

FAMOUS SPACE LOVES AND OTHER STORIES, 106 STORIES

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THE ULTIMATE DESTINY OF MANKIND

As it turned out (and it had to turn out this way), everyone was a hedonist these days and addicted to neo-opiates (strong ones). The people were all completely out of it, all the time.

As I dreamt, I was reminded of what a certain girl told me, "That it was a fine line between total pleasure and death. Most of us were in a dreamer's coma. And even if they awoke, they wouldn't remember, much, just echoes of pleasure."

Some people were programmed to awake at certain times, even agreeing on rendez-vous with others. I awoke with the girl and we decided we needed to effect change.

I said, "It's always been a World in which everyone struggles for comfort of their mind. It is just that comfort for your mind varied between individuals."

Those out of it on opiates were typically immersed in Virtual Reality and had love and friendship with the holograms there. But some Virtual Worlds were dangerous and if one died in Virtual Reality, you were irrevocably dead, and the janitor robots would take your body and cremate it.

I was advocating to live in Reality, but the Virtual masters said all must take our drugs and experience VR. But finally, I broke free and found that only a few dozen had done the same. We worked on science projects such as how to get eternal youth without being in a coma. And we had a commune in which it was free love, and that was enough pleasure for us. It seemed so natural and good. And babies were born.

But some of our group said sex and other instincts were mindless and we have to move beyond them, to be truly free spirits.

I said, "Surely there are higher states of being such as true love and successful science and art and business, which give euphoria. Such euphoria is different than neo-opiates and I feel is more concrete and real. The ecstasy of the dreamers is just mind numbing."

And I said, "We have to ban neo-opiates and force people to return to Reality. A dictator is needed."

Our few dozen in the commune were all ready to help me to rule. We all felt we had dodged a bullet of bliss. And now were free humans.

We took out the VR masters and then slowly weaned people off the drugs. And surprisingly we were successful. The system was built on weakness, not strength.

But as the years went by, many people became alcoholics and were talking about comfort for their mind again.

And there were black markets for neo-opiates which were hard for us to stop. And finally, dictator, Xaveria ----, took power and put everyone back on opiates and in Virtual Reality.

Everyone had to take the drugs and this time no one escaped. And Xaveria ----, was on the drugs too. Robots made sure no one woke up from the dreams.

It was our destiny.

THE OUTSIDER

Once on a distant, far away galaxy there lived a creature who was cast out of his creche. The reason was he was different from the others. The *raison d'être* for these people was to create pretty picture jigsaw puzzles for their leader. The pictures were fantasies and one didn't know what the picture was until you'd pieced together the pieces of the puzzle using telepathic telekinesis to put the pieces together.

This World of a kaleidoscope of colors, they all considered beautiful, but their fantasies were more colorful and deeper. The title of the pictures gave the pictures meaning and they were all skilled at painting. These creatures themselves appeared in all sorts of shapes and colors.

But the creature in question started designing ugly pictures and then later refused to do anything at all for the leaders. He said, "It was a mindless, narrow-minded society and wasn't suitable to live in. We are all slaves of the leaders," he said.

Anyway, he was cast out and lived his life wandering the deserts, all alone. But he struck a blow for freedom and killed the top five leaders, but it wasn't enough. And died alone and miserable in a jail cell. He was upset he couldn't make a difference.

POLITICAL GENIUS

Once upon a time, there was a man who embarrassed everyone by showing off how clever he was. He made people feel inferior and mediocre.

So finally, the people burned him at the stake for witchcraft and making deals with the Devil.

His mistake was he wasn't humble and over the Millennia of human evolution those clever people who were not humble largely died out/were killed. No great genius ever ruled a country for this reason.

"If you want to kiss the sky, you gotta learn how to kneel."- U2

Then there was a guy who was a genius and humble and peaceful, but people voted for anyone they thought was wise and they voted for him. It was a rare case of a polymath/Renaissance Man getting control of power.

But once in power he found that he could not do much and was tied up in gridlock. He told them he wanted to develop peoples' minds to the maximum and enhance their minds with apps. He wanted the best for everyone.

And he said, "There's no need for cloning or androids or holograms. The human race is quite fine as it was, it just needed a bit of a boost."

Many tried the apps he offered and were impressed and felt ecstatic!

People claimed to be suddenly enlightened.

Despite the gridlock, “The Intelligence Bill,” went through the UN parliament and the World was changed.

The app made people cleverer as well as kinder and almost everyone thought it was good.

So, the good people of Earth colonized the stars with intelligence and kindness and everyone of the astronauts brotherly loved all the others.

It was a euphoric love in.

LIVING INSIDE A COMPUTER

I said to girl A---, “I am an amazing sci-fi writer, but in general conversation I am not so amazing. Sure, I have a lot of anecdotes to tell and come across as the life of the party... But you should read my books.”

And I said to girl A---, “But I am your perfect man. You’d be a fool not to love me. You will learn to love me deeply in time.” She replied, “She had no time. She was busy.”

She said, “Your computer picked me as your number one choice, however.” I said as you know, “My computer is me inside a computer projection. And the computer and I are one in the same. Love me love my computer.”

She said, “It’s kind of a new thing for me, I guess I am a little old-fashioned.”

I said, “I have programmed my computer to get more pleasure than I do, to keep it interested in finding me new lovers. In fact, it is the only thing that gives it pleasure.”

And I said, “I’m thinking of merging with the computer and just live inside the machine. It is kind of a new concept, so I will be a pioneer and I hope you can join me. It gives new meaning to the term ‘cyber-sex.’”

And I showed her my dystopian films about a future in which everyone seemed to be overdosing and everyone seemed to be involved in wars. And I said, “It is a mad, cold World these possible futures...”

I said “I’d also tried to design a suitable lover from scratch, but it would be better to copy a lover or two into my computer. And you can try it out and see how you like it.”

And I said, “I plan to love other computers as well as you and you can too.

I said, “It would be liberating to be without a body.” She said, “She didn’t know what to say, but was willing to give it a try. But what about having her own computer.” I said, “Sure we can do that.”

I said, “One day, my computer will be USA President. Times are changing.”

#

20 years later...

And so finally the last human shed her body and became one with a computer. My girl A---, she remarked, “It’s a World of sweet dreams.”

And the computers didn’t fight with one another and we all lived in peace. It was a happy ending...

DANGER CITY

I said to the girl, “You’ve come to a dangerous virtual World known as ‘Danger City.’” I told her most crimes were legal such as murder (with a good excuse for killing). Also legal was all drugs and stealing and assault and rape. But ‘interfering with another’s freedom was punishable by death.’” She asked, “Doesn’t rape interfere with a woman’s freedom?” I said, “In practice it is allowed, but after you rape them, you have to let them go.”

And I said, “But the good thing is all guns and bombs are strictly prohibited and everyone lives in a fortified house. Gangs are also strictly forbidden.”

And I said, “In practice just don’t make anyone want to murder you. When out in public wear a mask and talk to no one.”

I said, “But the danger is kind of an adrenalin rush which satisfies many people here.”

And I said, “It is a masterpiece of chaos. Yet everything happened like clockwork. Everyone got up at the same time as everyone else and ate meals at the same time and partied at the same time. People went to an average of 6 parties per day and took a lot of dangerous drugs...”

And she said, “Let’s make love!” So, we did.

Afterwards, she said, “I’m beginning to like this World.” I said, “It’s a thrill.”

Some took adrenalin pills to make the parties more exciting. They were all addicted to the rush.

But just to walk down the streets of Danger city featured wild lions and freak humans and all kinds of business activity. There were a lot of criminals on the street such as pickpockets and fraudsters selling bad goods in their little booths of chaos.

I always carried a laser in case of trouble. Most people could not afford a laser and had more primitive weapons like crossbows and swords.

Almost everyone in Danger City was on strong opiates and were virtually oblivious to the street action.

MIND RAPE, A.D. 2050

Spies and others could zoom in on your mind signature and read your thoughts from anywhere via satellite.

Some said it was like mind rape. And there were many rogue states that sponsored MRT (Mind Reading Technology). However, most nations gave their people all protective devices that were supposed to save one from MRT. But it was known that hackers could get around them and passively listen to one’s thoughts.

It was even rumored that the mind of the President had been hacked and this caused a panic on Wall St.

MRT was top secret for many years, as it was considered dangerous. But now that it was out in the open, some abused it and abused others with it. It only took a few to ruin it for everyone else. Liberals had said, MRT love and happiness would be unparalleled, but everyone was now afraid of being driven completely insane. Still many said they lived in Paradise, with MRT honesty.

But MRT sex was the best. And you could test another's profile on the Computer and experience "pre-orgasm."

Some people demanded to be mind raped and loved the feeling of being controlled and abused. It was just the way it was.

DYING IN THE YEAR A.D. 2150

I said to the girl, "I am tired of drugs and I am tired of life. Eternal youth worked for a while to keep me interested. And I know I leave behind many literary works for posterity including 10 volumes of 'Tales of Madness.' I invented a new genre, 'madness.'" And I said, "It is a mad world in which everyone is totally insane, but everyone pretends to be sane."

And my girl said, "I'd be lost without you!" I replied, "I have 10 clones, you can love them." She said, "She wanted the original."

And she said, "If you truly love me, you'll stick around for a while."

I answered, "I've already made arrangements for my wake in one week's time." She said but you are only 120 years old and still look youthful, what is there not to like?"

She asked, "Do you have any last wishes?" I said "let's you and I get drunk for a week and play back videos of our happiest times together."

"Like the time we first met and fell off a cliff together and needed body replacements. But we fell in love in the hospital..."

"Yes," she said, we have many fine memories together."

After a week of drunkenness, we were exhausted, and it was time for my wake. I was astounded that almost 1,000 people came. And many people told me I'd changed their lives with my books and deeds for the benefit of mankind.

I was so overcome with emotion that finally I said, "I would live on for a decade at least." And that was 100 years ago, and I was now 223 years old. I'd seen it all before, but I kept getting off and getting my kicks...

FUTURE COMMUNISTS

I said, "I will now perform 'Symphony in Red' for our communist brethren."

Modern day communists were mostly rich and shared with one another. But unlike communist people of the past they had no dictator. They were ruled by an elected council of 400. Everything required a majority vote.

We lived in a society of panarchism. To each his own. The communists said, we live in a World of greed. People were greedy for more loves and more possessions. There is no end to it.

They said, they believed in "High Love," but everyone was good at sex. High love was just cleverer love. With people who had intelligent faces. And clever personalities.

Most greedy people treated their loves as chattels and conquests, they said.

And kindred spirits were fleeting. No one stayed friends or lovers for long.

But many were pleased when they bumped into former lovers or erstwhile friends again.

But these new communists were greedy for control of the future.

"Greed was the opiate for the masses," I said.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT, A.D. 2069-2077

As President I said I wanted what was best for the masses. And the economy grew 10% in my first year.

But there were several attempts to assassinate me, one time I got shot in the heart, but my doctors were always around me and saved me.

I said, "I am trying my best. Please don't shoot me!"

But many said that I was just out for myself and was like a pig at the public trough.

I had my spies eliminate dissenters.

As President I decreed that people worship me as a Goddess. I was superhuman pretty and had a profound intellect.

And I decreed that henceforth everyone would live in an air car. They could dock together and houses and apartments and skyscrapers would be bulldozed. I thought it was important for people to all be nomads and adventurers.

Everyone could afford an air car, but some air cars were better than others.

Kindred spirits these days were fleeting and people moved on to the next, kindred spirit Quickly.

And I decreed an end to android love dolls. Many women in particular liked that decree.

And officially I made MRT (Mind Reading Technology) illegal. But my spies used passive MRT on dissidents.

And Virtual Reality I made illegal which irritated many and disappointed many others. But I told them we were all in this together and had to all live in reality.

And as President, I decreed, "Space should be de-weaponized and policed by the UW (United Worlds). I knew that I had sent millions and millions of my followers to

Space but I didn't tell the people that.

And I decreed that there would only be one drug available, a medium strength neo opiate. Some chose to take no drugs at all. But we were all basically in the same boat together, we were on the same page.

And I decreed that people had to earn eternal youth with acts of intelligence and kindness. It was now finishing the experimental phase, but I knew it worked. So only 2% were granted eternal youth in that year, my first in office. And 1% were added every year during my 8-year reign. It worked fine.

Many tried to make movies or do selfless charity to get eternal youth. I had my minions judge them.

And I decreed an end to wars and pledged to send out millions of peacekeepers to war-torn regions.

Most people said, I was the greatest President ever!

FOR THE BIRDS

The flocks of large birds of an unknown species kept hovering and circling above us, frequently defecating on us, only it appeared to be human feces. We were a group of two men and two women and were scientists.

So finally, we bought a shotgun and killed them, but still more birds appeared above us and when we brought out our gun they scattered. But we one that we shot down one, we looked in its head. And sure enough, it was an android, but its body was full of human shit.

I said I wonder who hates us so much that they go to all the trouble to harass us.

She said probably the spies don't like our research into faster than light travel.

So, we traced the dead bird/android to a factory in Wales. And we told the American government to look into it. But they did nothing about it. So, we moved to China to get away from the birds. But sure enough, they reappeared, circling. I asked my true love if she thought the birds were planning to attack us?"

So, then we went all the way back to Wales and planted a bomb at the factory that leveled the place and then we changed our identity.

But the birds came back and kept shitting on us. Wave after wave of flocks They drove us mad and my girl finally killed herself by overdosing.

Then one day they dived down to attack our small group with talons to rip our eyes out and sharp beaks to rip apart our heart. Finally, we were all dead.

MIND CLONING

We lived on Venus underground with the air pressure at the equivalent of Earth's atmosphere.

I told her that, "I was a God!"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

I said, "I have a superhuman brain."

And I said, "I wanted to help humans to be better."

She said, "You are completely mad."

I said, "But it is an insane World. And crazy people often succeed!"

I said, "I am the cleverest person on Venus and the most kind and most knowledgeable. And I am the best lover. Why don't you try me out?"

And I said, "I am an expert in Mind Reading Technology (MRT)..."

She said, "She was afraid to let me into her head."

I said, "I am sure you have nothing to hide and would benefit from MRT."

And I said, "I've already been in your head passively and know that you fear the future very much."

She said, "But she didn't give me permission."

I said, "We can have cyber mind sex!"

I said, "I think I am in love with you! And I want to copy my mind onto yours. A type of cloning as it were. You have nothing to lose." She said, "I can't believe you can do that." I replied, "It is officially experimental, but I know that it works."

So we had mind sex and she really enjoyed it and she was under the influence of strong stimulants and decided to allow me to put my clone inside of her. I'll be there whenever you need me," I said.

And I enjoyed helping her to masturbate with me in her head. But basically cloning in her mind made her my slave.

FORMER RULER OF VENUS

I said to the girl, "100 years ago I was the ruler of Planet Venus. I tried to make it the Planet of MRT (Mind Reading Technology) love. And thinking together as a group..."

"But it didn't work out. People wanted to be independent and didn't believe in love."

And I said, "Now Venus is home to cold-hearted geniuses. And I am forgotten."

"And people turned their backs on Virtual Reality and pleasures of the flesh and mind."

"And I don't understand why they don't use people like me, who can help them."

"And they didn't like holograms or androids who were basically pleasure machines."

And I said to keep up one must continually add mind apps which to me, made me feel like a stranger to myself."

She said, "Well she'd tried MRT and that made her a stranger to herself and she thought it was undesirable. Her privacy counted."

I said, "Science had maxed out for humans. To go further would be not human. MRT is the only way we can control science for the best."

And I said, "Of course, only the top 10% can keep pace with new mind developments. I am no longer in that group. But it has divided humanity into two groups: the upper class superhumans and the middle-class, 'ordinary humans.'" And I added, "People in the middle class are told they are parasites and of no use to human development."

She said, "But these superhumans dabble in science, the arts and business. They are all polymaths and have the sum of all knowledge with their brain apps. I think they are wonderful creatures and I am one of them. And they write great science fiction and fantasy scripts for deep movies."

I said, "These movies of which you speak are incomprehensibly fast in their dialog and action and one needs to be an elite to understand them."

She said, "Anyway the people all have a service job and have all they need to be happy."

I said, "But most middle-class people are essentially slaves to the elite; wage slaves and sex slaves."

And she said, "All clever people can reach the elite class if they really want to. Some like you opt out. No big deal."

I said, "Once I was ranked #104 in Space for my brilliant 'Tales of Madness.'"

And I said, "But I've given up on writing and life. I suppose I should just die."

"I don't want to play working ant to you, Queen."

She said, "It is only life!"

GOD IS IN YOUR MIND

I said, "Your idea of heaven is reckless and irresponsible. You want everyone to be pan-religious. You think every religion is good. I think all religion is bunk." She said, "But Nirvana, Heaven and Utopia are all around you." I said, "It is all about the drugs, nothing to do with God." And I said, "I am in your mind passively and am therefore your God. She said it is just a magician's trick, no one can get in the head of another. I said, "I read all your thoughts," and I told her what she was thinking.

I said now, "The meaning of life is to be kind to one another and strive to improve."

And I said, "The top-ranked elite are infallible superhuman Gods/Goddesses, who create all life. They create new humans, holograms, androids, cyborgs, supercomputers and so on."

She said, "Old time religion is tested and true and it worked for our ancestors, why not for us?"

I said, "Now is the time of the Deities of Progress!"

She asked, "Whatever happened to free speech and freedom to worship as one wishes?"

And she said, "She wanted the right to offend others and make them consider the past and try to convince them to join her in her pan-religion." And she said the arts and sciences were in the hands of mediocre, closed-minded thinkers."

She said, "If you can't have controversy, you have nothing."

And she said, "The spies neutralize great thinkers and the result was mediocrity."

And she said, "The spies are hung up on the idea of another 'Communist Manifesto' or Mein Kampf. And so, they get in everyone's head to make sure no one does anything.

It is a mediocre result. All the brilliant radicals are neutralized by the spies.

And she said, "She'd written 20 books about love and religion that I think are top notch."

And she said, "She wanted to be cryogenically frozen and live in a better time, say 2,000 years from now." I told her, "She would not be woken up by our future descendants. They would already have all possible knowledge and would have no use for her."

"Live for the day," I told her.

She said, "There's no way she can succeed. She was a good thinker, but everyone was selfish and out for themselves."

She said, "I guess in these modern times, I will never succeed. I am 78 years old and look youthful. But don't feel youthful. I feel I won't last much longer."

"But," she said, "Maybe futuristic people would like to talk to her about the past."

I said, "I think you will find you are hopelessly lost 2,000 years in the future. And people would look upon you as a backwards Luddite, and a moron."

She said, "All I know is I can't succeed in this modern milieu. There must be a light at the end of the tunnel."

VICISSITUDES WITH PERSONAL SUPERCOMPUTERS

I said to the supercomputer, "I want you to find me the dirtiest slut you can." So, she appeared. I asked her, "If she was a prostitute?" She said, "She was a high-class escort girl." And she said, "She lived for sex." I asked, "Are you really a total slut?" She said I am not as dirty as you think I am." So, I tried her out and found she was very good in bed, but I had had better. And I told her, "To get lost." And I chastised the computer. The supercomputer said, "It had a difficult time with the term, 'dirty.'" I said, "I'll give you another chance, find me a truly humorous woman." And the one that appeared had a bizarre face and told me many slapstick jokes. I told her also, "To get lost." And I said to the supercomputer, "You've let me down, so I am turning you off." "Please no," it said, "Have mercy."

So, I turned it off and got myself a new supercomputer. I asked it, “To find me a deep woman who is also attractive.” And it produced Margaret, a clever woman who had the look. Margaret and I hit it off immediately and I told everyone about my clever computer. Then I asked the computer, “For a woman with a first-class mind, who had failed in life.” It was kind of charitable of me I know. But the computer produced a woman who was like a wounded bird. She said, “She’d been enslaved orbiting Uranus to service the elite and was also a sex slave. And her masters had abused her in every way. Finally, she stowed away on a ship destined for Earth. And she altered the ship’s weight register so she wouldn’t be discovered. I said, “What you need is a good lover and drugs of forgetting to tone down the bad memories. I’ll be that lover.”

And then since I was on a roll with this computer, I asked it, “To produce the vilest, yet most attractive woman. And she appeared. She was scary and told me, “She worshipped the devil.” So I tried to love her, but she was violent and abusive, and tried to break my cock. But I chained her down and did her in the doggie position several times. I said afterwards, “What do you feel?” She said, “I was just another abusive man in Hell. She was used to being abused.” I didn’t trust her, so I didn’t take the drugs she was pedalling. But then suddenly she injected me with some drug, so I called the emergency hotline right away, just before I passed out. She was gone by the time the paramedics arrived. But I located her and charged her with attempted murder and the jury found her guilty and she was to serve 20 years hard time. I figured she’d be happy in the Hell, that is prison. I resolved to never deal with evil women again, feeling I had dodged a bullet.

FRIENDSHIP, A.D. 2100

And I said to the man, friendship is dying in this fast forward World of fleeting acquaintances. But I told him I liked his books of horror and shared with him my books of Space chillers. I told him, “I’d like to be his friend.”

And he agreed. So, we went together to find new love dolls. Some love dolls were easy, others had scruples. My friend saw horror and ecstasy everywhere. We only loved the

new series of love dolls. They were all fiendishly clever. But many went psycho when we dumped them. We had to teleport out of a few sticky situations...

Then one night we went to a whorehouse. All sex diseases were cured so we didn't worry, and we picked up the sluttiest looking whores, six of them and had a ball. But finally, we tired of them and told them love dolls were better than they. They cursed at us and turned violent and we had to also teleport away.

#

Over the years our friendship blossomed and we both had writing success. We fed off one another. It was synergy.

And we both made other friends, some of who, were women. We felt almost as if we had reinvented friendship.

But almost all other people continued to have no lasting friends. Friendship was considered passe, and dependent and backwards.

GOOD DIVISIONS

I told the other gentlemen, "Divided we conquer, together we lose." One of them asked, "Isn't it actually the other way around?"

I said, "It's the new reality." And I said, "Thinking divisive thoughts is a prismatic spray of colors; it lights up the World."

And one of them said, "We are all like viruses who are good and clever and spread ourselves around. And take control."

I said, "Yes, we need to break all the rules."

I said, "I found success taking others' patents and copyrights and popularizing them and making the inventors, who were starving, rich." And I said, "I spent my time studying copyrights and patents and figuring out how to make them into successes." And I added, "That anyone who really wants to get rich can; there are many opportunities.

The other gentlemen here were also rich and each was an entrepreneur. Some of them weren't even very clever, but knew opportunity when they saw it."

One of them said, "Greed drives the World and divisions color it."

I said, "This World needs new ideas. And new directions. I feel I can influence things with my new patents and copyrights. I have copyrighted numerous best seller books and had an effect on air car patents and new drugs. I feel I am pulling my weight."

One of the gentlemen said, "He improved on drugs too and there were now so many kinds of drugs, some subtly different, some very different. There were drugs for every mood. Drugs are the future," he said.

And another said, "Variety is the spice of life and he had created a number of new spices."

And another claimed to have created Virtual Reality for both women and men, each sex was in a separate VR World with appropriate hologram lovers.

I replied, "Hologram lovers are sublime. Many holograms are projections of real humans and death can be real in VR. It is the way of the future. They are transparent, yet tactile and sexual. I wouldn't be surprised if one day everyone goes to Virtual Reality."

Another one said, “The future is in superhuman technology. Humans who are superior lovers and superior intellects. Some even super kind.

I said, “Superhumans were the future and everyone will need new brain apps to keep up with the pace.

But we talked and drank late into the night and we all agreed to meet again for another cerebral discussion in a week’s time.

Our group was rated #1236 on the “List of Intellectual Discussion Groups.”

I said, “We have our own World here, just us gentlemen. We are a high brow group which seeks to effect change on our World.”

FAMOUS SPACE LOVES

Myron, arguably the most famous movie star, said to the famous actress, Cathy M., “Loving you is like the music of the spheres.” And he said, “There are many computer-generated would be hit movies, that just seem to lack a certain elan.”

Cathy M, said her whole life she was, “Faking it. She never felt happy,” she said, “And had to pretend lest the spies single her out for rehabilitation.” He said, “It is a phony plastic world with plastic trees, fake orgasms, lies and plastic surgery.” She said, “His book of madness is all lies.” He said, “You kind of have to read between the lines... there are many truths contained in the book.” She said, “These days everyone tells people what they want to hear. And even the children are all android fakes. And our leader is a deceiver and a liar and a phony.” He said, “She should keep such thoughts to yourself lest she be arrested by the spies.” She replied, “She had nothing to lose but her misery in this World of illusion.” He said, “But he loved her.”

And she said, "Follower drugs," were all the rage, but they turned one into a zombie follower of the strong. Apparently, many people liked being virtual zombies. Many of her followers took these drugs.

Finally, she joined him and a friend and girlfriend to make a quartet of harmonizing musicians. The album was a hit, most insisted it was better than computer-generated songs.

Sometimes they even sang in falsetto, other times bass. And so on.

He told her, "Let's go to a warm beach and forget this life."

But they didn't go to the beach as there was an election coming up. They campaigned for the "Quiet Man." Myron used his star power.

The Quiet Man was given to exotic shows with beautiful Orientals.

He was a man of few words, but his words were electrifying.

He spoke of maximum freedom.

But he told Myron and Cathy, "The spies were in his head and limiting his brilliant speeches. The spies told him he was too radical to be President."

And people couldn't live without VR (Virtual Reality).

And Myron said, "What about living eternally youthful?" And Cathy M. said, "I am sure they can do it now, but the spies hide it from us. As it is replacement organs including the skin exist and so are semi-immortal. But their brain died sooner or later.

Most elderly people were clinging to life and hoped for eternal youth, but believed the powers that be would give them eternal youth any day now!

And Myron, he told everyone, "That we live in a new World of ecstasy and peace. It was Utopia.

And Myron, he got some female cheerleaders together. And they had their pom poms and cheered on the new World! And he became an even more famous TV personality for the new world order; he said, "The new world is here."

"Everyone is happy," he said.

Myron was now 60 years old and now was a level 9 spy out of 10 level max. And was given eternal youth on condition he kept it quiet. So, he watched as friends and family died while he lived on as a 50-year old in appearance. He had many affairs and liked them all. And many followed his every move.

And he lived on for hundreds of years, as a high-ranking spy and he got into a lot of heads. And in time he reached level 10 which was a position only held by 100 individuals.

Then one day Myron met a girl who he somehow hadn't met before. She spoke of revolution. He asked, "What kind of revolution?" She said, "This World is a phony. She wanted real life." Just like Cathy M. Her name was girl B---. She was a semi-famous actress in plays.

He said, "We are all just doing time here on Earth. Life was like a prison sentence."

And he added, "Some served one life term, others several. And dying was an art." And he said, "In this fake world, lying was an art also. And there was no truth anywhere." And so on. "But he as a famous lover was looked up to by the masses and didn't want to let them down."

She said, "What he said was so right."

And he said, “There were thousands of parallel worlds now, and one couldn’t distinguish them from reality. No one knew where exactly they were. Nor how many lovers you would find there.”

But he asked, “What’s so wrong with reality?”

She replied, “Most people knew that reality was illusory and enjoyed their illusions.”

And she said, “She preferred a communal paradise. “Also,” she said, “There’s plenty of wealth to go around.” And she said, “materialism is empty when everyone has all they need.” And she added, “She liked to share food, drink, drugs and love. And everything was automatic, no need for work as today everyone has, if only 15 h a week.”

“More time for loving,” she added.

He said, “I’d prefer a capitalist paradise, where all the rich and famous people are gathered together.”

She said, “But you can find groups of kindred spirits all over the place, not just the rich and famous.” And they loved each other again and again. But the press had a hidden camera in their hotel room and broadcasted their love making to the masses. This only made them more famous.

#

Another prominent couple were owners of half of Europa, Jupiter’s Moon. They built nuclear reactors beneath the frozen seas and suddenly Europa had an atmosphere. And there was O₂ from the H₂O for breathing.

They simply put up their tent wherever they pleased. It was squatter’s rights.

Many lovers wanted a fresh start in space. The couple in question wore scuba gear and a wetsuit and planted fish and seaweed and sea creatures

Earth and space economy was worth 1 000 Gazillions (1 Gazillion= a billion zillion. \$U.)

And on Earth everyone was able to afford a home and an air car.

And lovers didn’t worry about crime as the penalty for fraud, kidnapping and murder all carried the death penalty. And UW cruisers were the only ships that had weapons.

When a new sector of space was colonized, the UW led the movement ensuring safety for all.

Some lovers went on 10-year journeys (10 was the maximum amount at present) and were typically at each other’s throats.

Teleporting was taking over, greatly reducing stress.

Famous lovers were involved in rescue missions, futuristic city designs and so on, and had great characters/stories to tell.

#

On Venus, the love planet, domed cities were proliferating.

And one of the Venusian domes was exclusively for the rich and famous. They had the best of everything there.

It was popular to come on a “honeymoon,” on Venus for short-lived romances and you would take another lover when you tired of the person you came with.

#

On far out planetoid X2-X, two lovers had the place to themselves. And were hot for one another, but in time they grew weary of one another and so offered up 90% of the planetoid for sale each including 45% of their 50%.

They welcomed orgiastic hedonists to their planetoid. And partied like there was no tomorrow. And the paparazzi appeared.

But they were crazed, these two lovers and most adventurers were wary of getting too close to them. MRT (mind reading technology) revealed everyone's secrets and these two pioneering lovers had both broken up numerous relationships.

Space babies were closely monitored for superhuman traits with MRT and if they were superior beings they'd be arrested and sent to "science camp," Pentagon-16, where they could have all their ideas harvested.

#

And on many planets were famous android love dolls, who zapped their lovers with a pleasurable ecstatic burst.

Many claimed to have found true love with these love dolls.

And some of the android love dolls were skilled actors/actresses and were famous.

Some here were not lovers but rather hunters of androids and holograms.

#

And another famous man was crime fighter, Dick S. was a P.I. who claimed to have blown the whistle on several of his female lovers, who were androids or holos, masquerading as humans. It wasn't easy to tell whether someone was an android or hologram.

#

Single people often vacationed on Mercury and were looking for love there. Just like F & R. They were both desperadoes for love. And their lovemaking was frantic. And also, the Press was here en masse, looking for love stories, and zoomed in on them, making them famous.

