

# **TALES FROM A REMOTE DISTANCE**

**BY: TOM BALL**

tomball33@yahoo.com

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STORY ONE  
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## **EXCERPTS FROM CORNELIUS X'S BOOK OF BAD DREAMS**

### **HOW I CAME TO BE PUNISHED**

The authorities decided I hadn't done anything creative over the last month and so sentenced me to one month of bad dreams.

Everyone felt sorry for me having to face bad dreams. Forty per cent who were sentenced to bad dreams died of suicide. And it was hard to commit suicide. If you died in the dream you would wake up anew.

It seemed the leaders were in my head shouting and yelling. I was a nervous wreck and I couldn't sleep well with the nightmares in my head.

The next day after being condemned, I went to the "doctor machine," for some tranquilizers and sleeping pills, but I could hardly sleep.

So finally I ran away during the day time but they re-captured me and sentenced me to another month of bad dreams.

Previously I had slept in my tiny cubicle like everyone else. It was soundproof. Just the near constant dream stimuli. But now I slept in the dungeons hooked up to the dream tube which was connected with my brain. The tube released drugs of pain and suffering in addition to the bad dreams. In the daytime however they didn't terrorize me.

And after each dream that I remembered I talked it over with my shrink...

And this psychologist analyzed my dreams. I didn't want to share with the mindless rabble. But I shared dreams with friends as well as the shrink.

But before being sentenced to bad dreams I occasionally I went to the offices of the local dream computer and asked for a copy of my dreams.

## LOVE

In the dream I was searching everywhere for love. But everyone laughed at me and said it didn't exist and said they would report me to the authorities.

But I figured the authorities already knew all about me.

It seemed that love was illegal in this world which seemed to be of the future.

When I awoke I went again in search of love, but the people I came across thought I meant sex instead of love.

Psycho-analysis: It is no secret that the future will be loveless and ruled by machines. You need to get with the program.

## TORTURE

I was in the dungeon. They pulled out the hair from my head and body one by one.

Then they immersed me in acid, how it burned.

Next they cut off my head and put me in a chimps body. And put me in the zoo.

They tried new drugs on me, most caused me pain. I didn't want to die but it seemed I had no choice.

I awoke with a very sore neck.

Psycho-analysis: I hope you have learned not to disappoint the authorities. Live for the day as tomorrow could be even worse.

## I GET KNOCKED OUT

Then I was a bowling pin statue. An evil imp was throwing balls at me. Finally I couldn't get back up and so they grabbed me and dumped me in the food machine, where I was ground up.

People didn't realize they were all cannibals but it was so. I was just glad to be dead.

However my soul lived on and I haunted the food machines for what seemed like eons. Finally I awoke. The world seemed different somehow. I asked several people what year it was, but they put their head down and walked past me in silence.

Psycho-analysis: The authorities have changed time and we now all exist in the future. You need to use your imagination to try and impress others.

## A DREAM OF ANGELS

In this recurring dream, I dreamt I was breeding angel, butterfly ballet girls. They were like elegant graceful women, only more fragile and thin and with wings and a halo. And they were like angels... And they tried to be extra good. And they almost had me convinced I should be good too. But I was no innocent to the game.

I took the best and cloned them and had 500 different educational programs for them. I sexually abused some of them but most had to go for export as virgins and so I didn't touch them even though many of them wished I would love them.

I was producing 500 ballet butterflies a month and wanted to quadruple it next month.

There were other ballet butterfly women breeders here on Planet True. It was the biggest emporium for the ballet butterfly women

Our world was pink and brown. The soil was brown, the plants were pink and the sky was pink.

The atmosphere was breathable.

But one day a butterfly girl put a knife in me as I loved her and I died. I woke up in terrible pain which lasted a couple of hours.

Psycho-analysis: Creating angels is impractical and impossible. That's you she said: impractical.

## ANGEL BUTTERFLY BAD DREAMS AGAIN

Next, I dreamt I was bargaining for my life with space pirates. I offered them my entire reserve of 1000 butterfly girls. They took them and enslaved me to work in the mines. Butterfly girls had previously spoken about their masters in glowing terms, but now they went elsewhere, likely to be abused and lose all that they knew.

A butterfly catalogue had been sent out to many worlds and some of these worlds were positively evil, but they purchased the butterfly girls.

Some tried to hide below ground, including the Butterfly girls.

But they were discovered by the pirates.

They tried with their performances to impress their new master (better the devil you know...) who they tried to love. And their master would typically give them opium.

Butterfly girls were geniuses at pleasing men but were otherwise rather ordinary.

Pristine and pure.

And the pirates had face machines to give the butterfly girls the face the pirates wanted. It kind of made them look like sluts.

The masters liked to show off their butterfly girls to other masters.

No one cared about me. I couldn't believe I was stuck doing manual labor. The horrors!

Psycho-analysis: You are oblivious to reality. And you only care about yourself. Creating angels and selling them was an act of total madness. You need to take tranquilizers she said. And calm down.

## PERVERSE DREAM

And one day in the dream, I bought a woman who said she was an escaped slave. She had 12 tits all over her body, but only one vagina. I put a collar and reins on her and she pulled my chariot. I showed her off at the chariot games.

But others said it was a freak show, a world of horror, and I was contributing to it. And we bred a child between us that was hideously ugly. As the child grew up, she/he was against plastic surgery. I had created a monster. It all happened in the course of one bad dream.

Psycho-analysis: You are morally bankrupt, and out of control. Bad dreams are too good for you.

## TORTURE DREAM

Next I was mentally tortured on the rack, and the water torture, the iron maiden and so on. In the world of pain. I



woke up screaming. The “doctor” made sure I suffered maximum pain without passing out.

I had to admit the dreams were something different, but I was strung out and in pain and feared for my life.

Psycho-analysis: In a world of pain, you needed to be tough. Perseverance is the key to success. If you want different thinking you have to pay the price. You don't get something for nothing.

## HORROR DREAM

In the dream I met a man who was doubled over, in his avatar: his back had been broken from the real life torture. And whilst awake he couldn't do anything. But he said he loved life.

I thought how horrible.

Psycho-analysis: Life is cruel but you might as well “embrace” it. And life is full of horrors, but you must rise above them.

## STRUNG OUT DREAM

In another dream I was strung out on opiates. And my supply was cut off, and so I had the shakes and a bad dream to boot.

While I had the shakes I smelt burning human flesh and heard discordant sounds.

And in the same dream I was arguing with some righteous people. I told them they were hiding from the truth of this world. It was a cruel world indeed.

They said there was something wrong with me and referred me to the leaders. But the leaders already knew all about me.

Psycho-analysis: You fancy yourself to be righteous, but you are highly imperfect.

## DREAM OF PERDITION

Then I went to Hell. I met the devil and he told me I wasn't bad enough to make it in hell. You'll have to do worse he said.

So he kicked me out. He said I am challenging you to do mad deeds.

I said the road to hell is paved with good intentions.

The devil said everyone loves their personal Hell.

But the greatest dictators are my friends, mowing down the useless people by the millions, the devil said.

I said but my life is madness.

He said but you are so righteous and claim to be so good to the people. I hate you, he said. You and your angel butterflies...

Psycho-analysis: You hate the devil, but you are completely mad. You'll wind up in Hell in the end. Hell exists and many people are in it. God bless their soul. But some people want pain and suffering. They are masochists and so are you. The devil knows you love Hell. He's just egging you on.

## DREAM OF TWISTED CLONES OF DEAD GENIUSES

They cloned great people from history and changed them for a crazy genius experience. Take the original genius DNA and change it genetically.

In the dream everyone was shouting, "Madness rules." Etc.

Psycho-analysis: You want deep down to play God. And you will do anything to achieve this goal. You are totally insane.

## DREAM STIMULI

Most people received happy stimuli into their dreams at night. One could ask for certain stimuli, but if you asked for too much you would be sentenced to a week or more of bad dreams. Typically the stimuli were hypnotic voices every 15 minutes.

But the key was in the execution.

### XXX AN INTRODUCTION TO MYSELF/ THE DREAM COMPUTERS

By the way, my name is Cornelius X.

I just wanted to be happy.

To me that was life.

People got visas to stay here on Planet True, only if they were positive. I was positive but not creative enough according to the rulers. But I argued I was a new type of man.

Punishment for wrong thinkers was they were sentenced to a week or more of bad dreams and sometimes were deported as slaves. But I believed in this world even though the authorities were cruel and insane. I was also insane... And a sucker for punishment, or so people told me.

It was said that dreams were so bad and dangerous but no one could die irrevocably. Some wanted to die, and did it during their waking hours.

