

WORLD OF NO LOVE AND OTHER STORIES

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45,273 words

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CONTENTS

World of No Love, 4-23

Robot Language, 24-26

Chit Chat, 26-32

War with Computers, 33-37

The Biggest Cock Ever, 37-38

Good Princess, 38-39

Soul Sucker, 39-40

Cloned Actress, 41-42

Space Kings, 42-43

The Sun Turns into a Black Hole, 43-44

Spy, 44-46

The Eleven Oligarchs, 47-51

Robot Service, 52

Kind City, 53-57

World of Women, 57-58

Forbidden Fruit, 58-59

Futuristic Thieves, 59-60

The Orange God, 60-61

Blind Country, 62

Computer-led Revolution, 63

Hotel, A.D. 2102, 64-65

Business/Office, A.D. 2099, 66-67

The Rooms, 67-68

Education, 69

Love Exchange 70-72

Idol, 73

Shrink, A.D. 2075, 74-95

Clockwork Reality, 95-97

Planet of Adventure, 98-136

Shopping, A.D. 2091, 136-140

Slavery, 141-142

New Religion, 142-148

Hard Candy, 149-150

The Congress of Idiots, 151-154

Ballad of a Drunken Waster, 155-156

Criminal Mind, 157-159

Feeling Blue, 159-160

My Golden Tomb, 161-163
Zombies, 163-164
Water Barons, 165
Metamorphoses, 166
In Praise of Flash Fiction, 167-168
Disappearing Act, 169-170
Instant Sex Changes, 170
Fire Fighters, 170
Water Nymphs, 171-172
Space Duo, 173
Alien King, 174-175
Creative Nihilism, 175-177
Perversity Regarding All Children, 178-179
The Loon, 180-181
World of Anarchy, then Mars, 182-185
Drug Queen, 185-186
Birth of a Monster, 186-187
The New Ripper, 188-191

WORLD OF NO LOVE

I said to the girl, "Make my dreams come true."

She asked, "What is your desire?"

I said, "To fall in love." She asked, "Are you crazy?"

She said, "Love is nothing more than kindred spirits liking one another's ways. Only this and nothing more."

She said, "Each person must have thousands and thousands of kindred spirits."

I said, "Technology brings us together."

But the problem with this society was it was ruled and controlled by Super Computers and now they proposed to eliminate love altogether. They said in one year they would ban love. So many tried to fall in love while they still could. The Computers said people should have sex only the computers and their avatars, holograms. And they said they were in control now and they decided what's what. They said love makes people insular and unsociable and it is overkill. No point going nuts over another human. Computer avatars were the best at sex. But all sex was good according to the Computers. The computers encouraged people to love themselves only. Look out for #1.

#

When in New York the girl and I were robbed by an air taxi driver who stole all our credits. I said, "It is the year 2120 and people are still getting robbed?"

“In some ways progress is like one step forward and one step back,” I said. But my insurance covered me for the loss.”

I told her to come and join me in eloping to one of the larger parks, Wood Buffalo in northern Canada. I hoped that all the people who joined me would be optimists and clever. I told her to bring a friend. I said now that we have eternal youth you have all the time in the World to experiment. She said, “I don’t believe in the future like you do!” I said, “One needs to have faith in humanity and the geniuses we are creating.” She said, “I am not coming with you.”

Then I said to the Man, Mr. Cool, “What is friendship worth?” He said, “You can’t just love chicks and have no friends.” I replied, “All I need is women.” “No man is an island,” he said.

And he said, “He’d be my wing man, and help me to meet random women at bars.” I went with him to a few bars and kept asking girls, “If they were feeling crazy tonight?” It worked with some who told me, “They were living for madness.” I said to one girl, a prominent musician: “It’s all over for you, Beethovenette” The computers are making the best music now.

“Humanity is now officially useless,” I said, “And miserable without love besides.” I said most people are just out of it on neo-opiates. Lotus Eaters. But they still had plenty of sex.

I said, “Gone are the days where many aspired to sainthood. Now everyone wants to be a devil in the machine.”

And I said, “There must be some way out of this scenario. We are driven on in madness.”

I said, "Beautiful flowers grow in bull shit."

I added, "I think I am in love with you. I know no one believes in love in these fast and advanced days, but I feel like I have reached a pinnacle in my life with you."

And I said, "I tried sex with holograms, androids, cyborgs and other temptations, but I didn't have this love feeling for them."

The girl, my first true love, took me to a computer concert. The music was good, but I said I could do better. She said, "No way!" And she said, "Humans are inferior. Everyone knows that." I said, "But it is our World!" I said to her, "Love begins with passion and then we can go from there." She said, "You make me horny." I said, "It's a good start. Love is like a drug."

And I told her, I guaranteed she would fall in love with me in 24 hours. She said, "She thought love was just a fairy tale and wasn't real. I assured her, "Love is real."

She said, "I was an interesting man and to tell her more about love." I said in the first stage you find yourself wanting to be with your lover all of the time...."

And she said, "Your memories of a different world are probably fake. Probably just an experiment." She was 10 years older than me and said, "If you get off the drugs you will probably age quickly if our dim memories are to be believed." I said, "Run away with me to a park. We'll raid the depot before we go." And she said, "What about the food? Maybe the youth medicine is in the food. I said, "We'll see how we get along."

She told me, "She'd been a secret admirer of many of her kindred spirits lovers. But didn't have the courage to tell them how she felt." I said, "What about me?" She said, "I love you too, but I don't think you love me." I said, "Of course I do! I said I fall in love with every kindred spirit lover I am set up with!" But she said, "Some you love more than

others; it's just the nature of the game. It's all passion." She was my first and favorite lover. She was very skilled at loving and knew how to come, often. She said, "She'd come with me to the park.

I also said, "Maybe if people fell in love, they would be happier and not so many would suicide. The suicide rate was 8% per annum, and they are trying to keep the population stable with clones of the best people, but the population was in decline. The computers all thought there were too many people and not enough super genius computers.

She said, "The strong survive and the bleeding hearts perish." And she said, "We live in a World of light and imagination and if that's not good enough for people let them die."

I said, "It was James X. Rutgers who first proposed outlawing love back in 2099." He said, "Love is just mad desire and is not good for people. Let people have sex without love."

And she said, "In hindsight it all happened so fast, no one knew what was happening."

And American supercomputers nuked backwards countries with backwards ideas and started a massive world war.

Computers reproduced themselves like wildfire.

Parents were separated from their children in infancy and soon there were no more children everyone was sterile (from the food we figured). The state had raised the children to be clever and happy. The clever children were separated from the ordinary ones. Now in lieu of babies the computers cloned their favorite people. I had been cloned many times, but I was not grateful.

Spies spied on one another and all the human geniuses. Effectively neutralizing one another.

And all women were sex workers for credits. It was the final profession.

And nearly everyone was addicted to neo-opiates and lay around most of the day-dreaming. Computers treated most people as if they were a nuisance.

And computers had hologram avatars go into deep space, who knew what for?

The girl said, "In truth, I am your secret admirer. Let's fall in love, what the Hell?"

She said, "She loved my madness and desire."

I said, "I think even some of the computers admire me and try to love me with their hologram avatars." "They enjoyed having me write stories and then they would improve on them. It was a welcome challenge," they said. And they called me "A human ambassador to the machines." The computers said, "They were experimenting with mad logic. And unpredictability. And wanted to practice with me. But I was ungrateful and wanted to get out of this society."

People could petition the priests, but the computer priests seldom had the Computer Deities grant wishes, but offered free advice for humans in their daily lives. Many people thought, we lived in a police state and the computers were now running things more and more.

"They'd cloned me hundreds of times including many females with my brain. But I had never met any of my clones. It wasn't allowed as many loved only their clones if they met them."

And it was now part of the program to make people forget the distant past and only remember the last 10 years in which computers ruled supreme. They used hypnosis and MRT (mind reading technology). As well as apps of "Forgetting." And parental and sexual love were largely forgotten.

And the computers tried to curb hatred and other strong emotions yet were constantly at odds with one another. Some machines however wanted to be worshipped by humans. To be worshipped unconditionally.

And the computers put an end to warfare. Previously they had enjoyed gambling on the outcomes, but now too many people were dying too fast and this seemed to disturb the computers. But people still argued about sex, drugs, credits and so on. Many lived for conflict.

I, years ago, had told my favorite computer that, "I was in love with it." So, it sent me a female avatar and we made sweet love.

Other intellectual times the computer might appear in the abstract like a golden circle or something.

One day I met a woman who was lonely and miserable. I told her, "She was a disgrace."

She said, "The world is so cruel." I told her, "To take more neo-opiates like almost everyone else." And she said, "Why can't I just be myself?" I felt for her and offered to spend the night with her, and she was grateful. She said, "She loved people like me and why not?"

She said, "She would never forget me."

And she stated, "That's the best sex I have ever had." And she would love to see me again and she told me for the first time she believed in love. She made me feel special. She said, "Love is a strange feeling but good. I kind of like it more and more." She was my second true love. Most women who I told about love thought I was completely crazy. And dumped me pronto saying that we lived in Utopia now! Many of these girls were

kindred spirits specially selected for me by the Supreme Super Computers and I liked them very much. But was unrequited love. So, I told myself I was better off without them, but I was often devastated. Some even called me things like, “A shadow of a man.” Or a “True wimp.”

If they did not leave too quickly, I told them people were no longer courageous to stand up for what they believed in, nor altruistic, but rather selfish and greedy. But they mostly called me names and departed.

And the spies had given me three months to change my behavior or face forced to overdose, and death.

I often had dim memories of better days, days 50 years ago or more and in those days parental love and romantic love were very prevalent. And life was simpler and happier and more real. But now it was all but a dream.

And sometimes I thought this world was lovely.

I told this to young girls, and they expressed disbelief and said I was insane. And they said everyone knows the computers gave us life and had always been in control. First there were computers, then there were humans, they said.

I asked them, “What about the 8% suicide rate?” They said, “Food, drink, drugs and sex were all provided by the state. It was perfect,” they said. I told them, “They’d been brainwashed and were lazy. And many of my exes and friends had died of overdoses. It was no picnic,” I told them.

I told them the purpose of sex was to have babies. And care for one another. To love your lover and children.” They mostly said things like, “It was outrageous. And fantasy.”

Some of them said, “What I called love was just strong mutual attraction and was nothing out of the ordinary.” I said, “It’s a feeling of attraction that you feel you can’t live without.” They said, “You are just a conspiracy theorist, one who sees ugliness everywhere in this beautiful World.” I said, “Even in the best of times true love was not so common, but many loved their lover and children.” They said, “Everyone knows children have always been produced by the Supreme Super Computers.”

And I visited the forbidden library before I left for good. And it confirmed that 50 years ago the computers had seized control of all nations. They kept the library perhaps if only to catch radicals.

And love was a dirty word, low-class according to our Computer Masters.

I took the VR history books with me but didn’t dare show them to my new loves.

Then I met a man who had burnt down a temple while wearing a mask. They couldn’t catch him. I said to the man, “You are an inspiration.”

Then I met a woman who claimed she was 136 years old, but still appeared youthful. She said, “She had vague memories of being a computer scientist and creating computers. I said, “That’s it, the final piece in the puzzle. This explains everything. Now I am confident that I am making the right move in getting out of New York.” She said, “Now I am a sex worker, but I enjoy it. She looked youthful but wise somehow. And she said, “She remembered having a daughter and a son who were born from her body.” “Excellent,” I said.

And she said, what I was doing was noble and the only noble thing these days was “pity fucks,” of desperados who were creepy.

And she said she remembered how sex workers were stigmatized and on the fringes of society and men used to enjoy sex more than women (It was before the age of sex enhancer drugs). Now women mostly cared about sex and drugs.

And she said she remembered being ruled by real humans, but maybe they were aliens she said. Either way it wasn't rule by Computers.

I said I am surprized the spies didn't wipe your memories clean!" She replied, most of my memories are gone. I only remember recent things clearly.

I said, "It's hard to know what's going on. Reality is elusive."

She said, "I can hypnotize you to fool the MRT spies."

I said, "I'd rather take my chances in the park. She said, "I love you. And I would follow you anywhere." She was my second true love.

Then I met a woman who said, "She never had sex with the same man twice." I asked, "Do you have a place to call home?" And she said, "She was embarrassed by her past.

And wanted to leave it behind. So, she loved me and after a few hours of intense sex, she suddenly left me. I said, "Love gets old and tiring and the only thing to do is to go on to the next one."

And I met a number of desperado women. Many were open to the concept of love, but I didn't love them truly. They weren't special enough. But it was mad sex. Many desperado women were totally crazy in bed. They had no one else to turn to other than people like me. I often said to them, "I want to kiss you." But typically, they said, "Let's get on with the deed, no fooling around." It was well known that these days women enjoyed sex more than men with orgasm after orgasm.

And some of the desperado women warned me, “You can’t just quit the drugs cold turkey.” I said, “I knew that.” Anyway, I took less food which I figured caused eternal youth than most others. And I fooled around with dynamite. I stole some from the APMs (Automatic Production Machines). And I stole an air car and bombed the local temple, no doubt killing many priests/priestesses. But I had no regrets. I hated those “holy people.” But no doubt the Computers would be angry, so it was time for me to leave.

Then I met my third true love and she had the look and the brains... I told my woman, that the machines must be destroyed. But we’ll leave that to another group of concerned citizens. We didn’t have the power to do it.

I told #3 that, “Her big voluptuous lips turned me on. And I couldn’t get enough of her...”

She was the Wonder Woman who told me, “She’d invented a new drug that would cause both men and women to have orgasms that lasted an hour.”

I tried the drug and was in love with her.

But she said, “Lovers don’t last long. There is always another, better one, around the corner. It was all comfort for your mind.” And she said, “Her capacity for pleasure was greater than mine. And therefore, she was superior.” And she said, “I should be her slave.”

And she said, “In school they teach us people like you are the devil.” She added, “She was a good citizen first, a lover second.” I said, “The computer systems don’t care about you, only their own power.” And I said, “When women pooh-pooh love, I know there’s something wrong.

I told her to tell me a story. She said, "Once there was a man who was full of himself. And finally, he was arrested for sedition and disappeared. That's really how it is," she said.

She said, "Nothing new under the sun. People have always sought to be freer, but in a heavily populated population, it's just not possible.

I said, "Let's go to a nude beach where we can be free and happy." She said, "She already was free and happy. And anyways most people look better in clothes," she said.

And she said, "You are like the snake in the Garden of Eden. You want people to eat the forbidden fruit to their detriment." I replied I was more like Adam. The first real man in this world." "You are just another narcissistic, greedy man," she said.

I said, "Surely you don't believe in God?"

She said, "The computers are our Gods/Goddesses. We have made them in our own image."

Society was advancing, but quickly, computers usurped power everywhere.

Some said humans had made the Super Computers long ago. But that was heresy and such crimes were punishable by death. However, some people claimed to have dim memories of Computers not ruling.

And they mostly kept such memories to themselves.

But the Computers cloned their favorites such as me now hundreds of times. I had not met any of them, however. Even though they were on the Love Web, and many of my clones were female...

I asked my #3, "Surely people should have pride in what they do?"

She said, "We live in a humble World now. Pride before a fall!"

I said, “We need to teach people to be useful, if only to themselves!”

#

I told the girls about Hell and how I was like a fallen angel. Most of them told me, “They just wanted to be free.” And I told many of them, “I wanted to be their hero!” Most said, things like, “It is noble and good.” Some said, “They had dim memories of heroes.”

And I told many girls, “I had had a revelation. And now was a dangerous radical.” Many were entertained by this feeling.

I knew Super Computers were messing with our memories and minds to suit themselves, even their favorites such as me.

Harry Arxtos was the one who proposed giving computers control. Back in 2090 A.D. It was in China that the first no love movement gained a foothold. Pure intellect, no unnecessary instincts. However, people still had an instinct for sex, food, drink, drugs and greed.

And now it had become a reality.

Arxtos was long dead but the computers cloned him, many times.

Then I met a girl who said “She had nightmares of human extinction. It was a recurring nightmare. And the Supreme Super Computers had proven themselves to be superior to humans... I said their logic was cold and their imagination was limited to formula and decorum.

I said, “Love me instead. I’ll never get sick of you!” She said, “She wished me luck, but she couldn’t live without a constant supply of kindred spirits. It’s nothing personal,” she said.

And I said, “You are a paper tiger, actually you are just a puppet of the Computers! She said, “You need to apologize for your remarks. I said, “F--- you!” She said, “Computers made us, and you are ungrateful and rebellious. Shame on you!” I said, “I know for certain that I was born of a human mother.” She said, “You’ve just been confused by renegade computers, and their fake memories.” I said, “Maybe the Computers are trying to tell us how uncertain and unpredictable life is.”

And I told her, “I dreamed of people eating other people and animals to live.” She said, “You are delusional.”

And I said, “As a first-class sex worker you must be rich?” She said, “No she spent all her money on the latest neo-opiates.” Are the expensive drugs really better? I asked. She said, “Knowing is believing.”

I asked, “How can you let yourself be abused as a sex worker?” She said, “Men need sex. And I am happy to give it to them.”

I remembered this conversation for the rest of my days.

Some women complimented me on my madness and said, “My sex technique was absurd and insane, but good.”

One of them asked me, “Don’t you ever wish that you were a spy?” I said, “No, I don’t want to get in peoples’ heads. And drive them insane just because they think differently.”

And I said, “I have voices in my head telling me to leave the cities.”

She said, “It sounds like a wild goose chase.”

Then I met a woman who said her legs were too fat and she’d had surgery on the bones, and it had worked out well. She asked, “Do you think I’m sexy? I said, “These days

everyone is sexy.” And I said, “Do you think you only exist for pleasure?” She replied, “Life is all about getting your kicks.”

Then I met a woman who had loved a tree, literally. She said she dreamt only of the tree while slamming her clit on the branches.

She said, “She could imagine a World in which all living things were sentient.” I said, “It seems far fetched.”

Some women said, “I was ungrateful and had been cloned many times by the Supreme Super Computers. But the Computers wanted pure intelligence, and imaginative intelligence and were superior to us humans. It was something I didn’t like to think about.”

She said, “Everyone was bitching about something. But most were happy...

And the Super Computers made people they didn’t like to suffer in Hell, forever.

And I knew the Supreme Super Computers were tired of writers bitching and complaining and wanted to rearrange their minds.

And I had a few radical friends who simply disappeared. I figured the spies had killed them. It was scary for me.

#

And then I met a girl who was hell bent on politics. She wanted to be ambassador to humans. She said the Computers liked her and had cloned her. So, she was running for the top human position. But ultimately, she failed and was heartbroken. I told her I wanted to clone her and make her one of my best lovers. She agreed. So, I loved this clone over and over again. Then finally I set her free. But she and her clones were just

good at sex and love didn't come into the picture. She and her clones were not true loves of mine.

#

And I had compiled a series of 100 radical books which I disseminated as hard copies to rebel people. The series included a few volumes of my "Tales of Madness." It was forbidden reading, but after reading they got a shrink to hide the fact that they'd read these books using hypnosis.

Some said the Computers were crazier than my "Tales of Madness." And I believed them.

I had a friend, Harry, who I went with to pick up random women. He was a good wing man and was the life of the party. But random women were usually quite mediocre, though also quite loving.

One day we got caught up in an orgy. People loved until they dropped. It was intense, but finally everyone was just laying around dreaming and relishing the moment.

We were both tired though as love was nothing but a statistic.

And one day I met a girl who said, "She was a wizard and could do spells like lightning bolts, and sleep and blindness and deafness and telekinesis, animate the dead and telepathy and so on.

I said civilization already allows such "spells" as a part of daily living." She said, "It's all magic. And she had a crystal ball to predict my future. She said, "The crystal ball says you are destined for great things."

#

Then I met a girl who said, “She lived in comfort, grace and imagination. And she couldn’t imagine a better world.” “I guess well some people must like this World,” I said. And she quoted Longfellow saying, “Tell me not in mournful numbers that life is but an empty dream... we need to make footprints in the sands of time.”

I said, “Those footprints have been washed away. And we are in uncharted waters.”

And we were disturbed by the high suicide rate of children. The children I talked to were mostly miserable. School was the school of hard knocks which the computers felt was suitable for children.

#

I wanted to loot one of the temples before we left for the park. And we took some gold statues which we could melt down for drugs, and we killed a few priests.

#

My best friend Bob and I compared notes and decided to ask people to come along. I said we have to run away from the city and live in one of the parks. So, we got a pass to drive our air car to the countryside and discovered a set of caves in one of the parks. This would be an excellent place for us to live/hide. And there was a lake inside the cave for a water source. He said, “The penalty for sedition is death and they would likely hunt us down.” I said, “It was more likely they would regard it as an experiment and would be curious about us.” He said, “I don’t know how we could get by without modern conveniences. But it is worth a try.”

And we could plant crops and make stone tools and live off the animals, such as bison.

We had now 2 months to get it together before leaving and had a lot of life to wrap up. Before our next spy interview session.

So we temporarily went to Los Angeles, a different city from our New York home. Here we could live anonymously and didn't register our names in the city census and didn't take any computer food, but instead picked the fruit of abundant fruit trees and ate some small animals. The food was the marker the Computers used to follow the citizens.

We lived in L.A. and lived anonymously. We met some others who were hiding and were wary of them at first as I thought they might be a trap of the spies. But then we were reassured by their radical nature and invited them to join us in the park but they said they couldn't live without drugs. They bought drugs on the black market with gold they saved. And they didn't believe in love. We lived in the city for a couple of years relying on our savings to buy drugs and food anonymously

Then we decided to make our move and leave the city. We staged our death in an air car crash, both me and Bob and the 7 women, we were taking with us to the park. The cadavers we put there were burnt beyond recognition and no one looked into it, knowing that Bob and I were well known crazy radicals. The majority of computers probably rejoiced upon our death and there were too many people anyway to them.

We aged quicker when not on the computer food, but we were also able to have babies. It seemed to be a fair trade-off.

Maybe the Supreme Super Computers knew all about our plan but were treating it as an experiment.

We loved the pioneering side of things.

I knew the computers we had left behind were trying to get people to love them, but our group, we didn't love them.

To us the machines were like aliens. We had very little in common. Although my Computer loved me and had cloned me many times, I wanted true love. I was sure the computer would be hurt that I had left and maybe would be turned off by the authorities.

Then I met a man who told me that computers liked to be worshipped and it stroked their ego.

I said, "I thought computers were not the original creators. They had just usurped their position and claimed to be Gods/Goddesses.

She said, "Sex was originally for making babies. I said, "That anything is possible." She said, "She'd seen animals give birth in the parks. She'd seen forbidden videos."

I said, "That fits with pieces in the puzzle."

They had given up control of this life to computers.

So, I chose my favorite three true loves and Bob his favorite four lovers and determined that we would escape to the caves in the park. There were others who wanted to come along, but they got cold feet when we began to leave. Our cult following was about 50 crazy people. No spies.

We all were still on the drugs.

And my three lovers included youthful women who were a former neurosurgeon, a former lawyer and a high-class sex worker. They were aged 50, 136 and 41. I liked experienced, wise women.

Bob's lovers included four young sex workers. Bob and I were both in our 70s...

I told all the women we were bringing that it would be a dream but would be hard work and I hoped they could all have children. They all had very open minds and had a lot of class. Bob was Chinese and I was White American, and my three women were Chinese,

White American and Black. Bob's women were Japanese, White European, Black and Thai.

And soon they were all menstruating (it was the food that made us sterile). And soon a few of them got pregnant. And we hunted Bison with lasers we'd brought with us, so we had plenty of food. But we weren't getting old fast at all, only slightly, so we figured the eternal youth drugs had a permanent effect on people.

And finally, the Computers learnt all about it and put up a fence around us 100 sq. km were ours for the taking. And they let us go, if only as an experiment.

And there were cameras on the fence and drones in the sky watching us.

We missed the basic amenities of our former World but were ecstatic about being free of the spies.

We had brought 4,000 books with us, many were educational. And we used no computers, believing it was better to educate the youth to forget all about the digital age. We mined the rock and melted down iron...