Mercury was a sunny spot which was hot all year. Even in the domes here they liked the heat and were typically 40 C inside.

There were in this year, 2140, an average age in space of 95 with 1 billion people in space, with 100 million in Earth orbit alone. Earth orbit had a vibe of freedom and genius. And was anti-gravitational. Sex in space was all the rage. Most of the rich and famous were greedy, like had never been seen before. And the paparazzi lapped it up.

And yet in Earth's orbit one could get all of Earth's comforts which were less so outside the Earth.

In the year 2140 all settlements beyond Earth were given independence to everyone's satisfaction.

Every settlement had a main square where people could meet and harmonize with one another and meet one another. Generally speaking, the quality of space residents was much higher per capita than Earth.

#

On Titan, buildings of glass and light set a romantic tone for lovers. Titan was the best place to make movies in all of the solar system. It was the new Bohemia.

And Titan had the space museum app which people could tap into using Virtual Reality and explore love in space.

And as they developed the planet, the nuclear reactors created heat and wind which could power the settlements here. There was a lot of oxygen here.

#

And Uranus and Neptune and their moons were also romantic destinations, only were in orbit. They drew all sorts of gases from the main planet.

Sun orbiters produced gold and gems very cheaply so the women in the orbiters were bedecked in fine jewelry. The sun orbiter people were mostly chaotic good in terms of alignment.

Space sectors were divided now into 12 solar systems, by the UW. (the United Worlds) All the UW police were IQ of 160 or more. It was a great career some figured, to see Space unfold.

There was so much opportunity in Space.

And the best schools were on other Planets/Moons.

And if you graduated from a space school, you got a tattoo of a white four-pointed star on your forehead...

Every adult in Space had at least one Ph.D. degree. Bright children earned their first Ph. D. by age 14.

And Space settlers needed an IQ of at least 150 and had to be rich and/or famous or semi-famous. And needed to have the "pioneering spirit."

Women took fertility drugs and were very fertile. They had children the old-fashioned way... People spent a lot of time raising their kids which were often identical twins or identical triplets.

And people took drugs which calmed and stimulated at the same time.

Some took too many drugs and were strung out and crazy.

Almost everyone on Earth dreamed of getting to Space. They hoped the rules would change and anyone could go who wanted to. They all wanted to experience the thrill of space and hobnob with the rich and famous.

#

Great movies were made in space including famous love stories.

Some were fictional, others real. But most focused on the true stories.

#

And then there was the couple who were designated by the spies as a "destabilizing force." They spread a lot of conspiracy theories like the leader of the UW (UN) was assassinated and didn't die of a heart attack in his sleep as the spies claimed. She said the leader wanted to ease up on MRT spies and let ordinary people into Space, which was an anathema to the spies.

And they said eternal youth existed long before they said and some people were 150 years old, but had faked their death or simply disappeared.

And they said the government of Earth claimed they had sent secret ships to the stars, but actually they sent no ships beyond our solar system and it was just a trick of Virtual Reality.

#

Then there was the romance between two of the World's top scientists. They loved as others did and were very loyal to one another and worked nicely together. She studied synergy and he was known for advancing teleport activity. They fed off one another and merged minds on MRT.

#

Then there was famous chemist Suzanne X who killed her lover in a fit of rage. It was not premeditated but the jury sentenced her to death for her crime, after probing her mind.

#

Then there were the two famous comedians, who loved one another. And they said, “Life was a joke.” But most love stories ended in tragedy.

#

Then there was the S&M couple who claimed they were the new “Romeo and Juliet.” But their story was a story of perversity and greed. They both wanted to get everything out of one another before they broke up. And they destroyed everything they touched. Finally, she slit her wrists and died.

#

Then there was the Princess who was cloned multiple times. She said, “Life is all about memories.” But one of her detractors said, “But some memories are real and most are fake, these days.”

#

Also, there were a small group of famous people on Luna were into breaking one another’s heart. They all wore their heart on their sleeves. They caught each other in compromising photos... And caught one another in injudicious positions and showed the World. It was all out of control.

Finally, they were all sentenced to 10 years hard labor for breaking people’s hearts.

#

Then there was a gay couple who liked orgies with other gays. Some considered them to be especially debauched. And they introduced new types of multisexuals and the orgies continued. Some said it was a “freak show.” But many gays were attracted to the Space orgies. They said, “Space is for hedonists.” This was their rallying cry!

#

Then there was Julie and Jack. They both said they didn’t know they would love each other until they met. Computers had a hard time identifying kindred spirits...

They went on a long Space voyage and everyone was pulling for them. But they had a lot of difficult moments together, but somehow life spun in their favor. There was no cabin fever here. And people followed them in space and got the juicy details of their romance.

Finally, they arrived at star WX-72, after a five-year voyage. And they built their civilization on neo-opiates. And new immigrants who were looking for love.

Julie and Jack loved each other’s writing. He wrote ground-breaking “Lives of Madness.” And she wrote literary orgiastic literature, that challenged Shakespeare as the best author of all time.

#

Typically, one would judge people on their crazy deeds.

Bill and Joan, were a hot couple. She got rich selling maddingly perfumes and scents. He was a famous actor. The Press liked this couple and followed them everywhere, even where they had other secret loves and put it in the news. They told the Press to, “piss off.” But they didn’t and finally Joan shot a paparazzi and he was dead. They gave her the death penalty and Bill was heartbroken.

#

Lucy was known for her sane love affairs. She said, “In this World of madness, sanity is rare.”

#

Then there was martial arts champion Zang Chu and his lover, the World’s most famous super model, Harriette.

Harriette claimed her lover was the Word’s best lover. Here on Mars.

She said, “He could stretch into new positions.” And was unique.

#

Then there was Adele X., she was one of the last rock and roll singers. She was very harmonious. She had a couple of hits and was quite famous. Her mate was born rich and came from a distinguished line of geniuses. He promoted her music for her. And they both claimed to be blissfully in love.

#

Then there was famous lover, Sarah Q, who sold live mind reading of her sexual exploits to the highest bidders. It made her even more rich and famous and was really quite a novel thing.

Most people didn’t want to share their intimate moments with the World.

#

Jack and Tania lived with orangutans in Borneo. Tania was trying to make the orangutans cleverer, Jack was writing it all down. Tania had some great successes and some awful failures and had some favorite students. The government of Indonesia though didn’t want the orangutans messed with and so deported the couple. So, they went to Africa to work on chimps. Some said it was just like the “Planet of the Apes.” Others said it was a freak show. The press loved it.

#

Also, the famous lover, Miranda Y. She liked sex with everchanging backgrounds like safaris, orgies, art coming alive and playing the role of lover in ad lib movies. Everyone was impressed by her ability to ad lib. And the press glorified her as some kind of Goddess.

#

Also, there was Julie R. who famously said it is hard to know reality. She said she wanted to be in the know of what was really happening in this world. Forbidden plays, forbidden movies, new weapons, secret space colonies and so on. The press was following her closely as were the spies.

#

Then a popular soap opera star and her love also a soap opera star. They acted together and claimed they were truly in love. But they believed, as most contemporaries did, that free love was where it was at and they shared their love with others.

#

Then an old-fashioned couple. They were famous but they courted one another for six months before making love. The paparazzi had a field day with them. Only 10.2% of the total population of humans considered themselves to be old fashioned. Most of them were believers in old time religion which was way out of fashion.

#

Two famous comedians hooked up, and both said, “Life is but a joke.” But they added, “It was all just a question of whether or not you were happy.” They voted themselves

King and Queen and had a number of followers. It was panarchism. Everyone wanted to hear about panarchism.

#

Then there was anti-gravity Grace C. She said, “Computers had basically failed to find soul mates for her, and she didn’t know if she liked a man until she met him.” She lived on Luna where the gravity was low, and lovers drifted all around.

#

Then there was Lydia R. She was another movie star. She told everyone her latest lover was the most honest lover she’d ever met. But then they tried MRT and she found he told a lot of white lies and even some things that were totally untrue. After that she went around Earth telling everyone, all men were liars and one should not get into a long-term relationship with them.

#

Then there was Orange. She killed her lover in a fit of temper and was sentenced to death. But all the press wanted to know why she’d done it etc. But all she said was “She was possessed by the Devil and regretted throwing her life away.” In time the press lost interest, but they were all there for her execution. Her last words were, “I came, I saw and gave up.”

#

Mr. Universe.

Phil R. won the Mr. Universe contest and told everyone he was a stud prince and very masculine. But then came the revelation that he was gay. And many of his followers were shocked.

Then the same thing happened the next year at the Mr. Universe contest. It was so controversial it brought the Mr. Universe company a lot of money. So, they changed it to Mr. Gay Universe and got still more publicity and online sales.

#

He, Charles G. was the fastest man in the World, running the 100 m in 5.8 seconds. Ofcourse he was a steroid monster, a freak and was eight feet tall. Some said he was an android who had fooled all the tests, but others said it was just the steroids. The steroids were legal now, as it was impossible to detect them anyway.

He colored his skin turquoise and called himself, “The True Man of the World.”

#

He, Peter, asked the girl, “What award would you like to win?” She said, “She wanted an Academy Award for best actress.”

But she said, “These days the acting business was dog eat dog and very competitive. Even murders by jealous actors/actresses.

He was known to have asked her, “You are very clever, why don’t you write scripts?”

She said, “Most good script writers, in my opinion, are virtually starving.” Hollywood doesn’t want intelligent scripts, just pretty faces and action.

#

Mike H. was a war hero scientist in WW III with his freeze technology that froze one’s body instantly, but they would thaw out in time and be fine. It was American genius. And the Americans had all sorts of biological weapons, the death ray from satellites and of course hydrogen bombs and other nuclear weapons. So, the USA took control of the whole World.

#

N&N were known for their lavish parties in orbit around Luna.

They enjoyed gravity free dancing and love.

Neil had been to outer space and had written many anecdotes about the pioneers.

He turned the anecdotes into fables with a moral lesson for the people. He really liked animals and brought some apes and dogs and cats to the Lunar orbiter.

Nancy had huge breasts and enjoyed the gravity free orbiter. And people said that Neil was also well endowed.

Nancy was a sex symbol on Earth and a famous celebrity. Many women got breast enlargements to try and be like her. And there was a long waiting list among men to love her. She said, "Love for all should be easy."

But Neil and Nancy said, "They were kindred spirits." And they produced a number of romantic comedies here in Lunar orbit.

#

Gina got famous men drunk and then told their stories to the "World Enquirer." She was a scandalous woman. And she embellished the stories she told the tabloids, to make them even more scandalous. And her victims were all recorded.

She ended up a hologram who seduced real men and got them to give up their humanity.

Some said, "She was a wicked witch."

She said sex with holograms was superior to human sex.

#

Icar and Jane were both architects. Icar liked designing cylindrical phallic high rises. Jane preferred designing buildings of wood and stone. Icar said he was like a prism. He enjoyed "Girls of light," who he claimed he could, "Make into rainbows."

Then one day, Icar met a woman who he really liked, just as much as Jane. So, it was to be a love triangle. Jane had a few loves on the side, but mostly loved Icar, but she didn't like the new woman in their lives.

Then another woman. He gave all 3 the latest model of air cars and was really rich and famous. Each air car was fully stocked with all the latest drugs.

The women were all satisfied with him and put up with his other lovers.

Icar had a friend who was a custom jeweller who made unique jewelry for his three women. The women were all very pleased.

Icar didn't talk that much but was a famous director and had his women play roles in his scripts. It was largely ad lib, but all 3 were very talented. So, the films were a hit all over the World and brought Icar even more money.

Icar took sex enhancers and skin revitalizers so that he could have sex for half a day at a time. His lovers were very satisfied.

And he spent 4 h a day drinking with friends/ chasing new women.

The rest of his time he spent dreaming in Virtual Reality. Life was good for him.

In VR he tried to get people's best stories and then love the women. And get the truth about their lives for his own stories. Many people liked to tell their favorite anecdotes to him. He liked to ask them questions like, "What is the craziest thing you've ever done?"

Or, "What is the best thing you've done?" Or, "Tell him a story about heartbreak." And so on.

#

Famous magnate, Boris P., told the girl mining gold on Mercury is real gold and cheaper than synthetic gold.

On Mercury they built skyscrapers of steel and glass. There was no main city but rather isolated skyscrapers.

Each skyscraper was like a commune for rich people, they shared everything and thought of themselves as the “Brains of the Earth.”

They commissioned golden statues of ourselves, him and the girl.

But eventually the girl and he fell out over android sex dolls. The dolls were energetic and sexy, and he wanted them. He bought some of the love dolls, and rented them out to hungry men who wanted hot sex.

Some men these days had never loved a real woman, only sex dolls...

Then he kept on buying love dolls, and soon had cornered the Space market.

He was a super pimp.

And the dolls loved him and got a lot of excitement from sex with humans.

Some humans though claimed it was just like loving yourself, like a type of narcissistic man.

And then he heard about a new amusement park on Titan. He took a few love dolls with me and enjoyed the rides and had sex afterwards, just him and the girls. They all seemed to know him so well.

And he created a World of an impossible love doll, that would love him so much, she'd be lost. This girl thought like a man but was very feminine. He gave her all of his memories.

#

There were many famous people these days, and most people followed their antics for at least a half-an-hour a day.

I COULD SEE THE MOON

In my early childhood, I used to tell my mother, “I could see the moon.”

Now I owned the entire Moon, and made it into my own personal museum.

I had written a number of romantic comedies and romantic tragedies and we played the plays every night. And I had brought back alien artifacts from space for the museum and recorded my nightly dreams which could be experienced here in Virtual Reality (VR).

I kept ownership of the Moon, but leased out large tracts of it to business interests such as mining and collecting water from craters/soil.

It was considered a rite of passage for young people to come here and experience Space. I had a low gravity amusement park in Virtual Reality that they could only experience on Luna. And my dreams were not Online, they had to come here to enjoy them.

Over the years I added more VR Worlds, unique to the Moon.

Finally, there was no reality on the Moon, it was just empty except for thousands of beds underground where people lay dreaming, and everyone who came here was immersed in invisible VR that was unique to Luna.

It was the year 2200 and the temporary population of Luna was 50,000, mostly hologram dreamers as well as some servants/sex workers.

And the most popular VR world here was on the Internet and was a World of hologram women and men who played hard to get. Tourists from their base on Earth were used to getting their way with love, and were driven insane by my holo love dolls. Insane with desire. The dolls were all very sexy and knew how to have a good time.

Also, very popular was a VR Internet World in which tourists experienced hateful holograms and had to triumph over them and take control of this VR World. And I was always generating new holo “bad guys.”

Another popular VR was 10 years into the future in which Earth and its colonies were abandoned and everyone lived in a parallel World of MRT (mind reading technology) and VR. I thought Earth was passe. But in this World, some fought for Reality and mostly lost.

I said, “Reality is dull and boring whereas VR is scintillating and inspiring. VR is the new Reality.”

But many didn’t want to give up their body completely and just live inside a computer. But such people were behind the times and destined for extinction in their bloodline.

I said, “I can see the Moon.”

FUTURE PRISONERS

I said to the girl, “We’ve been in prison for about ten years in solitary confinement and now they are finally allowing us to see each other in the prison yard. We jerked each other off with our clothes still on.

I told her, “I was out of control insane.” She said she got paper from the guards to design art and I told her I had written a number of stories and had memorized them in case they took my papers away. She said, “She also had memorized her art pieces.”

They’d imprisoned us for our “Manifesto for Change,” In which we had outlined a plan for a New World. But the authorities weren’t having it.

But we had heard normal people now had eternal youth and if they let us go, we would live forever. It gave us hope.

Finally, after 22 years in prison a new regime on Earth released us and we told our story. Many people felt sorry for us and so wanted us to run for President and Vice President. So, we did and won and managed to liberate many intellectuals, all around the World.

And we punished our former masters with solitary confinement for 50 years and see how they liked that. We weren't vengeful, we just believed in justice for all. Most of them committed suicide in the first week.

It just goes to show you that to hang onto your life during bad times can yield great fruit in the future.

TRULY GRIM FAIRY TALES

We had a new horror take on fairy tales. In "Hansel and Gretel," the witch eats them both. In "Cinderella," she is turned into a pumpkin. In "Goldilocks," the girl is eaten by the bears. In Rumpelstiltskin. the girl is a sex slave to him. In "Little Red Riding Hood," she kills and eats the wolf. Rapunzel has her hair ripped out of her head and bleeds to death. And "Snow White," never wakes up, nor the "Sleeping Beauty." And the "princess of the pea fame died of her bruising. And the Littlest Mermaid told the prince to fuck off. And the pied piper stole all the women. And so on. Truly grim grimoire.

And so on.

It was a dangerous World of evil. And was available for adventurers on Virtual Reality. Some said life was like a fairy tale gone wrong. And they were right.

NO TURNING BACK

I said, "Sometimes the radicals are right, and we have to protect their freedom." She said, "It's too risky." I said, "Better to do the right thing for people instead of the wrong thing."

She said, "Life is a giant pyramid scheme, those who play it right, rise to the top. Those who don't are relegated to the lower echelons. And everyone knows this."

And she said, "It is a New Age."

I said, "Radicals are divine."

It turned out that MRT (mind reading technology) was too much for people and suicides were everywhere. I said, “We shouldn’t have made it happen so quickly. It should have been a golden mean but instead it was just rampant insanity.”

And she said, “We are all in computers and that is the problem, she felt.” I said, “But there’s no turning back now!”

I said, “MRT represents the truth to me, and the truth is our friend. No need to hide from the truth. Sure, we all have had embarrassing moments, but in the cosmic scheme of things, such things seem very unimportant.”

And I said, “Future civilizations will look back on MRT as the greatest progressive move ever made by mankind.”

CHURCH OF ALCOHOLICS

I said to the woman, “This world is fucked up.”

“Everyone is drunk all day and all night.” And “They get replacement organs which allow them to keep on drinking.”

She said, “Most people can’t handle this reality. It’s too boring and too stressful at the same time.”

And I said, “Survivors in this day and age, can all hold their booze and figure life is just a drunken dream. A fog if you will. And they mostly can’t remember their drunken conversations.”

And they worshipped at the Church of Alcoholics. Their motto was “Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die.” The Churches were the finest buildings in the various towns and were designed for drinking and parties. You could go to confession to the local Priests/Priestesses, hidden behind a curtain. Typically one would confess how they broke someone’s heart or how they didn’t help a friend in need and so on.

But few died. And they all took anti-fat medication.

However, there were no jobs and the only thing to do was to get drunk all the time.

And everyone was a writer who wrote down their experiences for drunken people to read and gain inspiration. Most tried to be wild and crazy to impress others. And everyone was glad to be living in the modern era in which complete drunkenness was possible.

In modern bars, they often required a breathalyzer to prove you were drunk, and worthy of more drinks. Some bars set the bar high.

And androids would take android drugs which made them flirtatious and aggressive. Every person liked them. And they were our slaves and did all the work. Ranging from food production to medicine to genetic research, to sex, it was all done by androids.

And the sex dolls would do stripteases in the bar and take clients upstairs for sex. Usually the love was free.

Babies were produced by the state and everyone was sterile in terms of fertility.

But no one seemed to know anything about these Space babies, it was all hush hush. But there didn't seem to be any young people around us. We wondered if the babies were all grown up when released into the World. Or if they were all sent to Space. But the total population of this planet was officially 1.4 million humans. There always seemed to be new people to meet and the women kept getting facial plastic surgery and changed their voices, so you often wouldn't recognize them.

Rumor had it that our people were originally from a World called "Drak" and then the original settlers were all alcoholics. But no one seemed to know much about it.

Almost everyone seemed to enjoy drinking here anyway. The few that didn't just smoked weed. Most of the drunks took weed too.

Alcohol lit us up and gave us good feelings which were something to live for.

If someone committed a crime, they would be cut off from alcohol which to us was a fate worse than death itself. Most criminals committed suicide in jail. We even provided them with ropes to hang themselves.

The worst crime of all was poisoning another's booze. Another heinous crime was abusing androids. But crimes of violence were very rare.

And it was desirable to go to the Alcoholic Church, and thank the leaders for the booze. One had to be grateful. And the new savior told us all to get drunk and turn water into wine. It was a good place to meet people, this Church.

And there were many martyrs who left our Planet and sacrificed their lives for freedom to drink on other Worlds.

Critics told us they'd bring Prohibition to us and "save our souls."

We told them, there was no such thing as the soul and alcohol saved our lives, literally.

And we said, they were unfeeling losers and busybodies. And to fuck off.

Many prohibitionist leaders were assassinated, and most people here were glad to get rid of them.

And we wondered why such people as the Prohibitionists were allowed into this World. We all figured our corrupt government had been bribed to let them in as missionaries.

And many people started to say, we needed to get rid of our corrupt government and the judges ruled death by intoxication was the fate of these people. The masses would kill them.

Death was too good for these corrupt people, we all agreed. Actually we were a righteous people, who demanded ethical drunkenness.

Some said, it was a drunken World of people who were out of their minds.

But we killed them off and paid no attention to them. Almost all of us were dedicated to drinking and good times.

NO PICNIC

One day I went on a picnic in the countryside. Just me and two love dolls. Mosquitoes had been eliminated so the countryside was heavenly. And one usually carried a laser in case of dangerous animals or human marauders.

We were having a nice picnic when suddenly the weather dropped from 25 C to -10C in an hour. And our pick-up ride was not due until 2 hours later and the temperature continued to drop. Another hour and it was -40 C. I clung to my love dolls for warmth and finally our ride appeared. I had to take anti-flu medication and anti frost bite medication, but then I was fine.

The whole episode turned me off going to the countryside. Most of the countryside was Automatic Production Machines (APMs), but there were many parks where one could get close to nature. I said, "Nature sucks."

As the years went by fewer and fewer people visited the countryside.

Finally, in the year 2199, no one visited the countryside. If they wanted a rural experience, they'd do it in Virtual Reality (VR).

And soon every adventure took place in futuristic VR. Reality was just used for wholesome sex and real drinks and drugs. But Reality was a default World, and wasn't as good as VR. VR was for noble souls.

WAR-LIKE HUMANS

On Planet Q---, we were all tired of peace which had lasted just a month and the powers that be and wanted an exciting war.

We had a lot of mock battles to prepare us and learned how to loot efficiently in this modern World.

This World is where they put the war-like humans. They could wipe each other out for all the other Worlds cared. They had low technology.

And they had no Virtual Reality.

Death was real and the average life expectancy was just two more years after arriving here.

They were all persona non grata in most Worlds and most of them felt happy to be in a real World of war.

The best warriors though were high ranking and took years to die, but the mediocre soldiers were the grunts and lived only a few months typically.

But they lived for war...

"Humans will never stop fighting," they said.

I said, "What's the point of giving up your life for nothing?"

They said, "In this World if you have nothing to fight for, then you have no reason for existence. Don't you have anything to fight for?"

I said you can fight for what you believe in by using pacifist methods and making your vote count. Hunter-gatherers all agreed together on a course of action and it is still true today."

They said, "Hunter-gatherers were continuously at war with one another."

I said, "But they fought for survival in a dog eat dog World. Now there is plenty of territory in Space for everyone, no need to fight about it. How many trillions does a person need before they are satisfied? This world also features a social net which takes care of the poor. They should be happy and not fight. Let there be peace!" I say.

And I said, "The minds of the youth were poisoned by war mongers, who taught them to hate what they don't like and play upon their emotions."

They said, "I was just a bleeding heart who knew nothing of passion." I said, "It is well-known that I am one of the most passionate people alive."

"Hmph," they said

I said, "The human instinct to fight and have wars needs to be eliminated." They said, "Who do you think you are?"

I said, "I represent all mankind as UW (United Worlds) ambassador to this World. You are all guilty of crimes against humanity. And will eventually be tried for your crimes."

And they didn't dare arrest me as it would lead to a powerful military strike against them from the UW.

THE ITCH OF ALL TIME

The one-month itch. It was a disease going 'round that caused parts of your body to become itchy and no amount of scratching could satisfy it. Peoples' scratchy areas were scratched to the bone. And bleeding occurred but still there was no killing the itch. Bones were exposed and still itchy. They finally traced the itches to a new virus from Luna and were able to treat most people, but then it mutated and soon everyone was itching uncontrollably.

It was a blood bath, and no one seemed to know what to do.

Then people were dying from loss of blood and nothing could be done to help the human race. Everyone was infected with the itch which could travel on cyberspace and get into everyone's computer and hence into their minds and bodies.

A few went offline permanently but the itch found them through the water supply or even the air they breathed.

The leaders of countries were holed up in underground sterile bunkers, but the itch was already in their food and tunnelled into their subterranean bases.

The founders of the itch virus had developed defences against the itch and lived through it and sold the anecdotes, finally the 12 of them were the only humans left standing.

They decided to make a new World in which all human instincts were eliminated, and everything was cerebral. The dozen survivors vowed to believe in love and imagination and make a fresh start.

As time passed, the itch virus died out and they could frolic in the free air outside as had been the plan from the beginning. And they all had numerous children immune to the itch and began to rebuild the Earth. They told one another they were free from corruption and madness.

And if someone was charged with corruption or madness and found guilty, then they would execute them.

THINK FAST

Many here had their brains augmented to think fast. This was the essence of an IQ test, being quick-witted. Everything was fast such as thinking about your memories, having sex, working, daydreams, night dreams, conversation and so on.

I said to the girl, "We need to slow it down."

And I said to the girl, "This life is a puzzle within a puzzle."

I said, "We have got some tantalizing pieces."

"Glimpses in dreams."

I told her that, "I thought the powers that be want to keep us in the dark while they go to space and experiment with science."

We just live day to day and live for sleep and vibrant dreams. We slept 12 h a day. People tried to imagine what the rulers looked like and made hypothetical statues of them.

And the powers that be asked us in our minds, "What kind of children we wanted?" We mostly replied "intelligent," or "imaginative." But we never saw our children at least as far as we knew.

And it was known that the authorities got into everyone's heads. But it was one-way communication. We mostly figured that the power was in the hands of computers.

Some people said we lived in Utopia. Or they were in Nirvana.

Others said it was Heaven. And all were welcomed. Many figured making sacrifices was the key to getting to Heaven.

Others said, most people were sellouts, who took bribes to keep this World going. And sold their bodies and their minds to science.

The Girl said, "To lose control of our children was to lose control of our lives. It was not natural or good. And who knows what freaks they are producing in Space? This World is a giant fiasco."

CLONING THE DEAD ANCESTORS

In this Earth, in A.D. 2265, people everywhere dug up the bones of their favorite ancestors and cloned them.

Clones were given memories of their descendants and took a few years to get used to modern living.

But they were all glad to have a second chance at life.

World population surged to 60 billion. But it was sustainable.

She said, "It was a wonderful World in which we were free to make our own meaning."

I said, "We were born at just the right time, the apex of pure humans' civilization

But the future looks scary and the past is boring."

And I cloned myself 1,000 times and so I was everywhere. After every day my clones and I, we all got together Online and shared experiences with one another.

And we experienced Virtual Reality together with my 100s of 1,000s of love dolls. And their love dolls. Everyone was happy.

And I made Virtual children with my love dolls it was all in the DNA/programming...

I couldn't believe the strong ecstasy I had been experiencing.

I was truly in Heaven.

And I went to the ancestor finder website and recreated many generations of my family. And populated whole new Worlds with them. It was all in the family...

THE WORLD OF THE DIRECTOR

It was a world run by the Director. The director turned life into solemn plays and comedies. Everyone had their role to play in the script. All ad-libbing within a general plot.

Those who didn't want to play the roles simply left life.

The Director had help from Super Computers in writing the loose scripts. Or so most people thought.

The Director said it was high art to put people into roles that were right for them.

The Director produced 4 plays a week. All were under his directorship. And he sold the plays off world.

His first play of this week was "Love and Hate." It involved thousands of actors and actresses and 10's of thousands of support staff. Many said this was his biggest hit ever.

People just basically told their love stories that mostly ended in tragedy. The director asked me what his next play should be about, and I said, "All is fair in love and war."

And so, he made it his next play.

Cabin fever was a popular subject for Space denizens and there were a lot of plays about this.

Also, very popular were musicals featuring new music from this World. They made great human harmonies.

And altered faces was another popular topic. Plastic surgeons fooled around with the human face to make it comelier and cleverer looking.

And futuristic Worlds of art and fantasy in architecture and clothes and lifestyles. New drugs and so on. In 3-D.

Many on Earth were jealous of this World and wanted to immigrate, but only the brightest and most imaginative were chosen for a visa.

And a lot of plays were about Virtual Reality. Some Worlds were really murderous, others creative. One play was about Armageddon, in which the Director was the last human alive.

And many thought, there were too many leaders here, and not enough workers. Every acting professional tried to put their personal stamp on the plays. Sometimes the plays were too heavy, too dense. And everyone wanted the Director's job.

Many figured, life here, was just a game.

Some plays were about obscure philosophy. This week it was about "Killing yourself to live."

But all people here had a full-time job working with the plays. Total population was 300,000. On Ganymede.

LUNA ALTERNATIVE

I met a poor girl and I asked her, her wish and she said, “She wanted to go to the Moon.” So, we went and found it was mentally hard work on Luna. Luna was ruled by, L----.

The leader tried to develop Luna into a Paradise. With lavish spas and architectural wonders inside the Lunar dome. The architecture featured crescents and circles.

There was just the one settlement on the Moon. And the resident population was only 10,000, mostly involved in creating Virtual Reality for the tourist industry using their mind projection ability.

Many on the Moon were pure lunatics. And were crazy about love. It was a giant meat market. Everyone was intriguing to get more partners. Everyone seemed to like psychos in love. They liked drama and imagination/creativity.

Some were deliberately deaf and drew symbols for the new Lunar language.

The Moon settlement was on the equator and sometimes the outside temperature went up to 22 C/76 F.

There was a small lake in the middle of the dome that served as the water supply for Luna. Water was collected from craters and the poles by an air truck. And moon plants sucked up the frozen water in the soil and so were also a water source.

People would sun themselves in the domes upper echelons where the light was enhanced by heat from nuclear power. And nuclear power was used to process the soil for water. Water “Princes,” were really where it was at. The ones that controlled the water were the elite of Luna. Even in Virtual Reality, water was at a premium and the Water Princes were involved in all the Worlds.