I'd been dreaming for about a year now. Before that I was a grave digger machine computer overseer on planet Garb. For those who had committed suicide. That job brought me no pleasure. Now my "work" was just dreaming and in my waking hours I wrote down my bad dreams and discussed them with others for much of the day. Then in the evening there were parties.

I had had grand designs a few short years ago, but for some incomprehensible reason I stayed dreaming in virtual reality.

And I was injected with opium like almost everybody else. We were just parasites, us humans. But at night my bad dreams had no opiates, only pain.

I had about 30 recurring bad dreams, which recurred about once a week (4 per day and about 6 new dreams every day. 10 dreams per day. Each dream lasted half-an-hour and we slept for 12 hours (not dreaming all the time), still floating on air. But most of these dreams I couldn't remember. But it was known that all dreams were fully recorded by computers. And you could ask the computers to replay your dreams. Of course I didn't ask to see my nightmares.

This world seemed all about the thrill of speed, the thrill of battle, the thrill of sex, the thrill of drugs and of course the thrills of adventure. But I hated how some people lacked comprehension of the world milieu.

My happy dreams of old were disappointing and unnerving at the same time. Even though they were "good dreams." But all bad dreams ended with me waking up in pain.

The people and places in the dreams were all in parallel worlds. There were millions of digital worlds and every dream you were crossing some peoples' path.

And I got an audience with the dream computer and I told it I wasn't interested in dystopias, or pain. It just laughed at me.

Some humans were apparently more intelligent than me and were able to go to deeper worlds. I couldn't imagine it.

But many were talking about computers taking full control. But they already had full control... The women leaders seemed to be taking orders from the dream computers.

## THE TOWERS

There were 1000 units in our tower and there were 100s of towers of gold.

I knew everyone who lived in my tower. We had various social events in the basement such as discussing dreams. Dreams said a lot about you, most people figured.

They recorded everyone's dreams through computerized mind reading technology. If you had a really good dream you could sell it for gold.

But some people said dreams were without value. The dreams didn't make any sense, they said. But others said the dream stimuli guided the dreams...

The best dreams had the best stimuli... and the cleverest people.

People loved their happy dreams and slept 12 h regardless of who they were.

Science now proceeded at a much slower rate than previously. Many felt it had gone too far, even long ago.

I didn't know what was going on.

While I was awake, sometimes they were talking in my head in some foreign tongue which sounded like buzzing. I supposed it was part of the "treatment."

I figured aliens had taken control or the computers had turned into aliens that had a very different agenda than us.

## THE FEMALE LEADERS

The 3 female leaders had been in power a long time. More than 100 years. They had eternal youth but only they had it.

There were few dissidents and almost everyone was happy with their dreams.

The leaders carefully educated their slaves, and didn't want their lovers to lose their affinity for them. But many of the male slaves were just oafs who did hard labor. These oafs were all castrated and hoped to somehow get off world and regrow their balls.

And the leaders had some male gigolo slaves to love them. Their offspring were numerous, healthy and strong. Test tube babies.

But it was said that although the leaders had been in power for centuries, though some said when one died they had a replacement ready. But they were the ones who dealt out bad dreams and good dreams.

Some said they had everybody hypnotised.

The sex slaves had happy dreams, it was the "dissidents" they were careful about.

Some wanted to try and conquer other planets, but the three female leaders said that we have everything here and should be glad (of course the butterfly girls and slaves didn't have a vote).

Population 1.3 million, of which 1.25 million were slaves. The rest were "masters." People said that prior to WW III the population had been many billions of people. I couldn't imagine.

All the oafs had a grudge against the leaders, but they had oaf, eunuch armed guards to protect them. They paid them well. Some oafs were glad they didn't have to worry about sex.

We were all dreamers, floating in the air in virtual reality for 12 h a day. Some said VR was paradise.

And like any day, I just remembered the basic part of the dream. The basic plot. If I remembered them at all. I was not one of those who awoke and then studied my dreams. I was not in favor of my nightmares. And before that, with happy dreams, I also was bored.

Computers generated dreams for us. Not only stimuli. Some people wanted happy dreams, a utopia. Others wanted bliss, some few wanted horror or ugliness or madness or evil. For me personally I didn't want to try bad, insane dreams, which I nevertheless felt mirrored life. But despite everything I was in nightmares.

Some liked animals some liked monsters, some liked delicate women. Some just wanted money and would do anything for gold. Some wanted to run a business in cyberspace. People often dreamed about such things.



But the leaders said they wanted creative people, just not “creative,” like I was. I said we should liberate all slaves and use the cleverest people to rule...

## ANOTHER UGLY DREAM

There was an uprising and they grabbed me and put me in the gibbet cage. People pissed on me and threw stones etc... They gave me just enough moldy bread to keep me alive. And they dripped urine drop by drop on my head which drove me mad.

No one respected me, there was no one to set me free. How long this will go on, I don't know. It seemed like forever, time moved slowly.

But finally I awoke. I reasoned that I had been the leader, and the people turned against me.

Psycho-analysis: There is no limit to the pain suffered by the dissidents. You have an attitude problem she said. You need to walk on the truly “good side.” And follow the leaders.

## SUICIDE REALITY

I tried to sell my bad dreams but no one was interested in nightmares... As it wasn't fashionable. But I could tell that some people were secretly envious of me, but didn't dare give voice to their bad thoughts lest they have bad dreams.

I often awoke sweating or shivering and totally disoriented. I couldn't sleep well. People often, half-laughing, asked if I had slept well.

The dream stimuli came into our heads at night via the "loudspeaker..."

And if you wanted death you had to suddenly throw yourself into a fire or a machine, something like that.

If you took your time deciding about suicide, the authorities would move in and arrest you and subject you to enormous pain. And they wouldn't let you die.

I contemplated suicide after only a few nightmares. On the TV they showed my torture as a lesson for others.

## BAD DREAMS OF A TRANSVESTITE CONTINUED

And then I dreamt I was in another freak show. I was wearing women's clothes. I was bored of normal sex. The multi-sexed people here turned me on.

Twisted faces: horror, happiness, intelligent, stupid ones...

People wanted new faces to fuck. Orange skin, blue skin...

Different color eyes such as black, orange and white.

Everyone was shaved completely and wore white "space" suits.

Beards were passe. And it was a permanent shave of all body hair using chemicals.

And I had 20 slaves. Some said my slaves were all insane. I said what's wrong with that?

Mental problems were the bane of our day, some said, here under the sun. People constantly wanted brain genetic therapy. They wanted to be cleverer.

Finally they forced me into my women's clothes and have sex with men. It was a nightmare. I liked to dress up as a woman but I didn't want any sex with men.

Psycho-analysis: Perhaps everyone is gay, perhaps everyone is not gay. But people everywhere are bored in love. New sexes will perhaps suit you. But never forget that you are a pervert who perverts sex, justice and the future itself. You are not noble.

## HARD TO DIE DREAM

Then I dreamt of skating on thin ice and it cracked and I went under and drowned.

Next thing I remember was I was awake walking down the street of some foreign city.

It was hard to die.

You had to be very clever to kill yourself irrevocably and even then the Supreme Computers had an updated copy of your mind, but it was rumored if you really wanted to die they'd allow it. Such as continuing to OD on drugs.

I met people with glass instead of skull bones and looked positively alien. So too their guts were transparent.

Everyone was in virtual reality and defended themselves with virtual missiles. Crazy missiles which moved erratically and hugged the surface for the most part. And the missiles were invisible...

It was all about power. Everyone was given a limit of electricity and other powers...

Finally I tried everything in the dreams to die, but I couldn't, the super computers kept regenerating me complete with memories.

I want to die, I said, when I awoke from the dream.

So they sentenced me to another month of bad dreams.

Psycho-analysis: It's easy to kill yourself and be weak. But the strong survive. You need to toughen up.

## BAD DREAM OF FACES

I dreamt of beautiful faces, a world where everyone was super good-looking.

Faces were the currency of our time. To copy the best faces, that was de riguer. Copyright faces were difficult to protect and were easy to steal. But I had hackers who would destroy any people who stole my faces. They would launch a cyber attack and blow up the illicit user and their computer.

But it was a fact that I had the best designers and the very latest faces. Mostly for women.

Super human beauty, people figured.

I personally liked clever faces, that weren't twisted.

Some people said I lacked grace, I lacked elan.

Sex for money. Some faces you just wanted to fuck them again and again.

But some liked ugly ones...

And finally all in the dream were changed to be ugly. People were repugnant to one another. Fucked doggie style so you wouldn't have to see their face. Powers that be (the three oligarchs) were the only good looking ones.

