I thought, “I don’t believe we have “machine men” but people have always been mostly conformist- even the clever ones.”

She thought, “Maybe being lost is the best way to be. Maybe better to keep searching for a better life and never give up.”

And I thought, “Some say searching your whole life for happiness is madness, but sometimes you meet dynamic, interesting people.”

She thought, “I feel there’s no hope for me. I traveled everywhere. I loved the best men. But I am still not satisfied.”

I thought, “Society teaches people to be greedy and by nature many people are so greedy it hurts them. But I personally like fastidious women... I love greedy women more than I love myself... In fact...”

And I thought, “But the new world allows you to contact the best via Internet. And the new space drives take you into deep space in the blink of an eye. Even virtual sex. What could be better than that?”

She thought, “In the future many people will be crazy and admit it. Anything goes for the people of the future. Crazy means unique.”

I thought, “Or will it all be about conformity...? The jury is still out...”

Anyway I thought, “We’ve been watching you. Your wit is razor sharp, but you are against what you call the machine that is society. Your performances are an embarrassment...”

I thought, “I am sending you to the Forever Maze. Perhaps you will find happiness there. As it is you just depress everyone around you. You are unfortunately on the wrong side.”

**PART SIXTEEN: MIND INTERVIEW  
OF PEOPLE CONTINUES, AUGUST  
2785**

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A WAYWARD ASTRONOMER

She was a foxy woman, for me it was love at first sight. But I had to do my duty. Those spies who did not do their duty properly were sent to the Forever Maze. The maze had its merits but I wasn't prepared to return there.

I thought, "How about space travel faster than the super speeds of today?"

She thought, "As far as the universe goes anything is possible and there is no reason why the speed could be increased still faster. Faster and faster."

I thought, "But you did not obey orders and developed a theory that said 'There is no God. And you were critical of the space program. And critical of the world leadership.'"

I thought, "Many people need to believe in something."

She thought, "It is unethical to tell people big lies. Surely you can do better than that."

I thought, "It is a world of lies don't you know? Everyone has to toe the line..."

She thought, "It is important to tell the truth. I am sure people can handle it..."

I thought, "I can tell by your thoughts that you are sincere. However you have upset the leaders with your flimsy theory and ideas..."

She thought, "I think it is hard to predict what the future will bring. But hiding away many of your best thinkers with this virtual ban on science is surely a recipe for disaster."

I thought, "Nonsense every day they produce thousands of clever clones. We have a surplus not a lack of clever people. That's why the best science is done underground as science has gotten to the point where it is dangerous."

And she thought, "I'd like to be given a second chance to build a fantastic telescope that sees thousands of times better than those we have now."

I thought, "What will we discover in space? Who knows? And we don't need you to get in the way of our hopeful space missions."

She thought, "Well perhaps the universes are large and who knows what lies beyond them for sure, but I seriously doubt we would find a God or aliens like some people imagine."

I thought, "If they could locate God-like beings I think we would all be happy. In any case we could make God-like beings one day and send them to the stars. Put our best foot forward."

And I thought, "Maybe the truths of the universe are staring us in the face only we can't see them."

And I thought, "Yes maybe we will find what we want to find..."

And I thought, "Maybe have visions of bold, new societies. New utopias."

And she thought, "But I think it would be good if the best scientists rule all others. Arts and business will not change so



much, but science has drastically changing our world; why give up on it now?"

And I thought, "It was a world of science, but now it is world of the Arts."

And I thought, "We need above all inspiration to go to space... as artists."

And she thought, "I'm not an artist, I am a scientist. But they won't let me do any science. I feel it is a shame."

And I thought to her, "You have gone too far, you've rocked the boat and you are being sent to a simple world (The Forever Maze) to live the rest of his life. We don't need critical non-governmental scientists much anyway."

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A LUNATIC LEADER

Few worlds were claiming to be sane these days...

I, AGB-14, interviewed a leader of a crazy world. She had a mad face and it no doubt reflected her character. I was feeling kind of crazy myself these days...

I thought to her, "You depress people by claiming it is all madness."

She thought, "There's no use pretending it is a sane world when all is madness."

But I thought, "The Earth government wants everybody to be sane and happy."

"We need to root out those who are not with us. There's no room for dissenters." I thought.

But she thought, "Crazy beauties can sparkle your world. And we have a close relationship with Balvoria"

And she thought, "There are good drugs to make you crazy and interested. These people said you have to be crazy to pass up on these wild drugs... It makes them creative and frantic at the same time."

Also she thought, “I am making big business here inventing new drugs. Patents could be well protected and there were thousands of good drugs out there. All were great for parties and/or conversation. They often made you laugh...”

And she thought, “To get the best drugs people had to work many hours at their service job to afford them. But now most are free government-approved drugs.”

But I thought, “Some people said, “They were tired of all these drugs. Back and forth and up and down. Strung out, a nervous wreck...”

She thought, “But I’m going to ride this high into deep space.”

I thought, “There’s more to life than feeling good.”

And I thought, “Some said we were losing our humanity. But all must do work here on Earth.”

She thought, “Some say crazy people are entertaining. Rather unpredictable and sometimes creative. We have use.”