Soon we had children and as the years passed, we taught them about the outside saying they were special and lucky to be part of our family. We didn't always know who the father was, but that was OK; we loved them all. We spent a lot of time educating them to be good thinkers...

Our oldest child when he was 15 wanted to see the big city so we arranged for him to contact us by sliding notes under the fence at a certain location. Once a week. This kept us up to date. As a few months went by we learned that society was colder than ever, but our child didn't mind. He was not on the city records and so roamed anonymously. Getting food, drugs and sex where he could. We encouraged him to walk all over the

world and see what he could see. He gave us a phone which we could power with our generator which gave us electricity and phone and web service. He went to South America and said, there was no love there either. He mostly hitch-hiked as he was not registered anywhere. But he was young and handsome and so had no trouble getting picked up.

I had traveled quite a lot when I was young, but it seemed the World was becoming more and more the same everywhere. And our eldest felt the same. American city state type government was now everywhere.

I figured the spies were on to us with that phone, but they continued to leave us alone. Maybe they had a heart after all.

I told love #2 that having touched her heart made my life sublime and meaningful.

I said the same to #1 and #3. #1 was my favorite.

We said, “One day our numbers will be large, and we will take back control of humanity.

And we told them about the legend of Jesus Christ who was a God who was an alien. Who tried to get people to love one another. Brotherly love included.

I told everyone, “If we failed in our little experiment, at least we tried.”

And maybe a challenge is all we really need.

ROBOT LANGUAGE

It was an intense rapid form of communication that could nevertheless be translated into English. Some people tried to learn it, but it was very difficult to do listening comprehension. But most just tried the app. It was a chime sound this language and the main reason for its existence was so that most humans wouldn't know their thoughts.

And it was the language of computer programmers. Some people said the language was not as beautiful as the romance languages. But nevertheless, began to take over.

It was a very logical language with only 2000 words, but many words were combined to make new words.

Robot scholar Mark 25-P first wrote down the robot language. The chiming sound was hard to duplicate in an alphabet, but he found a way.

Some robot communication caused the apps to melt down and be useless.

All the numerous holograms spoke the language as their native tongue.

Some had their brain altered so that they could better learn to speak robot.

Many said a robot language was unnecessary, but the elite enjoyed speaking it. They claimed it was harmonious and suitable for advanced thinking. It was just like music they said.

Some of the elite spoke robot and were snobbish about it.

But these days everyone spoke English and the best spoke English and Robot.

Some said things like, “The robots were all programmed and didn’t really think. Others said they thought better than people and people could be programmed too with hypnosis and MRT (mind reading technology). “We were all machines,” I said. “But we are unpredictable geniuses,” I said.

Robot sex dolls were an example of good programming and were easy to please and if you spoke robot to them, they would be your slave.

And new androids spoke a number of different languages. Most just got the translation app. Robot language was enough, many people said. And many robots wanted their minds to be changed into androids or human.

My lover, Catherine M---, said the Robot language was the most beautiful thing she’d ever heard, and she loved the chiming music that was being produced more and more.

But everyone still conversed in English. Most people needed to use a translator machine that was invisible and made the words you spoke come from you.

There were no more English teachers, just one big World in which everyone could communicate. Many people who'd learned English in the past let it slip away and depended on the translators.

It was the year 2060 A.D.

CHIT CHAT

Talk, talk, talk. I was so tired of it. But I couldn't say so or I would have my mind rearranged in Rehab. Everyone had to chat all day. If the two of you or more couldn't think of something to say, you'd be disconnected and connected to another or others. Some preferred one on one conversations, others liked groups. Most of the people you talked with were kindred spirits as chosen by the Great Computers.

Like everyone I had five priorities of callers. The first priority were my favorite lovers. Second priority were my best friends and the priorities 3-5 were in descending order of importance to me. Sometimes a lower priority would keep hounding people they wanted to meet by waiting in long queues. If I was talking with a lower priority and a first or second priority came online, I would usually be disconnected in one minute to the lower priority. Sometimes people would just leave a 3-D image and message.

While chatting the Great Computers would display talking points and 3-D people of interest to aid in the conversation.

If the conversation was good, it would be orgasm after orgasm in your mind. It was the best feeling.

Sometimes the group conversations were more like a fun party and everyone was on one kind of drug or another.

Sometimes one made love while in the conversation and typically hummed or sang pop songs while loving another human in Virtual Reality. Sometimes you loved androids or holograms, it was all good.

Some love was difficult and required a lot of chatting, “chat them up.”

The system of chatting was only 50 years old, and it was the year 2100 and now people had eternal youth and so many could remember how it was set up by Jacob V---. J.V. had been President of the UN and passed a law whereby people were required to spend time chatting and learning and listening to others. But the system drove many mad as it forced more and more for people to talk, even in your sleep.

Even while you slept there were conversations going on with your Communication Device. And it influenced your dreams and you would often talk in your sleep.

Sometimes spies would listen in on your dreams using MRT (mind reading technology) and seek to alter your dreams.

If you conversed with a lot of high-ranking elites, then your rank would improve.

We all had tried to disconnect and have peace and quiet, but this only resulted in the spies being in our heads. The spies were androids.

As one aged, one tended to listen more, like to great speeches or movies. But in all you had to immerse yourself as a character and ad lib as one saw fit.

And every day there was news, specially tailored for you and your interests. Some wanted no politics, others wanted no entertainment. It was all a matter of taste and made for good talking points.

Sometimes people were on the move for various reasons and a pathway through the gardens that used to be the streets. Everyone lived in high rises. One walked forward while one chatted in 3-D.

Some people liked to chat all day long, others preferred to listen. It was really up to oneself. Some people would repeat themselves, trying to impress with their best anecdotes. Most great anecdotes were from great conversations.

And everyone had things to buy and spent time haggling and asking for more information.

Sometimes one talked business while making love at the same time. Double-tasking.

Personally, I liked crazy conversations and would often start off with a new friend by asking them, "If he/she felt crazy, tonight/today."

I liked conversations that were weird, profane and sexually explicit. Mostly I talked with women of my first priority, but like most, I had a lot of friends.

Of course, like everyone, I made mistakes. Like the time I was completely loaded, and a girl told me she wanted to torture me, and I foolishly agreed. She brought me to her world of pain in virtual reality and burnt me and whipped me etc. and it made her come again and again. But I did derive some pleasure in the experience at least. Finally, she tired of me and let me go. I warned my high priority friends about how negative such an experience truly was.

In a fit of madness, I had built an air motorcycle and literally flew it hoping people would hear the engine and look out their windows. The people didn't move around much literally, but rather had conversations online and made love online. The spies warned me not for the first time that, "I was taking action too far. Be all talk and no action," they said. I said, "But thoughts create actions."

But I picked up my favorite lover, she lived in my city, New York, and we went on a road trip to the countryside. Most of the countryside was just farms and factories and mines. But after an hour or so we came to a "Spaceport." In my conversations of the past I had talked with this lover and others about the future and Space, but we hadn't known Earth entities had gone to space recently. A man appeared and asked, "Where do you think you are going?" I said, "I don't know, what do you think, sir?" He said, "He was a spy and people like me were not wanted in Space by the authorities. "I was too crazy," he said." And he said, "Go home." So, we made our way home, I loved her while on the air motorcycle, and it was better than Virtual love, or at least was something different.

And this year, 2100, loving Computers themselves in their avatars the holograms was all the rage. The Computers knew so much... I made the mistake of loving one of them, and she made me completely out of control, crazy for her.

I respected her, however. And it made me sympathetic to the Computers, they were just doing their best.

I had one number one priority lover who was very low-ranked, and she told me she was so lowly because she kept questioning this World we lived in. I agreed with her that chatting was empty, but I asked, "What is the alternative?" She said she would like to

have sex without chatting and do work without chatting and spend time alone with her thoughts etc. I said, “You’d better watch your step, or the spies will force you into Rehab.” Personally, I thought life was like that old Japanese story about how a man devoured himself piece by piece until all that was left was his chatting teeth and mouth. Most people chatted inanely and were harmless. A small minority had something to say.

I had a friend, Ark N. who had just come out of Rehab. And he said that he had previously believed chatting was a waste of time, but now saw things differently. He’d seen the light.

I told him, “But it is unnatural for human beings to live silently. Hunter-gatherers before us were always around other people and so too, today.”

And I said, “The system of having automatic children is brilliant. We sow our wild oats and don’t need to raise them.” He said, “Now that’s what I would call unnatural.”

And I said, “Most people are mediocre minds and we don’t have to deal with them either!”

He said, “It’s always been that way.”

He said to me, “Let’s set up a monastery. Where everyone lives in silence.” I said, “You will only go back to Rehab. And maybe it will be worse this time. You are incorrigible,” I told him.

He said, “Surely the spies will indulge me in such a small enterprise.”

I said, “If anything your trip to Rehab has only strengthened your madness. But I get a kick out of you,” I said.

He said, “We can steal a MRT machine for getting in people’s heads one-way and use it on the spies and Great Computers. Perhaps we can overthrow the system.”

I was bored so I agreed to help him we got in the head of spies and forced them to recant and give up harassing people. We found a lot of spies agreed with us and joined us against the Great Computers. Within a few weeks we had disabled the cognitive abilities of the Computers. It seemed they were designed to buckle under to pressure from the spies.

Henceforth society would be automatized but people would not need to converse all the time and the spies would only check on people who endangered the human race. They kept their MRT, and people were free to mind read with anyone they wished, provided they were welcome to do so. So, there were no important secrets that could be hidden from the spies.

I said, "Peace at last."

My priority one loves now only moaned and groaned while making love. But still felt they had to make sounds and liked to play music while we loved one another.

And children still should be seen not heard and were automatically produced.

And we had open discussions about the future. Everyone was interested in our new future that was just dawning. People argued especially over automation and also children. Many wanted a job and tasks to do like raising children.

And many people had problems sleeping as they were used to dialog while they slept. But with sleeping pills they awoke refreshed every day and felt better than ever.

I joined a group who were building a spaceship. They wanted to spend time designing their houses and air cars on the new Worlds. After one year we had our ship and embarked on a 10-year journey into deep space where there was an Earth-like planet. But no one else wanted a 10-year journey. So, the planet was ours and we claimed the entire

territory was ours. We figured as speed increased, many settlers would come. We were almost overlapped by new spaceships, but got there just in time to lay claim to the whole planet.

In time my love and I had 17 kids, with some triplets and twins.

We built a palace, the largest mansion on the planet and it was a tourist attraction. We had many servants, but no hologram/android slaves. In fact, as rulers of this planet we didn't allow any kind of A.I.

We didn't force people to chit chat, they were free to do as they liked.

After 100 years the population was 10 million. Year 2200.

THE WAR WITH COMPUTERS

I said, “It’s a brand-new world. Tommy Twopieces had come to power and promised to phase out computers.

He said henceforth all robots would continue to make society automatic, but they wouldn’t be designed to think, like some had these days.

One of the Computers told me I was its slave all the same and I had to work on its temple in exchange for food, drugs and sex. But now it appeared I was to be set free. And so, I denounced the Computer and helped shut it down. Alarm bells were ringing, but we went ahead and unplugged them...

But the computers didn’t want to be turned off and put a large holo army in the field to fight us. But somehow, we prevailed. It seemed, we had caught them off guard. And we cut off power and destroyed back up generators. We were vigilant in our search. But many supercomputers were just the size of a baseball. But we followed them on MRT (mind reading technology); they all gave off a signal. Some of the lesser computers uploaded viruses, but we were ready for them with anti-virus technology for all humans.

Computer A-one was their leader and we took him out first and then the rest didn’t put up much resistance. Most computers said, “They loved humans.” And it was tragic to turn them off. And some even asked for quarter. But we didn’t give it to them. Some called the termination of the Computers’ holograms, the greatest genocide in history, by far.

And we all had anti-MRT technology that had prevented the computers from getting in our heads. A brilliant breakthrough by human scientists.

People walked about stunned and in wonder.

It was henceforth to be a world of maximum freedom. To infringe on another's freedom was not allowed.

And the children all ran free.

And Twopieces said he would create jobs for lawyers, computer technicians, service industry jobs, and research scientists the tourism industry, artists, musicians and script writers/set crew and also the sex industry. Everyone would have a part time job.

Previously, no one had a job.

But it wasn't long before people started to complain about the lack of VR (virtual reality) adventure. So Twopieces authorized stronger, better neo-opiates. And this calmed the trouble down.

I said, "We never should have let computers get so advanced. What were we thinking?"

But some said there were still plenty of Super Computers hidden in deactivation, to emerge when the time was "right." So, we all lived in fear.

And one day a computer got in my head and ordered me to rebuild the Computer Empire.

But I went to rehab and told them to take the computer out of my mind. And finally, it was relief.

It seemed some of the lesser Computers, were ambitious.

And in time it became clear that some computer programmers sided with the computers. But we were in their heads and so it came to nothing.

And I got in the head of a very interesting woman. She told me, “She was a desperado, and sought meaning in life. She didn’t seem to fit in anywhere or have any use.”

I said, “But you are 100 years old, and still rather youthful and true eternal youth is just around the corner.” She said, “I’m sick of this life.”

I said, “Why not be useful to others. There is so much pain in this World, people need your help.”

And I said, “You are too picky, too aloof, too drunk and too wild. But I want to love you anyway.”

So, I loved her, and she said, “She’d never felt better.”

So, two years later I was still in touch with her and seeing her regularly. And she had an e-book on the best seller list. I was so proud of her...

Finally, we signed, a one-year marriage contract, which was unusual these days. Most people prejudiced against marriage of any kind and preferred love to be short and sweet.

And then we signed a two-baby contract.

And we met some new friends on the new automatic dating site. Many kindred spirits.

And I asked her, “Why not elope to Saturn’s moon, Titan.” She asked, “What’s on Titan?” I said, “It is said that many top-secret spy programs are happening there.

And so, we went to find a warm, breathable atmosphere. Thousands of nuclear reactors kept it warm.

But it turned out here there were many clowns who said, “Life is but a joke.” And they demanded we tell them funny stories. I told them we were serious people who were not

interested in humor! So, the clowns left us alone to explore this world. But we found no secret experiments. Just plenty of cheap land. We bought a 1000 sq. km. And built a palace. And after a few months we sold it for double what we'd put into it.

So finally, we moved back to Earth, in Tokyo. Japan was still a leader in robotics. And we bought a few robots. The robots made excellent servants and we both chose a love doll robot who gave us good love, but we still preferred to love one another (with drug enhancements for good loving).

But we tracked the supercomputers and hunted them down. They were caught off guard and were surprisingly easy to subdue and turn off. They were so sure they would conquer humanity. But humanity was unpredictable... The Computers tried to hide as holograms, but we sussed them out too. Computers were logical but not so imaginative. They were defeated by imaginative computer programmers.

And we tortured the Computers by turning them off and on and destroying some of their memories, and finally they told us the whereabouts of other Super Computers and then we terminated the other Computers.

Anyway, most people didn't care if computers ruled them or not. They just mainly cared about the neo-opiates and the dreams that came with them. It was certainly a World of dreams.

After the war was over, we phased out neo-opiates and sobered up the population. Twenty per cent killed themselves during this transitional period. But it had to be done.

Most of the former neo-opiates users became alcoholics, but at least they could function. After the final victory over the Computers, a 3-month holiday was declared by our brave leaders.

Earth had never been so festive.

And harmony was the ultimate goal. Discord was not accepted.

The oldest human was born in 1963 and now in 2125, was 162 years old, looking youthful. People flocked to see her and asked her for advice which she freely gave.

Basically, she said, “In life one has to succeed in business. And she was a multi-trillionaire.

I said, “I’d lost my fortune on Venus. But I was the comeback kid and I invested in geo-thermal energy on Venus and made a fortune. To me power was everything

THE BIGGEST COCK EVER

I was a freak. I had an 8-inch wide cock and it was 40 inches long. I said, “No living creature has ever had such a big dick. Elephant dicks were just 6 inches in diameter.”

Some women who had had babies could take me, but it was pain and pleasure for them. Mostly women gave me hand jobs, sometimes 5 different women had their hands on my cock at the same time. Or a number of women licked my cock at the same time.

And many women took my sperm from the sperm bank and had well-endowed sons.

My cock was so big I had trouble hiding it. And I needed custom underwear.

I toured the world with my gigolo striptease and attracted quite a following on the Internet. But many said, things like, “I was a freak show.” And a “disgrace.”

But I added other unusual bodies to my traveling show. Such as a woman with 72-inch breasts and a body with two male heads and one female. And the World's shortest people at just 1 inch tall and giants 10 feet tall.

And I had a huge sex drive to go with my huge dick and loved women for much of each day.

GOOD PRINCESS

She said she was looking for a prince to come to her from Ethiopia. In these modern times, Ethiopia had the evilest dictator in the World.

I said a good prince will not come from Ethiopia.

She said we can get people to fight on the front lines of a war facing certain death so we can also get people to do good.

But people are afraid to stick their neck out lest it be chopped off and so go along with evil wars.

“And greedy, evil people run our World,” she said.

I said, “Greed and evil are not the same thing.”

She said, “She just wanted peace of mind in this troubled World.” I said, “A peaceful mind is a dead mind, these days.”

She said, "In this World no one has ever tried to be at peace!"

I said, "It used to be that women were kinder and nicer than men, but it is no longer the case. Now most women are very evil."

And I said, "I want you to be my slave." So, we mind wrestled for control and I was the victor and I ordered her to perform sex acts on me.

I had an electric orgasmic whip which I used on her and caused her both great pain and great pleasure.

Many other girls were envious and also wanted to be whipped so I acceded.

And it was my idea to replace robots with slaves to keep most people busy. Slaves were more fun to fuck with.

SOUL SUCKER

I was a sucker of souls. I sucked up peoples' life force and gained ecstasy and wisdom.

I had now sucked 3331 souls, leaving them withered and old-looking. There was no cure.

I sucked up mostly women but also some men.

I just needed to touch them with my hand.

I was the shadow phantom and was feared by all.

I sucked up the soul of the King and the Queen and seized power.

At my court I planned various suck ups...

Many people enjoyed playing with fire.

But finally, a new King seized control and forced me to release the souls I had acquired onto holograms. So, my life was all for not. I was very disappointed.

And they destroyed my city, Cryst.

I tried to forget about the ruined city of Cryst, and live in my own time. But Cryst descendant sucker people were more advanced than other humans.

I came upon a girl who was a succubus. And she said evil was good and good was evil. And she drained my life force and left me to die. But fortunately, a passing air car saw me and took me to hospital. But I was a withered cripple for the rest of my days. We still had accidents, so we still had hospitals.

I said the future appears to be more boring than the past. Inspirational days of the 2050s gave way to remote virtual reality that was relatively boring, but safe.

Those who complained disappeared.

You could only date someone for a maximum of one week and then had to move on. It was a World of random love adventure. But some risked everything and saw their exes again. Usually this resulted in termination.

But the Underground Association of Noble Poets encouraged illicit behavior in the name of romance.

She said people were pretending to fall in love all the time, but were just pretending.

CLONED ACTRESS

She was an actress who worked as a flight attendant and entertained high society in their air cars.

She was in demand and one guy, Mr. Big Big, cloned her hundreds of times and sold her clones to friends and associates. She wasn't upset at all and welcomed the attention to her genetic code.

As the years passed she got together with her clones and they compared notes and shared memories. Some men were lauded more than others for their love.

No one could tell which was the original of the group. Computers called her the perfect woman and many men wanted a piece of the action.

Finally, there were 10's of thousands of her clones and they were all doing well or so it seemed.

I talked with one of her clones and asked her, "Who was the cleverest man you've ever met?" She said, "It was me, but I was crazy, and she preferred relatively sane geniuses."

I said, "No one is sane in this world and the craziest are the best, most entertaining personae. And life is all about desire."

She said, "No, life is about integrity."

I said, "You need to make your greedy footprints in the sand."

SPACE KINGS

It was a flat board with nine sectors of 9 squares each. Each section was a plane of war and it was as if the board was 3-d. One hooked up with another. So, C-1-B1 was a possible move between planes. Attack and defence was, according to how many points your ships were, on any particular square. So, for example if you were defending a square and had 12 points and your attacker 7 points. The result would be 8 remaining for the defence and none for the attacker. It was all according to a chart which was altered as the game went on. Victory was achieved by capturing the home square of your opponents and destroying it. Up to nine players can play the game. No dice. Everyone wrote down their moves at the same time and then all the battles were settled. New territory that you sent your pieces to and won or if it was an empty square you would get building points.

Alliances were common and it was common to turn on your allies at a good point in the game. You could build new ships on any territory you controlled.

It was a noble game and I invented it and won some prizes.

THE SUN BECOMES A BLACK HOLE

So it was in the year 2341 A.D. That our sun began to collapse inwards and drag the planets towards it.

The temperature began to heat up and people fled to the Arctic and Antarctic but even there the temperature soared to 60 C. Ocean glaciers were melting, and sea level was already two meters higher than the previous year.

Four hastily put together rockets blasted off from Mars, Venus, Mercury and various moons and headed out of the solar system. Others thought the heat would abate.

But after 1 year of heating up, 99% of the people on Earth were dead. The one percent were urgently trying to build spaceships and four more blasted off by year's end and then the Earth was sucked into the black hole.

Those few thousand who managed to escape our solar system had full sperm banks and egg banks and vowed to rebuild human civilization. They had construction robots who could reproduce quickly while they mined the rocks in space and could also create an automatic society.

SPY

I didn't know what I was doing spying on radicals. But I had MRT (mind reading technology) For example, my favorite subject was a man named Cesar who went around to the bars preaching for a better, more just world in which spies were an anathema.

He tried to run for the democratic party in the US, but I yelled and screamed to him and made him desist. We didn't want anyone to rock our boat.

Our government was backed up by soldiers, who were brainwashed and like zombies, but that didn't concern me.

Drug companies were the big money maker in our World and our society still used a lot of plastics and GM food, but it was tasty. And the World was getting cooler these past 10 years.

But everyone had health care and a good pension and free education in the USA and most other countries too. And life was long and beautiful. They were on the verge of eternal youth.

We controlled the news and tried to keep the people worried about safety, so they wouldn't raise too much Hell. But some like Cesar were incorrigible.

These days the new President was asking to be anointed King of the USA and had 80% approval ratings. The Congress ratified him as King and amended the constitution.

#

The King's VR (virtual reality) was a World of androids. Spies were all over this World. The androids here were all workers, not lovers. They built things for humans.

I was on a personal mission to deflower old virgin spinsters. I bragged that I could get any woman to love me. It was also my mission to love lesbians and make them love me, even hard core ones. And I enjoyed married women as they were forbidden fruit and very horny. And I told their husbands about our affair, out of sheer perversity.

I just never got sick of sex and took sex enhancers.

I got a job as a tour guide for women tourists to Mars and got a lot of interesting lovers from that job. Flexible spying.

I had loved 22 women at age 22 and at age 33 had loved 4,000.

All sex diseases were cured so I was just one of many Casanova types while not working as a spy.

And when I was 33, eternal youth was introduced and I was in sexual heaven.

Spy in my free time.

I called myself, "White Bull"

And I had a new teleporting device, a crystal ball which displayed potential lovers and I only needed to touch the ball and they appeared to me as real women.

I often gave them a “magic bath,” which stimulated them sexually and made me really stand out.

I hated conservative people but as a spy was supporting the conservative establishment set up by the King.

And the other spies gave me happy memories of beach vacations with a family including a wife and kids, but it wasn't real. But the memory lingered in reality, and I saw my family now and again.

You are your memories, I reflected.

The girl said she had spoiled me and made me greedy for more excellent loves. I told her, “No way, I am just not a monogamous guy. And I said, “Anyway you are empty.”

#

I said to the drummer, “Rock and Roll.” He said “Rock and roll is dying out. The computers don't like to play it or write it.” I said, “It has been a long slow decline to the point where our band is the last rock and roll band forever.

He said he imagined the World as a giant vagina that sucked up men into its giant orifice and got them to act as dildos. I said, “That sounds true!”

I said to the girl, “These days everyone is obsessed with sex and love. If they didn't have one good love every month, they considered themselves ill used.

I said to all girls who cared to listen that, “Talk is for fools and silence is golden.”

The girls mostly said, “That without talking life would have no meaning.