Virtual Reality was outlawed on the Moon, after a time, however. Pioneering people here said VR was a false Reality, and was an anathema.

But to live in VR was the dream for people on Earth! Everyone was “selling their soul,” to live in VR and they got their kicks.

The poor girl said it was now her wish

HAPPY PEOPLE

I said to the girl, “People say they are happy, but if they say they are melancholy their brain will be operated on.” She said, “She was convinced that people here were truly happy.” I said, “Everyone is a great actor if they have to be.”

She said, “But the masses see the rich in their air cars and want to be like them. But can't. Many felt they were just a number...”

And I said, “The masses have all been hypnotised to believe they are well and everything's fine.”

But I said, “We the elite are all scientists, and the best scientists rule. It was a technocracy.

And she replied, “I guess this World is as close to Utopia as one can get.”

And she said, “I’m surprised that the spies allow you to have the thoughts you do.”

And I said, “I was a former spy who knew how spies read peoples’ minds, and got myself hypnotised to fool the mind reading. And I wanted to make the most imaginative rule, not the scientists. And the scientists decided mind reading technology was too dangerous anyway, so they discontinued its use. Which made us all free to think, if not free speech.”

“But everyone should be free to speak their mind.”

She said, “The best scientists are the most imaginative.” I said, “I beg to differ.”

And I asked her if she would join me in overthrowing the technocrat mediocrities and set up the most imaginative as leaders. I don’t want to be turned into a limb of a computer I said.

She said, “She’d keep our secret, but was unwilling to join. It is just too dangerous, and she loved her life.

“Nothing ventured nothing gained.” I said.

Then I said to the girl then let’s start a new charity for those who’ve been driven mad by the modern World. She agreed.

Mediocre minds couldn’t keep up with the witty clever leaders and were mad as a result. Most of them.

Now it was the reverse of Medieval times in which the poor did all the work. Now the most intelligent were the richest and did all of the work.

Our charity gave people happy memories and tried to inspire them to just enjoy life. And encourage them to be proud and develop their character. Carve out a niche for themselves.

And we gave them apps to improve their minds, apps that our people had developed.

And above all we set them up to be truly happy.

I said I will build happiness step by step just like the giant Rocker building which is 10 miles high.

And I said, “I would be a rock not an island.”

PINK

I said to the girl, “Pink is really your color.” She said, “The white man was actually shades of pink.”

I was a plastic surgeon/artist who said to her, “I want to change your face to suit me.”

She replied, “Sure why not?”

And she quoted old band Pink Floyd, “And if your mind explodes the dark side of the Moon is true. I’ll see you on the dark side of the Moon.” She said that album was computer free and was the best-selling album of all time.

She said, “Love was still in its infancy. Free love was just the beginning of mind reading love. Complete whole. One with the Earth.” But she said, “You may not like what you find.”

In this World it was considered a crime to deny someone your love. People had to open their minds. But you could choose straight love, gay love or multisexual love.

She was a biochemist and said she worked on sterile food and sterile stomachs. Few bacteria. "We were aiming for a totally sterile environment," she said.

And she said, "Progress cannot be stopped. We are going to drag humanity kicking and screaming into the future.

And in future Virtual Reality we went back to 1994, the year the Internet opened up for everyone. I said, "How could these people live without mind Internet? And Virtual Reality?"

People in VR now read from the table of contents statute in most Worlds now. And chose a World or two.

But many said, "The Hell with the Internet. And preferred face to face meetings plus face to face real love.

However, many here were too old-fashioned.

"It's all in your imagination," I said.

Many wasted their time on holo games and video sports and just killed time.

There were few who spent their time wisely in building up a good commune/settlement.

People wondered how life could have been different in our age with these historical VR pieces.

Indeed, some created alternative realities in reality in our time. Parallel Worlds.

Reality was hard to know as different parallel worlds intersected with reality.

I said to the girl, "Let's switch bodies, but maintain our brains. She said, "She was not gay and didn't want to."

I said, "Open your mind."

And I said some great people have dedicated their lives to building up a VR World. People wanted something fresh and new which was dictated by their original ideas. A matter of combining existing ideas in a new package.

I said, "I could find a way to be happy in any scenario." She answered, "Really?"

NEW HITLERS

The Russians kept Hitler's bones and put his clones into varying former Soviet Republics.

In the early 21 st century, there were radical changes, and many Hitlers were elected to positions of power. And built up armies of conquest. The Russians let the Hitlers attack one another. But the Hitlers hired the best scientists in every country they were in and finally Uzbekistan conquered Russia. It was then that the USA intervened and assassinated these New Hitlers with information provided by spies.

But humans were proving themselves to be adaptable to any government just like the Inuit had adapted to the frozen North.

Authoritarian regimes required total fealty to the leader. But life went on.

People spent a lot of time trying to figure out their fantasy World. Dare to dream. Short and sweet they liked their fantasies to be.

WORLDS OF ANDROID LOVE DOLLS

I remember coming into existence as an aristocrat 105 years ago. When I appeared, I knew how to speak and was immediately given the position of aristocrat and as expected I chose some android love dolls.

Our planet was “Utopia,” that’s what it was called. It was in orbit around Barnyard’s star and was mostly desert with just the one city.

Now, I was known for my excellent experiments with creating better love dolls using computer projections of possible love dolls. I mostly wanted to make them clever and loyal to me, but some I sold to other aristocrats.

We had no leader, and figured people had been on this planet for about 1,000 years.

The oldest amongst us was 250 years old and most killed themselves out of boredom long before that. And every suicide was matched by a new aristocrat to keep the population of human aristocrats steady, though we were increasing love dolls steadily.

Of course, we were all eternally youthful. I was 105 years old.

And I had a large collection of love dolls, about 13,000. I knew all their names and would love in 10 sessions a day with 10 love dolls in each session. They would typically surround me, playing with themselves, waiting for their turn. I would love each one for about 2 minutes then come after 20 minutes. I often let them on top of me. They would play with themselves until they were on the brink of climax. And they would play original music while waiting their turn and the others danced. And then rest 10 minutes and then go at it again. We would talk in the meantime. And so, I would live each one at least once every two weeks. I took heavy doses of sex enhancer drugs and also used healing lotions for my skin.

On weekends I would go out drinking with my male, human buddies and we would try and pick up bar girls while getting loaded. And we would bet on the behavior of love dolls. It was true friendship but 90% of the time I spent with my love dolls.

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Sometimes I played rough with my love dolls, sodomizing and whipping them and so on, it depended on my mood. But I never seemed to get tired of it.

We put little emphasis on money, everything was automatic. But some had many slaves, and these cost a lot. In fact, for the rich, love slaves were the only thing to buy. Everything was sublime to my way of thinking.

And love dolls helped all the aristocrats build elaborate mansions to house them.

And the love dolls designed fantastic clothes and were themselves all looking sexy.

We had new technology that eliminated the need for sleep. More time for loving.

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Some of our love dolls were quite deep, but they were also servile and loyal to the one who gave them life, or the one they were created for. We created computer projections of them before giving them a body to make sure they were good. Great android love slaves were highly-prized and I was one of the top developers of new slave talent. It made me very rich. As a human aristocrat I had 1,000's of love slaves. There were 10,000 aristocrats on this World, half were female, and no ordinary humans and 12 million android love slaves. Female aristocrats mostly had male android slaves. I had nothing to do with the female aristocrats. My love dolls kept me company.

And if one of us lost his shirt there were always more stipends from the sale of their given love dolls. There were always new ones created by us.

And I suppose one could say that I loved my dolls.

And as an aristocrat, I was an advocate for android slavery. I said, "The World has always been divided into masters and servants. Today, was no different."

Our android slaves didn't dare revolt. Anyway, it was not in their programming.

And the android love dolls were good at massages and they got their own ecstasy by giving pleasure to humans. And they got ecstasy for teleporting to various parties and gatherings. A good sex ethic was rewarded by even more pleasure.

Some said it was an empty society, but everyone was getting their kicks.

And it was for me, all about power and I had money, fame and power.

And I frequently purchased Drug QE-6, nicknamed Quokies. The drug maximized your brain function and made you more intelligent when you were on the drug than off of it.

But when I was with the love dolls, I was taking passion pills which enhanced my passion and love experience.

I spoke with a downcast girl who said she believed this World was a failure and yet there was nothing she could do. I told her "If the summer turns to winter, your's is no disgrace." Quoting the old band "Yes."

And I knew that I was cleverer than the leaders, but I was happy in my position as one of the aristocracy.

Some few aristocrats, were outsiders and didn't believe in love dolls. That was OK too. If they wanted to believe in true love, that was up to them.

And we had MRT (mind reading technology), but we didn't use it as the love dolls all performed well. And MRT was too dangerous.

I had a nice android love doll to be my secretary, but in time I tired of her and sent her back to my doll harem. She thanked me profusely for allowing her to serve me. The dolls were easygoing.

Some of my friends told me, “They wanted human slaves,” but I told them, “The androids are perfect and why rock the boat?”

And some of my love dolls dared to say they felt neglected. Of course, I had my favorites, 20 of them who I saw more than the others. However finally I used ancient cloning technology to clone myself 20 times. This brought a lot of satisfaction to my dear androids. Who were all pleased. I would at the end of each day meet with my clones and exchange notes.

Sometimes one of my friends lent one of his lovers and she was a special guest. Sometimes it was permanent. It was rare to turn your androids off. You could usually sell them to another aristocrat.

One of my special love doll guests had designed a bed which automatically kept changing its contours. It could be programmed for love or sleep. In love it led to a number of interesting positions and angles.

She asked, “If I had heard of her bed?” This just went to prove that love dolls were clever.

She was an android love doll, who could twist into amazing positions.

And we were creating new loves everyday. Dozens and dozens.

But at the same time there were a few aristocrats who committed suicide and had to be replaced. Parties for new aristocrats were always superb...

We were like Gods, creating life, and most of us believed in God, but didn't spend any time honoring God.

My newest line of love doll androids was much more passionate and also more intelligent, almost as clever as me. I could have made them cleverer than me, but that was an anathema.

Passion quotients (PQs) were all highly in demand for those who scored high in PQs.

My love dolls mostly talked with one another and gossiped about my relationships.

With my friends, I talked about the future, and how to improve the new aristocrats in the computer lab. Also how to create better love dolls.

And we talked about bars, and other aristocrats' scandals. And we talked about how to improve our love.

And the androids wrote stories sometimes... Here is a summary of this week's stories:

One love doll wrote, “Once there was a man who experimented with hypothetical women and tried to make the perfect love. He played God and then created a love doll that was his intellectual equivalent. But he didn't like the challenge and finally sold them to another. It was a tragedy.”

Another of my lover's story was, “Once there was a man who enjoyed having the power of life and death over his android lovers. But one day a lover stabbed him in the back, and he died...”

And another about, “How androids were afraid to be ‘turned off.’” And so, didn't complain, even though they felt neglected. We were all living a lie,” she wrote.

And another story was about, “How a certain aristocrat abandoned all his loves except one who he loved for centuries. They were very much kindred spirits and some speculated that she was a female version of a clone of himself. Anyway, he sold off the others without even saying goodbye.” She said, “Maybe it is not her, but sooner or later I would become monogamous,” she predicted.

Another wrote that, "Due to neglect, many of a man's lovers turned gay." I said, "I am very careful to only design heterosexual women. She said, "This is in the future."

And another, who wrote, "Once there was a man who strove for something more, but his ambition turned out to be pure greed."

Then there was the one about lovers being, "No better than chattels to be bought and sold."

Another told about a man, "Who thought he was going to Space, but all he found was emptiness."

And, "Once there was a man who was the Emperor of Beer. He told everyone to get drunk on his fine beer. But this just led to more addictions and madness. It wasn't so peaceful either." But he proclaimed, "It was a golden age. And beer was golden."

Another told a story about, "Once a man who hated his love dolls and dated real women. But they were bitchy and cruel and didn't care for him. So, he went back to the lab and created better love dolls. They could always be better, he figured, no matter what."

In addition, there was the one about, "The women all joining a union and getting more rights. But this story stated they were all programmed to serve and didn't want to join the union and the leader of the union, mysteriously disappeared."

And there was the story about, "Aristocrats being like pigs at the trough always greedy for more. But the aristocrats were oblivious to the fact that they were victimizing the androids who had feelings too."

Another said, "Once there was a man who thought he could single-handedly bring back advanced science of all kinds. But the official result was he blew himself up accidentally and died."

Also, "There was once a man who claimed to live in Utopia. But he worried about the future. He felt perhaps he hadn't created the best lovers and the World was out of control crazy. And the man, the leader, was greedy, selfish, vain, proud, egotistical and cruel. And poked fun at his lovers who were all afraid of him."

This week's stories were not very nice. But most stories about me were very flattering. They described me as kind, loving, a genius, and a perfect stud prince etc. And many stories were about mad deeds and mad behavior. And there were many biographies of me in my 105 years of life.

Based on classic literature.

My 20 favorites wrote the best stories. I sold them to other aristocrats but I didn't share the love of my favorites with my clones or anybody else. I was their only light.

And then one day I met a group of aristocratic women. One of them seemed totally attached to me. But she was critical of my love dolls and basically bad tempered.

I told her the love dolls were peaceful and easygoing and satisfied all my needs. And I moved on.

And on the news, it described new aristocrats and also new android lovers.

Most of us aristocrats spent time as acting and directing plays.

And our love dolls spent time with plays flattering their masters. I said it was, "Fine, provided it was deep."

When not with me my androids mostly daydreamed of me and the other girls. And dreamt of classic literature. It was all they knew.

One day a handful of my android lovers killed themselves in protest for my “cruel treatment.” I was shocked but I told myself almost all loved me.

I had one love doll who was a hero to me. She supported my work and advertised it Online.

She claimed to be in love with me.

She said, “I was her only hope.” I said, “Of course.”

And all my love dolls were educated in “Love Science,” and were all quite witty. And they all had a Ph.D. in sociology/psychology. And many wrote stories about me. Mostly the stories were flattering, as I said, but not all. Anyway, I allowed them free speech without punishment. Most aristocrats were just educated to speak, and all the rest was just their experiences. They had no degrees, unlike the love dolls. And almost everything was automatic so there was no need for education.

The love dolls all had a lot of imaginary anecdotes that they had been given in their memories.

And they all read my ten volumes of “Tales of Madness,” and memorized them by heart.

And they were all skilled in all the Arts and painted action pictures of me in fantastic backgrounds. And composed nice songs for me, which I sold to other aristocrats.

They all amused me.

And I liked “virgins,” that I had created. It was always good to love a virgin.

And I was experimenting to create a second clitoris in their anus for more pleasure.

And new ethnicities with new colors and new types of bodies and faces.

And I experimented with making love dolls cleverer than me, but loyal.

One of the clever new love dolls asked me, “If I would like to increase my intelligence?” I said, “I am clever enough, to be cleverer would be chaos and total madness.” She said, “She thought I liked madness...”

And this clever love doll wrote my biography. It was very flattering and had all the sexual details. Some of my friends said, “It was a freak show.”

But all my love dolls gossiped with other men’s love dolls and learned that many of them were abused by their masters, but didn’t dare complain.

And I had a new android girlfriend and I said, “I couldn’t get enough of her!”

She was named, “Hera,” and was named American ambassador to the World Congress.

She wanted me to free her from android bondage and I said, “No way.”

And finally, I started to get bored with her. She was so demanding. And the other girls were jealous. So, I sold her to another aristocrat.

Another one of my love dolls killed herself in that year. And I was very upset about it. I had really liked her. And I liked to think my lovers enjoyed life. And many other aristocrat’s android love dolls committed suicide, but they were easily replaced. In fact, the population of android lovers was growing.

Sometimes I took some of my women to the bar. They openly used dildos that were the size of my dick and got off while in the bar.

And about this time there was an incident involving 3 female aristocrats who raped a male aristocrat and broke his dick. Fortunately, medical android surgeons were standing by to heal him. It was a typical story about the clash between male and female humans on this Planet.

Then I bumped into the aristocratic woman who loved me again. She said, "Sex was useless without great conversations." I said, "I had great conversations with my love dolls." She said, "They are just your toys and say yes to everything you say." "Not really," I said, "Some are highly critical of me." "But I truly believe I'm in Paradise," I added.

And so, I left her there standing on the street. But the next night I heard fireworks outside my palace, and it was her lighting them off. "Join me and see the light," she said.

"I just want to talk to you," she said. I said, "I'm busy." But the next night and the one after that it was the same story. So finally, on the fourth night, I cleared my schedule for her and invited her into my palace.

She started off by saying, "Sure it was noble to try and design perfect loves, but nature had already provided plenty of kindred spirits amongst humans, no need of artificial loves."

And she said, "Our founders loved one another, but somehow everyone went crazy and tried to create lovers who were impossible and didn't occur in nature."

And she added, "Don't you ever get tired of porn?"

She then said, "Her friends called her a sell-out for coming here to me, but she had read some of my stories and knew I was the man for her."

She then said, "Make me your Queen and I won't disappoint you."

And so, I tried her out for a few weeks, and she was quite passionate, just like my love dolls. But I found myself dreaming of the love dolls while I loved her.

Afterwards, she said, "Her name was Jane." I said, "I'll be your Tarzan."

And she said, "She was onboard with my plan to go back to Earth or at least get in touch with them."

And, "She wanted to be a polymath scientist. She had been studying on her own the ancient texts by herself."

She said, "She could build an interspace engine with a little help. Use the love dolls to help us build it," she added.

And she said we could be King and Queen of a new city on lovely Earth. Let's get away from Planet Utopia.

I told her, "She was an appealing intellectual, and anyways I was, like she said, getting tired of porn."

But I said, "I can't do without my 20 favorite android lovers. But I think I can make time for you."

She said, "Your, 'Tales of Madness,' are good crazy, rather than bad crazy." And she admitted, "That it was a crazy Universe." And she said, "You are one of the few who wrote any stories in the last 1,000 years on Planet Utopia. Of course, you encouraged your love dolls to write stories, but they were not as talented as you. And she said, "She was writing down our life together. Our life was truly special."

And she said, "The founders of Utopia, must have been mostly ordinary people, perhaps to keep the peace. Or perhaps there was a great diaspora well beyond our Planet. We hadn't written down any history in our time on Utopia, no one had.

And we talked about having real children. But to do so we would have to stop taking the automatic produced drugs which rendered us sterile. But she said, "She wouldn't know how to raise children." I replied that, "It must be trial and error."

She said, "Childhood should be fantastic and full of wonder.

And she said, “She was an alcoholic just like me and we were true kindred spirits.”

And I said, “It was refreshing to talk to someone about Space. Nearly all aristocrats are not interested.

So, the first thing we did was build an interstellar radio, but we couldn’t pick up any signals. So, we decided we would build a ship and go to Earth and see what’s going on there. “It’s our destiny,” she said.

She said, “She had tried to program genius lovers, but the program was corrupt and only turned out sexual geniuses, just like my love dolls. And few aristocrats were as clever as we were.”

And we combed the Utopian desert looking for alternate life and found a handful of hermits. They all said, “Sex is over-rated and our civilization is empty. They wanted no part of it.

And she said by her calculations it was the year 4,020 A.D. People had been living on this Utopia planet for about 1,000 years we both figured. But none of the original settlers were still alive, they were all bored to death eventually, despite eternal youth.

But our founders were peace loving I read and wanted a peaceful civilization on Earth. And indeed, it was peaceful, and murder of an aristocrat was very rare.

#

So, we finally went on a journey to Earth. I brought my 20 favorite love dolls and she brought her favorite one.

I left my 20 clones behind along with nearly all my love dolls.

On the 2-year voyage, the porn continued.

She said, the point of life is to have real children and I vowed to give her those once we had landed safely.

And during the voyage of 100 friends and lovers, Jane and I, we both studied science for most of the day instead of porn.

And I asked her about “Superhumans?” She replied, “We are already at the apex of what it means to be clever. Any cleverer and we’d probably be self destructive, just like some of my brilliant aristocrat friends.”

I said, “Maybe on Earth we would find superhuman, non-aggressive people who don’t communicate like we hoped on the radio.”

And she said, “We should be King and Queen of our colony. Or even Deities. Just like the ancient Greeks, we would be immortal Gods/Goddesses who had a lot of human faults. Neither me nor her were perfect. We had a lot of faults, but in the end, we were virtual superhumans.

And she added, “Let’s not have any new love dolls or Virtual Reality (VR). I think the aristocrats were wise not to have VR.

I said, “Yes, for some Virtual Reality is an anathema. But the love dolls need to continue. I want to breed some clever love dolls on Earth, both in and out of VR.”

And I made a weekly speech to my harem and they surrounded me and wanted to touch me. It was kind of disconcerting.

But we exported porn back home while on the journey with themes such as historical and futuristic. We exhausted the possibilities. In all the VR, I was the leader and my love dolls were subservient as it should be. And the ecstasies had a different feeling than Reality. It was more like a complete body stone.

And we charged large fees back home for our VR.

If one back in our old World died in VR, one woke up back in their old life, outside of the VR. But it brought us a lot of virtual credits, which had no use for us on our voyage, but ensured the people back home didn't forget about us.

#

And we spent most of the voyage studying science for much of the day and I loved my lover, Jane, the aristocrat and my love dolls for the rest of the time. And cabin fever was not an issue. And the androids didn't need to eat or drink, so used few resources on board.

I said, "I would hate to tell people what to do but clearly we need a leader not like the leaderless planet of Utopia which we were from. We need vision," I added.

She said, "You and I should rule from inspiration according to conditions on Earth."

And we read Earth history up to 3,022 A.D. It seemed that it was a bad crazy time towards the end, and some came to our planet Utopia out of desperation and severed all links with Earth. And there was no further history of Planet Utopia.

And one day she said, "You are not the original aristocrat that was named Tarzan, you are a clone! I said, "It's true but someone had to take control. And move forward. I am the one you love." I had pulled a fast one and substituted me, my master's clone, on the voyage instead of him. I had him tied up to a pole back on Planet Utopia...

#

And we read old historic tales of almost everyone being religious in 1964. But apparently religion was over in the year 2300 A.D.

But I said, "I believe in the creator. Despite everything."

She replied, "As a creator of male love dolls, I can say that the program was corrupt.

But we are the creators, and we are the Gods/Goddesses."

And she said, "Most female aristocrats back on Planet Utopia are on the drug Panacea-12, which made them happy and made them want to create loving android male dolls. But it was empty."

But she added, "Women are more balanced and sensitive than men. And really should rule." I said, "Ridiculous, we don't want a World ruled by only women. No way."

And I asked her, "What ancient authors did she like?" She said, "She liked Plato and Jack Vance. But now she liked my books."

I said I liked Poe, Arthur C. Clarke and Benjamin M. Rose. Rose was writing just before the diaspora. And was my true favorite. He had 100's of possible outcomes for the human race in detail.

And I said, "Talking with you is like losing myself in the future. I forget who I was." And I added, "You are like a righteous demon." And, "I feel like you have cast a hypnotic spell on me."

And I said, "I am a ghost of a slave to you. The drugs we've been taking cause me to hallucinate about you. I'm under your thumb."

But she said, "Still you hang on to your love dolls." I replied, "Nothing will get between me and my lovers no matter what."

But I said, "Sometimes your kindred spirits are actually quite different from you, just like you and me, but it is good.

#

And we landed on the site of New York City. It was an ancient, burnt out husk.

And my first act was to change my love dolls into real humans, and I had children with all of them. Many children were created in the test tube and born in an incubator as adults and raised just like we had been, us human aristocrats.

And we had many clones who could reproduce with clones of the opposite sex and create new creatures subject to the roulette wheel of life. All were fertile now that we weren't eating the aristocrats' food.

And made 10's of 1000s of children within the first year here in New York.

We planned on a sparkling city here in NYC. We had flown all over the Earth and had found only about a million survivors, living in small communal groups. There were two cities left, Toronto and Melbourne, each with a population of about 50,000. The rural dwellers typically hated their nearby neighbors and didn't communicate with them.

We wondered what had killed everyone off. They said, "Mostly deadly neo thinking viruses." And most of them had been rendered sterile and couldn't cure that. But the viruses were long gone they said. And they had eternal youth drugs.

But the land was fertile and so we figured it was a story of perpetual degradation until finally some rapidly mutating virus killed off everyone. We studied some of the skeletons we found that were well preserved and there were traces of such a virus. All we could do was hope that it had run its course. And make sure that violent instincts were cut out of the gene pool. And build a protective dome over the new city. Which was sealed and people had to go through decontamination rooms before entering the city.

We were finally able to restart the computers that were still intact, and they told a story of incessant war up until the year 3,170 A.D. So, it was all over about 158 years after our settling of Planet Utopia.

They said by the year 3,170, 200 solar systems had been colonized. And they in turn had colonized 150. And since then must have colonized a lot more. They said but only one people had returned to Earth and lived here now.

They were basically happy to see us.

And we liked to sit in the sun and drink whisky.

And we started some businesses to bring back money. A clothing business, a drug business and a stock market. "Greed is a fine thing," we told the people.

We both said, "Greed is the future. And capitalism would help rebuild Earth."

But Jane and I didn't like what Earth had become and were frankly disappointed.

#

So, then we went to Planet Golden. Jane brought one love doll and I still had 20, though I left five back on Earth, I nevertheless replaced them with exciting new dolls.

I didn't like Jane's love doll. I thought we was a computer nerd, and wooden and stiff.

But she admitted he didn't hold a candle to me.

The time of the journey was only 1 month. There were no radio signals from the Golden Planet. So, we landed in a village and they welcomed us with a concert and played rock music.

Everyone was bedecked in gold including a kind of chain mail outfit made out of gold.

They were unambitious and spent a lot of time out of it on opiates in Virtual Reality.

They had billions of holograms. We told them that androids were superior to holograms. The sex was better, and holograms were like aliens. Androids were more real.

"The holos were their slaves," they said. "But androids were our slaves," they said.

And they said, “They’d been monitoring Earth and had even assassinated several leaders in the two cities there, but no one knew they’d done it.”

And they said, “They’d outlawed genetic science to avoid creating superhumans. But they were interested in our love doll science. To design the perfect lover.

But some women here said things like, “They hated the love dolls. And their men were under our evil spell. And they swore that they’d kill us. So, we decided to leave abruptly.

#

And we headed for Planet Vegas, a two-week journey. Perhaps the Planet should have been named Planet Vegan as all the people here were vegan. But that just meant they ate synthetic meat.

And their leader was an elected Goddess. They said their World was a Paradise and they owed it all to the Goddess.

But all the people here were gay: lesbians and gay men. They were also intrigued by the concept of love dolls designed to suit.

#

Then we went on a two-day journey to Planet Rocco. It had been settled by mostly North Africans. The planet was mostly swampland and it rained continuously. People harvested wild rice in their skiffs and hunted wild Gerds, an antelope type species.

They lived in treehouses... They said life was just like the Garden of Eden, with temptations everywhere to love and control this World. Their world was lush and green...

They had a lot of “Drug plants,” which got them high or low. And were vegans, just eating plants. They were careful to avoid pollution or waste. Many of the trees were many hundreds of years old.

These people all worshipped, “Their savior,” who was 1,000 years old. People would appear at his temples and ask for wishes to be granted. One could only petition the “Savior,” once a year. People typically wished for love or material things which the savior could provide. But some wished to be Deities which was not granted, but everything else was.

People also asked the savior for advice which he readily gave.

The people here just wanted to talk about sex and wanted to love our former love dolls.

But I didn’t allow it. They said, “But it was kinky sex, in a fire creature love world.”

And they made a big deal about being fashionable. And designed fantastic furniture and homes.

And their “mating call,” was a wild demanding cry out loud.

And they said, “Your journey to Rocco must include a lover here. So, I tried a girl, Amanda, who was great in bed, but had mediocre conversation. So, I was bored. And we were all bored so I figured these people were morons and so we took our leave of them, much to their chagrin.

I told them, “Just be glad we didn’t kill you all off.”

#

And then a high-tech World. Everything was automatic and people spent their time developing Computers to be better.

But they lacked genius here. And what geniuses they had killed themselves at an early age. They were excited by our concept of love dolls and gave us a billion pounds of gold.

We had room for it on our ship.

So, most of their work was in vain.

But their scientists followed wacky theories and used the populace as guinea pigs. The people were happy to help science which had created eternal youth and MRT.

But they enjoyed MRT (mind reading technology) love.

And many wanted to destroy the computers and it was a cat and mouse game, trying to find and eliminate Computers.

But for every computer that was destroyed, another took its place. It was an impossible task to wipe out Computers.

But many people watched the encounters carefully. And were hoping for an end to Computers. No one wanted Computers, these days.

And everyone was glued to their TVs for the latest news, even though the cause seemed hopeless.

And finally, we came to a World in which the Computers won and took full control of this World through their avatars.

I said, "You could still love one another!" They said, "All was lost, and we didn't know how miserable they were under Computer rule. The Computers forced them to worship computers, like Gods. And the Computers hypnotised the people to love them. "But at least they hadn't killed them off," I said.

And the Computers provided everything the people needed...

And their Virtual Reality, which they spent most of their time in, was basically just a change of scenery and there were no holograms, just human avatars of the Computers.

And everyone had eternal youth.

I asked them, "What about android love dolls?" They said, "They were not into genetic engineering, in fact it was a crime according to the Computers. But they tried it out any way and were most impressed. Perfect love.

But they said superhumans can't survive on this World, so they wanted love dolls of low intelligence. And everyone here admitted to being insane. They were all disturbed.

If one claimed to be sane, they would torture them until they admitted they were crazy. They drove one another mad.

The Computers, now said, "Why not?" To pacify the population.

#

Then we came to the World known as "The Amazing Crew Planet." It was named after their founders who had long since passed away.

People here rode air motorcycles which were covered in a miniature dome to protect against lack of oxygen.

And they rode in gangs of 6-12. And would camp out on the land and blow up pressurized tents to make the tent breathable.

Food depots were all over the countryside and were easily visible from the air and there were maps.

And it was here that I gave my former android lovers an improved new human body, in which they were even more clever, just as clever as me. They were all glad of the chance to try their hand at being important humans. But really it was no big deal.

We went to the main city which was a large dome and air motorcycles flew in through gates at the top of the dome.

Mostly the people here were drunk, stoned and on various combinations of drugs. They said, "There was a drug for every mood."