And I thought, “Some lunatics lose control of themselves and this is bad. There’s a fine line between totally crazy and ‘sane.’”

I thought, “Yet people hide many things such as their selfishness and their greed and their laziness in addition to their madness. But MRT figures them out sooner or later.”

She thought, “But there are many kinds of madness, aren’t there?”

And I thought, “For example people sometimes show their true colors (madness) after a break up. This is bad madness.”

She thought I am interested in creative crazies.”

And I thought, “But giving tranquilizers to all out of hand crazies is not a good idea is it?”

She thought, "People don't try to understand mad men, but rather just pacify them, which is a pity."

And she thought, "I'm writing a book called, 'The Art of Madness.'"

I thought, "Well there is certainly an art to every human endeavor."

She thought, "It takes guts to stand alone."

And she thought, "I hope one day that madness will become a new genre of literature and have mad acts the whole way through the story, very short stories. Most books now just have 1 or 2 crazy acts which are the essence of the plot."

And she thought, "Many great ideas seem foolish at first, or seem mad."

And she thought, "I've compiled a list for how to be artistic in madness."

Never do what others do.

Never try to hide your madness

When meeting new people it is good to ask questions like: Are you feeling crazy tonight? Or are you a crazy woman? No point beating around the bush.

Wear highly unusual clothing when you can that will attract other mad people to you.

Get people to admit in what way they are crazy.

6 Don't let people know you too well. Familiarity breeds contempt. Change your face often.

7 Lying can be quite creative and convenient.

And she thought, "And I might add you need to be charming as well as openly crazy."

I thought, "Anyway you've broken the law by disturbing people with your tales of madness. Why did you think you could get away with it?"

And I thought, “And I am banishing you to Rehab. I feel there is hope for you because in fact the world is mad and the leaders don’t know how to deal with the problem. Almost every head we get into is at least partly crazy.”

And I thought, “I hope you can learn to fit in better with the leaders’ dictates.

## MIND CONVERSATION WITH A LOVER OF MRT

I was attracted to a certain girl who I loved. She had a really good face from Balvoria and a buxom figure which I liked. And she was the most honest person I knew and I did MRT on her.

But she thought one way MRT was like rape and she would like to get into my mind too, to be fair.

So I agreed.

She thought, "I have searched my whole life for the truth." And she thought, "She was tired of lie detectors, and would like to use MRT like the spies do (of course it was well known that the spies used MRT).

I thought, "It is true that what is needed is true MRT to know the truth of someone's personality."

And I thought, "You need to open your mind and prepare for everything with people's most secret thoughts"

She thought, "Some people made a lot of mistakes and so don't want to do MRT."

And she thought, "It's all about honesty, respect and tolerance."

I thought, “It is more like fear”

“Everyone is afraid of MRT except those who use it.” I thought.

And I thought to her, “I had some great romances with MRT with other spies”

But I thought, “I wish that I could spend my days in true MRT love and forget about this spying and banishing people.

And I thought, “The leaders and I’ve decided to promote you to the government position of reading minds for the government, as Master Enquirer. You can use long distance MRT to know people’s mind from a distance. And you can report your findings to your Prince/Princess Enquirer.”

And I thought, “Good luck on your new horizons. And of course we could continue our romance.”

## **MIND CONVERSATION WITH A CRIMINAL WHO DID THOUGHT CRIMES**

Everyone has a mind implant which prevents crime...If you so much as think seriously about doing a crime, you will automatically be knocked down on the ground stunned. And if it happened 3 times, then one would be sent automatically to the Prison planet.

Of course the government's spies can read anyone's mind at any time. At first people were against the idea. But as hundreds of years went by it was just a normal thing. Be good and that's that."

Few murders, few crimes of passion... It was just another way our society is perfect.

I interviewed a guy who three times thought to kill his clone father, so I sent him automatically to the Prison planet. He claimed his clone father was a tyrant who beat him. But he himself was violent. We had been watching him for some time. We had no time for violent offenders.



Of course many people were disappointed upon meeting their clone parent and even upset in some cases. But that was just the way it was. Some people were too proud.

I resolved to one day meet my own clone parent, but I was hesitant and afraid of what I might find.

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A THINKER

She thought, "If everyone was educated to be a thinker it would be paradise."

I thought, "I disagree. I think it would be anarchy and no one would be satisfied."

And I thought, "Too many thinkers represents too much power. People would be fighting with each other constantly in every way. Too many chiefs and not enough Indians..."

She thought, "It's worth a try. But only in the lab worlds such as the rehab camps where we can control it."

She thought, "Maybe anarchy could work if all were thinkers."

And she thought, "It could be world of freethinking and freedom."

I thought, "What's so great about a world of thinkers? Some are born to be thinkers, but others not. However they have been breeding geniuses for centuries and must have a lot of clever people to do science."

And I thought there will always be pretentious people pretending to be geniuses.

And I thought, I am sending you back to Earth. You need to forget about anarchy as the government doesn't wish it.

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A NATURE LOVER

A lot of people had come to regard nature as something that was anathema to them. They lived in white, sterile environments. They wanted to live in a clean, antiseptic future. They were clean freaks..

I thought, “Everyone should look to the future and forget about terrestrial plants and animals. I supported many causes which were anti-environment...”