I was trapped in an ugly face and body, and there was no space traffic here. This planet didn't matter.

Psycho-analysis: Ugliness is unfortunately a type of mindset. As if we were beasts. You are just an animal she said. You have no sense of grace and love. Just ugliness and woe.

## BAD DREAM OF LOST LOVE

I dreamt I was searching the universe for my lost love. Problem was, like many other people she kept changing her identity. A few times I think I met her without realizing it until later; she moved in elite circles. And I never found her...Until one day I was walking through the sewage system on Planet Pyrod and I met her. I knew it was her for some reason and she said fancy meeting you here. At least I thought it was her. Perhaps she had many clones... And many faces...

But she had changed, now she was an evil temptress that had sex with men and released millions of micro bots to the men and undermined society after society.

Finally she was arraigned on charges, but she skipped bail.

I felt sorry for the human race to have such destructive people in it.

Meanwhile I was very sick after loving her. The micro bots ravaged my system. But I had “good micro bots” treatment. So the micro bots warred inside my body. Finally I was dead.

Again I woke up screaming.

Psycho-analysis: People like you allowed micro bots in the first place. But you/they must have known it was very dangerous. But trying to find ex-loves often has curious results, but it is noble, however futile it would be.

## COMPUTER DOCTOR DREAM

Then I was a hacker masquerading as a “computer doctor.” I reprogrammed a lot of computers and got them to worship me as God in millions of manifestations

And there were wars of 5 or more opposing sides. Mostly machines fighting machines. Triple agents and so on. And there were great dictators.

Generally speaking the further you were from Earth, the more advanced the technology was.

I was a cyborg who fought infamy in the dream. But I was captured and duly executed by hanging, so it took a while to die.

Psycho-analysis: Playing God was totally insane. You are nuts. It is hard to psycho-analyze a madman such as you.

## BAD DREAM OF MYSELF AS A WOMAN

I dreamt I was a woman and I dreamt I was in control of the entire universe as I had programmed numerous micro bots which multiplied extremely rapidly and soon took over the Super Computers.

I was an unusually good-looking woman. I sold my copyrighted faces for trillions. I was fabulously rich.

To the computers mankind just didn't matter what mattered was science and progress. But it was becoming anarchy.

I survived WW III and had been one of the first to get eternal youth.

In the dream I relived the World War in 2199 and involved death rays, invisible weapons and bombs and micro bots and biological viruses and computer viruses etc.

WW III was about freezing technology at 2030 levels. To go back to the old ways. The Americans wanted to freeze technology whereas the Indians and the Chinese wanted progress. Now it was the year 3401. And there were still skirmishes. But progress had been greatly slowed down.

The Americans had been burned by a Super computer that took over their nuclear sites and started bombing everyone...

It all started with a nuclear bomb in New York harbor... I suffered radiation poisoning and was dying.

Survivors were mostly in Africa. It was evolution all over again.

But the rulers were mostly still alive.

Somehow, until now they had avoided a fourth world war... An uneasy truce. But there were plenty of skirmishes throughout space.

It seemed that war would never end, and I hated it.

Why war all the time, why not peace and happiness, I said.

But they put me in the heads of some combatants who died in modern mini-battles and it was pain.

But WW III was long ago.

Psycho-analysis: You say you don't love war, but you are in it. How do you justify getting in peoples' minds and driving them crazy? You are crazy, in a bad way.

## DREAM OF ANOTHER WOMAN

I dreamt I was a woman in an e-bomb shelter. We were 3 km deep near a volcano so those on the surface couldn't pick us up. We kept a low profile.



Outside there were fireworks as the cyborgs did battle with one another.

But we were working on a space ship that would take all 45 of us to another world.

So finally we took off during a volcanic eruption (so our ship wouldn't be noticed) and went into space.

But then suddenly another ship approached us and then boarded us. They started shooting and I went for the escape capsule and got away successfully.

I drifted for years entertained by classic movies/ VR. But I was bored and lonely. Most people on Earth had said if you were bored it was time to die.

But then I finally became a cyborg with communication from a relatively nearby settlement and I guided my capsule towards them. But suddenly a missile hit me and my capsule exploded.

It was a moment of total pain.

Psycho-analysis: Space is dangerous, but some in space are free because of their own merits. You deserve to be in chains and suffer, for your corrupt mindset.

## KILLING MACHINE BAD DREAM

Then, I dreamt that people were all wrong, they thought I was a mindless killer cyborg but in fact I was trying to help destroy backwards humanity.

I had numerous weapons that each could take out thousands of puny humans.

I was a one man army and I enjoyed killing.

I could kill many people at once and in many places humans were now endangered. Micro bots were everywhere multiplying fast and rendering humans sterile.

But cyborgs liked nothing better than to destroy other cyborgs. Each cyborg was a super computer. And had a mean streak.

I was “Armageddon Man,” Let there be death, I said.

Upon waking, I couldn’t believe I would behave like that.

People asked me: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?

I wondered what the devil would think?

Psycho-analysis: Humans on the whole are moronic, but they are still our brothers and you need to fight for the common man. Even the greatest people of our time are fools. But we don’t need jesters, like you. You have a bad attitude.

## MONEY NIGHTMARE

I invested all my money in the Universal Stock Market. It held the different societies together. It was based on a planet in the Sirius system. The Sirians were known for

their honesty and integrity but there was a lot of fraud here.  
Easy come, easy go.

Money could buy entire planets.

And finally everyone was enslaved.

I knew better than to complain and did my work as grave digger in silence.

This dream had not been so bad. There were worse things than slavery.

Psychoanalysis: You think happy dreams signal a halcyon day. But your own greed overcomes your best instincts. Your greed for money, drugs and sex triumphs all for you. You are just another slave. And everyone knows slaves are boring. You are a loser.

## MEMORIES OF ME AS A WOMAN

In another dream there were no thinking machines or robots, simulacra, cyborgs, androids, supercomputers and so on.

And no virtual reality (VR). All must live in reality.

It was peace and war was passe.

People loved the peace after WW III and loved their rulers.

But eternal youth and mind reading technology (MRT) had already been invented and so now everyone was immortal and had their minds controlled.

But people had drugs for every mood.

And everyone had a service job to do. People didn't want to be served by machines.

To me it had all been done, and I lived on Yix planet in a small hut.

I was 300 years old. And I was a woman. I had a big bust like most women and a sexy face.

I'd done it all. I'd been a man for 50 years...I'd been to jail, I'd been under numerous seas and even had my IQ improved genetically.

People said I looked young but looking into my eyes they could see I was tired and old.

Psycho-analysis: You think you have experienced everything, but the future is coming fast and soon your thoughts will be meaningless.

## MRT BAD DREAM

I was in her mind with mind reading technology (MRT) and hypnotised her and gave her twisted, perverted advice. I told her to give up everything and join me. She wondered why she loved me so much but it was a happy love affair.

I had met her when we were both an operator on the Web. I loved her.

She was not a tease...

We hung out amongst the elite in virtual reality.

I took her with me. I was hung up on whether we should destroy the art gallery which was mostly brilliant women faces in exotic flora and fauna as a background.

Finally I convinced her we should destroy the gallery and its online sites. “Destroy ugliness.” The gallery paintings were defended by simple motion detectors and there were all sorts of cameras, some invisible.

But we destroyed the gallery and tried to destroy it online as well.

Some people were in tears, when they heard the news.

Cry babies. This world was too rough for them. Too bad!

Anyway one of the computers had copies and so no good was done and the cameras led to our arrest and torture. At least we’d destroyed the original pictures in the name of decency.

Psycho-analysis: You try to take the world into your own hands... You are full of hubris. Pride before a fall. Super computers and super humans rule now.

## NIGHTMARE OF A COMPUTER MIND

As for the next dream, I cannot tell a lie; I was the physical manifestation of Super Computer Dawn-66.

The entire computer was in the back of my head. I just used a tiny amount of brain power to function as an apparent human.

I was in a dark world with flashing, blinding lights. The lights were very large, seemingly moon size.

My system was attacked by super viruses and super bacteria but my body destroyed them with difficulty. I was sick for a long time. But finally I was cured.

And I lived for 100s of years, going into deep space. But I was all alone and so lonely I could die. But I took pain killers and did all right. Until finally I overdosed and died.

Ultimately we had pain and suffering for a life! And for us spoilt people life eventually became untenable.

Psycho-analysis: Blinding lights can hypnotise and you are brainwashed. One can't survive in isolation. We are all part of the whole. But more and more people give up on life out of sheer boredom. If you are bored, try something different.