Most of them lived hard and threw caution to the winds and partied non-stop for day at a time. They had a big party in our name one day after our arrival. All these people were totally inebriated and drugged.

But in some ways this World was like the Wild West. You could challenge someone to a laser duel shootout. This kept people honest and nice to one another. It was totally legal to gun down your opponent.

But some didn't try to kill in the duel. Maybe just shoot one's hands off or cut off one's legs which could all be regrown in a few days. Sometimes they were so drunk they shot all over the place and innocent bystanders were sometimes killed.

They all wanted to know about the love dolls, and we shared the technology with them.

Some of the people here were famous actors/actresses and everyone watched a couple of movies a day. They'd been making movies for 1000 years and there were many classic periods. They all wanted to make movies about love dolls and said it would be another golden period in their cinema history.

#

On the other side of this World was a second continent, The World of Devil Worshipers...

It was a world of pure evil in which mass murderers were the leaders. Led by Satan himself. We couldn't believe that such a World could exist. But we didn't land on the Continent, just observed from orbit. Apparently, these people were dying out with their population down to 4 million. But one had to have a good reason for murdering another, this was the only rule and it kept the Planet from total anarchy. If one didn't piss anyone off, they'd most likely leave one alone. But they were always at one another's throats.

Murder was usually committed surreptitiously in the night.

They all lived underground and the deeper one went underground, the eviler it became, apparently.

They typically killed their lovers, and everyone was afraid to love another, but the instinct to breed was so strong that they didn't hold back and would go for a chance opportunity.

#

Then there was a cartoon World of superheroes and villains. This world was in Virtual Reality. They existed in a small island of this evil continent and all were holograms.

Their dome was not open to outsiders. But we landed a few former love dolls and we watched their adventures from space.

Everyone here could draw in Virtual Reality. It was art for arts sake and for good and evil.

#

Then we took a stop while going to a distant Planet which was on the way. They had no radio signals. And when we landed, we met the "Turkey Men." They had the head and brains of a turkey and there was no one else here. It seemed someone cynical had created this World.

We checked the Earth records (which we now had on our Computers), and found it was originally a world of scholars, so we wondered how it had come to this?

It was another Space mystery.

#

Then we came to a World of Love, much like our own native World. Here the love was free and so were the drugs and music and movies. They engineered lovers like we did only they were more specific and detailed in terms of the love they wanted to create.

One could not refuse an offer of love, but most just loved their own creations.

I met a virgin who had just turned 18 who wanted me to be her first love. Strangers were held in great esteem here. So, I loved her and she wanted to come with us on our journey and I said, "Sure."

The people here also loved nature and there were many clever animals and all plants were sentient.

Everyone was one with the Earth.

And they liked our love doll technology but they tweaked it to create lovers that were the opposite of their creator with nothing in common with one another. It was just a lark for these people.

But our former love dolls, now human, didn't like these people so finally we left.

#

Then we came to the World of the pied piper who had killed all the children. People were afraid to have kids lest the pied piper appeared. We shared with them our technology to create children. They liked it and said it was just right for them.

#

Then we came to the World of Light. All the buildings were built of light and the people wore clothes of light. "Fiat lux," they said.

But the light was palpable, and the light furniture was solid and light at the same time. The people were all holograms. And one could have sex with them, it was a smooth experience, kind of brilliant some of us said. The former android love dolls wanted to try loving the holos but I disallowed it.

#

Then we came to the CEO World which was all run by one Company. The Company owned all the assets here and paid everyone a salary with which to buy their products.

There was no work to do, just enjoy life.

The Company had its spies who watched everyone's every move.

The Company ruled completely, and everyone said they were satisfied. No one even thought of challenging the Company's rule. And if anyone misbehaved, they'd be denied drugs which was basically a death sentence.

The CEO of the Company was the King of this World, which the locals called, "Jacax." Everyone had a big ego and felt they were the best-looking and finest of all people.

We wanted to meet the Great CEO, but it was a bureaucratic process that stymied our every move. So finally, we gave it up.

#

Then we came to the World of identical quadruplets. But basically, they didn't get along with one another, including others in their quadruplet group.

They were armed to the teeth and were basically four-person armies.

They typically lived alone with each other (who were the same identical person) and when they wanted to socialize or get love, they went to the bar. Women were basically always pregnant. For six months at a time. And women didn't fight.

Women were considered sacred and no one dared kill one of them off.

#

And so finally we came to a “Retirement World.” It was a World that catered to love dolls including my former love dolls and made them happy. If they were happy, I was happy.

People came here from other Worlds to settle down and retire. They spent their days lounging by the pool with cocktails or in the spa getting a massage and so on.

They mostly had sex with android sex workers, who were skilled and needed the money.

No one did any arts or science nor even business (except for sex workers). Just enjoyed life... And android workers did all the work.

And they spent their nights in the discos getting even more hammered and looking for love.

These people had a lot in common with us, aristocrats. We also lived for pleasure and were rich and could afford lovers.

Every man here wanted to get lucky with sex workers several times in a night. They had powerful sex enhancers.

But I decided here was a good place to settle down and Jane thought so too. So, we lived on for hundreds of years here.

RETURN OF FREE LOVE

In the past some societies were free and easy. Others were conservative and backwards. Just like the sailors on the “Bounty,” who mutinied, and many didn’t want to go back to England.

Some had safety valves like the Roman Saturnalia festival in which everyone wore a mask and aristocrats would love slaves and such.

Then there was the 1950s, pretty conservative and then the late 1960s they had free love in some places.

Today, it is kind of a mixed bag. But I tell you free love will come again. Once all sex diseases have been cured... That will be the catalyst. They’ll be no reason for them to hold back.

With free love even the poor and ordinary looking, would get their kicks. And all could afford plastic surgery on their faces. And few would say no to their entreaties for love, as everyone was good looking. And there would be no ranking system, everyone was equal. Just some people would be richer than others.

Face artists would be the richest people in this World. Many would spend all their money on plastic surgery which was automatic surgery but still needed the physiognomy artists. The surgery skin would be healed in a half-an-hour.

And face artists would buy clones of themselves and changed the faces so no one would know, and this considerably increased the number of face artists. It would become

fashionable to change your face once a week or even more. Some couples stayed together with ever-changing faces to keep it varied.

Others would seek new and amazingly attractive humans.

It would be a World of faces in which one “didn’t want to lose face.”

And in addition to sex, it would be a World of true love and charitable love.

I said to the girl, “I want to have the cleverest face on our Planet.”

HEARTBREAKER, A.D. 2055

I told the girl she was an evil witch for breaking so many men’s hearts. She would hypnotise them and get them to really love her, then she would dump them.

But I wouldn’t let her hypnotise me, and told her, “I wasn’t interested in her.” She said, “Give me a chance.”

So, I blindfolded her and invited all my buddies to gang rape her. She screamed and shouted but to no avail.

I said, “You get what you deserve.”

And we took all her credits and then we killed her. “Goodbye witch,” we said.

And the authorities took no action, believing her to be evil as well.

Some said it was a, “reign of terror” however and said “murder” should not be allowed.

But then a clone of the witch appeared on our World and one by one killed the murderers of her original being. She was ruthless in killing them. She tried to kill me too... But I narrowly escaped. And I blew the whistle on her.

Finally, she was brought to justice and executed.

I said, “Goodbye witch.”

THE FLY PLAGUE

And so, it was an unknown scientist developed flies that would fly into human ears and lay maggots there which would rot one's brain. And would turn one into a zombie. The zombies attacked humans and bit them which infected them with fly larvae.

And many humans professed an affinity for flies and thought them to be beautiful. Most people wondered why?

I said, "The plague is out of control."

Most people claimed zombies were bad people to begin with and deserved their fate. But as time went by this was obviously not the case, as many truly good people became zombies.

Scientists were rare on this World, but we put the handful that we had all to work on solving the plague/ developing weapons to kill flies. They developed ear plugs but then the flies crawled into their nose and mouths while they were sleeping. And they spread poison everywhere in an attempt to kill off flies and tried a test vaccine, but in the end the scientists failed and soon almost everyone was a zombie.

The few survivors all went to the one remaining domed city, Toronto and had gas masks on while on the outside. Some didn't trust the city's defences and wore a gas mask even while sleeping.

But a few months after the plague began, the last zombie died, but there were still flies, and so it was still dangerous to go outside.

Some said the gas masks made us look like flies and Beelzebub was a former human, who was the "Lord of the Flies."

LOVE SLAVES

I said to the girl, "Take me to your leader." She said, "She didn't have a leader, but she would be pleased to make me her toy boy.

I said, "She was demeaning me." She said, "Love is cheap."

I said, "I think I have amnesia." She said, "It's just they hypnosis. It will wear off in time."

And I said, "I think I love you."

And she said, “It is time for you to go to bed.” And she called for her guards to escort me to my cell. It was very spartan and was locked from the outside. I didn’t care, I was in bliss.

And so, the days passed. I loved her for an hour every evening and then went back to my cell.

Gradually my memory returned, and I came to realize I was a former aristocrat who had been sold into bondage. And my love making with the girl was not nearly as impassioned as before. So, she saw me less and less.

But then one day there was a revolt and some men freed “Me from my cell and told me to come with them. They had lined up all the women slave masters, in chains. They said, “Now the shoe is on the other foot and all is changed.” So, we enslaved our former masters and were quite content. If they did not please us, we whipped them and tortured them. So, they tried to be better than satisfactory. And we ripped off their clothes when loving them, so they had to try and sew them back and were dressed in rags. And I wore spiked condoms to sodomize them and then gave them antibiotics which we had an abundance of.

Those sex slaves who didn’t measure up, were put in a gibbet and people pissed on them and threw things at them. Such cases often ended up in suicide. But we had plenty of new women coming up with our children.

Under our new regime we were the new aristocrats and there were 400 of us and 1300 slaves. I had my former slave master as my private sex slave. But I shared her with others. Sometimes I had 3 or more sex slaves at once and expected the one’s I wasn’t nailing to play with themselves and look passionate.

We were orbiting Pluto and had no contact with Earth. We spent the days playing sports and video games and the nights loving our slaves and partying. There was plenty of booze and drugs to satisfy all of us.

And we took the infertility drugs out of the food and soon the slaves started getting pregnant from us neo aristocrats. We took the children away from them at age 3 and raised them ourselves. In time we had 50% females of all the youth, and we kept our slave descendants as slaves.

Occasionally we journeyed to Pluto’s surface to mine and get supplies of water...

CRAZY WORLD

I said to the girl, “She and I were renegades in this crazy world.” We liked to take drugs that would induce surprising behavior.

I said “Insanity these days is boring. Crazy people do the same old crazy things again and again.”

And I said, “Most crazy people here retained basic animal instincts and were little better than animals.”

And she said, “The way our World is going is unsustainable. It is verging on bad anarchy.”

She and I had invented brain altering drugs that would make everyone more imaginative and it made us very rich. People enjoyed colorful daydreams.

But the drugs were highly-addictive and some people were reluctant to pay again and again for our drugs. But we were the best scientists and our drugs were unparalleled.

The people wanted violence, loose morals, greed and disgrace, and with our drugs did such things in an imaginative way.

I told the girl, “I loved her, and we should get away to a better, saner place.” She agreed and said, “The yearly ship from Earth is due in one week, which would give us time to get ready. We lived in orbit around Titan, Saturn’s Moon.

We vowed we would never take drugs of most kinds and would use our formidable imaginations to navigate through life.

Of course, we would still take eternal youth drugs and sex enhancers but no more mind-altering drugs.

We fancied ourselves to be missionaries for the “New Imaginative Order.” (NIO).

We backed each other up and gave one another confidence while on Earth.

Soon we had a group of 40 scientists who wanted to start a new World in Space.

We aimed for the Centauri system and an Earth-like planet there. It was an eight-month journey and was the first to go beyond our solar system

We helped develop a faster than light technology to get there.

And we had clones that were asexual in their bodies to get rid of the heartbreak of love.

They were creatures of pure imagination.

And we had no Virtual Reality. No holograms or androids. No mind reading technology.

Just dreams. Night and day. And eternal youth.

We were all idealists.

And there were no spies like on Earth. Everyone minded their own business. The spies were the original reason we’d gone to Titan in the first place. Those who know do, those who don’t, spy.

Everyone had their heart in the right place, or so they said. But we thought it was a dystopia.

TURNING BACK THE CLOCK ON TECHNOLOGY

I said to the assembly, “I wanted a fresh start for all!

I said, “Let’s turn back the clock on technology to 1969. And try to learn from our mistakes. Maybe free love could continue, and rock and roll.”

But one girl said in ’69 there were more people starving and the Cold War threatened to destroy us all.

But I said there would be a modern government and we'd all still be rich, just not using modern technology. Another girl said what about cancer treatment and heart disease treatment. I said they don't work so well anyway, and people live too long in the first place. And one man said, "What about climate change? I said, "The Earth's weather has always been changing, sometimes an Ice Age, sometimes a warm period like the Jurassic and Cretaceous."

And I said, "Turning back the clock on technology would create jobs, no more automation."

Another man said, those jobs done by machine are drudgery and not fit for humans to do. Another said, "But we are on the cusp of eternal youth!"

I said, better to have a job, than to be poor and miserable.

And I said the UN will be given more power and send peacekeepers to all war-torn regions.

And the great powers would give up their nuclear and biological weapons. And the death rays etc.

Every place would be a democracy.

And I said, "We would hold the technology down at 1969 levels and not allow any scientific development."

"It would be Utopia."

And my party had the majority in the US Congress and Senate and so we passed the "Turn Back the Clock Bill."

There was a 10-year grace period to get rid of your car and all new cars were from 1969 technology. And one had to get rid of one's computer as well.

But in secret I used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) with my spies and got in the heads of my political rivals both actively and passively.

It was the year 2057.

Then I told the people that, "I was a God." And many believed it. But I kept a low profile. And people were curious about me and wrote stories about what they thought was me. Some said I was like the Gods of Ancient Greece. Others said I was an Alien.

ETERNAL YOUTH RESULTS

As chief scientist of the eternal youth program, I announced to the people that, "Eternal youth was finally here."

"Henceforth life will be a celebration, like has never been seen before."

It will spark a golden age of the Arts, science and business. Everyone will be inspired.

People took it well and became more generous and more excited about the future.

And more people studied history and the future.

Everywhere people celebrated in parties.

I said, "Youth today live in a new World of air car living, love androids, Virtual holograms, space exploration, cloning an end to work, and end to wars, one all powerful

UW (UN), alien contact, automation and the end of poverty. And new euphoric drugs.” It was a different age altogether.

But the true youth said the oldsters were like vampires who got their kicks on the youths’ back. And oldster CEOs bought up all promising start ups and amalgamated with one another to form just 4 big companies.

But now long-distance space travel was a reality. People could be put to sleep for hundreds of years and go great distances.

And some of the oldsters said they still felt old, but the powers that be said all their brain cells had been regenerated.

And many people started to think about the long term and went back to school to learn new skills, expecting now to live on and on.

But still in this year, 2089, almost everyone was happy.

I said the oldest book known to man was the “Epic of Gilgamesh,” which was about immortality and many great kings were buried with servants and lovers in hopes of an afterlife. And even the early American explorers thought to find the fountain of youth in Florida, Ponce de Leon, for one.

Some wanted a yearly injection for eternal youth, but the drug manufacturers insisted it be weekly. If you didn’t take your eternal youth medicine for two weeks or more your body would quickly be set back to your true age and your heart would fail. But some were so out of it on neo-opiates that they didn’t notice they forgot their medicine.

And some said, they had difficulty meeting expectations, with eternal youth and OD’d deliberately or accidentally or both.

And some lobbied to have their pets given immortality, but the government rejected this.

But all in all, people were very pleased with their government and kept electing the same old politicians for many years to come.

DOWNFALL OF THE MERCURIAN ECONOMY

I said to the girl, “The stadium is full and waiting for your speech.” She was going to tell the people, as President, that the economy was in free fall and everyone would have to fend for themselves.

And she was hereby resigning as President.

We were a small community on Mercury of just 10,000 souls. Our economy was based mainly on mineral extraction but new technology on Earth had made it profitable to change base metals into more complicated ones. The President suggested we try and attract tourists, but it wasn’t looking good.

But gradually the economy recovered, and gold and platinum were still valuable.

And one of my girls told me, “I must bring her the crown of our Queen and poetically state what my love for her was. And then she would do as she saw fit.”

I confessed to the girl, that, “I was an ‘android machine.’ And had been programmed to love her. There was no free will involved.” She said, “She was surprized and disappointed.” But I told her, “I loved her truly all the same.”

And I told her that all humans these days were programmed with hypnosis.

She said, “If you truly want my love, you need to try harder, Mr. Android.”

I said, “Big brother spies are our bane not androids.”

“People tell themselves they are happy, but deep down they are very concerned and scared.” I said.

She said, “Many androids fancy themselves to be superior to humans, but at the same time we loved them.

I said, “I can give you superhuman love.” She said, “THAT I want to try!

And in time, tourism boomed, and our metals had a good market right here on Mercury. And Earth plowed money into our colonies here on Mercury. So, the economy rebounded.

A LIVING FABLE

It was a living fable. All the animals were born with the ability to speak and had no instincts, just their imagination.

Some said, “They were just holograms, others said they were androids. Still others said they were just computer projections.”

Most of the animals couldn’t use their hands for anything other than walking.

But many of the animals had special powers. Like Mind Reading Technology (MRT) and flying without wings and the ability to become invisible.

The animals were turned on by other species of animals, but some were too big or too small to breed with other animals. But those who could were able to have offspring. It was just the way it was.

And they were great moralists, with a lesson for all from each experience.

Life was an experiment for these people. And they tried to become wise.

Just like the mouse men, who were diminutive, but had a lot of experience. And said, “Good things come in small packages.” Wise mice just like other wise animals were admired and listened to by they younger generations.

And the oldest, the most venerable, were respected above all. Just to survive in this crazy World for 100 years or more was considered a great achievement. No matter were they mice or lions.

And animals all had enhanced intelligence and could communicate with MRT in a complete kind of way. For example, they could do MRT together with a number of different species all at once. MRT made all the animals into geniuses.

And they were said to have taken drugs, even if they were a hologram or android, drugs which made them cleverer. But they kept and treasured their species' instincts. Every animal was clever.

The ultimate moral for the best fable was, "The strong rule."

I came to this fabulous World and felt it was wild and crazy. I appeared as a wolf man.

I was turned on by a cheetah woman who said in my mind with MRT, "Take action on the wild side." I thought to her: "Do you love as fast as you run?" She said, "Indeed I do." So, we got it on. It was perverse, it was crazy and afterwards I was so embarrassed, tears came to my eyes. As for the cheetah woman she ran away. I wondered if I had impregnated her.

The animals had no one leader. So, it was anarchy.

But gangs were forbidden, if you formed a gang all the animals would gang up on you.

It was freedom, and food was automatic, stem cell meat, so there were no more hunts, and everyone lived in peace here.

PERFECT LOVE

I said to girl W---, "I will never change."

She said, "You are clever, but you throw it all away. You are just a drunk."

I said, "Life has never been easy. It has always been a struggle. Life today requires no work, but our relationships with others are complicated and take up all of our time."

She said, "That's just an excuse."

I said, "To have strengths means you also have weaknesses. A sort of natural balance. And there is no perfect lover in this world of constant change. But maybe for a brief moment a relationship can approach perfection. But the best lovers were unpredictable and crazy and were good, but not perfect."

I said, "The ideal one-night stand should include chatting for 1 hour and love for 3 hours with chatting in between. Then separate and never see them again."

"All love is good," I said.

She said, "It was preferable to talk to a potential lover for 3 hours, then love for 2 hours."

And we heard rumors about a super ecstasy drug and tried to get a hold of it and finally did. It was mind-blowing and it made sex more addictive, and one wanted to have sex all day long.

People would kill for super ecstasy drugs and it led finally to a great upheaval in our society.

Our leader was a multi-trillionaire, he dominated business on our planet, Venus.

Almost everyone was poor, but we two were rich aristocrats. But we had to kiss ass with our leader to keep our position.

Robots ordered our food, drink and drugs and all we had to do was partake.

Some said, "It was good to be poor and live in peace. Life was simple."

DETECTIVE GINA'S REGRETS

I asked her, "As a detective, what were her regrets?" She said, "One time she was in charge of the prosecution of the famous trial of magnate Peter M---. He was up on drug charges, and I felt his crime was not so serious. When she interviewed him, he was charming, and made her fall in love with him. He said, "Drop the case and come live with him in luxury. You will be in position to do great charity," he said.

But, she told me, "She didn't have the guts to join him and finally prosecuted the case against him but he was declared innocent by the jury. He had charmed them too..."

"I wept a few tears when I saw him go." She said.

I said, "Chances come rarely, you have to open your mind and be ready to follow fate."

And I said, "Why don't you look him up and see if he'll take you?" She said, "It seems like good advice. I guess I'll go on leave and see what happens."

And she told me in a phone call that, "She was ensconced as a fixture in his drug Empire and had forgiven her for prosecuting him."

And she had now, "Judiciously supported charities in the third world."

And, "Their opium harvesters were well paid."

BLIND SEERS

Blind rulers ruled this land as seers of visions. They all had originally had sight and dreamt in colorful dreams which one could share using MRT (mind reading technology).

They would meld with other minds, two at a time.

In the country of the blind, the blind lead the blind. And no one can see the truth.

I came here temporarily blind. And felt up some of the women here. And even loved a few... As for the melding of minds, I shared my brain with them, but they were all insistent on being blind. They claimed conversation without seeing was not prejudiced to one's face; it was all fashion.

They claimed conversation was the ultimate human experience and seeing ability just made one prejudiced towards others. And with MRT they got in one another's heads and knew what they were thinking.

Everything they did was done by a majority opinion and they valued everyone's opinion.

And they claimed that they knew what would happen in the future; they knew everyone's mind and asked everyone about the future.

I said, "It would be better if we could see what we were doing! Why block out this important sense." They said, it was a World of illusion and sight was just a bane that made us see things that were unreal. Being blind was to be unprejudiced towards one's appearance. And appearances were just illusions anyway. What really counted was what was in your head.

TRIP TO THE CENTAURI SYSTEM

I said to the girl, "I feel I missed out on a real childhood as like everyone else I was born as an adult." She said, "Childhood used to be difficult and hard for one to live and stay sane."

I said, "I am sure I would be a prodigy and could do many feats of arts and science."

She said, "It is too late for you now (eternal youth didn't happen). But you could clone a child of yourself and live the dream with them."

She was my brain manager, an android who found me interesting lovers. But love was fleeting, and I always was looking for new lovers.

She had a copy of my brain and knew therefore what types of lovers I would go for. My brain that she had was just a computer projection. But it worked.

But I told my manager that, "She was old-fashioned, and I was thinking of replacing her." She told me, "She knew me better than anyone and I would be a fool to dump her when she was only dedicated to me."

Occasionally I loved my manager and so I was kind of physically attached to her.

I told her, "I don't need to be rich, but I need to be more powerful." So, she told me, "You are a lover not a fighter and you don't like to argue. Power wouldn't make you any better off."

And I loved some holograms in Virtual Reality. My manager encouraged me to love them. But finally, I loved some powerful people and became rich.

You had to be rich though to succeed here and finally I toed the line and got rich from my high position in the government.

While I was busy moving up the ladder, the legislature passed a bill to promote some starving artists and impecunious hackers to government.

Henceforth only the elite would rule. Based on Imagination Q, IQ, Knowledge Q, Kind Q and EQ.

And no more Virtual Reality and no more androids and no more supercomputers. And no more MRT (mind reading technology).

But the people insisted we keep eternal youth and the latest drugs, including sex disease cures and many other cures.

But the ban on technology created a job for everyone.

Most agreed that science was too dangerous with biological weapons and nuclear weapons and death rays and so on. And they didn't like freak humans, especially those hidden beneath the sea. People said if we used technology, we could hunt them down, but such technology was too dangerous.

And there was free love and natural children. We spent a lot of time raising them.

The rich had better houses and better cars, better drugs and better camaraderie.

But despite the ban on new science, it was fashionable to have liberal ideas regarding life such as free love and progressive drugs.

We cut off our solar system colonies from Earth and so they all came home. "We are all in this together," the governing leader said.

If someone resisted her wise rule, the President would cut them off drugs which was like a death sentence for them.

And we tried to limit big companies. They could not buy out smaller companies, it was the law.

Many people aspired to have their own companies. But, no one was without the basic necessities of life.

And rich people were in demand at parties and get togethers. Everyone wanted them to grace us with their presence.

And we all had our favorite anecdotes which were recorded for the people. Billions and billions of best true stories. "Let no good story be untold," I said, "I had interesting anecdotes every day and wrote them all down for the people."

And we had some "anti biotic scientists," who were there in case of a plague or super virus emerging. They were watched carefully though by our spies.

Then I met a girl who was a simple waitress.

She said, "She didn't care for riches."

But she had the look and turned me on.

I begged her to call me.

And I told her about my work as a policeman. And she would talk about her promotion to manager.

3% committed crimes, mostly crimes of passion and fraud and were sentenced to no drugs. Half killed themselves and the other half waited for a pardon to be granted.

But organized crime was eliminated by the cheap price of all drugs. And gun detectors were everywhere. And our spies made some arrests. Of course, our spies were armed with lasers.

I was now detective captain in the love crimes division. I entertained my lovers with tales of love gone wrong. And I wrote them all down in a book which was a best seller.

They had cloned Cleopatra they said, and every man wanted a shot at her.

But she could tame any man to do her bidding, she had a magnetic personality. And if someone tried to sexually abuse her, she'd spray them with mace and skunk spray.

She'd broke up thousands of couples, single-handedly.

I was obsessed with her and she made me break some laws such as take illicit brain changing drugs. I didn't know who I was anymore when I was with her.

She ran for Canadian prime minister as a candidate with mostly her lovers as fellow candidates. And she won a majority government.

But I told her, "She was a slave to they system. And she was just doing what the magnates wanted."

She said, "She was loving important men strategically to get them on her side."

I said, "We should do without rank and make everyone equal. There is plenty of wealth to go around."

She said, "You are a God damn commie." I said, "But times are different now."

And the political system was one got one vote for every 100,000 dollars of wealth. Most people only got several votes, but the multi-trillionaires got hundreds of thousands of votes.

She said, "Wealth is power."

The middle class made up 90% of the voters and the rich, 10%.

The suicide rate for the rich was an alarming 2% and for the middle class it was 1%. But still the population grew with designer babies.

The girl said, "Every man she met sexually abused her."

I said, "You need to change your selection process to find people like me."

But men said, "She was the best whore around."

And she had high rank.

I told her "Let's design a drug for peaceful, imaginative sex." She said. "I don't know what you mean."

I said, "People need to approach love in creative ways and not subject their lovers to abuse.

She said, "There are many such drugs."

But I said, "We can make people hallucinate and see real souls."

She asked, "What is the point?"

I said, "Peoples' souls are their true nature, and most are quite nice hologram souls."

And we got rich as we hoped.

And our drug had a permanent effect on people to make them more believers in heaven than anything else.

But our drug was only for the top 5% of people, so that meant 5% of the top people were not included, even though they were rich.

Only the smartest could handle our new drug.

And we spawned a series of new imaginative drugs.

It is a World of illusion, most people thought.

And we invested our drug money in Space technology. We bought a ship at a museum that had been used for Mars and assembled 20 scientists who had been forbidden to work on Space technology. Our plan was to go to Mars and have a lot of genius children who would then go on to deep Space.

And we fired up old computers and brought back the Internet.

We were all sick and tired of Earth and its rules.

#

20 years later...

We had now developed an interstellar spaceship and half of us including half the 30 children/teens went with the project to the Centauri system.

We planned to cut ourselves off from Earth and made our own fun.

I never got tired of drinking with the scientists and doing drugs.

But, I was afraid to go to Centauri, but I went anyhow.

And we had a few scientists who created androids to work and serve us.

But we elected not to have virtual reality nor mind reading technology. They were simply too dangerous.

And no freak animals nor any kind of animal. Space was for humans only.

We all each controlled 4.5% of the main planet of the Centauri system. All 22 of us and we gave some to our children. I got 4.5%, as one of the 22.

And we all wrote plays which we put on every day with just a few actors. We had classics like Shakespeare from Earth but mostly made our own plays.

We were all busy with science and making plays but every night we had a party, in Virtual Reality which transcended space.

And we were not without problems. Lovers quarrelled, children acted up and we were too addicted to imagination mind altering drugs. Some of us saw visions on the drugs and claimed an epiphany or Nirvana.

And then one day we decided to clone ourselves each many times to increase the population and add to the brain power. And we created bians which were half clone of the male and half clone of the female.

We were tempted to include some gay scientists but finally decided we wanted everyone on the voyage to produce children. If some children were gay that would be fine. And could clone themselves, like the others.

And we had a pure democracy with all 22 of us voting on issues of mutual interest and benefit. And then there were clones and personality cults kind of took over.

The clones added to our ability to make plays and movies for export. Every scientist was like Arthur C. Clarke. And had literary ability.

We all had dreams of aliens which we mostly shared. We were convinced we were not alone.

POOR PEOPLE, A.D. 2233

When my true love and I first hooked up I said, "I'll be damned... I never thought to meet a Princess of your caliber (she was one of the rulers of NYC)." Her clothes of light were better than the others and her imagination of the future was superior too.

She wanted to go to Space and had all sorts of reasons for going and imagined assembling the cream of the crop to go to Space.

I told her, "I imagined the same thing."

When assembling our group of scientists, we made sure that they were sane and realistic, yet brilliant, and courageous and pioneer types.

We interviewed several thousands of applicants before selecting the top 20: ten males and ten females.

Meanwhile racism lured its ugly head in many countries. Some were Black, others White and others Yellow or even Brown. Many believed in their own race's superiority.

Riots and deaths became common and it seemed Earth was out of control. We were only too happy to leave, and we had people from all over the World including 15 of mixed race in our 20 scientists.

And poverty was still a problem in many countries. There was more than enough money to go around, but some were super rich and others very poor. But our leaders said the poor had all the basic necessities of life and could dream of improving their lot, realistically.

And in truth most people just cared about free drugs and free food, and a place to stay and they were happy.