But I was now interviewing, ASCV-79, and he thought, “All food is synthetic and we have many virtual animals on cyber space.”

And he thought, “We are after all only animals ourselves. It would be a pity to wipe out all the animals.”

I thought, “Oxygen machines produce plenty of oxygen, and food is synthetic and so there is no need for plants. And animals are stupid, we don’t need them.”

“In fact it is illegal now to have a pet except for robot pets...” He said.

I thought, “Your hatred of the status quo is disturbing. So I am banishing you to the Forever Maze where you don’t

need to worry about animals and not many plants either and you can live without them basically.”

## MIND INTERVIEW WITH A WOULD-BE SPACEWOMAN

Then I spoke to a woman who was brilliant in every way and who wanted to go to space. Most people who wanted to go to space had to go through a mind interview first.

She thought, “More people should be rich enough to go to space.”

At present 25 % of those on Earth could afford space, and 90% could go to the solar system planets. I thought, “It is a good number.”

But she thought, “But of those who went to space, many were exceedingly greedy...”

“No limit to greed in space...” She thought.

And she thought, “There were rumors that the government planned to settle every single large moon or planet in the whole universe by the year AD 3300 (it was now 2786 and space drives went faster every year).”

I thought, “I didn’t think human civilization was good enough for the stars.”

And I thought, “But change was happening so fast in deep space. Spies and clones. Earth was sending clones to space.

And they were watched by spies, all of whom were also clones.”

She thought, “It was the “Day of the Clones...”

And she thought, “There were rumors of a brain pill that increased your intelligence and creativity. Be all that you can be said messengers from the government who made the pill available.”

I thought, “Dream on said the government.”

And I thought to her, “You are destined for space. And I am sending you there...”

## **MIND READING ABOUT THE EMPIRE WITH ANOTHER SPY**

Then as a reality check I talked to a female spy who was also a Mind Enquirer.

I thought that, “We of course were spies for the Empire. The Empire reached now to near the edges of other galaxies in the known Universe.”

It was an Empire of many worlds, led by Earth and it’s spies.

She thought, “Sanity is of the essence. So many clones went wrong...So many colonies went wrong despite the IW police. But all was well in the end for all these worlds according to the IW police.”

And I thought, “And DNA sensors track everyone...by computers.”

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I thought, “Earth’s leaders several years ago had announced that Earth is still and always will be the center of civilization...”



But she thought,.. “But clones and new colonies were quickly gobbling up space territory and producing hundreds of millions of new clones.”

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As mentioned previously with eternal youth (except for criminals or those who were banished), nearly everyone was pleased with the government... The vast majority were also happy about having so much free time. It was a new paradise many people claimed. Dissidents of course were sent to rehab.

And if you had a good idea for a world you could petition the government, but some said this was a dangerous idea since it called into question the competency of the government.

She said thought “It was best to relax and take what comes.”

I thought, “You seem sane and reasonable which is hard to find these days.”

I thought, “So I am sending you into space.”

## DIALOG WITH ANOTHER INSANE WOMAN

Some went insane, but drugs and hypnotism put them back on course... some of the time.

This woman was a writer who had written some anti-government articles. Which was considered insane.

She thought, "Drugs can solve all our problems." But she was known to behave in a bizarre way such as talking to herself and shouting in the streets...

And I thought due to the stress of interstellar journeys some lose it and crack up. But in her case she had already "lost it."

And I thought, "It was well known that the government said all people in the universe were free. Free to go wherever they pleased, if only they could earn the 1000s of \$G's for heavily subsidized travel and not break the laws.

She thought, "People are supposed to be free provided they didn't criticize the government... And people were encouraged to lose most instincts and be a new hypothetical human... But this can drive you mad."

I thought, "Travel widely throughout the universe, living life, the right way is the way to go."

And she thought, "One day there will be zillions of humans and their descendants... And homo sapiens will be forgotten in lieu of homo superior."

I thought, "It's a good dream. And so we are promoting you to being a historian. There aren't many historians these days, but it is an important position."

She thought, "History is for fools, I want to report on contemporary events and not dwell on the past."

I thought, "It is all we are offering to you. Better to take the position and shut up about anti-government sentiments. In any case your history will have to pass the government censors... Still we feel you can write a judicious history that all can accept. Toe the line."

## CLONE INTERVIEW (DAY OF THE CLONES)

Then I met with one of my clone sisters. I found her via the DNA web bank. We had the same brain, but different sex. I figured it was more than likely that our clone parent was a man and had many clones...

We spent some time together and talked about our different lives.had gone some places together, But we didn't know who our clone parent was..

One time we were together and I thought, "I always feel like a tourist."

She thought, "There are many people who don't fit in no matter what the civilization is..."

I said, "There is no end to the greed of mankind. The hypothetical human."

And I thought, "I'd like to meet our leaders of this benevolent Super Empire, this perfect Empire."

And she thought, "It seems destined to last forever with spies and Inter World police and MRT leading to "no corruption.""

And I thought, “The government claims “99% of people are happy,” but brainwashes the “youth.” (i.e the younger ones)

Some believe, “Secret programs abound and some say that there are far more clones in space than the 1 billion claimed.” But I thought, “It is noble to strive for a better world, no matter what.”