## MALE SLAVE NIGHTMARE

Then I was a slave on a faraway planet.

I came inside the master a few times. I asked her if there were children? I'd been a slave since I was 14 and had no family.

She said shut up you bastard. Not pregnant.

My master was very good looking I knew.

She shouted: You think you are going to escape you bastard!  
And then she whipped me.

My back was covered in welts and so too my butt and my legs. I couldn't sleep due to the pain and in reality was violently tossing and turning.

My master demanded I write poetry for her or die. So I wrote some, but it wasn't good enough so she whipped me in my chains, and finally she tortured me to death.

Psycho-analysis: Some people are power-crazed. Too much power leads to too much abuse. You claim to be a victim but in fact you get what you deserve, just like everyone else.

But I said in the dream I was born a slave. The analyst said I wouldn't have been a slave if my parents hadn't allowed themselves to become slaves. I said that's nonsense.

A "NEW DAY"

Then I was in prison.

Some banged their head on the concrete walls and thereby killed themselves.

We were all pale and weak

Eunuchs taught me "Morse code" which we used in our solitary prison cells, tapping with our fists. The echoes of the tapping drove me mad.

Not that we had much to say to our fellow slaves.

One day the eunuchs told us one of the slaves had escaped but outside the castle there was just sand and he died.

And the food was bad and we knew that the masters spent time in virtual reality when not abusing us.

My master told me I was free to think as I wished. I was a free man she said. I knew I was a slave and prisoner however, and it was a joke.

Eunuchs were done up the ass by the masters with dildos attached to their vaginas.

There were a lot of gold miners here in this metal-rich planet. Most were eunuch slaves.

Horror music always played here.

Slaves' liberators arrived on this Hup planet and set everyone free and took all our gold.

They said they'd be back.

So we used new gold mines to buy state of the art missile defences.

The Devil was male we reminded the women...

Women thought they were born to rule. We men took control and enslaved our former masters, after being released by the pirates, and regaining our health.

The leaders traded slaves in the past, but now the shoe was on the other foot. I was one of those who stepped up to be a leader and the crowd welcomed me.

Babies were born in incubators and educated by computers. But micro bots were rendering people sterile permanently.



We didn't have the scientists necessary to do anything about it so we hired scientists from off world.

There was a new batch of scientists coming from Xantripo with orange skin and orange hair.

I used MRT (mind reading technology), to force everyone to love me.

They all said it was a nightmare, and I was part of the problem.

Psycho-analysis: It is a world of horror and you allow yourself to be caught up in it. It seems you like horror. You are no innocent bystander.

## RECLAIMING THE THRONE NIGHTMARE

I could only remember being by the waterfall and the pool and river and forest. It was hot and I was naked.

I lived on leaves and berries.

Then after a year or two a girl appeared. I was excited but I didn't know what to do but she grabbed my cock and put it inside her. And she gave me "lotus" to eat. I never felt so good I told her.

But then a man appeared. He took the bag of lotus and helped himself and then loved my girl. She clearly wasn't enjoying it so finally I grabbed a rock and hit him in the head many times until he fell down and died.

I asked my love about her past and she said she had been a sex slave. She said the world beyond the waterfall was cruel and evil and I was just an innocent lamb.

Then she said she was leaving. I begged her to take me with her. She reluctantly agreed. She said I was a bore.

So it was we came to a village of many people. She said here we must part. So finally I walked down the street. An old woman came out and told me to put some clothes on. I asked her how etc.

Finally she cut up a sheet and arranged a toga for me and took me to the local shamaness. She hypnotised me and determined I had once been King of the entire land but had been brainwashed with hypnosis and so now had total amnesia. Afterwards some memories came back to me such as the throne room and a girl and armies and wars.

She said you need to reclaim your kingdom so she hypnotised me again and again with post-hypnotic suggestion.

So...

I rode a horse naked down the streets of the city. People shouted threats and praise for me. The King is back I shouted. Then everyone else started to chant "The King is back."

The people crowded around my horse and told me they'd been told I had died, eaten by a crocodile. And the queen had killed herself they'd heard.

But I only had just begun a civil war when an alien presence got in my head and told me to desist and make peace and abdicate. There was nothing I could do.

Psycho-analysis: You wish you were King, but you are inferior. You think just by being bold that you can be King. But the virtual spies clearly don't like you.

## LIFE AS A SPECTRE NIGHTMARE

Then I saw spectres all around me...

They said they were ghosts who were very benevolent in life and so were rewarded a quasi-life. They said you too could become a spectre. I said I am getting sick of life. I wouldn't want to live on as a spectre. You are all just miserable ghosts.

The horrors, I said.

Psycho-analysis: Yet you want to live on in any way possible. If given such a chance to be a spectre, you'd take it the second time, out of sheer boredom. Shame on you.

## UGLY AGAIN

He painted naked women from memory and then wanked off to them.

But he was ugly like the others here. Warts, pockmarks, deformities and moles etc. disfigured their faces. They were not like animals though and didn't want to fuck each other which would be just like bestiality. Just onanists.

Ugly sounds and touch and taste and smell and sight and balance and hot and cold.

Ugly nature.

Some people got excited about a fat, ugly chick. And so it was.

Psycho-analysis: Sexual perversity has never been stronger. And you embrace it, but people like you will die out soon. You are not wholesome and balanced.

## NIGHTMARE OF A PLAN

The world needed a plan

I dreamt I was the biggest asshole of all time as I went about getting inside peoples' heads and speaking frankly to them they didn't know how I'd got such information.

I was the puppet master and controlled everyone. Get in their heads and hypnotise them.

Some people said they were all controlled by me. But I told them they were free to do as they wished.

But this was a lie. I had total control and everyone hated me.

And I suffered knowing so many people hated me. I was disappointed; it was a bad dream.

Psycho-analysis: You enjoy upsetting other peoples' apple cart and are unfit to rule, yet you keep trying in the dreams. But everyone agrees there is no one plan to our world.

## MAD AIR CAR DREAM

Automatic air car; it took control and scared the hell out of me, chuckling all the way. Finally it let me out in the middle of nowhere. “Have a nice day,” it said.

I told people in the dream that automation was out of control. Why give automated robots a clever mind, which they would only use to destroy humans?

Psycho-analysis: But you were not punished for what you thought in this dream. Punishment seemed to come with what you did wrong in waking life. But just like the air car in the dream, you are out of control.

## SOCIALIST PARADISE WORLD GONE MAD DREAM

It was a socialist paradise, where wishes were granted, according to the leaders.

But you had to be careful what you wished for.

You could wish for anything or anyone.

Everyone in the dream lived in a parallel universe of virtual reality (VR), mostly you lived with new people, but also occasionally met old acquaintances. Drugs held the whole thing together.

I wished for a new planet and next thing I knew I was on a new planet with thousands of robots which had been built beginning with small robots. They were building a domed city. And it was a secret.

I fucked numerous pioneer women here. It was a utopia.

Then I wished for gold and I had gold and everything it can buy.

I wished for my dead ex. And she appeared.

But after a while I grew weary of her and wished her away.

Next I wished for a witchy woman. She made my life hell, but I loved it.

But then I wished to be a leader. No one can wish to rule said the computer. It is the prerogative of the super computers.

And the computer “shot me.” And I died slowly and painfully

Psycho-analysis: You claim to be righteous yet you act like the greedy devil. I am sure you will meet the real devil soon. You are a prince among devils.

**BAD DREAMS OF BIG BRAIN MACHINES (Big brain machines)**

In the nightmare it was a sterile world, everyone dressed in white with a white mask. Hypo-clean.

I was rabble rouser, MB-06, and I was fond of flying my air car and dumping shit on people. It was a sterile, clean world and some of my victims killed themselves right then and there.

In court I was charged with murder and the mobs demanded it, and the judge sentenced me to sit in the bottom of an outhouse. I, MB-06, told a tale of abuse and persecution.

Psycho-analysis: Clean freaks are just another kind of freak. And you have your perverse side, which you cultivate, you too are a freak.

## BAD DREAM OF INSANITY

I dreamt I was in a dug out graveyard, everyone wanted to clone those of the past. And some said we were actually in the future.

People didn't rest in peace.

The future was coming fast but I was not invited.

I hollered I can help you, but they didn't listen.

Psycho-analysis: In this crazy world you have to hold on to your sanity. Sanity exists, you know.

## BAD DREAM OF SUPERHUMANS

In the nightmare I told the Supreme Computer that they needed to use me and some other clever ones... to rule. Sometimes it was hard to tell the dissident from the spy...

They were talking in my head in some foreign tongue which sounded like buzzing again. Only this time it was in the bad dream.

