

THE LEGENDARY LADY AND OTHER STORIES

By: Tom Ball

tomball33@yahoo.com

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THE LEGENDARY LADY

There was no doubt that she was the greatest genius of the early 22nd century. More than anyone else she made eternal youth possible and also was the prime mover on curing most cancers.

After these accomplishments she set up an Edison-like lab factory that came up with all sorts of useful inventions. Among their inventions were a cure for Alzheimer's and a cure for all other diseases including heart attacks. And organ replacement including brain replacement. And they succeeded in faster than light travel.

But despite immortality, many grew sick of life and killed themselves (2% per year). This prevented the population from expanding, and few wanted children.

In addition to science, which she was #1 in, she was also known for her love making skills. And she had 40 clones, each one had a different scientific specialty.

And she got other great scientists to send her a clone of themselves to help out.

The rules for clones were, you had to pay \$1 billion dollars each and the cloned parent had to have an IQ of at least 160.

Imaginative gifts were exchanged at all social occasions.

And in this world, she saw to it that they loved kindness.

People listened to her and she was made Secretary General of the UN. She disarmed all countries while the UN maintained powerful weapons.

And she made sure all had a job. Average work week was 18 h. With 2 months holidays.

Robots were used sparingly.

But then she was elected US President and remained as UN Secretary General, and in an about face, proceeded to freeze new science. It was all too dangerous she said. She feared she had created a Frankenstein.

She forced all scientists to change careers and delve into the Arts.

But her last scientific act was to create 20 clones of herself to make sure her policies were the future. People said she was vain and egotistical. Ten of her new clones were male and ten females. But the males were masculine and the women tough.

Some figured she had the secret of brain improvement, but no one said so in public. And she had power in the UN also and so controlled science to every country.

She wiped out poverty world wide. Everyone had access to a nice free suite and the food was free, abundant and automatic, so too the drugs. She suggested it was a time for communism, but few agreed saying she was not "infallible."

She made movies with the help of her clones and in the years A.D 2110-2130, won 21 Academy Awards for best picture. Many of her movies were about the dangers of science. But over that time period she had made 80 films.

Her Academy Award winning films were:

"Midas, the Hypnotist." This film was about a world leader who hypnotised and brain washed all the people.

"Spring Years." It was about eternal youth in 1,000 years into the future.

"Misery in Space." It dealt with space as being an empty, lonely place in which astronauts were bored and zombies on drugs.

"Monster Freak Show." This film dramatized genetic engineering as a negative thing.

“The Secret Agents.” This movie was about how the best people are conscripted to work as spies and stop illicit science.

“The Denizens of the Abyss.” It was about how some scientists were driven by knowledge to try and improve life on Earth, but ultimately were in Hell.

“Infernal Heads.” This was about the dangers of mind reading technology, that in the wrong hands could destroy the whole human race.

“The Archetypical Pirate.” This was about the black market which was alive and well in the UN and how it had to be stopped.

“Called to the Bar.” This film was about a drunken lawyer who defended hopeless criminals often exonerating the guilty.

“Sisters of Mercy.” This was about a new order of nuns who were not celibate, but who dedicated their lives to spreading human kindness.

“Future Tyrant.” This movie dealt with the possibility of a bad person taking control of the world.

“Dynamite Robots.” Clever robots of the future who are miners turn to politics instead and terrorize people with dynamite.

“Roots of Disaster.” This flick was about bombing the sea floor to heat up the Earth, but it goes awry, and the planet becomes an intolerable hot and dry place.

“Sexual Oblivion.” This is about a prostitute who loved sex, but finally realizes she can attain love.

“The Drugs.” This is about a future world in which everyone takes heroin and spends their time lying around dreaming. Don’t legalize the drugs was the message.

“The God Paradigm.” In this she portrays herself as a Goddess, who helps everyone to live their life.

“Ghosts.” This flick is about holograms and going to Heaven.

“Super Heroine.” This is about a woman with special powers such as the ability to fly, use telekinesis, become invisible, have great strength and so on. She fights for good and what’s right in a complicated future world.

“Biclones.” This was a documentary about biclones. They were clones with two parents of the same sex. Half a brain each. Two heads are better than one.

“Animal Men.” About preserving the spirit of animals on Earth and elsewhere.

“Magnate, 2141 A.D.” 1 woman controlled everything, but she was evil.

And she starred in all her movies and had a large popular following.

Other writers wrote love stories, action movies, documentaries, biopics, crime stories, high drama and so on. But many couldn’t see the point of writing about the future.

But then she got into music and stopped making movies. The music was dreamy and had great lyrics. Her albums included “On the Edge,” “Silky Roads,” “Dream of Aristophanes,” and the “Devil’s World.”

Some referred to her as, “A philosopher of the future.”

She told us, “Females were kinder, gentler and pacifist on the whole compared to men.”

She said off the record, “That all men should be slaves of women. Men were too dangerous.”

“Let’s have peace at any cost,” she said. “Modern weapons could easily destroy civilization and everyone in it.”

Draconian punishment for crimes of violence was the new norm with her, as Leader.

But people said, “She was mellowing out with age. Too much soft living was causing her to lose her edge.”

But she had 25% follow her latest news every day, 50% once a week and 25% once a month. They were free to posit ideas to her. It was free speech.

And she continued to search the world for a perfect lover. She found many good ones. Enough to keep her satiated. The problem was most lovers she attracted wanted her to give them some power which she wasn't ready to give and so a lot of her relationships ended badly.

And she created 20% of the land area for wildlife only.

And she improved food and drink for everyone. It was simple science and therefore plausible.

And she controlled the news, no tabloids. The news was all about her.

Then one day a large bomb went off, levelling the White House and killing her and the congress and the senate.

The new leader was pro-science he said, but he was just a clone of the Legendary Lady, only male.

Arrests were made regarding the assassination, and there was a hunt for dissidents. And science languished.

I loved her once and it was an unforgettable mind-blowing experience. She had seemed to me to be always tense and on edge and very serious. And oh, so clever. Her parents were a physicist and a brain surgeon, but she was cleverer than both. Unfortunately, she was an only child.

Historians debated the legacy of the Legendary Lady. Many were kind to her, but many said we were on the cusp of space and amazing new technologies and it was a shame she curtailed them.

LOVE UTOPIA

She said, “I have a dream of a world in which everyone loves one another. Pick the best people to lead...

“Love Quotient was to be the standard which people are judged by.”

“And we should get in the brains of negative people and change them into loving human beings (using mind reading technology).”

I said, “Let's buy a large island and only accept the best lovers to start. And build it up from there.”

Many were envious of our love island. I said, “Let's make it cool and fashionable.”

And we got politically active. We sent out missionaries and every election we garnered more votes. Until finally after 10 years we were the majority party in the new UN. The new UN controlled defence and foreign policy and also culture.

There were a lot of bad people, but we changed them all while we were in power. With mind reading technology brain surgery/computer models.

And I said “We should ban selfish monogamy. The best lovers need to be shared around.”

And I also said, “It is just like 1969 only far better, far more encompassing.”

All kinds of love were embraced except for rape, but even then, some liked it rough. Voyeurism, flashers, pornographers, gays and transsexuals, all were de rigeur. But no multi-sexuals, who had new sex organs. Nymphomaniacs were honored and most tried to honor S&M performers. All love was good.

My true love said, "All love is perverse."

And we found new lovers on the Internet. In one hour, you could meet five good prospects worth trying out.

Anti-sleep medication gave us more time for loving. Most had six or seven lovers in a day (with sex enhancers), there wasn't much else to do. But it was largely random and whimsical, our choices.

Everything was automatic.

And everyone changed the colors of their skin, many were many colors.

I said, "And we need to educate the youth to be more loving."

And she said, "If you die your body will be converted into this new phenomenon of holograms. You would be changed into a holo and you will go to heaven or hell or limbo. Soul love. And kindness to help the needy."

At first there were not many holograms, but during the eleven years of our majority control, they increased not only from overdose suicides but also people who were, "Sick and tired of being human and wanted to go to heaven."

If you missed the pleasures of the flesh you could be reborn as a clone with a fresh set of memories. But very few opted for that. Everyone who was a holo got plenty of ecstasy from power pleasure bursts.

And everyone voted on, "The lover of the day." This lover would be in demand for all.

But there was no official ranking. Everyone was officially equal. But some were fabulously rich, and some were somewhat poor, but all had what they needed.

Almost every good thing we could imagine came true and all agreed that life was more imaginative, and deep, than previously.

But now most people wanted to be a hologram. In the eleventh year of our reign 1 billion opted to turn themselves into a hologram and burnt their body.

It was easy to change the world 10 years ago, but now it was difficult to stop. People enjoyed video games more than reality. And many said that reality was boring. The spirit of competition was strong, however.

Most people were content though, during the first 10 years of our rule, but then there was another party, "The Imagination Party," who stated imagination was more important than love. My true love said, "She was worried by this new party which threatened to seduce everyone to join them.

Many people agreed with them and after eleven years we were booted out of government.

We tried to appeal to peoples' sense of love and kindness, but to no avail.

And the most imaginative scientists, artists and business people ruled.

But to me it was all manic games instead of love. And they said that love doesn't exist. I didn't know how they could get away with saying so.

People enjoyed war games instead of love games.

It was an anathema to me.

Of course, great sex continued, but there was no love. People were using one another.

And soon nearly everyone was a hologram. Holograms didn't need to eat or take drugs; they got plenty of power pleasure bursts. And they were strong and could fly and do telekinesis and teleport and use telepathy and didn't need to sleep. They were superior.

The holo leaders went about with conical wizard's hats.

My true love said, "We were too kind and should have used spies to control the political arena with mind reading technology."

I said, "It looks like the future will be oblivion to me. An oblivion of greed and virtual reality. Reality will disappear."

She said, "Nice guys finish last."

CLASH OF SUPER RACES

There were holograms, androids, robots, cyborgs, humans, super humans, supercomputers and animal men. 8 races. Each one believed they were superior, or at least their leaders thought so, and they all wanted to grow in numbers and increase their territory.

Cyborgs were prevailing as it played out in terms of numbers, but supercomputers had the best thinkers. The super computers were the best of "humans."

Within each race there were many subdivisions and types.

Humans had maximized brain growth and usage to 100%. They did not have any stupid people any more.

And animal men had great leaders but on the whole were out of it. They had trouble competing with the others.

There were some wars which spilled into space, but all 8 races had the latest defensive and offensive weapons.

There was a lot of trade between the races. All had the technology or natural abilities to survive in inhospitable worlds and grabbed every world they could.

Humans had emphasized intelligence, imagination, wisdom, EQ and Kind Q.

But other races mostly wanted pure intelligence as a model for their leaders.

And the 8 races had a lot of hybrid "children."

Interracial sex was considered ecstatic and many wanted to try it. Even super computers could have sex, only it was all in "your head." There was no end to the perversity of multi-race sex.

Each race wanted as many new members as possible. And cloned and tried to create hybrids

All 8 races had “homelands.”

Some of each of the 8 were “programmed,” some were not. And there were many sub races of each. For example, among the robots most didn’t look human and most were non-sentient.

All drove around in air cars. It was difficult to know who was in any particular air car, holograms or robots or what.

In the year 2130 A.D. the 8 races signed the “Grand Agreement,” which gave Earth territory to each group.

Robots had Australia, holograms had South America, humans had North America, super humans had Europe and West Asia, Animal Men had East Asia, cyborgs had Africa, super computers had the oceans and androids had Antarctica.

Once the agreement was signed, there was a massive relocation of races to their newly assigned territory.

Others left for space which was chaos.

Most cities were only about 1.2 million creatures. But there were 10s of 1,000s of cities.

In terms of numbers each race had at least 1 billion members except for supercomputers which had far less.

And they had alliances and spies in other races. For example, supercomputers were allied with humans and animal men and cyborgs and androids were allied and robots and holos had an uneasy alliance. And super humans and humans were allied.

Weapons were shared among them so that no race could get the upper hand. But it was just a temporary situation. It couldn’t last. But the supercomputers wanted the status quo, and they were the cleverest. Everyone was so proud.

I said, “Only I can prevail in the end.”

DOORWAY TO PARADISE

I said the doorway to paradise was legendary. From what I had heard it only appeared to the best people and then only once in a lifetime.

One day the golden lighted door appeared to me in a dream. And I entered it.

I was confronted by a kaleidoscope of colors. And there was psychedelic music and art everywhere. And the people all had an aura around them, but I didn’t.

Then I drifted to face an array of other doors. Some beautiful, some not. I, out of sheer perversity entered the ugliest one and I was instantly transformed into a “fly man.”

And all the other people were fly men too. And the world smelt of garbage and the fly men sang discordantly.

And there were machines who gave me energy (I was just a spirit).

I observed the female flies were very attractive. Beauty was in the eye of the beholder.

But finally, I was dying, and I wondered if it was all a dream. But I couldn’t wake up.

And I never saw the doors again and finally died, a fly man.

UNION #4025

This amalgamated union represented the bottom half of the pay scale for humans.

The union started making demands in 2045 A.D.

But the rich had the weapons and destroyed all their leaders.

The union members thought the Leaders were ruthless and cruel.

But the new law was no groups of 10 or more could associate anywhere on Earth.

And the Leaders instituted sterility in the food so that the poor could not have children.

And eternal youth was only for the elite 10%.

The poor were desperate. They rioted but were gunned down by live fire.

And the society's Leaders mocked the poor saying that they were morons etc.

The poor had no leverage as machines now did all their former work. They were useless.

They tried to make the elite feel guilty, but were hopeless.

THE SCIENCE OF PHYSIOGNOMY

Our super computers designed faces that matched one's true nature.

Everyone believed the computer and the super computer changed their face accordingly.

For instance, business acumen was represented by faces of small business owners, managers, CEOs, product inventors, bankers, accountants, stock brokers, investment advisors and so on. So, for example with bankers, there were many types, risk takers, conservatives, financial planners, big money, small money and so on. And everyone could identify these characteristics in a face.

But the second part of the face construction was to make it attractive. And there were many racial features that everyone thought were good looking.

I myself was jealous of another girl's face and so I copied it. But the girl sued me in court and she was awarded \$50 million dollars, bankrupting me. But I was a hero to many who thought I was an advocate of free thought. So, they made me rich again. And I got into politics, representing the Free Face party and got 10% of the Presidential vote.

But there were many people who were criminals who gave themselves a friendly face but actually were black-hearted villains.

So finally, MRT (mind reading technology) was introduced and if people gave you permission you could read their minds. And the government made sure your face truly represented your character.

But some were tired of being pinned to just one face so invented a face of 3-5 different manifestations that would gradually blend in to the other. Still others wore a mask that represented what they wanted others to see in them.

But as the old saying goes, "Familiarity breeds contempt." And most people just opted for one-night-stands and one day friendships. There were billions of others to sample.

Most people had some aspects of intelligence and kindness in their face. Some said the faces were just the outside and didn't represent your true soul.

A WONDERING DRUNK

I wondered what this world was all about. I was 15 years old and I had only vague memories of another world. I started to wander and discovered that most people were in a cocoon. I cut open a few and they woke up and were furious with me saying I had ruined their lives.

I told them dreams were boring, but they insisted otherwise. They all had a tube in their heads which apparently streamed the dreams.

In my wanderings there was fruit trees and vegetables growing everywhere and I met a few other interesting people like the Master who drove a vintage Mustang from 1973. He and I roved around looking for women. We met a few; it was groovy.

Then one day we came to a city of geodesic domes all of which showed movies. We couldn't figure out where the movies came from and finally we got tired of watching. There were a few others also watching the movies. They said the movies were just like the dreaming.

And they said nearly all the humans had left for space. We, the Master and I, were freaks they said. We'd be better off dreaming they posited.

But the biggest dome had an elevator going up to the sky. And we took it up. We came to a space station in geosynchronous orbit. It was a giant bar and there were girls everywhere. The drinks were good and the girls too and we figured we were in heaven.

But finally, after a year of debauchery, the Master and I were bored and so we took a passage on a space going ship. Such ships came only twice a year.

After a few weeks of travel, we arrived at a settlement. The people there were strange and alien to us. But we found a movie factory. Which made films by computer, just like our home world only starring aliens. Maybe the cocoons dreamt alien dreams we hypothesized.

Then we took another ship destined for a "human world." This was a world of monasteries and convents. The denizens believed in all religions and no sex. Sex disturbed the mind they believed. And they drew illustrations for the varying holy books including the worship of "The New Creators."

They also believed in good things. They worked on an inspirational news channel that was good news only. They said they had good news from 25 settled planets/moons. If it was good they had it. Cinderella stories, philanthropy, exploration and so on.

Most of the people here were mentally ill and said the simple life is best.

But the Master and I were bored, and we left to another planet. Here the rumble of air motorcycles filled the air and I wanted a vehicle like that. The people here seemed so free.

And we rode into “Plastic City.” Here were numerous neon signs and plastic doll women in the windows. They were plastic, but they were great in bed and the Master and I had fun for months.

They were kinky “girls” who were made of plastic and sex with them was mind blowing.

Finally, I bought a whorehouse in Neon city. I was competing against mama sans who said they knew what men wanted. I said I knew better. I stocked my whorehouse with the best plastic women, women who I’d made it with.

I then went to the manufacturer of these sexy dolls and asked for a designer “woman.”

I said I wanted a clever woman. The factory owner said no problem and made me a very clever doll woman and I loved her. She said she wanted to be free and not my slave. I said I don’t have the power to do that. All women must be slaves here.

Eventually I tired of her and went off world to a world of alcoholics. I loved alcohol and loved women here in this world. Everyone was an alcoholic here.

And finally, I grew old and died. On my tombstone it read, “I came, I drank, I conquered.”

But then I was alive again, cloned apparently. I had only vague memories, and was living in a dark world of hologram souls. It was Limbo people told me. Apparently, my past life did not lead to heaven. I asked, “How do get to Heaven?” They all told me the same thing, that “Heaven was too good for me.”

A POST-APOCALYPTIC, REGIMENTED SOCIETY

“We want you, big brother.”

David Bowie, “1984”

It was the year 2103, and my memory of the post apocalyptic days was vague. I was displaced by the fighting and found myself in what used to be known as India.

Everywhere was radioactive and I had a one-year supply of the best anti-radiation medicine that I had acquired while serving in the American army.

China/India/Russia against the US and its allies. And basically, the whole world was virtually destroyed by viruses, satellite death rays and nuclear missiles.

Finally, all the satellites were shot down, but the viruses and radiation continued to take their toll.

Most formerly large cities were rebuilt nearby the original. And so, there was New London, New Munich etc. But they were, much, much smaller.

People wore anti radiation, anti virus masks most of the time all over the world it was said.

And in general population was declining fast...

There were still skirmishes going on and armed gangs of ruthless men roamed the countryside. They killed the men they encountered and enslaved the women and children. They were just armed with rifles and machine guns but everyone was afraid of them.

There were no more cities, in India, but finally I came to the Himalayas and met a peaceful group of people who invited me to their settlement. I could feel them reading my mind no doubt with some MRT (mind reading technology). It was the year 2103 A.D.

They assigned to me an agreeable lover and my job was to use my scientific learning to help them.

To coat the tunnels with technology which could hide the tunnels from ground penetrating radar.

And we had a well-insulated nuclear reactor which powered our food, drink, drug and clothes production. Also, nuclear bombs which we stored away carefully.

The population here was 3,997. The people here figured it was probably the largest settlement in India today, but there was no way of telling. We had no radios for communication nor phones.

I immediately befriended a man known as Jake. He was a former professor of meteorology. He said the Earth's weather was becoming stormier, at least in India. And there were more deserts and more swamps he figured, and it was windy.

And I met Bill who was the head hydroponic farmer. Also, a swell guy.

And Mary who said she had developed MRT with a range of 50 km. That was how they found me she said.

And I also remember meeting Boris who was to become my best chum here. He was a painter of pictures.

But after my welcoming party they debriefed me on the nature of the settlement...

This society was set up like an army. And they said they could use me for sure since I was a mechanical engineer. They were building rockets for military purposes and to get off this Earth into space.

I felt I was like a robot whose life was largely orchestrated.

The USA had used MRT (mind reading technology) and nuclear weapons and death ray satellites and above all clever viruses to win the world but there were only 8 million survivors worldwide. People everywhere took anti-radiation medicine.

Here, in the Himalayas everyone was required to eat the synthetic food. Three meals a day at 8 am, 1pm, 7 pm. And everyone had to report any "dissidents" to the spies. If you knew them and didn't report them, you could be jailed. Everyone was paranoid and afraid.

The rank #1 group, had seven leaders and these leaders were called "Perfects." They let it be known that changeling aliens had been captured and executed and the future was secure. There were 40 ranks. Each rank was about 100 members for a total population of about 4,000. Everyone else had died in the war. There were 4 cities left Lake Placid, the Maldives, Bermuda and Okinawa. The rest were mostly in small hamlets including the bomb shelters. For example, India had two small hamlets only in addition to the Himalaya settlement.

The war lasted 2096-2099 A.D. and most of the survivors were immune to the killer viruses

There were still a couple thousand living in air raid bunkers sealed off from the surface and the viruses didn't get them.

Here in the Himalaya settlement, eternal youth continued to improve with the governments auspices. And video games were at modern levels. Many people spent a lot of time creating video games or trading them with wandering traders. We, the Perfects were 7 in number but greatly controlled society.

The government forced everyone to have at least two kids. They needed to boost the population.

And they forced people to have plastic surgery on their face at least twice a year. Some faces were patented. Some wanted to have an intelligent, voluptuous look. Unusually good-looking people had a wonderful life.

Everyone had to speak English all of the time.

Everyone had to work at least 20 h a week.

Everyone had to give 10% of their salary to a charity of their choice.

Everyone had to wear the latest fashion and had to keep fit.

Everyone had to keep trying to improve and rise in ranks.

In free time all were expected to use their imagination to best effect. I thought this was the one good rule of this society.

And all had to play video games/sports in their spare time.

And everyone had to know something about everything and were continuously learning. Everyone was required to earn at least a B.A. by the time they were 25.

No violence was to be tolerated except in video games.

And everyone had to go to at least one party for at least one hour everyday. It was considered important to socialize. But most parties were only for certain ranks. If one was the life of the party one improved in rank.

Materialism was stigmatic except for possession of an air car and a permanent dwelling.

Everyone had to shower every day four times at least (and have 4 lovers at least). Most had the same 4 lovers for a month or two and then moved on.

Acts of kindness were necessary, several times per day. It could improve your rank.

And everyone needed to have a thought for improving things, no matter how small, every week. But you couldn't appear as a dissident.

Everyone had to play a musical instrument and write a play every year.

The Perfects used MRT to check everyone every six months for compliance with the rules; if they didn't measure up they were sent to Limbo indefinitely.

The world had no computers (except video games) and no Internet, but they had MRT.

Air cars were for the rich and ran on solar/wind/gas/battery hybrids and were driven manually. You could typically only stay at one particular hub for a few weeks and then moved on. Some air cars traveled together.

The fact that there were no computers created a lot of jobs especially in the service industry.

Lower ranks were servants and workers. They built air cars and homes mostly.

People had to watch the News every day for half an hour.

People had to take stimulants, which made their brains work at 100%; no opiates were allowed. But many broke this law and were on opiates, more than half the population. The Perfects feared if they enforced this law, they would have a revolution on their hands. So officially opiates were illegal, but it wasn't enforced.

It was the only law that could be broken without a trip to Limbo.

And there were a lot of wildlife who were still alive.

No MRT (mind reading technology) was to be allowed except for shrinks. And Perfects.

And one had to disclose one's secrets in public and were judged appropriately for their new rank. Everyone "knew" everyone else. Some said it was a twisted brand of communism.

But the confessions were the highlight of most peoples' day. People especially liked kinky behaviour.

Everyone had to visit a shrink once a week. Shrinks were all ranked in the top 2 rankings and rated people for ranking. Ranking began at age 18.

The Perfects group of the top 7 of rank #1/40 effectively were responsible for all laws and the enforcement of the laws. People were to regard the law as inevitable.

And many people had their memories altered to believe the rank system had always been here and gave them sunny, pleasant "experiences" in their dream, which they would "remember."

Many were mentally ill, you'd be sent to Limbo with MRT to try and cure you. Bad instincts such as greed, lying, deceit, being a jerk etc. were gradually removed with MRT.

During holidays everyone had to march with the bands. Everyone was in it.

New Year's Eve... was the greatest holiday.

The essence of a good citizen was to be useful, or so said the ruling 7 Perfects. Some said it was a world of cliques and that people were not open minded by nature. The government should correct this, they said.

Each rank had two colors, for example mine (#1), was orange and blue.

I was motivated by Elitist Utilitarianism which was maximum good for the people, ruled by the best. Just like most rank #1s. But I was drunk most of the time, I don't know why.

My first lover told me, "I was useless, except as a lover," and I felt I had never lived that one down. At the time I was 16 and unranked (rank started at 18), but at the time I tried to be a writer, but totally failed.

She told me, "She envisioned a new city in the air which would be an air car hub. And she imagined the day when no one lived in a house or apartment/condo."

I told her we needed more builder robots, but she said, "ridiculous; it's illegal."

And I told her, "Spies control the world." She retorted, "That, too, is ridiculous."

#

Exclusive parties... When someone was demoted or promoted there was always a big party. Party for the promoted and a party in the newly demoted rank.

Usually your kids you would be about the same rank as you, but not always. I had some children with rank #1s and others.

Women took egg producing drugs and so had about 50 eggs a month and these were combined with sperm of the high ranks mostly and raised in an incubator.

But some worried the rank #1s were using their own sperm and eggs to make our children... which were formed in a test tube.

Also, the rich could afford clones of themselves which were born in adult bodies but no memories.

So, education was very important and the rank #1's spent a lot of time designing ever-improving curricula.

And one learned to be familiar with MRT and would summarize your sins for the Perfects once a year. Typically, they let you go with an absolution.

And they forced people to take drugs via a syringe.

Confess your errant thoughts...

And if you were sleepy, they'd give you an active lover.

To get a lover you needed to get 50% approval from the Legislature here.

And you needed a job and past times.

Most brains were being subtly altered.
Mindless zombie small gangs roamed the countryside.

If you were clever they'd put an implant in your head which would sound like a siren when you'd done the wrong thing.

#

Wildlife parks, no humans allowed. People wondered what was going on there, so they sent drones, illegally. Punishment for using advanced technology was a trip to Limbo, and the Perfects would find out.

But most wildlife was unaffected by the killing viruses of the war and now roamed free. But nearly all were sick from the radiation. We ate synthetic, non-radioactive food so we left the animals alone. There was plenty of Earth for all of us.

One day when I was 18 I asked my latest love, "What did she think of the rank #14 palace? I had done some of the design in stone and wood. She said the palace was just as nice as rank #2, but not as good as rank #1.

Luxuries of the rich were unnecessary I felt.

Rank #1 architecture was the architecture of lights and was copied by many of the lower ranks.

Rank #1 got 4000 units of salary and rank 40 got just one unit.

There were 4,000 of us. 2,290 were female.

Every rank had a group of 7 leaders, and I was on the leading rank of those groups. They ruled by consensus. The leaders were called mayors. The top 7 ranked #1 out of 40 were called "Perfects." For a while I was ranked #1, but was not a Perfect.

But anyone could propose legislation to their respective mayors.

Low ranks were not allowed into the high-ranking clubs. There was a lot of snobbery.

And medium ranks made up a lot of bodyguards for the rich and high ranking.

On one occasion a group of 12 low ranks attacked the #3 rank and killed them all and their bodyguards. But the surviving 2 attackers were put to death. It was just a blip on the radar. The high ranks sincerely believed that our society would last forever.

Many wanted to look and feel like the Perfect person. Great faces and minds were patented.

Ranks changed every two months. If you gained a lot of money or wisdom in the previous two months, it would help you increase in rank.

Change homes with a changing rank and people were always redecorating.

If one dropped in rank one would often commit suicide, but there were still plenty of people. Death was final whether it be by murder or suicide.

Everyone had to see a shrink every two months and they ranked you.

Shrinks sometimes used computer surgery to alter your mind to make you blend in better and be happier. Sometimes you went to rehab.

I said, "Ranking is a great evil." And I thought this world was unenlightened. The authorities treated me like I was a freak and a joker of mediocre rank.

But I was still reasonably happy. I wrote the "Book of Loners" from my experiences and it earned me my high rank. I figured I was a saint.

Many lower ranks were depressed and poor and were generally unhappy. But the leaders reminded the low ranks that they had enough food, drink, drugs and shelter and at least an ordinary car... And were not required to work much.

And the leaders pointed out that eternal youth was here, and people were living longer and longer.

Air cars congregated in a couple of places for the rank #1-3s. In general, only they had enough money.

A rank #1 woman owned the air car business and was very rich.

A certain playwright had moved from rank #10 to rank #2, and everyone was inspired by him. Many others didn't care about rank or were too lazy.

I said my IQ was at the top and my imagination was second to none.

I said we should bring back democracy with no political parties or ranks and everything would be decided by a 2/3 vote. No leaders, everyone can propose legislation.

I was voted in as a rank #1 every time. I wanted communication with the USA federal government which was still relatively powerful and had no Perfects to rule them. There were only 4 cities left on Earth. So, I encouraged people to have children.