And I thought, “I wanted to meet my clone parent. I thought I will do whatever it takes to meet this person. It is who I am and who I will be.”

**PART SEVENTEEN: DAY OF THE  
CLONES; A.D. 2786**

## **INTERVIEW WITH HIS CLONE FATHER; DAY OF THE CLONES, 2786 A.D.**

So it was that I searched the Net records looking for my clone father.

Finally I located him and showed up at his place on Earth.

What I remember most was he welcomed me and told me he was a writer. I was surprised. I thought he had been a scientist. But he said, "That he himself was a clone and had never met his clone parent who he suspected was a woman."

We spent the night with one of the best drugs and we each reminisced about our life. He had had some bad luck and was now relatively poor but he was saddened that I also was relatively poor. The salary of Master Enquirers was low but we got to travel a lot. People weren't in it for the money.

For example "How many clones have you had?" I asked.

He said, "About 50."

So I said, "I'm not special at all."

He said, "Life was all about enslaving people to your ideas..."

But he was delighted he said that I had gone so far. And I said, "I was delighted to meet him."

I was the only one of his clones who found him...

He said, "He could not be a scientist, his greatest love. And as a writer he was limited what he could say. He hoped his clones could be successful..."

But he said, "These days the future seemed preordained. More and more clones of fewer and fewer people... If they make Gods then these Gods will not care about those less clever than they and would likely leave Earth for Space. There'd be nothing to hold them to this rather insignificant planet."

So he said, "He mostly wrote about the future; under the auspices of the leaders. He had to imagine what they wanted to hear."

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We talked about his writings. He was a bit radical but mostly "very sane."

He'd also traveled widely and continued to do so. His favorite subject was clones. It was the "Day of the Clones," he kept insisting.

But he said it was crazy on the whole to meet with your clones so he said I had to leave soon.

"And that's it?" I queried.

He said "It's a fast train and it is hard to get off. If you know what I mean."

And he said "But you are the only one to reach me. I think you are destined for greatness."

I told him I had been at Balvoria and he thought it was good.

He said most of his clones were likely in the Forever Maze.



Happiness is for fools, he told me. Just another instinct to get rid of.

And he said he was doing archaeology looking for bones of famous people to present to the powers that be to be cloned.

He talked about recreating their minds and bodies in a few weeks, but he still needed permission to do so. He worried they would punish him for it.

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And he said he couldn't write about the Maze. Such things were illegal...

I was surprised he knew all about it.

But he thought to me some words of wisdom... He said you have to wait for your chance to seize power. Why not be one of the Prince Enquirers? Ambition is what it takes to rule this world which could be ruled by anyone basically.

I thought, "Why didn't you seize power?" He thought to be careful, but for me, anything goes as I was already a Master Enquirer"

"You are no inspiration to me," I thought.

He thought, "It is not about inspiration it is about power."

So I left him after a brief discourse of several hours and resolved never to see him again. It was hard to see why he had created me. It seemed like greed.

## QUITTING AS A SPY

My clone father had upset me and I felt disconcerted about my job as Master Enquirer. I felt guilty sending people to their doom.

So I went to some Earth festivals, to forget it.

Festivals abounded.

To cheer me up, I introduced myself to a girl on the web and we met. She told me I complained too much about the world.

I told her, "It seems to me to be all about honor."

She said, "You mean honor as in duels?"

"No," I thought, "But it is dishonorable to live in a society you don't believe in."

She thought, "I don't believe in this society either, but there is nothing to believe in this infinite universe anyway."

I thought, "Spies are everywhere. But not enough people watching the spies some people said..." I was afraid they would watch me carefully and I was not a truly free man...

She thought, "We are probably related genetically, you and I. I can tell from your mind that we were born for each other."

We both really love ourselves and life. And we love the many surprises from one another.”

Of course I told her I was a spy and that it was complicated with double agents and so on...

I thought, “So anyway I quit the job of Master Enquirer. But I worried about the repercussions. Maybe they would give me another job I thought.”

“I admire your boldness,” She thought... “But in this world, like all other worlds, you need to work within the system. It’s just a game.”

I thought, “Luck favors the bold; it always has. And you can’t tell me there is no meaning out there in space...”

She thought, “If the leaders read your mind, you need to be humble and not so proud maybe even offer to try experimental “brain therapy.”

I thought, “That sounds like death.”

She thought, “You’ll see.”

I thought, “If the powers that be are dishonorable, there’s nothing I can do about it.”

She said, “How can you feel honorable about the life you have had. You are not perfect and you’ve had a lot of demeaning experiences...So it was true I had quit. Apparently very few quit such a job of power in this power-crazed world.

My superior, the Princess Enquirer had told me, “I was mad to have quit and urged me to reconsider.”

I thought to her, “I was tired of living a lie and supporting things I don’t believe in.”

She said, “I’ll give you a year to think about it. Go have some fun and enjoy life and then come back home to us.”

I thought, “It was highly unlikely I would change my mind. I was disgusted at what I had to do as Master Enquirer. Many of the hard cases were not mentioned in this journal,

but I met many sad cases and it was boring and mad even to deal with them.”