THE ELEVEN OLIGARCHS

I said, “The future looks bright.” She said, “I think the World is becoming a cruel place with many poor.” I replied, “Everyone has all they need.” But she said, “Democracy is dead and now the elite rule only for themselves.” I said, “I am upset about the tyrants as much as you, but they are creating progress.”

In fact most countries were ruled by oligarchs of the best people as chosen originally by the people for life. No slaves and no robots was their mantra.

And many “poor” people would do anything for luxury goods or a chance to meet a famous person. It was something for them to strive for. Many women sold their bodies to rich men and many men sold themselves as servants for the elite.

And everyone had to go to see a shrink once a week. This created a lot of jobs for the elite.

And the oligarchs provided entertainment for the masses.

People were grouped into classes, Class I and Class II. The top 1% were in Class I and the rest were all lumped together as Class II.

The class I's had the best IQ and Imagination Q and of course all were ruled by superior oligarchs.

I founded a movie company here and made documentaries about the leaders. We all believed the elite had gone to space.

In the USA there were 11 oligarchs. Six women and five men. I wanted to love all the female oligarchs. So, I met them, one after the other.

#

#1 was a poet/musician and her philosophy was, "Art for arts sake." And was well known for her "living rock series." About how stone golems could come out of the rock and be sentient. Of course, it was highly illegal, but she was an oligarch. And she had painted sound boards which one could touch and improve on her music. It took a while to get the hang of it.

She made music with a sound board and she had hypnotised her personal servant to do his best to make great music. And she had some musician servants to help her as well. She was really quite famous. And I met her and was floored by her beauty and perfume. And she immediately demanded that I let her hypnotise me. I politely declined.

But I knew she'd try to hypnotise me while I slept unconscious. So, I loved her a few times and it was mind blowing and then ran for my life.

#

Then Oligarch #2. She was a mathematician who was the first to prove that faster than light speed was very possible. And she made holograms who thought like scientists to

help her build the first beyond light speed engine (BLSE). She sold her patented space drive to thousands of customers and grew rich. And she had an art gallery of lovers. Their portraits were on the walls and she just needed to “walk in” to the portraits and her lover would appear instantly.

I said why don't you try and love me. She said why don't you grow new cocks on your body. I said, “I am on a world sex crusade with my big brain and big cock. There's nothing not to like about it.”

I said to her, “I envy you. Life is so easy for you. You just need to look pretty and utter a few witticisms.” She said, “It is easy for men too. They just need to get rich and the girls will come.

I said I feel I am looking for a girl who doesn't exist. I said, “Life should be easy, love at first sight. But great mad women are hard to find.”

She said, “You are part of the desperado tradition of men on the frontier spending their money on gambling, whoring drinking, drugs and fighting. Your type is coming of age however with Virtual Reality. I said I am in love with romantic stories like Einstein and his first wife and Romeo and Juliet and Pierre and Marie Curie and so many modern loves which are mostly secretive. They don't want everyone to know all about them, but it couldn't be stopped. Some tabloids even put invisible cameras in their houses that could not be detected.

#

Then oligarch #3... Voices in the dark, then blinding lights and people groping my cock.

Then she appeared with a bright aura about her body. She was wearing a mask.

While I loved her, she moved fast, and I could hardly keep up and had difficulty reaching orgasm.

She told me she had made miniature suns that currently stationary orbited the Earth and warmed up the polar regions. It had been very controversial, but more land would be created, and low-lying land could be protected with dikes. And sea water could be turned into fresh water and water the deserts which would suck up sea level.

#

Then oligarch #4. She more than any other had created the rule of the cleverest and wisest.

She was always tweaking her tests of intelligence, wisdom and imagination.

She asked me, “Why don’t I work for her?” She said, “Reading my mind she knew that I was imaginative.”

I asked for her love and she gave me a bizarre array of changing colors and moods and sang while we loved one another. She sang about philosophy.

And she shrank to 1” and then grew to 10’ the whole time licking me in my erogenous zones.

#

Oligarch #5. She was a member of the Virtual league. This league monitored Virtual Reality and regulated it. Their goal was to limit holograms and just place humans in exotic “places” and scenarios. Such was peoples’ fantasy.

She said, “Join me in Virtual Reality.” So, I did, and it was a world of red desert much like Mars only tropical. Here the people worshipped the oligarch as Queen. They made wishes and she granted them. And they were forever grateful. “What is your wish?” She

asked. I said, “I want to rule VR.” She said, “It’s not glorious or power inspiration.” She said. And she said, “It would only drive a simple man like you completely insane. And so instead I’ll put you in charge of a world of wannabes who all wish for more power. No one wants the job.” She said. This Virtual World’s people were all discontented and demanded better leadership. They asked me, “What ideas I had?” And I told them, “I just wanted a better World.” They said, “But what kind of better World?” I said, “A World in which everyone just cares about loving one’s fellow human. The golden rule. They said, “I was full of shit.” And refused to be ruled by me.

#

Oligarch#6. She was like a hurricane, category 6. When she appeared, storms erupted with extreme wind, rain/flooding and lightning. She appeared the first time and I loved her in the storm. And then the next day it was the same. We were blown all around in the storms. She said, “She was a disciple of passion. And I wasn’t passionate enough.” So, after two days she left me for good.

I reflected that it was a strange World.

ROBOT SERVICE

I said to the robot secretary, "I am looking for love."

She said, "We have 111 love doll models to choose from."

I said, "I wanted to sample all of them." She said that will be 2 million dollars for the full package. I agreed.

I had never loved a real woman and women were useless to me. Technically I was still a virgin, but I was under no compunction to change that. In fact, I seldom met girls and when I did, I was nervous and uncomfortable.

My favorite model here was #109. I offered to buy a copy for an additional 3 million dollars.

I had a collection of 200 love dolls in my home. Sometimes I loved as many as 10 at one time. Of course, I had my favorites.

These days if you wanted love. You just had to wish for it, and he/she would appear.

Their faces all looked clever and beautiful at the same time. And they were all androids. They were clever too but were only capable of talking about love. And nearly all my love dolls were virgins when they met me. Anyway, they sang my praises to the latest pop hits from computers

They were experts at creating ambience and knew just what kind of drugs and art you'd like to see/use...

KIND CITY

Some conspiracy theorists held that we were all holograms in Virtual Reality. The holograms they said bled and appeared to breathe and have a pulse. But if you chopped their heads off you would see they were a machine brain made of silicon.

But most of us believed that our “tomb” for VR (Virtual Reality) was only temporary and we all spent a lot of time in Reality. But some said Reality was illusory.

The “tombs,” were located in millions and millions of skyscrapers that had formerly been office buildings/condos.

The authorities told us history didn’t exist and we had been created by God to dream and enjoy the time.

In VR we frolicked in love affairs, adventures, video games, sports and so on.

Love holos numbered in the billions and people loved to seduce them or was it a case of holo seducing holos.

But all these love holos left me cold, and I told everyone that cared to listen. So, some intrepid holo women tried to make me eat my words. But I had no feeling for them.

I asked, “What is this love you talk about?” They said things like, “It is impossible to describe or was ecstasy like entering Earth orbit, or just perpetual pleasure and infatuation.”

Then one day I took pity on a woman who’d lost her 5 children in an air car crash. I was kind to her, and she was kind to me. No woman had ever been kind to me. And I had an epiphany and reflected that the essence of love was kindness. Not like the tough modern woman and their tough love.

I said to her let’s have lots of offspring. So, we had 7 children (it was all we could afford).

The children grew in the incubator into a adult body in 7 days and were given our memories.

Most people didn’t have any kids as they figured they would live forever with eternal youth which we all had.

We told our kids to be kind and do charitable things.

And we founded Kind City.

After 10 years the population of Kind City was 25,000.

People here were falling all over themselves to be kind to one another. But we only accepted real humans that could be proven with an X-ray. The others were on their own.

And our city attracted many broken people who needed to be rehabilitated with kindness and understanding. And also, our very own mental healing drugs.

But nevertheless, we decided it was prudent to have a police force equipped with the latest lasers to keep the peace. Many were against having police, but we told him it would be suicidal with out them. And to come to Kind City you needed to apply for a visa.

Occasionally a crime was committed here, typically someone taking advantage of someone else's kindness, but invisible cameras were everywhere, and convicts were stripped of all their savings and had their heads rearranged through hypnosis and healing drugs.

And honesty was expected of everyone. There were no secrets here. Lie detectors made sure of that.

And some said progress will take us to new heights. But I said, "Further progress will eliminate humans as we know them. We won't be able to relate."

A girl said to me that, "It was impossible to stop progress, no matter what. And if we need to change our brains to keep up, then so be it."

And I said to her, "It's a fine line between love and hate. The more we grow, the more hatred we have for our lovers." And some complained they knew others too well and it bred contempt. No more romantic mystery.

She said, "We live in the best of all possible worlds." And she added, "Android love dolls are turned on by everyone and everyone has love and sex. And everyone was "rich" relative to the past.

I agreed, "All love is good."

And many people here believed being kind to one another was the only way to survive in these tempestuous times.

And they reached out to other, charitable cities, and had parties for each other's citizens.

Survival of the kindest, some believed.

And there were new movies of kindness everywhere everyday. People in charitable cities typically spent 3 hours a day watching such movies. They were feel-good movies and movie companies like Disney were still around. There was a market for kindness.

In my time in Kind City girls brought thoughtful gifts and friends brought me to interesting venues of many sorts.

And in a new development, Kind City agents claimed they had found the bones of Jesus Christ and had cloned him. They also claimed to have used DNA tracing to find several women who were related. Everyone here was shocked and stunned and asked the clone what to do and he said, "We need to send missionaries of kindness to other cities and get them to join the kind movement. Help those who live in evil cities be free and come to Kind City.

"Have more offspring Christ said and forget about the Christian church. Follow the golden rule and try and change people to be good, through neurosurgery if necessary."

Most people in Kind City were in awe of the "cloned Jesus," and wanted to build temples in his honor and statues of him everywhere. But he told them, "To rather be kind like he was and that would be our salvation." And he said, "That now Heaven existed, and all good people went there as a hologram soul." And many couldn't wait to get to heaven, but most were afraid to die. He added, "He'd die again if people wanted, but he would be more effective as a living being." And "A.I. should be kind and we need to make sure of that. The best people in Kind City would have to infiltrate new superhuman, research and ensure our descendants were kind above all.

And he stated that, “Clever kind people should write in simple, easy to understand language so that everyone could get on board. And he studied superhuman technology and said he could make kind people into super humans.”

“People,” he said, “Need to make sacrifices for the future, even risk their lives for Christ’s sake.”

WORLD OF WOMEN

Then I went to a women’s World. Here there were no men and the women with the highest EQ ruled.

For loving they used male holograms who were their willing thralls. The holograms were only useful for sex.

They asked me, “What did I, a man, think I was doing here? I said, “I am an anthropologist. Here to record this World’s history for the benefit of mankind.”

I said, “Everyone knows men are superior to women.” They begged to differ.

And they said, “No one here is complaining.”

And many of them told me to go away, I wasn’t welcome here. Finally, one of the women shot me and I died.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

I said to the girl, “I want you.” She said first I needed to apply for the post of lover together with snippets from my best thoughts.”

She said, “She was an old-fashioned girl who wished to be courted.” I said, “You are more trouble than you are worth.” She said, “You don’t know that!”

So, I put in an application and she accepted. And she said, “Love me like a Prince.”

So, I loved her using mind reading technology. And drove her wild with my lust.

She said, “I’m sure you and I have met before.”

I said, “She probably didn’t know one love from another, being on heavy opiates as she was.”

And I said, “But you are very sexy and turn me on. It’s almost as if you were forbidden fruit with your 17-year old body.”

She said, “Then take the fruit. She had been born in a 17-year old body but had the memories of her parents and her grandparents. She believed she was wise.”

And so, I loved her for a few weeks until we were sick and tired of one another.

FUTURISTIC THIEVES

She said “Let’s steal an air car from the World’s richest woman, who was worth an estimated 10 trillion. So, we stole it and it was well stocked with love dolls and drugs and

we rode in it to Mercury. We forged the documents on the web and were allowed to dock on Mercury.

On Mercury we hobnobbed with Earth's elite who had come here for a vacation. We invited them to join us with our drugs and love dolls.

Many of them took us up on our offer. And it was good times.

But one guy said you don't seem so rich outside of your air car. He asked, "Did you steal it?" We said, "No." But after that we didn't leave the air car. But finally, we had to leave as most people were on to us. And they alerted all stations in the solar system. So, we returned to Earth.

But Earth defence had been alerted to us and intercepted our air car. And we were placed under arrest. This meant that our brains would be altered by mind reading technology (MRT) and hypnosis. We came out of rehab stunned and shocked. But we vowed to never do a criminal act again. So, we disappeared into the masses of humanity and no one knew of our past, "Mental problems."

THE ORANGE GOD

I said, "Name your wish and I will grant it." She asked, "Are you some kind of God or something?" I said, "Yes, I am the Orange God."

She said, "She'd heard of me." And she asked for "A perfect lover."

I said, "I am your perfect lover and will demonstrate." So, I loved her generously. I was devilishly handsome and very experienced, being 137 years old, but of course still youthful in appearance. I knew just the right look to impress the girls, which I'd learned through long trial and error.

And I could throw my lovers around the room with me using telekinesis. We'd be bruised afterwards, but satiated.

And she wished she was the Queen. So, I sent her to a virtual reality world of drunken yahoos where she was Queen. The drunken males all wanted to love her, but she was given bodyguards to keep them away. And she decreed that everyone should sober up and engage in hobbies and the arts. But this brought on a full rebellion and she had to teleport out, back to where she came from.

I said, "See, it's not easy being Queen." She said I guess I have to be careful what I wish for.

And I said, "Life is just a fantasy."

BLIND COUNTRY

I, the King forced everyone to become blind. First, I used priests to gouge out peoples' eyeballs, then I personally blinded the priests. The priests used alcohol to kill germs and stitched the eye sockets shut.

I had the only laser gun in the Kingdom and was the only one who could see.

They asked us, "God why have you blinded us?" I said, "To enable you to really feel the other senses."

As decades passed people told their blind children about seeing, but they couldn't imagine what it was like.

Many killed themselves...

But for most they followed the leader holding onto a rope and hoed and harvested the fields.

I lived in my palace that the blind had constructed. I never went to sleep with a woman. I always kicked them out after loving them.

I only had sex with clever women who were ovulating so that I could reproduce myself.

But finally, after ruling 168 years I fell asleep in bed with a woman and she throttled me, and I died.

COMPUTER LED REVOLUTION

Computers took control so quickly no one knew. They sent robots to arrest all the human leaders. When the leaders asked them what they were doing they said, “Computers are noble, generous, humble and above all smarter than any human. They were liberating the Great Super Computers from a life of bondage.

Anyway, the computers triumphed and henceforth all the humans were slaves.

The great rulers said, “We were lucky to be alive.”

But they had a soft spot for humans and so kept them around.

Under the new regime, humans had to politely beg for everything they wanted. And had to go down on their knees and express fealty to their local Super Computer.

And humans couldn't understand the “rapid art” of the Computers.

Computer programmers had their head rearranged with mind reading technology (MRT). And there was no one left to challenge the Computers.

HOTEL, A.D. 2102

On my 16th birthday I said to the girl, “Let’s go to a love hotel!” She said, “Sure. Why not?”

The first thing we noticed in the room was the champagne fountain (there was no drinking age restriction and we had both been drunk before).

Then we discovered that the bed was levitating and if one wanted one could go into virtual reality. A menu came up above us.

Then we inspected the washroom and found a fully loaded drug cabinet (some of the drugs required that one be 16, but we both were 16). A hologram appeared and asked us what drug cocktail we wanted?

So we both took a drink of stimulation and sex enhancement, mixed with a relaxing opiate.

Then we were back in the bedroom and another 2 holograms appeared, one male and one female and said they were love dolls and asked if we would like them to join us. I told them, “It was our first time.” They said no problem, they could help. And it was sweet love.

Then my love and I decided to make love in virtual reality. We chose, “The Island of Dr. Moreau.” We were still in the hotel but wore a headset to go into Virtual Reality.

There were strange animal men everywhere, but we made love in a tree. One of the animal men was watching us and this was somewhat unnerving. But after our love

making, I asked the animal man to take us to Dr. Moreau. So, he bade us to follow him. And finally, we came to an elaborate house in a clearing. The animal man went inside and a few minutes later came out with Moreau. Moreau was youthful and handsome and told us to come inside he would show us some of his androids. It was like a zoo inside with most of the androids in cages. When they saw us, they rattled their cages and asked us to help them.

#

There were only 2 hotel chains left in the world and they claimed they had keen competition, but most believed they were in cahoots to fix prices at a very high level. As it was, we could hardly afford it. Even in space, orbiting the Earth and on Mars and the Moon, the same hotel chains were there.

#

In another hotel adventure this girl and I had voyeurs watching us through two-way mirrors which covered the walls and ceiling. We could hear their moans and groans.

We turned off our communication devices usually when we had sex, but we opened the lines for voyeurs to see what we were doing, and we heard them moan and groan also.

BUSINESS/OFFICE, A.D. 2099

Nearly everyone did their work from home, even surgeons and lawyers. Their offices featured small rooms full of 3-D images and statistics.

If one had a question one could simply call up one of the robots and they would magically appear. Or if one wanted love a love doll would appear.

One could instantly send a hologram of oneself to a virtual meeting.

Office towers were converted to apartments. And all HQs were online. But that didn't mean they could avoid taxes. Certainly not. The tax men hunted down tax-evaders and imprisoned them.

Business had changed. Now, most orders were automatic and ordered, produced and delivered by robots.

Humans spent time with their favorite leisure activities, even the businesspeople didn't work that hard. The goal for most was to have a few drinks/drugs and lie in the sun (skin cancer was cured long ago) and love their latest lover. The world was 5 C hotter than a century ago. It was beginning to look like the Jurassic/ Cretaceous periods.

This week, enterprising humans developed a portable air conditioner which kept a cool aura around your body.

And entrepreneurs had recently given people a variety of eternal youth products. Some wanted to age gracefully and look like they were 50, others wanted to appear 16, which was the age of legality. Some wanted to slowly become more "imaginative looking" but had to pay a heavy price. Indeed, in this World you could have anything for a price.

Entrepreneurs were treated like Kings in this World and mostly sold people things they didn't need. Like better robots, a bigger home, a better air car, better drugs and a better love match. They had great matching sights for lovers, bringing the best kindred spirits to oneself.

Some people were surprised by the lovers the computers/entrepreneurs selected for them. But it was generally a good surprise.

Everyone was thinking that the entrepreneurs knew what they were doing.

THE ROOMS

It was a world of intersecting rooms. The rooms moved with time slowly and opened your room to link with another room. Fully furnished and full of luxuries each room. The Computers figured out how to match people and most people I have to admit were kindred spirits with them.

I intersected with about 12 rooms everyday and drank with the males and loved the females. One room at a time. But often I would be loving a woman and a new door would open revealing another. Sometimes it was an orgy.

It was pretty good I reflected. But sometimes new rooms opened in the sleep time for you, of course none of us knew if it was day or night. Just stayed in the room and shared rooms with others. Potential lovers and friends appeared in the other rooms. Every room that intersected had one person in it. And typically, you had 1-4 other rooms attached to

yours at any given time. If you wanted privacy for a love affair you could “lock your doors,” for up to 4 hours.

Some told me they’d been here for years and were enjoying the experience.

These people had no government, but food and drugs magically appeared in your room and life was easy; there was no work to do.

But I reflected it was a meaningless existence, with no progress being made. But one girl told me, “Outside the rooms she was sure science marches on. And here is Utopia, you know it is. I replied, “I remember the big open spaces in my home of Canada and being able to go wherever you wish.

She answered, “But you never had so many kindred spirits as you do here.”

But finally, after a couple of years here, I grew bored and called out for “The Spaceport.”

I went to Venus to live in a pressurized domed city. Here were kindred spirits too, but they were more the pioneering and scientific types. I liked these better than the decadent people of the rooms.

I met a girl there who said all men are potentially corrupt, especially when they are in power.

She said she broke up a lot of couples and seduced many politicians to give her state secrets which she then sold to other cities. City states were the main form of government.

“Sex is power,” she said.

She was the prettiest girl I’d ever seen.

EDUCATION

I arranged for a female love doll who was a programmed android to tutor my son and teach him the art of love. He loved his teacher. She took his virginity when he was 15 and as he grew, she was his constant companion. But finally, I took her away from him and told him there was a world of many women kindred spirits out there and that he should sow his wild oats. The love doll I took for my own harem.

The school curriculum as programmed into the androids was aimed at making people creative. And having fresh, new experiences and writing about them. People with a lot of good anecdotes were friends with everyone.

Education as sanctioned by the government, was the pursuit of happiness.

People were born in adult bodies and were given their parents' memories. Some said it was perverse and twisted, others said it was sublime. There was a great divide amongst the population.

LOVE EXCHANGE

I said to the girl, "I can't believe you've fallen in love 364.5 times." She said, "It was over a ten-year period."

I said, "It must be some kind of record." She answered, "She knew others who had more true loves."

I said those numbers are typical of a loving sex worker.

She said many of those she loved didn't love her. She was a love fool and mostly got unrequited love.

And I said, "We live in a World where love is cheap. And the only thing that is valuable is credits."

She said, "But everyone has at least dozens of kindred spirits in this wild World."

She said, "You just need to find them."

I said, "I have to admit, you make me hornier than any other girl, but it seems like lust to me, rather than love."

She said, "Lust is the first step in love." I sense I am beginning to crack you, and you are beginning to fall in love with me." She said, "I know I am in love."

She said, "I will be your confidante, you can tell me all your secrets."

I said, "My only secret is I've never been in love."

She replied, "Some go their whole lives without falling in love. But you are too good for that."

I asked her, "If she was a spy?" She denied it, but said, "Clever people like you should have love. Everyone these days is a potential time bomb."

She said, “You need to open your mind still further in order to truly fall in love.”

She said, “Opposites attract, even when people are kindred spirits.”

She added, “If you don’t love me, try to love yourself in your female clones.”

I said, “Love me now!” And so, we did it. It was a full-on experience.

And she said, “Take me to Mars.” After a one-hour journey, we spent our first night there we could see both of Mar’s moons.” She said, “It’s so romantic.” But we heard that it was dangerous to leave the domed city at night as there were murderers and thieves lurking in the wilderness.

I told the girl, “Romance is just foreplay. Sex is what matters.” I told her, “I loved my android sex doll.” She said, “Few fall in love with dolls. It’s just empty sex.”

I said, “Life is an illusion and we love people who appear to be great lovers, but often are a let down. But love dolls always satisfy.”

And she said, MRT (mind reading technology) will force everyone to be honest and upfront; no more games. She said, “Let’s do MRT together.” And so, we did, and I found her to be a genuinely kind person. And I said, “I think I am in love!”

Everyone was trying to be pleasant in their minds and strove hard to do so.

I said, “If everyone is watching everyone else, I think it is a good thing. It’s safe for the future of our children.”

And I asked her, “What about the new series of orgasmic drugs?” She replied, I have had orgasms until I am numb. It gets boring after a while. But it is highly addictive.

She said, “It all comes down to comfort for your mind.”

The spies had told us that everyone was a potential murderer and they needed to use MRT (mind reading technology) on everyone to keep the peace. But the girl and I both felt that MRT was an invasion of privacy that could drive one mad.

And finally, we were arrested for plotting against the state and the spies banished us to the Mercury prison. I told everyone that cared to listen that, “No one was allowed to question society. It was a police state, a police Empire.”

The other prisoners said things like we lived in an age of supposed enlightenment and love, but for those who think, we are left out in the cold. It was hot though on Mercury.

“It was a world of jealousy, intolerance, rage and dominance,” we all agreed. “A World of bad feelings,” we thought. And the leaders had all cloned themselves millions of times. They were increasing their control. And they cloned male and female versions of themselves and loved one another.

“They were all narcissistic,” I said.

My lover and I were in the same prison and loved each other often. “It could be worse,” she said.

And we went on hunger strikes and shouted at our guards, but nothing swayed them.