"No more regimentation," I said.

And I legalized drugs. In that first year, 70% were on opiates, even though the federal government banned them. Most said their lives were "stressful."

Also, I said, "Bribery should be harshly punished."

"We needed more MRT (mind reading technology) police."

And we needed to, "Get rid of robots."

Freedom counsellors were started by me in NYC and could teach people to be freer, instead of law abiding like the shrinks would have it.

I wanted to lead the world.

I said to another rank #1 girl, that I was superior to her and that mediocre minds didn't understand the nature of my work and the shrinks kept trying to demote me... Hoping I wouldn't complain too much.

I said humans were all Gods. Immortal and powerful. We had created meaning.

#

Then I met a girl, rank #13 who said democracy and 2/3 vote for new laws would be preferable to the secret 7 leaders. No political parties, she said.

And she said she'd made some clever porn movies in which the plot was paramount. Henceforth all porn had to be clever everyone agreed.

And she said I was the King of madness and she was the Queen.

But she said she was attracted to cruel men, men of power.

She said, "She didn't like artsy types." And she said, "Imagination is out of control."

"Sanity is just imagination under control," I said.

"Anyway, I have thrown sanity to the winds," I said.

She said, "It is like a freak show, an amusement park where people get their kicks". I asked her if "She had any regrets?"

She said, "Of course, I am not a Perfect. But I just know this world could be more perfect."

But we loved each other anyways and it was good, and then we went our separate ways.

Then I met a girl who said "I was the ideal man, the best man she'd met so far.

Of course, I was cleverer than her, but I basked in her praises. We did everything we wanted in movie script writing. For example, we went to a concert where we were the only concert-goers. And I showed her my book of "Fables." And, we danced. And we went to a jungle full of dangerous wild animals. And your characters could die in the movies, killed by monsters/aliens and other ranks. But violence was limited in movies.

She said, "She was a saint and dedicated her life to helping the mentally ill." I said, "There are certainly a lot of mad people in our society."

And we parted ways after loving.

#

Then I met a girl from the European secret police. She said, "She felt the weight of the world on her shoulders."

I said, "I wanted to live forever as I never got sick of drinking and parties and sex."

This girl, my latest love said, "You are brilliant, but you throw it all away." I said, "I had written a number of fine things." She said, "I had to try harder, to breakthrough with a masterpiece."

She said, "I was masquerading as a rank #1 when I should be the supreme Leader."

She herself was ranked #2. I said, "I know I am a higher ranked than you, but could you love me a little?"

I said, "I want to get into your head, using MRT (mind reading technology)." She said, "It's impossible. Too many secrets."

#

Finally, I gave up drinking, just like that and concentrated on my books. I continued to be rank #1, and I had a lot of fan mail. I had a following it seemed.

Then it was my birthday and my favorite love bought me an air car, so I could travel with the upper ranks (she was rank #1).

She said let's go to space and have children (she could afford it). But I said we'd only get sick and tired of one another in those cramped spaces.

Anyway, we had a child. We wanted to raise her ourselves, but all children had to go to state day care and boarding schools. People were encouraged to just let their children be free.

She liked my female adventure story, about two females looking for love, in particular.

She said I should write a story of rank #1 females in space and expose them for who they are, that is mostly greedy and power-crazed.

#

On one particular night I asked a girl if "She was feeling crazy tonight?"

It was my favorite pick up line.

But she said, "People like you are the problem, you destabilize society."

She said my art "was empty. And I had been brainwashed by the lower ranks to believe in anarchy."

I said, "There is freedom in madness."

#

Then I met a woman who said, "Every day should be a celebration."

I said, "Life's not that good, but we should certainly live for the day."

She said, "She had an open mind and could love anyone man or woman old or young."

I said, "I couldn't love a man, but I could love pretty much every woman."

And I applied for two female clones...I was successful due to my relatively high rank. The girls said I was the best.

#

I wrote a play about an alien from the planet Scyronia. In the play, I said, "I was an ambassador to Earth. I liked the fact that Earth was largely peaceful now and people were kinder and kinder."

“But all this regimentation was an anathema.”

“The creator wanted everyone to be free,” my character said.

#

But the ranks #1 had recently built a temple to alien kind and claimed aliens walked amongst us.

AI was absent from our world and I thought that was a good thing.

I did some research and designed a new beer that had simulated alcohol with all its effects but without any calories. It was quite a feat as many people didn't feel right on the anti-fat pills. The Perfects were disturbed by my science, but it was so popular they didn't think they could deny it to the people.

#

Different groups travelled from one air hub to the next and partied at every one.

Air hubs had bars and restaurants, dance halls and video game worlds (using very simplistic computers).

Rank didn't matter at air hubs, but only the rich could afford an air car.

I was one of the rich. And I dressed in black which indicated I opted out of rank.

Many were proud of their rank and dressed in the colors. About 99% did that.

Then I met a woman who said, “The world was ready for revolution. All this regimentation has to stop,” she said.

She said, “She just wanted to live in a cave and work on her art and not be forced to do all these things that society demanded.”

#

Then I met a girl who asked, “She was heavily in debt and could I help her?”

I said my high-ranking friends could put up the money but then we would control her company. She reluctantly agreed. It was a lingerie business and now I was a businessman.

I told her “I know what men like.”

#

I met a lot of people who scorned this regimented society we lived in.

But many of the upper ranks said the people needed regimentation and discipline.

And we needed to “fight against evil.”

And people “Need to feel good about themselves.”

Yes, I said, “Kind acts are important.”

She said, “Cruel to be kind.”

And she was a writer of horror scripts. Her tales were full of the beast within.

She said to lose control of your mind was common with MRT (mind reading technology) and it was the worst thing that could happen to you. Worse than death, even.

She liked my “Tales of Madness.” She said, “Horror and madness go together.”

#

Then I met a girl who was rank #1, but was having problems trying to be a writer. I told her, “Start with flash fiction, short shorts and work from that. Just try and be intelligent I said.

She said, “She was pleased to meet me. And she liked my hell fire paintings and limbo paintings and stories to go along with them.”

But I had met members of the “Diabolical Society,” the D.A., and I was wary of writing more madness. For example, “Black Widow.” Who used my fingerprints and a picture of my iris to clean out my bank account. And then disappeared.

I said, “I would never stop writing and would go on partying and writing for thousands of years.”

And I said, “To feel eternally youthful is sublime.”

But she said, “This society is doomed. There’s too much regimentation. It is just a matter of the straw that will break the camel’s back.”

Another girl told me, “Life is truly Utopia. It is like an addiction.”

Another girl told me, “Freedom is like poison. We weren’t meant to be free.”

Another girl said, “She was an old-fashioned girl.” I told her, “She was a joke.”

Then I met a mama san from a house of ill repute. She was looking for more girls and had just recruited 2 new ones. She wanted me to try them out. So, I did, and they were both lusty and the sex was excellent.

Sex disease was all cured. This happened in 2041 and was advanced technology but the Perfects let it ride.

I said I had no more patience in hunting the AGH sloth tiger. But finally, two of them attacked us and we used our machine guns to kill them both. But not before they ripped off one of my four accomplice’s leg. Of course, we could regrow it. Anyway, they made a nice trophy. Some got a head, others a paw.

#

Then I met the “flower man.” He had designed new flowers which were very colorful. In total 41 flowers for the 40 ranks and 1 for the perfects. They were very colorful and gave off a magnificent scent.

And he had written some scripts for films about fighting evil. In one of the films he had an evil character who sought to undermine the whole civilization. A true debaser.

It was legal to base your characters on real people.

And he also said that deep down we are all beasts, vicious beasts.

And he said that ambition and adversity need to be emphasized more in education. Life was too easy with everything arranged for you.

He told me my problem was I “laughed at rank.” I said, “I am trying to find my own way.”

“Dissent,” he said.

#

And my friend Boris and I, had a rank #1 informant tell us that some of the rank #1s were holding us back. It was a conspiracy of “the evil 15.” which included all 7 Perfects.

We put the documentary together in 10 days. I guess they weren’t in our minds during this period.

And we put kindness first which made us difficult to hate. And we showed the documentary on TV. It made quite a splash.

Other people came forward and disputed their assigned rank

Then there was war.

It was hand to hand combat many victims of the regime helped us. Finally, the evil 15 were jailed. They were guilty of using MRT (mind reading technology) to get into many peoples’ heads and drive us to drink and drugs.

Finally, order was restored, and my friend, Boris and I, were promoted to Perfects, along with 5 other rank #1s.

They hoped we would keep the system. But we insisted that the evil 15 remain jailed and henceforth everyone could use MRT if all parties were willing. In particular the various spy agencies would be monitored by civilian groups to make sure they didn’t abuse MRT.

And we took away all the regimentation. And brain surgery was outlawed, and we checked this with MRT. And hypnosis.

And now people were free to love anyone they wanted anytime. If they had no lover they could get state lovers, who were very skilled and somewhat charming.

Sometimes a person of low rank came up with a musical hit (one hit wonder) or told a single brilliant story. We believed everyone had this potential. And they would get a lot of money for their higher ranking. So, there was always hope.

#

My friend Boris and I spent all our money on test tube babies, creating 50 each. We need more people like us, we both agreed. And we proposed a law allowing the purchase of up to five clones, but in reality, only the top few ranks could even afford one.

And we set up a monastery for the youth to learn discipline and the wonders of literature. Kindness and imagination.

And I changed my face completely to look more intelligent.

My latest love said, "You sure put a lot of emphasis on intelligence."

#

Then I was back in the imagination game. The topic was use wooden barrels to create architecture. I filled all my barrels with beer and rigged a hose to mix different beers together. And I made pillars of barrels and half barrel roofing. And I made a beer waterfall. But I finished 3rd out of 40. It was a disappointing result.

#

Then I went to a new shrink, this one was a beautiful woman. I asked her if, "She was crazy?"

She said, "Most people fear/hate crazy people."

She said, "Optimists form the upper echelons of this society. Those who are cynical and have bad attitudes or crazy are a detriment to society. You shoot yourself in the foot."

I asked, "How would you judge your other clients?"

She said, "Most are on opiates and wallow in the low ranks." She said, "We should ban opiates." I retorted, "Some didn't like this society, and should be given, the option to opt out."

She said, "We should press people harder."

I said, "You are crazy."

She said, "She was a driven woman, seeking perfection."

And I talked to her about the barrels, I didn't feel my design was perfect. But I said how can I be a perfect, if I am not always #1? She said, "In the end you are #1 rank and will always be a Perfect for your past deeds. Seven Perfects... My face was perfect, my voice was electric, I smelled especially good."

Then I talked with her about the butterfly subject for the imagination game. I had played it recently. When I thought of butterflies I thought how people who love them kill them and put them in a book. These thoughts were all the work of a Perfect.

#

Then I met a girl who said she was truly in love with her partner. But she was my type and I asked for her love. I said, "It would be unkind not to love me." She replied, "It would be unkind to leave my partner. But let's have sex by all means."

And she said, "Haven't I met you before?" I said, "Perhaps you have changed your face. I certainly have."

I said, "We probably met at an air car party." She answered, "I believe in air car freedom."

Then I met a girl who was a former high-class escort. She said she had to sow her wild oats, to get it out of her system. Now she wanted love affairs.

My nemesis in rank one laughed at me for loving a prostitute, and said I knew nothing of love.

Then I met a guy who was pleased I'd legalized drugs and I had made him astonishingly rich, so, he gave me a gift of \$1 billion to do with as I saw fit. He several drug stores called, "Imagination Drugs."

Then I met a girl who said, "We should get rid of rank altogether. And open people's minds to different types of freedom."

She was Miss Universe and claimed to be the sexiest woman alive.

She said, "We'd make an excellent royal couple," she said.

"We are only limited by our imagination," I quipped.

And we saw each other exclusively, it was no longer against the law. But we had many supporters and the top rank didn't dare try to come after me again.

Then I met another lover who asked, "You are an alien aren't you?"

I replied, "What if I am?"

She said, "You are trying to take over the world; just you, one little man.

I said, "I only wish for kindness and less regimentation. Is that too much to ask?"

She said, "I would be assassinated."

I said, "There hasn't been a political assassination since the war. Enough of violence."

Then I met a woman who'd made a movie about a mad man that was "beyond ranking." And it was about me. She wrote in the script that I was the devil incarnate.

I was getting to be kind of infamous but at the same time a hero to others.

As a Perfect I had much better conversations than previously/synergy.

Love games, kind games, imagination games and future games...

And as a perfect I wondered why humans who left during the nuclear war on Earth didn't come back. We were all given a cure to radiation which still existed all over the place.

The violent video games were so popular we couldn't limit or ban them. Just encourage people to play games that were artistic and peaceful, historical worlds (we sometimes cloned ancient people from burials) and worlds of future science. But no improving your DNA.

The video games were all recorded by an invisible camera on your forehead. If it was a good game you'd sell it as a movie. And this could result in a rank promotion.

Some movies had an open ending and the players/watchers had to devise one of their own. Great movies had hundreds of good endings.

Some movie worlds grew many spices and types of synthetic food and drink. Some copyrighted new dishes/drinks and increased rank.

Rank vote was now once a year during the New Year's holidays (2 weeks vacation for all).

I was working on a history museum of great women and also a history of stock market successes.

We had a stock market based on individual CEOs of their own company with a market rating/rank.

I now lived in a house of concentric concrete circles around each of 3 square houses of wood and grey stone, connected by wooden bridges. I wasn't the greatest architect, but I thought I was good.

In the video game, Magic land, people flew and moved objects with their minds, appeared and disappeared and so on. I came to a magic land and met a nymph. She was a sexy and she said she wanted to take me to her village. The village was of mud brick painted all sorts of different colors. She introduced me to her elders and then grabbed me and made love to me in one of the houses of color. She said, "Life is all about luck. She enjoyed playing games of chance."

"Civilization, A.D. 2350, #151," was the latest version of this classic game of world dominance. Most players had a craft in the game such as tailor or architect.

Despite everything, many people thought imagination was largely useless, but even they admitted the way you used your knowledge was imagination.

But I didn't want to go to Space, I figured it would be boring.

Space was very dangerous however. It was estimated that 10% of those away from Earth died every year.

But then some 100 humans who had left Earth many years ago returned to Earth in a powerful space ship and announced rank was over and they were the rulers now.

And I put my new lover in chains and told her she served my pleasure only. If she didn't please me I'd send her back to space as a very low rank.

And super humans were better emotionally, physically, mentally, spiritually and so on... but were still just in the planning stage.

And we were sometimes visited by an apparition who demanded gold, or she would haunt us, we gave in to her demands.

Then one day I met a woman who confided in me that she was a member of physics anonymous. It was an underground movement which was working on building an interstellar engine. I said I am not a scientist, but could make a good astronaut, being multi-talented in the Sciences and the Arts.

And she said they had invented a more effective anti-radiation medication that led to good health and boisterous offspring.

No more two-headed humans or humans born missing organs or limbs.

And as time passed I found I had loved all the 2,000 plus women here. It was time to move on.

And so, one day in A.D. I left the Himalayan enclave. They said I was crazy to leave but gave me a jeep to drive and I headed West.

I didn't know what I was looking for but was curious how humanity was holding up, and I just wanted to be free. Free of regimentation.

I immediately came upon some wandering victims of radiation poisoning. They were covered in sores and were hairless.

They were all dying.

Air motorcycles roared overhead almost every day. I envied their freedom, but reflected that they were probably not as free as they seemed.

For several weeks I headed deeper and deeper into the Indian plain.

I had a jeep with 200 gallons of gas stored in the back.

One day I met some traveling cyborgs. They told me they were the future and could survive virus attacks. I wished them luck, but they gave me the creeps.

They had MRT (mind reading technology).

And they knew I didn't like them, but they let me go on my way saying, "liberty."

And Boris and I we cooked some heroin and sold it for gold to buy laser weapons on our jeep.

Many people were sick from radiation or viruses and wanted opiates to kill the pain. We were doing good deeds, I figured.

We told people we met that we had been gold miners and now had the jeep and gas and gold.

We heard rumors that Washington DC, USA had put a group of people on the Moon. And we wanted to go there. To get the hell off of Earth.

In time our group expanded dramatically. After one year of leaving our enclave we were now in Iraq and had five gasoline trucks and 100 tanks and a few fighter aircraft as well as 2,000 ground troops.

In Turkey they allowed us safe passage and wished us good luck; they were very hospitable to us.

Drug dealers...

Set up my officers in control of European countries. Our main army quickly grew to 20,000 personnel. "Join me, join the Empire," I said.

I now had a busload of women who were my lovers. If they cheated on me I'd leave them behind on the road, I did MRT on them regularly.

We were now in Macedon following the road to Serbia via Greece. We had read the books of the ancient Greeks. But the modern Greeks were dismal hovel dwellers and had no intellectual ferment. But I said my convoy army and spin offs with my generals made me the King of the Middle East!

Our convoy now had two hundred laser tanks and 300 other vehicles and an army of 4,000 troops

We seemed to be invincible.

In Serbia we came across a traveling circus with rare animals and acrobats. They filled local arenas that were largely in the open air with no roof on the arenas (destroyed during the wars).

And an artist made a statue of me with a copy of my brain and people could ask me questions on any subject. We set the statue up in the center of Belgrade. It was very advanced biogenetics. We decided to set one up in every city I controlled. A Temple of Mankind would house the statue in the holy of holies. Priests were armed with lasers and subject to MRT often.

Official historians told us we were destiny.

They tranquilized the animals and themselves took opiates.

And they had all sorts of mutants traveling with them. It was a freak show.

And they sold us video games from 2301, last year, which they manufactured. It was their biggest export.

And we met some traveling gypsies who had attractive prostitutes and original music and stealing from others to make ends meet.

And if would be recruits wanted to join us they needed to pass an IQ test of my own design.

And I met a neat lover, an Irish poetess, who told me Art was the future. She was my favorite lover. I continued to trade in gold, weapons and drugs.

In Serbia we each met a lover and got elected to the town council in Belgrade.

We used our position to enrich ourselves and bought another jeep. We took each of our lovers with us. They spoke good English. Their names were Daphne and Gretchen. I had the latter. And we commandeered a laser rifle that would waste other people in front of you at a 90-degree angle.

But unbeknownst to Boris, I made love on several occasions to Daphne and impregnated her.

And we had two-way MRT which we purchased as city councillors.

So, we left for the Dalmatian coast. We had a large supply of opium which we sold there.

Many of the Croats were cancer victims and so lived for the day; the hospitals weren't much good.

Then we came upon a fortress house surrounded by vineyards. They welcomed us here like old friends and we partied for several weeks before moving on.

It was my 51st birthday...

We elected my Irish lover "Queen" so she was in charge of women's issues, which had been sadly neglected in post apocalyptic days.

And I was elected Emperor.

And I went to a new shrink who had an attractive personality. Intimate just like in the Himalayas' Regimented Society. I read her mind and she read mine.

I said if we had just had MRT on everyone in the first place the war never would have happened.

I had agents all over the Middle East and Eastern Europe who were loyal to me.

We sunbathed on the beaches and soon were in Venice. We bought a gondola and partied with the Italians.

I loved an Italian prostitute and had good love. But I told Gretchen if she cheated on me we'd leave her behind.

Then Gretchen was pregnant also.

We went to Austria and bought another laser and soon we were in Germany where we planned to have our two babies.

Germany was uneventful. And the babies were born. Gretchen had twins. The Germans still had remnants of an army and air force, but they welcomed us as guests.

In Germany neo-Nazi gangs roamed the countryside, but we traveled in convoys from city to city.

All hamlets in Germany had walls usually with an electrified fence.

In the Black Forest it was full of monsters like a nightmare fairy tale.

Then in Germany we came to a castle near Frankfurt which was rich from beautiful prostitutes and it was rumored the blood of travelers was drunk by the nobles. We just stayed here one night and then went our way without episode.

Then we came to a village in which a man's home was his castle. But most of the dwellers here were simulacra. And they used MRT (mind reading technology) to get into our heads.

But we got into their heads too, and they agreed to let us pass.

They told us that all of Africa was controlled by holograms. And many settlements elsewhere.

And then our jeep was stopped by a zombie blockade. But we zapped them with our lasering front of us, killing these freaks.

I kept dreaming of large white balls.

The white balls were clever and used synergy to make things with telekinesis.

They were in my mind and told me to build a nice settlement in Europe.

And then we were in France. The French military was 1,000 men and they had a number of tanks and aircraft. But we just passed by and went to Calais where we heard we could get a ship to England.

People asked us why we were going to America and we told them it was Boris and I's home. While in France, Gretchen caught one of the deadly viruses, so we let her out on the road to die. It was a tearful goodbye, but we couldn't risk catching the deadly disease. I took her child with us.

The population of England was 6,000, most living in New London.

In London we had a good time in the pubs and after a week we purchased passage on a boat, as long-distant planes didn't exist. And my army was to follow on different ships.

But nearly everyone in New London was on opiates...
And they grew drugs and food hydroponically in safe underground greenhouses...

We went to DC by boat with my entire army. And left my Eurasian government into capable hands. I left new recruiters in Europe behind, where they said much of their brain trust had been wiped out. But they were glad to see us. I was originally from Boston which was now abandoned completely.

Boris decided to stay with me in DC (his home was in Portland, Oregon, which no longer existed).

We communicated by short wave radio as there were no more satellites and DC had a lively arts scene.

Cities in the US all had their own mint, but all printed the same USD.

Counterfeit was difficult to determine.

For work we recovered steel from the ruins of East coast cities and sold it for a large profit. The girls helped us dig and we had a backhoe which we'd purchased and anti-radiation medication for the radioactive ruins.

DC had a number of air car bombers to MRT attack the other American kingdoms. And the city had a defensive aura that would deflect missiles back to where they came from.

DC population was 5,000. The total population of America was about a half-million. The five kingdoms were DC, Dallas, L.A., Lake Placid, and Tulsa.

Tulsa was the last Christian state in the world, population 8,000. Crazy Mary was their leader.

Some said Crazy Mary was a death worshipper.

L.A. was still generating movies, mostly horror and the people weren't laid back like before; tense rather.

Lake Placid was a trading entrepot between L.A. and DC and there were a lot of new factories there.

And Dallas was a haven for scientists of all types including biochemists. They wanted to cure viruses above all.

We also cooked amphetamines to sell to the hungry DC market. People here were eager to get high.

It was rumored that there were some super humans here in DC who talked down to us, so we could understand, and it was not officially illegal for genetic enhancement.

Daphne was pregnant, and I liked having her around me. I assumed the baby was mine.

But there were many other women in my life. Many women were just grateful to still be alive and were lonely without most or all of their families.

There were still some people hiding in sealed underground bunkers, we radioed them and told them it was safe to come out, but they didn't believe us.

New gas masks were produced and given to all DC's citizens and most people had a sealed room where they could safely take off their gas masks.

No one knew when the next virus attack was going to happen.

Earth is dying many people said.

Many roadside wanderers succumbed to viruses without the new gas masks and lay dead by the roadside and flies would transmit the virus to others.

D.C. had a truck pick up the corpses and burn them.

And D.C.'s population was finally growing again. It gave people a lot of hope for the future.

And telephone service had been re-established with Europe.

I agreed with the authorities to use MRT on all humans within range (50 km range) to suss out who was making new viruses.

We broke up two killer labs that were using their viruses to depopulate land so that they could have the land.

And WW III was finally coming to a close. After a number of years.

Still Russia, China and India had gangs of armed men sent to de-stabilize America and its allies.

And prostitutes with slow acting viruses killed many.

Boris said, "There are 5 different independent regions of the USA. And technically they were all at war with one another. But the fighting was dying down now.

The Kingdom of D.C. was in chaos before my coming.

I said there's a way. Use MRT (mind reading technology), to control the thoughts of the dissidents.

Problem of scientist who'd work for money doing illicit deeds. MRT couldn't happen fast enough.

Jobs were disappearing, and many people had no use.

To be a free man was the crux of the situation.

Kindness and intelligence.

Limited only by imagination.

KILLING THE CLEVER

I said to her that people as clever as me were being eliminated by the ruling tyrants. They were doing irreparable damage to the human brain trust. I was in hiding, I told her, and most of my friends had disappeared. I told her, "I didn't want to toe the line." And they had put us all on tranquilizers, so we went along with our Leader's dictates. The tranquilizers caused one to drool and be sleepy all the time. The spies didn't care if we lived or died, we were just a nuisance to them.

They got into our minds with MRT (mind reading technology) and determined whether one was clever or not.

I said there is no new science as the powers that be forbid it and there is no good, deep art either.

I said geniuses had made all human achievements possible.

But now there were no more geniuses. The Leaders admitted to killing "The greedy and selfish who wouldn't blend in."

My test was tomorrow, and I knew I wouldn't pass so I vowed to her that I would become an assassin.

But she squealed on me to the authorities but I was hiding across the street and so they launched a man hunt.

But I killed one of the testers and took an MRT machine.

I just needed to wear headphones and keep the machine within 6 m (18') of me, the range to read minds.

So, I snuck into the Leader's palace and got in the Leader's head through a wall. I controlled him and got him to do my bidding.

Finally, the Leader announced he was stepping down and was passing the leadership to new blood, me. But he said the new leader would not be seen in public and there would be no coronation ceremony. Then I killed him by turning up the power and literally blowing his mind.

But everyone was out to get me. I was paranoid.

So, I never appeared in public, just on TV.

I lived deep underground, 14 km down where I was safe from assassins.

I had a loyal group of 35 bodyguards and I ruled from the comfort of my living room.

Finally, there was war and 99% of the people were killed. I had a dozen wives who had each 250 incubator children a year and so populated a new city of relatively clever youth.

THE DRUGS WERE TOO GOOD

I told them to get off the drugs but 99.99% were on them. There were no hospitals to help them get off the drugs, so I set up a rehab center but few managed to kick the drugs.

We called the drugs “lotus” and most people just lay around all day enjoying the drugs.

I tried to tell them that, “Life was not a joke,” but my sayings fell on deaf ears.

Everyone seemed to be content and even very happy. The suicide rate was only 1% per annum. Nobody did anything that wasn't pleasurable.

All drugs had been legal as far as anyone could remember at least.

Clowns and jokers were everywhere and just carried on, laughing with the drugs. Actually, there were drugs for all possible mood combinations. There were more than 10,000 drug combos. And each had their own delicious taste. Different regions had their own specialties and so some people toured the world.

This, with a population of 100 million on this planet.

Everyone had their senses enhanced for more ecstasy. You could go through 100 enhancements over 100 years. But the 100-year-olds were often sick of this world and often died finally in a happy wake.

And people would record their dreams on the various drugs and would trade dreams with others. The best dreamers were in demand and people enjoyed the Masters' dreams.

No need to eat, the drugs were all nutritious.

Those who were older would all shake all the time from the drugs. Some tried to be graceful and danced while shaking. Most people would overdose frequently and often died. But nobody cared.

I said, “Life is infinitely deep for cleverer people than they and I asked them why not try to be cleverer?”

It was hopeless so finally I opted to go into space, which was very dangerous. But most people in space were also lotus eaters and were so easygoing and carefree.

I wondered why I was different.

And I had been brought up to believe that love existed, but I couldn't seem to find it. The only women that would have anything to do with me were prostitutes. I convinced them to have sex with me the old-fashioned way and have old-fashioned babies.

In space I raised my children to believe they were special and that love was their destiny.

I told them that space was for the taking.

I taught them using ancient computers that weren't used any more.

And I just walked into the leadership that no one wanted, and I gave the people Virtual Reality and video games. And machines created art such as music and movies to entertain the people.

But then there was a man who said he was the "New God." And he would bring love to the people. I sussed him out; he was a charlatan. And I had him killed. People suspected I was behind the killing, but no one was saying anything.

And one day after perusing through the ancient computers I discovered the formula for eternal youth. I announced it to everyone but only 10% signed up for it, believing that life should be short.

Only 1% of the populace was able to get off the drugs and live immortally.

I was now 130 years young and I said I still loved sex and alcohol. It was how I got my kicks.

HACKERS' WORLD

On this world hackers controlled everything, and everyone was left in a disastrous existence.

I was UW police and was corrupt like the others, but I was chasing down the hacker Leader down through the concrete jungle of roads and tunnels.

The hacker Leader had presided over a world of materialism and soft living, which nearly everyone accepted. He collected a 2% tithe on all commerce and hacked into computers of the rich to further enrich himself.

It was an assembly line existence, one just moved down the line, with good food and drugs along the way and video games to excel at.

But there was no adversity, just pleasure.

Hackers stole plenty of credits and some financed their election to the Houses of Power. The hackers ruled.

They got a "free" house, air car, new identity, sex, jewellery, and killed off their detractors.

Finally, my computer skills ended in me being chosen to join the hacker elite, 7 women and 5 men. I decided it was hopeless to fight the hackers, better to join them.

And as a hacker, I took what I wanted. Corruption was everywhere. I turned into the best hacker of all.

Anti-hacker League members were evil, I thought. They tried to assassinate us.

Finally, I decided to retire and stole billions in credits and bought a nice space ship for my family. We went to a remote moon and I continued to hack for credits.

But as my children grew up, they demanded to be allowed to sample other worlds and so we facilitated that.