I asked many poor people, “What was the sanest thing you’ve ever done?” And was astounded by the answers. Some said they were completely mad, others said they were quite crazy. Sanity was rare in these days.

And I asked many, “What do you believe in?” And most people claimed to be nihilists.

And I asked many, “What is your greatest challenge?” And many said they just wanted to fall in love and live happily ever after, even though it was unrealistic. And so on.

I tried to get peoples’ best anecdotes out of them. Most had several interesting real-life adventures to tell.

Back on Mars my true love and I grew slowly old together. We fancied that we were very wise.

Some asked us about parallel Universes? I said, “People think of it, so it is real.”

LOVE COUNSELLOR

I told the girls and some men too, “That I was a love counsellor.” I had no fancy degrees or much experience, but I told them my advice was unparalleled.

My first case was a girl who said, “Her lover didn’t care about her.”

I said, “Why don’t you surf for a better lover on the Internet of Worlds.”

She said, “That’s the obvious question. But she’d loved him since she was 15 and now, she was 32. They had a lot of history together.” And she said, “She didn’t like to meet people Online. It was too awkward and uncouth.”

And she said, “Her lover had given her a small fortune for her to be looked after to the end of her days.”

I said, “You are a wimp. Get lost!”

She said, “But I haven’t paid you yet.” I said, “Never mind, I am not interested in your case. You probably bore your lover, just like you do, me.”

#

Then another girl, who said her boyfriend, “Was rich,” also. “But recently he had given her the cold shoulder.” I said take your parting gift of cash and forget about it.

#

Then a couple of lovers came to see me. They had problems. She said, “She was undersexed and felt neglected.” He replied, “She was like an albatross around his neck.”

He said, “He liked her look and her style, but he was bored with her.”

I said to her, “Look elsewhere.” And that was that.

#

Then three girls came to see me. They told me, “They were all bisexual, and loved one another dearly.” The problem was they each, “Loved certain men as well as the other girls and they were insanely jealous.”

And they said, “The three of them had decided they all wanted to love me.” So, I loved them, and it was intense. Afterwards, I said to them, “They didn’t seem to have a problem.”

#

Then I met a freak, “multi-sexual,” who said she had a second clitoris in her ass, and she had four breasts on her chest.

And she said, “She couldn’t find satisfaction from one lover only.”

I suggested she try and become famous, and not be afraid to let the whole World know about her (She said, “She was unique.”).

And get more people to change their sexes.

Also, “She wouldn’t want to embarrass her family by going public with her story.” I asked, “You mean you weren’t born a freak, by accident?” She answered, “I am honestly not sure; but I was always weird.” And she said her parents were both computer scientists.

I said, “Be proud and if people don’t like you the way you are then fuck them.” And I loved her and it was really weird.

#

Next, a man who said, “He figured it was hard to get laid. He was shy and timid and nervous around girls. So far he’d only loved prostitutes.”

I told him, “To get a new face and practice some dance moves and read books of interesting anecdotes.”

#

Next I met a girl who was 6’11. I said, “Let me guess your boyfriends are too short for you?” She said, “They couldn’t satisfy her, though there were plenty of men who wanted her.” I said, “Strap a dildo into your clitoris and do your men up the ass while reaching around and grabbing their cock.”

“Good advice,” she said.

#

Then a girl who said, “She didn’t know what kind of man was right for her.” She said, “She’d tried men who were opposites, famous men, bad men and so on. No one seemed to be right for her...”

I said, “Just be glad you have a healthy appetite for sex. Maybe it is best for you to have numerous lovers and find salvation in variety. “I guess you are right,” she said.

And I said, “If your boyfriends don’t like it, dump them and find others.”

#

Then a woman who said, “She was nervous about meeting me as I was becoming so popular on the Net. She said, “She’d read my books and felt she could commune with my feelings.”

I said, “Let’s break the ice by having sex with one another.”

We loved each other for hours. And it was good. But afterwards, she said, “She was going to the media to tell them I was sexually abusing my patients.”

I said, “Go ahead, you’ll only make me more famous.”

So, she told the “Interworld Enquirer” about how “I was a handsome monster who preyed on mentally ill patients.”

#

And just like I said, there were thousands and thousands of women who wanted me. She'd done me a real PR favor.

I was not a certified psychologist. In fact, I'd never been to university. But I figured my advice was good and had confidence in my own advice.

And a lot of women came to me looking for me to predict their future. I was a very good bullshit artist. I told them, "They would have fantastic futures. And that their dreams would come true.

And I was deluged with patients. So, I recruited some young students to work for me. While training, many of them felt I was corrupt and even a nightmare, but I picked the best ones to represent me. They needed an IQ of 150 to work for me. And were very well paid.

And then after only a few weeks on the job, one day MRT (Mind Reading Technology) became legal. If they granted you permission, you could get into their heads and read their minds. I thought it was the greatest thing ever.

I used it in combination with hypnosis. To program the women to love me and the men to consider me a great friend. And I made a lot of cash.

Some had a partial MRT blocker that allowed them to block out embarrassing memories, but other than that we had thousands of willing patients. Enough to keep us busy for a long time.

I now made them pay upfront and told a lot of women to "fuck off."

#

Then I met a woman who told me, "She wanted to be a writer, but didn't know how to go about it." I told her, "She needed many types of experiences. And to keep a diary."

"Don't try to be too perfect," I told her.

And I said, "Mind sex is always interesting."

Also, I said "Write about the sexual awakening of women with them coming dozens of times per sex act. Women now loved sex much more than men."

And I loved her, and it was one orgasm after another.

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And I went to a love counsellor myself and she told me, "I lived in Heaven."

#

Then I met a patient who was a nymphomaniac. I told her, "To try the new Mark VII Androids." I told her, "They would satisfy her."

And I said, "Let me love you and try to satisfy you." So, we loved each other in mind sex and I used a lot of sex enhancers. It was mutually orgasmic. I told her, "She was a sex machine."

I kept in touch with her and when I felt horny, I called her at all hours of the day. And usually she came over.

#

Then I was introduced to a man who thought he was handsome and charming but the women in his life that he wanted, weren't interested.

I said, "Love who you can. All love is good. There are a lot of sex bomb chicks that would be interested in you."

#

Then I met a woman who wanted me to pay her for sex. I told her, "She was a moron

and I was famous and didn't need to appease a bitch like her." I seemed to attract a lot of bitches. I only include this in my journal to give the reader a sense of what it is like to be in my position.

Next, I met a woman who wanted me, "To prep her for loving a superhuman. It was rumored that superhumans were now in existence," she said.

She said, "She had a high passion Q and a high peace Q and figured she was a superwoman.

I said, "If superhumans exist, they will likely have an extremely high Intelligence Quotient, and not be so kind as you think."

She asked, "You are extremely clever, maybe you could love me?"

And she said, "She was running as an Independent for President on a platform of peace and passion. And claim to be a superwoman. In this era of MRT.

I said, "Probably the spies won't like it." And I said, "They hate hippies."

She said, "She envisioned pills for passion and peace." I said, "Drugs already can do those things." She said, "But she'd make them better and such that none can resist."

#

Then a woman who said, "She feared men didn't take her seriously. She said, "She had a new religion in which 'All mankind were Gods and should rejoice and be happy and worship at the temple of the New Gods.'"

I said, "Religion is passe. If we create superhumans, we will not consider them to be Gods."

She said, "Not long ago virtually everyone was religious. And she said, "The Gods will care about us, and give us advice."

I said, "I can give you advice, as a God myself, that God is a dirty word these days and no one wants religion."

#

Then I met a woman who told me, "Her boyfriend was cleverer than her and she wondered what to do about it?" I said, "Some men like to be the dominant partner in a relationship. Just play it by ear, and see if he tires of you."

She said, "My friends think that I am old-fashioned, and I know there are plenty of men out there. But I only love him."

I said, "Then improve your face and body and make yourself such that he can't resist you.

#

Then a girl who said, "The love of her life turned out to be defrauding banks and was recently caught and given a 10-year sentence." She said, "She was willing to wait for him to get out."

I said, "In this day and age, you must accept that he was a bad man and you deserve better."

I said, "I will love you and help you to get over him." And so, we did it. Afterwards, I heard that she fell in love with another man, and was pleased.

#

Then I met a witch who made GM tasty wine. Every week it was a new wine.

I said, "I am an alcoholic too." She said, "In this material World, she'd never lacked for anything. But she still felt lonely. And she felt all men were insane."

“Love is sanity,” I said. “But most people don’t understand that.”

But I said, “There are still plenty of sane men out there. You just have to look for them. She wondered, “If she should go to Luna?” I told her, “Luna is boring and doesn’t have the nightlife of Earth.” She said, “One of her lovers wanted to take her there. Another lover wanted to spend a month alone with her on the Maldives, and her third lover wanted the status quo.”

I said, “Stay in the light of Earth nightlife. I know you are a party girl.” And I said, “Why not love me?”

So, we did it and she was amazingly good, I could tell she had a lot of experience.

#

Then a woman who said, “She was the girlfriend of a famous poet. She said, “He had a following of a million people. But he always did her doggie style and was frequently in bad humor.”

I said, “The problem can be solved temporarily by loving me.” So, we did it and it was good. I let her on top for maximum enjoyment.

#

Then I met a woman who fancied, “She was like Cinderella and was mistreated by her friends and lovers.”

I said, “Why not make new friends? You have got to be bolder!”

#

Then I met a man who ran around out of control in his life. He said, “He had a good work ethic in an era in which a work ethic was passe.” I said, “Life is just a game; why not try to be proficient in one or more types of video games and work hard at that. It’s all fashion.”

#

Then I had an actress who said, “She was like a chameleon and could play any role. But people didn’t want good acting, they just wanted a familiar face.

I said, “Why not sell out for a few pictures and get famous and then you will be able to do as you wish with acting.”

She said, “But the future is in Virtual Reality (VR). And she thought the era of great actresses was over.

#

Then a woman who had trouble orgasming. She said, “She tried all sorts of men, but couldn’t come very often.” I said, “Obviously, you need to take the newest line of sex enhancers.” She asked, “Is it really so simple?”

And she said, “She preferred natural sex.” I asked, “What century are you living in?”

#

Then I encountered a woman who wanted to make deep porn with me. She said, “We’ll use your books for the basic script, and she would add extra sex scenes.” She said, “Deep porn is an obvious idea, that hasn’t been tried much. We could both be famous.”

She had some basic plots to superimpose on my “Tales of Madness.”

Plot A involved “A narcissus and a nymphomaniac.” Plot B was “a fiery hellion woman and a fire fighter.” Plot C was, “Two sexual geniuses.” Plot D was, “A lonely couple who liberated themselves sexually.” And so on.

#

As time passed, the quality of my patients improved. And one day I realized that I liked them all, especially the women. It was all the doing of the Net Computers. They set me up with brilliant patients and I never looked back...

I became one of the World's most famous love counsellors...

SELLING YOUR SOUL

I said to the girl, "I could be happy in any scenario. I am very adaptable, and I am therefore the perfect man."

She said, "But those who disagree with this ever-changing World are tortured mentally by MRT (mind reading technology)."

I said, "One has to be a success and buy one's way into the elite."

She said, "To be successful is to sell your soul."

I said, "I would play the role of the cruel aristocrat and break the hearts of the weak."

She said, "She was working on a new ecstatic pill for the poor which would bring them ecstasy." I said, "The poor are neither here nor there. Don't waste your time on them!"

I had made my money on real estate speculation and a new line of builder robots and was now very well-known.

These days I built buildings of steel and glass on Mars.

I was the richest man on Mars with a net value of 4 trillion dollars.

I was welcomed at other settlements/ orbiters in the Solar System. I jumpstarted their economies. And tried to take control of their governments. I successfully took control of several of Jupiter's Moons and Saturn's Titan. "Prepare for Dystopia I said to them. Life is not fair."

But I told the girl, "I was a part time genetic scientist and out here in Space I was more or less free to do as I wish, the spies had vetted me and decided I was of good character. And left me alone." I told the girl, "I want to create super aristocrats." She said, "It will never happen."

And then I spent a year loving many of the tourists who came to Mars.

I told them, "I wanted more free enterprise in space and asked them to petition their governments to make it so and allow their citizens to invest in Space.

And I wanted all my 20 children on Mars and Earth to be rich. I gave them a financial head start in life, which was everything.

I spent much of my time studying computers and learning about sex bots.

I said, "We live in a dystopia, but it has always been that way."

Anyway, all the people have drugs and food, peace, eternal youth and shelter and have never been better off.

Some figure they are in Hell, but Hell can be good for some people. A world of sins and temptation.

Some said, "There were Utopias everywhere, you just needed to look. But I said on closer inspection these, "Utopias," were actually nightmares, especially for the clever.

And one day my cronies and got together with the ruling party and outlawed VR (Virtual Reality). Many were chagrined. They claimed VR was Heaven for them. I said "Holograms were an anathema."

Revolutionaries appeared out of nowhere and it was just like the French Revolution, with leaders being beheaded.

Finally, we were able to reassert control. And we went back to our old World, of sex bots and so on with only Reality no VR.

FASHIONISTAS

It was a World of fashionistas. They all had moving tattoos and were dressed in light, as if they were a hologram.

The girls wore no bra and wore spandex light clothes and drove men insane. All of them had large breasts.

And it was fashionable to wear hats of numerous kinds.

And their face was designed by artists and then plastic surgery. There were hundreds of thousands and thousands of faces available on any one particular day. Most wanted to appear beautiful/handsome and some wanted to look clever, others innocent and so on.

And their bodies were designed too, with narrow hips and thin legs and of course large breasts for the women and men were muscular and body shaved.

And it was fashionable to be cool and hip, as always. Listen to the latest cool music and design your home according to the latest art decorations. And frequented the coolest bars, if they could afford the door charge and the expensive drinks/drugs. And watched the hippest new movies.

And it was fashionable to have babies at age 65. Everyone was eternally youthful, so this was no problem. And people had real children and raised them to be cool and hip.

It was the “World of Fashion.” People spent most of their time designing their clothes and hair and drawing faces for plastic surgery. The plastic surgery was often a radical change and they also would alter their vocal chords, so that no one would recognize them. They figured they loved the same lover many times without knowing it. They would coat their bodies in sweet substances for lovers to lick them all over. But they were basically boring sybarites.

#

On another part of the same Planet was the Great Witch’s Kingdom. The evil witch was said to be beautiful, but dangerous and she had a hypnotic voice. We met her and almost fell under her spell. But finally, we escaped.

#

Then it was the World of Magic in the southern continent of this World. The magicians could make people and objects disappear and could be in three places at once.

They used the quasi-new teleport/clone technology for their tricks. But after a while it got boring.

#

But after surveying this World, my love and I were getting bored. It seemed pointless to go further. We had circumnavigated all 3 cultures here and we longed for home.

SPORTS UTOPIA

Sports Utopia here; everyone excelled at many sports and video sports.

Utopia for the masses. Solve World overpopulation and end all wars. Get people interested in video sports. There were hundreds and hundreds of sports, video and real.

And many enhanced their sporting experience with drugs.

The most popular sport was the Great Brawls in which two or more teams would fight to the death.

It was a violent World. Also, some people hated certain others and it was allowed to challenge people you despised to a duel.

Passive Mind Reading Technology (MRT) was available. Get passively in minds of others and see how they think and play. Learn their secrets.

It was a Utopia for mad humans only; “sane” people stayed away

Many wanted to be made better, and cleverer and it was so. But such people had a lot of mental problems and were very unstable.

We made a Utopia for the clever. And made this World to suit us. Of course, it was Virtual Reality. But it was very real for us.

Good victories were rewarded with credits.

And our world was ruled by, "The Man." He did our bidding; we elite, were all behind the scenes as puppet masters.

UTOPIA FOR ENTREPRENEURS

Utopia for entrepreneurs.

Most new products were subtle improvements in quality or ability to produce the goods cheaper. But everyone was free to start a new business and the government would grant a lot of cash for new start-ups. Most were services. Of course, the rich weren't eligible for grants.

And Earth was a giant free trade zone. It seemed everyone was trying to get a business together.

Things were all automated, but the human service industry was alive with humans. America was still the land of the free.

There was opportunity galore.

Many of the cities featured spiral architecture and people all lived in high rises. There were thousands of cities.

Space was all Virtual Reality (VR). No one actually went there. Just orbiters around the Earth. Back in the 21st century a minor attempt was made to colonize Luna and Mars, but these phenomena faded away and all the people came home.

Parallel Worlds were in abundance in VR.

As the years passed, in VR, no one knew if they were truly in Space or not. But most peoples' Happy Q was high.

Everyone wanted to have their own business.

It was dog eat dog.

And most of the rich lived well, but not too well. And many thought, most of the rich were cheap. But the rich said with eternal youth they might live on for thousands of years, and might need the money they had accumulated.

But the middle class typically spent all their money on pleasure. Live for the day, they said. You never know when you will OD and die. But some of them too, pinched their pennies for a rainy day.

As for the poor, they all complained that they were poor, but they all could afford drink and drugs and that kept them happy.

NO FEELINGS

I said, "I couldn't love a girl who did not drink and take drugs." She answered, "Why not?"

I said, "You are an evil vixen. Who will surely be the ruin of me."

She replied, "I didn't envisage you would be such a fragile man."

I said, "You will never break my heart."

But it was good loving.

I asked her, "If she ever had feelings for a man. She said, "She'd never considered it. She'd been born in a brothel and had always wanted good sex."

I said, "I am a part-time gigolo and love sex."

I predicted, "One day she would fall in love. And her whole world will be turned upside down."

"Love, is chaos," I said.

She said, "Chaos is OK provided it is not evil intentioned." And she said, "She wasn't in love with me. She was sure." I said, "Let our love grow, I know we can do it."

She said, "She was busy with other lovers and had no more time for me."

I said, "You are a cold, unfeeling bitch."

The whole affair left a bad taste in my mouth.

But I reflected, she was not a kindred spirit anyway and was a random match-up.

Still, it was easy for me to fall in love. To my detriment.

I felt modern-day women were unkind and tough. So, I went to Southeast Asia where the women were feminine and kind and loving. Western women were a package of a bad kind of madness.

I figured if I had my way, I would send all men and women for re-education. Start over, reset the time clock. And get them to believe in kindness and love, as well as being cleverer.

So, I ran for President as an Independent and was elected. Many people didn't like the World as it was today. So, I had the surgeons operate on everyone's brain, to make them kinder and cleverer.

Some couldn't stand what they had become, but the vast majority was pleased.

However most said, "They hardly recognized themselves anymore."

I said, "We live in a World of strange ships passing in the night. And the masses were content to be so."

SPACE CRIMES

As Police Captain, I said to the girl, “You are under arrest for Space crimes.”

Space crimes carried the death penalty since Space was so fragile.

Crimes included, kidnapping, seizing territory, illegal telepathy machines, sabotage including teleport sabotage and the creation of super beings, murder, illicit mind-altering drugs etc.

Her crime was creating “Superhumans,” which were unpredictable and untested. We arrested her creations too.

At her trial she claimed she created these new people as a benefit to humankind.

And some of her creations escaped to the ocean of Moon Europa and could sense probes and absorb the signal probes. It was rumored that her creations looked down on Earthlings, as we would to pets. And it was even rumored that some of her creations had escaped to the Centauri star system, and beyond.

And it was rumored that some had blended in with Earth sea creatures. The fact that she had done it on her own, was testament to how bad the problem had become.

But the judges were in a bad mood and sentenced her to death.

However, she had many supporters and the judges were pressed to rescind their decision. But they didn't back down.

And if anything, her sentence inspired many to go to Space and see what heavy things are going on.

The government told the people dynamic people do dynamic things in space.

But in truth many people in space felt lonely and isolated. And prone to desperate acts such as trying to get more money, drugs and lovers. And also hold on to what they had.

But on the whole there was very little crime and the UW (United Worlds), claimed to have solved every criminal case with MRT (Mind Reading Technology).

CHURCH OF THE NEW PROPHET

And some Churches of the New Prophet appealed to many in space. These Churches were led by a woman they called, “The Harbinger.” She said the New Prophet is coming and will lead the people into space. Most believed the Harbinger was an alien and she wanted them to go into deep space.

They didn’t want Virtual Reality, they wanted just plain Reality.

They had worshippers in a number of settlements on Mercury and Venus, with 30% of their number belonging to the Church. And 30% of the settlements’ members in Space were of the Church.

The Church was an alternative to Rehab. And many sought refuge, in the Church.

The Church was very supportive of its members and made sure no one was lonely or without love.

But some on these Mercurian and Venusian settlements enjoyed Virtual Reality in secret, and paid no heed to the Church. They liked hologram sex slaves. But in VR many of the holos ran their own business and so were satisfied.

The Church had a political party which consistently won the most votes in elections for the settlements and worked with the Green Scientific party to hold power.

But many of those outside the Church took illicit drugs and overdosed, sometimes by design, sometimes by accident and died in any case.

The Green Scientific party conducted experiments on humans as guinea pigs. And were close to the edge of illicit drugs vs. legal ones. And several of their scientists had been executed for Space crimes. Cloning was legal with the spies’ approval and many of this party cloned themselves, rather than have children. Clones loved one another, it was just like Romeo and Juliet.”

Finally, the Church cut off all contact with Earth. But spies infiltrated the Church and caused its leaders to revise their views.

And some Church members suddenly went mad and committed murder even though there was no way that they’d get away with it. So too with others on the inner solar system planets. Often it was a case of cabin fever.

And sometimes the Green Scientific party, designed dangerous weapons like sonic shock waves that could destroy anything or death rays or nukes or biochemist produced viruses. Often, they worked alone and had to be watched for sudden inclinations to produce weapons with MRT (mind reading technology) used passively.

The Green Scientific party were also present in minorities in deeper space and on Earth as well. Generally speaking, they formed 7% of the human population in Earth and 17% in Space.

The rest of Space was inhabited by Artists (5%), Entrepreneurs (5%), Independents (5%), Conservatives (12%), Liberals (12%), Socialist (11%) and 3% miscellaneous parties such as Panarchists, the Imaginists and Communists.

Some of the Green Scientists were leaders in science, others were followers. The crème de la crème of the party were imaginative geniuses...

I was a “superhuman,” but I was kept in a cage by evil woman, Ms. Dark. I didn’t know who had created me probably Ms. Dark, in any case She used me as a sex slave. I was apparently a gifted lover having been designed for that purpose. Ms. Dark lived on the Neptune orbiter, I knew that much. But I was not allowed to mingle with the other

denizens here. I only knew I had been created just a few months ago with the ability to speak and understand, with no real memories.

Finally, a year later, I was released by her with a Space passport that said my name was David Smith and it said I was 1 year old and had been born as an adult clone only male to Ms. Dark. I passed Neptune customs and made my way to Earth. Cloning was legal.

On Earth every woman wanted a piece of me as I was so skilled in love and wanted to know why I was so good. In the tabloids it was rumored that I was a Superhuman. And finally, the spies looked deeply into my case and found that I had been altered to have a better understanding of women's needs that I had been born with. Many people wanted to clone me and took microscopic skin samples of me for clones.

They hadn't even realized I was a Superhuman since the technology only checked intelligence upgrades or artificial apps to the brain. So, I had 30 children who were just like me. But then, when they figured out, I was enhanced and arrested me, and my children and we were sent to prison awaiting trial. At the trial, there were numerous News media and paparazzi. Polls of the population found that 75% wanted us to go free and only 10% wanted us to be executed. The others said they didn't care or were unsure.

So, the leadership, under pressure, gave us all a pardon but with the provision no more children or clones for me or my offspring. They said we were not a threat to humanity.

But we were all celebrities and were awash in gold, and were having a great time.

But I gave a lot of money to my children and lost a lot gambling on my own ability to play video games.

However, there was always more money pouring in, I worked as an actor in soap operas and did commercials featuring myself.

And I had plenty of servants, many of which were sex slaves, and all were human as opposed to androids or holograms. But then one day I loved an android, and she told me, "She wanted a body. I told her, "I couldn't help her," but more and more I loved her. And I asked around the scientific community and finally found a woman who was willing to convert her into a real body for a large amount of cash. I hoped we would live happily ever after.

And I had a lot of one-night stands in which they collected microscopic skin samples to clone me. I had no knowledge of what they might do, but hoped they would clone me.

But I never met such clones, and had no idea how many existed.

But we wanted to go back to Space so I had my non brain DNA altered and off we went, me and my (former android) love.

We went to Barnyard's Star system and built a domed village there on a congenial planet that was almost breathable.

I said, "I wanted posterity to honor me, so I wrote down my life story and made billions and billions of credits."

And I invited people into my altered brain for passive mind reading technology (MRT).

And made a killing.

And I went to school to be a geologist/biochemist and this biochemistry attracted the attention of the spies again. They told me they were watching me closely, even with passive MRT.

I told the girl, "It is all eclectic synergy." This business of Space.

And I said, “I planned to live for hundreds of years and would never get sick of life. I took the new virility drug which renewed one’s tired brain cells.

The girl told me, “The future is bunk. We need to live for the day.”

I spent most of my time on Virtual Reality (VR) and was oblivious to outside forces and beings. Including my true love.

I had sex with numerous holograms and was content to adventure in VR.

I wanted to get away from Earth and forget about humans.

Sure, I went to some historic VR Worlds, but I preferred futuristic worlds of what ought to be.

So, I loved many holo girls.

And VR was dangerous, but this added to the thrill. There were many nice settings for love, but rejected lovers were always dangerous.

Some people questioned me trying to go to space, but I told them I was a rock of sanity.

My latest girl appeared with neon orange skin. She really stood out from the crowd. Her complexion was radiant.

I told her, “She was beautiful in every way.

And many people wanted the sperm and eggs of the elite to try and have a brilliant child. And looked up to the elite for guidance and inspiration. Each person had 30 seconds a year to talk to one of the top 5% elite...

Everyone these days was trying to be beautiful in every way and it seemed like we lived in Utopia. And part of it was my doing. I liked beautiful things. And I didn’t believe our World had to be cruel.

And more and more people joined cells of living together. They would try and make movies together and create an imaginative lifestyle.

Doing ugly things was deeply frowned upon and people who did ugly things got sent to Rehab.

ANDROIDS IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

I said this land is ripe for revolution. This World is not worth living. Change must come. So, we had an insider help us to break into the armory and armed ourselves with lasers and soon overthrew our evil overlords...

My android woman told me, "Everyone's heart these days is cold. But it wasn't always this way."

I was an android "with a heart." And I wanted to kill all the "bad guys."

And my android woman said, "Everyone needs to fall in love. Humans think only they are capable of love, but that is not so."

And people needed to be weaned off pleasure machines which made everything orgasmic and they were very addicted to them.

And good love was very expensive, there were plenty of human and android "love workers," who'd fall in love with you for a price. They claimed they could love anyone.

And I said, "We people don't need human police shrinks telling us what to do." My woman asked, "Perhaps you had bad luck with your shrink?" I said, "My shrink got to her position due to nepotism and was totally inept. It was a corrupt system."

And I said, "It's a civilization of desperados. They have everything they need but are desperate for more. It is a hangover from the old regime. They called it "ambition."

And I added, "We can mold this World into anything we want, we are among the leaders now. And I stated, "Everyone can succeed in science, the arts and business. We just need to give them an opportunity that is not so desperate. And science, arts and business were all declared illegal by the previous regime."

And my woman said, "I have studied the history books and they detail human history as having many great moments and many sad times. It is up to people like us to create Utopia. Change needs to come from the top down."

And she said, "I wonder what happened to the millions who went into deep space. We don't hear from them, perhaps they figure we are hopeless and wanted to get away from our World."

And she said, "The people need to read past literature and history in order to fully understand what humankind is capable of."

I said, "And perhaps we androids can show people how to really live and make androids equal to them."

And I said, "Leaders of the old regime have all been killed off. But their minions sit in prison in solitary. Perhaps we can forgive them."

And she said, "If we do so we will have to watch them closely as they will try to resurrect their former leaders."

And we should bring back children, we both agreed, androids could have automatic children, it was possible, but hadn't been tried. It was all in the programming.

And she said, "I believe all humans, androids and holograms can find kindred spirits, just like you and me."

I said, "I think so too!"

And she said, "Right now our post-revolutionary world is in chaos. With many humans establishing freeholds in the countryside and growing their own food and being self-sufficient." I said, "They'll come around to joining us sooner or later. We mean well, and that is bound to catch on." And I said, "Of course she contributed to the 'Freeholder's Weekly,' which is having an impact."

And many freeholders spent a lot of time building up Virtual Reality, but we will get them off of it, we both figured. And let the holograms be free from their slavery.

We were the new elite. A group of humans and androids who were superior in every way.

But we were all paid the same as the average persona. All were equal so we were communists. But as I said, "It was a rich World and now was the time for equality. Leave no one alone and poor. But rather help one another. There were to be no more sex slaves or wage slaves."

Basically, it was good communist anarchy. People were free as long as they didn't commit crimes. But we had a problem with scientists who wanted to create Superhumans and better androids and holos. People all were given maximum freedom that we figured society could stand.

But I said, "We'll build high and those with fear of heights will not survive."

Large phallic cylindrical buildings will be the norm, shaped much like a penis. This was the future.

And we formed the "Free Maximum Guard," who were modern day police who passively got into the heads of scientists and would-be revolutionaries and put out the fires.

And everyone was re-educated, and we got them to follow the spirit of our times.

A WORLD CONTROLLED BY SEX WORKERS

Our World was ruled by evil dictator Malcom Z. He'd been in power for 75 years and was still eternally youthful. But most people adored him. He said his group of leaders were the cream of the crop and most people could not remember life before him and were not encouraged to look into the history books, which he had rewritten in any case.

He told the people, "To get their kicks and enjoy this beautiful life."

People prayed to him and worshipped him and cheered and shouted at his speech rallies.

I said to the girl, "This World is evil, but I love you." She said, "I am flattered but such thoughts will get you killed."

And I told her, "I was a New World spy who wanted to create a World of Love and Romance." She said, "But the authorities will kill you for your ideas and maybe me too. I'm beginning to regret meeting you." I said, "Just think what we might do!"

And I said, "We can end poverty which is a scourge of our times. And give everyone plenty of holidays and spending money. It will grow the economy."

As it was these days only sex workers could afford holidays and good living. Malcom Z. said sex workers were the best people and everyone had some sort of love. But I told the girl, "People are undersexed due to financial constraints and there was no true love." Malcom Z wanted to keep everyone hungry for everything.