## ESCAPE

I left the girl and was thinking that I wanted to get out of Earth...How could I do it? A space ship “of imagination,” was leaving in a few months that seemed to be good...

As I said, “I wondered if the spies would punish me for resigning my position. Or perhaps get in my head and cause me pain.”

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However, I was now convinced I knew the worlds and all humanity’s achievements, but I was in for a surprise.

## **PART EIGHTEEN: THE AWAKENING**

## THE AWAKENING

And one day I simply “Woke up.” I must have been in a dream for some time, but I awoke and got up and looked at the computerized date, it said it was the year 2786. But I tried to remember my past and all I could remember was a brief stay in the Maze and the caves and being a Mind Enquirer. It all happened in just several years. But I somehow knew I had been born in the year 2090. I felt I had been dreaming my whole life. And I resolved to find out the meaning of this world...

What caused this sudden revelation I had no idea.

After what seemed like a long time...

If this was true I'd been dreaming within dreams since 2090, total 694 years... I didn't have many memories but the disembodied voice told me I had lived as a scientist for many years, then as a writer and finally sent to the Forever Maze, and the Prison Caves, where I lost my eternal youth privileges but was immortal now.

I ran out to the streets there were many high buildings with a few service robots but no people. I tried to break into the city hall, but couldn't...

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And I suddenly realized that it had all been a drug-induced dream... I was just in a computer... Just another loser...

Space had not been colonized...

Friends and lovers were not real...

My work as a spy was not real...

And I could not remember most of my past... I didn't know where I'd been before appearing at the Forever Maze. I must have been living somewhere dreaming for all those years... But who knows? I thought.

Everyone was in their own little world...

I was ashamed of the human race...that the best we could do is idly dream on drugs and fantasy.

The hypothetical human, the dream human, turned out to be a waking dream, a conscious dream, a prolonged dream... We were all dream humans.

What else could there be? I guessed. It must be destiny.

I wondered, did I know all there was to know?

And did I have eternal youth now that I had come so far (drugs in the food)?



## THE FORBIDDEN LIBRARY

In this city, NYC, (it was still there with tens of millions of people) and there were deserted streets. I went to “the forbidden library” and the doors opened for me.

Super computers and virtual reality people inside... They were just holograms...

Better to trust genius supercomputers than to trust your self, I wondered...?

People dreaming had little money. They spent all they had on dreaming. Of course some had better, more expensive dreams than others. It was all a fantasy. Money was just used in the past to buy houses and cars anyway. And everyone had an apartment to dream in. Or so it seemed...

The virtual reality people at the library claimed they had been to different universes, but there was nothing there. No creating Gods, but if they did, then there would be something there.

Even the Maze was just an illusion... apparently.

I asked myself, “How did they do it? Drugs machines most likely, got people addicted to drugs and dreaming with

the spies to appear to be watching you, only it is in cyber space. Not real.”

In the fantasy within a fantasy, people didn't worry too much about leaders and politics and which way the world is going. Everyone is in their own little dream world. Mostly everyone had a world tailored to themselves and they couldn't be happier. The government made sure most were happy.

Apparently the government had said, “People are happier than ever.”

“But are they people?” I asked myself.

“Is anything real? I felt I was going crazy...”

There were virtual friends and lovers...must be zillions of them...tens of thousands of “worlds” And they are all really just on Earth in a giant computer.

It can't all be illusion. It just can't. I thought to myself. And for a brief moment I thought of suicide, but there were too many things to discover before I could die happy.

You can die, that's real... Or do they reincarnate you at a different venue in the interests of good clones...?

Leaders are they in the dream? Are our leaders just virtual?

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At the forbidden library, I “learned” that eight people had been in power hundreds of years. Are they clones? I couldn't find the answer.

The e-books here talked about how in 2375 people worked just so they could have a nicer car and nicer home... a bit of travel maybe. But soon after that everyone had all these things for free and had maximum free time.

One day the top generals seized power from the democratic UN and his fellow leaders became the “8” according to the library. The Octagonal government.

Some thought the seizure of power by the “8” was the beginning of a new era; others thought it was the end of humanity. In any case the “8” used hypnosis and MRT to control the spies and this allowed them to control everyone...

The spies also spread rumors and made politics unfathomable, just confusing to most.

Some said with the MRT one could have many wondrous beautiful experiences and that the spies were highly benevolent.

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During the hundred years leading up to 2375, a few hundred space ships had already “gone.” But the new leaders just allowed illusory ships to go into “space.”

Of course they were most generous in giving eternal life to everyone in 2377, and this made the people content.

People said that “Never in history had there been such popular, wise leaders...”

However, I told them, in time numerous people committed suicide out of sheer boredom and futility. They were in heaven but couldn’t stand it apparently for hundreds of years. Typically they had wild parties when an old person wanted to commit suicide.

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The leaders, “the 8,” don’t appear in public. I discerned.

All people, were cloned and originally with not much education. But they learnt by doing. They said they didn’t need science. But some had hundreds of years of living which could be called a brilliant education.

I didn’t care for eternal youth of illusion.

I figured, “We’ve done all we can as humans, now is the time for homo superior.”