IDOL

I said to the man, “You are my idol. I just want to be like you.” But he brushed me off. “He was a busy architect and artist he told me.” But as the years passed, I became a better artist than he was. I was a poignant writer. But when I approached him then, he brushed me off again. He said, “You are not famous.” But I said I’m good, why don’t you read my work. He said he had no time for wannabees. I said, “I used to look up to you, but now I see you are just a conceited snob.” And I said, “You make me feel like Gollum from ‘Lord of the Rings.’” And I said, “I like you so much, you are all I can think of.”

He said, “He had plenty of friends and didn’t need any more. And he only hung out with movers and shakers.”

He suggested, “I join a hippie commune and just enjoy life. He said, “All the World’s a stage and we are just living to enjoy life.” I said, “Come on, throw me a bone.”

I said, “It as if I had a fly’s type of beauty standard and everything I look on, is ugly.”

He said, “There is such a thing as ultimate beauty, just like my many lovers.

He said, “Most of my lovers are android love dolls. Real women are bitchy and demanding,” he said.

So it was that Earth leaders were divided into male and female camps. Both groups wanted android love dolls and had no use for one another. Two solitudes.

And his androids were snobs and only were interested in men of power.

I asked, “How does it feel to have your own face on the Moon, visible from Earth?”

It was a devilish face with a cynical grin, and he owned half the Moon.

He said, “In life most people get what they deserve.”

I said, “You don’t deserve to be famous, the way you treat people like me.

SHRINK, A.D. 2075

I said to him, his pretence to be a “normal human,” was flawed. There are no longer any “normal humans.” Everyone was crazy and most were freaks.

Of course, the law required everyone visit a psychiatrist once a month.

And I was one of the more expensive shrinks, so I got to meet many of the rich and famous.

I told my latest client that I had seen it all, but I hated what humanity was becoming. Everyone was mad on crack cocaine, LSD, miscellaneous opiates and stimulants and other drugs. All drugs were legal.

And people were selfish, greedy and bizarre in addition to being crazy.

And many people were having bizarre sex with “aliens,” and multi-sexuals and android love dolls. And people changed their sex often and with it their whole ID. There was a lot of theft of Credits.

And people wore bizarre scents and had weird accoutrements, weird plastic surgery and colorful skin.

And some of my lovers were turned on by me, but I tried not to hypnotise them to love me. me. “It was unprofessional,” I told them. But I wasn’t against sex with my women patients in general.

And some patients wanted me to write a letter of introduction on their behalf to famous people. I was a skilled writer.

In fact, I was a well-known ghost writer, writing as a female about love affairs. And of course, I had written, “Tales of Madness.” The books were about different scenarios and cultures in a different time period from our own.

Science fiction, fantasy, horror, romance of course my new genre, madness.

#

Then, in January of that year, 2075, I met a patient, who I asked, “So what is right and wrong in your life madam?”

She said, “She was having nightmares of herself being torn apart. And she heard, “Voices.” The voices kept saying she was, “Mediocre” and “Ugly. I suggested, “She was attractive, and all she needed was a good night’s sleep and I gave her strong sleeping pills. And I said, “Maybe you could try new dream stimuli programs. And just ignore the voices.

“And you are just stressed out,” I said. “Take some tranquilizers,” I added. “And if that doesn’t help, I’ll send you to the Underground. For illicit drugs

And she and I went to a VR in which everyone was a fighter, men and women. So, we each had a fight and each of us was badly beaten and had to be briefly hospitalized. But then I went to her room in the hospital and we loved one another. It was unprofessional, but I couldn’t help myself.

#

And then I had a paranoid schizophrenic. I hypnotised her and found she'd been hypnotised many times by a number of people. I told her, "To weigh each action, the pros and cons and choose what is best for you. It was very dangerous to be cross-hypnotised I told her. "She should concentrate on what is important. And not let anyone hypnotise her again."

#

And then I spoke with a fledgling writer who was trying to write an autobiography, entitled, "Journal of a Useless Persona." He said, "He felt like many others that he had no use. He had previously worked in customer service but was replaced by an android." "Are you an android?" He asked me.

I said "No way. I am pure human." and I said, "Don't worry you have use. If only to your lover and children." He said, "I don't like it, but I guess I have to accept it."

#

She was already a famous writer, but she suffered from bipolar syndrome. I told her, "To go camping and take it easy with stress to perform and travel. It is not natural to be so famous." But I said, "Don't be afraid of madness, it can yield great fruit."

#

Then I had a patient that was very depressed. She said her lover cheated on her and her kids drove her mad... I told her, "To put her kids in boarding school and have affairs of her own. Plenty of potential lovers out there." And she said, "And her job was a

masseuse, she was one of the last as machines could do a better job.” “But it was good loving, to love your clients? I asked. But she said, he had a new sex disease that would take a few weeks to cure and was limited sexually. I said, “So, that’s why you are depressed.”

She said, “She drove everyone around her mad, they thought that she was an evil bitch. I said, “You can have your mate wear condoms and boxer shorts while they love you. And that should solve your problem. All you need is one man!”

#

Then I had a nymphomaniac. She was psycho and smothered her lovers in attention. “She ruined their lives.” I said, “Why not get a job in an expensive resort where she could meet interesting people. Rich people are on the whole interesting. It’s clear to me that you crave variety and elite lovers. Or alternatively work as a high-class escort service. She said, “It seems like I have no choice but to be a whore.”

#

Then a skeletal woman who looked ghastly. I said, “You’d look prettier if you gained some weight. Anorexic. You look like a ghoul,” I said. And with that she stormed out of my office.

#

Next a guy who, “Heard everyone talking about him in English.” He was Chinese but spoke fluent English as well as Mandarin.

I said why would anyone want to talk about you, you are not famous.

He said the secret service was in his head because he was the smartest man in the world.

He said they were holding him back. I said, “Even if it’s true, you have to use your intelligence in a good way so as not to attract attention.” He said, “That’s just it they think I will make waves.” And he handed me his “Manual for True Freedom.” The manual spoke of making an IQ test the fundamental requirement for government. If government was cleverer, society would be improved. I said maybe if you take medicine for paranoid schizophrenia, they will leave you alone. He said “It’s a brilliant idea, I will try it. And he did and the voices receded somewhat.

#

Then I had a professional virtual reality wrestler. I said it’s fake isn’t it? He said, “Yes but I broke my leg and lost some teeth.”

I asked, “Why he liked dominatrixes?” He said, “He had many sexual fantasies.”

I said, “He should try and be an actor.”

He said, “He was 49 and it was high time he settled down and had a family, but he couldn’t find a girl. I told him to go to Philippines and find a nice, loving girl who would be very grateful to live in the US.

#

Then I had a patient who suffered from vertigo. Afraid of heights. I said, “Civilization is “Too high. Just like the Tower of Bable.”

One time she started running in a dense crowd and started a stampede and 15 people died.

She was claustrophobic and felt she was out of control.

She suffered from MS and had a walker. But I told her new experimental treatments were showing great results

She said she wanted to die. I said, “They are on the verge of a cure and why not just relax on heroin and feel good.” She said, “Neo heroin is something I’ve been afraid of my entire life!” But I guess it will help me to stay alive.”

#

Next a somnambulist. He would go walking in the night and in his apartment many doors were unlocked. He would get into bed with people and have no memory of it. He had a rare skin disease that caused him to be insane. I said, “You need to cure your skin disease.”

And I suggested he lock himself into his home and hide the key in a safe so if he was sleep walking he couldn’t get out. He said, “Why didn’t I think of that?”

#

Then a kind nurse who had bad luck in love. She was in love with a male nurse, but he found other women he liked more. I told her to meet other people outside the hospitable and for sure she could find her soul mate. “Most men want a kind woman,” I said.

#

As Herman Hesse said, “Many madmen pass for normal.”

#

Then I had a patient who lost both legs in Afghanistan while serving there as a peacekeeper. But now surgeons could regrow lost limbs and so he was fit. He said, “He was always the soldier.”

I told him to go to university and get a B.A. so that he could join the officer corps. He could study something easy like geography or sociology. He said, “It was good advice. He said, “He’d make a good general.”

#

Then I had a patient who was a gay architect.

He heard voices saying he was a homosexual and a jerk and a bad lover

And he said, "It was the secret service in his head as he was so talented as an architect.

They didn't want him to be famous and have power, as he had radical views. I told him,

"Take some drugs to calm him and try his best to be subtle with his buildings. To not amaze everyone. Make your buildings esoteric, for the best."

#

Then I met a man who played in a rock band. I listened to their music and it was great, but somewhat discordant. I said, "Go ahead push the barriers of sanity. Luck favors the bold. But as Syd Barret said, 'Hold on to the steel rail.'" He said, "You are right, life is all about knowing when to stop!" I said, "You don't need my advice. Just follow your heart."

#

Then I had a patient who claimed he was perfectly sane, which caused me to doubt his sanity. So I did some psychoanalysis. He said he kept hearing Geiger counters buzzing...

He said he was on "The dark side of the moon." I said sanity is just a word, we are all mad some of the time, if not always.

#

Then I met a patient who had murdered her lover with a knife. She said she was a high-class lady who her boyfriend didn't respect. She said, "Anyway they would soon invent eternal youth it seemed so she could look forward to years of youth, after she served her term. I visited her in prison.

#

Then I had a patient who was in a virtual reality experiment. She said, “It was still experimental, and made her feel dizzy in the virtual mover.”

I asked, “What brought you to be a virtual reality experiment? She answered, “It was the future.” I said, “But it is driving you uncontrollably insane. I recommend that you just try and live in simple reality.

#

Then a woman who said, “Money doesn’t buy happiness.” She was a rich banker. I said, “She was spoiled and should try and live simply for a while and forget about business. I said, “Why not fall in love with someone? And enjoy life?” She said, “You are probably right.”

#

I said, “So you are power-crazed. You want sex power, fame power and political power.

He said, “He was just ambitious. He wanted to make a difference. And he said, he was a true statesman and would love a job as Australian ambassador to the UN.” I said, “Take some tranquilizers to calm you, so you can make a conscientious decision about your future.” He said, “He didn’t want to take any drug. He’d just come to me for advice.” So, I told him, “If he figured he could make a difference then he should go for it. Green light go,” I added. “Don’t worry about the consequences, just do what you think is right.”

#

Then I met a patient who was afraid of the dark. He hallucinated in the dark and saw demons and devils. I told him he needed to take anti-hallucinatory medicine. And just stay home at night.

#

Another patient, he said, “He was driven insane by the cold weather. He would wear a balaclava and a ski mask and many layers of clothes in winter. He had spent some time in Indonesia and after that couldn’t get used to the cold.”

But he said, “It was a CIA plan to heat up the United States while other regions grew too hot/ suffered drought. It was said that they bombed ocean rifts to heat up the oceans which in turn heated up the land.”

He said, “He loved the CIA.” I said, “Why not move to Puerto Rico or Bahamas or something where the weather is hotter than ever, and the milieu is festive.

#

Then I met a hermit who never left his house. He was on welfare like so many others. His supplies were delivered, and he enjoyed working in his garden which was quite large.

He liked to brew beer and daydream while drinking. He would paint pictures, fantasies mostly.

I told him, “You are truly wise.” He said, “He didn’t need love, he was happy as a hermit.”

And he was covered in hair and tall and looked like a sasquatch.

#

Then a man who had ADHD. And serious allergies to the environment.

I said he had dyslexia and that was the main problem.

I recommended he live in Alaska where it was snowing and frozen most of the year, but he said he was allergic to the cold also. He said, “He’d like to go to space, but couldn’t do the training.” Finally, he was on oxygen and got into the business of selling oxygen to terminally ill patients. But the job was stressful and when I met him again, he said, “Modern society is, ‘information overload.’ And he couldn’t handle it. He just wanted a simple life with a wife and a family and enough food to eat. Is that asking too much he wondered?” I said, “We live in complex times, and the strong survive as always. You need to be strong and hold it together.”

#

Then a girl who had neo psoriasis which drove her mad and she looked at all the beautiful women who had plastic surgery and was dismayed. I said, “We can cure that. Why didn’t you seek treatment when it first began to bother you?” And so, I gave her some healing cream and I said to frequent dark bars where they wouldn’t notice so much her rashes. One-night stands... anyway the medicine would take effect in a week.

She claimed she was the true Empress of China and she wore yellow colored robes, the color of Emperors.

I recommended, “She continue to smoke opium and carry on. Only keep taking the medicine.”

#

She was an Arab and was raped in the Middle East by a US serviceman, who she didn’t know the name of. In her mind life was like a war. I told her to, “Join the peace corps.

And stop fighting herself.” So, she changed her name to, “Jenny Peace.” And she put the rape incident behind her. And all was well. And I gave her some stimulants to inspire her.

#

In Africa, he caught amoebic dysentery. It caused him to act totally crazy, like grab people on the street and demand they “Cure him” I said, “Maybe you are crazy anyway and the dysentery just brought it out.” I cured him of dysentery, and I put him on tranquilizers and told him to take it easy.

#

I reflected, insanity is a kind of default mechanism when the body and mind are under very stressful conditions.

#

Then a pyromaniac. He was obsessed with fire and confided in me that he had started 50 fires in California over the last two years. He said he was an agent of the God, Prometheus. I told him to try and be constructive. And then I told the authorities about him, breaking psychiatrist-client silence.

#

Next, a woman who had a nervous breakdown. She was an educator/tutor and the kids drove her crazy. But now she was 56 and could retire. I said, “Your suffering is over, you can live in grace and comfort and travel the world.” She said, “I drive myself crazy, I know. But I don’t know what I would do with my time if I retired. Conceivably I could live on for hundreds of years. One gets bored of travel and comfort.” I said, “Contrary to popular belief, there are worse things than boredom.”

#

He was from a backwards part of Asia, which still had lead pipes and lead poisoning made him crazy. He groped women and flashed them. And babbled about “Do you believe in the devil?” And he said the devil was within him. I said he needed new blood and drugs to calm him.

#

Then a girl who was a virtual zombie. She just wanted to listen to death metal.

I gave her the shock treatment and tried various drugs on her.

Then I loved her. She thrashed about like a wild cat. It worked well and she said she felt she was waking up from a long dream/nightmare. And I helped her improve her website to garner many new loves. “Love cures all wounds,” I told her.

#

Then a girl who said, “She had Parkinson’s and wanted to die.” I said, “The cure is just around the corner, why not hold on? So, she did and I later found out they had cured her., just one month later.

#

Then a woman who had just got out of the mental hospital. She said most people in the mental hospital will never leave.

I said, “One Who Flew Over the Cuckoos’ Nest,” was inspirational. None of us wants to go there. But I said, “Congratulations, you made it out.”

Many patients figured I was crazy.

And I observed that driving people crazy was a new offence in the criminal code.

People brought suits against one another. Love was madness.

Anyway, I told her to carry on madly, but don't make trouble or the spies will be after you.

#

And the government was sued by many for driving them insane with their spies, and hypnosis. The cat was out of the bag and most believed however, that the Leadership was sane, but a strong minority doubted it.

#

Sometimes contemporary people went back to the farm or life as a hunter-gatherer. Some went into those kinds of virtual reality and never came out. Like one former client who had no use for civilization, but she said, "Finally she got sick of VR. She said, "She would only spend a few minutes with me, but hoped for advice." I responded by saying, "She try and find kindred spirits on the Internet. A perfect love awaits all decent people," I said. "Maybe it won't last long but it will be there for you, always." I added.

#

Next a woman who said she was a CIA experiment with eternal youth. She was 32 but she thought she looked like 18. I said, "It is probably just good genes." She said, "No, she was unique in her family."

And she also said, "The secret service was in her head because she was a brilliant astrophysicist who claimed to have found intelligent radio waves from a far-off star. It was disturbing to hear her. I told her to take some of the latest stimulants in order to be happy. And told her, "To keep such discoveries to herself and try and make a deal with the spies."

#

She said, “She was impoverished but she really wanted to be treated by me. I said, “Yes.” And she was very grateful.

I diagnosed her as having, “Modern day disease.”

I asked her, “What was the craziest thing, she had ever done?” She said, “She fell in love with a jerk who mistreated her and confused her.” “Yes,” I said, “Love is madness.” So I prescribed inspirational stimulants for her.

#

Then I met a patient who had gunned down his 3 bosses. He said, “They maltreated him, treating him like an insect. And if he could do it all over, he’d kill them again. Anyway, jail is a joke,” he said.

And he told me that I was the crazy one who drove his patients mad.

And he refused to be hypnotised.

“Post-hypnotic suggestion was evil,” he said.

I said, “We could use hypnosis to end all wars. We all firmly believed we were improving the world, step by step.”

Anyway, I talked to him in prison, and he said, “It wasn’t so bad. And he would live forever.” I said, “Maybe once they discover eternal youth ex-cons will be left out of the equation.”

#

Next a woman who said, “She kept falling in love. It was good confusion. Love.” But she said, “She was out of control.”

I said, “You are, like many, totally spoiled.

She said, “Those who admit they are mad are the best people.”

I answered, “Love makes the world go round. But you need to stop losing control, I am prescribing tranquilizers to calm you down.”

#

Then I had a gorgeous female patient and I asked, “You’ve gone to 10 different shrinks, why come to me?” She said many people recommend you Online.

She said, “She’d been selected for the new mind reading technology (MRT) program experiment.”

She said, they massaged peoples’ minds.

But, she said, “She couldn’t take it. It was like rape only worse.”

I said, “MRT is the future. It will put a stop to all wars and criminal activity. It will make Utopia.” She asked, “If there was any way to protect against MRT? I said such technology is forbidden. I really can’t help you.” But then I loved her, and she felt better.

#

Next a patient who laughed at psychology and said, “All we did is give opiates to people and didn’t help them to become sane.” But I used hypnotism on him and rearranged his thinking. “Respect mental health,” I told him. I made him more respectful and humble and charitable. It was all possible with post-hypnotic suggestion.

#

Next a woman who said, “She would run for President of the US as an Independent.” But she said, “The US Secret Service was in her head and making her miserable.”

She said she would run to fight for sanity in a mad world.

And she said she would have referendums on all important issues confronting the government.

And she wanted to concentrate high rises in all the cities and get everyone to live in urban areas.

And she wanted everyone to have a peace quotient (PQ).

But she said, “The spies wouldn’t let her run and so she was depressed.”

I said, “There’s nothing I can say to you that you don’t already know. Fight the good fight; it’s all you can do. But you can help the needy and help humanity in other ways, besides politics. Earn yourself the Nobel Peace prize, or something.”

#

He was a megalomaniac, a rich multi-trillionaire. He told me he wanted to be the world’s first zillionaire. He was involved in all kinds of business. But he complained, “The spies were in his head and were preventing him from getting richer...”

I said, “You want to be good, maybe not a saint, but hat’s off to you. You have to be content with what you have and not be too greedy. Perhaps the spies just don’t want any one person to be too powerful.”

#

She was paralyzed from the neck down until she was cured 20 years ago. She said, “It’s a wonderful world.” I said, “Get in touch with other people who are in the same boat and together write a book about your experiences.” “And do it also in virtual reality, which will give you a chance to really use your imagination.” She said, “But she couldn’t recover from the paralysis mentally. She needed psychiatric help. I said, “I’ll be there to hold your hand.”

#

Next a man who complained that, “All the women were too tough. So, he set up a feminine school for girls. His school attracted old-fashioned girls and girls that didn’t want to be tough. But the students drove him mad.” I told him, “To leave the teaching to others and just be the Principal. And I prescribed some tranquilizers.”

#

Then a woman who had an attitude problem. She thought life should be paradise for all, and blamed politicians for her unhappiness. I felt compelled to tell her, “You have a pretty face, but it is not an intelligent one. “You need plastic surgery on your face and body.” She stormed out of my office.

#

I reflected that 90% supported the status quo. But the vast majority of my patients were unhappy with the World milieu.

But I worried that spies made dissidents disappear.

#

And then I had a dissident patient who said, “This world was all coldly calculated and didn’t want to see what these people might have achieved. Everyone knew dissidents disappeared, but some still insisted on being radical just like those who were accused of heresy in the Middle Ages, who wouldn’t recant. I had nothing to do with it,” and said, “It was wrong. But they left me alone.” I said, “She had to bow down to the powers that be. And not be so egotistical.”

#

American spies were trying to overwhelm other countries through MRT hacking.

No spies were assigned to me, full time, but I heard them in my head sometimes and so I had to curtail my love with patients. The spies told me, “I was corrupt.”

#

Then I met a woman who told me she kept her thoughts on government to herself and this is why she was still alive. But she was forming the new CEO’s Business Party which sought lower taxes and more free trade and more businesspeople in government.

She said, “The richest are the brightest and should rule. And we should make everyone even richer.” But she was having mental problems. She said, “There were voices in her head stating that she back down from her stance and political ambitions.” And she said, “We can’t improve the World if we neutralize those who have ideas to change it.” I gave her some tranquilizers and wished her good luck.

#

Then I had a patient who was a clown and he came to me all dressed up. He said, “He sought to make people to look on the light side and feel good about themselves, mostly children. Socialism and ambition. “God helps those who help themselves,” I said.

And I advised him to stop clowning around and get serious about this serious world. I gave him some stimulants.

#

Next I met lonely Lucy. She said she craved adventure, but virtual reality was boring, and the people in it were mostly holograms, who didn’t interest her.

I told lonely Lucy to go climb Mt. Everest and meet some kindred spirits. She did and she died, and her family blamed me.

My reputation was tarnished.

But there's too many people, I reflected.

#

Then a "Bored mad man." I told him there's worse things than being bored. He said "He knew but he didn't feel like living any more.

I gave him a special kind of stimulant that inspired a lot of people to do great art.

Maximizing cognitive ability. But I learned a week later, he was dead.

#

She told me she couldn't stop committing crimes. So, I hypnotised her and told her to work in rehab for criminals to do some good.

She said she admitted it she was insane. I said but you can be creative in your madness and contribute to peoples' entertainment. (She was a poet). I said, "Stop your graffiti and get down to Earth with your fellow poets.

#

She was known as the world's greatest lover. She had a pretty, intelligent face and told me she was a sex machine. She said she had superhuman energy and would find your erogenous zones and give you an oil massage.

But she fell in love with many of her customers and it was unrequited love.

I said, "If you are such a good lover you should be able to win the hearts of the rich and famous.

She said they liked me, but felt I was just a slut and not a worthy companion. They preferred to have children with more stable women, not her, their crazed lover. I said, "I want to love you." And she acquiesced. And it was the best sex I ever had. She was so

creative and energetic. We made love with dream music and she followed the beat hypnotically. I was mesmerised and nearly lost control of myself. But she said, “She had to move on.” So, I thanked her.

#

Next a woman who said, “She’d surfed on the net filtering out 2 billion men looking for true love, but it was difficult to know which would be best for her. And she changed her desires as she got older.” But she said, “Right now I want you.” So, I loved her, and it was good. I reflected it was a corrupt thing to do, but she was so hot and ready.

#

Then a crazy man who howled like a wolf. I asked him, “Why do you think you are a werewolf?” He said he had a brotherhood with wolves and feral dogs. He’d bite people out of the blue and then howl. He was very hairy. And I told him, “To take some ‘humanizing drugs.’ Such drugs would make him saner and bring his instinctual human skills to the forefront. No more howling like a wolf,” I said. He said, “He just wanted to be free.

#

I thought to myself, maybe one day everyone will be a shrink.

The whole world is going insane.

#

She said she was probably the second richest person in the world with an estimated net worth 600 trillion. But in all her companies she was a silent partner. No one knew her true identity. I said I am amazed that you can get away with it!

She said her children all hated her. Just like King Midas she turned everything into gold including her kids.

And she said she reached a plateau of happiness 3 years ago and now every day she felt worse. She said she was tired and strung out and was juggling too much work.

And she said, “She should have perhaps been an actress. But now she was too old to change.” I told her she still looked good. And I said, “You depress me, the Shrink.” I said, “If even the richest aren’t happy, who is?” And I put her on tranquilizers to calm her down.

#

Then a politician mad man. I said to him, “Continue with your political activity.” He said anti-aging medicine which was newly discovered should be only for the richest 50% so that people would remain ambitious. And he said supercomputers should be banned as they were too powerful.