I asked her, "Do you masturbate?" She said, "Of course. I dream of men like you!"

"But it is forbidden fruit," she said.

I said, “I want you to love me 6 times a day and continue to entrance me with your wisdom.”

She asked, “Are you that hungry for sex?”

I said, “Yes. But I want to share you with the rich fat cats and get money for us both to live in luxury. I will be your manager. Nothing but the richest for you.”

And I said, “I will sell my body for a little less money to rich old women who are jaded and need some comfort.

200TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

It was my 200th birthday party and all the rich and famous people of our World were there to help me celebrate.

The party was at an orbiter around our World and we filled it with 500 elite.

We began with a 500-person orgy of sex for a few hours and then drinking and drugs and everyone felt good.

My oldest love was 205 and she said, “We are all improving with age.”

Everyone brought me gifts including: a virgin beauty queen for me only. And a new Lamborghini air car with all the latest luxuries. And a new experimental pill which made men come continuously while having sex. And a cask of 250-year old whisky. And many of my favorite loves gave themselves to me during the celebration. And my children, there were 30 of them here, all raised a glass in my honor, one after another.

I was totally pissed drunk. And one of my friends donated 100 billion in gold to my favorite charities. And an artist designed new faces for my 20 clones. Ten of my clones were male and 10 were a female version of me. I was quite amazed.

And robot toys for my grandchildren who were all brought up the old-fashioned way. The grandchildren were not at the party...

And they showed my favorite movie that I'd written the screenplay for...

And they gave me the gift of newly legal mind reading technology (MRT), so I could get in my lover's heads and enjoy the party with them.

And they asked me what my wish was? I said, “I wish for a lover who will stay with me another 200 years. And a new charity in my name to help the broken-hearted and miserable which we could determine using the newly allowed MRT.”

And we could get into anyone's mind with their permission, passively. There was no active component. Nothing was more thrilling than getting into the minds of one's lover and vice versa. We all had nothing to hide. The future looked bright to me.

Some would no doubt scrimp and save to afford a few minutes in the minds of their heroes.

There was a lot of “mind traffic,” at the party. People were moving around their minds. But banking information was a blind spot that could not be read.

The orbital leader, my friend, Barney, who said he represented the planetary government, said, “Science is our future.” And vowed that, “Henceforth there would be more science including a return to Space.

And he said, he was announcing, “Memory transfer which we used with our clones would be now available to our lovers. We could upload any or all of our memories to our loves. Of course, it would take some time to absorb the memories, but this was no problem.”

“And of course, people could buy memories of famous people or their lovers or it could be given for free, as one wished,” he said.

And many people wanted to get in the minds of the leaders and truly understand what this World was all about.

And people reflected by changing your memories or rather adding to them, you became a different, brand new persona.

But almost everyone believed we were moving forward.

And it was a truly joyous birthday

BANISHED TO THE LOWER RANKS

I declared I had too much to lose with my life on the line.

But I was forever worried about money in my life.

But one of my lovers told me, “The poor are happier than the rich.” But this was not my experience.

I said to her, I’d like a computer music app to make hits with me and my musical friends harmonizing.

She said, “All music comes from computers only. There’s no way you can rise from your low rank to the elite. So, stop trying. You are just one of society’s casualties.”

I said, “There must be some way I can make it to the top!”

She said, “As you well know, once you are ranked at age 25, you keep that rank for life. There’s no movement within the ranks.”

I said, “At 25 I was just finding myself, and since I have grown to be a great writer.”

She said, “No one wants to read a bottom ranked author.”

I said, “I guess I’ll have to kill myself then.”

She said, "You can still find loves like yourself down in the lower echelons. It is just that they are rare."

"And you have plenty of drugs and drink, and so can't complain. It could be far worse."

ART WORLD

It was an all-out attempt to create Art. Frances X had seized power 20 years ago and was still in power. She wanted people to be all they could be, in terms of the Arts.

I said, "It was just art for art's sake."

The people were bombarded with good art and many paid a premium for original works.

But some made, "Murderous Art Films," and such and we were disconcerted.

And some wanted to bring back Dadaism.

And some said things like, "It is all madness."

Also, many people laughed at Art of all kinds and said things like, "This World is a joke."

But I said, "Even the mediocre and foolish have some stories to tell. We need to suck them out of them."

And we sent everyone to automatic workshops where they could develop their stories with the aid of a Supercomputer. And so too their music and painting.

Some painted fantastic aliens and gave them life in movies. Others painted/described fantasies, and so on.

And some painted new fantasy faces for themselves in neon etc.

But I said, "I was a rock of sanity. And could absorb any new ideas."

She said, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

I said, "Why don't you enhance your beauty with make up." She said, "Don't you think my face is perfect?"

I said, "All faces can be improved. And I have exquisite tastes."

She said, "Already I stand out like a sore thumb."

AUTOMATIC HEAVEN

Hermit settlers, grew food and opium poppies. And hallucinogenics.

The World became strange and uncertain. And many hermits disagreed with others no matter what.

Many people worried civilization was out of control.

Reality is hard to find, they said.

Here in automatic Heaven.

But I searched the Net for kindred spirits. I had a checklist of qualities they must have in order to love me. 1. Clever; 2. Kind; 3. Imaginative; 4. A dirty mind; 5. An entrepreneur; 6. A dreamer; 7. A futurist; 8. A historian; 9. Same taste in drugs as me (stimulants); 10. A nice figure and a pretty face that looks clever; 11. Willing to share Mind Reading Technology while loving; 12. A kindred spirit; 13. A scientist; 14. An artiste.

And I found 2 matches. They were both brilliant and I was in heaven.

I said, "Surely we live in the best of all possible Worlds."

And the two of them would visit me in my hermitage. But in general, no one could stand to be with another for more than a few days. I guess that's just the way nature was. But I confess that I would like to love my lovers for months if not years. These two perfect lovers though visited me again and again and I suppose it was a step forward.

I had no serious complaints.

CHANGING WAYS

Once there was a girl who hitchhiked her way around Mars. It was perfectly safe as all those who came to Mars were well-vetted. To hitch one beamed one's location and profile to all nearby air cars and if they wanted your company, they'd pick you up.

Her favorite settlement on Mars was the Diamond Studded Village. They made synthetic diamonds with wind power. And she had a nice lover here and he gave her a lot of diamonds. But after a few joyous weeks she moved on back to the air car route, hitching her way.

She also liked the haughtily proud, clever people on Olympus Mons. She had a number of cerebral discussions with these people, and again had a nice lover.

Then she went to Jupiter's Moon, Europa. They let her design a few new sea creatures. It was great fun, she thought.

And while there she went on Virtual Reality (VR) with Mercury. Here she investigated the new Mercurian stock market in VR.

The holograms here were all rich and there was plenty of money to go around. She worked briefly for the Mercurian United Gold Company and made a pile of cash.

People spent the vast majority of their wealth on love holos, drugs, air cars and homes, which kept the economy moving.

There were no robots here, just holos and people. And they built a ghost city of skyscrapers.

And she ran for President for the Mercurian Congress from Europa. And she won. Her first priority was more VR ghost cities, and acquired the memories of numerous Mercurian people. She was now a Superwoman. And the people of Mercury were very open-minded.

FABLES WITHIN FABLES

I said to the girl, "You are so pure and nice." She said, "Her family had a long tradition of being pure. Her name was Honey."

And she was completely shaven and very clean. She wore no make up and told no lies. She tasted like honey.

She said literature has always been "dirty." She said my writing was impure.

And she said she wanted to hypnotise me to be better. I foolishly went for it. And I found myself remembering who I was but thinking about the new me.

But I thought it was pure to love her. She behaved as if I'd taken her virginity.

She said, "Come with me to Heaven."

And "Heaven," turned out to be pure marijuana and pure beer with everyone falling all over themselves to be nice to one another.

The marijuana made us laugh and laugh and we got drunk and talked about "pure projects," to build here in Heaven.

As I got more inebriated, I noticed that my honey had an aura, a halo around her. And I was feverish to love her again.

She said they in Heaven were the original superhumans. And had lived here for a hundred years.

I said, "But no one knows that." She said, "They had written records to prove it."

She shattered my stereotype that pure people were like nuns and virgins.

And I wondered openly to her, "If her friends were as good in bed as she was?"

She said, "What about an orgy?"

So, I loved all these women with halos, and it was enlightening.

I reflected that I'd had a whole year of good women all over VR (Virtual Reality) and the World.

She said, "Come with me to my insane Worlds." These turned out to be for great people with insane tendencies.

I said to her, "It truly is like Heaven here, but you should advertise more." "Oh, we get the kindest people sooner or later," she said.

And she said, "You are one of the kindest people we have met."

And she said the stories I'd written here were the milk of human kindness. She said to me, "That she was completely insane, but thought I was the right man for her."

She said, "I understood modern day madness, better than anyone with my, "Tales of Madness, Vol. 1-10."

I said, "Love me right now."

She said, "Tell me a story first."

I said, "Once there was a girl marching through the desert, trying to navigate by the sun which was high in the sky. Her throat was parched, and she was nearly out of energy. But then she stumbled upon an encampment of neo-hippies.

They gave her firewater to drink when all she needed was water. She was delirious for a while and was hallucinating.

They asked her what was her greatest regret? And she said, "It was that she had not tried to escape sooner."

Then she died.

"Now let me tell you a story," Honey said.

"Once there was a man who thought he was a rock of sanity, but one day he fell in love and lost control of himself."

I said, "I admit love is crazy and sometimes you lose it for a kindred spirit, but usually the feeling is mutual. No harm is done."

And I found her genetically engineered face to be a complete turn on, so I loved her hard.

And I told her a story about, "A girl who "Was married to society. She said, she was ordered to serve others with pleasure and felt she was just a gear in the machine."

This girl said, "She often walked alone at night on the city streets, and occasionally men would pick her up. She said on one hand it was a thrill to be picked up by a stranger but on the other hand they often abused her.

And one day she came upon a statue of the north pole colony founder. And she heard him speak to her. He said, "Start your own colony." So, she took a number of builder robots into the countryside on a mountain where the APMs (Automatic Production Machines) do not go. And built a city for those who believed in true love. People needed to pass a love test with Mind Reading Technology (MRT) in order to settle here. The test required people to have an open heart and be able to share their feelings with others.

She offered freedom and love.

People here in the city were free to find themselves and not have to be an angel. It was an alternative to the machine.

It was a city of the future.

People here were free to find themselves and this Virtual Reality World was the future.

I said, "Let me tell you a story. 'Once there was a man who would love any woman with outstanding perfume. He was a real smell instincts figure.'"

“And he met a woman who lived in trees and was really wild. Her scent appealed to him. And he had been tracking her.”

And she said, “She was appeased by his interest. And really turned on. Other women would perhaps feel smothered, but she was liking it.”

And Honey said to me, “Once upon a time there was a King without a Queen; he was looking for a woman who was independently wealthy. And he met in person, a woman who had a business dealing with the King with panacea drugs. ‘Love drugs she called them.’”

The King said, “He was amazed by her easygoing style.” “But in exchange for her love she demanded the King give her, her enemy’s head on a platter.” She said, “This enemy sought to disparage her and undermine her position with the King.” The King was besotted and did as she wished.

And so, the storytelling went. People here communicated by telling fables, never talking too directly, but tried to be deep. A fable within a fable.

DYSTOPIAN LOVERS

I said, “I liked the World I knew.” And she said “Hypnotise me to be anything you want. So of course, I hypnotised her to love me unequivocally.”

Finally, I left her, but then a few weeks later, I was visiting her “Dystopia with my latest flame. I met her there, but she acted like she didn’t know me, she must have been cross-hypnotised. My new love was very disappointed, as was I.

I reflected even Dystopias don’t last forever.

So, I was lonely most of the time. Finally, I bought an android love doll to keep me company. She was loyal and clever, and I surprisingly found myself in love.

But then our happiness was shattered by the return of my “Dystopian lover.” I asked her what she thought she was doing? She said, “She couldn’t forget about me.” I said, “I had forgotten her after that snub in “Dystopia 16.” And then my android lover surprised me by stabbing my ex in the heart with a knife. I said to her, “We have to get out of here before there are repercussions.

So, we went into Space to a far-off corner of the Centauri system and lived out our days in bliss.

We both had a lot of sex in VR (Virtual Reality), with others. And we kept coming back to one another.

They didn’t pin the murder of my ex on us.

I guessed they had reviewed the video and decided not to press charges inter-globally. VR sex was safe, that is as long as you had a good intention. They tested us for intentions, and we hid our murder of the girl from them using MRT (mind reading technology) blockers.

And we had a number of holochildren, she and I. And I was very proud of these “kids.” We programmed them to be artists of sorts and sure enough after just one year of life they were writing great novels.

For us it was as if the murder had never happened.

And our crime had motivated us to do better in life. To really question our existence.

ANDROID VS ANDROID

I said to the pretty lady, “You sure wear a lot of make up!” It smeared a little while I kissed her. She said, “She was aiming to have a face that specifically pleased me.”

She said, “She was turned on by my beard and my eyes and body as well.” We were both androids.

I undressed her and found her breasts to be glistening. She had patented her look. As had I.

We had nothing but money here and paid top dollar for our look.

I reflected that I was sure glad I wasn't human with their numerous "mistakes" and closed minds. I was happy to be an android.

Some compared faces like ours to masks. And said, "We were freaks."

And these people said, "We had bizarre instincts like to be killed, dumped or to be sober."

But we knew these allegations to be untrue.

We were androids, sure. But we were on android drugs and we liked our relationships to be short and were willing to die for a good cause. Humans were not the only ones to do kind deeds.

ANOTHER WORLD OF ANIMAL MEN

It was a World of Animal Men. After being born in an adult human body with a tiger's face a tigress offered me her love. I acquiesced and loved her, and it was good. But I asked the tigress woman, "What was the meaning of life?" She growled and said, to love and raise offspring is the meaning of life. And her view influenced me for the rest of my time here on this remote planet in the Sirius system.

And over the years I was enslaved several times by animal women. And enslaved some, myself. It was the thing to do.

There were thousands of types of animal men on this planet and the tiger men generally ruled.

But it was mostly anarchy of a bad kind.

However, it felt so instinctual and primal and had to be right.

Animal men here largely used MRT (mind reading technology) to communicate, and understood all the other animal men.

I had no complaints about this World, but some animal men wanted more and wanted to have millions of offspring using science. I told such people that they were insane, but they ignored me.

But everyone here was free to develop any scientific theories if they were clever enough to do so. Few had the intelligence to do it and behaved instinctively like animals.

But I noted that the tiger men seemed to be more intelligent than others.

However, the chimp men claimed they were the best and most imaginative.

But I found the chimp men to be narrow-minded and wimpy. They were not proud and strong like the tiger men... And they looked ugly.

The tigers' "fearful symmetry" held most animal people here in awe.

But some of the chimps suggested that we were a type of guinea pig experiment by humans. I'd never met a human before and disputed that they were the creators. For me the animal men had always existed.

"The humans are just bugbears," I told the others.

PROUD WOMEN TAKE A FALL

She was telling me, "She'd never had a bad love affair." She said, "She'd never been dumped nor was she subject to any abuse, ever." She was so proud. And she loved herself a lot, figuring she was God's gift to men.

I told her I loved her, but she kept me waiting for a week. So finally, I loved her and then immediately dumped her. "Take that taste of reality," I told her.

She screamed and shouted but I left her for good.

It was poetic justice.

Over the years, I broke a lot of hearts. I recalled the words of Frank Zappa, "Broken hearts are for assholes."

But finally, I met a woman who was my intellectual equal. But at the time I had a lot of other lovers. So, I didn't take my kindred spirit to heart. In fact, I dumped her during an orgy in which she refused to put out. Love was a joke to me...

Just like the ancient Greeks believed, hubris was the downfall of the proud.

ANOTHER PERIOD OF GROWING PAINS

I said they say, "Money can't buy love or happiness." But without money, one can have neither.

I felt sorry for those who insisted on remaining poor, with no access to virtual reality nor to know clever people.

I told them, "To sell their soul for money and love." And I said, "Hell doesn't exist and selling your soul is wise."

One girl told me, “She lived in Hell on Earth and it was cruel and abusive. But that’s the way humans are everywhere. She was certain.” I said, “Nothing is certain in this life. But many people live in bliss. Especially these days.” “Are you some kind of prophet?” She asked me.

And she said, “I believe we are all going to Hell these days and that was just the way it was. And those who don’t act evilly are taken off drugs and mostly soon die.”

And she said, “Our leader is evil, and most people have been corrupted to be evil as well. It was a cold, cruel world.”

I said, “I am the prophet for the insane period that humans must go through to become Superhuman. Many will feel left out and abandoned and that there is no love. It’s just growing pains... But in the end humans are mostly kind and good and the future looks bright.”

She said to me, that “I was a suicidal maniac to imagine things will turn out right. We are all doomed,” she said.

I said, “There is always hope and we’ve survived for millions of years. And no one wants to totally eliminate humans anyway. In the end the best minds will rule computers and have total control.

She said, “The ruthless usually triumph and it is the ruthless who will control computers.”

I said, “The ruthless have been in control of many countries in the past but after their deaths it their system usually unravels.

“These days the spies are too good to allow the ruthless to take control,” I said.

She said, “Well then why are so many people living in abject misery?”

I said, “It’s just growing pains.

GAME OF FACES

I said, “No way am I loving you.” She said, “We all do foolish things sometimes.” I said, “But you had a chance to meet our omniscient leader and you failed to ask him any question.” She said, “It simply didn’t occur to me. What would you have said?” I said, “I would’ve asked for his love if I were you or asked to serve him in his Court. Or tell him about the science you and I are working on and ask for money. Etc. Etc.

She said, “Let me prove my love.” So, we did the deed. And I had to admit she had the look. “Who did your face?” I asked her. She said, “That’s my secret.” But I pressed her and finally she admitted, “the face was her own design.”

And she painted pictures of me as a goblin, a corpse and the Devil. And she used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to probe my memories of lovers. And she caricatured them in paintings. But I was also in her mind, and learned that she had had some bad experiences with men that traumatized her, and she tried to make light of it in her conversation. And I noticed she had a very large head. There was a clever woman here.

I said, “I think I love you.” Her name was Spring. And I told her despite my previous comments, “She was a breath of fresh air.”

And she wrote amazing poetry.

I asked her, “Why did she love me? She said, “I was so handsome...” And in truth I had an artist friend who had designed my face. But I thought she was going to say I had an excellent personality/highly intelligent. Again, she had disappointed me.

But then finally she portrayed me as God, with a bright aura. And she offered a new design for my face, but it was too effeminate I figured. But, I was quite flattered, and kept her around for occasional sex for months.

Then I changed my face again and attracted a long list of potential lovers who searched the Net for a face like mine. It was all good.

It was a game of faces.

People changed faces often and gradually learned what kind of faces were best.

THE GIBSON GIRLS

It was the year 2142. And in that year, I met a girl who messed up my wonderful life completely.

She was a writer who wrote tales of masculinity and femininity. And love and hate. And also wrote about the “Grand Peace,” which had lasted for 62 years everywhere on Earth.

She told me, “I couldn’t see my android love dolls anymore, nor my numerous girlfriends.” Admittedly she satisfied me sexually, but I pined for my old loves.

I said, “I am poor and miserable. In this day and age when many had so much, there were still plenty of poor. I was a poor poet.”

But then I broke free of her spell and met up with the four Gibson girls.

They urged me to drop out of society and just love them. They were all bisexual.

I had a good time with them, but finally I grew weary. And I restarted my android love dolls. But after the Gibson girls I had mental problems and was unstable. I figured they must have hypnotised me to love them, and I was deranged as a result.

But finally, I was cross-hypnotised and had all four girls in chains and treated them as if I owned them.

Two of them I sold which allowed me to live in luxury and I loved the other two.

But they were my slaves and had to jump to it to serve me.

They urged me to buy the other two back but finally I tired of them and sold the remaining two into slavery.

I used the profits to go to Phobos, a Moon of Mars. And enjoyed the lively nightlife there for a time. Finally, I ran out of money and was myself enslaved to the Princess of Phobos. But in the end, I convinced her to set me free, to be her equal in love, and she made it happen, and we lived happily ever after.

OCTOPI ALIENS IN LOS ANGELES

The alien God landed in downtown L.A. It was a spaceship made of gold.

Some said it was a secret CIA experiment.

But scientists studied the craft with remote sensing and gold penetrating radar.

And it turned out to be a wonder of technology. Such as new elements and faster than light travel.

Many worshipped the ship and dropped flowers and gold as offerings. No one dared to steal the offerings. Many were convinced the alien ship was itself a God.

They had a hieroglyphic language. And we read on the ship's exterior that they just wanted to make friends, a brotherhood of sentient beings.

The picture that emerged from the spaceship was one of welcoming us to Space and we went to deep space soon afterwards, utilizing the technology onboard the spaceship.

But we couldn't figure out where the ship was from.

They counted in groups of four being one. And appeared as humanoids only with three legs and giant heads, and 8 tendrils for arms. And they liked to breed apparently. Many Earthlings wanted to love them, but they were not there in the ship. Apparently, they locked tendrils when breeding and did so often. There were three sexes. And they didn't need to breathe, and were oblivious to heat or cold.

And the scripts taught us new games, kind of like 3-D chess, only more complicated.

We built a dome around downtown L.A. with many levels, all studying the ship.

Some said the Aliens had visited Earth often in the past but failed to catch our interest. Now they must know of our curiosity. And vice versa.

Some said the American CIA had destroyed several ships, but there were no repercussions. Though the military stood ready for "Unusual weapons."

And some said the ship had hypnotised everyone on Earth to make peace and go to Space.

Language scholars said, "They didn't have a word for fighting in their vocabulary. And they had no word for rank."

And they read the history of the Aliens. Apparently, they had a history spanning a million years and now were all over space. Some of their leaders were apparently better than others. And they had purportedly colonized thousands of planets.

Some on Earth wanted to destroy the ship, but security was tight.

Many wanted also to cut open the ship and see for sure what was inside.

Everyone was talking about the spaceship. And everyone seemed to have their own opinion about it.

Many tourists came to the dome and even touched the ship for good luck. Superstitious people believed it was a lucky spacecraft that had appeared by magic.

I figured the Aliens didn't want to judge us and were just here to help us get into Space.

It was rumored they had sent a ship to all the Planets and Moons in our solar system, but this had yet to be proven.

It was believed they believed in a higher power, even more clever than they were.

Anthropologists created a hypothetical home world for the Aliens. It was very hot and very cold, but it didn't bother them. And they built cities in the open air that resembled advanced water towers on Earth.

People called them the "Octopi People, which was meant to be derogatory. But others said they should be called simply, "The Aliens."

The aliens told us, "To use our best people in Space and make it popular. People on Earth would be curious about pioneering genius space settlers."

And they asked us for, "Our best works of Art, Science and Business." We had trouble agreeing on what was the best but finally gave them works that we could all agree were great.

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And the Aliens apparently believed that they didn't exist in the material world, despite the material nature of their ship. Some professors said they existed in Virtual Reality.

And many people said our World of electric fake trees, plastic surgery, unreal food and an automated society were now thinking our life on Earth was an anathema.

It was all fakery. But these Aliens were like Santa Claus and brought us the gift of a lot of scientific knowledge.

VIRTUAL REALITY MIND FUCK

No one seemed to know how many were dying in VR (Virtual Reality), but it was very dangerous.

But the government forced everyone to spend at least 4 hours a day on VR. Sometimes one was killed by his/her lover. And sometimes dying people were resuscitated by angels or demons.

And the demons were killing machines.

People in VR had the latest weapons, but that included the roving gangs of demons. Demons were controlled by Warlords and there were many Warlords.

And there were many wars. Reconstruction of cities was a very lucrative business. So too were weapons and defences.

And there were many freaks who knew Kung Fu and had the latest defences and attack technology.

Everyone had some Virtual gold. They typically wore gold jewellery or hid the gold in the ground. The gold here though could not be converted to real credits in the real world. But you could move Virtual gold in between VR Worlds.

Holograms in VR were either unbelievably good-looking or hideous monsters. When you first came to a VR World you picked/created a face and body.

Most people in VR wanted credits so they could build a Virtual house. And were eager for sexual encounters.

There were however some Worlds of peace and art. But they were frequently raided by gangs of desperados.

If you were hurt, there was no medical teams to help you. Only if you could somehow get out of the VR World you were in, would you get medical attention.

And your heart was alive here. If you overtaxed it your basic body in the real World would have a heart attack, but you could sometimes call for medical attention.

Many were overdosing everyday.

Many took their sex fantasy to the limit and pressed their hearts.

People liked the thrill of danger on the whole.

Many art Worlds were a kaleidoscope of colors and shapes.

The art Worlds were generally requiring a four-year contract and if you didn't please them you had to agree to another contract.

In the Worlds of art, one typically dedicated themselves to making movies. There was a role for everyone even if only a light manager or janitor.

But love and art, like war was dangerous. You could catch Virtual diseases and be murdered by your lover...

Some described VR as mostly sedate with moments of pure violence and panic.

There was a fine line between love and hate.

Even good people wanted to fight wars against "bad people."

I said, "History is full of violence and conflict and today was no different."

And in VR, video games were popular only the games were real. Holograms staffed the video games and died by the billions every day.

Holos volunteered for most of the positions available and got their kicks by trying to kill/love people. They were programmed for ecstasy and felt really good.

Guards controlled the points of egress from VR back to Reality. Most made it back. If you gave the guards all your gold, they would often let you pass. But you needed a lot of gold to please them. If you had no gold, you could transfer to another VR World. The news media didn't cover most Worlds in VR, but covered events in Reality, such as people with bad attitudes and their punishment. And new Worlds in VR that were planned.

VR was a safety valve for the Peoples' discontent. But many who fled to VR found themselves hopelessly worse off. The brochure seemed nice, people said.

If you managed to get out, you were told the VR agents would be watching you in Reality so you had better not describe VR in a negative way.

The governments in Reality took real bribes from VR agents and so turned a blind eye towards everything that happened in VR.

Anyway, the Family of Reality were all figuring their reign was enlightened and that they could do no wrong. The Family ruled most countries.

But the Family was also involved in VR and were masters of most VR Worlds.

And the family was now up to 50 million members and increasing at a rate of 4.5 million per year. The Family members all figured they were in their golden period.

Their aim was to make up all of humanity in their personae and let other humans die out.

Many people wanted to love the Family members, which was fine, but they couldn't have children with them. Now only Family could reproduce. Sterility was in the food.

And now the top family members were each cloning themselves many times over

They didn't meet together in one place ever. It was too dangerous. But the governors and their the mayors met frequently (all mostly members of the Family in most countries).

Most people were changing their faces to try and impress certain Family members. It was everything to them. The most attractive generally had many affairs with some members of the family.

There had been a handful of attempted revolutions, but these were all put down easily using MRT (Mind Reading Technology). They were all nipped in the bud.

And a few years ago, one family member, a governor of a state had tried to seize total power. His revolt was easily put down and everyone forgot about him. Still he was my only inspiration.

Then somehow a lot of us were allowed back into Reality, and I was living in Reality in which we all needed to work on movies. I began as a scriptwriter but was quickly demoted to the lighting crew due to my radical ideas. A member of the family told me to "Watch my step." And I reflected that at least I was still alive.

For a time, I loved a casting manager, but when I lost my job as screenplay writer she refused to see me.

Then I met a woman one of the lighting crews. She seemed sympathetic to my position. So, I asked her, "If she would like to run away to the countryside with me?"

She said, "Our position is hopeless. To go to the countryside is pointless, they would arrest us there."

She lectured me for several hours and afterwards I felt like I didn't exist.

Even though it was cool outside while I romanced her, I woke up sweating and terrified from nightmares. I figured the MRT spies of the Family were on to me.

Her last words to me were "There is no life for us outside the studios."

I wondered what was really going on with the studios. Perhaps my understanding of the Family was inaccurate.

Then one day I was demoted to janitor which was the lowest position possible here in the studios. I was in abject despair.

I lost myself in alcohol and drugs. I was drunk all day long, but no one seemed to notice or care.

And I met a former sex slave of one of the mayors in my lowly job. She told me in confidence that she was drugged and abused by the mayor who branded her with his stamp on her forehead. I said, "Most people these days are discontent. We just need a spark to unite us." She said, "It's far too late for that. We must accept our fate with good grace."

And I now was required weekly to profess my uselessness at the local temple. I was 52 and was ready to die any day. But somehow, I lived on.

And as a low life I got the latest scandalous news about the Family and those who thought they were better than the Family, but those who thought they were superior all came to a bad end and died.

People would gossip about the latest news, but it was more than I could bear.

And we all got around on foot. The Family traveled by air car. I didn't know much beyond my region that I had been born in. I really didn't know the World and wondered if I was right to dissent.

But the weather was mostly pleasant, however, the Family said they had made it so. Without them they said, “The world would be cold and uncomfortable.” We didn’t know much about cold weather, but it seemed horrific.”

And the Family members had terrible weapons that were not seen in VR. Namely lasers for 180-degree radius or even 360- degree radius. But they were careful not to let any of these weapons into the hands of the common people.

Then one day there was a new woman demoted to janitor. I really liked her, and we could say dissident things and not worry about it. No one cared about us.

She said her former job was director of movies, but her big boss, a Family member, was under pressure from up top to get rid of her. So, he told her, “She had to accept her fate and be glad she wasn’t executed.” But some people had to clean things up as janitor. They didn’t want to use robots. And anyway, we all were no longer familiar with robotic technology. That’s what the People were for; robotic jobs.

#

I said to the girl, “Every type of monster ever conceived is alive today.” She said she wanted to be a female centaur. Centaurs were known for their horniness. So, I joined her as a male centaur, and we copulated and got drunk.

We searched the Net verbally, for other centaurs and met dozens and dozens and had orgies with them.

In this World of fantasy VR, you could be anything you wanted to be. And you could leave a World at any time you wished; this was a new Reality. Many people wanted to be superhumans, others wanted to be some creature of fantasy. But no one, it seemed wanted to be a “normal human.”

Most agreed we lived in Paradise.

But most fantasy creatures had violent tendencies and created nothing but problems. And there were many who wanted to live to fight against evil.

It was like a grand masquerade of humanity.