The epitaph of humans should be, I figured, was we were all a “middle man.”

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Anyone can be a spy, with hypnosis and brain therapy...change sex and voice even. Even change face and height. But we spies had secret signals to communicate that one was in fact a spy... And we used MRT freely. But we were all in a dream...

But as Master Spy I had a lot of power...Ultimately the hypothetical man is the man without a plan. I had it all but it wasn't good enough. My ambition knew no ends. And I wanted to do things in my own way. I wanted to change the world. But I felt it was futile... It was all a dream.

To seek to change the world is good, but it is hard to be good.

I had seen enough so...

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I knew that many people believed there was no government and that everything was automated and written in stone...

But I knew better.

I called out to the wind, “Take me to the rulers.”

**PART NINETEEN: AUDIENCE  
WITH THE RULERS**

## AN AUDIENCE WITH THE RULERS

An air car appeared and whisked me away to a tall tower. I went inside and the doors opened for me... There were 8 glittering colored cubes there on the 189<sup>th</sup> floor; 4 men and 4 women perhaps? And it was clear that it was some kind of an audience with the rulers...

On the walls were videos of important points in my life and there were dancers in the hall.

But finally one of the diamond cubes thought to mind read with me. It lit up and I thought I was in a dreamland...

Apparently the cube was thinking, "We are a group of 8" (8 leaders apparently). They did not show themselves, but instead greeted me with MRT. I was standing in the middle of the room with bright lights shining down on me and they were reading my mind.

They explained in MRT, "That what they tell me doesn't matter because they would brainwash me with hypnosis after they were done with me."

They thought to me, "That they usurped power then used spies to eliminate problem generals and then dismantled the military. Step by step..."

And one thought, “Spies keep the peace, there are tens of millions of spies and only 300 “Master Enquirers. And a few dozen Prince/Princess Enquirers”

But I thought, “It all seemed real, but now I realize it was all a lie...”

However another one of them thought, “You are a disappointment in your judgments which could only be described as ‘uninspired.’ You are too inclined to send people to the Forever Maze and not enough into space (which you deny as illusion), where they can do real good. And you are upset even though almost all the dreamers are happy. And you now claim life is illusion even though it is just as real as it ever was.”

I thought, “It is all a lie.”

Another thought, “You are just another clever, but useless man to us. You claim to be clever but you are just a hell raiser. We will never forgive your treachery.”

And one thought, “Now that you’ve quit as a spy; it makes you a dangerous man. So we are sending back to the Forever Maze which you love so much and confiscating your money and erasing most of your memories.”

Another thought, “We have provided a perfect world in which everyone is clever and yet you turn your nose up at it.”

Another thought, “You want everyone to live there like you once did only you left there yourself anyway. How atavistic...”

Another thought, “There is happiness on Earth and space for 99% of the people they thought. But it doesn’t matter as everyone is living in a dream in a giant cyber world that is not real...What is reality but illusion anyway...”

Another thought, “What with free food and drugs and fantasy all are kept busy and happy... What else more could there be to life.”

And one of them thought, “We need to probe more dissidents with MRT/lie detectors/ hypnotism and make them pay for their thoughts against the state...”

And one of them thought, “We don’t kill anyone even murderers. Ours is a tolerant Empire.”

“But it is not real,” I thought.

One of them thought, “Reality is illusion. You should know that and you should have quit disturbing the peace.”

I thought, “No it’s a giant lie. It’s an outrage. You make a dream world and pretend that’s all reality is...”

One of them thought that, “Ultimately for particularly problematic cases they go in front of the leaders.”

One of them thought, “Just like you. It only happened a few dozen times per year.”

One of them thought, “We’ve been ruling for hundreds of years.”

I thought, “Are you really the leaders? Or is it a case of leaders within leaders here on virtual reality.”

“Are you Gods?” I thought.

One thought, “Our IQs are all well above 200, we are all super geniuses and so are our clones.

One of them thought, “There are no Gods, but everyone can find happiness in this Earth (which many think is a universe, but actually all are on Earth...)

And one thought, “Our civilization is unique in providing happiness for almost all people. Of course normal humans genetic lines died out but they had a good time until they died. Now the gene pool is superior with better intelligence for all, even though they are all clones.



I thought, “Sounds incestuous to me to make your clones and love them. Some of you put your brains in the body of the opposite sex and so on. And you copy yourselves millions of times...”

And I thought, “Are you truly happy?”

“We couldn’t be happier,” thought one. The world is our oyster and sometimes we appear in other “worlds” incognito and have fun there. And we can get into people’s minds without their noticing. This is quite interesting as well. But we have set up a system that is nearly totally automatic and the spies keep the status quo.

One thought, “Of course 2 of our leaders committed suicide, but we easily found 2 more. Eight is a golden number.”

And one thought, “It is better not to show ourselves, better for people not to think about politics. It just disturbs things.”

I thought, “But why spy if everyone is in cyberspace?” One thought, “Well we want total control.”

But another said, “If it had not been for us, the world would have destroyed itself in catastrophic wars.

“What about me?” I said.

I was thinking of telling everyone I met about the reality but I knew then it wasn’t going to happen. I knew too much...