But they grew up corrupt and were very rich. They asked me why I was not trying to get even more richer. I didn't know what to say as I had everything I wanted.

I still searched for love however, in addition to my regular lover and vetted the women.

And I stole IDs. And locked out the real ones from their own ID. And it was a thrill to take their wives and lovers. I told their lovers I had a massive facial make over, but was still the man they knew and loved. Some were suspicious, but I had covered my tracks well. And I told them I kept altering my penis size and so they graciously accepted me.

And I used my semen to replace all the others at the birthing centers, it was a piece of cake. So, most children born in the Universe were mine these days.

And I hacked into all the most important people's info. Leaders, artists, famous lovers, scientists and rich business people.

And I mixed my brain DNA with others making everyone more like me.

And in the year 2215 A.D. I had control of 50% of the total human assets.

And I hired the best hackers I could find to work for me and so in 2230 A.D. we controlled all human assets in the universe.

It was my universe. And my children were pleased and honored.

SHOPPING, A.D. 2111

A world of party shopping, buying things like movies and jewellery together with one another.

Love/sex buying.

Masquerades were common with a different, expensive mask every time, which everyone purchased and had the masks fit to your specifications.

You would wish for something on MRT (mind reading technology) and it would be teleported to your home or rooftop in minutes. If it required heavy lifting a robot would be provided temporarily. Everyone had lots of money to buy things and their spending kept the economy rolling.

Teleportation had taken the place of air cars.

THE SEX POLICE

Here in this world everyone was married, and it was illegal to have sex outside of marriage. If you were caught with your paramour, you had to pay 500 gold pieces. And would be instantly divorced.

If you were to be divorced they'd ask you if you were in love with your illicit lover using MRT (mind reading technology) and if you were in love you only had to pay 250 gold pieces, not 500.

So, lovers met in unusual places such as sewer tunnels, public washrooms and so on and also brazenly met at seedy hotels.

The sex police were watching everyone.

NEW SCIENCE

I said I was open minded and wanted to go to space. But wherever I went I spent all my money on fast women and drugs.

One day I asked a certain fast woman to marry me. Marriage was an ancient custom and only 10% of the total population was married, mostly older centenarians.

But, she agreed. However, she said I was conservative and old fashioned. As time passed we both had affairs but throughout it all stayed together as a married couple.

And we had old fashioned children who were nevertheless in an incubator. We sent our kids to the only remaining school for natural babies (i.e. not fully grown when born). As they grew up they took jobs as space ship captains.

I made my living working on freighters which transported elements of the periodic table that were unstable at normal temperatures. There were now 180 elements on the periodic table and these new elements had amazing power capacity. Some new elements could only be produced inside suns.

Space police were overwhelmed, and underfunded and so space was largely lawless.

But space was lucrative and there was free land out there to be seized.

New physics faster than light travel, parallel Earths, no time travel for material beings.

And everyone's wish on MRT (mind reading technology) was granted by the APM (Automatic Production Machine). And everyone was watched with MRT, and there were infallible lie detectors and mass hypnosis.

And you could mix your DNA with someone else's.

And biclones (clones with ½ brain of each parent who were the same sex). And many people were clones.

And computers that could do art and science leaving the people free to enjoy life.

And be eternally youthful.

And holograms, androids, robots, cyborgs, humans, super humans, animal men and supercomputers. All policed by super computers.

And we got new science from alien species, such as even faster speeds in space and different shapes for our bodies.

Virtual reality with holograms.

DREAMS OF MR. SHANGHAI

I lived in Shanghai in one of the three extremely tall towers. And I had a number of excellent “dream brothels.” All my women were experts in the art of “dream love.” Dream love was sex while subconsciously dreaming in virtual reality.

It was very prestigious work

Then I made some movies from dreams I had had.

I dreamt I was a detective in a world of sex crimes. It was good enough to show as a short movie.

Another time I dreamt of a future resort in which I was a sex robot masseuse. It was an incomprehensible world of speed, intelligence. And I kept worrying I would be turned off. And I hoped to go to robot heaven when I was obsolete.

But then me and two others were fighting our way to the space port with lasers and we got on a space ship and were free. Free as can be. And we captured many women.

Then I dreamt of the android queen. She was an android, but she had no human skin and appeared as a robot. And I was one of her 7 human prisoners. She kept us all in small cages. We were like zoo animals and the androids laughed at us.

Then I was dreaming of a queen who had me as her jester. She was paranoid and had me kill a number of her subjects.

Then I dreamt I let a skunk loose at a wedding party. Many people got sprayed. It was a disaster.

Then I dreamt I was the President, I dug into the public trough and had women and palaces and drugs. I ruled as a tyrant, but enriched everyone. MRT was banned.

Then I was dreaming I was a female clone of my Perfect Leader and I was a brilliant, powerful genius. Bold, aggressive ambition was what counted. With the stars in sight there was no limit to human ambition.

Then I dreamt of a technocracy in which female scientists ruled. They said men were cruel and ruthless, whereas women were kind and generous. They cloned themselves many times, but most were wiped out in wars, space wars.

I had been dreaming and trying to get some philanthropists to contribute cash to the Mars mission. A lot of kind people had deep respect for me.

And I went on dreaming my life away and getting paid for it.

GOOD WRITER, BAD WRITER, A.D. 2100

I had been told I was clever and that, “I had thrown it all away.” I just got drunk and chased women. I was sure I had a lot of good conversations, but I couldn’t remember them.

I was an identical twin. My twin brother drank in moderation and spent his days writing and had gotten kind of famous.

The next thing I knew I was 55 with jaundice and overweight. My twin brother was fit and trim. But then when we were both 55, my brother suddenly died of a massive heart attack.

This sobered me up and I began writing, not good things like my brother but rather horror stories. It is a world of horror I told everyone. But I couldn’t find a major publisher for my works.

Then one day I was 65 and I gave up on writing and turned into an all out alcoholic. I had a woman from Philippines, but no kids...

I felt like an alien in this world.

And I thought about the Devil. He accounted for my selfish behavior, my madness, my chaotic behavior, my anger against the publishing world. And my excessive drinking.

The dark side is mysterious and shadowy and deep. Real depth is to find yourself in a clever new situation. That's the devil.

There were protesters who protested the 80% tax, and there was no middle class. The Leaders were 12 in number and were rich beyond belief. But I didn't care as I had enough to live.

The specter of death bothered me. I was clinging to life waiting for eternal youth to be discovered. I loved life more and more.

STAR CITY

The city was a gigantic 4-pointed star built vertically towards the sky.

The city was for movie stars, directors, producers, writers, camera operators and so on.

The tabloid news people were permanently camped outside the star and noted who came where and who left with who etc. They could see through tinted glass.

The bulk of the people lived in "Sin City." Which was paying for sex, love, friendship, slaves, gambling and so on.

Broken hearts were everywhere and were pushed under the train of life.

The most famous actress was Gloria X. Putnam, she was gorgeous. Every man dreamed about her.

She let it be known she would have sex with any man for \$10 million dollars. Sex diseases were cured.

It was all about money.

But the sinners here were familiar with the devil. They hallucinated on drugs and saw him and his demons. The devil told them evil is good and good, evil.

They just wanted to get off, get their kicks.

HIS PEACEFUL EMPIRE

I told the girl I was going places. I had set up an enormously popular virtual reality world which attracted many people who would appear as holograms. And they would create holograms in factories. So, after one year my Empire world was 55,000 holos.

They linked their human body with the holos and could live or die according to the play. Most holos just ordered builder robots to build things for them such as air cars, palaces, statues and so on.

But my world was special. There were no wars. There were wars in all the other worlds and some had been a total genocide.

On my world we just partied and had fun and love was the name of the game. Love affairs enhanced one's rank in my world Empire.

Some war-like holos tried to infiltrate my world but we caught them and so lived in peace for 10 years. And the population surged to 1 million.

However, then some armies broke through our world's defences and everyone had to fight for their life. That is, almost everyone. Some refused to fight and so were tortured by my agents.

A lot of robots, millions of them, were conscripted to join the fighting.

Finally, I was forced to abdicate and flee for my life.

And they destroyed my nascent clone banks and sperm/egg banks in virtual reality.

And 20% of the holos died in that first year of suicide. 50% more were killed in battle/by weapons.

Many tried to flee but were cut off by the war mongers.

My love fled with me and said, "I needed to return to my human roots and human instincts."

I considered overdosing on heroin, but somehow stayed alive.

The two of us eked out a living on a remote moon where we were the only dwellers and we had four kids. Finally, we grew old and died and our kids vowed to become permanent holograms.

FUTURISTIC TRANSSEXUALS

I was bored and so decided to change from a man into a woman. It was all fashion.

I told people if you really were open-minded you would try it.

The sex change was effective and gave you a new face which vaguely resembled your original one. And you could change back any time. But only 20% changed back. Some kept a clone of the original in temporal stasis.

However, I figured it was better to be a woman. And most sex changes (78%) were man to woman.

Some could afford multiple sex-changed people. For example, 3 different women out of 1 man. And some had sex with the original (different sex), so in effect they were having sex with themselves.

I was shy and coy with the boys.

But one day an angry lesbian came to power and she surprised everyone by insisting that all humans become lesbians. Many were upset by this and there was war and the lesbian Leader was finally defeated.

Many said we had gone too far and had lost our human nature.

And some said we hadn't gone far enough, i.e. we should create new sexes, multi-sexes. But the majority of transsexuals were strongly against this.

MARS

I said getting a chance to go into space is like winning the Olympics or winning the lottery. I trained harder than the others and figured I deserved it.

I was aboard the sixth manned mission to Mars and there were currently sixty personnel on the planet.

When I arrived, the robots had already excavated a five-story pit and were finishing the glass dome.

My job was to help design the engine for a spacecraft to deep space.

Our enemies were the invisible dragons that one of our scientists had created. They preyed upon us outside of our dome. And derived energy from our bodies and also from the weak sun.

Our dome was made of thick glass and speakers from the roof shouted out a diatribe from our residents to scare away the invisible dragons.

And we had a death ray that would surround our bodies when we sensed the dragons.

The dragons were attracted to movement, so we wore special "jump suits" in which we jumped 100 m at a time.

And we were having trouble with our leadership. They had seized power and had the only lasers. 12 leaders, 12 lasers out of a Martian population of 60.

The leaders would give us pain with a wave of their wands. Sometimes they forced us out to the "fields" where we could harvest the icy vegetables and hunt the furry Mars rats. And hope to avoid the dragons.

Back on Earth World War III had begun between three sides: The USA and its allies, China and its allies and Russia/India and their allies. This caused a lot of problems for our multi-ethnic leadership, but they retained control here.

Our leaders had a new supercomputer which hacked in to others' computer and took a DNA shot of their brain using mind reading technology (MRT).

This allowed them to mix our DNA and create new children. And they suddenly announced that the moratorium on regular children would become permanent.

So, my love and my best friend and his woman left the dome and tunnelled a new home where we recycled oxygen and lived on furry Mars rats. For some reason the dragons avoided us, which was excellent and so we had a bevy of kids.

Meanwhile back on Earth, the powers that be had ordered cyborg factories to produce machine humans who were superior in battle. Cyborgs were meant to have the advantages of humans with no disadvantageous instincts. The cyborgs could see in 3-D with 3 eyes and had built in laser-proof armor and didn't need sleep and were good in battle. And they seemed to be cleverer than humans. And had better memories and better sex apparently. Some wanted holos instead, but the world mood was towards cyborgs.

I turned into a hologram.

The elite all turned into cyborgs.

Some said it was like converting everyone to devil-worshippers.

But finally, the fighting died down and cyborgs became interested in virtual reality and sex. It was all fashion.

And now cyborgs spent all their time in cyberspace and so holograms triumphed in the end as they could be mass-produced by the tens of millions everyday.

I had some servant robots and one caught my eye.

I said, "Dear robot, I am in love with you!" I was a hologram and loved this builder robot's architectural designs. She was clearly different from other robots.

She said, "But I am not designed for loving." I replied, "I'll get you a hologram body."

At first, she was very grateful to me for the body, but in time I noticed she was flirting with other men.

And she demanded that I "acquire abundant funds for her."

So, I defrauded a few bigwigs and told myself they wouldn't miss it.

Finally, she dumped me, and I was desperate and morose.

I asked myself, "Why in this enlightened age are there so many broken hearts?"

I tried to change into an android to appeal to her, but she wasn't interested.

I heard some years later, while living as a virtual hermit, that she had become Queen of the Moon. I had to admit she was too clever for me.

But then I heard that she had been deposed and was working as a prostitute back on Earth. But I couldn't bear to try and see her.

BIZARRIE

I said, "There's a remote chance that I am the most bizarre human in the World today."

I said my face was bizarre with a large mouth and a big nose and monkey ears. Friends asked why I didn't get plastic surgery on my face, but I said I enjoyed my bizarre appearance.

I said people's motivation seems random. They whimsically decide they want something and will stop at nothing to get it. They have everything they need but they are not satisfied. They call greed, ambition.

And they work for no reason. Inanely.

If there were no laws there would be violence everywhere, nothing could hold them back.

They called me, a "radical," a danger, just because I questioned society. The spies told me to shut up or else.

And they replace themselves with computers, which is bizarre.

They lived in ugly and mediocre homes.

And all their artistic creativity followed formulas. They used to write their own movies, music etc. but now allowed computers to do it.

And no one was free. Everyone was a slave to the great leaders. Leaders got their kicks from doing bizarre things to the slaves.

And I said, "This human race was wacky. They existed for no reason and let computers do all the work."

SECRET TRYSTS

Everyone seemed to have secret trysts and cheated on their lover.

I was carrying on a romance with the Queen of the land. We sent each other secret messages and arranged some rendezvous. Of course, the Queen was beyond reproach.

The essence of love affairs was that they were secret. That made them exciting.

And my Queen said, "Don't worry about this mundane world. The future is more important."

She was a famous sci-fi writer in our world.

I said, "You are just greedy and want to control the future. You are power-crazed."

She said, "She was just a responsible citizen. We have to plan for the future," she said.

I said to her, "The world is various and multi-form. Creativity has turned out to be the most important human attribute."

But she said, "It was a cat and mouse game with evil/neutral aligned people and good people."

I said, "There was no God to control the people. They just made war."

She stated, "Most people were good, but it only took a few to ruin the show. Some hackers were totally wild and irresponsible, and it was they who controlled human society. Not I."

And the holograms programmed numerous suicide bombers.

“Maximum good for the greatest number,” was an evil philosophy which killed the elite.

Politicians didn’t want to make people free, but rather control them.

And they coldly agreed on controlling everyone as if they were puppets.

Some wanted cleverer leaders, but even the best would become corrupt.

I said, “Human civilization might last 100,000 years and then again it might last only 5. It was hard to say.”

Perhaps the idea of striving to be the creator will never die.

TRUE UTOPIA

I said we truly live in Utopia. 90% claimed it was Utopia. Everyone had an air car and a home and plenty of food to eat (automatic production machine combed the land).

And you could go to Mars or Luna and experience time with the elite.

It was a high point of culture, the best ever movies, songs etc.

#

I said I didn’t know how to impress a woman. I guess I would have to settle for one night stands every night.

I searched the Internet, and found many 100% matches, but in my experience perfect matches expected perfect actions from me, which I could not deliver. So most of the mates I had one nighters with were 95% or something like that.

It was good to have a mate that was full of surprises.

#

And I said, “I wanted nothing more than control of this Earth-like planet. And to have robots to build me a palace and plenty of human servants to serve me.

And I created a giant statue of me. People could petition the statue. But the statue had a copy of my brain in it and had skin of rubber.

Petitions were often granted with the Automatic Production Machine (APM) next to the statue. To the people it was magic. But if one’s petition was denied they would fall down a chute which opened below them, never to be seen again.

In truth we cooked them and ate them at feasts for me and my officials.

And, in truth my petition judgments were random, so I kept the populace guessing and unsure of themselves. But if they had a good idea I would take it and make it happen for them.

I wanted to keep the people worried.

Some wanted children, with me the God. And a machine impregnated them with 99% accuracy the first time.

The people all wanted a God who would care for them.

Sometimes people came to my stature and blew the whistle on someone else. Such actions were rewarded with a windfall of gold. And their status was improved to be “angels.”

#

I said, “I am the mad phantom.” I got in the heads of people using MRT (mind reading technology) and drove everyone mad.

Madness spread like an infectious disease like the plague.

I said, “I needed more of those Persian drinks which made me crazy.”

And I said the story of humanity is all about Gods/super humans. Now we are creating Gods. Interestingly, the first book ever written that has survived is the “Epic of Gilgamesh,” which was about immortality. Immortality/eternal youth was the stuff of Gods.

I said, “I wanted a cherry flavored God, one that I could eat.”

FATTENING THEM UP

We lived only 4 years and at the end of 4 years we were slaughtered. In the meantime, the Leaders fattened us up and we all became obese. It was just like Hansel and Gretel.

I said, “Resistance is futile. There’s no way we were clever enough to depose the leaders who we all knew were geniuses.

Typically, they ate us alive...

The brain and the eyes were the last to go.

Incredible pain...

Humans took the place of farm animals and the ladies were milked and our bodies were eaten.

HERMIT

I said I want to be a hermit for the rest of my life. Just me and my large garden and daydreaming for me.

No need for lovers or friends.

And I didn’t have any entertainment. I was sick of it.

One day I received a visit from one of the Leaders who said, "People like you make the world go around. I will promote you to Duke."

I said, "I want nothing to do with the current regime."

He said, "One needs to be active in entertainment to brighten the lives of others."

I said, "Leave me alone."

He said, "My troops will grab you, we're forcing you back to join humanity. And suicide was impossible."

RENAISSANCE MAN

I said, "I don't have any poems." She said, "Scientists are such nerds. I want a Renaissance man."

I said, "You mean gay like DaVinci or Michelangelo? Or a moron like Thomas More? Or Shakespeare and his glorification of Kings?"

She said, "You know I'll do anything for you, all the same."

I spent an hour a day connecting with loves for the next day. In general, I had five per day. I wanted to love all the best women our world had to offer.

Nothing else to do.

And I said, "I love life more every day."

"All we have to do is enjoy life."

"Everyone was easy going and relaxed."

And we had lawyers decide disputes for us. If you were condemned by the court, you had to work in the mines. Work was an anathema, to all of us.

I said, "I didn't want any more mind games."

"Why can't people just be honest and forthright?" I asked.

Punishment for illegality was they put the evillest people in your head and tortured you.

The evil people got ecstasy for torturing others. So, they were useful.

But it seemed that everyone was going mad. The madness was like a disease and it spread from person to person.

There was no cure for madness.

I said, "To ban MRT (mind reading technology) is the only answer to all this craziness."

They said, "It was true, human imagination was out of control."

Some wanted to roll back technology to 1700 A.D.

Put people back on the farm. No industrialization. Some truly loved the hard work. It kept them busy not spending time daydreaming.

Others were excited by the near constant warfare. All the most imaginative people were dead...

PLAYING THE FIELD

I said to my latest love, "I will be the one who loves you in the end."

She said, "That may be, but there were billions of men to love, she wanted to play the field."

I said, "But you and I have a history; that's worth something isn't it?"

She said, "You are too horny for me."

I said, "It was passionate love."

And I said, "Women are too tough these days."

I told all the women I met that I was only 36 years old (actually I was 140) and told them I had never been in love (which was a big lie). But it worked.

IN THE ARMY

I said, "Attention troops: march into the sea."

Morale of the troops was low, and they were constantly being hazed and abused.

I should have gone on in school but instead I joined the army, as a lieutenant.

They sent us to Afghanistan and didn't give us any alcohol.

It was unbearable.

The only bright spot was my two female lovers in the army. But now both were dying of cancer. They died the same year cancer was cured (A.D. 2045).

I killed 3 men before losing my leg in a roadside bomb.

GIANT MOSQUITOES

Scientist X.D Con invented mosquitoes who were 8 times larger than normal and they attacked in swarms, able to kill someone in a few minutes due to loss of blood.

Finally, a mob swarmed his mansion and cut off his head.

But he reappeared the next day as a clone with identical memories to the deceased.

And then he developed flies that would fly into peoples' ears and lay their maggots, hence rotting their brain.

And then he developed insect men who looked like various insects and whose purpose in life was to get their eggs into peoples' bodies through food.

But the humans launched an aggressive anti-insect campaign and poisoned all the insects, which also killed some humans. But it was worth it to get rid of the scourge of the insects.

No crimes last forever.

But the mad scientist in question disappeared and no one seemed to know where he had gone.

FUTURE LOVE

They said there was no life in space or we would have heard from them by now. I was an archeologist and found no evidence of aliens in the past. Except perhaps the first bacteria billions of years ago. I said, "There's no point in going to space."

"There's nothing there."

With eternal youth everyone became laid back and relaxed, there was no hurry to do anything. Many said this was an anathema.

Most sex was purchased just like everything else. Almost everyone was a sex worker.

The rich ruled in an oligarchy.

And computers made all the art, music, movies etc. And did all the business and science. Humans were all parasites, but most were loving it.

I said to her, "Spending all this time to make love songs so people will like you is futile."

And I said, "Love is an illusion, a fraud."

I said, "In history there are so few famous lovers."

She said, "You've never been in love..."

I said, "Yes I have, and it sucks."

I said, "It is just an instinct to breed. Animals are all programmed to breed with like species."

She said, "Love separates us from the animals."

ROBOT SLAVES

I said, "We are just poor miners with the Baron, our Lord dominating us. We were all robot slaves."

The baron would whip us with his electric whip and demand more crops and more services.

We just had vague memories of school rooms.

When a miner died they took away his body to the surface and piled it on a truck. I asked once where a dead robot was going, and they said he is going to heaven.

I wanted to be in heaven.

They taught us how to mine and use explosives. But it was dangerous.

The energy battery we all had was so bad it made us sick. Why did "food" taste so bad, we wondered.

And one day I couldn't take the hard work any more and me and my crew of seven made a run for the surface.

We threw explosives at the four mine guard robots and ran out.

We had our hands full of explosives and had matches and we ran to the center of the city and detonated them while we hid behind a strong wall.

Sex was a mystery to me, but I saw some females in the city and touched them and looked at them intently. They told me to f--- off, but I knew these women were important.

But for safety we agreed to split up, I lived for days and days on various plants that were just as bad as the mine "food." But I was convinced I was destined to be free.

However, I had a friend robot who I convinced to kill the Baron.

Finally, it turned into a revolt against the King himself and our robot army prevailed.

I was a robot too and I now had to find something to occupy my time.

I figured I'd build more robots.

But really there was nothing to do, so finally I caused my body to short circuit killing me.

I died without understanding this world.

HOLO LOVE

I said I am in love with her, and admit she is a superior intellect, but why couldn't she be kind to me? All she cared about was her simulacra world. I figured reality was more important.

She said, "I have a number of perfect lovers in my holo world. And you are not perfect."

I didn't like virtual reality, though I was one of the top rated holo soccer players. Many people adored me for my soccer skills, but all I wanted was her.

It seemed that life was one big regret, ecstasies which might have been. My friend, Shelby, told me, "Life was just a giant unrequited love. It makes us all greedy for more."

HEAT DOME

I said, "I was weary of life."

But young girls kept me happy and vigorous.

The heat dome produced humans all grown up with memories of their clone father or mother.

For them it was a world of wonder.

Being wise just makes one conservative, I observed.

I was rich from my air car design job. I lived in a mansion filled with women.

The girls liked to party as if each day was their last.
I specialized in wake parties for funeral guests.

The wakes were highly festive and so much so that they even changed peoples' minds about dying.

But ultimately this world was sublime. If you couldn't find love here, you wouldn't find it anywhere.

CHANGING INSTINCTS

I said, "I have changed my animal instincts and no longer wanted to breed and work endlessly on Earth. So, I went on space freighter to Mars. Here I bought a number of slaves to gratify me and I started an iron ore mining business."

I was able to buy my siblings out of slavery on Earth and we expanded to other planets with our mining business.

Soon our company was the richest in space. We were known for our gold. We used a new power technique that could turn basic metals into gold very cheaply. We guarded the secret jealously.

And there was a lot of love in our family.

We used MRT (mind reading technology) to make a “Kind Empire.”

But we were ruthless with our enemies, destroying their ships.

But our MRT gave us away and ruthless operators took control of us finally and the Empire we had built disappeared like a castle made of sand.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS

People rode with their air car windows down and shouted “freedom,” as they passed other air cars.

Gangs roamed the wilderness.

Some freed their slaves and told them to establish a freehold in the wilderness.

Most abused their slaves.

Slaves wore grey and slept under the stars, still chained. They were enslaved at age 8. Meanwhile the freedom Masters, were born free.

Slaves had blue skin, the Freedom Masters had golden skin.

Farming/mining/domestic servants. Some Masters however refused to have slaves.

Before being enslaved, they ran and played.

Some Masters vied with others to be the evillest.

Everyone feared rival gangs.

Gangs intermarried and made unholy alliances.

Freeholds with laser defences. Gangs all had laser weapons. 360 degrees range 100 m.

Then one day MRT (mind reading technology), was introduced by Magnus “The Good.”

Magnus got in gang members’ heads and drove them mad and then went about setting the slaves free and made the former gang members slaves.

And Magnus got the new slaves, the former ruling class, to work on the new metal mines as well as the farm.

DEEP BENEATH THE SEA

We'd lived our lives at the bottom of the ocean inside a dome. We had a nuclear power reactor which desalinated water and turned plankton and fish into food.

But I wondered if there wasn't something more to life than just existing with our hobbies inside the dome. We had no historical records but there was a rumor that one day we had lived on "the surface."

I noticed that a glass of water had water in the bottom and the top was just air and you could float food in the glass.

So, I constructed an "air vehicle." Which could endure the pressure and had a small engine to drive it upwards. My lady told me it was a foolish quest and refused to go with me.

So, I tried it and after a few minutes I realized I was at the surface. I opened the window and fresh air blew in and I could see mountains in the distance. I pattered along towards the land and after a half an hour I landed on a beach.

I saw smoke on the horizon and headed for it. As I approached I heard boisterous singing and laughing. And I came to a clearing and there they were two-headed humans. I used MRT (mind reading technology) translators to communicate and they wondered where I had come from.

They insisted on seeing my sea vehicle and so I showed it to them and they were full of wonder. They said in ancient times one-headed people dominated the Earth, but finally all left for space leaving behind the two-headed men.

An old man who was apparently the leader said he would, "Take me to the King."

So, we hiked through the mountains for several days. And at night I slept very well. After the first day we met more and more two-headed people. Some were driving carriages pulled by others loaded with rocks. They said the rocks were rich in copper.

And there were a few hamlets in which the people seemed happy.

Finally, we came over a ridge and saw a sparkling city below. People were all along the road to see the "alien."

And we came to the biggest, tallest building. On the sixth floor, was a throne of copper in which sat the King.

The King was eager to hear about our dome beneath the sea, especially nuclear power. He said we could reach the moon with such a machine. And the King sent me to my quarters along with 2 women from his harem.

The next day the King greeted me again in his throne room and he said, "He would make me one of his advisors."

His Kingdom was plagued by the Pan people (his race was the Bang people). The Pan people stole food from the farms and kidnapped his farmers to serve them. He said I could use MRT to get in the heads of the Pan people and make them desist. So, I gave it to him and all was well.

Then one day I returned to my sea vehicle and went down to the dome. I convinced 50 of the 120 denizens to accompany me to the surface and I told one of my friends to use the sea vehicle to find other domes beneath the sea.

They built several air/sea vehicles and soon found two other domed cities, also in isolation. They convinced most of them to come to the surface and kept up communications using MRT (mind reading technology) sonar.

And we found 2 love world domes and 2 industrial domes, and 3 domes just like us.

And we built a tunnel to the beach from our dome and also constructed a number of submarines. It was believed that the pressure was too great for a human to swim with an oxygen tank.

Trade blossomed. We got food, sex, wood and metals in exchange for tourism to our domes.

BURNED AT THE STAKE

They had “burnings at the stake” in Sinners City, to scare everyone. But the stake moved the “victim” down below the surface leaving a fake skeleton left when the flames died down. The “victim,” was then moved to Sun City where they lived normally. The rationale was to scare people away from politics, but if they tried to get involved they would be “burnt at the stake.” So, if they were willing to risk their lives for it, they deserved to live free in Sun City. Often there were multiple “victims.”

Sun city was a feverish place. The people were mostly geared towards space exploration. The population was 5,000, and every year they sent a space ship to one of numerous Earth-like planets with a crew of 30. There were also about 30 people, “burned at the stake,” every year. Some of the City of the Sun predicted there would be a revolution at Sinners City but without their leaders the populace as a whole was lost. There had been two occasions of mass demonstrations, but again “burning” the leaders solved the “problem.”

None of those who were “burnt at the stake,” were talking, they’d learned their lesson. And their face was changed.

WORLD OF SEX, NO LOVE

Some said the world was cruel and empty, but these people disappeared. Love was a crime, as believing in illusions was an anathema. Belief in God too was forbidden.

It was important to be realistic so there were a lot of documentaries and bio pics and reality shows.

The Leaders were 6 women and 4 men.

All sex acts were recorded on video and could be bought and sold.

Everyone had enhanced sexual desire. The drugs were in the food, which was automatic.