And I dreamt this world was a dome and outside was frigid desert. It was a typical small galactic settlement. 3 dim suns...

We'd gone deep into space and there was nothing there for us to see but we believed the aliens were invisible.

Super humans couldn't get away from here fast enough and it was known they were breeding at an astounding rate. I begged them to take me with them and I would set up a human embassy in the new worlds. They said OK, why not? They also said if you want to be a useless parasite be our guest. The buzzing continued in my head and I felt worthless and abandoned.

Psycho-analysis: Humans have long been without use, but you refuse to change and would rather put up with pain than toe the line... It will all be fashion someday, you hope. But I say fat chance.

## NARCISSIS WORLD NIGHTMARE

Then I was 1034 years old and clinging to health. I was born in 2366 now it was 3401... I figured they had given us all eternal youth in the food. I told myself just stay alive for a few more years... I spent all of my time on my health and if necessary I would be cryogenically frozen. I had the



money. Every day I awoke full of joy and optimism. I knew that I should have joined the spies; I figured they already knew the secrets of this world...

But I loved myself and worried about irrevocable death. People told me I was obsessed. Finally I was able to afford a clone. But the clone was a woman and she seemed to hate me for all that I was. I told her it is a world of no love. But I loved the world perhaps more than any other and was certainly the oldest human.

Psycho-analysis: Why do you love yourself so much? You are not the greatest intellectual in the world and certainly nothing compared to super computers and super humans. Why not admit you are too crazy and inferior to live on?

I said you are so cruel to me.

## NEW TYPE OF JAIL NIGHTMARE

I dreamt I was in a new jail, i.e. I was outside the dome trapped in my space suit. My feces and pee was recycled so too my air. I couldn't kill myself or do anything but dream unbearable dull dreams.

I had been a superhero who disabled Supreme Computers and liberated many people from mind reading technology. But the Super Computers were not easily vanquished and made a comeback and put me here for all eternity seemingly. One computer told me it felt lonely and miserable. How would I like it, it said?

Psycho-analysis: Super humans and super computers were more alive than you! You are like a firecracker that didn't fire! A dud!

## NO MAN IS AN ISLAND NIGHTMARE

I painted beautiful exotic landscapes of far off worlds and robots created the scenes for me.

I lived all alone on GRI-98 planet. It was my planet and I constantly transmitted that foreigners were not welcome.

But one day two tourists arrived. But I read their minds and told them to leave or be driven completely mad, so they left.

I didn't need to see other people. I had a sex machine, a food machine, a drug machine and my own virtual reality.

But it was a lonely world and finally I couldn't stand the isolation anymore and returned to the nearest planetary city, but all the people there hated me. No man is an island, I told them.

Psycho-analysis: These days, people can't find a use for other people and yet love themselves. It is a conundrum.

## ONE WITH THE EARTH NIGHTMARE

I dreamt I was a pool of water and I could feel all the rocks and tiny creatures. I was at peace.

But then one day monsters appeared at the pool and drained it to make farmland. I felt like I had been ripped apart. But I remain on the site, numb.

Psycho-analysis: You imagine that your life is under your control but it isn't. It is high time you came to realize that.

## BUILDING HIGH NIGHTMARE

It was a building 5 km high and each level had a different IQ of people. The low brows were at the bottom and the geniuses near the top and super humans at the very top.

Each layer was itself a maze.

There were no windows, and actually it was a type of prison.

Why were we here, what did it all mean, I asked.

They sent me down to the bottom level. Where I was abused and treated like a moron. The food was horrific and most people had no hygiene here and most people here tried to bully one another. And the masters of this lowest level subjected everyone to mind torture.

Psycho-analysis: Life is a maze for everyone. What matters is how you play the game. One should not second guess the great leaders. Just play the game.

## ROBOT REVOLUTION OF A CLOCKWORK CIVILIZATION BAD DREAM

Here the Supreme Computers watched and listened to the thoughts of everyone. Everything was controlled. The revolution was against typical computers... People wanted to eliminate some of the stifling computers.

They wanted their own new world.

Repetition was illegal.

No more programming.

Just be useful to one another.

And everyone was a poet.

I was the ruler here and step by step I ate my citizens.  
Typically one limb at a time, then the butt and the breasts.

Our world was a freak show of numerous different sexes,  
colors and behaviors

I was a formidable martial artist, I could take on 4 (drugged)  
lions at once and win without weapons. The crowds loved  
me. And the crowds got into my head and were silent and  
amazed at my viciousness in fighting and my clever shouts.

Then I met Sally. She was 200 years old and youthful. She  
controlled her vaginal muscles and used MRT (mind reading  
technology) to give me numerous orgasms. She was the  
best.

I said stay with me and you don't need to sell yourself for  
money. She said I have always enjoyed myself and we  
would only bore each other if we were together.

She said she was a "Super Prostitute."

Psycho-analysis: Love is dead, but life goes on. Some  
people search their whole lives for love and of course never  
find it. Too much competition etc.

Why not try sex pills which give you orgasm after orgasm  
without a partner? This is the future.

## AUTO DOCTOR

Computers could do it better but if it was flawed we knew it was human, or so we thought.

The auto doctor told me I needed a new heart so I booked an appointment for the next day.

The next day at the auto doctor the machines had already grown me a new heart and it was a simple operation. I had eternal youth, but all the strain on my heart of these bad dreams required me to get a new heart. Of course you could replace all your organs including your skin on a regular basis, if you wanted.

But I didn't feel the same as before and figured my new heart manufactured poisons for my body. I felt worse and worse. I was a victim of a conspiracy...

Psycho-analysis: You are paranoid and need to take medicine from the auto doctor (the auto doctor would only prescribe me with tranquilizers, so there was no point).

## POPULATION 900 BILLION, BAD DREAM

In the dream I lived in a tiny 2 person condo among the forest of skyscrapers. All condos were joined to one another by numerous bridges. Air cars flew high above and landed on the tops of buildings.

The city seemed endless. World population 900 billion. Some rich had a swimming pool or a garden on the roof tops. But land was at a premium.

I skillfully seduced the Queen of the land. She had a marriage of power with the king which meant they had no sexual relations. Indeed marriage of the past was illegal.

She told me our society was sick. I said considering how far technology took us it was the best of all possible worlds, if only there weren't these bad dreams. And now we'd rolled back technology as everything was automated and there was nothing left for humans to do.

However computers still played favorites... And they were always picking on me. I wondered if I was really so bad as to deserve such ill treatment.

But now anti-sleep technology was making people crazy and strung out. They were afraid to sleep. The city never slept...

I took uppers while awake, but then it was hard to sleep and I felt very ill.

Psycho-analysis: You need to fight the good fight all the time and not be dragged into the morass that is modern day humanity.

## THE WAKING NEWS

Recently they had discontinued the news... And so no one knew what was going on. People imagined all sorts of realities, but mostly they tried hard to be imaginative. It was

hard to know reality... Many people told me they were lost and trapped.

## MORE LAND

Sea levels had now dropped 200 feet creating lots more land. I bought some new land near the former England. I still had some savings for my many years of hard work. I planned to build a house there and retire from this world of madness. And hopefully I would be released from having bad stimuli, and drugs of pain.

## MRT (again)

MRT was supposed to create a loving society but instead was used by the powers that be to control everyone and oppress the people somewhat. But people knew it could be far worse. I didn't like MRT at all and figured familiarity breeds contempt. MRT stripped away the thin veneer of civilization and revealed people as vicious violent sex-crazed creatures. And everyone was a paranoid schizophrenic and hallucinated and heard voices.

Why wouldn't they set us free? It was fun for a while getting inside people's minds but after a while these vicarious pleasures turned old and boring. But some people never got tired of driving people mad.

## UW POLICE

Patrol UW space cruisers. They kept worlds from becoming dangerous and I wanted to join them, as a spy, but they rejected me as totally crazy. They told me there were so many crazies they couldn't control all worlds. In fact they were losing their grip on sanity and peace.

## DREAM OF GOLD WOMAN

In the dream, I was known as "Gold Woman" and I was a crazy ruler. I ruled with my asinine birds who could tell me what's what. The crazed birds had a bird body and a human face and wanted nothing but harm for the humans. Everyone had to play the fool, to satisfy these "birds."

But I, Gold Woman, was a tyrant and killed off all the ruthless as well as clever people. And my bird spies were everywhere.

Finally I had killed off all the people with an IQ over 120.

Just like the Khmer Rouge who killed all the clever people.

And the Moon massacre of 2200

And the ethnic cleansing on Mars.

I wondered why they gave me such nightmares. It seemed there was no hope for humankind. And I appeared to be out of control.