And indeed their thoughts one after the other suggested “I knew too much,” and that “I would have to go back to the Maze and lose all my memories. After all I loved the Maze, they thought.”

“Surely that’s not the best you can do for me...?” I thought.

And I thought, “Please send me to somewhere else instead.”

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And they spoke passionately about wonders with the dream worlds, indicating that I should have gone to one of these places and stayed there.

However, I thought, “They need to make some changes to the fantasy worlds... We need to live in reality.”

## **SPEECH ABOUT THE PROBLEM WITH THE DREAM WORLDS**

So I made my case in a speech to the ruling 8 leaders about the problems with the “dream worlds.” In the speech I listed my grievances; these included:

Not much information about where you are going... too many secrets...

Some worlds are hard to make \$G's in and so you could be stuck there for some time...

You need to be careful about what world you wish for. Such a world is often a twisted version of what you wanted.

Most scientific research is not allowed.

Losing our instincts, is akin to losing our humanity...

It's not real anyway. This was the most important failing. Bring back reality.

I thought, “You are trying to replace old instincts with new instincts, you are denying our past.”

## REBUTTAL FROM THE LEADERS

They replied with a list of “new instincts.”

To spread humanity throughout the universe and beyond.  
Even though it is virtual.

Strive to please the powers that be (i.e. the 8 leaders).

3. Clone yourself as much as you can.

4. Make as much money you can... (Of course everyone was “rich.” But you could work harder than others).

5. Have fun at all times

6. Forget about children; we need advanced people only.

7. People need to respect the government which is making most immortal. No more fighting about things that don't matter.

8. Enjoy happy drugs and fantasy. It makes for a perfect society.

9. MRT makes everyone responsible and good.

10. Instincts are mindless; better to follow the government and the new way.

11. Science is not needed. We don't want to go to the stars.

12, Reality is where it's at. We need to be real even though it seems like a dream.

"Such new instincts are anathema to the modern hypothetical human," I thought.

And I thought we need to keep our old instincts...They are who we are," I said.

## OLD INSTINCTS

I then made a list to “Better to bring back old instincts...”

1. Don't hypnotize everyone; let people be free.
2. Bring back love including brotherly love.
3. Bring back children.
4. Return to work for everyone...
5. Bring back “God” if only in the abstract.
6. No fantasy, we want the real world.
7. Happiness without drugs for all.

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And so on; I made a desperate mind speech... And I spoke against having two brains in one mind which they had mind read me about and how shapes of humans were changing. You “Gods” are crazy I thought. And I said I am embarrassed to be a clone.

But one of them thought: “Intelligence is an absolute that can be measured. If we produce a lot of clones of the leadership, we increase the quality of the gene pool. It is as simple as that.

I thought, “It all seems incestuous to me. An old people's club that seeks to dominate for all time.

## FINAL TRIBUNAL

I asked them, “When will you send me to the Maze? They thought, “When this conversation is over...”

I asked, “What do you do with your time?” They refused to answer.

I thought, “Why no babies?” “We need to expand the gene pool. They said there is plenty of variety in this big universe... billions of different people.”

I thought, “The day you killed dissent was the end of true growth of the worlds. Hundreds of years ago.”

They thought, “It is destiny to replace ourselves step by step with better humans. The hypothetical human. Educate clones with the best tutor clones. There was a 150 year educational program... for new clones.

I thought, “About the rumors that ultimate power telescopes could see any planet or moon in the universe and that they had found aliens. But it was all hush-hush.”

And one of them thought, “The epidemic of 2301 was part of reason for no more science. It killed millions and millions and was all done by one mad scientist.

And I complained that “People don’t live for the day anymore as they expect to live eternally youthful forever. It is boring.”

“Don’t bore us with your jealousy and desperation,” thought one of the leaders... “We all think you are greedy for power, but you aren’t smart enough nor are you positive about these wonderful “worlds” we are building.”

I thought, “I am a genius, smarter than you.”

One answered, “Smarter than us? Your IQ is only 145 so you are just a clever hell raiser.” I thought, “IQ tests are flawed. An imagination test would be better.”

And one thought, “Why did you turn on us? Few of our spies act as you have done suddenly changing. Perhaps you have been hypnotized too many times. Alas it can’t be helped.”

I thought, “You need to eat some humble pie. But there is no one to judge you 8 “leaders.” And you eliminated real humans and don’t feel guilty.”

And one of the leaders said, “You are just another clone. Your ideas are nothing new. Evolution moves forward.”

And one of the leaders thought, “You need to return to the Forever Maze or the Forgotten Maze as some people called it... This is our judgment on you. No memories and this time, AGB-14 (my name), you will be hypnotized not to try to escape.”

I thought, condemning clones to hell is not the best way to behave. You are all delinquents. You should have known there is no greater pleasure than advanced thinking.”

One of the 8 said, “We have been playing it safe with MRT and so all “thinkers” must toe the line. We gave you a chance and you blew it. You are too dangerous now with all you know and against us.”



“We have total control of our worlds, like never before, and our civilization will advance in peace and prosperity.”

And I thought, “Tell me that it is not the best hypothetical human you can produce is you 8 clones. Surely this “Day of the Clones” is not the final answer.