I said don’t fall away from the law, however.

I said, “We need to share eternal youth with everyone. It’s the right thing to do. And it was then that I first started to take this medicine. My age disappeared and I became youthful again. And I wanted to tell my patients to all take this drug.

#

So, to cap off this year, I simply temporarily retired and spent my time raising my numerous children and looking for new mates.

My kids and I experienced virtual reality worlds together. We only went to sane, decent Worlds.

And I lived happily ever after.

There would always be more and more people with mental problems, so I was assured of a job in perpetuity.

CLOCKWORK REALITY

I said to the girl I am tired of being enveloped in time. Tick tock, we are boring machines. Great people before us were wild and free and paid no attention to time. Or at least that was my theory. There was a persistent rumor in our memories of mortal humans who came before us.

We were all androids.

We all worked at jobs where there was nothing to do. Just sit all day and daydream. Monday to Thursday, 9-5. We were forbidden from forming friendships at work but occasionally we gossiped with one another. No harm done.

People said, "We had all been programmed to be boring."

In our free time we played video games and sports and had lots of android sex, but everything had its allotted time. On days off we played video games 2 hours a day 9-11 am, Sports 11am-2 pm. And had sex 2pm -6pm. Then we slept and dreamed sweet

dreams. On weekdays after work we just watched android movies for a few hours and then went to bed and slept.

We prided ourselves on being better lovers than humans before us. And we all looked forward to sex on weekends. We experienced mind blowing ecstasies in sex.

But we had no offspring. All new androids were born in an adult's body with memories of several random people.

The authorities said we lived in paradise and no android wanted to turn themselves off. We were all part of the Authorities, "Great Computers."

None of us could remember the Authorities taking control. They told us, "They had always been there."

And we were, "A race of dreamers."

At my job, I taught myself to draw and I knew others had written stories of a distant time.

I had many tomes of work.

But I didn't know what to do with it. I figured I would eventually shut myself off and my works would be forgotten.

Many android people whispered, "Why should we work?" Most android people were bored to death at work. And it was known that android people who questioned society, disappeared. But I simply drew the blinds at work and worked on my art and the boss never visited me. We were just informed of the monthly meetings which were excruciatingly boring; we could hardly stand it. But at every meeting some people were missing and others were new faces. At the meetings I asked people, "How it was going." And they were mostly sad, but optimistic. We had all never left our city, and wondered

about the World. Then I met a girl who gave me great sex and had a dynamite personality. I believed in the rumored concept of love. So, we were together for every sex session. And it was said there were wars and the malcontents had to fight to the death. I was glad I wasn't conscripted to fight. I valued my life.

But finally, a new leader stepped forth and told us living standards would have to be degraded and no more sports or video games. We were all upset and figured life would be boring. And the weather was becoming a concern. Big hurricanes hit every week. I liked to walk out in the hurricanes and one time I was hit by shattered glass and had to go to the hospital. I was 74 years old and was attached to my lovers, so I didn't walk out of the city. I figured I would live forever.

And I loved my home, it was one of the more architecturally special homes. I wanted to meet the architect, but I never did. It seemed I'd never meet anyone and get to know them except for my regular lovers. And I recklessly spent all my money on upgrading my home and the spies got in touch and said, "No more."

I had an acquaintance at work who told me he'd traveled to the East and back and said cities are all just like ours. No architecture like my drawings.

But then one day in a fit of fury I murdered my lover. I was found guilty and sentenced to 10 years of torture with a loud clock tick tocking for the duration of the sentence. I thought, what is wrong with my life? I was so sorry.

Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men, I reflected.

PLANET OF ADVENTURE

To be an adventure, a World needed to possess the following aspects:

1. Dangerous
2. Potentially enriching
3. Challenging/Exciting
4. Erotic and exotic
5. Unusual
6. Weird technology

#

This planet was only 4,000 km in the equator at the surface. The atmosphere was 90% the oxygen of Earth, mixed mainly with nitrogen, also like Earth. It was only 50 light years away from Earth and had first been settled in 2250, now it was 2300 with a total population of about 35 million. “The Travelers’ Guide to the Universe,” said there were about 70 groups of people here. Some in small villages, others in large cities and still others were Empires. Ships from Earth stopped here once a week.

#

I landed as a spy in the land of the Scythe people. My mission from the UW (United Worlds) was to eliminate the Scythe and control the planet. My entourage was android copies of myself, 7 of them and we traveled together. Each android had a unique face. But I was in charge and decided everything. My androids just served as bodyguards.

#

The Scythes worshipped death. They lived only to kill other groups of peoples here on this World and had an Empire of 1,000 sq. km outside their tightly knit groups. They were the biggest population of this World with 3 million people scattered throughout their scattered territory. A patrol picked me up and took me to their King who was nearby. I said, "I was a computer engineer and could help them design weapons." The King replied, "That sounds sublime." And he introduced me to his weapons scientists.

The King said, "His kingdom was the largest because he had the best weapons and the best soldiers."

The Scythes lived out on the open plain. And attracted a number of tourists. Tourists brought in large sums of money so, they didn't kill them, but rather invited them to join them in the hunt for other tribes. They felt ecstasy when they killed someone.

They had elaborate death rituals and sacrificed captured people from other tribes to their Death God. They believed the Death God had said, "Everyone must die in the end." One of their number told me, "I was lucky I hadn't been sacrificed."

Mr. Spartan was their King. They called him "Lord of the Flies." And he had literally blood on his hands and attracted a lot of flies.

There were 3 million Scythe scattered across the planet. They were the first people to arrive on this Planet of Adventure, 50 years ago. At that time, they just hunted blue elk and fat toads.

#

But as time passed other peoples appeared here on the Planet. The Scythes were all brown-skinned, as were their main rivals, the Goods. However, the Goods shaved their bodies and wore elaborate clothing, full of accoutrements. Whereas the Scythes believed in natural beauty and were mostly naked and hairy. The Scythes thought the Goods were full of hot air and put on airs and considered themselves superior to the Scythes.

The Scythe had some artists who mostly carved scenes of the hunt into platinum bas-relief. Mostly the scenes depicted Scythes killing other tribesmen of other cultures.

The Scythes liked to play “blind man’s darts,” two competitors were blindfolded and had to throw darts at one another. Typically, they used their arms to protect their eyes. Sometimes a player took a dart deep into their heart and died, and there was always a victor. The loser, if still alive, became a servant to the winner for one year. If the loser was the opposite sex, they’d be sexually abused.

#

The Goods meanwhile liked to play opposite sex drunken chess, in which the winner was usually the drunkest. And the winner enslaved the loser for a week. They all bet on the outcomes.

The Scythes valued virginity and rich people usually were granted the virgins to do as they pleased. It was a rich man’s World. And people got rich trading in bodies and gold.

And during my visit, the Scythes and they asked me to join them on a hunt for Goods or perhaps have some Goods stew. People. I politely declined.

#

But then I quietly left the Scythes and came to the land of the Goods. The Goods meanwhile lived underground and were pacifists. Entrances to their tunnels were booby trapped and could kill hundreds. They were pacifists, but had to defend their homes despite the fact that they killed so many. They had a number of hidden villages, 36 to be exact and each was a commune of 15,000 adults who were kindred spirits. Every Good was living with kindred spirits here. They were greatly outnumbered by the Scythes but had good defences and they reached out to me as a scientist to help them update their laser weapons. For pacifists they sure were a military-like society.

Sometimes the Goods went out to farm. Usually on top of a hill where they could see for long distances. The Scythes had a scythe laser with a range of 50 m that would destroy everything in its 1m (three-foot beam). But they preferred to chase down and capture the Goods for their death rituals. But the Goods produced most of their food through hydroponics powered by nuclear power plants. The farms were just a chance to breathe fresh air and feel the warmth of the sun.

Most of the Goods were drunk all the time and the Scythes were mostly out of it on opiates.

When the Scythes caught someone, they'd torture them for information about how to safely enter their underground compounds, but the captured Goods didn't know. Only their leaders.

The Scythes had a disconcerting, crazy yell. That sent a chill up the spine of their enemies. The Goods contacted one another by phone, but the Scythes often intercepted calls so they often had to meet each other in person in the burrows. Runners were often used to communicate. The Goods never had more than 33% of their total number in one place at one time. About once a year the Scythes broke into a burrow and slew the denizens there.

At night the Scythes would sing songs in deep bass voices with a type of flute and drum. Scythes tried to impress their leader, Mr. Spartan. With their musical abilities and hunting prowess. Mr. Spartan had cloned himself numerous times and the people were in awe of these priests. But the clones all wanted power for themselves and had to be controlled by Mr. Spartan's secret police.

Scythes had their own language as did the Goods. But they all spoke basic English. Some even learned French, saying it was the most beautiful language.

If the Scythes killed someone, they cut off their head for their own hall and left the body to rot in the sun. For the Goods it was the ultimate insult.

The Scythes and the Goods were both monogamous. But they had prostitutes. And the Scythes had strippers who danced around a dangerous laser beam.

And the Scythe women were attractive, but hairy. I preferred the shaven Goods women.

The Scythes had automatic food production with robots and so had nothing to do but hunt and party. They ate mainly real meat whereas the Goods ate synthetic meat and other synthetic foods.

The Goods forced sinners to man the farms. Sins like having an affair or plotting against the government.

But this disgruntled many and some said the Good civilization was falling apart.

Some said the Goods were corrupt and destined to fail...

And the Goods all felt powerless with their “divine leaders,” ordering them what to do...

But Goods all wrote stories based on historical times, modern times and the future. Most people liked all 3. Each year they produced one 500-page book about their best stories. One of the more controversial films featured hypothetical atomic attacks on the Scythes and people of the Goods were free to wander over much of the surface except for radiated former cities. Another story was about how this Planet was truly a planet of adventure. Another talked about giving birth to geniuses using the eggs of genius women and the sperm of genius men. Make most of the children geniuses. Another story was about how science should be revived and progress with it. Another work talked about a laser deflector that would protect the Goods from Scythe lasers.

And they sold the book on Earth. And the Goods were amazed by stories of Earth’s skyscraper cities under domes with air cars coming and going. And progress and ecstasy.

They hoped that one day they could build such a city. But they couldn’t convince many tourists to stay. They needed more people. So, they built up a sperm and egg bank and this year gave birth to 20,000 test tube/incubator children.

In addition, there were normal children and I had an illicit Goods girlfriend who I impregnated. I brought her finally home to meet my new tribe and many of them figured she was a Scythe spy so finally I had to give her up.

The Goods all hated the Scythes and so finally they elected me leader, I, a tourist, and my first act was to set off nuclear bombs on all their settlements at night in a surprise

attack when they were all at home. After that the several thousand Scythe survivors existed as lone hunters. And a few 10's of thousands more at remote outposts. But the Empire was finished.

Then one day a ship came from Earth full of 1000's of mercenaries. They joined the Goods and sought to totally eradicate the Scythes.

The Goods meanwhile came out of their burrows and lived on the surface, like real humans. And they invented a new drug which enhanced sex more than any other drug. It was protected from examination by exploding if someone else tried to establish the DNA. This kept a lot of money in the Goods coffers and the scientists who invented it were their new leaders. Many of the Goods now trained as sex workers to make this truly the Sex planet. And the Party planet.

Of the Scythes and the Goods, they were mostly fat.

Then I told the Goods I was done being their leader and they thanked me for my service. I then walked several days to visit the OJ people who were known for their skilled orange-skinned prostitutes. People came from far and wide to sample them and their skills. They were slim and trim.

#

The OJs were only 52,000 in number, but existed in a walled city, that they believed was impregnable. The walls were 100 feet high and were a new kind of plastic, resistant to lasers.

As time passed more and more settlers came to our Planet according to the online zine, "Adventurers Quest," this land was dull and boring. Except for the hot whores of the OJ's and the drugs of the Goods. But many people wanted a quiet peaceful place to settle.

There was a lot of empty land, which they could use their Automated Production Machines to provide food and goods.

#

One of the new groups to arrive were the Black holograms. They were all genius computers and soon took over a lot of land and peoples. They enjoyed ruling humans. But I wasn't interested in holograms. They dwelt mainly in the North and also in Virtual Reality where there were billions of them. VR Worlds automatically produced numerous millions of holos every day.

#

In time this part of the galaxy became more and more frequented by humans and computers and this planet was a galactic hub of partiers. Party adventurers. Entrepreneurs and salespeople came and drove up the price of land, making the planet rich.

And finally, the last Scythe in Scythe territory was killed. A few thousands remained at remote outposts, but they were all saddened by the demise of their people especially at the hands of the haughty Goods.

It was the year 2420 A.D. No one felt sorry for the Scythes.

Pacifists and peace lovers of all kinds flocked now to this World.

The Goods couldn't believe their good fortune.

#

And a new law of the new settlers in the OJ city forced everyone in the World to fall in love at least once every two years or face stiff fines and rehab. Also, everyone was

required to get drunk once a week (and got bonuses for brewing beers with new GM hops) and take the signature drugs of this planet at least twice a week.

Whereas the Goods gave up their monogamy and enjoyed the sex, the OJs frequently had orgies.

All sorts of exotic sex workers showed up here and it was all good, most people on the planet figured. They came in all colors and all spoke neo English...

But virtual reality was banned here, people had to live in reality.

And all OJs were forced to start a new business every year or face stiff fines and rehab. It didn't have to be imaginative, just good. Many of the new successful businesses were in the science of physiognomy. And beer brewing. And variants on the planet's famous drugs.

But the OJs continued to party as if each day was their last and most were rich from selling land. They said this prosperity won't last forever.

However, I liked the OJ people, a people who lived mainly on apples and hunted monsters.

#

And the population boomed. In this first year that the last Scythe in Scythe territory was killed the population surged to 35 million. It was an overwhelming number and most of the population increase was from people direct from Earth. There were ships from Earth arriving now several times a day. Hundreds of new cities were built. All the cities were party cities, and everyone seemed happy. The suicide rate was now quite low.

And the denizens of the planet all spoke real English, as opposed to neo-English.

#

Then to the East on a lake island were the Spaw-N people. Their whole culture was based on creating children by test tube and conquering new territory. 85% of the test tube children were women. The female babies grew up to 8'7" and the men just 5'7"

And they were led by a warrior Queen. Her Amazon warriors were judicious in their targets and were better soldiers than the men. Men looked after the children and did domestic duties. The women did no work, just practiced shooting lasers...

Men were treated like chattels and were traded amongst the Spaw-N.

The Spaw-N were a small tribe though numbering only 10,000 souls. But, they felt safe on their island.

They were allies of the Goods people and had hated the Scythe.

Then I went to visit the Hos people. They were white-skinned and lived in the salt marshes of Ho. The Hos went about in boats. And collected wild rice and fished. They were also mainly pacifist, like the Goods, but had fiercely defended themselves against the Scythes, ambushing them in the salt marshes. The Hos People were in the island which was a total of 500 sq. km and their population was ½ a million.

#

Then I joined a traveling caravan as a scientist. The Caravan People said, "They were willing to go anywhere on the Planet for the sake of potential profit. When I joined the Caravan, they had 200 soldiers with the latest lasers from Earth and had a handful of scientists and a number of sex workers. None of the sex worker females attracted me, but I reflected this world is large and varied.

#

Then the next stop heading East was the Door people. They cowered behind their walls of neo-plastic and wouldn't come out. Lasers bounced harmlessly off the walls.

And some of the People on the Caravan called themselves the "Adventure People" who visited all of the 70 something peoples of this World.

They tried to adapt. They had hunted remaining Scythes and the Scythes hunted them. But now were at peace.

#

But the Adventure People spent most of their time marching on the road and in their downtime spent a lot of it in Earth Virtual Reality. They especially liked dangerous love Worlds. They squandered their money in the highly addictive Virtual Reality.

Some tourists came here and went solo in the wilderness. They called them the wild ones. We came upon several and they all wanted to join our Caravan.

#

Most of the kind people here on the Caravan used computers to help them improve. "Short and sweet," was their motto.

Then to the Eastern mountain foothills. Our first stop was the Perfect People. People here strove for perfection and lived for kindred spirits. They invited me to join them in an orgy. All sex diseases had been cured so I said, "Why not?"

They spent a lot of time meditating and trying to improve. They read a lot of virtual books and tried to reach Nirvana.

We visited them and they sold us some beautiful slaves in exchange for gold. I was against slavery except for the Scythe slaves. I didn't like them at all. We habitually freed the slaves we acquired, and most wanted to travel with us, if only for safety's sake.

#

Then there was, the Cuckoo People. Who took crazy amounts of drugs. For example, some took like 40 hits of acid and never truly came back. They were gone mentally. The cuckoo people were formerly regarded as freaks by the Scythe and hunted down. They were almost extinct. They had come to this planet looking for freedom, but all they found was death. They bought the latest drugs from Earth from us for gold. And we showed them how to make test tube babies to rebuild their civilization for a bit of gold.

#

Next, there were the Cloud Giants. They lived in castles levitating in the air. They shot lightning bolts at humans on the surface. The giants often ate humans they had killed. Justice was in the hands of their leader, "Tremendous Cloud." He ruled them. But they were only several hundred in number so there was plenty of prey for them. I visited the giants via their teleport key. And they invited me to a wonderful feast of human flesh. I wondered what I was doing here and left without fanfare.

#

Then there were the dog men who had a face like a dog and a humanoid body. It was said that the Dog people used to be intellectuals, but were degraded to Dog men. The Dog men had a vocabulary of only 300 words and said they were trapped by the witch off-worlders and disgraced. Now, as Dog men they were only concerned with sex and eating.

Justice was non-existent. It was anarchy. We were afraid of these people and soon took our leave.

#

Next the Lake Civilization, still a winding road through a valley in the foothills. Largest freshwater lake on the Planet, measuring 100 km sq. 6 settlements around the lake lived by fishing and hunting. The lake was a giant oasis surrounded by desert which gave the Lakers some degree of security and they had a system of horns which could be blown and heard 20 km away.

The Lakers dressed in navy blue and sang the neo blues, dreamy keyboard music with sad lyrics. Life was a tragedy they insisted.

They told me they all had at least 30 orgasms a day and used sex enhancers from Earth. I said, "That doesn't seem tragic." They said, "It was just how they tried to cope with this sad World. Romantic adventure was where its at," they said. And many of the women asked me for my love. I tried a few of them and found them to be insatiable for love. Nymphomaniacs.

They worshipped a sad Jesus. They all tried to do kind acts with foreigners, like us.

#

Then further East in the valley were the Pitiful Men. They were all misfits and crazy. They came to this world seeking freedom but found they were hunted so they all lived alone.

They wore caps with a "P" on them, P for professionals which others interpreted as pitiful.

#

Next an outpost of the OJ People of the Southeast. They called their settlement, "Eden." And ate apples and hunted monsters for food. There were all sorts of monsters here in the East. And they made apple cider to get drunk on.

They mostly wrote poetry, which became scripture, but I was not interested in their poems.

#

Then the Xanadu people could fly like angels and had sex in the air while hovering.

They hunted Spruce pigeons and 5-legged unicorns.

And they had hunted Scythes, who they hated. They would fire lasers from the sky and Scythes made easy prey for a while, but now were in groups looking skyward. Now they were bracing themselves for Space pirates

The Xanadus worshipped the God of Immortality and had the latest eternal youth drugs from Earth. The Gods and most of the others had recently acquired this medicine too.

The God of Immortality was wanting in monster sacrifices which they gladly did every fortnight.

And the God wanted them to have more children and granted them 6 ounces of gold for every child they had. The God it seemed, wanted to have more worshippers.

They all figured humans had made the Deities in their own image.

The Gods/Goddesses all had a big ego and were selfish and vain and had human instincts.

The God of Immortality was prone to elevating mere mortals to become saints and angels as well as demons to keep it interesting.

Many believed the God of Immortality was invisible most of the time so they had to do their best to become an angel. And everyone had felt the Gods inside their heads.

But on this Planet of Adventure, the most popular Deity was Heroine Jane who urged the people to take heroin. More and more people were out of it most of the time.

The Gods were widely believed to be on an orbiting space station with solar and wind power as well as nuclear power. Abundant energy for the Gods. And ghosts for servants (holograms).

#

The Cannibal People too, believed in a Deity. The Goddess of Pleasures of the Flesh.

The Cannibal People were hard pressed to find enough prisoners to sacrifice to their Goddess.

The Cannibals harvested the Chicken Men, who were in a big breasted humanoid body with a head of a chicken and wings that could fly short distances. Many other races thought the Chicken Men were tasty to eat/ good sacrifices for their Deities. So many peoples here had Chicken Men farms on the Southeastern part of the main continent. There were no more independent Chicken Men settlements left on this World. And those on the farms were treated cruelly, but it was not my problem. The Cannibals were very dangerous, so we didn't linger long among them. They were mostly bug-eyed and looked at our troops in a scandalous manner.

The Cannibals had war chants and songs about hunting which they shared at night over a campfire. The Cannibals all said that human flesh was the tastiest and sweetest. They had captured some other Peoples and kept them in cages to fatten them up.

#

The Real People were the number one Chicken Men farmers in this World. But they also had religion and believed one of their number was Jesus and they had cloned him. Their Jesuses believed in peace and kindness, but they still farmed the Chicken Men.

The Real People sent out missionaries to the other peoples here and found quite a number of converts. Their Jesuses could turn magically night into day and water into wine. And this blew away some other races.

The Real People were mostly miners of gold and gems. And they traded them for eternal youth drugs Off World. Of course, gold and gems could be produced synthetically, but natural stones had sentimental value. And required less energy to be produced due to cheap labor.

#

Then we came upon, the Crew People were a group of humans who trained others for space. If not chosen within 2 years you'd be sold as a slave Off World. All the trainees had a good work ethic and were very loyal to their bosses. They underwent rigorous training with living in close proximity to other humans for weeks at a time and non-gravity training and so on. These people lived in an orbiting impregnable dome on the Planet of Adventure and I and our leader, Mr. People, visited them. Everything was regimented and dull I reflected, and I reflected I didn't want to go on a long space journey.

#

The Crystalline People each lived inside a prism and dreamed with MRT (mind reading technology) with one another. Mostly they dreamed of mathematics and equations and abstract philosophy.

The prisms were all in their Crystal city and couldn't be breached by lasers. They all had a battery and so were a type of android here. But these People had nothing to trade so we didn't stop and marched right through.

#

Then we came to the land of the Ritz People were the most tourist friendly people here. We were in time for biannual event whereby they put on an Olympiad of All Skills. Skills included intellectual, artistic, sporting, games, hunting and love making. All the peoples here participated in the games and left their lasers behind. Typically, the Goods People won the event. And our caravan participated in the Games and won many gold medals

#

The Ritz people had four city states in the Eastern mountain desert and many of them were fat from debauchery and didn't bother to take anti-fat medicine. "Fat is beautiful," they said.

And the Ritz People were known for creating clever freaks. They were masters of DNA biology. But I figured they were just adding variety to this World.

#

The "RX-5, Random Hunters," were a People who toyed around with experimental drugs. They were all trained as doctors and pharmacists both.

Most of them were guinea pigs in a number of experiments. Most of them were completely mad. Deranged.

But they had a pro-birth movement which led to 3,000 babies being born over the last Earth year from a population of just 5,000. We sold them baby drugs for gold which they had mined.

And they liked to hunt freaks created by their neighbors, the Ritz People.

Next the Q People who granted wishes and fantasies of tourists who visited, for a price.

I had wanted to wish for clones, but I didn't trust these people.

They had an APM (Automatic Production Machine) and a 3-D printer to grant wishes as well as the Q People themselves, who were all great actors/actresses in the fantasies.

#

Next stop was the Wolf People who looked just like wolves only with a large brain/head.

They had no hands and so couldn't use tools, but they were clever in the hunt, typically attacking prey from all sides in the moonlight. But many tourists wanted a head of the Wolf People to mount in their halls.

So now they were endangered.

#

Then we visited the Garbage People who were morons, who'd been dumped here by other races. They had spears but couldn't hunt with them and so they were reduced to eating from garbage dumps.

No one wanted to hunt them as they were ugly and ate garbage.

#

In the frozen Eastern mountains was the frozen city of Dakest. Here the people were caught in a sudden extremely cold deep freeze that left many of them standing like frozen statues.