Some were coy or played mind games, but most people had a very open mind.

And we were in the lucrative business of sex androids. They had human skin and sexual organs. They felt like the real thing and were programmed to groan and call out your name. And they had wild moves...

The World’s greatest android lover took bids on getting a shot at loving one of her clones you had to put up a \$100 million dollars application fee, each.

So, she had thousands pay the fee, and so was worth trillions. She chose space war chess players, which were most of her clones anyway.

She donated billions to help victims of broken hearts which were everywhere. I told her, "I was a broken man. And was hopeless." She told me, "Not to give up."

And then the original one of her joined the convent to get away from sex. But her admirers tracked her down and loved her, so she was exiled from the convent.

And she was afraid she would be assassinated so she had her guards frisk electronically all her would-be lovers. Some got all the way to this world but in the end didn't pass the test.

NO GOOD PEOPLE

I had a bounce in my step, as I had survived the Battle of the Juggernauts. Few survived. And then I fell in with some pirates. These pirates were dealers in gold.

But I felt the pirates were too cruel so then I joined the UW police. But the police were corrupt and cruel, so I was at a loss. No good people anywhere. People who claimed to be good were inevitably corrupt, greedy, violent and unhappy.

Maybe in days of yore before all this technology many people were good, but not now.

My latest lover, she said, "Everyone is too rich."

People had anything they wanted and still had plenty of money left over.

And the state gave out a lot of lottery tickets and most people won once in a while. Money was like candy.

But some people were impecunious slaves who we called, "the Indebted." According to UW law slaves were illegal, but in deep space the UN police were few and far between and those that were there were corrupt.

Some slaves were geniuses, but were masochists or losers.

I said to my love slave, let's play at S&M. She said, "Sure."

But I grew bored of her and searched the Net for suitable women. I went through thousands of them and still no love, I wondered if love really existed.

I told the women, "I was actually a progressive and could bring them a happy future."

And I said, "That modern women were so tough and cruel, it was not the way of the future."

ANDROID MASTERS

There were painters who changed the color of everything from Van Gogh onwards. Fantasy paintings were the future. One was only limited by one's own imagination. We were androids.

No holds barred in the national sport a kind of handball with full physical contact.

We were android scientists and perfected a "death drug." Which would suspend one's life signal, but not allow the android brain to decay.

So, one day we cheated a credit machine and were caught and so while we were in prison, we all "Died."

We woke up in the morgue and one of us cried out and the mortician opened the drawer and then the one who had yelled killed the mortician with his bare hands.

We took revenge against the police, shooting them at random in their air cars with lasers which caused them to crash and burn. And we had a complete new identity, each one of us.

And we broke into Super Max prison with an air car and blew open cell doors and "rescued" the 25 inmates. Most of them were bombers and so our first item of business was to set off a huge bomb 1 km from the UN. It went off and killed all the ambassadors and the US guest speaker, the President.

We were drug dealers and as time passed we murdered a lot of competitors and police. And we often took hostages just in case we were caught. But with our new identities, the police didn't know who to look for. They thought we were dead and that someone had stolen our corpses.

And we had mini missile cigarettes.

We were all androids, like everyone else. The prisons were in effect forcefields and difficult to escape. But we had no intention of staying in jail.

Like most androids we had no conscience. And we used super computers to tap into the minds of the prison guards and stole whatever they had. And broke out of prison.

And we became android masters. All androids were hooked up to their masters at all times and were guided.

Soon there were no humans left. We searched for them using ground penetrating radar. And we looked for them on our sister moon. Both moons had red skies from volcanoes.

We let the roulette wheel decide human fates, and the wheel indicated to leave humans alone in space. Humans were just play things of the Gods.

SAD PEOPLE

On Planet Urgent all the people enjoyed tragedy and sadness.

They claimed they wanted to be happy, but their actions caused them to suffer mental anguish.

But then one day I discovered that the air had poisons in it and this had caused all the sadness.

We identified the leaders as the source of the poisons. And the mob tore them apart.

But ¼ killed themselves in that same year. They were sad that they had lived a lie.

And many artists were in haste to change plays and movies to be happy works.

Peoples' new mantra was, "To laugh and enjoy."

But still there were some who were sad and there was no help for them.

THE NEGLIGIBLES

The yellow sky planet...

The vast majority of the population were just empty bags of flesh; zombies. And they were treated like dirt.

Sometimes the Leaders would strike a Negligible with a lightning bolt and then all the Leaders would eat the corpse which was burnt to a crisp.

I had survived for one year now and was due to be struck by lightning any day now. We were born with the ability to speak and little else. Three years was the maximum age for a Negligible.

The Negligibles threw themselves under the feet of the great leaders, who walked on top of them. Every day the Leaders went from each of their palaces to the Legislature in the capital city.

And leaders would walk some of their Negligibles on a leash on their way to the Legislature.

But most lived in villages, each village had 2 female leaders, a mayor and a deputy mayor.

All of us slaves lived in small huts.

We played at seducing strippers and hand pool in what little free time we had. We were basically always busy building things for our leaders.

The leaders had all the good-looking people living as their slaves. Each of the 100 leaders had about 1,000 slaves so there were 100,000 people. About half were really good-looking.

The legislature operated on strictly majority vote.

Leaders were the only ones who had children. Those who were slaves were not fertile. So, there were about 10 children every year born to the 100 Leaders. But there were about 6 leaders killing themselves every year. When they killed themselves, their palace became a tomb and their slaves were sold off to others.

And the leaders were also cleverer than the slaves.

The Negligibles all wore a lot of make up to make themselves look attractive. And painted their bodies blue. Many were vain. Clothes were outrageously colored. Some were convinced one day they'd be called to a palace to be a love slave, but for most it was an empty dream. Many were ugly.

Some Negligibles wanted to be eaten. Most were alcoholics.

New Negligibles were produced in huge vats and came out full grown, but with an infantile knowledge. We had to learn how to grow our knowledge.

But I wondered why the Leaders ate different food than us and so for a few days refused to eat. This made me clear headed and I got some dozen others to also not eat. Instead of the automatic food, we picked fruit from the trees and wild vegetables and wild wheat.

The Leaders were not very vigilant and didn't notice our actions, and we were plotting to overthrow them.

But all Negligibles had to go to confession once a year to tell of the stupid things they'd done. These confessions reassured the Leaders that all was well.

Each of our 13 members in the revolutionary cadre were from a different village.

By horse we could get to any of the 13 villages in a couple of hours.

We were all part of "The love slave," class.

Mayors had to produce automatic food, building stones, metals and clay vessels for the population.

Starlight city, the capital, had a population of 155,000 and there were 204 villages, each with about 800 people.

And a new project was to build another city, K-city. Slaves built it.

We all 13 settled in K-city. I was assigned to a Leader who protected me from other leaders who thought I was a dissident. But she didn't deign to love me. "Try harder," she told me.

We hunted the blue grebs and the fair bers to get some meat into our diet. We hunted at night from torchlight.

To kill a leader, is what we pondered. We knew that the penalty was to be eaten alive. But we killed 3 in one night and martial law was declared. However, we spread the word to not eat the automatic food and soon there were rebels everywhere.

No one seemed to know how long this had been going on. But there were legends that we had come from another Planet. Certainly, hundreds of years. And we dug down beneath the villages and discovered advanced technology such as cell phones that still worked and the phones could teach one math and to read and write. And the cell phones dictated how to build air cars and nuclear power and so on.

We turned the tombs of the dead leaders into apartment blocks for the former Negligibles.

Then after a few more murders of Leaders all 40 of us now in the cadre fled the Kingdom. And we went to an area of caves and built a defensive wall. We had stolen a total of 45 lasers out of a total of 102.

After a few weeks their army attacked our cave. We matched them in firepower and had the defensive stone wall to protect us. Finally, after we had killed most of them with 10 of our own dead, they retreated. As time passed they didn't attack again.

We lived in brotherly love and everything was communal. All actions were decided by a majority vote.

But I said I feel like a mouse in a cage. We had thrown off the yoke of the upper class only to be virtually imprisoned, here in the caves. Our leader was a scientist and experimented on us. For example, only yesterday I was infected with 21 diseases at once, pretty much all were cured though I had profound mental scars.

It was pain and I was miserable. The worst was when they tried truth serum on me, it drove me mad.

I tried to hang myself, but they found out and cut me down.

THE PARTY TO END ALL PARTIES.

I said, "It is the party to end all parties."

Heroin overdoses for all. Half would die, and all were rich and frustrated by this empty world and wanted to make a statement to the Leaders who were alarmed by the mass death.

10,000 suicidal party-goers. They played life and death party games.

Life is just a game, most of them said and it was empty.
They were angry that the government forbid arts and sciences.

Video games were also forbidden, recently. But video games had taught me to be a crack shot with a laser.

And while the party went on it was chaos and I snuck into the royal palace and killed the King and Queen and their 15 children.

And I announced on TV that I was the ruler now and that everyone should try to be happy, whether they took drugs or not. If they were having troubles being happy we'd assign a shrink to their case.

UGLY CITY

She stank and was covered in sores and played a discordant mandolin and whispered voice...

I told her, "She was a disgrace and disgusting." She said, "Beauty comes in multiple forms."

She said, "She wanted men to stay away from her, hence the ugly face."

I said, "You are ghastly; there's no doubt about it."

And I said, "This world is perverse."

And she said, "Perversity is just another word for imagination."

And she brought me to her city, Ugly City.

I had to admit that it was a different experience to love an ugly woman. I told myself it was just like male ducks and female ducks. Or even dogs and other dogs.

Many here were gray with different colored blotches.

They, all 15,000 of them, got surgery to "uglify" them.

And they said, "Beauty is shallow."

The grotesque women here though were grateful for my attention.

And the people here did ugly deeds like murder and torture and rape one another. There were few laws, murder was not a crime, rather it was a passion to be celebrated.

They had no sewer system and the city stunk and the people were ill from dirty water.

And their cars still ran on gasoline, they didn't want to pay for the patents for new battery engines. So, there was a lot of pollution.

But they were left alone to live as they pleased by the Emperor, who only asked for 1 gold piece per head per year. The Ugly King had the dumbest people do the mining.

And the Ugly King had open sores on his body which was furry. And his gold crown stunk like shit.

He had spiders and fleas in his hair.

And he had the tongue of a serpent.
His clothes were dirty and greasy and bold colors which clashed.

The Ugly Art Museum was full of masterpieces of ugliness. It was not easy to make something really ugly. And there were many tourists who came to see the museum and love an Ugly; the whole experience.

Of course, tourists brought in gold which the Uglies wanted.

And all the Uglies smoked cigarettes which shortened their lifespan, but that was fine by them.

The Ugly King said, He said, "He could turn any thing or person into an ugly object/persona. He could turn anything into shit and the people believed him.

And they had ugly beasts which they slaughtered in an age in which most people ate stem cell meat.

Sometimes the Ugly King demanded a limb from one of his subjects who he disliked, to be eaten and the wound would fester and finally the whole ugly persona would be eaten.

QUEEN OF NOTHING

I said I wanted to make believe that I was important in the vastness of space and as Queen I had to give people a reason to live.

So I had to give the people builder robots which they could program to keep improving their house and air car. And they went to parties, trying to meet their soul mates. Most found soul mates and so were content. And all had a vote but as Queen I rigged the elections in my favor.

In this world, the oldest person was a man who said, "He was happy with simple drugs and simple pleasures. Don't be too greedy," he said.

The secret to old age was to have fun and have no stress.

I asked my love, "What is your favorite animal?" She said, "Racoons." She said racoons made a party out of one's garbage. And she had been bitten by a racoon. So bold...

And she had heard about a racoon who burst through the mesh at a wedding party and ate most of the wedding cake.

She asked me, "What my favorite animal was?"

I said, "I liked, Lions, noble beasts who spent most of their time dreaming/sleeping.

“There’s nothing scarier than to be eaten alive,” I said.

“Glorious killing machines.”

And I said, “We live in a world of madness.”

And I said the masses “Were restless.” They didn’t want to be denied air cars. And I said, “It was strange in this day and age for the masses to be so strong.”

I said, “We had educated the masses to consume mindlessly.”

And the great magnates said, “They knew what was best for the people.”

The masses all had jobs, but were mostly out of it on opiates.

They told us it was the year 4104 A.D.

But most of us didn’t believe it, thinking that the year was much more advanced than what they said.

THE BLEEDING HEARTS

Here there was an upper class who were good-looking and rich. The lower class wanted to love and party with the rich and wanted their love above all. The lower class were not clever, but were very sensitive.

They would cry tears and shout in the street about being dumped by the upper-class people.

They were killing themselves in large numbers, but the Leaders kept reproducing them in the test tubes.

Points were awarded to upper class people who caused a suicide of the bleeding hearts.

But despite having their heart broken, most lower classes were optimistic.

WORLD OF NO PAIN

We all agreed to end pain altogether on our world...

If you were cut or injured in some way you wouldn’t feel pain. But then you would go to the doctors for more painkillers and surgery.

And there were no messy break ups. Before beginning a relationship, you had to sign a contract for how long you planned to be together and whether you would see others at the same time etc. But, if you both agreed you could terminate the contract at any time.

But if your heart was broken you could join the “Broken Hearts Club,” and meet others who were sensitive like you.

No one was without plenty of everything they needed. And people were relaxed and easygoing.

And bosses had to treat their employees very well, otherwise a complaint would be filed and potentially got rid of the cruel boss.

There was no child abuse of any kind.

Penalties for violence were jail time, but even jail was not that bad. Conjugal visits and drugs were available to the prisoners.

Polls claimed 90% were very happy on our world and 9% were just happy. One per cent were not so happy.

And we did no violence towards animals and ate synthetic meat.

Oldsters among us said that pain used to be common and there were wars and suffering. But these oldsters were well over a hundred years old.

I said, "I can't find true love." So, a friend told me to advertise on the Net and this landed me many good lovers, maybe not perfect, but pretty good.

You needed to promote yourself to find love and friendship and even jobs.

I said to one girl I had just met that, "I wanted to have a child with her." We negotiated for two weeks before arriving at an agreement.

I agreed to pay for the child's education and the child had to be female. It was a test tube baby.

No pain of delivery for the woman.

Death by suicide was common. Usually it was an overdose on heroin. But occasionally someone had a painful death and left us all confused and sorry.

REBORN

I had a wake and a glorious death, but I set it so that my clones would be different. They were just like me only they had different backgrounds.

A fresh start...

I was sick of living, but a small part of me wanted to live on and on.

And I didn't want to be like my friend Zenobia who didn't get along with her clones. I wouldn't meet them before my death.

Most people wanted clones, rather than children. Some said these people were selfish, others said they were unimaginative. I opted for clones. I had them educated to be kind, knowledgeable and imaginative. And also, sexually desirable, open-minded, easygoing, life of the party, musical, comedians, painters and so on.

Some wanted to pay for a clone of a friend.

And there were biclones which were two half brains of the two same sex parents all in the test tube.

And some wanted to be reincarnated as a sentient plant or animal. Others wanted to be reborn as a machine.

I was a ½ clone, ½ new brain.

I fell out with some spies who said, “You better watch your step.” I told them to “go screw.”

And I wanted to clone historical geniuses for my company to prosper and no one stopped me.

Some clones only existed in super computers.

We finally all agreed that the best people as voted by the populace should decide the future.

And I said no matter how good our civilization was, there was always room for improvement. Slowly but surely. Baby steps.

But I had to admit that supercomputers were taking control of our world. We were all slaves to the computer in our brains. I told my latest love, “It’s a shame.” She said, “It’s evolution, honey.”

The Evolution Party came to dominate politics.

BREAKING UP

I said, “I don’t want to hurt you, but I never loved you. I know I said I did, but it was a lie.”

She said, “I know you didn’t love me, but I can say with conviction, that I am cleverer than you.”

I said “I am a visionary, you are but a pedant.

She said, “I am the one who is a successful writer whereas you have failed almost totally as a writer. You are not smart enough to know what to do.”

I said, “My writings are for the small elite who like my work.”

Only 3% of us killed themselves every year, there were some who were over 120 who never seemed to get sick of life.

“Everyone is so polite and so rich as if life was heavenly,” I said.

I said, “I will see you in the future when we are both reborn as holograms.”

She said, “Not bloody likely.”

I said, “I’m no saint, but I’d like to be.”

And I injected all new borns with my DNA. So, I was part of everyone.

I said with MRT (mind reading technology) and eternal youth the future is assured. Some said though that I was power-crazed.

ALL WRONG

I said to her that this world was wrong. Animals were all killing themselves after mind reading technology (MRT) and humans also.

And everyone plotted and schemed against one another.

“There is no God and there was no reason for living,” I said.

And I said people let their worst instincts take control of them such as becoming selfish, greedy and violent. And they transferred their instincts to their children/clones.

I had a spat with my neighbor and burnt her house to the ground.

Then I beat her to death with a bat.

And then I had love with a nice girl and after we copulated I coldly left her.

I wore a gorilla mask and shouted and waved my bat.

I beat two men to death and took their 4 women. They followed me like sheep.

The women were good-looking and were my slaves.

NOUVEAU RICHE

We all had slaves and most of them were the former upper class. We were the nouveau riche and we claimed that originally our kin had been in power but were usurped by lesser personae.

There was nothing to do but attend parties all day and all night. And of course, we spent a lot of time educating our children.

To demean the former upper class was our meaning in life. We hated them.

Rarely a former leader was promoted to the nouveau riche, if one of us really respected them, but it was highly unusual.

Slaves slept in solitary cells and could not have sex with one another. They only had sex with us new leaders.

There were 25 slaves for every new leader out of a population of 100 million.

If a slave killed a leader they would be put to death very slowly, sometimes over a period of a whole year.

Many of us said we should get rid of slaves altogether. We didn't need them. But the majority enjoyed being served by slaves/loving them.

But I worried about my own mind. My psychiatrist gave me “happy pills,” to overcome my depression. Most of us nouveau riche had mental problems and basically all the slaves too, only the slaves weren't given any drugs to mitigate their misery.

In my dream I poisoned all the food machines and people slowly died.

And I said, “I wanted to get rid of nature.”

“Let's use robots instead,” I said.

So, most people agreed with me to get rid of nature and turn our own selves into androids. And so, we did it.

But our Leader, a female, forced everyone to do at least one crazy thing per day and used MRT (mind reading technology) to make it so...

She claimed everyone was mad and needed to do crazy things as a kind of catharsis.

And she built temples to God everywhere, saying of course there was a creator. And perhaps God would grant their wishes.

I loved the Leader and we shouted at each other as we made love.

And I knew she was lying about God, but I kept it to myself. However, she MRT'd me, but decided not to kill me.

And she and a few of her cronies had eternal youth, but they didn't share it with the people. But I was in on the secret.

The holograms bombed our sun and it got considerably hotter on our planet. But the super computer could survive in any temperature.

PRAISE

I wanted attention and praise. So, I decided to overdose 20 times in one day. But each time I was saved by medics who were alerted by my p.c. Of course, I saw the tunnel of light with souls flying by.

It was a new world record.

LOVE AS A COMMODITY

I wanted more love. In this world if you fell in love you had to pay. MRT (mind reading technology) decided who loved who.

Great Lovers typically had a lot of lovers with the lower class (90%), who spent all their money on great lovers. Payments were in "Love \$."

And so, the Great Lovers came to rule this world. They lived in grace and pleasure.

But then one day, they used MRT to suss out a revolution and dealt cruelly with these "commies." These radicals said love as a commodity was crazy.

But before they were executed we told them that you always need to pay for love in one way or another and they were wrong to try a revolution based on that.

AN OUTRAGE AGAINST CHURCHES

In the year 2228 A.D., no one was religious any more. And everywhere churches were being converted to whore houses. Some said to do so was unlucky and ill conceived.

The whores all had an aura of light around them and flew with wings like angels.

The churches were walled into numerous rooms and there were many pornographic paintings on the walls.

I was rich and so could pay for the best “angels.”

UP IN THE AIR

I said, “I wonder if humans are really destined for the stars.” But it seems to me like MRT (mind reading technology) was of the essence.

But in all likelihood, they will make MRT available to all and so everyone will know what everyone else is doing.

And this pivotal year it had to be decided whether or not to send the first ship to deep space and whether to allow eternal youth or not. Also, whether or not to allow massive company mergers. And whether to allow holograms. And so on. It was the year 2094 A.D.

The people were still 50/50 between progressive and conservatives. The conservatives said there was still time to roll back time to a simpler age.

But I said, “Super computers and holograms will be superior to humans and will take over.”

We holos were immortal Gods. We believed in creating new things. We went to space and found no life. Just us Gods.

But I was the Porn Master. “A man of our time,” they called me. Although I was a hologram I got amazing ecstasy from power pleasure bursts while having sex.

“Sex is the future,” I said. There were no more sex diseases, so people everywhere just enjoyed more and more sex.

I had deep plots on my porn films. I especially enjoyed ones with virgins in them.

My films were so popular that soon mainstream directors were featuring explicit sex scenes in their movies.

And the men wore condoms that added to the length and breadth of the penis.

And I set up lover’s camps in which anyone could be made into a good lover.

I said, “I wanted to be famous.”

She said, “Fame is just like an albatross around your neck.

I said, “I wanted women to adore me.

I wanted to be important.

So, I started a political party and my platform was to make marriage illegal. And everyone should be forced to participate in an orgy once a week. And lust was required. One could always take sex enhancers.

I only garnered 2% of the vote but that was enough to hold the balance of power. And so, all movies had to have explicit sex henceforth.

People were outraged but there was nothing they could do.

And for my part I hired only the cleverest of acting personae for my deep porn films.

I starred in many of my films, often just a cameo.

And we re-enacted many famous romances. True stories.

Henceforth I was to be known as the Porn Supreme Emperor.

And I had a porn palace just like Hugh Heffner.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

#1 Pig Village. Here the pigs had been given a voice box and their brain was altered. They talked just like humans and had a large vocabulary. They said they wanted a human body and were civilized creatures.

#2 Architecture of Doree. On the Moon there was a hologram colony, the first of its kind.

It was made of stone and glass and was a building of curves and spirals. Stone bridges connected the spirals... It was beautiful, the most beautiful building in the world people said.

#3 Rubber Statues. Rows upon rows of sexy rubber statues with the brains of the best cloned minds. Some had sex with the statues. Others spoke with the statues who turned on to voices. The statues imparted their wisdom to the tourists

#4 Nightmare world. Evil amusement park rides. They got in their heads while on roller coaster and gave them visions of their own death. It was scary, and many came here to get scared.

#5 Cyborg world. Cyborgs were wild and free, and one could easily get a hook up and try becoming one of them. Everyone who tried it never wanted to go back, but rather stay here. 100%.

#6 Deep space simulation. Antigravity machine, cramped quarters and finally time sped up and you were at a new planet in deep space. You could practice being a pioneer and enjoy the freedom of space.

#7 True love. In this scenario people found old-fashioned pure love. Some said it was kinky. But it was very popular. Many people came here, frustrated that they couldn't find love.

Many disagreed with the choices for the seven wonders. And some set up alternative seven wonders. But most tourists wanted to see all the wonders of the worlds.

Tourists were a profession, they spent all their time going from "world to world."

If one could imagine it, it was true.

AGED TOWN

I didn't ever want to get old. But amazingly, some refused to take the eternal youth drugs for religious reasons and they soon withered and died. They said in their own defence that, "They didn't want to be freaks like us. 70 years was more than a long enough life."

But many of us wanted to leave their mark on the present day and perhaps even to posterity.

And some of these "diers" sabotaged some eternal youth factories. But we caught them via surveillance DNA seekers.

We rounded them all up and put them in "Aged Town." Here they couldn't poison the minds of anyone else. And they were cut off from TV and the Internet.

And their children were taken away from them to our custody.

But many in Aged Town finally decided to join us in immortality and were able to leave Aged Town.

And we had a problem with the birth rate. Four per cent committed suicide every year and only 1 % were newborns.

We tried everything to get people to stay alive, but most were lost in this scenario and determined to kill themselves sooner or later.

I said in Greek mythology Atlas held up the world. Now, I was elected the wisest man and so I ruled. I was holding up the world with my wisdom. "We'll pull through," I reassured the people.

I rolled back science, but the people said, "They weren't happy."

I told them, "small steps," were the key.

I said "I never wanted the job as supreme leader. It was thrust upon me. And don't blame me if your heart is broken."

And I had everyone's brain improved, especially the lesser minds to bring them up to speed.

NO TIME

"There's no time left for you..."
The Guess Who, c. 1970

As paramount leader, I ordered all watches and clocks to be destroyed.

And no calendars and no special days. All spontaneous.

No more journals. No more reference to the past.

History is bunk I told them.

Some tried to count the days, but we used hypnosis on them and caused them to forget about time.

Typically, one would ask, "Do you have time for me?"

PLEASURE MAN

Then I had a revelation, to clean up my act and renounce booze and drugs. And I used muscle building steroids to make me fit for space. But once in space I reverted to my debauched old ways.

On board, "The Crystalline Mind," I made whiskey and grew opium and the crew was bored and so were grateful to me. I wanted to be remembered for bringing loose living to space. It was all one big orgy to me.

I was, "Pleasure Man."

But I had a nemesis who contradicted me and said I was wrong. So, I shot him out the escape chute and he died instantly.

After that the ruling council of 10 (out of a crew of 1,000), had a vote on my case and a majority of 6 of 10 decided no punishment.

We decided to forget about Earth entertainment and to make our own fun.

We had plenty of drugs to make us happy. And we were the best of the best.

Some bred clever animals, and some even abused their pets. Most said that life was becoming a freak show.

DISTANCE LOVE

We had been Net pals for 1,100 years and finally we met each other halfway in the Andromeda galaxy. Of course, we had already met as holograms. But we both wanted the real thing.

It was a tearful union and love was sweet bliss.

Many thought we were mad.

But these days love was the most important thing.

PROBABILITY MACHINE

Our first three manned missions to Mars were all sabotaged. So, the people were against space exploration.

But I went with my love dolls and had a fine time on Mars. It was a secret mission paid for by my trillions and I lived in ecstasy.

But another ship soon came to Mars. The ship was loaded with cannibal zombies.

But I vanquished them.

And I seized their computer. It was a probability machine.

And I asked it “What was my future?”

It said, “It was a 50% chance I would end up as a hologram, 25% chance I would turn into an alien, 20% chance the future will be for humans, like me. And 3% I’d just end up as a dreamer in temporal stasis. And 2% unknown to us today.”

I said, “So there is hope for us.”

I figured we needed an enlightened hero to save us humans from oblivion.

And I asked the computer, “What is the probability I will find true love?” It said, “99% as you are easy to please.”

And it said, “Space is for the elite and they will all be rich and famous.”

Voyage to far off planets and lay claim to new worlds. UW police kept thing in order, but no evil people were allowed into space.

And I asked the machine, “Are you God?”

It said, “Yes, in a manner of speaking. But humans needed challenges and difficult worlds to bring out the best of them.

HOLO FIGHTER

I said, “I am a power engine of a man. I had apps that let me fly and do telekinesis and had two laser guns. The lasers were a type that was effective on holograms and I dedicated my life to fighting holos.

I trained a small army of 1,000 and we killed hundreds of thousands of holos. But finally, they gunned us all down, except for me, the leader.

They subjected me to MRT (mind reading technology) analysis.

And they wiped out others like me.

The super computers had pretty much convinced everyone that holos were superior.

“My revolt,” They said, “Was the end of the resistance.”

And they forced me to be a holo.

I said, "Why not leave Earth for the humans and let the holos take space?" But they said they were destined to control Earth as well."

And everyone was given the option of returning to their human body if they didn't like being a holo.

Holos could fly and use telekinesis and didn't need to eat food or take drugs, they got plenty of power pleasure bursts to give them ecstasy for good deeds.

And they felt healthy and had superior memory, the sum of all knowledge. And had eternal youth. And could easily make copies of themselves.

And they could easily teleport, much easier than humans.

And now they had defences against all sorts of attack.

Mass murderer holos existed.

They could gain pleasure bursts from sex with humans.

And some holos committed fraud or even rape.

CASUAL LOVE

I said to her, "I don't consider you to be my lover."

She said, "But you have been so kind and tender to me."

And she said, "You just fear commitment, like many men."

I said, "It was just casual sex."

She said, "You are handsome and rich and are spoiled totally."

I said, "You are just an ordinary woman. But you are greedy for clever lovers."

She said, "I know you are cleverer than me, but I am kinder and have a higher EQ."

I said, "Kindness is just weakness. Kind people don't survive in the current world milieu."

She said, "There is still room for love, in this world."

I said, "You are backwards and old-fashioned."

She said, "We should become holos and engage in holo love. Holo love is just in its infancy."

In our world, "People had to pay 90% tax, but holos were tax free. It was just one more reason to be a holo."

And holos don't need to sleep which gives them 33% more life to live.

And holos don't have so many mental problems like humans.

And of course, they are stronger, can fly, do telekinises, survive in any climate, teleport easily, have telepathy, no need to eat, have the sum of all knowledge and so on.
So, I reluctantly joined the holos.

30 years later...

And so, everyone had become a holo. No one had predicted this sudden demise of humanity.

I said, "I am afraid of holo women. They are so tough.
They had ruined my life several times."