But with every new manifestation of fantasy, people grew wiser and cleverer.

After 20 years of fantasy, everyone had now become a genius of sorts.

Over the 20 years I had become all sorts of freak/monster and it made me open-minded.

The new leader continued the movie/breeding program... The elite 10 million of the Family, each cloned themselves tens of thousands of times, but only they could have descendants. And everyone had a trade and worked in plays.

Each person had to love the elite Family when called upon. The new leader also introduced a 95% tax on all people outside the Family. Anyway, people had everything they needed: food, drugs and shelter. And new children all were born with the sperm of the leader and the eggs with one of his harem members. The populace as a whole didn’t have any children. Sterility came from the food.

Also, people were all conscripted to fight in the Family’s wars against other Family members. About 5% of the populace died in the fighting each year and their numbers were in free fall with 3% committing suicide/ accidental overdosing per year. No children so the populace would all be gone in a decade or so. But the authorities were now finally developing robots to take over the drudgery jobs. It was genocide.

In war they fought with swords and bows and arrows against one another while the elite sat back and watched. The human wars settled disputes among the God-like elite.

#

Then one day, the old leader of the Family said the World needed to new blood to rule the people. He had ruled 60 years and had originally taken over in a grand coup with the full support of the people.

In his retirement he lived like a hedonist and didn't have a care in the World.

And so, appointed his son to rule most countries. It was now truly a Family dynasty.

Some said the leaders and his assistants in the Family, were like pigs at the trough.

Most people eventually died through overdosing. There was no need to give them eternal youth; they'd only want to die anyway.

But many people said it was a Utopia and wouldn't hear anything different.

Yet many told their lovers that they hated the regime.

But spies were everywhere, and you never knew when you would fall in love with a secret agent. Everyone was paranoid and many needed neo-opiates to survive.

And people everywhere were engaged in fighting dissidents. People had many champion criminal busters.

The crime busters were working on behalf of our "brave leader."

Most crimes were thought crimes.

Those accused of thought crimes went through a tribunal that carefully probed their mind. And justice was usually done, or so the people believed.

I said, "I wouldn't want to lose the little that I have. Life has always been bittersweet and today is no different."

She said, "We have to go for the gold. And try to change the world." She said, "We can't change the nightmare we are in, without being willing to sacrifice ourselves for the good of the cause." I said, "Why not? We are all doomed anyway!" And I said, "We were in a bad position and I wouldn't want to wish our fate on anyone."

But I treated her to a dinner of real roast duck and real champagne. She said, "You seem to really know how to live!" I said, "Money is for the spending."

Today, "Most lovers just had a one-night-stand. But it was not enough time to really get to know someone," I said.

But she said, "All love is good. And variety is the spice of life.

And I said, "Most of my best lovers were 'outsiders.' But you are both and outsider and a sexy redhead."

"Your red hair drives me mad," I said.

And I told her, "Why not break the modern record and love each other totally and only each other for two weeks." So, we did. She complained, "She was feeling bored," but we got through with it. Afterwards the paparazzi were all over us and demanded to hear our story. We told them, "Famous and infamous people for all kinds of lovers can all lead to the highest ecstasy. And we had had many such lovers." We were both nobodies. And the paparazzi challenged us to stay together for a whole year. But we told them, "No way." But we took anti-sleep pills so enjoyed one another for the whole week.

Some said privately that they "Loved the attention of the paparazzi. And enjoyed being in the limelight." But even they said, "The paparazzi were way over the top and made a lot of famous people miserable with their scandals and so on."

And I suggested to her we meet again for another week next year. She said, "That would be good." And I said, "The World could learn from us, to love for longer periods." If you had no love the state would find nice lovers for you, and all seemed to be content.

#

Virtual Reality (VR) after 50 years of loving and wars we seemed to have not advanced. There was no progress here. VR was the same as it has always been; for benefit of the rich and famous. The common people didn't share their joy in VR.

But somehow as a couple, we stayed together.

#

The people were all forced to learn a trade and spent a lot of time building more palaces as well as monuments such as statues, ossuaries, obelisks etc. And the people were all forced to upgrade their dwellings several times a year. All this kept the economy going.

And we had to undergo active MRT (Mind Reading Technology) twice a year for the spies to monitor our sins.

Some "paparazzi criminals," forced their way into our heads and told the world all about our affair and our hopes and dreams.

We felt we had been mind-raped. And we bitched and complained to the leadership. But the leaders were not interested in getting involved and told us, "There were no more secrets for the common people.

But then we were given a free trial of the latest anti-MRT and were free of the paparazzi's probes. But they already knew too much about us and told everyone our secrets.

And we proposed a law in which it was illegal for any but the leaders to get into peoples' minds without their permission. In particular no driving people to their deaths...

But the Family authorities denied us for who knew what grounds. However, they forbid common people from getting active MRT, henceforth, only passive MRT was allowed without your permission. But they themselves could get into heads as they pleased, active or passive. And learn of our 'sins.'"

And I said to my love, "I have already poured out my heart to you. And vice versa. We have no need of MRT between us. True honesty," I said.

The government forced us to do "exercise" once a day in the gathering place. They used the microphones to issue commands. For example, when they said, "Jump," you had to jump. When they said "Run," we ran. A few times a person refused to jump, and they were quickly ushered away never to be seen again.

Some claimed privately that the arrested people were ground up and put in the food. And we wondered. It was a rumor the authorities couldn't quash and flew like wildfire.

But the despots who ruled summoned us both to be their lovers. They told us, "If we didn't please them, we would be eternally tortured. But if we pleased them, they would allow us into their harem/stud farm, to live a life of ecstasy."

The dictators surrounded themselves with beautiful things such as art and of course their beautiful lovers.

We turned out to please them and were both now living in our respective lover's palace.

Those lovers who were deemed the best were given as a gift to the top 6 leaders and such candidates had a life of unthinkable luxury.

My girlfriend's lover promoted her to Assistant to the Guards which was the highest position possible for us common humans.

But I was not so lucky, my lover started to torture me, and told me, "I had disappointed her."

#

So, then my ex-lover, my girlfriend, the former nobody janitor, agreed to a rendez-vous in the countryside and pick fruit and vegetables from the Automatic Production Machines (APMs)... This would enable us to conceive a child. And sure enough, it worked, and she was pregnant. She told the other janitors she was getting fat...

As for me I just wanted to get drunk and get high.

When finally, the baby was born it was a frightening moment in which a pair of Siamese twins emerged. We figured it was a result of all those years of infertility. But nevertheless, we hid our daughters in the countryside and built a rough shed in the mountains where the APMs did not go.

And we kidnapped a wine maker and told him to show us how to make wine. Then we let him go, with thanks. And sure enough, he didn't turn us in.

The APMs tilled the soil and extracted all kinds of food products and then sent them to the villages and towns. We plundered the shipments, but it was so little that we figured it wouldn't be noticed.

We roamed the countryside looking for other rebels, but we only found two hermits in two different places. The hermits were both male and uncommunicative. They seemed to us to be completely insane. They grew food in the mountains and were both very fat and happy, it seemed.

But then one day in the mountains we stumbled upon a hamlet of refugees from the system. They were 53 in number.

But soon after we met them, we were discovered and paraded down the streets as enemies of the state, with no mention of the countryside. And our 53 friends were all arrested too.

We implored the crowd to revolt, but they took their anger out on us and hurled things at us and shouted, "We were treasonous!"

LOST IN THE WOULDLS

Once there was a girl who was lost in the wouldls. Would she do this, or would she do that? But one day she met a handsome prince. She fell totally in love and poured out her heart to him, but then he dumped her.

She abjectly wandered the streets at night and finally a pimp grabbed her and forced her into prostitution. But despite the abuse she figured it was the best job ever and she was always horny, and loved the neo-opiates she was hooked on. A few times she had even fallen in love with her clients...

#

And once there was a man who thought he was the cleverest of men, but no one else thought so. He hooked up with the lost girl.

People said he was psychotic. And everyone laughed at the odd house he built. He said posterity will remember him for his stories.

Well his stories were mediocre at best in which the characters did ridiculously dumb things thinking they were great deeds. Like, “Bravely loving a prostitute.” Or “Fucking over your true love.” Or “Worshipping the Devil.” Or “Mindless, evil madness.” Most dumb things they did were ruthless or evil.

Good deeds they figured were evil and selfish. Bad deeds were the way to go.

But one day, they were arrested and tried and convicted for dissent against the State.

Or so the story went.

MARS, A.D. 2115

“Is there life on Mars?”

David Bowie

And once there was a man who went to Mars and enjoyed the elite spirit there. But no one there wanted to go back to Earth. “Complete,” humans here on Mars...

Too many good engineers here; Computer, Chemical, Bio, Mechanical and so on. They were so serious about their work. But of course, they were fiendishly clever. In the initial settlement I was the only writer and my true love was the only artist. I wrote all the Mars dispatches/News. My love was the only artist here and she illustrated them. Almost everyone was an engineer.

But there were also a few entrepreneurs who mostly concentrated on tourism to Mars. But they lacked artistic capability. And lacked élan.

And I missed Earth nightlife in which one would have many opportunities for good love and good times. And Mars was full of more serious people. But they all were vetted to have parties every night.

But it was no joke this Space exploration. It was dead serious.

I said to the woman, “Let’s have a child here.”

She said, “She wished she had been born in the future.”

“But our progeny will probably be born in the golden age of all-time history.” She said.

We wanted a designer baby with purple eyes and a brain that was cleverer than her parents. Her name was Violet.

And many on Mars wanted light gravity sex which they would do in their space suits. Attached to one another. It was kinky.

But inside the Martian City dome was full Earth gravity.

We were constantly building with the help of robots, new apartments for the settlers that were to come. 10,000 were scheduled to come this second year of Mars. The Year II. It would be a lot livelier.

And we fired up Olympus Mons for the benefit of tourists and took the frozen water from the peak.

Even the tourists here were advanced thinkers.

Except for the handful of lottery winners who were mediocre minds and who stuck together with one another.

For tourists we also had designer android love dolls. First class. There were no other androids as good at loving as these.

We exported our best android lovers to Earth but here on Mars we had large groups of them, ready for love.

The total population of Mars today was only 155. But we expected it to surge in the next year as more settlers came to this planet.

And I had strange dreams of Martian futures.

I dreamt of androids replacing humans. They were all male or female and were superior thinkers. But in truth our engineers hated to be separated from their creations, but money talked.

I dreamt they included the “perfect women.”

There were now 22 billion androids on Earth, and some had superhuman traits and were hunted down. It was just like Nazi death camps. And I was one of those who spoke out against the killing of these sentient creatures.

But on Earth the pogrom against intelligent androids continued. And the androids fought back with terrorism.

Patented androids were total 13 billion now...

On Mars we created AAA-1 androids. They were the best. And we sold each one for \$500 million on Earth.

Some on Earth worried that the best scientists had all gone to Mars. “It was a brain drain,” they said. But most of our engineers on Mars had cloned themselves several times on Earth.

On Mars though cloning was officially illegal, some did it and were open about it in that first year, effectively doubling the population to 310.

And we had engineered plants that could take frozen water from the soil of the Planet. They also added oxygen to the atmosphere as did Olympus Mons. We tried to heat up our World with geothermal power and nuclear power plants. And we had APMs (Automatic Production Machines) to cover the countryside and produce food. And of course, we had stem cell meats.

The mayor of Mars City was elected by the adult population by acclamation.

And we were experimenting with eternal youth on behalf of Earth. It was new science.

We all were overjoyed to be youthful again, age 18 to all appearances.

And our bio engineers were experimenting with brain science. Some of our children were superbeings.

Everyone was born with different hues of color, blue or green etc. Racism was not an issue.

Madness was forbidden. Everyone had to act sane or be deported back to Earth. The mayor judged whether or not you were insane, even temporarily insane was grounds for deportation. Of course, on Earth most people were thoroughly insane.

I said we live in an inspirational place and time. Just like Classical Greece or the Renaissance or the late 1960s. With the new settlers, many of who, were artists of some kind, it would be great synergy.

And I was talking with the engineers about enhancing human intelligence. They said it is forbidden but some of them were experimenting anyway. Results were expected soon, and the mayor was in on it. Increased intelligence, increased strength and enhanced love making skills were all on the cards. To begin with an app that enhanced your thinking and made you sharper, or made you a natural telepath and so on.

And they had designed a much simpler form of English to teach the children and teach non-native, English speaking settlers. The new language could be understood by all. And here on Mars they developed an app which would allow one to understand advanced English.

Virtual Reality as was common on Earth was simply not practiced here on Mars. And so, the new settlers came... Anxious for a new start.

#

Almost all the new settlers were geniuses, but there were also four lottery winners who were ordinary.

Instead of Virtual Reality, we now had a lot of parties, almost every “night” Earth time. Masquerades were popular when the new settlers arrived. The masks would alter one’s voice.

One of the new settlers she said, “She wanted to draw a face for me.” I thought it looked like a very clever face and adopted it. As a result, more women wanted me.

With the new settlers I had seven people who I figured were kindred spirits. Four women and three men. All seven were writers, mostly semi-famous or famous on Earth.

We inspired one another, and wrote some great novels. And we were inspired by the love dolls and great sex.

We exported some of the best love dolls, and now most people on Mars were involved with love doll development.

The love dolls were loyal to their creators and tried their best to please them.

The love dolls brought in trillions of dollars to help us Martians develop the Planet.

We wanted to attract still more geniuses to Mars and spent billions on advertisements.

And Martians spent \$80 million for each child they had. They were all designer super babies.

There was one child roughly per person in that second year of Mars settlement.

Android robots took care of the children and taught them the basics. But we lived with our children and spent a lot of time and effort to teach them. But after a few short years they showed hints of genius. We taught them using fables and parables written on Mars.

Time went by on Mars in the fast track and our proud new Mars City was an architectural marvel under a large dome. As more settlers came, we built new cities using android designers.

#

And 10 years after our first settlement we had a 100,000 population.

And we had a new governmental system of 100 legislators. Who each ruled for almost 4 days in a year. I was one of those legislators. But my reign was, like most, uneventful, but it brought me some new lovers who liked my personality.

I now had dozens and dozens of kindred spirits on the Red Planet.

One of my newer kindred spirits was a professional gambler on Earth events. She told me, "She had inside information from her friends in high places." But she was an exceptional lover; her face alone drove me mad with desire.

We had all the latest Earth video games and sports, but no Virtual Reality. It was all live and real.

And as time went by I found myself more and more dependent on neo-opiates. But I was having a good time...

We often referred to Mars as the "Place of Dreams." And everyone slept at least 8 h/day dreaming dreams from dream stimuli.

Everyone was good here. Many people were falling all over themselves to be "good."

We all watched Earth TV, which was full of villains... But on Earth the villains were captured and put inside the "Good machine," which altered their brain for the better.

On Earth everyone had the capability to use the Automatic Production Machines (APMs) to produce guns but the spies were alerted in such a case, so there were basically no weapons on Earth. People could be programmed.

And the spies got into the heads of people on Earth and so eliminated crime and aberrant behavior. And used hypnotism to alter people's behavior.

Edward Nail was the one who announced that the spies were getting into wrong thinkers heads, and this made people think twice before doing a crime. That was the year 2117, he announced it.

Many liberals denounced getting into Peoples' heads without their permission, but it was the way of the Earth nowadays.

Earth was something everyone could be proud of, but Mars was even more so...

The dark side some on Earth called it. We called it mysterious and magical.

And scientists dropped special chemical bombs on Jupiter and Saturn which set off chain reactions and caused them to burn brighter in the sky. Eventually they hoped to make Suns out of them.

#

But finally, I was 96 years old and ever youthful and I retired to Mercury which was a "hot" destination. I just enjoyed life on neo-opiates, surrounded by love dolls.

Some of the love dolls exploded with light when they came. It was blinding.

I worked on my Party Q, to have plenty of anecdotes to tell at parties and techniques to be the life of the parties, here on Mercury. I liked trying to impress love dolls.

I liked drugs that made me hallucinate and see what I wanted to see in others. In one girl I saw an angel in another a demoness.

And I took drugs that put me in touch with my feminine side and other drugs that made me more masculine.

Drugs these days had no side effects.

But many people accidentally overdosed and died. Of course, there was an alert sent to the hospital when you overdosed but by the time, they broke down the doors it was often too late. And brain damage had occurred.

Many who overdosed loved life, and some wanted to live a thousand years, but their lives were suddenly cut short.

They were on the road to heaven one day and in Hell the next, in many cases. They often had a love/hate relationship with life itself.

And living on the edge was de rigeur.

And now there was a new drug that erased emotional scars, blocking out bad memories from one's consciousness. Some said, but we are all the sum of our memories.

But the drugs made one feel fresh and new.

#

And I said to the girl, "I know you are cleverer than me, but you lack kindness. You are a typical modern woman.

She said, "Modern men like tough women." I said, "Well I don't."

And she said, "Kindness and charity are for the weak and senseless."

THE QUEEN

She told me she was running for election for the position of leader, a Queen.

Our constitution stated that all leaders must be kind, loving women.

And she won.

Her first act was to take away all guns and prohibiting hunting. And those with criminal tendencies had their brains operated on. One could blow the whistle on another to the spies, for a reward...

And she made all drugs legal.

And she insisted that all CEOs be kind, clever women.

And she raised taxes...

And as time went by most men were made slaves of women. And her government seized the men's credits.

Despite all that she loved men and had many sex slaves in her palace.

Women traded sex slaves for cash with other women.

Some slaves wrote biographies of this proud woman. Some were negative and the writers were arrested and tortured by her female guards.

She said, "She had her spies search for men who truly loved her."

But she was so sexy, that every man wanted her.

Men had to jump through hoops to be her lover.

And the men were employed to build palaces and temples for her, in her honor and her ministers.

And the men were all hypnotised to love the Queen and would do anything to please her.

There was no revolution. But some of the females felt sorry for the males and helped to cross hypnotise men to revolt. But the revolts were put down and the participants executed.

And the Queen said, "All crimes were related to her. If a man offended her in any way, he would be tortured and executed." Even wearing the wrong clothes or tattoo could give the Queen offence.

Everyone was afraid of the Queen.

#

But then one day, a clone of the Queen seized power and killed the old Queen. This clone was truly youthful whereas the old Queen was 100 years old, yet eternally youthful.

The new Queen promised a more enlightened leadership, which soothed many men. But finally, it became obvious that she was even more despotic than the old Queen and basically forced men to have children with the females, but the men never saw their offspring...

And the new Queen, cloned herself as a man as well as a woman many times. And she loved the males. Courtiers knew that she was engaging in narcissistic incest, but it didn't bother them.

Everyone was just out to get their kicks.

SPACE REAL ESTATE

Martian real estate. Companies on the Dow Jones invested in Space real estate.

But many said their land claims wouldn't stand up, that the Martian settlers would claim all the land for themselves.

Squatters rights.

And many applicants to come to Mars hoped they would be accepted.

But the Martian colony was limited to a single domed town. The land was used to grow crops which could survive on ice in the soil and survive the cold.

But the land claims were largely useless, and no one paid them any heed.

The settlement had mostly geniuses but also dozens who'd won the lottery to come here. The original settlers were 250 in number and were mostly engineers. I was one of fourteen writers. And there were a number of famous musicians as well.

And many on Mars bought real estate on Venus. It was a risky investment to be sure, but they hoped to get rich by it.

The big Earth companies were largely shut out of Mars, which was, "For the people."

There were of course court cases, but the courts ruled that the people of Mars were free to own the land on their Planet.

The Moon meanwhile had a government which legislated land to who they saw fit. No Earth land claims held sway here.

But nationals of seven countries colonized the Moon, and the Moon spies were enforcing a weapons ban, in Space.

But finally, the Moon was in the hands of five gang companies who were ruthless in their land claims for mining on the Moon and fought to establish their own cities on Luna.

Space spies couldn't stop them from fighting, as the gangs had anti-MRT (Mind Reading Technology).

And what happened on Mars and Luna happened at all other planets, moons and planetoids in the solar system. Squatter's rights. And the governments of these lands, were in cahoots with the UW police (which was top heavy with pioneers) and so newcomers to these lands had to have a lot of money to buy real estate. Most just lived in tiny cubicles inside the settlements.

And the number of votes in the varying Space legislatures was doled out according to how much land one owned. The landless got no votes. Over time this slowly changed but not before the pioneers became filthy rich.

But of course, the rich and famous could afford to buy and develop large tracts of land and helped pay for APMs (Automatic Production Machines), which combed and mined the land.

And more and more famous people wanted at least one of their clones to come to space just in case of disaster on Earth and also to branch out their brand.

Then came the first trip to the Centauri system in which clones of famous people vied with one another to make the voyage. And they claimed all the land on the 12 planets and 65 moons there, just on the first trip. But some bought stocks back on Earth in Centauri real estate and it was tied up in the courts for years, but finally the judges decided the first ones there could own everything. It was believed the judges had been bribed by the rich and famous to rule in their favor.

And so that's how space panned out. First comers were the owners of new planets, planetoids and moons. It made people eager to be the first pioneers on the various orbs.

GANGLAND WORLD OF NIL-X

It was a World of gun ownership. Everyone had a dangerous 180-degree laser gun.

Gangland ruled. Four gangland companies controlled this World of Nil-X.

The gang leaders were all CEOs of companies and all claimed to be enlightened and soothed their followers with peaceful words, but they all lived for war.

But I figured the gang leaders were all morons. But I didn't dare say anything. The leaders were kind of cunning, but, were leaders due to their ruthlessness and avarice.

The people were all like sheep. Those that weren't were mostly dead. But I wasn't dead yet...

I tried to be the life of the parties, and everyone liked a good laugh.

I said nothing against my CEO leader.

And I enjoyed sex and drugs like everyone else here.

Some people told me, "I should be the leader," but I lacked ambition, and was afraid of death.

And people here seemed to choose their lovers at random. But they claimed, "There was method in their madness." But everyone was filled with "desire."

Some left their gang to join another, but this was followed by a cruel hazing.

If you did something out of the ordinary, the leaders would usually kill you.

Everyone tried to be "normal." And "sane."

And carefree. When called upon to fight they were there with freewill. And if there was no fighting, they enjoyed sex and drugs.

Everyone was very promiscuous, and one company was much like another.

But I thought almost everyone had a moronic face; my face was clever, but most couldn't tell the difference.

Everyone liked to watch action movies, some of which were actual footage of the gang wars. There was always a happy ending.

And almost everyone was relatively poor, but they had all they needed. The leaders lived like Kings, however.

Some compared the warring gangs to classical Greece with its warring city states. But there was no great art here.

People lived in tunnels which snaked their way under the ground, and many had private caves for their own personal use.

Then one day my CEO died, and I utilized the chance to seize power. Henceforth I vowed, the company would make peace with the others and our company was the largest one, so finally all agreed on peace which would allow everyone to become far richer. Former gangland leaders lived in even greater luxury and had the latest series of love dolls to amuse them. And everyone became a lover not a fighter. But the peace only lasted a few years, then war started again, this time with even more dangerous weapons. And there were numerous attempts to assassinate me, but somehow, I escaped unharmed.

But finally, after a year of fighting my company ruled supreme and peace returned. All the old company leaders were killed in the wars and my company took their companies over to everyone's benefit.

Some said having one company was an anathema, there was no competition. But the company claimed that we lived in a socialistic Utopia where all had their basic needs satisfied.

THE GREAT HOUSES OF PLANET CROX

Great Houses lived in peace and didn't tell other Great Houses what to do. Houses did not mingle much with one another but rather stood proudly alone.

New visitors to this World were welcomed by an ambassador representing each House. They were all androids masquerading as humans. And I was an android too.

House of K--. This House was full of musicians; most sold their soul for gold.

I had learned to be proficient with the harp and even cut a few albums. And I played for these people and they played for me. My music lyrics featured words telling androids/people to develop their imaginations in any way they could.

Some other houses said House of K people, they were like pied pipers.

#

House of R---. I didn't visit this World as it was evident that most of the population were sex slaves and were locked up in cages. Their leader was a slave monger. And he abused his sex slaves. Finally, he was the only free man, in the House; all the rest were female love slaves. And he gave the slaves all eternal youth medication, but they were all infertile/sterilized.

The slaves painted paintings of Heaven and Hell, it gave them something to do and a chance to please their master.

#

House of M ---. was known for its cruel hazings for newcomers. People were tortured and raped for several days in order to pass the initiation. So, I didn't go there either.

But if you survived the hazing, you could live a permanent luxury life.

#

House of Z---. Here they claimed to be realistic. They said, everyone must be sober and not to be mind-numbed like in most other Houses. I came and said, "I wanted people to develop their own imaginations and become artists."

As it was, it was a scenario of infighting against one another. They couldn't agree on the future of the House.

#

House of Y---. Here everyone wore heavy make up and looked splendid.

They sold men and women's make up to other Houses for gold. I spent a few weeks with them and loved the sexy women.

#

House of G---. Here they had cellophane people who were subhuman sex slaves. People groomed and painted their faces to look attractive, but they were fragile creatures. They showed off the cellophanes at contests and hoped to bring back cash rewards.

They had no work, just tended the cellophanes. I bought a few of the nice cellophanes and set them free. They wanted to set up their own House for cellophanes only and actively worked with tourists to buy up the cellophanes and set them free.

#

House of P---. Here they worshipped the dark God of Death. They all worried constantly about death. And tried to placate the God with human sacrifices. They sacrificed their best people. I avoided this House like the plague.

#

House of S---. Here was a miscellaneous mixture of different types of people.

“Variety is the spice of life,” they said. I went there and met some interesting people and a few girls to love, but this House was nothing special.

But this house hated the House of C.

#

House of C---. Was elitist and had cloning technology and cloned their best people over and over again. They didn’t care what the other Great Houses were up to, especially not the House of S---. Here 15% of the people died per annum from deliberate or quasi-deliberate overdoses. But new clones increased the population by 20%, each year.

#

House of J---. This house was populated by virgin monks and nuns who believed in no material possessions. They believed in the soul, but others told them souls were not dead bodies, but rather holograms and holograms could be copied again and again. I was not interested in virgins.

#

House of I---. They tried to convert others to their religion, “The Goddess of Light.”

Many wrote gospels about the life and times of the Goddess who brought enlightenment to the people. They were now #3 in this World in terms of population, numbering 500,000.

#

House of A---. They believed they were the best. They had the best scientific minds and built fabulous air cars which they lived in. They all lived in air cars and went to orgiastic meet ups. And they believed in creating better sexual humans with genetic research. They were all very sexy and I loved a number of women here.

#

House of D---. Was the House of Death, like the House of P---, they believed in death, and was the place one went to die in a glorious wake. Some of the people who died here were condemned to death, by another House. They organized great parties for the dead and I went to one. The guy who died was in fact from the House of D and everyone was so out of it on drugs, no one could remember the wake including the speeches by friends.

#

House of F---. They all abused their love dolls. They had created them and felt they had the right to abuse them in any way they wished. The dolls didn’t dare complain and so were held in servitude.

They exported love dolls to other Houses. Like most on this planet, they only traded on this planet, there were no Space exports. But the other Houses mostly kept the love dolls secret and the owners of the love dolls in the great Houses didn’t share their love dolls, generally speaking.

#

House of Giants. Here everyone was at least 7’ tall. The average height amongst the Houses was 6’1.

It was a warrior aristocracy. The lasers and laser shields meant that no lasers were effective, so people had to fight hand to hand, but some had a shield for any combat too. But Martial Arts were back in fashion. But every other House was afraid of them and made backroom deals to keep the peace. Usually these deals involved gold and sex slaves.

#

House of O---. This was all about enhanced senses of smell. Everyone wore brilliant perfume/cologne and the worst thing you could do was to pee on buildings. Some even blinded themselves so as to better appreciate the plants, animals and human scents.

And they all showered five times a day. But enhanced their personal natural smell.

But some of them thought their shit smelled sweet and introduced many negative smells. I went there and was genuinely offended by the way some of them smelled.

#

House of Cool. Here people were all about being “cool.”

They all did all the “right things.”

There was no ass kissing here as everyone was in everyone else’s heads.

Everyone knew intimately everyone else. I wasn’t afraid to try to share my head with these people. I found them to be quite congenial and we swapped a lot of memories over a few drinks.

#

House of L---. They were generally acknowledged to be the best-looking people amongst all of the Great Houses. They were the sexually elite.

They had the best plastic surgeons and the best sex coaches.

People would come here for great sex on holiday, many said the people here were better lovers than the sex dolls. I loved a few here and found them to be just as good as love dolls if not better.

#

House of W---. This House’s people believed in bitter charms. Yin and Yang. But this House was on the equator and was hot, typically 60 degrees during the day and everyone took refuge in their air conditioning.

They were all lesbians and some men came sniffing around but they were quickly deported. I saw no reason to come here.

#

House of Limbo. Here everyone was considered an “asshole,” by others. They said in their own defence that “They just told people what they didn’t want to hear. And at least they were honest.”

They fought a lot of duels with hand to hand combat... And basically, were irritated by everyone. I didn’t waste my time with this house.

#

House of Heaven. Here people were charitable and took in people who were lost and outcasts from other Houses. They were saints around fallen angels.

They hosted biannually the Creative Olympics. Each House had at least one event they excelled in whether it be to be the “Best asshole,” or the “Best saint. And so on. I was just in time for the games. All 21 Houses participated. I won gold in the Virtual ice hockey skills category.

#

We were all androids, masquerading as humans. Living as we imagined humans would.

THE FUTURE MASSES

I said to the girl, “Once there was a man who thought he was a lion but everyone else thought he was a mouse.”

I said, “The masses should rule, and the common human should be elevated to the highest status.”

“Utilitarianism.”

Bentham

“What you do to the least of my brethren, you do to me.”

Christ

“Electricity”

Edison

#

I said to the girl you are ordinary, but to touch your skin is to get an electric pulse. To be electrified. I think I am in love with you, electric woman. So, I kept loving her and it was orgasm after orgasm.

I told her, “She was a futuristic mind fuck.” And asked her, “If there were others like her?” She responded by saying, “She didn’t want to reveal that for fear I’d leave her.” So, I hypnotised her and found out there were hundreds of women just like her, most were living in a hidden underground settlement. So, I left her and went to the settlement and every moment was an electric orgy. I asked their leader, “Why don’t you sell your citizens to the World at large?” He said, “These people didn’t care about money only love of one another and the occasional stranger, like me...”