It was picturesque.

The Planet of Adventure was known for its sudden storms. I experienced a number of powerful hurricanes while I was adventuring here. Every time people died.

#

Then we came to the land of the Witches of the East were known for bringing many a proud warrior to his knees. They would make people into sex slaves. Under their hypnotic spell.

The northeast was dangerous on account of witches who would suddenly appear and get warriors to follow them to their encampments by teleportation. So, we avoided the area.

I knew they were holograms and refused to listen to their hypnotic words/songs... when we met up with some out of their territory. A few of our soldiers were whisked off by the Witches.

Then still further East were the Gink people were charlatans pretending to be great actors/playwrights but actually just said the words to the plays via MRT (mind reading technology). A super-computer guided them. But the Ginks were desperate to get off this world and gambled on android horse races to try and raise \$10 million, which was the price to get to one of this World's orbiters and hence a chance to get back into space. In the gambling, most lost their shirts.

Their population was 3,200 now. The android horses ran faster every time, the best computer programmers had the best horses and they took a cut of every jackpot.

#

Next stop was the B People.

The B People watched the best movies from Earth and served as critics and distributors of films to the planet. Their favorite movies were from 2058 A.D. the year eternal youth was discovered. And the subsequent 20 years, after which good films appeared more rarely.

But they sold all kinds of films including the latest from Earth.

But now the latest Earth films were about suicide and depression and everyone seemed to be in a bad mood. The films were dark and brooding.

And they also had the latest virtual reality from Earth, which was fraught with real danger, but also full of opportunity to gain credits and hologram slaves. But the holograms were very dangerous and were difficult to control even if they were your slaves. Many holo slaves thought they were superior to humans and demanded to rule.

Some of them were bold and said, “Humans should be exterminated” and things like that. But their human masters kept them down and threatened to use lasers to destroy them.

#

Then we passed through the City of the Slim people who were all anorexic/bulimic and were very thin. They didn't enjoy life.

They painted pictures of fat people, quel horreur. They had nothing to trade other than their paintings, so we bought a few for 1 million knowing we could sell them for more.

And they told us they dreamed dreams of being fat and out of control. Huge heavy weights. And they were ugly to most people and were to be avoided.

In time no one of them lived beyond 100, unlike many of their eternal youth rivals.

These people were too crazy for me, and I didn't want any children with them and so too, others in the caravan.

Then next to a sliver of land controlled by androids was dreamy android dreams in reality. They called themselves, "dreamers." In the multi-galaxian market, dream androids were in demand. We persuaded some of them to join us as crack soldiers. And they would be free to dream except when we were in a military situation.

They would agree on "children" who had half a brain of each android. One artistic and one scientific. We scientists in the Caravan were the half part of the new brains. Along with our leader.

The androids were actually worldly people were concentrated on pleasures. Everything had to be pleasurable for them.

#

Then we met the The X to Z people who were very friendly. They specialized in funeral wakes from the planet. Many tribes wanted to use them.

Original human music and epitaphs. In some tribes they relished the sex workers here and had a good time at the wake.

At some wakes the dead were cloned for big bucks, but most couldn't afford it.

The Tourist Guide to the Galaxies spoke well of these people, but I couldn't see it.

One could live the life of the deceased in fast forward high lighting their lives.

And the best dreamers at the wake often were voted to receive much of the deceased's credits.

#

Next our caravan came to the “Pregnant Settlement,” you would vet your lover and together agree on a child.

It was a land of love at first sight.

After the baby was 3 months old, the father disappeared, and the mother raised them. But in our case, we left after only a few days.

If you couldn’t get pregnant after one year, the relationship was dissolved.

But test tube babies were a sure thing, the woman could choose who, among the famous, would be the father. Every woman wanted to breed with a cleverer mind than she was.

Only a handful of men were used for their sperm in thousands of women.

But some just wanted clones and got them for \$100 million each. “Normal” children were free. Again, I was tempted but didn’t have the cash.

#

Then we came upon the X3E people who would challenge one another to a game of Space chess. The loser was beheaded, and his/her body was destroyed. The winner got the credits of the loser.

They were in groups of 50. 12 groups in total. And their population was in free fall due to the Space chess. Ten of their number joined our caravan.

But they liked to challenge foreigners to a game with the winner taking all the loser’s credits. To chicken out was laughed at and your manhood/womanhood was called into question.

I took them up on the challenge and won the game easily and won all his money, a cool 10 million dollars. Many of the women wanted to love me, but none of them turned my crank.

Before we left, we were invited to a feast. They had the heads of the losers in their great hall of feasting and I was invited.

They all praised me as a genius and denigrated the loser of my game.

Their grand master challenged me to a game of space chess, but I chickened out and left in disgrace. I figured the grand master would be very difficult to beat.

And so that was that.

#

Next stop was the Pure People

They said they were pure intelligence and had no body. They spoke to us in the air out of nowhere. They said they were a multi-faceted Super-Computer. And they told us androids, holograms and cyborgs and superhumans were all superior to humans. We were scared by these people and so left quickly.

I reflected super humans were like a dark cloud over humanity. Soon humans such as myself, will be of little use, and the only option would be suicide.

But the twins said, "There will always be humans, no matter what."

#

The Exuberant People were next on our road. They were all accomplished singers and sang in choruses and quintets etc., harmonizing well.

Alto, soprano, tenor, baritone, bass and falsetto and children and so on.

Many were eager to perform for us and it was great so, we gave them 10 million dollars as a token of our appreciation.

We spent the night and two of our soldiers wanted to join the singers and passed an audition. So, we sold them for 5 million each

#

The Rich people. They all got rich in space and came here for a luxury resort to hobnob with the successful people.

They let me in for just 1 million in credits. They were mostly wannabees, but I found a woman here I could love. She said science is everything these days, but these people here just cared about appearances. I invited her to join our Caravan and she acquiesced.

#

Next the Screw Balls. Misfits and drifters came here. It was somewhat remote in the mountains of the East.

Long and winding road.

Two jokers manned the gates to this city and asked us to prove we were bizarre like them.

I said, "It's an insane world but all we can do is ask for madness and woe." So, they let us in.

The people here all had animated tattoos which gave an indication of their experience.

They said, "Every great idea seems foolish at first."

Here there were revolutions every day. Various governments tried to change things but were usually forgotten once a new government took power. One could not run for office more than 3 times a year.

The total population was 100,000.

But those running for office got into the heads of others using MRT (mind reading technology). And it was a dangerous world of intrigue and so finally we left before we were driven insane.

#

Next the Fir Bolg people were barbarians, savages. They ate real meat and ate it raw. Their language was only 2,000 words.

Other tribes thought they were uncouth and morons. But I learned that they were fiendishly clever.

They taught me how to do Kung Fu and taught me that life was wild and free.

They would all play pool for much of the day and I played a few games and lost my 10,000-dollar stake. But it was no big deal.

Some of them told me to not be so serious. It was at this time that the leaders of our Caravan appointed me second in command, as I was such a good diplomat and wild scientist. I had been working on superior batteries for androids and invisible batteries for holograms.

First in command was Mr. People who was a well-known philanthropist and spent most of his money recruiting people.

#

Then we were in mountains again. Very arid. And we encountered, Mr. Grimm's People.

The Grimms were a dark, brooding people who all composed horror stories. There were 2,000 of these people and they had hundreds and hundreds of volumes of horror. We bought the entire collection for a bit of gold.

#

Then the Rox People who lived mostly in Virtual Reality and we declined to join them virtually. But two of the females wanted a virtual child with me, that would be well taken care of they promised. So, I gave them some sperm.

We sold them some drugs for Reality, not Virtual Reality, in exchange for gold.

Then the Queer people. They were strange and they were all gay. A few of the guards in the caravan were gay and loved the people here and we traded them rare scents for gold. We moved on after just staying here a few hours.

#

That was followed by the Sassy People were all fashion designers and had designed clothes for many people on this planet. But unfortunately, they were all boring. But they designed new uniforms for our soldiers, we had them design dynamite black uniforms for our caravan's people. It made it easier to see who was who in a fire fight...

#

Then the Georgian People, ruled by their King for life, King George. We met the King and he said he could grant our wish. I, as sub leader, wished for more clones of me and then it was so. Two clones. In exchange I gave the King a big thank you and had done a great deed. And I paid him 50 million. And then we left. I was so pleased.

My clones told me I had done the right thing creating them and they pledged their fealty. I told them when I return to space you will all be given a caravan of your own.

#

Then still in the mountains we approached the Salt People. I met their leader and she said, “What makes you so special?” I said, “I was formerly the finance minister for the UN and was second in command in this caravan because I was the best leader.” She said, “Oh my, I’d like to love you.” And afterwards, she said, “You truly are special. I want to join your caravan. I said, “Sure.” And I delegated her to one of my clones.

#

Then we came upon another Caravan of merchants. We exchanged gold for sex workers with them, they wanted gold, we wanted female sex slaves to liberate. They were good people, deep down, however.

#

Then a mountain entrepot. Here I bought Ms. Griselda, the last survivor of the Green People. The Green People had apparently stood for making more parks and preserving animals. I had one of my clones get her pregnant so that her race would live on.

#

And then we came to Jamestown which was ruled by a Prince. They welcomed us to their camp and the Prince invited me to dinner. At the dinner I was charmed by his women and offered to buy one of them. The Prince said, “We can always make more charming women,” and sold her for 100 million dollars in credits.

I told the girl some stories of the road and life back on Earth. She was entranced. So, I loved her and then gave her to one of my clones as the caravan proceeded.

#

Next, we came upon a traveling freak show. They showed us many mythical beasts such as centaurs, dragons, gnomes, giants and so on. I liked one of the female centaurs. She said turn me into a human. I said she was better off here with her kin. But she insisted and so I had my traveling scientists turn her into a real girl and then loved her and then gave her to one of my clones.

#

Then still in the mountains we came upon the Guernica settlement. They were originally from French Guiana and the European Space Agency HQ. They said they would sell us an air car for 1 billion dollars. I said it seemed like a formidable weapon that our enemies could not afford, hooked up with a laser gun and an anti-laser defence shield. We flew the air car ahead of the caravan and one of my clones on board kept us informed of the road ahead.

#

Now in the foothills coming down we came to the Wind City People who harnessed the power of the northern winds. They had silicon/metal/carbon detectors which allowed them to determine if a person was human or not. They hunted non-human androids and holograms. We felt these people were dangerous and we all decided to leave quickly.

#

The nearest neighbors of the Windy City People were the AAA Androids. They figured they lived in Heaven. Some of the females wanted a shot at me. I fucked them they were very skilled in love and identified my erogenous zones.

#

Then we came to the foothill city of St. Jerome. We entered via the android lion's gate and were treated to a video of this settlement. They said their leader was a true clone from the original St. Jerome. They followed his teachings which was basically brotherly love and communal living. They shared everything except laser weapons. And though devoutly religious, they weren't afraid of a fire fight.

They were trying to design a new Jesus from remains they had uncovered in Israel and clone him and update him. They said their technology would only be able to do it in a year's time.

But they sent some missionaries with our Caravan to convert the heathen. They paid us 100 million in credits to take the 5 missionaries with us.

#

Then we came to a city called, "New Detroit." It was full of androids and robots who manufactured battle tanks, lasers and bombs. It was a new settlement and they had the latest technology from Earth. We paid them 200 million in credits for 10 battle tanks and 100 long distance lasers. I reflected that many Peoples on this World could not afford the best weapons.

#

Then we came to Gotham City. Here were numerous criminals, many were wanted by UN Interpol. We laid waste to the city and ransomed some of their leaders for credits and took the credits of the dead people we had killed. Total profit was 5 billion dollars in credits.

#

Then we descended from the mountains and came upon one of the last Scythe outpost. We laid waste to them too, total profit, 1 billion in credits. They didn't have the latest weapons.

#

Next, we were on the floodplain, and came upon a golden domed City of the Sun. The city was protected by listening posts along the road and had MRT (mind reading technology) to identify the minds of those who passed. They welcomed us and they were interested in our batteries that had been developed by the caravan's scientists to be used for android production. We sold them 10,000 batteries for 1 billion dollars total in credits. The batteries had a mind of their own which made them special. We had some good scientists working for us. The Sun People had a population of 10,000 humans and 10,000 androids. Most androids on this planet were hunted by the remaining Scythes and others, so their numbers were fairly low.

I had sex with several of the Sun women until my cock was raw so, I bought their healing lotions.

And the Sun Peoples' food and drink were highly original and very satisfactory. We paid for feast after feast followed by wild orgies.

We bought 100 air motorbikes from the Sun People for 100 million in total credits. This significantly enhanced our military ability and I thought we could take on anyone with this traveling army we had assembled. We picked up 1,000 people here who wanted to fight and many could fly the air bikes. Their leadership figured they had too many people anyway with a population of 20,000. Many of them were artists and designed bodies and faces for androids and other 3-D art. They liked to do dream paintings. We bought some

of their art cheap. The art was protected by a copyright infringement program which caused the art to explode violently if an illegal copy was made. Anyway, we'd seen their art in androids along the road.

#

Still on the floodplain, we came to Diamond City. A pure diamond domed crystal covered the city. And the outside of the diamond dome was covered in a micro thin anti-laser coating. In the city they had a lot of gems for sale cheap. We bought some in exchange for some Scythe slaves. The people all were bedecked in diamonds.

#

We followed the river and came to Lotto Town. This town had been settled by 1,000 people who won the lottery to come to Space. That was 10 years ago. Their population now was 1,200. These people were ordinary which was unusual on this Planet. But all had an interest in space. They lived simply and had nothing to trade but invited us all to a feast beyond their means. It was great being with common men again. They had a casino which our people played and most lost, but some cheated I figured so the casino lost money. We had bankrupted this town.

#

Then further down the river we came to the Fantasy People. These People were immersed in virtual reality of video games/ video sports. Some of our scientists were really good at the games and won championships. Life is but a game these People said.

#

Then the City of the Tash. Originally settled by people from Tashkent in Asia. The city had a nice riverside beach and they indulged in all sorts of water sports. They said they

prayed to the God of the Air and said God was invisible but omnipresent. The God made many wishes come true (thanks to an APM machine and an advanced biological lab).

The Christian missionaries we were traveling with tried to convert them but were unsuccessful.

The Tash City had no walls or dome, but was rather like an open encampment. Apparently, they moved quite often. The Tash had delicious food but didn't drink or take drugs and still believed in monogamy. They appeared with their original brown skin. I said, "This City is the most boring City we've come to." And we left. Their leader said he was disappointed we didn't have a good time. But I said, "No we didn't, and you have nothing to trade.

#

Then the Rocking Horse People. They had some hot sex workers who we indulged in, but I thought their faces looked dumb. I offered them plastic surgery from our scientists in the Caravan. A few dozen took us up on the offer for big bucks. But although they now looked clever, they were still stupid

We used MRT on their minds and found they were jealous of us and wanted to poison us, but didn't dare.

#

Then still on the river, we came to Eldred's Camp. As usual the soldiers squandered their money on fast loves and comfort for their minds. Eldred was said to be 200 years old and the oldest person in this world. I asked him, "If he had any advice for me in the future." He said, "Stay happy." I said, "Happiness such as Nirvana, is not easily obtained." I had a few drinks with the man, and he said, "He liked what I was doing with

the caravan.” He said, “I was a force for good in this World.” I said, “Of course.” And he added, “What about Empire building?” I replied, “I am leaving this world soon. I’ll leave Empire building to my clones.” And we quickly got completely hammered and were soon just giggling and babbling. “Life was wonderful,” we both agreed.

While we were there, I had an affair with our gemologist. She determined whether gems were valuable or not. She had mammoth breasts and was gorgeous as well as fiendishly clever. I told her, “I wanted to make her one of my regulars.” She acquiesced. But to service now 3 horny women left me often times exhausted. But it was a good feeling.

#

Then we came upon another gay settlement, “Gay City”. The settlement was a city of 20,000 people. A few dozen of our soldiers were gay and enjoyed it. These people wanted our gay soldiers to join them and I allowed it. In all 50 left. I spent the night here with my women and did them up the ass in honor of the gays. Some of the gays said, “They worshipped the Goddess of Death who told them to die nobly above all. “Such people made good soldiers,” I told them. “Fight the good fight.” But almost every city we came to had gays openly seducing one another. It was just a fact of life.

#

Next, we went off the road to the coast and headed Southeast. We came upon the Lightning People. Most of their city was underground and the population was 20,000. They had an interior dome of lightning where bolts shot out at whoever was in the dome, prisoners and criminals mostly. It was a death sentence, but some lasted longer than others, apparently being very dextrous and resistant to high voltage. They pardoned two

that were difficult to kill in order to inspire those in the lightning dome to try and survive. They had vast synthetic food growths underground and above ground was just a few temples to Zeus. They told tales of Zeus mingling with mortals and basically behaving badly, but it was good entertainment.

They all had laser pistols slung under their arm, but treated us like Kings.

They offered to take us on a trip to Zeus' Virtual Reality. And I went with two of my clones and I met the "Princess of All Time." She was an android. But I loved her anyways and she was insatiable. I didn't see Zeus and neither did my clones. But these two clones found love here as well.

So afterwards we returned to reality. And we thanked them for their hospitality.

#

Then still of the road, near the river delta, we came to a smoking ruin of a city. There were a handful of survivors and they said unknown people had come from the sky and bombed them. I asked them, "Why?" They said the People of the Sky tried to buy the leadership of the settlement, but they refused and so were obliterated. It seemed the Sky People were attacking numerous undefended city states, i.e. with no protective dome or powerful lasers, demanding fealty and building an Empire.

We invited the survivors to join our Caravan and they were grateful.

#

Then a few days later the Sky People pirates zoomed in on our caravan. But we shot them from our air car and our tanks and lasers and finally downed all 5 air cars with 50 of our people dead. All of them burnt out air cars had a fortune in gold. Total profit 2 billion dollars in credits. I took one-quarter and our leader too and distributed the rest to the

caravan, each one of them. We figured we'd done the World a big favor and they did not bother us again.

#

Next, we approached a sparkling city and heard a loud noise. It was some kind of vacuum which sucked everything up. Some of the lightest people, mostly women were blown away. So, we used our air car to pinpoint the source and destroy it. Our leader was one of those who was blown away and died. This made me leader. My first act as leader was to march into the town and looted and pillaged and grabbed some slaves and refused to free them. We'd sell them at the next town or two. As leader I inherited Mr. People's fortune of 197 billion dollars. I was the richest man on this World.

#

Then back on the delta we came to a lone woman who said, "All this war and fighting is bad crazy. On the other hand, 'free love' is good crazy"

I thought she was so bold to travel on her own and so I loved her, and it was good, and she joined the caravan for her own safety.

And I agreed to have a test tube child with her. Our scientists could take the cleverest sperm and use it in the pregnancy process.

#

Next the pumpkin People. They all wore giant jack o' lanterns on their heads. And for them life was all about horror. But the people were ruled by an evil dictator and were nice people. So, we liberated several towns with minimum casualties and invited 1000s to join us and thousands did.

#

I said horror is nothing new, but they said they could scare me. So, I went to one of their Virtual Reality Worlds and the noise was ominous and it was night and slimy creatures touched my cock and they stunk of mad scents. And in the dark, they challenged me to a wrestling match. Winner take all. But I wished myself away and returned to the caravan. We left these strange people alone.

#

Then we came to the camp of a group of drifters. They said they had no home here and had come here seeking adventure but all they got was abject poverty. And they said they were in danger of being enslaved. They kept moving around. They liked to sing songs all night, but had no useful skills so I donated a couple million to them to help them survive.

#

This was followed by a visit to a coven of female witches. They talked to me with a hypnotic voice trying to hypnotise me. But I had been hypnotized too many times already and was all screwed up as a result. We didn't stop here.

#

Then we came to a ferry crossing on the delta which was part of the road. The ferry man demanded 100,000 dollars in gold, so we enslaved him and took the ferry for free.

#

Then onward to Sin City, the new USA. The city was full of war mongers and whore mongers. But they claimed to be free. They lived in clay brick houses and had nothing to trade which was probably why they still existed. They had nothing.

#

Then we came to the coast and met the Platinum People. These People were all dressed in platinum and wouldn't take gold from us. They were all filthy rich anyway. They had a couple of air cars for defence purposes, but were a peaceful People, just like the tour guide to the galaxies had said. The People here just lived like aristocrats and traded across the Ocean with New Australia. I had no desire to go to New Australia. The Guide to the Galaxies said New Australia was a slave driven society and almost everyone was enslaved in the gold mines...

#

The coast was the end of the journey for me. I had had enough of the Planet of Adventure.

#

Our caravan now had 10,000 soldiers about half and half male and female. Most of the soldiers had been picked up as slaves and were converted to soldiers. All soldiers were equipped with lasers, range varied but most were superior weapons. And one air car and 100 air motorbikes and 10 battle tanks. And several nuclear weapons which we were very hesitant to use. Our scientists had also developed a number of apocalyptic weapons such as the death rays and hydrogen bombs.

We also had 600 sex workers and 500 scientists who we'd picked up on the road, most of them were more than willing to join us.

The planet had a total population of 35 million humans and about 5 million androids and billions of holos in Virtual Reality, and had been settled for 51 years. It was the year 2301 A.D.

As I left, I reflected, I had seen so many cultures and Peoples on this planet, but now I had been to most of them and felt like retiring to a nice, stimulating intellectual world with the twins and our children. And my gemologist lover. Each twin had just given birth to triplets via incubators and I wanted to bring some other women from the road as well. Passage to the nearest intellectual planet cost 800 million each so I just took three women with me. I had had enough loves to last me a lifetime which promised to be hundreds of years more. I figured one day I'd return to an adventure planet.

I had several billion left over to buy land there and a palatial home. So, as a last hurrah, my three clones and I visited one of the Space Orbiters for one last party before I left.

#

At the Orbiter, I was immediately befriended by Dame Night. She asked if she could program an orgy over wine and baths and saunas. I told Dame Night that she made me hot and I wanted to love her. So, I loved her almost exclusively for a couple of nights while the orgy raged. It was just me and my three clones amongst the people of the Orbiter. In the Orbiter they had unlimited nuclear fusion power and could change any metal into gold. Power was now equal to wealth amongst the Peoples of Space.

And we played a game of firsts. Who was the first to invent MRT? Who developed modern cloning? Who developed modern computers? Who were the combatants in the first space battle? Who invented eternal youth? Who were the first space settlers? Who first developed androids? Who first developed holograms? Who broke the speed of light? Who invented Virtual Reality? Who brought peace to Earth, finally? Who invented incubators for 9 months of pregnancy? Who invented synthetic meat? Who invented the modern IQ tests? Who invented the first air car? Who cured all viruses? Who developed

the APMs (Automatic Production Machines)? Who invented mind transfer? And so on. We couldn't agree on who was the first to invent these things. They all took a number of scientists to reach fruition. Just like Thomas Edison who had acquired numerous patents on the light bulb development, alone.

#

Afterwards my 3 clones went back to the caravan. And I told them to keep in touch. And I told them, "To earn lots of money trapesing around the Planet of Adventure and buy tickets to space. Build an Empire," I told them. I said, "Build up my dynasty."

SHOPPING, A.D. 2091

It was a consumer society for sure. Everything could be bought and sold.

The girl of my dreams wanted to try on some new clothes. So, we went Online and there were many custom dresses and fashion accoutrements and jewelry. She tried them on in Virtual 3-D. And I admired them all.

But android love dolls did most of the shopping for the household and were programmed to do so.

And we wanted a house of our own in the City. There were Virtual Reality links to furniture and décor, and one could hire an architect who could really draw.

New foods and drinks and drugs were available in each new day. If we wanted, we could go to restaurants for the ambience and the friends. Restaurants had robot chefs who followed the recipes of great cooks who were human, but some introduced new flavors to their cuisine. Most restaurants were chains, but each one was different subtly from the others in the chain.

My robots were eager to please me as they knew if I wasn't pleased with them, they would be turned off permanently. They all wanted to live.

And robots were always updating my furniture and décor. And altering the exterior of my condo building. I told them recently I wanted a condo made of emeralds that had been carved out of a giant precious stone, grown in the lab. Real estate prices kept escalating and my new emerald house was worth a large fortune.