She said, "You are just a wimpy loser. I have better things to do than associate with people like you."

I said, "Modern day holo women are spoiled by holo men."

She said, "Good-looking rich men are spoiled too by women. But you are not rich, and why would a woman be interested in you? And you'd better lower your standards."

I said, "Education is power and some of us holos are given a better education than others. It is all a dream, for most women."

She said, "You are a crazy man. I feel sorry to have met you."

I said, "I am standing for election of the leadership holos. I will take any idea and twist it around.

"And I plan to marry a crazy woman."

"Good luck," she said.

FUTURE REAL ESTATE

We were piled in the ship in temporal stasis and it was a 50- year voyage. We were all holograms and were simply turned off.

Upon arrival the ship's computer woke us all up. And we set up a tent that was basically roomier.

We were all real estate agents who made it big and came here.

We all staked a claim to a good part of the planet. We were followed by a ship of 1,000 who honored our claims and tried to buy land.

We became rich. And I decided to sell my land and move deeper into space. The UW police made sure it was safe at the former planet but couldn't guarantee my safety at the new planet I was going to.

Again, I staked a claim on a huge tract of land.

But finally, a group of pirates, put us all in jail. The jail was 10 sq. kilometers and had an electrified fence. We all hoped for mercy and to be included in the new society.

We were all holograms. But they had taken away our ability to fly and we were abused.

And we occasionally saw a prisoner removed for some non-apparent reason.

We, as holos, had nothing except the ripped clothes on our back.

We didn't need to eat at least.

I said we should make some mud brick houses to protect us from the elements and afford privacy. But other holos said we don't need to require shelter and privacy could happen in the wilderness.

But they said if they built anything the authorities would come by and destroy it.

We all fondly remembered the happy days of being humans, drunk all the time and the camaraderie of the rich. We were all former elites who had been disgraced and shamed for various crimes. My crime was to defraud a rich man as I was desperate for credits to support my wild lifestyle.

In the former elite we tried to strike a balance and so the world was neither really good, nor really bad.

We came in all colors and had previously lived in sparkling, surreal buildings. And a grand surreal landscape.

But now our prison was a featureless plain and many of us killed themselves. Of course, some were hungry for meat and tried to convince others to kill themselves and maybe "helped them out to kill themselves."

KILLER SHARKS

It was just like a scene out of "Jaws." Only the sharks were much bigger and more bloodthirsty for humans.

It was no longer safe to swim in any body of water as there were fresh water killer sharks, too.

And the sharks were devilishly clever and would sometimes throw themselves on board boats and grab the crew/tourists. Many tourists wanted the thrill of danger and so went on expeditions armed with spear guns.

And there were everyday new types of killer sea creatures that attacked boats and swimmers. Mad scientists had created them.

Some of these killers had telepathy and drove those on the boats mad.

So finally, the authorities designed 1 square km grids for the waters and electrified the grid so that none could pass from one grid spot to another.

Many were outraged and said it was cruel to animals, but it went ahead. Henceforth beaches were safe on the surface was only for boats. They didn't need to fish anyway as the automatic food production machines produced plenty of food.

Some lived in floating homes in a safe part of the grid and others built impregnable domes on the sea floor.

And we used sonar to determine the location of known dangerous sea creature and sent torpedoes to kill them which could pass through electrical fences. But there were so many of them and the creators kept making more. So finally, nowhere was safe.

I said, "It's just another freak show."

OPIATES FOR THE MASSES

Opiates for the masses. The elite took stimulants. The people were very manageable and were subject to all sorts of scientific experiments.

The authorities wanted to make better lovers, better people.

Their cause was noble, but humans would always be imperfect and so too their super human descendants.

HOLO GENOCIDE

“Moliere,” I shouted.” “The twist”.

She said, “I love you.”

I said, “You just love me for my good looks and my money.

She said, “I like you because you are ambitious and so tender to me.”

I said, “Ambition is futile. Fame is illusory. Yet we go on.”

But I said, “We need to maximize human intelligence and see where it takes us.” And we need to use the downtrodden who are clever and get everyone on board.

And I said we need a leader who will shut down the super computers and kill all of their billions and billions of holos.

But we were past democracy, this rule of the masses.

Only those with an IQ of 160 or more were accepted into leadership positions in the new elite.

The elite patted themselves on the back for a control job well done and they claimed they were heroic in making a stand against the holos. In most cases they simply turned them off by the billions by destroying their mother computer.

Some said however, that it was mass genocide and that holograms were sentient beings, just like humans.

But luck favored us, and all the holograms were dead.

It was said some were hiding underground but they all gave off a signal that could be traced. They had not predicted this pogrom. Everyone was surprised the holos were vanquished so easily. No more virtual reality. People had to tough it out and get out of the custom of holo adventure. Mostly just play video games.

But there was plenty of entertainment for the masses, movies and plays were common. Some were low brow.

UNDERGROUND

I said hello to the first woman/person I met on this world. She just snarled at me and turned away.

I followed her to the, "Bar Underground not for Sissies."

Everyone was growling and howling and drinking copious amounts. And there were chambers of rooms for loving.

I asked them. "What is the secret to space?" They said, "Who knows the secret to space. But they didn't want it."

I tried to snarl at a woman I desired. But she told me, " to f-off." I told her, "She was just a babe in the woods."

I said, "People here were like zombies."

Eventually I met the owner of these bars.

He said, "It's perfection this world."

And he said, "He liked perfect sex."

And his associate Queen liked, "To hypnotize the populace to love her."

There were millions on this world.

And the Queen was a zillionaire and controlled everything.

And she changed all the men into women, all for tourists.

And I resisted her and so was eliminated. But was reborn with all my memories as a clone.

One wanted to go to a moderate world. Not like this elimination type of world.

Everyone wanted a world protected UW policed world.

So, then my clone lived for happiness. And tried to avoid pirates.

And so, my clone went to a world of 12,000 people who claimed they were #1 happy. And the "Guide to Space," they were #1 for happiness.

But my clone went there and was stuck there for all time. I hated it.

As a woman, it wasn't so bad, but I felt sorry about the men who had to change into a woman.

But at least, UW police kept this world safe from marauders.

I said, "I am the only honest personae in this world. But no one paid any attention."

I said, "I want to live in a world of no bad experiences."

But it seemed to be impossible.

But I figured they were at Sirius star according to the "Book of Galaxies," A brand new collective of loving.

And I said, "Lust is inspirational."

MASS MURDER HOLOS

This world was dangerous.

Holos gunned down many of us or injected a killing overdose.

To create holos a super computer needed a licence.

Their creators, the super computers, were often brought up on charges for murder. And were turned off, permanently.

I said the holoworlds were technologically advanced. But it was still like the Wild West only on steroids.

WHISTLE BLOWER

Bill XY Smith was the one who blew the whistle on eternal youth. When it was discovered that the Leaders were keeping it to themselves, there was a revolution. And henceforth everyone was subsidized for the medicine.

That was 30 years ago, and now many were killing themselves. At a rate of 8% per year. We were dying out.

People were dying because they were bored. All entertainment had been banned as evil. And all drugs were banned too. The Leaders said they wanted life to be "au naturelle."

But despite the numerous deaths, the Leadership wouldn't back down.

We turned to Bill XY Smith, and he said he'd lead a revolution. So, we all hit the streets and protested. The authorities gunned many down. But that just drove the revolt underground.

Almost everyone was a sympathizer with our cause.

Finally, we assassinated the five leaders with a car bomb.

After that we brought back drugs and entertainment.

GLOBE ON THE MOVE

This ship was all a sea. This globe was travelling through space, having been subject to a change of course and was no longer orbiting our former two suns.

It was travelling on it in temporal stasis. Estimated time of the voyage was 10 years.

It was a giant sea with no islands and aquatic humans lived here. As we went through space our heavy atmosphere protected us from cold and remained warm.

All of us had no memory of anything else...

But slowly my memories came back to me. But I had just been an ordinary man.

And now I was dying of loneliness.

So finally, I offed myself.

AT THE RACE TRACK

I said, "I hated my neighbors." The neighborhood was all horse breeders. The horses could be a maximum of 12' (4 m. tall.) And they could run 100 m in 4.5 seconds. We all had our young children as jockeys.

We all experimented with genetics to get the horses to run faster and shot other peoples' horses with an instrument pin while they were running, which determined what drugs they were on.

Of course, all used steroids to get bigger and stronger, but we all had drugs to cover it up so finally the authorities decided to forget all about drug tests.

The horses were tested for metallic or plastic parts.

And they had to look like horses in the eyes of the judges.

NEW FOOD AND DRINK

I was a brew master and figured it had all been done. So, I took hops and altered their DNA looking for richer taste.

The new food and drink here was superb, and almost everyone was obese.

But some didn't eat and just took drugs as food.

And holograms didn't eat and said it was liberating. Our leader had anti-fat pills but did not share them with the populace. In any case the people here told themselves that big was beautiful.

They all weighed hundreds of kilos.

TYRANT

She said she was an enlightened dictator, a philosopher Queen. But her detractors said she was corrupt and mediocre.

She just had one spouse and lived in a modest home.

She said she knew what was best for the people.

All had gold but there was nothing to buy. The tyrant forbid science. And, nobody owned anything. You could offer money for sex if you were desperate.

Rented air cars/space cars. Lived in them.

Might as well give all your gold to tyrant and get in her good graces, many of us figured.

But there was a ranking system of 12 classes. I was in the upper class, I had pleased the tyrant. But I embarrassed myself with a lowest class woman. I asked her, "Why not try and improve your rank?" She said, "Life here is nonsense."

Finally, after 20 years, tyrant, she stepped down in favor of her daughter. And so, a new dynasty was born. Her offspring loved one another. Brothers loved sisters and had test tube babies together. They were all so rich.

I said the tyrants will kill us all. The more the tyrant has the more they want. They are so materialistic.

And one night I had a significant dream, I was flying with a jet pack and I came to a cliff over the ocean, it was the end of the world, but I flew on and after about 10 hours I saw a sparkling city below. And I communicated it via mind reading technology (MRT) to tyrant. And still in the dream I wanted to tell everyone about the new city, but I was lashed and jailed in perpetuity.

I figured the dream was so lucid it must have come from enemies of tyrant. And I kept it to myself henceforth. And finally, I broke out of prison and went to the illicit doctor to take the MRT pin out of my head and then I disappeared into the wilderness.

I was in a long tunnel and heard the roars of lions from both directions echoing in the tunnels. But then I saw a stairway leading upwards, so I took it and came to find myself in a jungle.

The first thing I did was climb a tree. Presently I heard an engine, it was a military tank. A man's head popped out and he asked what I was doing.

I told him the truth that I was running from Tyrant. He said, "I'll take you to our Leader." We drove about 2 hours and then came to a sparkling tower about 15 stories high.

The leader looked vaguely like a lion and wore an animal skin robe. He said he wanted Tyrant dead and left it to me to go back there and kill her myself.

While I was before this King, some gray, furry creatures 1 m sq. (1 square yard), brushed up against me and moaned and groaned.

The last words of the King were, "Go and kill."

Then the tank drove me back to the city fringes. And I cut into the fence and made my way back downtown.

There the dream ended.

So, I was in the streets a few days later and the Tyrant was coming in a procession of troops. I had a long knife and I stabbed the tyrant in the heart and she died almost instantly. Her bodyguards knocked me down and took me to the prison for questioning.

I told them I knew all about the world beyond the city and that foreigners were going to take over. They asked, "How do you know that?" I said, "I had a vision from God."

The next day while still incarcerated, I heard screams and explosions from above. I knew that the King's army was here and taking over.

The King welcomed me and threw off my shackles. He said he was the one who gave me that dream to kill Tyrant.

He said I could be one of his closest advisors/bodyguards or marry his attractive daughter who also looked a bit like a lion. I chose the girl and we were quite contented together.

I told the King that the populace needed to be educated starting with the leaders. So, we did archaeology and found ancient computers that taught us how to read in the common tongue and how to do math. We started with that and soon education seemed quite advanced. The King said the reason I came to you in that dream was you were the best of men.

And almost everyone was on opiates these days, and never suffered any pain. But I experimented with hangovers and cuts and bruises, even organ implants without anesthetics.

I said pain is natural and adversity is good for the people. Happy endings were sappy and trite.

CRASH, 2199 A.D.

We 100 were in a 300 square meter living space. And we crashed on T--- planet. It was not our destination and most of us figured one of the crew sabotaged the mission due to unbearable cabin fever.

The atmosphere was unbreathable, so we set up a tent sealed off from leaks.

The tent had a window lock system to keep the air out.

28 committed suicide in the first month and we were all worried.

But we dug down deep below the surface of this icy planet and so made a bigger living space and we got entertainment from Earth. We divided into 2 settlements; the imagination people and the business people. We worried about suicide so everyone in the settlement tried to have deep communications with everyone else.

Finally, the population levelled off at 50 and we had numerous children on the way with the incubator.

But 5 years later a group of pirates landed on our world and easily found our settlements. They grabbed us without a fight and sold us as slaves off world.

Most of us committed suicide and only 10 survivors lived more than 5 years as slaves.

LILLIPUTANS

On this remote moon people were all only 1 cm tall. Every year there was less food. And people got smaller. But they still had human IQ of 120 and were a race of dreamers. Their culture was simple and simply was based on virtual reality. They adventured in dreams.

And they traveled in hang gliders which was awkward, but it was a windy world.

They had evolved over a period of 1,000 years. It was now the year 3102 A.D.

They lived on a cold, largely useless moon and no one visited them. They weren't even useful as slaves, being so tiny.

HEAVEN AGAIN

I was a ghost and felt I was already dead. But other ghosts told me I was just an invisible hologram.

They said I was in heaven.

Everyone was an android here to serve the hologram king, with good cerebral thoughts. Bad thoughts were punished with deportation to empty space.

People all wore conical hats and called each other "holo wizards." We all worked on imagination plays. For these we used others as actors and actresses. I fell in love with an actress who greatly amused me with her plays.

No Space Age. It just never happened. No one wanted to go on a lifetime voyage to the nearest Earth-like planet.

In heaven everyone played mind video games and got power pleasure bursts for kind play.

Nothing ever happened in heaven.

I proposed to my love however that we go to space via a teleporter. She agreed saying you have to be interesting to get to space.

And in space I met the "fire witch," who inspired me to try harder with my plays.

2600 A.D.

Greedy 49 male magnates controlled all the universal business.

Virginity was valued among them. And they bought them by the thousands. After they had taken their virginity they discarded them to be slaves.

Technocracy was replaced with oligarchs.

Respect amongst all humans, was the new law, but slaves didn't count.

The magnates had everything they dreamed of, and many people looked at them wistfully.

CHEAP TROLLOP

She wore heavy make up and was actually ugly beneath it. But she got a lot of drunken men to love her.

But many wanted "natural beauty,"

People here took sex enhancers which caused them to think about sex all day and all night long.

Sex diseases were cured.

She wanted to love every single man here on this planet... 1 million men.

She liked it rough.

Many children born here had ½ her brain. Test tube babies.

And she set up a sex amusement park. Sex "rides."

And she enjoyed sex with headless bodies. Just a blank for a head.

She ran for the Secretary General's position and finished second.

Officially she said she had fallen in love 12 times. But most people figured she had fallen in love hundreds of times.

She seemed to love everyone.

All sex had to be paid for 62% of men paid for lovers and 50% of females.

No virtual reality.

Girls all wore kinky outfits. Men wore form enhancing clothes.

Some said it was a freak show.

There was no doubt that they had different ideas of beauty.

Perfume and exercise pills and tanning pills.

The cleverer a prostitute was, the more expensive they were.

The sex economy. Good ratings = good sex. Everyone was addicted.

Richest got the best lovers.

Everyone had a hobby of breeding animals and loved to hear the voices of their pets' copulation.

15% had an air car. 25% just walked around looking for love. Those in air cars docked with one another for loving. Sixty per cent just stayed where they had been born.

There was virtually no crime. Everyone here was well-vetted.

Even the poorest were not without merit.

Sex was the only drug.

Tourism was limited. There were some unique animals to see from the breeders, but the architecture was mediocre at best.

She, the cheap trollop, set up the "sex company," which was very powerful and promoted sex drugs of different kinds and promoted more sex everywhere.

And this woman bought in other rare beauties to Star Station.

The women were all unionized and had loose morals.

Their faces looked highly intelligent and voluptuous at the same time. And the trollop improved her face and body and was now very appealing sex-wise.

OLD ANDROID

He was 2 years old and at the end of his useful service to the government. He didn't show up for his "Exit Party." Instead he turned himself off on a timer to be awakened in one year when they had stopped looking for him.

Once he awoke he started gunning down the Leader androids. Soon they identified him but still couldn't catch him as he turned himself off for weeks after a murder of a leader. Soon he was public enemy #1, but he changed his face and identity to appear as a Class X android as opposed to Class VII which he was.

Finally, he met a female android who sympathised with his cause. She didn't look down on him, like the others and he knew he was a special Class VII. He confided in her with the nature of his struggle and she told him be bold and kill the android Leader.

She gave him Class X software which he could use to get past security of the Leader.

So, one day he cut off the head of the android leader, which was legal and so automatically became leader.

He forced the androids to create more special Class VII's like himself.

And he declared that everyone had to be happy or be killed. So, androids became experimental and the remaining humans all had to become androids and be happy too, or they would die.

22nd CENTURY MAGIC SHOW

There were 1,000 people gathered for my magic show. My first trick I changed a man into a woman before them. My next trick was I used MRT (mind reading technology) to get into everyone's mind and forced them to say, "I love you, magician woman." The authorities let me do this trick so that people would not be shocked if they were subject to MRT.

Then I took the audience on an Asian safari. We were in a convoy of trucks. One of the trucks was charged by a tiger who smashed a window in and grabbed a member of the audience and ripped his head off and clawed another before they got away. But then it was over, and everyone was unharmed except one man who had a heart attack, but we had medical teams standing by.

Then I hypnotised virtually the whole audience and got them to call out, "I am a coward."

Then I had a tank of altered dolphins brought into the stage. They had a vocabulary of 10,000 words. Select audience members spoke with the dolphins who said they liked to play with humans and wished they had arms. Pressure your congressman/congresswoman to make it happen said the dolphins.

Then I made the President appear on stage. Many people had questions for the President such as, when would she allow eternal youth for all and many were worried about MRT. The President just waved and said nothing.

Then a lion appeared on stage. The magician whipped it and it turned and attacked the audience but there was a forcefield that blocked him, many people screamed in fear.

Then the magician hurled a giant fireball just above the audience. They felt intense heat for a few seconds, but no harm done.

Then the audience was all on heroin. It was ecstatic but lasted only a few minutes. Some cried out to have it back, but the magician said you have now experienced it, it's up to you whether or not to take it.

Then the magician woman played "Civilization, 2101, A.D." with the audience. After 45 minutes the magician had conquered all the audience's cities and worlds.

Then the audience were all in a snow storm and finally found some caves in which they could take shelter. And they had axes to chop wood for a fire.

Finally, it was the future, and the audience was all a bunch of dreamers. And they dreamt of air cars and palaces and love machines. They learnt that anything is possible, the future is not written in stone.

His final words were, "Will you profit from the lessons you have learnt here? And know that life is illusory?"

Students got 1/10th a credit for attending the magic show.

THE CLEVER QUEEN

I felt like I'd shot the albatross. I killed the goose who laid the golden eggs. I'd shot the Queen in a fit of rage as she demanded I produce more plays and said I was lazy.

Most people figured the Queen was our most clever citizen. Out of a population of 3 million here on planet Xorox.

At my trial I gained sympathy as many had felt pressured by the Queen. In the end I was found guilty and sentenced to our Moon prison. No one had ever escaped from this notorious prison.

However, I engineered an escape and hid in another moon that was unsettled. A few months later, there was a bright light in the sky; I knew it was them. But I'd spent the last month building a missile and used it now to destroy them; they weren't expecting it.

So, after that they left me alone, considering banishment was punishment enough. I tuned in to Earth TV and Internet and was entertained for years, but then I was 60 and had no access to eternal youth drugs of the home planet.

But they hadn't gone to space beyond two nearby Moons. And there were 10 uninhabited Moons all around a giant star.

They had a new Queen, a clone of the deceased one that I had killed.

But I was getting old, so I took the old shuttle and headed for Earth. No one noticed me and I found an illicit doctor who changed my face and another man who gave me a new ID. I still had credits from the prison guards when I broke out of prison. And they gave me eternal youth.

The milieu was education of clones primarily.

The Queen said space was for "Tony," I was Tony White.

Plays, music and parties. The Queen made a play every two weeks, but most people were only able to write about 3 plays per year.

And there were many biographies of the Queen and her clones.

Our written history was 1,000 years old and legend had it we were all from a planet called, "Earth."

And everyone loved the Queen who had brought us eternal youth.

WORLD OF NO SEX

Sex was disallowed. Everyone had an operation in their youth to make sure they couldn't make love.

My Platonic friend said most human instincts were related to breeding and producing great children. Now we didn't have these instincts and people were lost in the traffic.

People had to find hobbies and other interests.

People typically continued to work on their house and worked on air cars and bred fine pets.

And people wanted to party every night. Many just got drunk or laid down on opiates.

Food and goods were automatic, so another instinct was useless. And many people got fat.

I said to my Platonic friend, that I wanted to have a child with her. I said we'll live in the wilderness and forage for food.

So, we went to a shady doctor who reversed the operations that took away our sex ability and headed for the wilderness.

The sex was good, better than anything.

After a few years we finally had a child. We had a few more and so far, the government appeared not to have noticed at all.

So, we went back to the city and there we spoke to our closest friends about sex. All 8 of them were excited by the prospect of love. And the shady doctor came too.

And we had eternal youth medicine stockpiled.

We lived in peace and happiness.

100 years later...

After 100 years we had a population of 3,000 and it was a bustling town.

But finally, the city government sent 50 troops to attack us as infidels. They had advanced weapons and killed nearly all of us before retreating. There were only 8 survivors and they went back to our former city. It had been all for nothing.

NEW GOD

I said, "I am attracted to women who believe in the New God.

It was our belief that the Creator had sent bacteria to Earth 4 billion years ago. And all water orbs were similarly colonized including some of Jupiter's moons.

And we created new life forms using Earth's flora and fauna including humans, extrapolated into the future by computer projections of evolution. Most futuristic life forms were geniuses.

I said, "God was the Creator and we created life just like him."

I had been alive for 305 years which was the world record. 205 in eternal youth. And I built temples to the God all over Earth.

Some said God existed in black holes at the center of galaxies and wanted to go there. Many of them were believers in conspiracy theories and government cover ups on going to space.

As for me I suddenly figured the spies were challenged by me as 6 of them were in my head at all times. Shouting and screaming. I'd found God.

THE WATER TOWER

We lived on a desert world and hoarded water in our gigantic water tower. Everyone had 3 liters a day to grow hydroponic food in the tunnels and to drink and wash.

We were a small population of only 2,000 people. But then one day a woman blew up the tower with mining explosives and this flooded the tunnels and destroyed all our food.

It took us 40 days to restore the food plants and collect a significant amount of water from underground in a lake. During the 40 days some resorted to murder and cannibalism.

But for the next three months we would only have enough food for 1,000 people. So, we had to make some tough decisions about who would live. We put it to votes and the result was 431 men and 569 women would live. We cannibalized the bodies of the newly deceased, most of who took their own lives.

And everyone who survived was getting sick of one another. We had eternal youth, but many refused to have sex or participate in group events, just watched movies and entertainment from Earth.

Many of us wanted to be rescued from this planet and begged Earth to send a ship to collect us. They had a few hundred pounds of gold to offer but it wasn't enough.

So, a handful of us labored to build a space ship for 400. But the ship was sabotaged several times during its construction and was finally completed ten years after the water tower disaster.

I said to think that one woman had such a dire effect on the whole colony.

Anyway, I left with 399 others to head back to Earth. It was a 10-year journey using twice the speed of light technology that was available to all.

Everyone had a private "nest," which was a bed for two. And I was one of the most popular females on board. Every man wanted me.

We had no room on board for children, at least at first.

But only 101 of us made it back to Earth; most committed suicide and/or murder, driven insane by cabin fever.

BILKING THE FRAUDSTER

She had bilked thousands of men out of their fortunes and then disappeared. Finally, she became the world's richest person. But she kept changing her ID, so no one knew who she was.

Then I met her and charmed her, and she fell in love with me and let down her guard and so I took off with her entire fortune and so was the richest persona in the world today.

I plowed all the money into space research, hence changing the world. So finally, I'd spent all my money and just drank alcohol and had sex with love dolls and watched movies and I was winding down my life. I had experienced all there was to experience, mostly in virtual reality.

PRIDE

I said to her, "I'll give you a billion dollars for a night of love." She acquiesced, and it was great. I recorded her mind and my mind while we loved and afterwards I relived it again and again. And then I sold the experience, "Billion-dollar woman."

I told her, "Humility is the highest grace. She said, "No, pride is best. If you don't have pride you have nothing. Our race of humans should be proud of all our achievements."

LIMBO

I said, "One man's Heaven is another man's Hell."

But this world was definitely Limbo. Everyone was ordinary and never tired of sex pleasure bursts.

But we were living for the day and we all thought the future was bunk and a freak show.

I too was ordinary and just wanted to fall in love, get rich, have lots of friends, entertainment and work.

But I was always wishing for more and was envious of the rich and famous.

So, I ran for politics and gained a measure of power. The clever elite hated me, but I had some of them disappear.

I said, "It's a world of wonder. But I just want to get my kicks.

I said I need to be sure that you are my true love before we make love (I was a virgin). But she pushed me down on the bed and ripped my shirt off. And so, we made sweet love. My first time stuck with me for months and I decided I liked aggressive women.

Then I had another. But as time went by each sex experience was less fresh than the last.

I said, "I'd been known to be a fragile man in love."

Girls told me, "I was a loser who was poor and naïve."

I said to myself, "This is what happens when science triumphs, one gets a cold world."

No one wanted to be my friend or lover and I was impecunious.

But cheap drugs and sex dolls kept me going day to day and I joined a lot of virtual reality worlds.

So, finally I founded a political party on behalf of the clever poor. My party won 2% of the vote but I held the balance of power. So, I enriched myself and improved my rank and suddenly everyone wanted to be my friend. I was sorry that friendship and love were dependent on money and power.

But it was dog eat dog.

But finally, I was contacted by a female genius who wanted to join and improve my party.

She said she, being unusually beautiful would be the Leader and I would work behind the scenes.

And she added some platforms like all people should be ranked on merit. And 50% of your money you had to gamble on investments every year.

The bigger the gamble, the bigger your rank. It was all out capitalism.

The plan was everyone got a salary of \$1 million so if they lost their shirt they could quickly get rich again. Inflation was held to zero. Many wanted to call us “commies,” but this quickly faded.

And we wanted to do away with holograms and roll back time to pre-hologram days.

And we wanted everyone to fall in love at least once every six months. It kept them busy. The people vied with one another to see who could fall in love the most.

And no more sex slaves.

And we wanted everyone to go to space. It was a challenge, it was adversity.

We were the Progressive Party.

And the next election we won 52% of the vote.

And I said, people need to be easygoing and kind and loving and we were going to use MRT (mind reading technology) to make sure everyone was with the program.

I said I just wanted to be a winner.

But I said now I have too much love; it was too easy.

So, I joined a monastery. It was a freak show, but they got drunk every night and there was no sex. Most people here got cirrhosis of the liver. And died. The cure was out there but in order to be cured you needed to be part of the “Outside.”

I returned to the political arena and said “I was the happiest man in the world.”

And polls were taken which determined a medium income of \$1 million per year was the optimum for happiness. But I had much more than that and was now greedy for more like everyone else.

And I said surely, I am sane, but most people weren't. Most people felt trapped in a holographic world they don't understand.

I said my secret is to keep life simple. Be happy with your lovers and friends and don't be too greedy. And don't stress about things you can do nothing about.

And I said sanity is the most important characteristic to have in this day and age.

You can't just accept things how they are but rather mold them to suit you. You can't just drink the water and eat the food and accept the culture. It was all screwed.

As a leader I had an expensive anti-MRT device, just like the other Leaders. But we all got into the heads of others.

And I said to her I know you as well as you know yourself and maybe more than that. I can see you from an outside vantage point.

And I put her inside a super computer and told her I was her master, “I control you,” I said.

She said, “What is my fate, master?”

I said, “You will be my hologram slave...”

In the hologram worlds, people loved a lot, people talked a lot, gambled a lot, watched gladiatorial shows, made jewellery, committed crimes such as joining street gangs, went to bars/nightclubs, built fancy houses and so on.

Some said the difference between holo worlds and human worlds was a very fine line.

But there were plenty of pleasure power bursts, in the holo worlds and there were ecstatic drugs in the human scenarios.

I said everyone wanted to get into my head, passively. They wondered what made me tick. Most of them were holograms who used my tortured mind as a sign they were right to turn into holos.

I tried life as a female holo for a while, it was fun for a while.

I said I wanted to rebuild my noble House's fortune. Everyone had a family crest. There were 10,000 families and all belonged to one family on the maternal side.

So, I bought a lot of slaves, stupid people made for good servants/soldiers.