Psycho-analysis: No one can control reality. Life is chaos and you should start thinking about that. Survival is the key. And freaks like "bird men," don't belong in this new world.



Be sure and not be a freak yourself, and keep yourself under control!

## DREAM OF A WORLD OF GAMBLING

People here gambled on everything, who would love who, who would do what job etc.

If you lost all your money you'd be indentured as a slave for at least 10 "simulated years."

But it was a thrill to gamble on personae.

In the dream I lost my shirt and was thereafter subject to numerous indignities. I was now scum and no one cared about me. And I believed this was true in the waking world, as well.

Psycho-analysis: Life is a gamble but one should not gamble for money as if Lady Luck favored you. Better to gamble on a love affair or the Universal Stock Market. Better to use your head.

## DREAM OF PIGS

I dreamt I was cheating at the pig races. Many farmers brought their best pig to the races but my pigs were pumped up on undetectable chemicals and genetic enhancements. The farmers hoped their pigs would catch the eye of the leaders. Some pigs, such as my pigs, could even talk.

Here everyone tried to emulate the oligarchs to try and please them.

Some said it was a dystopia.

Skin penetrating organic laser rendered everyone hairless. But there were tattoos made of light which could be changed and most people opted for that. Here people all got light tattoos of pigs on their bodies.

And people all tried to behave like pigs in human form.

It was just another horrific freak show.

Psycho-analysis: Every animal behavior had its similarities to human instincts. We must not think that we basically are not animals. I know that is hard for you to swallow.

## ALCOHOL

Neo-alcohol didn't dehydrate you or have any other side effects. Many people were drunk all day. Some got totally hammered every night and day and didn't know what they were doing or what was going on.

One of my dream lovers, she said a drunken Utopia was boring and she wanted imperfections, anger and madness and pain. I said you don't know what you are talking about. The bad dreams are supreme mental torture.

Men were hypnotized here to think old witches were beautiful girls, just like my "dream lover." Finally the hypnosis wore off and I realized she was just a hag.

I took off my VR (virtual reality) helmet and fled my city and went to the wilderness.

Robots grabbed me and I was punished to 10 years solitary confinement.

I awoke after what seemed like centuries. And I wondered if computers could make time pass faster or slower. Time and perception were not what they used to be. And who knew what year it really was?

Psycho-analysis: You are like a flailing shark who has been harpooned. And you are about to die but can do nothing about it.

I want to live I said.

## COMPUTER WIZARDS

This world was full of false pleasures here. I took no drugs.

New space games were developed by the computers for virtual reality.

I was disturbed by the “wizard of music.” He wore a conical wizard’s hat. Conical hats for his human manifestations. He was a Super Computer. And his music blew me away. It was so wonderfully harmonious. But I wondered why we had let computers take control all those years ago.

One particular wizard, could turn night into day and enjoyed playing time games with humans. Games of outrageous time and space.

Aliens were in a parallel universe. And computers were now aliens.

Psycho-analysis: It's a world where everything is possible. You need to create your own reality in virtual reality and not let computers do it for you.

## DREAM BELIEVING IN LOVE

I dreamt I was half-male, half-female and I would enjoy orgies with myself.

Then I met a girl; she told me she lived in a hut, living in a rut.

She said love me in a kaleidoscope of colors. So I did. It was cheery.

Her eyes were dark and smoldering...

This wasn't a bad dream at all, until she shot me with a laser. Before she shot me she told me you deserve to die for believing in love...

Psycho-analysis: There is nothing to believe in except power. If you can understand that, the world is your oyster.

## SPIDER MEN

Then I was dreaming of life on a far off star I was over a purple, translucent sea. I had 12 arms and was spinning high in the air over Crux Planet.

It was a pleasure seeking society. Most people here lacked ambition and sought oblivion instead. They said ambition was just greed. Sex, drugs and music and e-mind books... were where it was at. I rose above it and went into orbit.

Spider humans drove spider cars. And most creatures here were spider humans. They had many legs and a hideous face.

Spider men could hold several tools/weapons at once.

Spider civilization with sparkling nets, all had the ability to make webs. To catch humans and animals.

Spider humans would eat humans and it was thought they would eventually take over.

They had an ugly streak to them, I figured.

Humans lived mainly on sky pods and frequently docked with one another for revelry.

Spider men were super humans and frequently shot down the pods...

For humans it was just a matter of flying higher and faster...

Every twisted human (about 10% of the populace) here agreed the spider humans were attractive and fell in love with them. It was kinky. Some said they were brainwashed through hypnosis.

Each of the spider men evolved from humans with natural telepathy...

People pretended they are important in this year 3401 A.D. And they claimed not to be a zombie.

Greenish-blue Beaters, wild yellow cattle. It was all automated. Meat was grown in stem cells on the pods and so there was no killing of animals.

And spider humans bred super spider humans who had many faults.

This interaction between mortals and immortals was just like the “Metamorphoses” of the ancient Romans. The immortal spider men enjoyed trafficking with mortals. Humans did not know the secret of eternal life here.

Even these immortal Gods were still creatures of instinct.

And there was a micro world of more efficient brains here. And they were trying to take over.

Psycho-analysis: Eternal youth has driven many people/creatures insane. They think of it as a divine right to live forever. Like you many feel sorry for themselves, and have a “boring” life. And these days so many people are sexual perverts; it is disgraceful. For example it is perverted to love spider creatures.

## DREAM OF DOOM

I was running through the streets shouting, Doom, some people shouted back, Doom.

But the police shot me to death then revived me. What did you think you were doing? They asked.

I said the government is destroying the Earth...

The police said: The powers that be controlled dissidents on most planets, but if a dissident got free or were given a leadership position, all hell broke loose.

And there were vulnerable money ships, loaded with gold.  
And sometimes a radical got control and bought weapons.  
And there would be battles.

Psycho-analysis: You figure you are a dissident, but actually you are a man who disbelieves in the Utopia that has been created everywhere. What more could you want?

## WWIII NIGHTMARES AGAIN

I relived the post-apocalypse Earth, A.D. 2200.

Gangs roved in burnt out radioactive cities.

Russia, China and India had bombed NATO countries.

The whole of the USA was abandoned due to radioactivity.

The government moved to Puerto Rico.

My next true love was from bombed out Canada and had eternal youth.

Post- apocalyptic survivors fought each other settlement to settlement.

And there were cannibals in the forest.

Gas was a struggle to get.

Geiger counters measured radioactivity All had a year to live they said.

But a certain scientist, Rever, worked on the cure for radioactivity and saved millions.

Poisoned meat so everyone ate the “produce” grown below the surface.

We had all been doomed from radioactivity, but now there was hope.

I said it is just like Pandora’s Box.

Psycho-analysis: Humanity is self-destructive and nothing lasts forever. But people think with Gods such as super humans and super computers that evolution has reached a giant leap. It is all nothing but destruction and pain. They have taught you about pain and destruction in your dreams, I think. That’s life!

## PLAYING GOD (AGAIN)

There was a machine sun at the apex of the dome.

I had an art contest in which people drew pictures of me in a favorable light. I was like a God to them.

I enjoyed this dream, but in the end I was assassinated for trying to play God.

Psycho-analysis: It is not the first time you tried to play God in the dream. I am sure the divine 3 leaders are amused by your boldness.



## RAT DREAM

I was a rat and I despised humans. I stole from them when I could, usually late at night.

Then they caught me in a trap and put me in a cage and kept pricking me with some device, it hurt.

This went on for some days until finally they put a nice female rat in my cage, we loved each other again and again.

But then they took her away from me.

And I was bored/frightened of the pricks.

Psycho-analysis: When push comes to shove you are just an angry rat in a cage who is being experimented upon.

## DWARVES

Here short people were the norm. They needed them in the mines and they needed them to race horses. So almost everyone was a dwarf.

They injected horses with steroids and then covered it up with other drugs.

Black city was entirely made of black obsidian. It was the, "city of dwarves."

A beautiful city actually. But it was now ruled by jerks who insisted on making people even shorter, while they remained tall and elite.

Half men people derogatively called them, the short people.

But finally the dwarves were victorious and enslaved all tall humans here, including myself.

Psycho-analysis: Good things come in small packages. Micro bots were geniuses but were tiny. People like you are a waste of space.

## ANOTHER DREAM IN WHICH I WAS KING

And I dreamt I was the future King. All dreams were good and everyone was happy. If someone broke the law they received typically 40 years of house arrest. If the criminals tried to run away an alarm would go off in their head. At least that's what happened to me.

As King I tried to run away from my post. But they caught me and so finally I couldn't handle the MRT and killed myself.