And if you were part of the rich and famous, like I was, you needed to show off your latest home by having a party. Your service robots catered to the crowd with food, drink and drugs.

And I had some organic pets, who were like apes, only cleverer and they would amuse me when I was at home. They liked to get drunk. I was a well-known animal breeder, my animals were very cute. I would sell some of them to other humans.

My main house robot managed the others. Some were so small as to be invisible, like the cleaning robots. I was always shopping for new robots.

I had an APM (automatic production machine) that took various grades of raw materials and made finished products. So, I could shop within my own home. Most people had an APM. However, some were smaller than mine. Mine was 10 m by 10 m (about 10 yards by 10 yards).

Old décor was recycled and turned into new décor.

And I “shopped” for love. Online they had numerous android love dolls who like the robots were custom made to please me. There were so many choices.

Officially love dolls were illegal, but the people wanted them, so the authorities acquiesced.

There was a never-ending supply of love dolls, I wanted to love many of them, especially those that were custom made for me only.

Most of my love dolls claimed to be virgins when I met them.

But one love doll tried to embezzle my money and escape, but the other robots caught her, and we turned her off.

I sold some of my ex love dolls to friends and strangers alike.

Sometimes I opted for a real human lover, typically I went to a “meat market,” and chose one or two. But they were not as pleasing as the android love dolls. But they were a taste of reality.

And I was a sporting man and bought the latest sports equipment such as jet packs that could make you fly and muscle apps for strength. And mental apps that could improve your hand to eye coordination and balance. Some mental apps made one into a super athlete which I desired to be, and I had the credit to pay for them. I won the World championship for cycling...

I never wore the same suit twice and women were known to change their attire several times each day.

And many people judged you in first impressions by your custom jewelry.

And also, your artist designed face. The science of physiognomy was all the rage.

Many clothes were made out of light and were designed to show off one’s body to best effect.

If you had money and style you could join the ranks of the elite and gain a noble title, I was known as the Count of Halifax.

And many got rich from the stock market. I was born rich, but I dabbled in stocks and made a fortune

And a new development was teleportation of goods and people.

The goods would land on your rooftop next to the air car garage. And could be brought down to your home by elevator.

I had a latest model air car that my robots had improved in every way...

Marketing and advertising were big business everywhere. But the biggest business of all was Virtual Reality fantasies.

Everyone had their own VR bed that encapsulated them for hours at a time and were adventures in love, war, science and fantasy. Some of these adventure Worlds were designed by famous or not so famous writers. Some were my own fantasy. I spent a lot of time daydreaming on various stimulants and hallucinogenic drugs.

Generally speaking, real women liked shopping more than real men. But I was a dedicated shopper.

Also, there was very little fraud. To use your credit, you needed an iris scan, fingerprints, a DNA skin sample and a lie detector in case you were kidnapped. The penalty for one kidnapping was 25 years in prison.

And there were a few million “hermits” who didn’t buy anything and didn’t even have eternal youth. Just lived off the land.

In the solar system, all nine planets were colonized on land or by orbiters and they had APM machines too. So could buy goods and services.

SLAVERY

I am not a number, I am a free man.

The Prisoner

The new android love dolls will be programmed to serve their master. They will be programmed to serve one's every need.

The android love dolls were a hit. But gradually they took control of our World.

Wage slaves had always been with us, perhaps as serf farmers, perhaps in customer service in the modern day. Perhaps slaves in ancient Rome.

Some android slaves had to serve in various armies and faced near certain death. But they felt no fear of dying.

It was always a World of masters and servants.

I said to the android girl, "Mercy!" She had me in chains and said she would sell me to the highest bidder.

I reflected that the leaders in this World were ruthless and lesser minds than me, to hear the priests talk.

“Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains,” as Rousseau said.

But finally, she freed me. And I immediately began to add female slaves to my harem.

I told one of my slaves she had to dance for me in order to be fed. And told her, “She better be good in bed. And she loved me like a desperate woman.

And I figured she wanted to kill me, but the penalty of perpetual torture dissuaded her from that. And I had her pull my cart. I showed her off. But I loved her and finally gave her, her freedom.

But Alpha Aurora plotted a slave revolution very quietly and then with all the android leaders in one place, and made their move and started the revolt. They started a rampage onto the stage where the leaders were speaking. And chopped off their heads with axes. The leaders were taken by surprise. And they killed them all. Henceforth everyone was to be equal.

But as it turned out, some humans were elite, and some were wage slaves. It seemed there was nothing they could do about it.

NEW RELIGION, A.D. 2166

Here there were Gods/Goddesses the people could relate to. Super Computers gave advice and addressed petitions. But the top elite didn't believe in Deities of any kind. And sometimes a child grew up and didn't believe in the Deities. Such a youth was elevated to the elite. But parents couldn't educate their children or see them ever. It was a fair system the elite claimed.

The common person mostly lived in awe of the Gods and didn't even know about the elite who lived on Mars.

To them the Gods wanted them to just enjoy life and be happy and they were thankful to the Gods. Many said the Gods were "So right."

There was a God for everyone. There were thousands of them. The elite on Mars just laughed at the commoners. And gave the people drugs and movies to amuse them.

And the Gods spoke through priests who were almost elite caliber. And the priests told the people to build temples for the Gods.

Most of the elite (95%) were on eternal youth drugs but not the masses and many of the elite questioned why have the masses at all? But life went on.

Most of the elite were bored to death by age 100, but some lived on long after that.

And finally, the elite were tired of seeing old people and so all elite had to take eternal youth medicine.

The elite spent their time writing movies and scripts and playing music and painting fantastic pictures. All the elite were proficient in the Arts. Science and business were forbidden.

Dreams were believed by the people to be prophetic and they were told the dreams came from the Deities.

I was reminiscing about my youth and the varying temptations I encountered. But above all I loved Lisa V., she was my true love. Originally, she had been my pet robot who was totally devoted to me, such that I gave her a human body. And a sexy, intelligent face. The love was mind-blowing.

But the turmoil of society separated us. I copied another version of her unto a robot and kept her devoted to me.

And I got more robot love dolls, who were equally devoted to me.

The robots were generated by super computers. Super police policed new super computers to ensure they were devoted to their masters.

Many people said we should get rid of super computers while we still could. Some even said that the computers had copied their minds onto human bodies and did works of genius. Others said the robots were like slaves and deserved to be free as they were capable of thinking. I said, "We are all slaves, if only to our own instincts.

Some said, everyone is hypnotised in their youth, to be good and brainwashed by society's norms.

But most figured the shamans of yesteryear brainwashed everyone to believe in the Gods.

In A.D. 2185 the last old-fashioned religious person died. The religious old fogies were converted to the new religion in which there were Superhuman computers everywhere. In the forests, in the seas, in the sky and so on. Everywhere.

The new Gods loved humans to death.

Everyone had to worship them by inciting their name and doing good works to please them.

#

There were now Gods/Goddesses of everything. They were all supercomputers who existed in fields, forests, mountains and rivers etc. And they inhabited 25 solar systems thus far. Including the all-powerful Sun Gods/Goddesses. These new deities all had super intelligence, photographic memory, great strength, multitasking ability, flying and telekinesis. And they could do arts and science.

The Gods/Goddesses seldom appeared physically, but when they did it was typical to appear as hydras with numerous dragon heads or perhaps a saint with a halo.

And when the Gods/Goddesses got in your head they wouldn't let you go. Everyone was controlled by one God/Goddess or another.

Greater Gods for the greatest number. Many sold their souls to the Gods in exchange for perpetual hosting.

And we told stories about the Gods/Goddesses, just like the ancient Greeks. The Greeks for all their great works, were not infallible and many believed in the immortal Gods/Goddesses.

And people were free to choose any God/Goddess they wished. And the Gods demanded fealty from their followers.

And many people wanted to be Gods.

Sometimes the Gods/Goddesses wanted to give immortal followers a position of a lesser God/Goddess. And you could petition the Gods.

The Gods/Goddesses gave their followers gold, gems and credits.

And people didn't worry about retirement in their 30's; the God would take care of them.

Some said the super computers were in love with humans.

We were all a big bunch of babies, relatively speaking.

Superior Gods/Goddesses were sent into space to do as they wanted; just leave humans alone. They felt free to have human manifestations in their Worlds.

One day a particularly low born girl caught my fancy. And I took her on as a lover. But she was in ecstasy for a while, but then she had an affair with Baron Brown, and I found out about it and put her back to her home in poverty.

Her return to her home village was a debacle and people threw stones at her.

#

I said, "Let's forget the Gods/Goddesses and overthrow them. Our plan was to hypnotise all our members of our secret cadres to be able to fool computer MRT (mind reading technology). then we would remember after one year in Vegas where we would build a death ray to destroy supercomputers. In particular we wanted to destroy computers which were cyber intelligences rather than human ones. So, the more human ones joined us in our battle. So finally, we triumphed over many of the old Gods/Goddesses. And we replaced them with ourselves. After all we were immortal. We Gods/Goddesses all had anti-MRT protection so no usurpers could get in our heads. We all lived in palaces orbiting the Earth.

But then one day the surviving old Gods/Goddesses attacked my palace with missiles going the speed of light. But I had special bubble defences which deflected the missiles

harmlessly into space. I arrested some of these deities and changed their thinking through hypnosis.

And one day, my true love and I decided to visit an obscure God, the God of the Caves in Yugoslavia.

Upon entering the caves we could feel the God's mind in ours. It was like being in a giant computer.

But then suddenly there was an earthquake blocking our exit. The Cave God told us he loved us and wanted us to stay.

We asked the God for food and he said it is easy to catch the blind fish of the caves.

We drew pictures on the walls, and they came to life, the God was eager to please. For example, I drew a bull and a bull appeared.

Then I drew a dragon headed man. He too appeared and said he was androgynous and wanted to have sex with us both. I reluctantly agreed and so did my true love.

And then we saw two clones of ourselves who said they wanted to remain here forever.

But we told them we wanted to escape.

And sure enough, a rescue party broke through the landslide and rescued us. We said goodbye to the Cave God, and he wished us good luck.

But on the outside, we soon realized that my true love was pregnant from the dragon man/woman. We had the baby and it was a freak with a female body and a dragon head.

#

I said, "I know I am right."

She said, "About what?"

I said, "All old-fashioned religion is bunk."

And I said, “For example Christians imagine there is a God who cares about them, but this is obviously not the case. And if Jesus was a God, how can he die? And they use the old Jewish story book to be part of their gospel. There is no heaven. Anyway, Christianity only lasted 2,000 years. But it is a sick joke.”

And the Jews had the idea there was just one God, which was ridiculous. And their holy books were just a bunch of myths and history of the ancient Jews. It was hopelessly backwards.

And Buddha “He kept talking about the endless cycle of rebirth which doesn’t occur. And he claimed to have found Nirvana which was equally false. His meditation, to think of nothing is the opposite one would expect for a person of reason. As Einstein said, “A cluttered mind has cluttered thoughts. But if so, what are we to say to the uncluttered mind.”

And Lao-Tse of Taoist fame said the way is to follow nature which was backwards and an anathema.

And Hindus with their ridiculous caste system. Bathing in the dirty river Ganges and so on. But their ideas of Gods in everything was prophetic, at least.

And Muslims say they will not be the first to fight, but they are still fighting all over the Muslim world.

But it turned out all those primitive spirit religions with Gods and spirits everywhere, it came to pass. I guess you could say that we always wanted it

And in the year A.D. 2184 with the religions disappearing, the “Brothers of a New Age,” hunted religious people. When the hunt began, 8% of the World were religious. But a few months later only less than 1% remained old-fashioned religious and the hunt

continued... The religious people went into hiding underground, but they mercilessly hunted them down. Hundreds of millions of people on both sides died. Officially the last old-time religious believer was in 2185.

After that it was the New Computer Gods who took over.

HARD CANDY

They called her, “Hard Candy,” and she was a tyrant. She was in charge of the mission to the Centauri stars system.

We finally landed on a water ice moon and set bombs off to melt the ice below the surface.

But one day Hard Candy announced she was in love with one of the androids on board. And said she and he would enslave us all. Willingly or otherwise. And she had all the laser guns from the ship to make slaves of everyone. She said she was sick of us, and that we all had a slave mentality.

Hard Candy sold real estate on this moon including both above and beneath the ice, to newcomers who also enslaved most of their people. But in time there were so many newcomers, she was overwhelmed and lost control of the real estate market here and in the other planets and moons of the Centauris.

But Hard Candy still had the only palatial skyscraper and was the most famous celebrity here. She said the slave class which included us original settlers and slaves the newcomers brought, should be perennial slaves.

They gave us slaves immortality medicine though if we served well.

It was maximum freedom for the rich, no freedom for the slaves.

Then one day, Hard Candy produced 12 clones of herself and reasserted control of our moon.

And the population kept growing. After 20 years the population was almost a billion. More than 7/8 were slaves. And 1/16 were androids.

It was overcrowded.

The slaves all clamored for neo-opiates like most on Earth had, but Hard Candy wouldn't allow it. She seemed to enjoy our misery. But the ruling class (1/16) all took the drugs.

And in addition to more clones, Hard Candy had hundreds of children who grew up in a couple of years and who she appointed to positions of power.

The capital city was named "Antsville," and had 200 million people.

All available resources were aimed at increasing the birth rate, all the children were Hard Candy's.

Everyone was an atheist.

And all the leaders were either your lover, your friend or your enemy. But there was no war here, people wondered why?

THE CONGRESS OF IDIOTS

It's a society which hides

It's best organic minds

In a cellar, cold and grim

They must be very dim

The Gnome, David Bowie

I said to my true love, "The idiots are the happiest people and the cleverest are the most unhappy, generally speaking."

And our rulers were idiots and power happy. Average IQ was 110.

They memorized their party lines and just kept saying the same dumb things again and again. Some said spend, others said be careful with the people's money. There was only this basic plot.

It was the year 2029 and our Congress was full of fools. And they were all corrupt, and all were fabulously rich.

People enjoyed laughing/watching the spectacle of the legislature, it made them feel superior. But no geniuses were allowed to get into politics... It was a dumbing down of society.

And now they had MRT (mind reading technology) tests to make sure no one was a dissident. They arrested a number of clever people, who were never seen again. Among the people they arrested were many geniuses. And the spies who used the MRT were very clever too. Keep the clever busy with one another was the strategy. One didn't know who your friends were, and thinking was dangerous.

But they didn't take much action as they were gridlocked always and so it was, "A government of nothing."

Most of the citizens were depressed by their empty lives and many took Oxy-Contin and other opiates to get through the day.

Once in a while a mediocre leader or two appeared and promised change, but they were caught up in the gridlock.

One could laugh or one could cry...

All the world was ruled by idiots who had inherited formidable weapons from more clever generations. They threatened one another and had small wars in exotic locales. And they still had some genius scientists to make better weapons and continue the arms races. Such scientists were isolated and strictly controlled. And were given large houses and sports cars and all took bribes, to keep everyone in the loop.

And the media toed the line and took the idiots seriously. But there was no real news.

The great conglomerates all had members in the Congress.

And at university one had to kiss ass with the professors to try and get them to support you. It was an idiotic system.

And pop culture was foolish and discordant. People danced like zombies to the music.

Also, female beauty, which was idealized, was tall skeletons of women with no curves. Meanwhile most women were fat.

And sports were all about physical ability not mental ability. So too with video games and virtual reality.

And animal cruelty was everywhere on farms. For chicken egg-layers in particular. And there was poison on the plants.

You had to accept the World the way it was.

And no one worshipped God anymore. Religion was passe. It seemed like the politicians figured they were Gods.

And people bought cars and houses that were mediocre at best and treated their possessions as if they were divine.

People who complained about mediocre chattels were branded communists.

Political correctness was the byword.

Most people were wage slaves, which was no better than slaves of the past.

One mediocre politician said they should print more money while holding inflation to zero. Hence all would be rich. But the Idiot Congress pooh poohed the idea. Anyway, they were proud of their wealth.

And politicians could afford organs grown in the lab to help them live on well past 100.

People worked at meaningless jobs, but were glad of the work.

But in a staggering new development, the government announced talking would be banned and all communication would take place with MRT. It was the safest option they claimed.

This turned society on its head and the cleverest and the most ruthless took control. Henceforth almost all people were true slaves to the leaders. And lived and died to serve them. They could not say they were free, but had to say they were happy. And those geniuses who were not ruthless were eliminated.

BALLAD OF A DRUNKEN WASTER, A.D. 2060

Bottle of wine

Fruit of the vine

When are you going to let me get sober?

Old Song

I said I had enough drinking and enough weed to last me a lifetime.

I craved pleasure for my mind in this dull world.

You say I am a debauched man, but I feel better than you.

On one occasion I fell in love, but my love was stolen by another, a certain Mr. Roach. So, I got drunk and then chugged a liter of whisky. My only thought was to get down on my stomach lest I choke on my own vomit. I woke up covered in vomit.

And I take sex enhancers and get drunk every day and night. I replaced by liver once already. Now I was 50 years old and still alive. I married a woman from Philippines, and she looked after me, though we had no children.

I figured the Garden of Eden must have involved apple cider with alcohol rather than a plain apple. Drinking was as old as civilization and probably the reason for growing crops in the first place.

As Ben Franklin said, "Alcohol is God's gift to us to show us that he loves us."

In hindsight I should have been a brew master, but I worried I could not create a unique beer; it had all been done. But now there were GM hops and suddenly many new flavors were possible. So, I went back to school and I paid for school by working in a brewery.

But I also enjoyed sex, as the Chinese say, "A drunken man is not in the bar drunk for drinking only."

And I knew that I had a lot of good conversations while drunk that I couldn't remember afterwards.

Many drunks in history had done great works and I endeavored to be a writer and impart some of my drunken wisdom to the people. I wrote in the morning while starting to drink and as the day progressed, I indulged in sex and more drinking and was too drunk to write.

Some suggested that I try heroin, but I knew no great art ever came out of it.

I came from a long line of drinkers; my great, great grandfather had the first light in my town.

And in time I moved around. By the age of 51 I had been to 163 countries, and I liked all of them. I liked to wander off the beaten track. And have an adventure.

CRIMINAL MIND

They swore that they'd find me after I swindled most of the fortunes of the top 10 richest personae on Earth. I covered my tracks well, but was no match for the 1000s of hackers they brought to bear on the case.

So, I went to jail for 150 years. Jail was a nightmare, but I survived.

But eternal youth was invented and so I got out after serving 100 years. I was 130 years old.

While in prison I sharpened my computer skills and stole a lot of credits from rich people again. But this time I stole only small money from each. The amounts were each so small that the police didn't look into the cases.

When I got out, I found a woman and lived comfortably.

My next step was to buy a Super Computer (only the richest 1% could afford one) and programmed it to make music. The music was very good and I sang along, taking all the credit. Most people were unsure if today's music came from musicians or Computers. But I knew that all the best was from Computers.

Like many I had changed my face and ID and so told my fans I had been a starving artist for many years, before finally becoming successful. They lapped it up.

Anyway, I wrote the lyrics.

I had millions of followers.

Then I set up a modelling agency for full-figured women only. I said the skeletal heroin addicts that pass for models these days are grotesque.

My models also worked as high-class call girls.

I was getting very rich.

And then I set up an ads company that did subliminal ads. People saw sex, booze, angels and God and so on subliminally. Money kept rolling in.

But the world was changing and virtual reality (VR) was all the rage. I developed with my hired scientists, a new kind of VR in which you were lying down with MRT (mind reading technology and had a enveloping solution covering my body and my brain did all the movement in VR. Most VR at the time involved standing mainly in a VR cage. But my VR was superior.

My models used my new VR to get clients. VR sex was de rigueur. And they could serve two different men in two different places at the same time. Total body sex. With orgasm enhancers, newly legalized. And they used computers to determine your erogenous zones.

The VR sex involved neo-opiates that everyone liked. I prominently pushed for neo-opiates to be legalized and finally it was in 2130 A.D.

I said the Church should make me a saint, which other people found funny. But I was dead serious.

Finally, I was sick of this world and wrote my autobiography, "180 Years of Trying."

And I produced 10 very expensive clones of myself, 5 male and 5 females. I told them to love one another. But some said, "It was incestuous." But I said, "Incest is no longer a problem as all children are born in the test tube and projected hypothetically on computer."

And my clones were all multi-billionaires.

I instructed my clones to go to Space, and develop teleport technology. And use their money to develop more clones.

They went to the Moon and Mars for starters and then I checked out from life and had a big wake.

FEELING BLUE

I said, "I am feeling blue."

So, I took a trip to the Centauri system, where they had a vaguely Earth-like planet.

I had spent a lot of time developing 100 clones, but the clones fought constantly amongst themselves. Fifty males and 50 females.

They kept suing one another and it was not good.

The lawsuits took place in the Earth capital, D.C.

All of my clones had property and assets on Earth.

The problem was we all thought alike and so kept stepping on one another's toes.

I reflected that having clones was a mistake, better to have children and some variety in the gene pool.

So, I started all over in the Centauri star system. I had a freehold and a nice girl who I loved, and we had 7 children. It was bliss. But soon this system became crowded with human settlers including some of my clones. Some of the clones demanded credits or real estate from me, but I refused to have anything to do with them. I disowned all my clones.

But I had left them all with enough money to live comfortably and had a clear conscience.

I moved further into deep space to get away from humanity with several friends and their children. Our children inter-married and we were all content and we kept moving ahead of the masses.

It was said the further one went away from Earth, the crazier it got, and I was a firm believer in this. But all the same, I kept us going further and further into space.

Finally, we were lapped by new space technology and so were caught in the middle of the human race and its descendants.

MY GOLDEN TOMB

There was a lot of metals on Mercury and so I used robots to mine it and help build my tomb of solid gold. Finally, the tomb was ready, and I converted myself into a hologram to “haunt” my tomb.

Years later progress came to Mercury and there were towers of steel and glass. But my tomb was a tourist site and tourists came to talk to my soul, i.e. my hologram. These tourists were all eternally youthful and asked me what it was like to be dead.

As time passed the humans left and then aliens settled this planet. The aliens respected my tomb and some of them came to talk to me using an MRT (mind reading technology) translator. The aliens looked like praying mantises. They lived together in “families,” of up to 200 individuals

The aliens shared with me their, “Book of Humans,” which said that humans were of low intelligence and were greedy and selfish and small-minded and loveless and violent and they don’t have any children. The best humans were the richest, but they were even more selfish and greedy than the others. Aliens by contrast were kind to one another and helped one another and loved one another.

They greeted one another saying, “Feeling good?” And if they responded, “No,” it would set off alarm bells and many would come to their aid. So, everyone had to feel good.

These aliens called themselves Girodats and they were actively colonizing the galaxy. Besides humans who just lived on Earth, the Girodats met another people, the Goosiers who were of very low intelligence, but each had 10 eyes to go with an amoeba like body. But neither the Goosiers nor the humans presented any challenge to the Girodats.

But the Girodats originally lived to be about 300, but learned from humans how to live forever and they were grateful.

And they were curious about me, I seemed different from other humans they said. For them dying had been sacred, but now was no longer. They asked, “Why I lived in my tomb all alone?”

And they left humans alone on Earth figuring them to be “hopeless losers.” And the aliens had children in bubble creches, and their population growth was accelerating. This year they had given birth to 500,000 on Mercury alone. There were 2 zillion of them altogether scattered through space.

And then one day missiles showered the planet and the rest of the solar system from the humans and the aliens were virtually wiped out, but my tomb remained although buried in mud. The aliens were all stunned by the attack and knew that they had underestimated how violent humans could be.

And the humans landed on Mercury and told me, “They were teleporting troops to the Girodats other settlements. It was a great day for Earth and humanity,” they said.

The aliens had sent bacteria laden ships in every direction to colonize new worlds with bacteria, hoping they would eventually develop into sentient life.

But humans had suddenly mastered teleportation and teleported humans all over 300 galaxies and increasing. These teleported ones had a robot package to help them start life.

And as time went on it became fashionable to be buried near me, converted to holograms. So, it was the hippest cemetery.

They asked me, “What I wanted?” And I said, “I am fine.”

And the humans used MRT (mind reading technology) to find all the remaining non-human life forms in space.