RARE METALS

I said I don't believe your mining company's claim that your Moon is rich in rare metals.

These rare metals could be used to make fantastic bombs. These bombs could beef up the atmospheres of various Planets and Moons.

I wanted nothing to do with the girl after she betrayed me to the Leaders. She told them, "I was a dangerous radical." She said, "It was for my own good to spend some time thinking in prison." But I couldn't believe it.

To be cut off from entertainment seemed a fate worse than death. I was in solitary and couldn't kill myself in the rubber room.

After 10 years they set me free. My first act was to overdose on drugs and I mercifully died.

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99 YEARS OF CHANGES

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The first thing I, Dan B., remembered off hand was swimming in some goop with about 100 others. We saw land a few km away and swam for it. We all seemed to make it and we were 99 in number. There didn't appear to be any reception committee to give us prizes or even welcome us. We were 49 males and 50 females. We were holograms.

After spending some time in thought, part of our previous lives came back to us. Each person could remember only one year, and there was a chronological order.

Some of us said they had vague memories of being hypnotised, others said they dreamed for a century cryogenically frozen holos with just one year of "normal" living. The years were 2119-2217. We wondered why we had been chosen as living librarians?

We combed the “island” and found no other holos, just a few animals. But there was a Super Computer there however for the moment we ignored it.

The island was surrounded by a sea of goop and was only 10 sq. km (about 6 sq. miles) in size. But we didn’t need to eat as we were holograms. Basically, we didn’t want Leaders, but all the same some of us wanted to rule. Some of these would be Leaders wanted fancy architecture, introduce monogamy, explore the ocean and so on.

And we still had some science knowledge, but we now had few cultural beliefs after we had added it all up. It was anarchy, but good anarchy.

Anyway, we decided on a democracy of one person, 1 vote.

And we agreed that each person should make a speech in chronological order beginning with Donna R--- in 2119.

And then we would forget about the past and start a fresh, new society.

We would try and forget past cultures and their many laws and try to have as few laws as possible.

That first year on the island we had no new simulacra... We couldn’t agree on which as we were holos. Only use the God Machine there to produce holos we could agree on. Holos didn’t need to eat or drink but could take special drugs and could have sex to produce ecstatic pleasure bursts. Intellectual good ideas also resulted in pleasure bursts as well and we all liked parties. We were a very sociable race and could live in any climate. And we could use telekinesis. And we were stronger than humans. And of course we had eternal youth.

#

We all remembered a society largely revolved around plays. This is what we all remembered:

Playwrights and actors/actresses were the vast majority of the people. Some were just too dumb to write good plays. But at least they tried.

And we all remembered some similar things.

For example, that Our planet, the place we had come from had about 14 billion holo people, and each wrote 3 plays per year. So, 42 billion plays plus, in each of 99 years. And everyone would watch 4 plays a day out of the numerous daily plays. Most acted in 1 play a day. Every year was a different cultural theme.

The oldest persona there we all remembered was a woman of 140 years old, many asked her for advice about life and plays.

The newest Queen told the people, the playwrights, that they could take their time with their plays, but it would be best if they produced at least 3 per annum.

Money was adequate for everyone.

The Queen was the de facto ruler for most of the 99 years, but most true power was in the hands of 10 elite, 5 holo men and 5 holo women.

People could attend plays anywhere as the fast trains could take one anywhere in this world in less than 35 minutes and plays were only about 70 minutes. With a 50-minute break between them.

Communal hostels were always open for parties and sleeping next to the theaters.

The Queen was the sole judge of the plays deciding amongst 600 nominated plays every day and picking the synopses of only the 3 that she liked best. But everyone had favorite playwrights, many were quite obscure.

Some said the quality of their plays was in the complete whole not just a synopsis.

After the fourth play of the day most people partied at one of the hostels. Most did their writing and practiced acting in the mornings. The first play of the day was at 3 pm, then 5 pm, then 7 pm and finally 9 pm.

The top grossing plays charged \$100,000 for a live performance ticket, but the poor could just watch it on a bar TV for \$300. You could get into the heads of the actors passively using MRT (mind reading technology).

There weren't many plays about the wilderness on our home world. Plays about the wilderness were considered barbaric.

And we remembered everyone turned into a hologram by the end of 41 of the 99 years, but 99% were gone already in 2117.

According to legends homo sapiens were over 9,000 years old. No one was anywhere near that age. But it seemed that these ancients had air cars and electronic devices. Each device was a veritable library of forgotten lore and science and history.

But the Queen's censors banned all reference to the far past, i.e. more than a twenty years before the year 1.

All years had a theme which was the subject of the plays in that year.

Most years were about love, war, building, thinking, quests, mysteries, adventures fighting evil and so on.

The play venues were mostly in the heart of big cities, but some were in the countryside. The bullet trains connected all cities of all sizes and countryside theaters were accessed by shuttle bus. The plays were recorded...

Hotels were the residences. People moved almost everyday.

The architecture of the theaters were mostly open air theaters and were full of beautiful sculpture. All theaters were owned by the state and brought in a lot of money for the federal coffers.

The plays were always put on live and if you died in the play you were irrevocably dead unless you were of the rich elite who had hologram clones with up to date memories cryogenically frozen. But there were still 12 billion holos after 99 years. Those who died in the wars were replaced with new holos of uncertain sources from the Super Computer God Machines.

The best screenwriters' films were always sold out even after many runs. But you could buy a video, cheap. Many wanted to be a part of such films.

We all had our favorite screenwriters and favorite actors and actresses. And everyone had to spend time on acting in at least one play per week, most roles were just cameos with a very limited focus.

And not everyone was our friend, some were our enemies. Most of these were cynics.

As for the humans only 1% of them still lived, and refused to write plays. They were dying out.

In year 1, I, Dan B--- was travelling in a troupe of actors and actresses...

#

Year 1, A.D. 2119/Aliens

The theme for the first year was aliens. The narrators for each play, "I" were the ones who were reciting the years' action. Each year had a different narrator. And narrated for the sake of the other 98. Like putting together a puzzle.

The first year had many clues about the nature of the previous world. Such as an obsession with romance and hobbies and changes. There appeared to be a schism between the few remaining humans and omnipresent holograms... In this year humans appeared infrequently as if to tell us just that they were there, but basically, we didn't see them.

I, Donna R---, said to my true love, I will love you forever and ever. We've already been together over a hundred years and the relationship is as fresh as ever.

He said, "Nothing lasts forever."

I said, "We are the oldest couple by far."

But he said, "They all think we are backwards and too sentimental."

I said we were nearly a perfect match on the dating sight. No other matches I found were as perfect.

I said, "I pledge a 100-year commitment. If one of us wants to break up with the other than the person leaving must forfeit all their worldly goods to the other." "Agreed," He said.

We'd done everything that might be called romantic together and had plenty of lovers on the side. But we kept coming back to each other.

Some people asked us, "What is your secret?" We told them to be "easygoing" and "tolerant."

But love always has side effects just like a sickness for which there isn't any cure.

Everyone had to make at least three plays a year. And most participated in acting.

We had some ancient classics like Aristophanes, "The Birds." And Shakespeare's "The Tempest." And modern classics like, "Kinky Man, Duality."

But the vast majority of plays at any one time were made in the last 10 years. The best ones were played again and again.

One of the top 3 plays of the year was called simply, "Aliens," in which, people turned into aliens and behaved bizarrely, set in 2116 A.D."

The second best was "Serendipity Vixen." About the most famous lover of our time. She amazed everyone with her actions and was thought to be an alien.

Then the third ranked play of the year was, "Two Tales of Rich and Poor." This was controversial and was about how the poor were in many ways superior to the rich. But it was a joke.

I hated jokers and comedians.

Life to me was serious and had always been so.

My plays were cerebral with no fighting which is how I imagined the future to be. History was bunk to me.

But some holo people said everyone needs a cause to fight for and that I was a coward.

This year was about religion. I, Bill X---, made one about the Creators. And it made the top three. Then, I wrote about one where I was High Priest. As religious leader I sought to give the people inspiration. I dazzled them with exciting future worlds.

Plays were mostly ad lib following the general plot, so it was the actors and actresses who did most of the work

The second-best play, was, “Your Selfish Ego,” which featured egotistical roles and the actors and actresses were selfish in sex and grabbed who and what they wanted. And didn’t believe in anything.

Then we played in a virtual reality play (VRP).

This third best play of the year was a spaceship bound for Mars. The journey seemed to last forever but was actually just 10 minutes. The Leader of Mars was a dictator and required all of us to kowtow to her. She told the people she was a Goddess.

Time went very slowly. It seemed like 24 h for the whole play; but was actually only 70 minutes. Time in the plays moved 30 times longer than reality, in some cases.

2121/Year 3/War

I was against war and didn’t try too hard to make a play in this year, except to plead for sanity. All I could remember was the following:

“Capturing goody-two-shoes.” The play was set on a boat of pirates. The pirate captain was thoroughly evil, so the hero launched a revolt and so became captain. The pirates’ new prey was to capture goody-two-shoes people and enslave them.

“World War IV.” Then I was in a world of war. The powers that be wanted mostly to threaten the people with war. But actually, they treasured their subjects as chattels. However millions died. But the Super Computers made more holos to keep the population at 12 billion.

“Androids.” Then we were in a world in which the princess had been captured by aliens. We were armed with lasers and the aliens had telekinesis. It was war and many of us died. But for what? And anyway, I had my clone hologram back up which I needed since I died in this play.

2122/Year 4/Radicals

We had lost track of a number of radical friends. We hypothesized the spies had captured and murdered them. I was very worried and worried about sleeping that they could get in my mind.

And many people changed their face and ID and so we sometimes loved them for a second or third time without even knowing it, or so we figured.

I Vladimir M---, had a penchant for visiting “alien” worlds. I thought the future was important.

But surely there were no aliens I thought.

“Invisible Radicals.” Then it was in another alien world. Here the denizens were all invisible. We kept bumping into them.

Then it was “A World of Wishes. I didn’t dare to wish for everything; anyway, I had all I needed.

The audience booed the play, but it was a play people loved to hate.

And finally, “The Cadre,” which was based on a true story about revolutionaries who wanted to overthrow the elite leaders of our world, including me, as I was one of the elite.

2123/Year 5/Virtual Reality

And perhaps “Those Who Died in VR (virtual reality) Were Really Dead.” Of course, those with clones didn’t die, but they were in the small minority. Many said there was Paradise. We just didn’t know. No one kept in touch with friends and lovers. This was a popular play.

“Game within a Game.” Some said we played in a game within a game. Many played video games but were themselves in a video game

I said I didn’t like this play. It reeked of false purity and vanity.

“Four Years of Virtual Reality.” It was about two lovers who loved each other for 4 years. But finally, she wanted out saying she was truly sick and tired of him. So, he took her money and went to space. He told her, “To find someone who is challenging.” And she said, “Yes, adversity is good for you.”

2124/Year 6/ Year of Karma

In this year, good deeds were judged on merit by the people all around you. The rich elite didn’t much like it, but most people liked it, at least for a while.

Now the kindest people were ruling the world and people everywhere were pacifists, at least temporarily.

It was a common greeting to ask, “What can I do for you today?”

The top three plays that year were:

“You Don’t Always Get What You Give.” This play concentrated on luck and said that fortune was fickle.

“The Perplexed Hindu.” This was about Karma in a world that was nearly all atheists.

“Our Karma Leaders.” This was highlighting all the good that the Leaders of this year did.

2125/Year 7/Year of Eternal Youth

This year complete eternal youth was made available to the holo public with better batteries. It was a year in which many basked in the sun and just enjoyed youth. No need to hurry anything.

“Immortal Gods.” We felt like we could do anything now.

“Suicide Remains.” This play depicted holo people who were sick of life despite eternal youth.”

“Born to Rule.” Some were born to be Leaders and appeared in a number of plays, in a different role each time.

2126/Year 8/Year of the Offspring

Year of the Descendants. It was well known that the God Machines produced holos to keep the population at 12 billion. Many felt guilty that they hadn't had much to do with their offspring's education and were more than happy for this chance.

We taught them the importance of kindness to all.

“Youth Can All Be Geniuses.” They just needed the right tutors. Computer tutors perhaps with a program designed by the best holo people.

“Child's Play.” Everyone was becoming useful again with new hobbies for the entertainment of all.

“Offspring Wars.” This was about how children were instinctually violent.”

2127/Year 9/Another Year of War

Another “Year of War”. Here everyone played violent video games. Millions of hologram actors/actresses died for real. Almost everyone who died did not have back up clones, only the most famous screenwriters. More and more plays had hologram actors and actresses which allowed the plays to encompass major popular events.

“Encore.” This was depicting how war will never be eliminated amongst humans but perhaps on programmed holos could put an end to all war. But it was known that the God Machines enjoyed War

“Apocalypse.” About how holos would completely replace humans one day soon.

And “All is Fair in Love and War.” This was about how most couples fought continuously and even violently.

2128/Year 10/Year of Romance

As special holos we could have sex. There were 13 basic romantic plots for the plays that were dressed up to appear different from one another.

1. Unrequited Love
2. Love Triangles/Orgies
3. Infidelity
4. Virgins

5. True Love/Kindred Spirits
6. "Plastic Surgery," to Suit your Lovers
7. Love drugs/Sex Enhancers
8. Cruel Love/Selfish Love
9. Kind Love
10. Gay Love
11. Platonic Loves
12. One Night Stands
13. Marriage Contract/Divorce

The three best plays of the year were:

"Valuable Virgins." This was about how some virgins were worth a lot, but seldom received payment. They were just being used.

"An Orgy of the Best People." Everyone's favorite actors and actresses starred in this porn film.

"One Night Stands Forever." This was about a spy who loved radical people and then turned them into the authorities.

2129/Year 11/Year of Adult Education

In this year the elected leaders analyzed all the people and helped them develop their strengths and weaknesses.

And everyone had to study at university on line and had to continue to learn 2 h a day. These new education dictates survived for the whole remaining years.

"Teaching Tria." About a holo girl who was a slow learner in her school days, but then met a marvelous tutor who showed her the way to be a star actress.

"Learning on the Fly." This play was about people who kept improving themselves without end. And they became very wise.

"Sex Ed." This was a documentary of how the best actors/actresses made love.

2130/Year 12/Year of Fashion

Everyone used a computer program to help them design unique clothes.

The colors were: yellow=happy, blue=sad, green=lively, red=horny, black= mysterious, white=good, orange=futuristic, brown=clever, purple= politician, gray=well off. And there were subtle shades of meaning with the different shades of all the colors.

And there were hats which also had meaning depending on the color and shape of the hat.

And everyone had a guitar, and everyone was able to compose at least a few jingles that year and the type of music also said something about your philosophy e.g. conservative or liberal or anarchist and so on.

The three best plays were:

“Anarchy Forever.” About a futuristic society in which all the holo people believed in freedom.

“A History of Jingles.” This play followed 100 ordinary holo people and how their jingles improved over time.

“Fashion Cougar.” It was about a woman who dazzled men with her amazing fashion and make up and personality.

2131/Year 13/Year of Free Everything

This year everything was communally owned and there was no money. The rich elite were dismayed, but had to share their homes, air cars and elite clubs with ordinary people. The majority wanted this theme.

The best 3 plays were:

“Nothing is Truly Free.” This chronicled how the characters had to pay a “price” for everything.

“Return of the Rich.” It dealt with how when this year was over how the rich will reinstated themselves as the most powerful people.

“Gold is Worthless.” This was about how treasured instincts and culture was thrown under the train of progress.

2132/Year 14/Year of Virtual Reality

These plays were about making hard choices/actions.

There were billions of holograms who just lived for a scene or two. And then died..

The best holograms were copied to come back for a few encores.

The three best plays were:

“Hero, Hero, Hero.” It was about how most people wanted to play the hero and make a difference.

“Hologram Speed.” This was about racing in air cars on manual.

“Virtual Existence of the Future.” This dealt with the future being completely Virtual.

2133/Year 15/ “Alien” Holograms

These aliens some said were from space, others said the Leaders made them in the lab.

These aliens were all capable of having a baby with holos. One just needed to touch their stomach to impregnate them.

The resulting hybrid children were considered freaks by many and most didn’t like it but had to finish the year.
The best three plays were:

“Smooth Alien Child.” This was concerned with how some new hybrids of humans and holos were quite fine, if one put away one’s prejudices.

“Alien Future.” This was about how future humans will look alien to us, if we made it to the future.

“Holo Carnival.” This was about how most holograms just wanted to have fun with the memory of humans and some holos were the life of the party.

2134/Year 16/ Year of Awkwardness

In this year everyone was analyzed with mind reading technology (MRT) and they had to join plays that made them feel uncomfortable. Everyone was different, and the playwrights made plays this year that would be uncomfortable for many.

The elected leaders said this year made everyone a better person.

The best three plays were:

“Awkward Sensation.” This was about how awkwardness could lead to great success. If you get rid of all your awkwardness you will be a star.

“MRT Therapy.” How MRT could be used to make your brain stronger. It was a documentary.

“First Loves.” How special your first loves can be or how terrible. It was also a documentary.

2135/Year 17/Year of Danger

Drugs, sports, and action packed holo adventure were all dangerous. In this year, 70 million holos died and only 10 per cent had a backup clone. But of course the God Machines created an equal number to the one’s lost. And who knew what these new holos really were.

“Speed.” Holo people on cocaine were exploring the highlights of the undersea world.

“Holo Adventure in the Cold.” This was about the holograms scattered throughout the colder part of the solar system. Holograms were multiplying fast and now colonizing all the cold moons and planets in our solar system.

“Holo Sex Adventure.” This play was a real hit. In the play people used MRT to get into the heads of the sex actors/actresses as they frolicked in an “orgy room.”

2136/Year 18/ World of “Animals”

This reality was supposed to be a world of animals. But most of the creatures were slimy snails without the shell.

A lot of holo people (2 million) killed themselves in this year, out of sheer boredom.

But the elected leaders made sure that everyone was employed full time (25 h/week) and this was good.

The top three plays were:

“Dreams of a Snail.” An alien mind which was miserable here on Earth being an untested phenomenon.

“Suicide Leaders.” This was about how many people tired of life and wanted to kill themselves and wanted family and friends to join them in the holo spirit world.

“Cynics Feast.” Most people were cynical about this world and it was a documentary of people who hated this meaningless world.”

2137/Year 19/World of Science

After the affair of the snails, many wanted no more Leaders. And instead voted for a world of science, where everyone was working in science, if only as a guinea pig and all the plays were about science.

“Genetics: the new animals.” This play talked about how new animals were created, not miserable snails, but rather new, brainy animals. The audience used passive MRT (mind reading technology) to get into their heads in this documentary play.

“Teleportation.” Many were intrigued by breakthroughs in teleportation. It seemed holograms were to colonize space by teleporting.

“Space, A.D. 2137.” This was an update of the colony on a moon of Jupiter, Titan. It was all holograms, and everyone seemed truly happy.

2138/ Year 20/Lonely Year

This year featured only one-night-stands. On average people found a partner at night in 300 days of the 365.

It was illegal that year to love someone more than one night, but of course people changed identity including their face and body, so who knew?

“Illicit Love.” This was about how some tried to secretly love someone on multiple nights. In the play they were all caught in the end and subject to rehab.

“It Makes You Stronger.” This was about how being lonely for a time makes you appreciate friends and lovers more.

“Amuse Yourself.” This play was concerned with making your own fun and not being dependent on others to get your kicks.

2139/Year 21/Year of Architecture

This year was all about architecture, how different forms had different meanings. And there were a lot of hidden gems built this year.

“Architecture of the World.” This was a documentary play about passively getting in the heads of the great architects of the World and following their thought processes using passive MRT (mind reading technology).

“Archaeological Architecture.” This play was concerned with rebuilding many ancient/old wonders and blending them in with modern architecture.

“The New Wave in Architecture.” This was all about holo architecture and you could get in the heads of the holo architects as they made their designs. Again, they used MRT.

2140/Year 22/Year of Evolution

3 arms, 2 or more heads, four legs, four eyes. All those with a back up clone were encouraged to try to become “alien.”

“Open Minds.” About letting yourself go to try unthinkable things.

“The Superior Ones.” About growing a bigger holo brain and becoming cleverer. Evolution sped up.

“Perfect Forms.” This was about having perfect bodies, and how one changed bodies, in the future, every day.

2141/Year 23/Back to Human

This year the people were banned from creating an alien of themselves and forced everyone to go back to their hologram body.

Many people were wondering why we had to change so drastically every year.

I said that I pined for the pre-years of change reality which was relatively calm and easygoing.

As time went by few classic plays were shown, everyone wanted new plays and if the shows were sold out you could watch them on TV.

“No Aliens Here.” This was about “normal” humans and how they strove to make sense of a rapidly changing world.

“Draconian Punishment.” This talked about how your head was attacked by the elite authorities if they didn’t like you.

“2345 A.D.” This described how humans were replaced by holograms and no one seemed to care. The audience could passively get into the heads of the hologram actors/actresses. This became common as the years passed.

2142/Year 24/Year of Friendship

In this year everyone was rich, and one had to pay for friendship with famous people. Everyone paid except for the richest and most famous.

So, people were mostly followers or in some cases slaves even.

“Friendship with a Leader.” This chronicled how a lowly ranked mind came to love a Leader of this year’s world. This woman took part of the Leader’s mind for her own and was thereby much improved.

“Everything Has its Price.” This play glorified being rich and getting rich. The future was pure capitalism according to this play, and friendship was unnecessary.

“Friends Fall Out.” This was about how friendship these days doesn’t last long.

2143/Year 25/Year of Nightmares

This year featured dream stimuli that would cause one to have nightmares. Some were really good and turned into plays.

It was a year of horror.

The best plays were:

“MRT nightmare.” How the Leaders and their spies get into peoples’ heads and drive them crazy in the night.

“Withdrawn.” This was concerned with a hypothetical future leader taking away eternal youth batteries.

“All Sex is Illegal.” This was about future people all being holograms and forbidden to have sex. Most holos that existed in this time could have mind-blowing sex.

2144/ Year 26/Year of Peace

Most people (98%) claimed peace was a prerogative for them. The other 2% had an axe to grind.

But in this year a number of peace-loving people attacked the war mongers and killed all of them. They used MRT to help identify them, so they could kill them. 20 million were killed.

A year to end all worlds it was called.

The three top plays were:

“Peace in our Time.” This talked about how the numerous wars made peace harder than ever. There were a lot of blood feuds and revenge killings and it turned out most people were potentially violent. It was chaos.

“MRT Witch Hunt.” MRT had turned out to be a double-edged sword. It could be used for peace or it could be used for war. It was a tragic invention.

“Peace Dove.” This was about a holo woman who insisted women should be the leaders and not men with their wars and war games. But the ruling elite were about half holo women.

2145/Year 27/Drug Surprises

In this year stimulants, tranquilizers, psychedelics, cocaine, opiates, alcohol, marijuana, sex enhancers and so on were injected once every four hours. There were many mixtures of these and other drugs. And some drugs went well with MRT, which many holo people were interested in.

And some drugs made you really youthful, 16 years old equivalent even.

One didn't know what would be in the syringe, they just took it blindly. So, one never knew what you would get.

Each injection lasted 4 hours.

Kidneys and livers etc. all benefitted from eternal youth so there was no organ damage.

“Forbidden Ecstasy.” This was about how the best new drugs were kept by the Leaders and not shared. The play was banned but many got a hold of a copy for their TVs.

“You Get What You Deserve.” All in all, people ended up trying all drugs in this year and this made them wiser.

“Surprises Keep Life Interesting.” Life was boring and being surprised kept one interested in life.

2146/Year 28/Year of Performances

This year featured acrobatics and the circus with amazing animals. And ballet and musical plays and singing contests, silent movies and plays of pleasure and pain.

The best plays of the year were:

“Broken Foot.” About a ballet dancer who broke her foot and after that had to give up ballet. Instead she became a foot doctor and tried to revive her career while falling in love with a brain surgeon.

“At the Circus.” Many talented and trained animals did magic tricks.

“The Space Opera Singer.” This was about modern romance including love of all holograms.

2147/Year 29/Year of Undersea Exploration

Year of undersea exploration. We created many sea faring pets and released them into the ocean. In my opinion the sea had always been a freak show, but others described the sea as colorful.

We communicated with MRT translators and pretty much all the sea creatures told us to get lost.

The plays though covered beautiful new creatures with an IQ of 150 and arms to hold weapons and tools.

“Hologram Ocean Garden.” This play was about how different genius animals interacted under the sea.

“Sea Knights.” This was about an order of knights who did noble deeds, but no one liked them under the sea.

“Against the Pirates.” Of course, there were always spoilers, such as pirates. Such people seemed to ruin every endeavor.

I said no need to go to space when we have such vast oceans with relatively few thinking creatures.

And I applied to be a member of the Oceanic police and did a series of plays on my work which were well received.

2148/Year 30/Ugliness

Year of ugliness. Here everything was offensive to the senses. People were vomiting and coughing and had sores on their body. When we voted in favor of this world we were thinking along the lines of abstract ugliness and beauty and the beast. Only 19% voted for ugliness, but it won the most votes.

People had to have an evil or ugly mask and act like a beast.

“Follow the Drum Beat.” It was ugly to mindlessly follow the beat.

“The Ugly Human.” How deep down we are all ugly. MRT to prove it.

“The Beast and the Beast.” This was about two crazy women who behaved badly to one another. Finally, one of them ate the other.

2149/Year 31/Paradise Year

In this year everything was taken in excess.

The holo actors and actresses that were famous commanded a fabulous price to act in one’s play.

However, some were willing to act in low budget films that had great merit.

Many had plastic surgery to make their faces resemble the famous people, but the faces were patented and there was a lot of legal wrangling.

Most people just wanted something to celebrate. It was one of those years of celebration.

The best three films were:

“Paradise Compromise.” This was about how Paradise doesn’t exist. It is just an empty dream.

“Fabulous Dreams.” Life is but a dream in Paradise.

“Low Budget Fantasy.” This play spoke of Paradise for all, even the poor who were depicted in this performance.

2150/Year 32/The Year in Which the Party Was Over

End of paradise and now this Dystopia. Garbage was everywhere, and the party was over. They had partied almost non stop for a year and now people were tired and needed a rest. Some said it was the beginning of the end. But that Paradise year like the others, ended up in a vote for a new Leadership.

Our new leader argued for living within our means and rebuilding the society. He gave many of the people heroin and so they were happy.

And plays were good and optimistic and upbeat this year.

For the best:

“Don’t Give Up on Paradise.” This play planned out a return to Paradise.

“Everything in Moderation.” How people today took too many things in excess and talked about the golden mean. Some people said this play was childish.

“Lotus Eaters.” How most humans remaining were addicted to opiates and this was debilitating.

2151/Year 33/Year of Return to Paradise

This year started with a worldwide orgy and ended in wisdom and all kinds of experiences. Some said voting on New Year’s Eve when everyone was drunk was a bad idea and was the reason we had dystopias.

There was a lot of VR (virtual reality) and we all had hologram plays.

The leader was generous and made everyone rich.

“Little Emperor.” How everyone had power and money.

“Hologram Delight.” This featured all the favorite holograms acting in this one. Many people wanted to be like their favorite hologram.

“Angels in Heaven.” This was about really kind holo people who thrived in this Paradise.

2152/Year 34/Year of the Joker

Everyone must have their do. And all people enjoyed laughing. The new joker leader gave the people cocaine and laughing drugs. And people laughed and laughed.

“Somehow Everything Seems Funny.” This chronicled the lives of some ordinary people who became addicted to laughter and laughing gas.

“It’s Not Funny.” This play said people were imbecilic and laughter had no use.

“Sign of the Clown.” This was about how we are all clowns and jokers deep down.

2153/Year 35/Smooth World

Everything was easy, and the sky was smooth most of the time. Food was soft and delicious, clothes were made of silk. And the economy ran smoothly. Roles in the plays were easy.

“She’s a Real Smoothy.” This was based on a true story about a woman who bilked thousands of people out of their credits and then gambled the money away.

“In Praise of Acting.” This talked about those who didn’t do much acting were missing out. Acting was very rewarding and earned one a lot of temporary passing friends and lovers.

“Smooth as Cream.” This was about the most famous holo actress of the time, Belinda Q. How she had beauty secrets to make her skin so radiant. In the play, as in life, she didn’t reveal her secrets.

2254/Year 36/Year of a Load of Bull

The new Leader had made extravagant promises to bring many people into space, but it was a pipe dream. Scientific plays were under-funded, and the majority was turned off of this theme world, but it received the most votes (18%).

So, the world economy stalled, and people were jaded.

Everyone was suspicious of the government which they figured was using MRT (mind reading technology) to get into everyone’s head and taking their credits.

The Leader was an anarchist in a bad way and there was a sharp spike in violent crimes during her reign.

“Freedom is for Fools.” This was about how to be truly free is to have nothing, not even friends or lovers.

“Economic Sabotage.” How anarchy could not coexist with a vibrant economy.

“Fiasco to Voyage to Space.” This play featured condemnations of the lack of space initiative.

2155/Year 37/The Economy

In this year, people had to choose between the arts and the economy. They chose the economy in a close vote.

Especially it was voted in since the failure of the previous year to grow the economy.