One of them thought, “We have science alright and are working hard on space drives and better humans. But this is not for you to know...”

And I was suddenly blinded by a light... And my memories were erased, and I couldn't remember afterwards anything except how to speak.

## **PART TWENTY :FULL CIRCLE**

## FULL CIRCLE

And I was suddenly blinded by a light and suddenly I couldn't remember anything except how to speak...

A tornado, loud and powerful swept me up in the winds and brought me to a strange world. As time passed the storm lifted and I discovered I was in a maze of some sort with friendly people. I didn't remember my past.

Just remembered how to speak and my name, AGB-14, and little else...

The people here said it was Utopia, and I thought I was lucky to come to such a nice place.

But it seemed insane and complex...

The people told me I was fortunate to be in such a place. No worries just sit around and enjoy life.

I heard talk of a library, somehow I felt I belonged there so I went there. But it was mostly stories of the Maze and no talk about other worlds. I wondered if there were any more worlds beyond the Maze, but I thought I am really happy here. Most others were.

The keeper of the books (clay tablet books) said, "Many people had varying memories of another world...But most such memories are false he said."

"It's a world of illusion," said the keeper of the books.

"All life is just an illusion within illusion," he said.

## **PART TWENTY-ONE: EPILOGUE**

## **EPILOGUE; ARCHAEOLOGY OF EARTH, A.D. 4109**

In the year A.D. 4109, archaeologists from planet CQR-41 returned from space to Earth.

They were actually descendants of human settlers way back in A.D. 2250. They had eternal life however and now sent archaeologists to see what happened to Earth. The signals with Earth had been stopped in A.D. 2802. They wondered if Earth civilization had been destroyed.

Upon arrival they found a couple of deserted mazes so too the empty caves and other abandoned settlements.

But there were hundreds of billions of souls on cyberspace. "So that is where they had gone," they thought.

"The planet was abandoned by materialistic thinking creatures," they concluded.

But they started a real fledgling parliament of the people

Some argued for communism, others "evolution" such as science which was cut off apparently in A.D. 2735.

Apparently each of the 8 former rulers had left Earth and left the dreaming clones to fend for themselves... They had

left for space it seemed...As holograms... spirits who did not care for the material world.

High towers filled with skeletons in the rooms; they'd all been turned off in A.D. 2804. Crumbling skeletons had been dead over a thousand years. Sealed off from outside so the skeletons were intact...

Why did they kill them? we asked

They didn't want any competition was a theory...

We went on this cyberspace and found each clone had several thousand of their own clones. That was true happiness, for them.

We searched deep below NYC to former palaces of the 8 leaders...

Had they gotten bored? Sick of moderate intellects, sick of dreams...? Sick of each other only happy when they are with their clones?

And they had wiped out the Hall of DNA so that people of old could not come back... But we could take DNA from bones...

All of the skeletons had the DNA of only 186 separate individuals. Just 186.

We decided to start again circa A.D. 2400 level of technology and try again. Forget about the last 1600 years...

"New gene pools will take time..." We said to one another... We all loved our Earth; our homeland."

Some said, "All the people had been turned into holograms and weren't really dead... They claimed to have seen them."

And some said they were all illusions... But most people could not accept that.

So we plowed down the towers and rebuilt cities on a smaller scale. With a couple of ships on their way here.

Clones are illegal for all. We checked them with MRT.

No cyber space just innocent video games... for our people.

“We lived like old-fashioned aristocrats. With eternal life...

Plenty of science; we don't need much any more except how to build faster space drives...

But the hypothetical human marches on.

“The future belongs to those who have a vision no matter how weak or crazy that vision is,” we believed.

The archaeologists cloned all 186 original clones. But then used them to try to breed as different people as possible. Progress was the God still. Revive progress on Earth.

No illusions for the people...

No work, just enjoy parties and good times, only for real this time? Some said it wasn't real this time either...

These days we had built telescopes billions of times stronger. And we had discovered numerous suitable worlds...

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Then one day a huge number, millions of holograms appeared to everyone on Earth. Some said they were ghosts of the dead, others said they were aliens. But they got into the new settlers' heads and drove them mad so that finally everyone left Earth.

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Theories abounded but many said the people of ancient Earth had not been killed after all but rather were converted to dreaming holograms with mind reading ability.

After that no one ever came back to Earth. Which is probably what the holograms wanted. Earth was evil, Earth was a nightmare.



Did they infiltrate our civilization we worried or would they just stay on Earth. Some said the holograms were Gods and we would never get rid of them now.

Some said it was all souls; people who had died on Earth had turned into souls. Some others said it was a God creation episode and these holograms would take over. But these “Gods” don’t care about us... We need to be careful what we wish for...

But for the moment, the future belonged to humans who had made the journey to space in the 2300s. They settled a number of worlds very slowly...

But the future here was chaos, the future was madness, and things would be shocking to humans of old... We had strayed away from the ways of our forefathers...

And the holograms could travel in space faster than any space ship and were taking over. People believed they would soon dominate other worlds as if they were Gods... Gods of craziness; they soon drove everyone mad...

Our worlds had been taken over by disembodied ghosts who don’t care for material things.

And there was no defenses against them.

The worlds had been conquered by “Gods.”

**THE END**