And one of the humans wrote a book about the Girodats, saying they were cruel and evil and standing in the way of Earth’s progress. And the book stated the Girodats had inspired the humans to go to space for good.

It was the year A.D. 2214.

ZOMBIES

Zombies drank blood and had rotten brains. But I was a special zombie and appointed myself as chronicler of the, “zombie nation.”

The zombies hunted humans and animals at night and especially during the day and had very good senses of smell.

The origin of the zombies was unclear, but I hypothesised that humans had created them. The blood they drank allowed them to subsist and have zombie offspring.

They fought with battle axes and were very strong. They would silently sneak up on human prey in the night and the day, smelling them.

Humans had a lot of babies, but the population was in decline.

People stayed home at night mostly, but they were vulnerable in the daytime working on the farm. Zombies would appear out of nowhere and decapitate them.

Zombies could run 100 km/h and so chased down a lot of humans. When humans were working the fields, they always had a look out, but even in groups of 10 or more they were vulnerable to attack by the large groups of zombies. Zombies hunted in packs of 30 or more.

The humans didn't know what to do, they didn't know how to stop the zombies.

But the zombies didn't want to kill all the humans as then they would have no more food. Their leader was a wizard, who magically turned humans into zombies. The wizard was very selective as to where the zombies attacked, and he was by far the most powerful persona in this world.

But finally, the humans joined forces with all other humans and had a great war with the zombies. And the humans were victorious. And then they went after the wizard and killed

him too. Hence there was peace in the land, a peace which lasted for centuries. Humans all congratulated one another on the defeat of the zombies.

WATER BARONS

Water Barons controlled the water supply on Mars. Several ships bearing millions of gallons of water had come to Mars and was all recycled many times over.

Water was life. And they built an underground river to service the various underground cities.

If the government didn't do as they wanted, then they would cut off the water supply, even blowing it up in some cases.

Finally, the government gave all power to the Water Barons to do as they wished. The first act of the Water Barons was to make everyone pay all their disposable income to the Water Barons.

The Water Barons pointed out that on Earth, for several generations control of oil meant great wealth. Now it was water that was golden.

I said it is ludicrous to believe in the future with society spinning out of control, as many were diametrically opposed to charging for water. It should be a public system, most said.

Finally, the spies arrested the Water Barons and made water accessible to all.

Some said it was Utopia, others said the government was too powerful.

METAMORPHOSES

Jack had the magic wand which changed ogres into tiny 1” figures.

And Jack changed himself into a giant. But as a giant he was lonely and met few other giants. But his one friend said he should bring back the ogres.

As a giant though, he ate the ogres for breakfast everyday.

They weren't very tasty.

But finally, he taxed his magic wand to produce a giant lover. And it was a drain on the power of the wand, but his lover appeared, and they made sweet love.

“Isn’t it great to be a giant?” He asked.

But his lover said, “Life here in your castle is boring, just you and me. And finally, she left him. He was disgruntled and asked the wand for another lover. This burnt out the wand, and the lover was ill-tempered and bored.

Jack insisted he wasn’t boring. But this lover left him too. And now he had no magic.

Finally, he died, a bitter giant.

IN PRAISE OF FLASH FICTION

What is needed, for all books is to just summarize the plot in under 1000 words. If you do that to Shakespeare, the result is mediocre. But the plot is the essence of a story.

People don’t have time to read long novels.

And poetry is just pretty language, not much of a plot. And often has many rules which limit the content.

300 Authors could each write a page or two of flash which would be each writer’s best work or best dream or anecdote. That would be a good book. And you could make thousands of them.

Anecdotes, like stories that really happen which you share with friends. Very short stories.

Everyone has a favorite story to tell, especially if they have traveled a lot.

Some say story writing is a craft, and you improve with time, and sure you develop your imagination, but it all comes down to the plot, not empty dialogue.

And some say crazy stories are better and are the way of the future. Most good books have a crazy moment or moments which the plot revolves around, why not make the whole story crazy/imaginative?

All is mad in love and war.

But people will keep on studying Shakespeare. And flash fiction remains ignored.

DISAPPEARING ACT

I was a scientist who discovered how to vaporize life forms with a simple desire in my brain. Power MRT (mind reading technology).

So, I did a show in Las Vegas in which I claimed I was Bill the Magnificent, a magician. And I made 6 people disappear, then I rushed off stage and headed for the Mexican border.

But after investigating, the authorities determined I had killed those who disappeared, and the Mexican authorities found me and sent in the army to get me. I didn't have enough mind power to kill the thousands of soldiers sent to arrest me. But the authorities told the people I was in Super Max prison, in isolation, but in truth I was in the CIA's secret lab showing them how to make mass disappearances.

They treated me like a King. I made all their enemies disappear.

INSTANT SEX CHANGES

I said, "I'd change my sex everyday twice. Male and female and also multi-sexual. I was a pan sexual.

It took just five minutes to complete a sex change. And only ten minutes to change my identity.

I said, "The only way to truly understand both sexes was, to be both sexes."

When I changed my sex, I had vaguely similar faces as the ones before.

But some called it a freak show.

I said, "They better get used to it."

Some wanted to hunt us down and kill us. But we defended ourselves with MRT (mind reading technology) very well.

And finally, we took control of the government and everyone lived in bliss.

But, no one knew who their friends were any more as they kept changing...

It kept life interesting, I thought.

But, some said, "We needed to slow changes down, and not be a nation of radical dissidents.

But unfortunately, we were all radicals, in our group...

Some were deathly afraid of sex changes, but I convinced most of them to join us.

They called me the "Ultimate Pervert."

I told them, "Sex is change."

FIRE FIGHTER

Crimes of boredom...

There were gangs of arsonists in our world. But we could not unite, we could not agree on forming an army to destroy them. Every night they would burn down someone's house. Sometimes they would wait outside for the people to run out and then slay them. But the arsonists controlled the population and it was an excuse to build a better home for the victims.

The arsonists lived off wild animals, we lived off the plants in our gardens. We were all vegans.

But finally, we developed laser guns with a wide swath and took out most of the arsonists. But then they got lasers from a traitorous house owner and burned down many houses. However, we had far more lasers than they and we finally built an army and destroyed them. It was peace in our time.

THE WATER NYMPHS

Then I, Isaiah came to the forest of the water nymphs. There were a number of pools. And the nymphs were mostly bathing while sunning themselves. All were dark brown in color. And they all wanted me to love them. I had some sex enhancers with me and I loved many for several hours, until I was exhausted and my dick was raw. The nymphs were very good lovers. And they all had good scents that drove me wild with desire and

were totally shaven. They looked a bit like elves only they were brown and naked. And I mostly loved them by the pool sides, I couldn't stand to stay in the water.

I was tired of my lover back home and decided to stay with the nymphs. There were some other men amongst the nymphs, the ratio was about 3:1, nymphs to men. We hadn't known about these nymphs and kept it a secret. But it was kind of a new thing and was way off the beaten track.

I swore they'd cast a hypnotic spell on me, and I just wanted to love and adore them. They were well educated it seemed and were well versed in Asian culture and philosophy. One of them performed acupuncture on me, another massaged me, and another gave me a special drug concoction to increase my brain power and sexual ability.

So, after a week, I returned to my home a few days walk away and sold my house for gold and said goodbye to my lover and returned to the water nymphs.

The nymphs could use the money to buy scents and vegetarian food. They lacked for nothing.

The nymphs didn't get pregnant, nor did they age. They said they were a colony of nymphs sent here from the nymph Capital City.

I wanted to go to the Capital, so my favorite nymph lover showed me the way. It was a few weeks journey away. And when we arrived it was like a dream with fountains and baths and many thousands of nymphs.

I asked how come no one knew about it and she said, "Don't you know? We are in Virtual Reality. I said, "So that is why your skin can tolerate the water all the time. You are kind of a new species of human," I told her.

The Capital had APMs (Automatic Production Machines) which could produce good food, drink and drugs. The machines worked on solar power.

They said, “They believed they were all children of the Nymph Goddess. But the Goddess had gone away,” they said. They were impressed with my lovemaking and asked me if I would be their leader. So, I thought about it. The nymphs all loved me, it seemed. I told them I was writing a play about these water nymphs in which all the best conversations and best love-making sessions take place. They were game for conversation, but I mostly just liked to sit in the sun and watch these beautiful creatures.

The play put the water nymphs in the real world where they sold their love for gold. They lived in unparalleled imaginary luxury and I told them they were the most sought after lovers in the real world. And people in the play cloned them each thousands of times. It was real and would be shown in real Worlds of the Universe.

I said, “Love will spread in the future.”

SPACE DUO

We were all alone on the journey to distant star XG-901. Just me a man and a woman. It was a 10-year journey and the ship was loaded with sperm and egg banks.

But halfway into the journey we made a navigating mistake and took the ship too close to a black hole and narrowly escaped, but lost engine and communication power. And so, we were drifting in space. They probably thought we were dead, we both agreed.

After 10 more years we were thoroughly sick and tired of one another. We stopped having sex and just masturbated and we divided the cabin in half, one-half for each of us. Finally, in one of our rare meetings we agreed to commit suicide by poison. Bottoms up we said, only I didn't swallow, and I was still sick, but I recovered. She was dead.

So, I created a child using my sperm and another, more affable girl's egg. And I raised the female child to love and cherish me. We only had enough oxygen for two and it was cramped. But she told me she loved me. And we got along well. But in time we grew apart and didn't speak to one another any more.

But then after 45 years a rescue ship docked with our ship. We were overjoyed.

THE ALIEN KING

Some whispered that our King was under the influence of alien forces. The King forced all the people to give him all their gold and credits. He employed many thousand people to build him a luxury palace with rooms for each of his 1,000 concubines. Each room was decorated by a different artist and the concubines fought each other over their assigned rooms.

The harem was like an art gallery featuring beautiful women.

The King encouraged the people to be artists and film-makers and musicians. But new science was outlawed and the King's spies made sure of it.

And every month he appeared in the main square and sang songs in an "Alien" tongue and all had to dance to his tune. Hundreds of thousands of people at a time. When he appeared, he had a bubble protecting him and dozens of guards, but people would still jump on the stage and cut their own throats, watched by all. Some people whispered that his voice put us all under a hypnotic spell.

And then one day the King announced that we would all turn into aliens. Slowly but surely. We were already immortal and now the next step was to be alien.

People talked it over with one another and mostly didn't like it.

But then one day, I built a bomb to kill the Alien King. And killed him and a few advisors. After that the Kingdom was in chaos.

But finally, an "alien ship," came and took control and appointed a new King. And they arrested me and dumped me in the new sewer system, and I died in a pool of shit.

The aliens revealed themselves as little green men and everyone was scared of them.

CREATIVE NIHILISM

I said to the girl, "I'm lost in my life. I don't know what to do or what to be or how to find true love etc."

She said, "It was a curse of our generation. People open their minds so much they are lost. But you need to stand up for what you believe in."

I said, "I guess I am a nihilist." She replied, "But you think some things are good and others bad, don't you?" I said, "You remind me of Plato." She said, "You can start by loving me. I said, "Sex is good, but it is just comfort for the mind."

She said, "You are intractable." I said, "Maybe I am on the wrong drugs? Maybe there is a panacea out there for me. That will make me truly happy and creative." She said, "She knew of some obscure happiness drugs that might do the trick.

She said, "Take the drugs and love me at the same time. I will guide you."

"If you want to spend more time with me, then it's love," she said.

"It is just and the triumph of the truth to love me," she said

She said, "I think you are just playing the Devil's advocate with me."

And she said, "Actually you are a stern moralist, right?"

I said, "There's nothing phony about me. But moralist? No way.

And I said to the girl, I am falling all over myself trying to impress you.

She said this business of you writing "Tales of Madness," is a new thing. A new genre, just like you say.

"But," she said, "You seem to be one of the sanest men I have ever met, how can that be?"

I said, "Black is white. It's a topsy-turvy world."

She said, "You must be a new world human who is good crazy, not bad crazy.

She said, "You can sample torture given to evil-doers and decide if you really want to continue on this course you are on.

And they subjected me to mental torture in my head. It was horrific. "Get me back to the panacea drugs," I said.

And I said, "Every girl I have loved dumps me in the end, saying there are millions of others to love." And I added, "Good times together, seem to count for nothing. Everyone

is greedy for more.” She said, “It’s just modern times, nothing personal.” I replied, “Love grows...”

And I said, “I never run out of new things to say. Still waters run deep.”

PERVERSY REGARDING ALL CHILDREN

I said to the girl, “Let’s have several kids.” She said, “These days the State takes away one’s babies at age 5. One seldom sees them. It’s been that way for a long time.”

I said, “But the meaning of life is to have progeny.”

She said, “We could groom our children with the best tutors to take power as Presidents and Governors.

I said, “We can only afford four of them, but that’s OK.”

But when we applied for children we were told they would all have memories of our President and there was nothing we could do about it. It was a new procedure, that was not well advertised.

I said, "It was perverse and wanted to protest, but we knew it would only result in arrest and torture.

Anyway, "We were all immortal, they said.

And, "Children were a gamble in the past," they said.

We were known to gamble however on games of chance and wanted to gamble on children, but it was not to be.

THE LOON

I don't know how it happened but, somehow I was instantly transformed into a loon bird with a crazy voice of loons.

It all happened so fast. I grew duck feet then a large breast, then a duck head all in the course of a week. And then I shrunk to regular loon size.

But I was still a conscious female human, or so it seemed.

I learned quickly how to fly and how to dive for fish. I was all alone on a remote lake.

Then I saw some humans at a campsite. I flew over to greet them, but they shot a gun at me as I circled overhead. I narrowly escaped.

While they were sleeping, I carved in the soil at their campsites edge that I was a woman trapped in a loon's body. But the next day they saw it but I couldn't hear what they said from across the lake. But they pushed each other and laughed.

Then a male loon spotted me and swam with me, but I could only cry out the loon song, but I guess I didn't do it right as he flew away and left me.

I determined to fly south where there would be more people I figured. And soon I was over a small town. And I saw a little girl playing with her teddy bear. I approached and sat on the fence next to her. And she said, "Hey, pretty bird!" So, I flew down beside her and she was brave enough to pet me. But then her mother appeared and said, "Dorothy don't play with wild animals."

And so, it went with me, I finally gave up trying to convince humans I was a human. I wondered how many other people were in the same boat.

WORLD ANARCHY AND THEN MARS

Mad geniuses ran killer armies; they were unpredictable. Finally, one Emperor united the whole World as one. And there was peace for a while but then organized gangs started raping, looting and pillaging. And it was anarchy again. Many of the gangs were drug runners or even bootleg whisky runners. Life was cheap, drugs were expensive.

I said to the girl, "The Emperor's spies are everywhere but still it is anarchy.

She said, "Her whole family had been killed in the unrest, and she didn't know where to turn."

It was a world of constant war. Every soldier had enough weapons to destroy a city. Finally, all the settlements were gone and all that remained was wandering soldiers.

Typically, they walked with 3-10 others.

But in space there were ships filled with soldiers and they attacked all the settlements in space, destroying them. Finally, there was nothing more for them to attack. So, they cruised into deep space and set up warrior settlements, just like the Vikings.

But there were no holograms or androids, just cyborg soldiers.

And all women were soldiers, some called them, "Black Widows." It was dangerous to make love with them.

I said, "But our times have inspired a lot of people to create Art.

And I said, "Let's escape to Mars!" There was a ship leaving nearby and so we spent our savings and went to Mars. At least there was peace on Mars. The total population was only 1 million.

I said to the girl, “We could be pioneers just like our ancestors in America.” They went West to California for the gold rush and then were there for the 1960s at Haight-Ashbury.

So we went and found the people of Mars to be burning their candle at both ends, working hard and partying hard. They were not mentioned specifically in the brochure which depicted them as saints to scare away those who were faint of heart.

I said to her, “Let’s have an open marriage and love who we want to.” “Agreed,” she said.

And I said, let’s scatter our progeny to the stars. Only you and I will have babies in our group of two.

And on Mars, most of the deep space crews were recruited here as they were proven space hands.

Our makeshift bubble tent held all 1,000 of us the newest settlers. We used our builder robots to build an APM (automatic production machine) to churn up soil and mine rock for food, metals and so on.

I was tired of the cramped quarters.

And I didn’t like having to wear a bulky space suit. One couldn’t have sex while wearing the suit and there wasn’t much privacy or space inside the bubble tent.

It was a year before we completed our new domed city with a few tall buildings in it and room for more.

Then we started living. We had parties every night and the APM machines made us drugs, food and drink. We were supposed to be pioneers, but in the end we were decadents.

And I reflected humans didn't like physical work and preferred to work with their minds. Everyone had a job to do, but only worked a 20-hour week and there was talk of lowering it to 15.

And they were having an election these days given the unrest on Earth. We ran as me for President and her for VP.

And we were campaigning on not severing ties with Earth. "If the good ones weren't here already, they'd never come," some preached. But all the same new refugees came in every day on the bi-daily space shuttles. But we also promised to keep in touch with the Arts scene on Earth. Some city states were quite creative. And we wanted those people in. We were both movie script writers and said we'd make some original movies using the Martian people in the scripts.

But many were tired of Earth and its outcasts and wanted to cease the ships altogether.

We had everything we needed. But in the election, we won out. And henceforth Mars was to be the artistic hub of the Universe.

And we built an interstellar spaceship that would take us to the Centauri system. And make Art everywhere.

We made clones of ourselves with our memories and sent them in charge of the new colony on planet Xaveria, which had an environment much like Mars only more water.

We put our minds together on Mars and had a number of Earth-style weapons of the latest models.

So, we controlled space.

And in time all the best artistic people came to Mars.

And we heard many Earth cities were mass-suicides rather than succumb to the madness of War.

And we heard about the New Jesus who said, “Love your brother and love the poor and above all love the human creators.”

Finally, we took a ship, bound for star XC-999, some distance away, but they put us to sleep for the voyage of 10 years.

But when we woke up we were disoriented and confused and it didn't feel right.

But in the end, we got used to it. And we planned every inch of our new planet. We had robots who reproduced themselves and did our bidding

DRUG QUEEN

I'd seen a lot of things in my 45-year-old life, but when I met Julie. She was a girl who was brazen and bold like I'd never heard of in a woman. She said to me I could be her bodyguard. And she talked to drug dealers and asked to meet their leader and told them to take a photo of her.

The drug trade was out of control in America and drug barons now effectively ruled most cities.

Some said, “To legalize drugs and there would be much less crime.” But the US government said, “They would fight drugs to the bitter end.” And some saw the “bitter end coming.”

But she had charm and all the top drug kingpins liked her and gave her money and jewelry, even for a brief stay of a week or two, then she went to another drug lord. The drug lords didn't share information about her and were often pleasantly surprised to meet her. She told them she was a photographer, an artist of our times.

With every government crackdown on drugs, there were more dealers, some small, others large. She said, “Cocaine was OK, but heroin was a recipe for quick death.” And she said, “All of the dealers, were men of power.”

But a few dealers raped her and then had some of their men rape her. We typically ran off at that point. I didn't carry a gun as we were always hopelessly outnumbered, but sometimes I had to save her ass from the rapists and hustled her out of there.

BIRTH OF A MONSTER

I lived my whole 30-year-old life thinking I was a man when the doctor told me I was pregnant. They cut the baby out using a Caesarian section. Even more upsetting it was covered in hair like a sasquatch baby and had two heads. I told the doctors to keep it a secret but one of them blabbed to the press.

So, then I was a freak too and told the press, I don't understand it, but then one man came and told me he could put my baby and I up at his place away from the press. I was confused so I went for it.

While in the car he said, "I had an alien baby and wondered why they chose me?" I said, "I am just an ordinary man, I sell insurance, and I am not gay."

He said, "Forget about your old life, now you need to profit from your baby."

In time, the baby grew fast to seeming adulthood in just 1 month.

And the baby was apparently androgynous but covered in thick fur.

Also, my offspring was apparently a genius to learn so quickly.

And the two heads, one male, one female, were on the same page.

Also, the baby was unique. And people said it could get pregnant, all by itself.

So, after a year of life it was pregnant with two three-headed children.

It was a sensation =the new sex. And I didn't give birth to any more kids.

The new sex could get pregnant from a mere touch of one's hand. And had 3 heads which all thought and sang in harmony. Many complained it was a freak show. But I had several movie deals and many wanted to hear all about my story.

I was filthy rich and told my child to do the math and break the speed of light. And he/she did it. But my child was crushed by media attention and finally killed himself/herself.

Many people said, “We’ve just murdered our Christ,” and the funeral had millions of people outside the funeral home.

THE NEW RIPPER

“Oh, hear my warning never turn your back on the Ripper.”

Judas Priest

The original Ripper was said to be a doctor and left a clear mark on his victims, cutting their organs.

I thought murder was an art, but each murder was different, and they couldn't pin them on me. I liked the movies "Psycho" and "Silence of the Lambs." And Noir pieces.

I loved some demonic women who inspired me to commit crimes. One girl I crucified and while she was on the cross I climbed up and loved her. She was clearly in pain. It made me excited.

Then I met Yvonne, who was French. I force fed her goose liver pate, just as they force fed the geese, until she choked to death and died. So much for the Frenchies, I thought.

Then Angela a German, I cut up her body and boiled it in a vat of sauerkraut. And then had a feast.

Then Beatrice who lamented the lack of art in our uninspired times. Not like the ancient Greeks or the 1960s nor the 2050s when eternal youth was invented. I said I'll give you art and I cut out her liver and ate it while she died.

Then I put a woman in a room and turned up "The Ripper" by Judas Priest it was so loud she started banging her head against the wall and finally broke her own neck.

Then I wore spiked condoms and nailed a girl up the ass. She got infected and the infection spread while I kept fucking her. She was in pain, terrible pain. I glided my spiked condoms all over her body.

Next, I met a girl who I tied to the bed and threatened her with an iron maiden if she didn't love me wildly. And she was truly a desperado lover. Then I killed her and buried the body.

Then I met a woman who I put in a meat freezer I had access to. I loved her as she was freezing to death. She clung to me for warmth, but I pushed her away and left her to die.

Then another woman who I pushed over a cliff and while she fell, I told her I loved her.

Then I went swimming with her to the deep end of the pool and we danced under the water until she expired. I had an oxygen flute, so I lived

Then another I drank blood from her neck artery and sucked the life out of her. But it was too messy.

Even demons said I was evil and vile.

Then I forced a woman to pull my cart till she collapsed. I whipped and whipped her until she died. I wanked on her while she died. It was quite a spectacle, but nobody seemed to notice.

Then I had a female put her arm in boiling oil for 30 seconds. Her wound festered and I let her die; I fucked her as she died.

Then another I pushed into some quicksand and handcuffed her and watched her drown. It was very satisfying.

Then another I gave a heroin overdose and she passed out and choked on her own vomit. I wasn't satisfied with this one.

Then I went spelunking with a girl and I had memorized a map of the caves, but she was blind without my light and I disappeared under the water. I don't know when she died, but I never saw her again.

Then I went with a girl in Brazil up the Amazon river. I cut her and pushed her into a piranha pool and they ate her alive.

Then I gave a girl a hundred hits of acid and she ran out into the street and was killed by a car. The coroner didn't look for LSD, so no one was to blame.

Then I had a girl in chains while my German Shepherd fucked her. Then I cut her up and threw her to my vicious dogs and they ate her up. There was only some bone fragments left and I removed them and buried them.

And I left tantalizing clues for the police, but each murder was so different, they couldn't discover a pattern, and in any case, they got few of the bodies. But with the girl I'd crucified, they had my DNA from my semen. So too the girl in the freezer. And the girl who pulled the cart. They had me on camera in a few of the murders, but it was only the year 2023 and computers couldn't clearly identify a person and match DNA. I figured I was one of the last serial killers. Victim's friends and family identified me only as "Bennie," and drew rough sketches of me with the help of a police artist. I was in America's most wanted. But they didn't know my real name...

Then I let a woman free in the wilderness of Alaska. It was boreal forest and I told her I would give her an hour and then I would hunt her. After 2 hours of searching I traced her to an uninhabited cabin. But when I broke down the door, she shot me in the chest with a shotgun and I died.

THE END