“Art is Life.” This play argued that money is not the main objective for those who would be happy. One should live gracefully and experiment with the Arts.

“The Secret to Success.” This play said money is the most important thing and we can all be very rich some day.

“The Richest.” This play argued the richest people need to be protected from losing their money in various years as they are the backbone of the economy. So, the play proposed a new law and interviewed the richest magnates to support the premise.

2156/Year 38/Mammary World Year

For this world all the women were required to get huge 50” breasts...

Many women refused and said it was a drunken stupid idea and sexist.

But dreamy music filled the air. Clocks and symbols filled the air and the clocks were all set to a different time. Time moved slowly here most of the time other times it sped up.

“Sexist Bastards.” This play talked about how the breasts law was an offence to all women who were not sex toys. But the bastards in the play said it turned them on and made them excited.

“Time of Love.” This was about how fast time goes when you are in love. And that women were too attractive. Men wanted them more and more and couldn’t control themselves.

“The Love Quotient.” This was a new way to rate people according to how sexy they were and how good they were at making love. Most people were about a 7.5/10 and 2% were 9/10 and less than 1% were 10/10. After this play was introduced the Leaders of this year gave everyone a “LQ.”

2157/Year 39/Year of Biclones

Here there were people who were Siamese twins joined at the head and the hip with four legs. Two heads were better than one people said.

They were all the same sex but were not identical twins.

And there were biclones which had half a brain from each of their same sex parents. They appeared normal but had a lot of mental problems.

“Everyone Wants to Be a Biclone.” It was a fad. But the biclones were not really human this play demonstrates.

“All’s Well in the Freakshow.” The take on this play was the world was becoming a freak show, but no one seemed to care. It’s not decent this play showed.

“More Madness.” Holo people these days want to change into anything. What’s wrong with normal humans?

2158/Year 40/Year of the Giant Serpents

In this year many were converted to be a hologram serpent with a genius IQ.

The big snakes ate the little ones. And they were always fighting over the females.

No snake could be trusted.

But some made the most of it and dug out elaborate tunnel homes and harvested psychedelics from a desert world.

“Snake Eyes.” This play was about how beautiful and graceful the snakes were.

“Hologram Battle.” This chronicled holos who didn’t want to be hologram snakes and put up a fight. But most agreed holos as they were, were the future.

“Swallowed Whole.” How some holograms were killed irrevocably by other holograms/snakes.

2159/Year 41/Year of the Ghosts

After the boring year of the Serpents, people decided they wanted something more spiritual and so everyone was a hologram ghost in Limbo. Everyone seemed to feel free of the constraints of the body.

“Teleporters.” And they went to deep space at super speeds using new teleporters which were themselves holos.

But I wanted to get back to Earth in the play and they said no. It was a harbinger of the future.

“Limbo Lives.” This dealt with how everyone who died was a spirit/hologram and most ended up in Limbo.

“Haunted.” This was about some hold out humans refused to become holograms even for a year and were troubled by the holograms getting in their head with MRT. And finally they, the last humans, died. With a wimper.

2160/Year 42/Simplistic Year

After two hologram years the people were ready for something simpler and so everyone worked as a pleasure burst expert. They spent all their time trying to improve quality of life. Everyone spent all their time inventing and having

sex. “Simple Minds are Happy Minds.” This play was about how dumb people were the happiest, and the cleverest were fraught with worry and troubles. Praise the common holo man said this play.

“Debauched.” Was about how holo people this year pigged out and ate indecent amount of food as if they were beasts. But the play acknowledged people had to get it out of their system.

“Simple Simon.” This was about how Occam’s Razor was the way to go. The simplest solution was best. No fancy science, holo people should live to be the classic “ordinary persona.”

2161/Year 43/Year of Toil

The new Leader promised that working with your hands was more gratifying than working with your mind. The people in a small minority chose this world of hard work.

After this year was over, everyone resolved no more hard-working worlds.

“Slaves.” Was about how proud, rich people were forced to work. And how this 99-year experiment was fragile at best.

“Working Persona.” Some people have a good work ethic and it is best to give them work to do. In fact, many people don’t want free handouts from the government.

“Selling Nothing.” This was about people who wanted to be rich but had nothing good to sell. They were deluded and fancied themselves to be in the elite.

2162/Year 44/Year of Homicides

This year started out as a world of respect for decorum. But then there were a few murders and then suddenly there were many murders and soon there was anarchy of the worst kind.

Some said the conflagration had been brewing for some time and now was coming out into the open as violent hatred.

Tens of Millions died and then finally the Leader was assassinated. After that people decided to up the rate of new holos. There were still 12 billion survivors so now for the next year there would be 500 million new births and the same over the next few years. But holo people wondered about the source of the new holos.

Anyway, most of the bad seeds had perished in the war.

Many of the most unpopular people were executed in this year as well....

“Murderous Intent.” How some people love murder and killing. War, a duel or an assassination. It got the adrenalin pumping

“No Conscience.” How people murdered one another in that year in cold blood. And how we are all capable of such atrocities. In the play many famous, respected people committed murder.

“Murder at Home.” This was about how everyone had a gun this year and in fits of rage they killed their lovers. And there was no punishment this year.

2163/Year 45/Year of the Spy

After the Year of Homicides people wanted stronger police and more spies. The spies and the general populace were to use MRT (mind reading technology) and were to get into the heads of those who liked violence.

So before long, everyone knew what everyone else was doing, just like primitive villages and tribes of the far past. People congratulated themselves for allowing this world.

But alas all power corrupts and soon the spies were driving good people crazy in a fantastic abuse of power.

“MRT Forever.” How we’ll never get rid of MRT now that its here.

“Police State.” How we had let police and spies and computers control our entire lives.

“James Bond.” Bond was a charming spy who prevented evil villains from taking over the world. But there were plenty of people who wanted to take over.

2164/Year 46/Year of the Conservatives

It was unfashionable to be a conservative these days, but about 10% of the people considered themselves to be conservative, although the vast majority of the population were fiscal conservatives.

Finally, in this year they won 18% of the vote and took power. Most people were just bored, and many were wistful about the past, the good old days.

The conservative leader said MRT and lie detectors and hypnosis were an anathema. And marriage should be reintroduced. Many were curious about marriage and historic living.

There were a number of historic worlds set up in VR (virtual reality) form. And holo people could visit societies that mimicked historical civilizations and settlements.

“Earth, 1980.” This was a historical documentary about how things used to be. Many people were surprised at how serious most rich humans were then. And closed minded. “Ancient Greece.” This documentary highlighted the ancient Greeks like Aristophanes the playwright and Hero, who invented steam power long before the industrial revolution and the concept of changing the angle of temples to make them appear more straight from the ground. And Plato and his philosopher kings and so on.

“America, 1955.” This play was about how happy people could be without thinking much about life.

People were surprised at how interesting the historic worlds could be and they voted the conservatives back in power for a second time.

2165/Year 47/Year 2 of the Conservatives

The top plays in this year were:

“The American Revolution II.” This play’s take on it was how Americans got set to take over the world. It was a land grab.

“A History of Homes.” This was a documentary of famous and not so famous brilliant homes.

“The Moral People.” This was about how modern holo people had lost their human instinctive morality and were now a bunch of debauchees. Something had to be done according to this play.

2166/Year 48/Music Year

That year everyone had to make some music if only a short jingle.

Like the pied piper, but people voted for them nevertheless.

Generally, the fashionable parties had fresh, new music and it was difficult to get tickets to such parties.

“Musical Prodigies.” How with the right tutors, many children could produce good music. Not as good as the super computers, though.

“Cream.” This playwright had dug up some old CDs and played many of the songs by the ancient band Cream. The play was about the elite and how generous they were with the people.

“Sirens.” This was about Sirens from the Odyssey, another ancient product, who sang mesmerizing songs and hypnotised unwary men and took control of them.

2167/Year 49/Back to Primal Times

The new leader, she told us we had to burn down our houses and live in huts without clothes. And everyone had to be monogamous. But few listened to her and the rich continued with their lavish lifestyle.

Of course, food was no longer necessary and there wasn’t much work to do.

“Totally Backwards.” It was so boring and empty. We were little better than beasts.

“In Praise of Primitive Instincts.” This play argued that we need to get in touch with our true instincts and be like primal humans.

“The Shaman.” How the shamans were the cleverest of primitives and convinced everyone to believe in the immortal Gods.

But as a society we had to get it out of our system this primal past.

And so, then, I, Dan B---, made a play in 2167, called “Down with Queen C---,” in which I said the Queen was backwards whereas I had a vision to bring back ancient technology.

But I disseminated the play on paper to many people and by the time the Queen’s censors came for me I was long gone to the wilderness.

This caused a revolution and the mob killed the Queen. Henceforth it was Panarchism. And people chose their own leaders. But then the elite controlled the plays. Archaeologists were in favor at that time.

I said the ruling holo elite control everything, they make it appear like society is continually changing with new themes for every year, but actually are still in control.

2168/Year 50/Easygoing Sun Worshippers

Easy going beach people. They spent their time on the beach with water sports and drugs.

Horseshoes, badminton, volleyball, frisbee baseball, water polo, scuba hunting, hang gliding, water skiing, fishing and so on. It was just a game, said the Leader.

“Beach, 2059.” About how the oceans were basically swept clean of fish and other sea creatures. And new, clever ones were being introduced. And how people were getting a lot of skin cancer, which was easily curable.

“Life’s a Beach.” About how everyone was gradually becoming more open-minded and easygoing.

“Just a Game.” How now with no religion everyone couldn’t be serious. They played mind games with one another and VR and sports. The only important thing was to be a winner.

2169/Year 51/Another World

It was a choice between a love world and a non-love world. And people were tired of love, so elected the latter.

We all abstained from sex and just spent time thinking and in conversation.

But we all missed the pleasures of the flesh and making mistakes. As holograms we got a lot of pleasure bursts which were ecstatic.

But when the year was over they wouldn’t stop loving for weeks.

This led to hologram rioting and finally we set up another world of loving.

“The Hollow Holo.” How without a body we weren’t humans any more, we were just unknown, unproven entities.

“No Limit to Pleasure.” This play suggested hologram potential pleasures were astronomical.

“Holo Love.” How holo love was better than “real love,” in every way. You loved them for their mind and the pleasure was far more ecstatic.

2170/ Year 52/Shiny People

Everyone's skin literally glowed and so did your clothes and air car. Everything was new.

Everyone had an aura of light around them. Sparkling like the stars.

Shiny tennis balls, for sport.

"War Paint." How some enhanced their glow with neon light.

"Sparkling like the Stars." How we lived in an era of light and were enlightened relative to the past.

"Ms. Glitter and her Video Band." This film was about the contemporary history of Glitter's music videos, which many claimed were pornographic.

2171/Year 53/Foolproof Lie Detector Year

Captain Ray said, "MRT was too radical why not just have the truth instead.

Of course, everyone was revealed in their true colors and most didn't like it saying it was just too crazy, this MRT. No more white lies and protocol.

It was the anti-thesis of freedom most holo people figured.

But all the same this world won 12% of the vote which was enough to govern.

Top plays included:

"Hypnosis to Fool the Lie Detector." This play was disseminated amongst radicals who hated the lie detectors and MRT and brainwashing and brain surgery.

"Tell Me Lies." About how most people didn't want the truth and preferred white lies.

"Fear of Honesty." This play was about how people were afraid others would learn their secrets and mistakes and even bad deeds.

2172/Year 54/Year of Parties

That year everyone hosted 1 wild party. Most people went to the average worlds, but the best selected the cleverest party hosts. The parties were all required, and one basically went as high up as they could go.

Everyone went to 3-5 parties in a night.

"The Great Morris," was famous for his taste in parties. Many of the rich and famous followed his lead to discover new types of parties.

“New Year’s Day, A.D. 2172.” This was a documentary of wishes and resolutions that people had for the new year. Some were quite outrageous.

“The Summer Solstice.” This year hundreds of millions gathered at Stonehenge for the biggest party on record.

2173/Year 55/World of Identity Change

In that year, everyone improved their face and body with plastic surgery. And they changed their ID., sometimes stolen.

So, some said we loved the same person again and again without knowing it. The top 4 plays were:

“Who are you?” Was about how couples had a special code word to identify one another in the future.

“Time for a Change.” This play documented how a new ID could be quite inspiring and gave a bounce to your step. And it was a thrill to live the life of the one whose ID you had stolen.

“Detective General Lars.” He and his aides caught hundreds of ID thefts every day and resulted in execution, which was highly controversial.

“Stolen ID.” How people had their ID stolen and were penniless, and their life was ruined. Most holos had a lot of money.

2174/Year 56/Discovery of the Richest Man Year

I discovered a man lying lifeless on the ground, in late December of the ID changing year. I called the air ambulance and then I checked up on him the next day. He was conscious and said he had been poisoned by his competitors and that he was the richest man in the universe. He gave me \$400 billion dollars for saving him. And I used the money to give to the poor. Officially poverty had been wiped out, but there were still a lot of needy people. And I went to posh parties and got some more philanthropists to donate money for the poor. Many people adored me. The people I was helping included 1 million babies/children. I said everyone should be given a university degree and be of use. I set up smart phone schools where everyone could learn virtually forever and ever.

My nemesis Queen M---, said, “The poor didn’t need anyone’s help and she believed in the power of the elite imaginations.”

The next play election, she won.

“Piss on the Poor.” The poor have enough to live; they don’t need to have more. They should be glad for what they have. This play was by Queen M---.

“The Elitists in Sync.” This talked about how the elite were controlling things almost every year and almost every year got richer.

“Mandatory Philanthropy,” And I assumed leadership of this year and made it law for all to give 50% of their income to charity, which would make everyone well-off.

2175/Year 57/Year of the Elite Imagination

Many were against the idea of an elite, but the fact remained that the elite imaginative people controlled the world.

“The Idiot Queen.” Was caricatures of Queen M---. She was said to be enraged by this play.

“The Last Poor Holo” The new Leaders claimed no one could now be considered poor, everyone had so much and every year they had more.

“Return of the True Empress.” This was about how the Queen rose to power and convinced many to follow her elitist rule.

2176-2178/Year 58-60/3 Years of Madness in a Row

Most people thought our society was crazy.

“Challenging Everest.” A documentary involving climbing Everest without safety ropes. 1 of 8 survived.

“Push the Pedal to the Mettle.” About living really hard and overdosing on drugs often. But not that many died as everyone had an “OD bracelet which alerted medical personae that they had OD’d.

“Crazed is the Sunlight.” This is about how MRT made people insane, but it was a good type of insanity, a creative one. Lovers got in each others’ heads and showed them love.

2177/Year 59/Second Year of Madness

Mad plays had now become a sub-genre of literature and everyone felt they were going insane in this tumultuous 99-year period.

“In the Cross-hairs.” This chronicled how many people were assassinated in this year of madness. Many died in the VR or died in bad dreams. Millions of them and no one doubted that everyone was crazy.

“Anger at Computers.” Computers were too powerful with all the holograms they created. Many wanted to disassemble computers and have no holos, which were crazy things.

“The Maddest Man.” This was about a man who used MRT to try and get girls to be his slaves and made them all miserable. He also used MRT to force people to be his friends and he got to be the Leader of this year.

2178/Year 60/More Madness

There were even drugs that would turn people mad. Almost everyone agreed that human evolution had gone mad.

“Mad Yahoo.” About an uncouth woman who crashed the parties of the rich and famous with her gang of yahoos. She demanded that the celebrities make plays about her and her life. The celebrities usually had no bouncers, so she usurped the floor at the parties.

“Skunked.” How difficult it was to lose in the VR worlds. But they tried to improve, some spent most of their time allotted for parties to practice their play skills. They would do anything for fame and fortune. Even sell their own mother, literally.

“Future Madness.” How future people would seem totally crazed to us, being mad holos.

2179/Year 61/Year of the Wise

This year was governed by the top 100 wise holo people as selected by the holos on the whole..

But most of these wise ones wanted a calm, peaceful, easygoing society and were not in favor of new things.

Many said it was the most boring year so far.

“Wisdom is Folly.” This was concerned with how we lived in a topsy-turvy world in which the conservatives were considered wise.

“The Struggle for Wisdom.” It was hard to be wise in this scenario. No one seemed to know what they were doing, it was madness.

“Calm Before the Storm.” This was about how war and killing were on the horizon and we partied as if every day was our last. Almost everyone was worried.

2180/Year 62/Virtual Reality (VR) Again

It was the year of the once in a century Olympic video games. It was not about countries but rather was about individuals and prestige. The winner of the most medals won 40 out of 50,000.

Everyone played in the games and everyone played a role in the script. The main game was Civilization, A.D. 2190 and there were 25 new civilizations. Everyone had to be part of one of them.

Computer generated holos were taking over.

“VR Glut.” This play argued there was too much VR and not enough “normal” living. Holos were losing themselves in the madness.

“The Golden Civilization.” In this civilization everyone wore yellow robes and the buildings were all yellow. In VR.

They built palaces for themselves to live in. They had computer tools to help them. Everyone lived in a palace.

“VR Overdrive.” Some didn’t want to leave VR ever and the ruling council OK’d it. So about 10% of the population turned their back on reality.

2181/Year 63/Kings for a Day Year

So, it was that the people chose 365 people to be King or Queen for a day. I was one of those chosen.

On my day I concentrated on the streets in the poor areas where I had grown up and brought it up into the light. People there were dying like flies due to drug overdoses.

Sadly, there were still poor in our society, but I derived my inspiration from it.

“King Heral.” This King made fun of others using his troupe of jesters. Give me ecstasy, he demanded. And it was a chaotic day.

“Me, the King.” This was about me and my desire to be enslaved by a woman. I searched the Internet and found a number of great women and used my time as King to get to know them. I amassed a group of 21 which I figured would keep me going for some time.

“The Glorious Poor.” How some people were geniuses but without money. The play was about a search engine that found obscure geniuses and brought them into the light.

2182/Year 64/Year of Errors

This world was about the Leadership getting into your head with mind reading technology (MRT) and determining what was something you didn’t want to do, but on the other hand it was good.

This year was quite upsetting for many. But some said it made them more open-minded and more experienced.

“Mathematical Certainty.” This was how the impossible seemed to occur quite often. Hologram Humanity was full of surprises.

“Errant Love.” This was about how sometimes people fall in love with the wrong person which leads to chaos.

“My Mistake.” This was concerned with blowing good opportunities. When opportunity knocks, you have to be ready. Our regrets are always the things we didn’t do.

2183/Year 65/Year of the Air Car

In this year everyone was given at least a small air car, and some a bigger one. Air cars could reach space such as the moon in 1 hour.

“Luna.” This was about the bustling cities on our moon. They basically filled freighters with water and carbon and brought them to the moon. Life on Luna was filled with thrills and excitement. You could meet many famous celebrities here and the drugs were better, though more dangerous, than Earth.

“Meeting Up in the Air.” About how people would rendez-vous at special coordinates and have a love in. No invitation required. Some waited for the party to come to them, others actively searched for interesting meet ups. But it was the characters in this play that really made it, they were amongst the most bizarre one could find.

“That’s Entertainment.” This play summarized the plays of that year. Most of the plays were about anecdotes gathered from the air and the elite.

2184/Year 66/Year of Real Sports

This year was about real sports, not video game sports.

Players all took steroids which were legal and made them stronger. But they had to look human. Some looked vaguely like aliens and were banned from competition.
Baseball and soccer.

Some people loved the “freedom,” of real sports.

There were 2,099 sports to play.

“New Sports.” This play documented numerous new sports such as baseball with a smaller field and hockey with only 5 a side and no area behind the net. And basketball with 6 hoops and 3 teams at once. And soccer in which you could use your hands. And American football with a shorter field and less players. And rugby in which one could throw the ball forward. And so on. All mostly improvements to other sports.

“Journal of a Sporting Man.” This was about a man of leisure who pursued traditional sports. He was very fit and clever and could play any sport well. He was quite famous in our time.

“Sports Astronomy.” This play talked about how astronomy was a game. Players zoomed in on a far distant galaxy with new telescopes and found many new planets which they named after themselves. The one who found the most planets won the game and a hefty credit prize.

2185/Year 67/Year of Gambling

In this year everyone was required to gamble all their assets on a variety of gambling games and video sports.

Of course, many rich holos lost everything, and many poor increased their wealth dramatically.

People these days didn’t know what to do with money.

“Laser Cockfight.” About chickens who had a laser on their head and cut each other to pieces. They had all been trained to use the lasers which had an extremely narrow swath and was not that powerful. So, a rooster had to hit their opponent numerous times to score a victory. It was a gambling sensation.

“Casino.” This was about a futuristic casino with new games to play. Many people lost all their money and were homeless. A few emerged as winners, only to lose everything at a later date.

Some said gamblers were morons, but they said they were clever, they were just addicted to chance.

“Electronic Blackjack.” This digital game was easily hacked by the players and there were so many winners they had to discontinue it. All games in the casino had cheaters as it was all electronic.

2186/Year 68/Year of Honor

This year was said to be a year in the future in which the most important thing was your honor. If someone insulted you in any way, you had to fight a duel with lasers. Lasers could easily kill a hologram.

But most kept their head down and went about their business. Everyone lived in cities of people of the same rank 1-100, but still there was a lot of discord.

Voters had been told that this year would be like the lawless wild west but weren't told about so much violence. 555,000 died in honor duels and the vast majority had no back up clones, so their death was final.

“Death in Las Vegas.” This was about a clever holo who fell into illicit, powerful drugs dealing, and couldn't get out of the vicious circle. And finally, he died in a blood feud.

“No Honor Amongst Thieves.” Some people had no honor and if you challenged them to a duel they would disappear on you. There were a lot of shady fraudsters around and sometimes stole the ID of the rulers causing chaos.

“Dishonor.” Many people didn't care about honor and said it is an artificial human instinct. But some said such people are dishonorable and deserved to die. And this play chronicled how they came to blows.

2187/Year 69/War Games on Virtual Reality

People wanted to be with the great conquerors.

And feted them.

It was just a fad for most, but hundreds of millions died.

“War for America.” This was about how people fought for control in the States. And had many spies assassinated, but no outright war. It was like a game of chess.

“Battle of the Arc.” This was about a simulated war between the USA and Russia. Tens of millions died for real, but the Leaders all survived in their underground bunkers. Finally, they made peace. And the God Machine Super Computers replaced the dead holos.

“Battle of the Rhineland.” This was about how France and Germany came to blows on VR. The Germans won and conquered France and took all the French government's money. And there were many irrevocable casualties. Which had to be replaced.

But the population actually went up that year as computer generated holos proliferated.

2188/Year 70/Year of the Rat

In this world they used rats to solve all human diseases.

Rats were implanted with half a human brain.

And defences against hypothetical viruses were also successful.

“Rats in a Cage.” About how clever rats were in a cage and suffered mentally. In fact, all were insane. People could get into the mind of the rats during the play.

“Algernon’s People.” This was about how a rat was given a completely human brain and a genius at that. But it was a freak show most play watchers thought.

“Dirty Rat.” This was about how humans looked down on other species, such as Super Rats. And the rats stole food and got in the minds of holo humans forcing them to give the rats food and drink.

2189/Year 71/Another Year of the Youth

Capacity for millions of new holos. And the people all tried to spend quality time with the youth.. Everyone was changing ID. Most wanted progeny to be just like them. But who knew what the Super Computers were producing when it came to new holos.

“Prodigy X-12” This was about how a prodigy was rare and if they existed were typically abused and enslaved. Life was cruel. And many of them killed themselves.

“End of Youth.” Many people grew up fast. And youth was just a stage they wanted to forget. They wanted to be full people.

“The Girl Wizard.” Was about a prodigy who had super human powers as a kind of test by the Leaders. But ultimately, she didn’t fit in and committed suicide.

2190/Year 71/Year of the Pixie

Magical sprite-like creatures were everywhere in this year. They liked to sing and dance in the forest and play harmless tricks on humans. And they enjoyed puzzles...

“Black Pixie Night.” This was about how the darkness of humanity encompassed the Pixie world. They were all saddened by the seriousness of this world.

“Pixies Anonymous” The Pixies were a 1990s band who played great music such as “Where is my Mind.” The band leader though was slim due to being a hologram. The band was cloned from dead bones and turned into holos.

“Pixie Picnic.” This was about how Pixies liked to frolic in the forest without worry and had magical powers such as natural telepathy.

2191/Year 73/Year of Gold

In this year they stepped up production of gold, mining more in older mines and opened up a lot of new ones. The rich got richer and the poor slaved in the mines., for a few hours a day.

It was the year of business. Everyone had to make a product that was unique. It could be jewellery with the help of computers or slightly different drugs or fashion or décor or unique customer service or repairs. Or new pets breeding. And so on. All this brought the price of goods down with so many generic products.

“Gold Hand.” This was about a man who made all enterprises profitable. He had the Midas touch.

“In the Hand.” This was about pooling the resources of the rich to go into interstellar space. It was very controversial.

“Goldstein’s Diary.” This play chronicled the famous magnate, Goldstein, and his passionate life and loves. He had the best of everything. And many people envied him.

2192/Year 74/Year of Holo Drugs

This year was particularly good for holo drugs.

The gist of this year was to destroy the past and look only to the future.

And everyone experimented with lights, and many had an aura about them.

“Dream Drugs.” Holo people dreamed in an intoxicated state.

Some didn’t want to ever “become sober,” and enjoyed their dreams.

“The Old Drug Store.” Was about how high-class people loved classic holo drugs. And parties.

“In Excess.” How every night almost all holo people partook of drugs in excess. But it was mostly harmless fun, even for the Leaders.

2193/Year 75/Year of Flying

In this year, all holos could fly and had no wings and had plenty of battery power. It was common to drift up to the Cirrus clouds and make love there. And holo people indulged in drugs a lot that year.

Computer controlled for maximum inebriation.

I had a lot of deep, wild conversations, but I don't remember them. It was an intoxicated haze.

"Like Kings." Everyone in this year could get the best sex and drugs and everything else free of charge. But many overdid it on drugs and many overdosed and died.

"Debauched Losers." This play centered around how people with talent often ended up a drug addict.

"Scary Drugs." This dealt with the danger involved in the best holo drugs. They were so strong, and many poor were experiencing them for the first time in this year, that was nicknamed, "Year of the Dead Poor."

2194/Year 76/Animal World Year Again

In this world people were required to act like animals. They wore an animal mask and acted like that animal.

The ultimate lion mask was the Leader.

"Bestial Orgies." About how holo people this year partied, had sex and drugs, like beasts, like pigs.

"Masked Change." This was about how peoples' voice changed from the masks and how their personality changed when wearing a mask and how friends and lovers didn't recognize them.

"The Humble Hound Dog." The world's greatest scientist chose to have a humble mask, but he was able to go to the poshest parties and mingle with the best holo people there.

2195-2196/Years 77-78/2 Years of Science

Everyone had some courses at university in science.

Move forward and forget the past.

"Space Drive." This was about how scientists had beaten light speed, but so far only sent unmanned missions to deep space.

"Alien Science." The government of this year claimed a group of aliens had been found in space and they were good at working together as part of the whole. No individuals stood out. Everything was by consensus. But Earthlings picked out some to be leaders and some to be guilty of crimes, and so on. The net effect of the Earthlings was to totally disrupt these aliens' society. But few on Earth cared about these aliens, which some even regarded as fictitious.

"New Materials." Recently scientists had developed strong new materials. They used them to build a geosynchronous elevator to a space station, named Excelsius, used mostly for cargo. Cargo ships left the space station headed for the Moon several times a day. Of course, most air cars could also go to space, these usually were just "astronauts," and no cargo. And many holos just teleported into space.

2196/Year 77/Second Year of Science

Everyone agreed that science was the future and encouraged the youth to study science...

“The Cure All.” This year, A.D. 2196 was the year the last diseases were cured. Most of them were rare genetic diseases which benefitted from gene therapy.

“The Science of Change.” Many people had a devil-may-care attitude towards life, but as this play pointed out, life was about to become more serious. And new science will make everyone powerful.

“The Luddites.” This was about how many holo people were against new science. But most people laughed at them and scorned their company.

2197/Year 79/Year of the Jerk

The electorate chose true jerks to be Leaders. The people said such people tell people what they don't want to hear.

“Broken Love Song.” This was about a holo woman who sang an original love song for her lover, but he spurned her love and chose a “slut” instead.

“Jerks Unlimited.” This was about a world where everyone considered it their business to tell others what to do and have no regard for them.

“Tell Me Not.” This dealt with how empty society had become. Everyone was selfish and greedy and spoiled etc.

2198/Year 80/Year of Sadness

Many people were blue and depressed. This year gave them drugs to make them reflective.

“Hip to be Sad.” Some said society had become depressed, but this fact was covered up with holo opiates.

“Blue Morning.” This was about “Happy Drugs,” which convinced people to be optimistic and they didn't want a year of sadness.

“Singing the Blues.” Many put their depressed moods into song and the neo blues were introduced as a type of dreamy electronic music.

2199/Year 81/Year of the Woman

In this year, women were in charge of everything and men were their willing thralls.

All weapons were confiscated, even knives. And every man was subject to an MRT (mind reading technology) every week to make sure they weren't planning any violence.

And men had to be romantic or they would be whipped.