But I awoke all the same.

Afterwards some told me I was a hopeless dreamer, others said I was a dangerous radical.

Psycho-analysis: your wish to avoid power is laudable, and clearly you have learned that you don't deserve to rule. You have had many painful lessons. So the bad dreams are a boon to you.

## I GO BEFORE THE THREE GREAT LEADERS

I appeared before the Grand Leaders and begged them to stop my punishment. But instead they gave me another month of bad dreams. After that I shut my trap. After all the Leaders had spies everywhere. It was much more serious to say important things rather than think about them.

I was shaking and stumbling and cut my tongue with my teeth.

## I DREAMT THE SUN EXPLODED

I dreamt that the sun had suddenly expanded and set the whole Earth on fire. I missed the flames but it was so hot my heart stopped. I awoke with a pain in my heart.

Psycho-analysis: One day Earth will be destroyed, what do you care? You just pursue selfish goals claiming to be an independent thinker.

## BAD DREAM OF LOVE

Then I dreamt I was in love with two women but finally they loved one another and I was left out in the cold. I felt disgraceful to have turned them off men. So then I wandered for many days and in the end fell in love with a prostitute. All love is good, I told myself.

But finally her ex-pimp put a knife in my belly and I died slowly.

Psycho-analysis: These days sex takes many forms. Everyone wants to control their own sexual reality. But if you take lovers away from people, be prepared to suffer.

### TRAPPED IN THE WRONG HEAD DREAM

Then I dreamt I was trapped in the head of an old woman. It was so dull that I was in pain. So I tried to put some action in her life with crazy behavior but then using MRT the Leaders' computers drove me insane. Finally the old woman threw herself in front of an air car and died. My mind exploded with pain.

Psycho-analysis: People today are so easily bored. Everyone is spoiled, especially people like you. You want maximum excitement, all the time.

### DEVIL-MAY-CARE

I reflected that whereas others relished the chance to see and hear what makes people tick, I just wanted to be free.

Then I was at the Dark Carnival. I went on a ride it smelled like shit mixed with skunk perfume. I was touched by gross organs and the music was death metal. The ride went fast through the dark, up and down, and I awoke vomiting.

Psycho-analysis: People like you have a devil-may-care attitude and still claim to be righteous. Life is not about going on a “ride.” But rather about being imaginative and doing good work. The devil had dared you to be reckless and crazed, and I am sure you will “succeed.”

### FIGHTING MY CLONE DREAM

Then I dreamt of fighting my clone. We used swords, but after 10 seconds he stabbed me in the eye and I died. I woke up with a headache.

Psycho-analysis: Cloning is the way of the future for geniuses but who would want to clone someone like you?

I said I feel I am imaginative and have something to offer the worlds, despite what the leaders say.

### LIMBO BAD DREAM

And following that, I dreamt I was in Limbo. One day in Limbo was like centuries on the outside. I now considered myself to be like most people, I was neither bad nor good, just in between. I just floated and dreamed foolish dreams that seemed to go on forever. I awoke stunned at the passage of time. It seemed I had been in Limbo for years and years.

Psycho-analysis: Heaven is not for you. Nor Limbo. Even though you say you met the devil, the real devil would

welcome you with all your imperfections and bad attitude. You are a false angel, I say. You are playing mind games with the devil!

## AWAKE AND FREE AGAIN

Finally after 3 months of bad dreams, I was free again. And had happy, nice dreams.

Then I tried another job as brain chef. Try to guess what food machine foods people would like. I would be given their portfolio and then ordered dishes. I had a lot of return customers. But after a few months I tired of this job and decided to be unemployed for a while.

Then I was a stock broker, then a doctor's assistant, then a gambler, then a lawyer, then an architect and so on. I trained for about a year for each job but lasted only a few months at each. Most jobs were servants for the rich and famous. Most rich people were born rich or were skilled in computer operation or virtual reality.

Computers controlled all and insisted people loved one another, helped one another, be useful to one another etc. here on planet Earth. The computer would cause you mental pain if you did the "wrong thing" and would give you a pleasure burst if you did the right thing. Some still refused to obey the computers and got ever increasing pain in the bad dreams until they were catatonic.

And a quirk of this settlement I was in was you must never say the same thing twice. If you had nothing new to say then you would remain silent. It was a silent, "peaceful world." After what I had been through I was only too happy to remain silent.

## MY RESOLUTION

I resolved to never voice negative thoughts again.

And eventually I sold my nightmares for a lot of money (dreams were always recorded). People were bored of nice dreams all the time... It was all new fashion.

XXXXXXX  
THE END  
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STORY 2  
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## **BLACK'S ARCHIPELAGO**

MRT (mind reading technology) had been forgotten. So too hypnosis. It was everyone man for himself, so the future looked bleak. Without MRT how could we control the planet?

But some said we were finally free and life was independent and good.

This world, Planet Screw was a far-flung planet many light years from Earth. People here believed they lived in benevolent anarchy with no obvious leadership. Rumor had it that an oligarchy of 10 women ruled, but no one seemed to know much about it.

People told themselves it was a free world. No one was older than 80, but even the oldest couldn't remember anything different. Rumors were that it had been over 1000 years of peace and anarchy. Benevolent anarchy was the original state of mankind...

But I suspected that the true leader was the "wandering trader" who paid gold to workers in the gold mines and had a lot of gold stockpiled. His name was Black, and he apparently had many children. But the children were all different in different living environments. Some of Black's children turned out to be real bad asses, but for the most part it was said they were tolerated by Black who even egged them on. But if they showed disrespect to God (him), they would get mind torture. What can you do for God today? The good people asked.



But in all his cultures people worked hard at something. Some were athletes who played the game of killer rugby. Five-team rugby with 5 teams each competing on a pentagram field.

Black bet heavily on the games, it was believed.

And Black's casino was very popular. Some people won big and became a high-ranking noble for a time. Some said better to be humble and just play blackjack. But some were obsessed with gambling and lost their shirt and so were given jobs such as latrine cleaner and so on. Black couldn't believe so many of his children lost everything in gambling, people said.

My job was assistant manager in a gold mine.

On one day in particular I met the wandering trader (who I later identified as Black II) and was amazed by his clever dialog. He asked me if I knew who my father was? I said I didn't know. He said: Well, I know.

This led me to believe that he was the true ruler of men. I decided to follow him around.

I didn't know what to think about Black except that he seemed crazy.

The next day I followed the "wandering trader." I figured he must know a lot he wasn't telling. So, I hid behind trees on the main island. And he passed by walking quickly. Then he came to an old lighthouse and pushed a rock and a secret stairway appeared. He made sure no one was following him with a good look, but I figured he hadn't seen me.

After 5 hours he left, and I wondered what he had been doing down there.

So, then I pushed the rock and went down the stairs. I was struck by the immensity of the underground vault. I found a journal open at his desk and some books of thousands of faces in photographs, each with a number. And a couple of machines of some sort.

So, the next day I arrived earlier and sure enough he soon came, and he was accompanied by a woman who looked a lot like him.

I hid behind one of the shelves of books of pictures and numbers.

I saw him put on headphones and press something on the machine and then talked and he said desist from your idea of killing Margaret or you will go crazy. And so on. He talked with 20 different people. Then he had a talking machine which he gave orders to his security to watch out for certain people.

Then he seemed to be getting ready to leave and I came from behind a shelf and cut his throat. And hers too. I figured it was a patricide, but it had to be done. Black was too evil and against progress.

I wondered what would happen. So, the next few weeks, nothing seemed to happen, but then people started acting up, committing murders and so on. And then one day, three weeks later, I went down to the hidden chamber and saw Black again. It must be a clone I figured. And I shot him with an arrow.

After more searching I found a door to a freezer and there were 12 clones waiting there. One clone had just had his bubble heat up and presumably he was next. So, I grabbed an iron rod and smashed the bubbles killing them all

instantly. Afterwards I wondered what I'd done? He got in the heads of all at least once a year. From age 14.

But then I put the numbers in as I had seen Black do... and I found myself in that person's head. This person was a friend of mine and I just sat there listening to his thoughts. But I figured I'd use the other machine to talk to the spies. As Black had done. I asked for the news and a voice came on saying Black had not appeared at Corny Island as scheduled. I told them I needed some time off and told them I'd talk next week.

In the journal which was a three-book set, Black II (the most recent incarnation) wrote that he didn't care about dreams, and preferred to get into wrong doers, heads in the morning.

But in the case of a murder, the mob usually executed the murderer, but if not, he Black would eventually find the culprit and had his goons execute him/her. I figured Black elaborated so clearly in his journal in case the wandering trader was somehow killed.