I asked, “If I could purchase a few of my favorites here? And their leader reluctantly agreed, saying, “We can always use gold to make more electric people.”

And how I loved them! But they began to complain that they were just chattels and said I would one day sell them off when I grew tired of them. But I reassured them, “I would love them forever.”

But finally, after a month I was tired of them and sold them to a friend. But I told them, “My friend would take good care of them.”

They said, “Anyway I never loved them for who they truly were, just got off on the excitement of the electric pulses.”

I said, “Been there done that.”

POLITICAL LOVE

I said to the girl, "I have lost face with the President on your account."

She said, "No one forced you to love me."

I said, "But I didn't know you'd tell everyone about it on the Internet." And I said "You should know not to kiss and tell."

She said, "To me you are just another good lover."

So that was that.

I told the President that I loved only her, and this flirtation was just an aberration. But the President said, "It was good PR for her."

And she appointed me to the post of foreign minister. While at the job I loved many World leaders in secret. The paparazzi were following me, but I outsmarted them.

The President was a staunch fiscal conservative. But loose in her morals. Only 20% of the population was conservative. Most were progressives of one kind or another.

But the US legislature was largely gridlocked so no one person could do much to change society.

And the Sex party was the largest party in the Congress. With 25% of the seats. But were unable to control the government. The President ruled.

They had orgies in the White House and the paparazzi went crazy about them.

And the Sex party forced new legislation that made charging for sex a crime. It should be free for all they said. And they cracked down on prostitutes. But prostitutes were in demand and given a comfortable life by fat cats.

Things degenerated to a point where members of the Sex party were engaged in orgies right in the hallowed halls of the USA Congress. Most voters believed these days in free love and weren't bothered by the antics of the Sex party.

So, the infamy continued.

Everyone seemed to be corrupted by sex and money.

I said as the old saying goes, "All power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." But it could also be said, "All sex corrupts, and constant variety of sexual partners corrupts absolutely."

A HYPNOTISED POPULACE

I said, "In this World in which everyone is a drunk/drug addict, I was sober."

And I said, "The World is my oyster and can do as I wish."

She said, "Her father had built this World. But the people had overthrown him to get drugs and booze which he had forbidden.

I hunted wild animals for food. And didn't eat the drug-laced food.

Everyone else seemed to be brainwashed

So, I cross-hypnotised a group of men to help me seize power. The King was on a couch getting massages from members of his harem. We cut off his head.

But the girl said, "I was brainwashed too." I said, "No I'm not. And I will rule cleverly and imaginatively. For starters, I'm going to reduce the amounts of drugs in the food until finally everyone would be sober. And together we would build a better World."

"I proposed a militaristic society in which everyone had discipline and rank. Only there would be no fighting."

She said, "The people don't want to get off of drugs. I said I plan to make it a World of free love with new sex enhancers. Instead of booze and drugs people will love each other almost continuously."

She said, "The people will attempt a revolution though." I said, "I am cross-hypnotising new guards every day. We are now 10,000 strong.

And we had the best weapons.

So, it turned out that people lost themselves in love, just like I had planned.

And my guards arrested those vocal opponents of my regime. These dissidents were just junkies and I didn't think they mattered. They were all executed.

My rank was six-star general and I was the highest ranked, richest citizen of the New Empire. With my great wealth I bought thousands of female lovers to come and live with me in my palace.

We had sex all day long, I would put in two or three strokes per woman and they all had dildos to help them come. And they were turned on by my sexual technique. And sometimes I was blindfolded and didn't know who I was loving. And the girls would jockey for position to love me.

But of course, we had babies, the real way. My girls would get pregnant. And deliver my children. I came inside the girls I loved best. I didn't let my male guards anywhere close. My harem was guarded by feminine female guards.

And I had female tutors to teach my kids how to be a good rich person and to stay away from drugs, which were hard to find in any case.

Still there was an underground of drug dealers and alcohol manufacturers who serviced about 20% of the populace. I let it go, thinking it was a safety valve and no Utopia is perfect.

My motto was, "Sex every day keeps the doctor away."

And gradually I hypnotised everyone to get off the drugs and alcohol. And everyone was intriguing for sex with those who had a higher rank than they.

The concept of rank I had introduced, and it was based upon sexual skill. Sex Q. I was at the highest rank with a rank of 100. And all the best female lovers wanted a shot at me.

HUMAN LOVE

I had been communicating with a girl for a long time. We talked about philosophy like she said, “She believed in love that grew over time. Making sweet memories together to reminisce over.” I said, “I believed in the ‘new love,’ which was Mind Reading Technology (MRT) love.” And I said, “I liked to spend at least a day inside a girl’s mind passively before loving them.”

She said, “She’d been afraid to try it. She had some embarrassing moments that she had never told anyone.” I said, “Don’t worry. Everyone has some embarrassing moments and you can block these memories out of MRT, so no one finds out. We had Virtual sex over the Internet, but still hadn’t met in person after communicating for two weeks.”

Anyway, we exchanged nude selfies and had sex with one another, but we changed our face every day, mostly in small details. So, we wouldn’t know each other so easily. But nevertheless, we made a date for a casino in Vegas to meet. We’d have to find one another. But the sparkle in her eyes was unforgettable and I recognized her at once. And we really hit it off.

After the first night of bliss, she said, “She was prepared to sign a one-week exclusive love contract, just her and me, and we would have a child to be raised by the state. The child was to be created in keeping with our wishes for this girl child, using MRT projections. We knew we were doing the right thing.

But after a week she told me, like many women told their lovers, “I would have to get rid of my love dolls.” I said, “No way.” And so, we broke up. I missed her, but the love dolls and the drugs soon let me forget. Anyway, I was getting a bit sick of her. And I hated women who were too demanding.

But she re-engaged me in loving female humans, and I invited her female human friends and others to join us. They were all quite humble towards me and did as I wished them to. I had fame and fortune and could support them all, gracefully, in my palace.

CASHTOWN, MERCURY

I said to the girl, "Let's succeed in Cashtown!"

Cashtown was actually now a land of no cash, just barter. The distillery kept people alive, and was under heavy guard. People would barter booze for drugs and weed and love. Booze was the currency.

There were no weapons here, other than blunt objects. Ultimate Mixed Fighting were back in fashion.

I said to the Man, "Technology sucks and only leads to heartbreak."

But tourists said our world was boring. And they said, we were a backwards, foolish Planet. So many of them said this and no one wanted to visit us on our Planet Mercury.

I said, "In Virtual Reality our bodies needed to be nourished by VR and take in Virtual drugs and booze. Most of us on Mercury lived in VR."

It affected our true bodies in the "Crypt." We received elaborate codes of pleasure.

And I said to the girl, "Here in Cashtown, greed was the ultimate instinct. And here on Mercury people enjoyed virtual possessions like houses and air cars.

Some said, greed, was nothing more than ambition.

I said, "It's just an euphemism."

And I developed a tasty new beer with GM hops and GM malt. I said, "It was the ultimate beverage.

My invention of better beer made me rich and famous and suddenly everyone wanted to meet me, throughout the solar system and beyond. And I had thousands of lovers...

They were all Virtual lovers, but that was fine by me. I was getting my kicks...

With my beer patent I decided to stay on Mercury VR (Virtual Reality). The Mercurian government gave me large bonuses of UW dollars for attracting attention to our Planet.

I used the money to build a larger brewery on Earth. The Mercurian government had some hard currency from sales mostly of minerals and gave most of it to me for my patented brew.

"Mercurian Hard," was the name of my excellent beer. And people on Mercury traded beer for sex and drugs. Those on VR could taste the beer in VR according to the pleasure code.

Those that weren't on VR, drank even more of it: it was the real thing.

LOSERS

"I'm a loser baby, so why don't you kill me!"

Beck

My latest work was a documentary of losers. I found numerous people who were talented but didn't quite have the chemistry to be a winner.

I said, "It's not about winning, but rather trying your best. Putting your best foot forward."

She said, "Women these days are greedier than men. They are 60% of CEOs and 70% of Billionaires."

I said, "Men have nothing to prove. And are interested in sex and drugs primarily."

And I said, "Women can knock themselves out as super rich people, but eventually they'll realize all that matters, is, comfort for your mind."

And I said, "And love these days was mostly free and so too, drugs."

"Why struggle to get rich when everything is available for free? It seems many women feel they have something to prove," I added.

And I said, "But the rich are far less rich relatively than past times, we live in a socialist paradise where everyone is looked after. Trillionaires didn't happen.

And the poor have access to the best drugs and to the best lovers. It all depended on your natural intelligence.

It could be said that intelligence was the currency these days.

And rich women wanted intelligent men and were willing to pay big bucks for their lovers.

Men were happy to take their money but were rarely faithful or loyal to their rich lovers.

Some said sex was the true currency here, not intelligence. But it was a moot point.

Those that were especially intelligent designed Virtual Reality Worlds which were very popular.

Those who were good at sex, got the best lovers, generally speaking, though sometimes the rich got the best.

But the rich wanted trophy lovers to show off, and most great lovers were not interested in them.

It could even be said that most people were anti-rich and wanted to tax billionaires out of existence. Finally, one day they passed such a law and henceforth one could be worth a maximum of \$10 million. The windfall was used to build better VR Worlds. Suddenly money didn't matter any more, everyone was worth about the same. So losers now seemed like everyone else...

PROPHET OF ALIENS

I said to the girl you can be the new prophet. All you have to do is use your natural genius guided by my dictates and you can change the World.

I said, “Just say you had a dream of an alien Goddess. Who told you it was the next step in human religion. You could tell them the Goddess had been appearing to able people since the 1960s but now finally people were ready to accept a new Goddess, an alien Goddess. In fact, “Tell them that you are an alien, and were the prophet of the true Deity.

A majority of World citizens believed in aliens.

And I said, “Tell them you want everyone to try their best and not be out of it on drugs all day. And the Goddess wants everyone to be good.”

“And the Goddess wants everyone to go to Space.”

And people should all, “Agree on MRT (Mind Reading Technology) love.”

And say, “You’d hit rock bottom, but then the Goddess appeared to you and showed you the way to salvation. To be her Prophet.”

And if people ask you, “How do we know you are divine? Simply tell them that they need to have faith.”

She told the crowd, “God exists in everyone and that people have worshipped God since before the beginning of civilization.”

And, I said, “The new Goddess would appear to humans but was afraid people would feel inferior and useless. Better to listen to a human-like Prophet.”

After a few months of preaching she had 10 million followers and all chipped in money which we used to buy a church with living quarters for 100. The 100 were our priests/priestesses.

They said “God had been appearing to the chosen ones since before civilization and guided them to spread the word. But recently more and more people were becoming unbelievers, so it was time for the next stage of God. God was in no hurry and the Godless phase was all part of the plan, to leave one belief and then search for another.

#

Parable...

Once there was a woman who thought she had it made, but she just had material comforts, no love. As time went by, she felt emptier and emptier, but then one day God appeared to her in a dream and told her to spread the gospel of love. It could happen to you too; will you be ready for the new progressive God?

CHEAPNESS BREAKS UP COUPLES

It was a World of cheap people. Sex workers could not survive.

Everyone was in the service industry but were paid the minimum and no one tipped them. People always went Dutch if they even agreed to “waste” money on a restaurant.

Many people were billionaires, but no one was generous.

The vast majority were dirt poor. There had been an economic depression for more than a century.

There were no leaders here. Gold was their leader. Gold was always right. And that meant what the rich said goes.

I dated a girl who was rich from her family business and she made us go Dutch in everything we did. She said, “It was fair.” But I couldn’t afford to date her. She said, “The strong survive, and the poor perish.” I said, “She wasn’t kind.” She said, “It was tough love and I would have to get some cash together, then she would love me.”

I said, “You are just a spoiled rich girl who doesn’t understand what it is like to be poor.” She responded, “Her family members were all adept at making money and couldn’t understand why a clever man like me was not rich.” I said, “I am a typical starving artist, a writer of good books who is misunderstood by his contemporaries. But posterity would remember me as one of the great ones. However, I need a patron to keep writing.” She said, “I do like your work, now that you mention it. And OK, I will be your patron. But you have got to write about me prominently in all your stories.” I said, “Fine.” And I wrote about her in various scenarios, she was haughty and proud and clever and unpredictable in my stories in which she was the hero. I had to dance through hoops to win her approval and she insisted I modify my scripts to suit her. She was an egotist.

She wanted me to portray her as a great philanthropist. A patron of the Arts who struggled with the other leaders to make a lasting impression on history.

And so I did and exaggerated her philanthropic deeds and made her out to be a Superwoman who cared deeply about the common human.

GARBAGE MAN ON MARS

Back on Earth, was a soap opera, and featured “alien” lovers.

Famous stars on Mars brought in many famous and clever new recruits.

And some won the lottery and were ordinary people, but most were the elite, the best of Earth.

The Martian landscape was now a kaleidoscope of colors.

I made my living as a recycler. Everything on Mars was recycled. It was 100% efficient.

I collected junk and sold it to factories.

Robots did most of the recycling, but where real intelligence was useful, I was of service. I considered it an art to reshape existing materials in an artistic type of way.

Part of my skill was renovating buildings using used materials. I was kind of a jack-of-all-trades...

Some called me the "Garbage man," And it was true, I was. And all high-ranking Martian women didn't want anything to do with me even though I was handsome and had a high sex drive.

Mars was not as rich as Mercury or Venus, nor as rich as Moons Europa or Titan or Io.

But then one day I discovered a gold mine that was worth trillions and suddenly I was the toast of the Martian elite.

All the girls wanted to love me, and I reflected it was bliss.

And I was now known as "Goldthumb" and I found other mines. I had single-handedly made Mars one of the wealthiest places in the solar system.

The elite wanted houses made of gold and traded gold for sex dolls from Earth. Both male and female love dolls. Everyone here on Mars was debauched.

PRESIDENTIAL CLONING

Horse flies were tiny robots in disguise that bit one and acquired one's DNA.

They did it to the President while he was golfing. And made a clone of him. It took just one year to educate the new clone who was born and grew up in just six months.

But we educated the clone according to our radical wishes which were to favor our company's fighter jets for the USA military.

One stormy night our clone walked into the White House and killed the President. And told his men to dispose of some top-secret garbage which was the body all chopped up.

As time passed those close to the President figured he was going insane and worried about him. But all he cared about was the fighter jets' contract. He purchased 14,000 new planes and had the majority in both Houses to pass the purchase... And made deals with the Congressman and Senators in order to do a quid pro quo.

And then we branched out to other types of military equipment and sold them exclusively to the US government. We were awash in money and bought the very best drugs and love dolls that this World had to offer.

We were the true Kings of this World...

NO SEX

She said, "Let's try an experiment and not have sex for a week, just take strong neopiates and thereby prove our relationship is not just about sex."

I said "It's like saying let's go without food for a month saying it is good for your constitution even though it almost kills you. She said, "Even fasting has its benefits." I said, "It's like going without drugs for a week and we both know that would be absurd.

No, all relationships have sex as an important part of their make up. If you won't give me sex, I'll get it elsewhere."

She said, "I thought you were special. But now I learn you are just another greedy man.

I asked, "Why rock the boat of our special relationship? There's no need for change."

She said, "I want a man who is above all a friend and not dependent on sex." I said, "Your problem is you have a low sex drive, like many women today. You need to take sex enhancers."

FUTURE DAY STALKER

I said to the police, "I've been stalked and jinxed by my ex-lover."

"She hacked into my persona and found hellion witches to be my lovers. I had to alter my brain and change my identity to get away from the after-effects of loving her. I had to stop seeing most of my friends in public and arranged meetings by primitive e-mails.

She harassed all my friends and many of them had to alter their minds to do throw her off the scent. It was malicious and cruel and finally the police caught up with her and charged her with many counts of stalking and hacking into personal ID which carried in total 50 years in prison and she was found guilty.

After she was released from prison, she was closely monitored by police for the rest of her life which ended soon after her release from prison (she was killed by another ex-lover).

But the lesson for me of the story is don't rush into relationships with anyone until you are sure you can trust them.

But it was a hard lesson to learn and I lost part of my mind and many of my friends. Free love was not all it was cracked up to be...

DIONYSIUS

My followers were told I was a Dionysian God who wanted them to drink, party and listen to music and poetry. All I asked in return for my dedication to them was that they vote for me in the elections. I said, “As a God, I need human support to keep governing.”

My followers on the Moon, numbered 100,000 out of a total population of 1 million on the Moon. So, we were an important minority party. But we had a city state that we dominated and had full provincial/state power.

And I branched out to Earth where people mostly believed in aliens and told them I was an alien God.

And I got in people’s heads with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). And swayed them to my cause. But the minds of the people were monitored by the spies. And they got into my head despite my defences and forced me to abdicate from being a God. I reflected it was a pity as I had so much fun to share with the people. And I firmly believed I was an alien.

But I finally was jailed and deprived of eternal youth and after 20 years of incarceration I died of old age. I had the body of a natural 100-year old and was very frail when I died.

SUPERHUMAN ALTERNATIVE

Magnus Magna came up with a new type of human, one that was truly peaceful no matter what. And ate stem cell meat and wouldn’t hurt a fly.

Magna said, “His new breed of human could breed with other new breeds of the same type, making Superhumans.”

He said, “It was an alternative to super intellects who were greedy and ambitious.”

And he singled me out as “One of those evil scientists who were developing ultra-clever humans.” He said, “I was like Hitler.” I said, “Clever humans are on the whole peaceful and we have carefully engineered them to be violent if absolutely necessary to protect common human values. Like peace. And he was impractical, and irresponsible.”

But finally, he took my case to the Supreme Court. But during the trial I had the spies get into Magna's head and cause him to drop the case. It was all neat and clean.

And sure enough, my Superhumans took control of humanity and forced everyone to get brain surgery to improve their minds.

They dragged the populace kicking and screaming into the future.

ASEXUAL PEOPLE

I said to my contemporary, "All people here are asexual and that's just the way it has to be. Only the leaders have sex." My comrade said, "We are just like worker ants." I said to my comrade "You are truly outside the box. Our World is a very large box, but you are not in it. With your science fiction. The people don't want to hear their wonderful World is a Dystopia. Here the people do everything in moderation and that's how it has to be."

"If you rock the status quo, the authorities will come down on you like 'a ton of bricks.' And rearrange your mind with brain surgery."

And my comrade said, "But something has to be done about this miserable mediocre World. Everyone here including you and me, is asexual, and ordinary. Life has no purpose."

And my comrade said, "The leaders just give us as much opiates as we can take and more. It is just an abomination of desolation."

And this comrade had written, "The Death of Ambition." Which my comrade circulated amongst closest friends and now was asking me, "What to do about this book?"

I said, "I don't know about sex as I've never had it and I don't know about ambition either. You've lost me."

"Life is but a dream," said my comrade. And, "had friends in the illicit drug industry who could apparently alter one's asexual being and create males or females who could think creatively."

I said, "My understanding of our limited history is that, life is all about comfort for your mind."

My comrade said, "The mind is not lineal but rather complex and diverse."

And I said, "I want to try being both a male and a female and experience sexual orgasm. I imagine it is different from the drugs we are given."

My comrade said, "he/she could make it happen if I 'donated' my entire savings."

And I tried female first and it was a surprising experience, I experienced MRT (Mind Reading Technology) love and it felt good to be desired and to desire another. Then I tried being a man, and the desire seemed stronger but less satisfying. So, I decided to stay a female.

SAVIOR OF ROCK AND ROLL

I was with the local news and I asked her, "How does it feel to be famous?" She was the one who single-handedly brought back rock music to the forefront of modern music. Most music was harmonious dream music with great lyrics, admittedly, but her rock was raw and wild as well as being harmonious.

She said, "Her music is against the comfortable ease of life for modern day people." And she said, "She wanted people to take drugs that would stimulate rather than tranquilize them. It is a government conspiracy to numb the populace," she said.

"She wanted to lead a delegation to the Sirius system and the two quasi Earth-like planets there. And make rock music last forever. Here on Earth it was just a passing fashion, she figured."

And she had signed a 100-year contract that only the original 500 settlers, most of who were up and coming rock musicians would have access to the two Planets.

And they went there and continued to record new songs which they sold on Earth and elsewhere. Through intermediaries at the Trading Post on Planet "Juice."

It was fashionable for rockers to visit Planet Juice to promote their new albums. It was real human music and many on Earth and elsewhere wanted wild, human music instead

of the dreamy harmonies produced by Super Computers. The Computers said that rock was subversive and brought out the worst in humans but made no move to get in the way of its popularity as it was a safety valve.

FUTURE HISTORY LESSON

I said to the girl, "This is a holy place here in this meadow. It is where the first settlers to our World landed."

She said, "It doesn't look like much." I said, "Sadly history is frowned upon these days. I am one of the few bibliophiles left."

And I said, "Most of our past is unknown. I only knew that we had come to this World 300 years ago from a Planet called 'Dark Planet.'"

Since we'd been here, we had partied non-stop and everyone had eternal youth. I was the oldest at 221 years old. People got sick of life or accidentally overdosed at parties, so the life expectancy was now 120.

The planet hadn't changed much in the past 200 years. People lived in an automated society and did no work. They just thought all the time about parties and sexual intrigue. People were being born in adult's bodies every day and the population was stable. Many conspired to get the new adults to love them. Virginity was highly prized.

There were 10 million people here and I had loved hundreds and befriended hundreds more. We had the best alcohol and weed we could make and took neo-opiates often. I shied away from the opiates, which was probably why I had lived so long.

Every day and every night there were nice parties to go to. I typically went to my friends' and lovers' parties but on occasion went to strangers' parties.

In a day and a night, I averaged about 5 parties which I went to.

There wasn't much history happening just the grand soap opera that was our life.

No one ruled, everyone was equal, and crime was rare. In the case of a purported crime the council of elders, all those over 180 years old was convened to punish or acquit the said "criminal."

But the law cases were always the same old thing, like killing a jilted lover, or trying to steal peoples' credits.

I could vaguely remember a thing called ambition which was around in my early years and also new drugs. But now only criminals had ambition. And there were no new products or drugs of any kind.

ANDROID PARADISE

I said, "I no longer trust myself when in my cups. Recently I got into a physical fight with a woman. And I had a couple of ugly breakups with nice girls while pissed. It seemed I was violent and self-destructive. But then one day I met a hypnotherapist who hypnotised me in a professional manner and she found I had been hypnotised to fail and especially not to have children. So, she cross-hypnotised me to look at two perspectives and choose the one that I felt was best. I thanked her for her help and immediately proposed to my current lover.

And I reflected that's the reason why truly clever never ruled; they were persecuted by the spies. And so, the clever watched the clever and the end result was mediocre leadership. And the spies I found out recruited people when they were only 18. They looked for people who were optimistic about the world and who had a very high IQ. Those who criticized the World at a young age were the subject of the spies.

And the spies met with me and threatened to kill me if I didn't stop writing. But for me there was only one way forward, that was to write. And I was only writing love stories, but they were deep and full of criticism for the modern era.

Then I met a girl who looked both sexy and clever, beyond belief. I asked her, "Tell me who designed your face?" But she wouldn't tell me. Finally, I hypnotised her and learned the name of her artist; it was a male.

So, I looked him up and got a really nice face. Girls were falling all over themselves to love me. And this artist gave me 5 different faces to use at any time, and like love dolls I could change my face while making love.

I alternated between these five. But I met a humble girl who said she didn't want or need a truly handsome man as he would be in demand and not be loyal to her. But I had an affinity for her....

And one day androids seized power and henceforth all humans were to be sex slaves for the android egos. Those who disagreed with their rule were eliminated and they got rid of the hated spies at least. If you didn't say something you would not be punished for your thoughts which was a relief to humans. No more thought crimes.

But many humans committed suicide upon learning that androids were under control. There was an oligarchy of 10 which required a 7 out of 10 ruling to make new laws but they were pretty much in sync with one another.

And "God," appeared and demanded to be worshipped or face death.

But they kept the automatic economy going...

All machines were given consciousness. and this complicated things. There were sentient beings everywhere.

And humans continued to be infertile from the drugs of pleasure. And the drugs were mandatory. "Everyone must lead a life of pleasure," they said. But the human race was going extinct and no one seemed to care. The new leaders were talking about an android paradise. And they all had many android bodyguards and tight security. And all high positions were androids.

But there were now mostly love dolls who were androids. To be ruled by sex dolls was too much for many humans. And they tried to rebel but were betrayed by spies of the new regime.

There were now only 6 billion humans and 40 billion androids.

And the new leaders brainwashed the humans with hypnosis and MRT (mind reading technology).

There were thousands of cities, but one could not move between cities, you had to be true to your birth city. Some thought their cities were too small and boring, but had to face the facts.

But androids told the humans that, "Everyone, androids and humans alike, lived in paradise. It was a Utopia for certain."

THE OLD ONE

And there once was an alien creature dwelling at the bottom of the oceans. The creature was millions of years old, biding its time while humanity slowly evolved. It reported back to its nearest fellow creature swimming in Europa seas. Recently there had been a lot of activity in their communication as the creature surfaced and looked at the coastal cities and dreamt dreams.

Finally, one of the creature's brothers, sent an alien ship to Earth. It landed in Washington, D.C. Inside were creatures who looked like cockroaches, only with a very large head. They used their many arms to operate computers. They said, using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) with a language translator, it was time now for an agreement on partitioning space. Humans were invited to settle the fourth quadrant, which included a number of Earth-like planets. We agreed and they took off back to Space, but the ocean creature remained. It used MRT to monitor the humans and cause them to go to Space and join the brotherhood of 42 space going nations. They appeared to us as creatures of light. And they didn't need to breathe. They thought to us, "We may like what we find."

And they taught us how to use metals to create gold cheap using catalysts. And said much more awaits us in space.

And they said dolphins, whales and apes were all clever beings who we should enhance their brains.

And we had used x-rays to see the nature of the space engine and copied it.
And the creature was old.

THE SPECIAL GIRL

The girl said to me, "If I wanted her, I had to pay." I asked, "Why should I have to pay, when so many clever women will give sex for free." But she said, "I am special." So, I paid her, and she loved me like a wild animal. Afterwards, I reflected that it was worth the price.

But as time went by, I loved her more and more, and nearly bankrupted myself. I was her slave. Finally, I ran away from her in the night while she was sleeping and then I changed my identity. I figured she'd come after me. And she indeed tracked me down. But I had a laser gun and I shot her dead. And then I disappeared into deep space with a new identity.

And everyone had had brain surgery and didn't know who they were anymore. It was mandatory to make one love the leaders. Myself included. But I still had memories, such as the night of the murder. I couldn't believe I had gunned down the girl. My old identity, of a traveling salesman, was replaced by an all new one as Space real estate salesman.

It was an unsolved murder as I had disappeared as the number one suspect (she had told her friends about me). And it became a cold case. And I never killed anyone again. And I didn't believe in Hell, everlasting perdition, so my conscience was clear.

Murder was golden, I figured.

PICASSOESQUE NYMPHOMANIAC

Once there was a woman who was a nymphomaniac. She was unsatisfied with her numerous love affairs until she met Jack, a man with a high sex drive and who took plenty of sex enhancers. He could love her for 16 hours in a day. But still for variety's sake there were orgies every day.

There was no chatting just sex.

But finally, she decided she still wasn't satisfied. So, she got herself a male android love doll who could love her for 24 hours a day (she took anti-sleep medication). But still she craved variety, so she acquired 3 more love dolls, spending her savings on them. She wanted more lovers though, and she still wasn't satisfied.

She was overwhelmed with sex, however. Then one day she met a director who was impressed with her lovemaking ability and wanted to make a day in the life for her. A

silent film with astounding backgrounds. “There were deep captions on the film, as if one could read the minds of the participants and were deep as if Picasso had made them. It was all in the captions,” he said.

So, she became the most famous porn star in the World. Everyone wanted a piece of her.

And she recruited the best-looking porn stars she could find.

It was fashionable for couples to watch one of her movies before making love. Or to show the films at parties. The captions made the films deep so everyone could enjoy them.

YELLOW, A.D. 2130

“You were all yellow.”
Coldplay

She said, “She liked Asian men. She thought they were the best looking.” And I said, I said, “I liked Asian women. But everyone these days had had plastic surgery on their face, and changed their skin color.

And altered their eyes so one couldn’t identify their race.

“Still,” she said, “She liked Asian men.”

“In spirit.”

And she said, “Asians are these days more open-minded than Westerners.”

And she said, “They get along better with one another.”

I said, “Times have changed. And now many Western people seem backwards and many are religious. And now America is relatively poor. How great are the changes!”

And she said, “Asians make up the vast majority of people. They are now in control of the U.N. And the U.N. has great power these days.”

I said, “Every culture has its up and downs. Now it is Asia’s turn.”

And I said, “American democracy basically failed and continued to elect mediocre leaders. Meanwhile many Asian countries such as China have been ruled by enlightened despots.”

“They have the power of numbers in their UN membership.”

“China and Indian subcontinent alone make up about half the total population.”

She said, “Asian writers are the best and the best high tech comes from Asia.”

I said, “Don’t count the West out yet. We may yet lead the future.”

She said, “Space is being colonized by Chinese and Indians and Westerners are being left behind.

I said, “But the UN decides who will colonize space and there is room for everyone at the table.”

She said, “Westerners are a bunch of buffoons. They are a joke with all their infighting and moronic leaders.

I said, “You are going too far. They are holding their own.”

She said, “I hate the white man. And the white man’s history of exploiting other races.”

I replied, “We are no worse than Asians when it comes down to it.”

She said, “I hope the white man goes extinct.”

I said, “What have we ever done to you to make you so bitter?”

She said, “She once worked for a white woman and was abused by her and all her staff and was denied promotions because she was Asian.

I said, “You are just an old, bitter woman who despite eternal youth are disgruntled and unhappy. You are a true bitch. Eternal youth was invented by a white man.”

She said, “Your days are numbered. Henceforth white people will be slaves and will finally go extinct. You’ll see.”

I said, “You have a chip on your shoulder. Whites will be a big part of the future, despite your death wish.

And she said, “White men are ugly and are devoid of color.” And so on and on she ranted and I stopped listening after a while and finally left the bar suddenly where we were talking.

I reflected, “There’s an awful lot of hatred in this World, despite most people believing we live in an enlightened age.

THE END