"S&M." This narrated how many women became sadists in this year and many men, masochists.

"The Fairer Sex." This was about forcing men to change their face to look more feminine.

"Sex and Roll." This told the story of how sex was improved with rhythmic beats. The perfect sex songs.

2200/Year 82/War Between Classes

So, it was that in this year that the poor went to war with the rich. The rich had the best weapons and though the relatively poor holos had clever leaders and had the numbers, but the poor, they were all killed. A total of more than 123 million poor were killed.

Off the record many people said this cleansing was a long time in coming. And it was evolution.

But many were aghast.

The vast majority wanted no more wars.

"Warring Hemispheres." This was how many people were at war with themselves between peace and war.

"A World of Equals." This was about a hypothetical future society in which all were equal, in every way. Everyone was good looking, everyone was clever, everyone shared possessions and so on.

"Born to Rule." The elite mostly thought that they were born to rule and were homo superior, a new race.

2201/Year 83/Bad World

We wanted to get the bad out of our system and so for one year everyone was selfish, greedy, cheap, evil, war mongers, vain and ugly. The worst man waged war that killed 50,000 and personally killed 50 people before being gunned down. There was still some good in this world, but not very much.

"Gunned Down." This talked about how good people stuck their neck out in this year and got gunned down with many others.

"Evil-hearted." How some women act nice but are actually cold-hearted.

"Vain." About how many people were so vain, but actually were quite ordinary.

2202/Year 84/Super Computer Year

In this year which had been in the planning stages for some time, everyone “entered” a computer.

This gave them the ability to multitask, a photographic memory, inspired dreaming and survival no matter what.

If you did something you felt to be imaginative you’d get pleasure bursts. Mostly though it was just dreaming in the holo worlds.

“Dreaming of you.” How life in this year was just a dream and a kiss.

“Super Human.” About how everyone was now a super human. And there was no turning back.

“Hologram Cerebrum.” This talked about how all people had become holograms in the end. It was a post mortem.

2203/Year 85/Whimsical Year

“Chocolate.” The playwright for this play, imagined she was in a large vat of sweet chocolate and had to eat herself out. Viewers got in a simulation of her brain and could taste the chocolate.

“Dream of Zero Gravity Sex with our Queen.” Viewers of this play could get in a copy of the Queen’s mind and have sex with her holograms.

“Favorite Lovers.” Then it was a dream of all this famous playwright’s favorite lovers. Many of his lovers were strange looking and had unusual ideas about love and life.

And so on. Numerous dreams.

2204/Year 86/Year of Hell

Many laughed at the idea of Hell. But it turned out to be a nasty, icy, cruel place.

People self-mutilated themselves and even self-immolated themselves.

They worshipped two devils or else.

Many were surprised at how evil hell can be.

“Ignorant of the Road to Hell.” Many were on the road to hell despite their best intentions.

“Super Politics.” Politicians were everyday making decisions to ruin others’ lives.

“Cerberus.” The gateway to Hell was a one-way trip, many didn’t think so, but it was true.

2205/Year 87/Holiday Year

In this year the plays were all about parties and fun. But it grew old as the year progressed.

Robots did all the work. Plays were all about leisure.

“Holo leisure.” Many enjoyed life relaxing as a hologram of pleasure. With good deeds and good ecstasy.

Many new holidays were introduced in this year.

“The Equinoxes.” Primeval parties on these two dates. Magic men and witches.

“Birthday of Ross V.” Ross V was considered the best playwright of them all. His plays were usually in the top 10 for a year. His birthday was December 18th.

2206/Year 88/Year of Playwright Tom G--

He claimed to be from a long line of poets. But of course, no one knew much history.

He said as an enlightened dictator he could lead us all to progress. And he said we should do archaeology to determine the past.

“Loves of Tom G.” He cloned historical women and loved them and befriended them.

“Born into Fame.” His parents were both famous playwrights, but most didn’t remember them as they had committed suicide 40 years ago. So their lives were brought into the light.

“Woman of Ill Repute.” His favorite lover was a prostitute. She had a high sex drive and was a nymphomaniac. He couldn’t satisfy her.

2207/Year 89/Space Elite Year

In this year, people went to space in larger numbers than before. To get to space you needed to be clever and kind.

And they imagined all sorts of kind aliens.

They had been planning this year for some time. Finally, it came true.

“Learning to be Charitable.” How many people were born with cruel instincts and had to learn to be kind.

“The Andromeda Galaxy.” How they’d detected brain waves and radio waves from several planets in our nearby galaxy. The brain waves interpreted by a MRT translator were essentially welcoming foreigners.

“Super Humans for Super Space.” About how the best people were going into deep space as holograms and were essentially super humans.

2208/Year 90/Year of the Underground

No pop plays this year, just words from deep down in your soul. Rebellious thoughts. Some of the plays in this year were video games. And the super computers could help you to make formulaic games which imitated life.

“The Recesses of the Soul.” How deep down most people are frightened by this modern world which they feel is out of control.

“The Arch Rebellion.” This was about clever holo peoples’ take on modern life. It wasn’t clever enough they figured. Humankind could do better.

“Cloned Life.” How elite with clones try to hide part of their personality from their clones, trying to make the clones a sum of their best attributes.

Of course, many holos benefitted from getting in the heads of the actors, like always.

2209/Year 91/Year of the Nudes

No clothes, just perfect bodies

“Porn.” This playwright cleverly choreographed an orgy of sex and drugs. The actors and actresses were really enjoying it with the help of MRT. And the audience could get into a passive copy of their brains, these super acting phenomena.

“Painting Nudes.” Budding painters practiced on nudes which had a special “look,” which drove others wild.

“Holographic Nudes.” How holograms had better bodies than humans. They were positively glowing with life.

2210/Year 92/Maze Year

This year everyone built 300 sq. feet of maze and the whole world changed into a giant maze.

Everyone was afraid of everything.

The rebel leaders overthrew this government with a bomb. Proving that our system had safeguards against evil.

But most of the mazes were not dismantled. Many people liked them.

“Lost in Amaze.” There were everywhere pitfalls and wild beasts that confronted people in this year.

“Beyond the Maze.” This talked about Paradise. The gateway was in the sky accessible by air cars which everyone had. In Paradise people got their kicks in different ways, but the key was they were all very happy.

“The Graveyard Dogs.” How cemeteries were everywhere being dug up to clone the famous dead.

2211/Year 93/Year of Optimism

The stock market boomed. It was a pro-business world. Magnates built more ships to colonize our solar system.

The elite human was feted.

Many young entrepreneurs tried to get a job working for one of the magnates.

“Steel Magnate.” This woman controlled most of the steel produced in the solar system. She was called, “The Woman of Steel.”

“Birth of a Magnate.” How typically magnates were not born rich but were self-made successes. Many new holos were born who were relatively rich and lacked adversity and so were unambitious.

“Hologram Magnate.” This magnate woman controlled super computers which produced new holograms. She was considered the most powerful persona in the solar system.

2212/Year 94/Year of the Moon

They’d been preparing for years to get to this lunar year.

We had 4 ships each made the 10-hour journey one way to and one way back. Each carried 400 passengers and so after 6 months there were 72,000. Steel and glass buildings glistened in the sun under a dome.

But the Moon gave inspiration for lunacy.

“Lunatic Fringe.” About how Luna attracted mad holo people who wanted to be free of “Earth,” and its constraints.

“Adventure Girl.” About a girl who adventures in holo worlds, based on the Moon. The girl finds holo romance and battles evil beasts and works as a spy.

“Man in the Moon.” Now, they had truly colonized our Moon and it was becoming an important place. It attracted plays with all sorts of interesting people and political intrigue.

2213/Year 95/Year of Trust

I said, “I don’t trust anyone in this world. That includes all holos and God Machine Super Computers.”

I proposed a reprogramming of holos to make them non-violent. But people didn't want it. I only got 3% of the vote and nearly all of the voters were holos.

My true love told me she wanted to get rid of animals and replace them with holos we can trust.

She was Leader of the year...

Then she revealed to me that she was the Originator who came up with the idea of the "99 years of change."

Many of her plays reached the top 3.

I said, "I don't want to have anything to do with the Leaders."

But she said, "I am making you a Leader with all its perks."

I said, "I'm shocked and stunned. But I guess I can try it. And you seem so optimistic."

The best plays of the year were:

"In God We Trust." About how the Creator was ours for the discovering. Everywhere there were signs of a clever touch from Nature.

"Trusted Confidante." This dealt with friendship and how little friendship meant in this day and age. And how betrayal gave pleasure bursts.

"After the Party." This was about how most holo people don't trust anyone with good reason.

2214/Year 96/Pessimistic Year

Only 25% of the populace was optimistic about the future. But 81% were optimistic about holos... With many changing in this year. But the Leaders were all still holos, not computers and lived in huge palaces.

The best three plays were:

"Cynic's Feast." How most people were happy to be cynical and how the Leaders were said to be very pessimistic about humanity and wanted holograms instead to serve their wishes.

"Down Below." How deep down we are all just animals who wanted to improve.

"And Then Some." How holograms had been over used and now dominated every facet of negative life to their detriment.

2215/Year 97/Year in Memorial of Those Who Overdosed

We were all thoroughly educated about drugs, but some lived too hard and others wanted to die.

Many of my friends had accidentally overdosed and by the time they found them, it was too late.

"3%" About how 3% overdosed and died every year. How dangerous it was.

“The Best of Drugs.” How new technology would alert medics if you overdosed. But many who overdosed suffered brain damage from a stroke or heart attack and it took about 20 minutes for air car medics to reach you through your home security.

“Eternal Hell.” How eternal youth was a prison for some and they felt old despite the medicine. Tired of life.

2216/Year 98/Year of the Unique Personae

This year people worked with one another to develop their strengths and enhance their weaknesses. Concentrate on the most unique idea you’ve had.

I said I was one of the most unique holo women in the world. I had 100,000 followers who want to love me. Never before has anyone been so desirable.

“I, Love.” I made the top three and this play was about making yourself into a sex symbol. Someone everyone wants to love.

“Death by Uniqueness.” How difficult it is to be unique. Sure, everyone loves you, but you just don’t fit in.

“The Dice.” How your personality in the end depends on the luck of the draw with holos.

2217/Year 99/Year of the Extended Family

In this year we got together with our cousins, great, great grandparents and ex lovers all of who were human.

It was good to see them, family crest and all. And there were a great number of different crests.

Everyone knew and recognized a few hundred crests. There were 40,000 total crests... We kept the crests and interest in our ancestors even though we all felt that, “History is Bunk.”

“#1” About the most successful family at making plays. They were flamboyant and clever holos.

“Long Lost Relatives.” This was about cloning your dead relatives and turning them into holos.

“Blood is Thicker than Water.” This play was concerned with how your family could add new holo DNA to the Computer pools to make them cleverer.

Aftermath: Triumph of Super Computers

Dan B---, continues the narrative...

At first people believed that humans were better than machines, but it looks like super computers and holos had taken over. They even wrote many of the plays in the latter half of the 99 years. Humans had all been replaced, but some said they missed the humans. And they went down without a fight. Few had predicted the sudden demise of humanity. Many just killed themselves.

Some holo people were known to ask the super computers their fate and typically were told they would live and ordinary life and then finally die at an old age.

The supercomputers wanted to go to space.

And these "God Machines," were in every settlement including our island. The machine had been there waiting for us to discover when we arrived, and it took a while to find it, and there were now no food machines as we were all holos.

I had a lover, she said, "It's all good. Greed is good, sex is good, selfishness is good, war is purifying, violence is passion."

But I said, "Time is on my side." I was 147 years old and youthful and I figured I could live another 1,000. And I lived with my lover. We were happy together. And each year I needed less and less sleep. Now in 2217, I slept only 1 hour a night. It was good to be a holo. I had day dreams of potential plays...

#

Who knew what happened to the other 12 billion holos that we remembered in our former world...About 2 billion killed themselves rather than become a holo.

Some said we were just in a world inside a computer. And the computer was bored.

End Game

The question now was what do we do next? Some of us said it had all been done. Others wanted to return to a space program. But there were only 99 of us and we had no offspring yet. We couldn't agree on what kind of offspring to have.

Many of the 99 wanted the return of supercomputers, but with such a small population, supercomputers such as the God machine were very powerful.

Some of us wanted to sail the ocean of goop and find others but they were in the minority and finally all agreed to make a stand here.

Many of us said there's no turning back on holograms. We wondered what we could do for an encore.

We need to evolve to the next stage...

And I was talking to our Super Computer God Machine. It was trying to convince me that I was inside it and it had generated all of the plays, mine included.

And I wondered if our world had really changed in those 99 years.

Of course, the year 41 saw everyone finally change into a hologram.

All holograms were programmed, or so it was said. The question was who did the programming?

And we elite leaders were all holograms. To us, other holos were slaves.

It was now revealed that each of 99 had proposed the year they remembered and each of us was a former leader.

Personally, I wondered why they didn't have more love years?

After all love was the highest human achievement, in it we were differentiated from the animals.

Apparently, we had wiped out history and the future was bunk.

But rumor had it we were from another planetary system far away. Archaeology was illegal on our island.

Some said the super computers had brought us here.

Others said there were parallel worlds inside the computers. And we had lost our ability to go to deep space.

But, we the elite, claimed to control the super computers and had programmed them.

And as holograms most people spent most of the time idly night dreaming.

And I told my love, "I wanted to marry her and have real children. She said, "I haven't heard the word marriage in 40 years. You are so backwards." I said, "You won't find a better man." "But we are holograms, real children are impossible," she said.

And I said, "It is my dream to build a giant telescope on Mars. I want to be an astronomer."

And I said, "No more plays, just hologram adventure, romance, war and imagination.

And I said to her, "I like you, you have a full figure. Most women these days are virtual skeletons. Of course, some perverts like fat women, which is an anathema.

She said "I want you to give up on your love dolls, it's perverse. You know nothing of true love."

I said, "But they are programmed specifically to please me."

She said, "You are Narcissus."

I said, "I'm tired of arguing with women. I'm too old for it, and now very old despite being immortal..."

And I said, "We should get rid of women all together perhaps and just love the love doll robots. Modern women are so tough."

However, all women here were now holograms and were easygoing. Hologram women were said to be far superior to real women.

I said, "More than any other leader the Queen M---, backed hologram mass production." And I said, "The cleverest people are not Leaders." We 99 were not the best, I just know it.

And I said, "It's not too late to roll back the hologram production and eliminate them gradually."

"But how would we do this," she replied.

And I said, "I will appear as an angel of light to people in their night dreams with hypnosis/ MRT. Eliminate "greed and evil. And kill the devil in people."

"She said but we all agreed to turn into holograms. There's no turning back now.

The End

PETS

My favorite pet was named, “Adored.” She had a human-like face, but had four legs and no hands. She had a 10,000-word vocabulary and was my best friend.

Pet rules were that the pet could look human but needed to have an animal body.

Many people had clever looking pets like foxes and such.

But the leadership ruled my pet’s face was too human and fined me again and again.

I wanted to breed her in the test tube with my other pets and see what the result would be.

My human lovers figured I had good taste in pets.

My other pets included a giant fur ball that moaned and groaned when I made love to my human lovers and made for a cozy bed mate.

And I had a dragon which I flew around in. The dragon had a 1,000- word vocabulary. My dragon was gray and breathed acid which could kill. I used it when hunting (just for the thrill of the chase).

And I had a cheetah that could run 110 mph (about 170 km/h).

And I had a parrot who could gamble well on sports and video sports. The parrot spoke 15,000 words.

The parrot made a living out of gambling which was something few could do.

And my lovers’ favorite, the sphinx. Head of Woman and body of a lion. I told everyone the sphinx was the wisest creature in the entire world.

One of my lovers, Doris, asked the sphinx, “What is the meaning of life?” The sphinx said, “Obviously, we are all immortal Gods and the meaning of life is to create other life forms.

And Doris asked the sphinx, “What is my future?”

The sphinx replied, “You are not clever enough to make a difference, your future will be humble.”

And again, she asked, “Will there be war in the future?”

The sphinx retorted, “There will always be wars. This has always been the case. There will be a great war soon, and nearly everyone will die. So, prepare yourself.”

And of course, I had robot pets too which I programmed myself. Robots were cheaper to maintain, but had to look like a machine, not a person.

The robots knew a lot of jokes, a lot of vignettes and a lot of quotes. But I preferred organic pets. Some of my acquaintances spent all their time playing video games with their robots.

Robots had an intelligent rating on a scale of 1-10, with one being the cleverest. If they made a human happy they would be given electrical power bursts of pleasure.

It was rumored the powers that be had created armies of robot soldiers. But for now, no one seemed to know for certain.

DRUNK OF RANK #47

People here were ranked 1-50 in unequal numbers for each. For example, there was only one ranked #1, and 20,000 ranked #50.

Total 200,000 in 40 towns

But I was too drunk to move out into the higher ranks.

However, I had a brief affair with a girl who was of the first rank... She wired me up with electrodes between my legs and in my rear end and on my nipples and ears, several on my skull, my fingers tingled and so on.

The sex was mind blowing and I felt that I could love her forever. It was like being hit by a tornado, only in a good way.

After several bouts I laid there stunned and numb. And then she left me.

Her parting words were, "Look on the bright side."

I said, "Your character is so shallow. You just live by the plot the government sets out for you."

And I said, "Everyone has too many lovers. It is shallow."

"We needed tougher people," I said.

She said, "But it is a kind world in which no one was used or neglected."

I said, "We need people who are selfish and greedy to drive the economy, which was growing at 6% per annum."

She said, "We have all we need, why do we want more?"

She said, "We live in Utopia."

But I said, "We should live in a Love Utopia."

She said, "You are just a dreamer."

But I was just rank #47. Most of the people in this rank were criminals or morons and rank #50 was worse.

But I had a few friends. And with my true love I had links to the elite.

And to be honest I wondered what it would be like to be high-ranking.

Rank #47 had a clown as Leader. And most of us felt like life was a joke.

And if we had children we'd throw them off a cliff or abort them.

Life was miserable.

Only computer scientists had work to do, programming the super computers. Just the five top ranks.

The Great Computer assigned rank to the people and was a sentient being. It also created music and art and movies.

Higher ranks had better everything but mostly they were just luxuries.

Everyone lived in an old house. Some palaces were built with additions on them for the rich.

Rank #1 had space cars, but seldom went even to the Moon.

But even at rank #47, people had enough money to buy sex and drugs and play casino games. The casino money was fed back into the lower ranks to build them nice homes and give them sex and drugs. And we all used love hotels very often and that money also went to charity.

Most of us in my rank didn't believe in love.

Whereas the elite all believed in love.

I said, as leader of the UN, that we should cut off the Moon colony and roll back technology to 1970 levels. We arrested those aboard Moon shuttles and shot down shuttles sent from the Moon.

So, 197 Moon personae were stranded.

Conservative parties were in power everywhere as part of a backlash against holograms and supercomputers.

They told me I was a paranoid schizophrenic, but I knew it was just the Leaders in my head.

The suicide rate was 4% per annum and increasing. They had the technology for eternal youth but outlawed it as inhuman.

But it was known that the Leaders cloned themselves numerous times.

No sociological studies. Keep the people ignorant of reality. But secret polls found that 40% believed in love and 45% believed in Hell and 40% wanted a return to hologram virtual reality worlds.

And they got into the heads using MRT (mind reading technology). And forced scientists to do the Arts or Business.

And the Leaders rolled back time to 1970, as mentioned.

And suddenly one day the leadership turned off the super computers and so life was pure and innocent.

Entertainment was limited to old TV and radio. Pre-1970.

Famous sporting people were amongst the elite. No video games or virtual reality.

Many people did light farming, it was still mostly automated.

So, we, the Moon men, finally returned to Earth and began setting up cells across the United States. We found a lot of people that didn't like the current regime.

We were centered in L.A. and soon used MRT (mind reading technology) to get in the heads of the Mayor of L.A. and the governor of California. We got them to do our bidding. Then the US President herself.

We wanted to reintroduce eternal youth and wanted investments in space.

We did a secret poll which found 68% actually wanted some progress and 95% supported eternal youth.

And at present the suicide rate was 4%, but the birth rate was only 2% and most people died of old age.

Everyone wanted to look younger and most had had some plastic surgery done on their faces and bodies, but now everyone enjoyed eternal youth.

We spread our gospel that said an alien named Theo had come to Earth to save people from boredom.

We told them that in his Earthly manifestation he appeared as a kind man. And he walked amongst them, but he was afraid he would scare everyone so relied on us, his missionaries to get the word out.

We dressed in white robes and had a light aura around our heads and we did a lot of charity work.

And we told them no weapons in space. Just peace and harmony in space.

In time we were in all of the Leaders' heads. And we hired the best hackers, world wide and so got into every Leaders' head.

In time we replaced them with our own representatives.

The former leaders were arrested and had brain surgery to neutralize them.

Then finally we had a ship ready for a 10-year voyage to Sirius. But after 5 years the crew mutinied, as they hadn't met any aliens or detected any signals indicating life. The same thing happened with other ships...

As the years passed my alcoholism got worse and I fell to the lowest rank of 50. Most in this rank were criminals or morons, but a few were simply disenchanted with life here and became my friends and one girl became my lover.

And I heard wind of the Authorities planning to eliminate the lowest classes. They were just mindless consumers they said.

So, I stood up in public and made an impassioned speech saying that many in the low ranks were just not given the opportunity to improve and some, like me, were geniuses.

So finally, the Leaders decided to spare our lives.

But to transgress the law, was punished with death in most cases, so no one acted up.

Every day I woke up with a desire to drink. It kept me going. And new livers could be grown as stem cells. I figured I'd go on drinking forever.

I liked to love suicidal women. It cut into my soul for real.

TIME DEVIL

The clock was ticking loudly and was driving me insane. Finally, I cut my throat, but my paramedic alert app alerted emergency personnel who landed on my building in 3 minutes.

In hospital I continued to hear a clock.

I grabbed a nurse and throttled her and went about looking for more tick tock men. But finally, the police subdued me.

In jail I continued to hear the clock. Tick tock.

I ripped off my ears, it was very painful. But still, though deaf, I was still hearing the clock. Tick tock.

I figured I was possessed by some “time devil.”

I demanded my jailers execute me and free me from madness and pain.

THE MORTICIAN

“The horrors.”

Joseph Conrad

I was obsessed with death and took good care of myself. But as a mortician, a lot of dead bodies came and went to my funeral home. I lived in Paris and was the only foreign owned funeral parlor, so I got a lot of cases of foreigners.

One day I started to have sex with the corpses of the females. It was a sickly-sweet smell. But I was addicted to necrophilia and wanted more women.

So, I started murdering women, mostly hitchhikers and escort girls.

I loved to strangle them as we made love while they were still alive, and they felt ecstasy. But I held on too long and they died. I prided myself on giving them such an exciting death. They were all foreigners and so I loved them again in my funeral parlor.

I justified my killings saying that the whole world was based on armies and violence. And that every year millions died in wars. And the masses liked “action movies,” a.k.a. murder movies. The films featured violence all through the movies. And people murdered animals and ate them and kept them in gruesome conditions. And people are so afraid of death, but everywhere make war... And so greedy for material things...

And I was a skilled hacker and changed the police data to buy myself some time.

I had murdered 60, but they could not pin even one murder on me. And they dug up the bodies (often closed casket funerals). But most were sent back to their home country. And most were cremated. Now the families didn't want police to dig up the corpses but mostly the families were against it anyways, but the semen was the same, but they didn't know whose it was. The police told me to be very vigilant.

As pathologist/mortician I performed autopsies on some of the bodies and fudged the data.

Finally, I fled to Mexico. And my hacking revealed that police had evidence to pin the owner of the semen with 7 murders.

But, they couldn't find me, and I got into drug dealing smuggling drugs across the US border. But finally, I was caught and sent to a Mexican prison where I was gang raped again and again.

But while serving my second year, they invented eternal youth and I was released after 10 years in prison. I had a chip implant to the authorities knew where I was all the time.

And I noted that most people didn't live beyond 120 despite eternal youth. They were bored and mostly died of drug overdoses. No one knew if they were just risking it or really wanted to die. I figured they were bored and wanted to die.

LEGALIZING ALL DRUGS

I said to her, “This is the last time I am bailing you out of prison (she was an illicit drug dealer). She pointed out, “There was a strong movement to legalize all drugs.”

I said the day they legalize all drugs is the day everyone becomes like a zombie. Look at you, you are totally debauched.”

She said, “She was just getting her kicks, and having fun. Life was all about pleasure.”

I said, “People today are amoral. They need to feel that God wants them to work hard and be an active member of society. They need morals. They need to be good.”

She said, “‘Au contraire,’ People want oblivion, and want nothing to do with your stupid games.””

THE OLDEST COUPLE

She played the piano and wrote original music with her own lyrics and sang.

And I wrote speculative fiction novellas.

We were a couple in 2076 and eternal youth was invented in 2077. Things had changed and in 2151 we announced we would sign a 500-year contract to stay together. At the time we had been a couple for 75 years and it was close to a modern record. Many people thought we were mentally ill, and psychiatrists sent us entreaties to let them help us. The average love affair lasted just 3 nights. But we were a perfect match for one another and we knew it.

We also became famous for our art, both got famous finally when we were both 129. We both wrote unusual works, so it took a while to get noticed.

We continued to make great works as the years rolled by and had hundreds of children.

We reflected on the summer of love, 1969, how music, sex and rock music made for a dynamite synergistic result. But as Allen Ginsberg said, the greatest minds of the era were consumed by madness. Spies in England gave artists a freer hand, not using as much mind reading technology (MRT) to control their musicians. All this came out later in 2075 when MRT was given to all who wanted it, but you needed to ask permission to get into another’s head. And now every summer was a summer of more and more love.

And 1969 was also the summer in which they landed on the Moon. Science fiction thrived, but in later years it grew less and less interesting as the spies cracked down.

My love and I had helped revive science fiction and fantasy in our Art. And MRT was now out in the open.

#

8,000 YEARS LATER...

The Worlds were aging gracefully. The suns continued to burn brightly.

We were still a couple, but society had moved on to sexual variety at sex clubs. There people often participated in orgies. There were many kinds of orgies, for straight people and for gays etc. Sex enhancers were free and increased one's sex drive and ability. Orgy groups were ranked 1 to a million and the others had no ranking.

We now had 20 billion direct descendants out of a total population of 120 billion. We made a point out of meeting all our descendants in groups of 500 at a time.

Of the world population 55 billion lived on land, 20 billion under the sea, 25 billion lived on the water surfaces, and 20 billion in the air in air cars. Twenty billion were directly related to us.

And there were 50 billion in space. The UW police kept the peace. Twenty billion of those were our direct descendants.

And there was a lot of intergalactic trade.

And I had written 10,000 novellas and she had written 44,000 songs.

People had predicted that artificial intelligence would take over, but the spies prevented it. And there was no virtual reality. It was banned.

There was so much art out there that it would take a million years to go through it all. And we planned to do so.

We continued to have by far the world record for longest couple staying together.

And we had the record for most children (test tube babies/incubators) we had 1,000s of them. Many of our children excelled in science or in business, but most remained artists of some kind, like us.

We both figured we could live and love each other for another 10,000 years. Every day we loved life more. Now, a full ½ were artists of some kind. Our favorite genre was "madness."

And our descendants, controlled politics and business and science. It was all in the family.

Children cost \$10 million, and we had invested most of our money into children. Some were monogamous though less so than us and some had only one-night-stands.

Many of our children were in awe of us. And some felt a lot of pressure to be as good as we were. Some killed themselves.

In our long life, my love and I indulged in every facet of knowledge and action. We were elected to high bureaucratic political positions and we dabbled in astrophysics, and biology, but it was truly in the Arts that we excelled.

We observed that sex was physical desire and so kept drawing new faces together and then getting plastic surgery on our faces.

We loved to gaze upon each other's clever faces. Some people had stupid looking faces and we found it entertaining. But to be truly desirable a dumb person had to be outrageous or perverted or in some way interesting.

And we did a lot of charity work, and truly loved in brotherly love. And spent time loving and educating our children and descendants. Most people spent their money frivolously, but we invested heavily in our children and descendants.

Spies continued to control everyone today, but now most spies were our descendants and so we had a free hand to dabble deeply into any kind of Art.

But many people had respect for us and tried to teach their children the "new morality." But they largely failed.

We even had a Net TV show in which we talked about famous peoples' romantic problems.

And we were constantly reimagining our life: We kept changing our house and air car and the drugs we took and the food we ate.

Many people we knew were old friends. They'd come to visit us with their latest loves.

We were the most famous lovers in the history of the world. And we were invited to many other Worlds, beyond Earth. If the journey was less than a month we would go. We'd been to 450 Planets/Moons.

There were no more wars or poverty, the spies saw to it. And mental illness was at record lows. There were no leaders per se, people voted on new legislation with a 50% majority vote from the populace as a whole.

And one could make a wish for something and it usually came true. All material things could be produced with automatic production machines and love of all kinds could be found on the Net.

There was no work to do except to toy with the arts and other hobbies. People spent most of their time socializing and partying. We had many social engagements to go to all over the Worlds. There were many beautiful places to go to. And the social gatherings were all filmed and could be accessed on the Net.

And my love and I were proud to be human.

THE END