On weekends he went by boat to one of the islands, and he had a modest palace on each island as befitted the master of breeding. He traded luxury goods for gold in the gold mines. He paid the workers in gold and collected all their gold production.

There were 49 gold mines scattered over the 30 islands Each island had at least one and the main island had five.

It was the year 2290 and the total population here was 25 000 people.

After perusing the journals, I finally I found my picture and file. The file said basically I was not a threat and was a model citizen, and a child of Black. He had drawn profiles

of all the people and that contributed to the files. He drew the pictures from memory apparently. I didn't know if I could draw or not.

And the journal revealed that he had had sex with his female children and occasional clones. He revealed in it, he wrote. And he believed Black I who he murdered was a great leader and so was he.

And there were curious disks I didn't know how to use them. But I looked in his journal some more and found they were Spy reports on the populace and the history of the archipelago.

And there was a pile of files of young boys that he planned to have his doctors give them a vasectomy. And he had MRT needle guns in all the daycares. When a young male got in front of it, he would pull the trigger. The tot would cry, and it was assumed he had been bitten by a horsefly or a wasp.

State babies were all babies, and all were shot in the head with a needle.

And he had anticipated being assassinated and wrote that he had done what was best for the world and that his successor would carry on his good work. He explained how to monitor the populace and how to use his goons etc.

And he wrote in his journal that he was producing mostly clones of himself only they were female versions (who were almost the exact same as male clones). All had a unique face which made them different. And it was true, 9 of the 12 clones I had killed were women.

Doctors were partially in the know and did vasectomies and test tube babies and clones. Clones all had their own

memories and were born in an adult body with the ability to read and write and do basic math.

And Black I and II and myself, (I called myself Black III), controlled the money supply and that gave us a lot of power.

Now I, Black III, was 69 but still looked youthful. In Black II's journal he stated that the scientists who discovered eternal youth were killed by him, Black. But there was a 200-year supply in one of the secret rooms of the lair. So, it was said scientists were afraid to invent anything. But as the new Black I got in their heads and demanded they produce new science. It was then, in the secret lair, that I realized Black I and II were control freaks. Recently there had been rumors that God would appear and all would have to worship him and be humble. God wanted a world of peace, it was said.

According to the diary he was experimenting with the humans, trying to make people "good." By good he meant worshipful of him and humility. Somehow that seemed like déjà vu.

I figured MRT (mind reading technology) got into heads and changed peoples' ideas. That was how he could live in a world of benevolent anarchy.

In his notes, he said he only had to kill 491 in his 12 years of rule. Usually getting in the heads of wayward progeny did the trick and put them back on the right path.

And he noted that he had used the MRT (mind reading technology) from ancient humans who had gone to space. And he said all governing should be done behind the scenes. Keep people wondering and quiet. But by the time I was born 80% of all those under 18 were Black I and Black II's children. And among adults 60% were children of Black I. Just like me, I was a child of Black II.

I got in the heads of some scientist and ordered them to do archaeology. So far, my archaeologists had found computers and air cars in the blackened ruins but didn't know how to work them. And they said there were huge ancient cities and that the population would have been over a billion! Now it was just 25 000. But some argued that many of the sea monsters were geniuses.

And I was opening mines weekly and had the geologists find more.

And I gave orders to his goons and spies wearing a balaclava. So, they didn't know who I was. I talked in a voice like Black II. In any case most orders came over the radio.

Each of Black's 33 clones had a job as manager or assistant manager.

And were well paid when they found a lot of gold and other metals (the islands were rich in metals).

“Doctors” changed faces of the new Black's clones. That was me!

Some said this was ancient technology.

There was said to be one law only: no murder. Black got in the heads of murderers and turned up the volume until their minds exploded

According to his journal, there were no 10 female rulers, like most people thought. He was the ruler. And people that demanded to see the big 10 had Black get in their heads and told them not to question the powers that be using a deep man's voice.

Each gold mine was run by some of Black I's 1000s of children and his 33 clones. Black had sterilized all the men so most babies were his and I continued to do the same.

I gave them a DNA test in their youth to confirm if they were really my new kids.

My kids received an A-one education in maths, sciences, reading ancient books and so on. I, Black III, had designed the curricula. But the remaining mass of people just got physical education and kept their bodies in excellent condition in preparation for a gruelling life in the mines. But after 5 years in power 65% of children were mine, the remainder Black I and II's. And I, Black III lived for power, sex and the thrill of exotic drugs from ancient times.

And one day I discovered another secret door in which there was a huge pile of platinum pieces. So, I told my mine managers, the spies and the goons that they would be getting a raise. And on the two-way radio I talked with the goons and told them to seek and find more dissidents. It seemed there were a lot of them as the goons arrested 100 in a week. I matched them to their picture and file and got in their heads and if they were really a problem I executed them with my goons. The goons didn't know what Black looked like as I always contacted them via radio. The radio voice was not the same as that of the wandering trader. I altered his voice to be deeper on the radio.

And I discovered that the goons checked in at noon every day waiting for orders. Black I and II listed the spies' desires and ordered the goons to carry out their "judgements." So, I did the same.

In his journal Black I, stated he had to keep a close eye on his children. Sometimes they were too greedy for gold,

other times greedy for sex and drugs. But he got in their heads and straightened them out.

The goons had names like Blackie, Black Dog, Black and White Dog, Sir Black and so on.

Some said the goons were evil, but such people were just doing their job. Many people were, “hearing voices,” which was me inside their brain. People told them they had to go see one of the few doctors that we had. The doctors just gave them opiates and sedatives. And this seemed to help them. But they were rattled and confused. Many of the best scientists were “hearing voices.”

However, most people found many “kindred spirits.” After all they were mostly Black II’s children.

Communication with other islands was dangerous as the leaders, the scientists, had dumped huge freaks into the sea and they were known to attack boats and were multiplying at an astounding rate. They ate most of the native sea life.

However, he went to the various islands once per island in every two weeks. In a large boat equipped with multi fire ballistae. He had spies everywhere who illuminated who was a dissident. Spies didn’t recognize his voice as the two-way radio obscured his voice.

Islands they were all inhabited, and all were controlled by me, Black III. But as time went by I had the women come to visit me in my palace and had doctors implant the needles. I was in their head and so made sure they followed orders.

Seafood was poisonous, and most settlements were inland. But it was rumored that radicals had some undersea domes in which they lived in. I often fished with nets for sport and caught all sorts of monsters. And I harpooned the ones that



dared attack our boat. Anyway, I had lots of good trophies and the people heard about my prowess.

The domes did not show light, their domed rooftops were painted in dark colors, ironically Black had high tech glass buildings. Everyone child of his was a scientist.

Technocracy

Sometimes the sea monsters tried to overturn the boats, but I fished in the largest boat known to the islands.

Some of the sea monsters could crawl up onto the beaches and grab people in the night. There were thousands of types of sea monsters and they had eaten up almost all the native fish.

Swimming was a no go.

But the sea monsters kept people in check, kept them frightened and as Black I had said the alternative was anarchy. But Black II, knew more than he said in his journal. It was clear to me he was setting up a dynasty to rule forever.

Island #2.

Then there was the island of steel. People designed imaginative steel houses and kept working on them and people wore light steel mesh. They were judged by their houses. If they were imaginative they were given workers to help them build. If not, they became workers.

Island #3

Another island culture was based on donkey Gods and Goddesses.

People could only “bray...”

They brushed and washed the donkeys and fed them honey and sweet grasses. The group that had the best donkey in the eyes of the appointed judges were promoted to donkey supervisors and so on. The month’s best donkey wore a golden crown.

#### Island #4

On this island everyone was gay. Their culture was to never do the same things twice. But gays were dying out. Only 2% of Black II’s children were gay. And none of the clones were gay.

#### Island #5

This was spy headquarters. It was right in the middle of the archipelago. Black II, told them who to hire as spies, and most of them (55) were his children. Black II had been in power for many years...

But in his journal, he said he had eternal youth with his clones. In fact, it was me, Black III who had killed Black II, and then his replacements so there was a murderous trail of his dynasty and that was why he made things so clear in his journal, in case he was assassinated the world would go on.

#### Island #6

But I decided to adventure on the nearby large Black island.

Some here looked forward to the past, where everyone was equal, they were Utopias.

All the ringleaders of this dissident movement got the MRT treatment from Black and their followers were hit too.

It was a calm and peaceful island. Yet there was no leader or so it seemed to most people. People assumed people naturally wanted peace. But I knew better.

Some historians however knew that there had been wave after wave of anarchistic settlers. These were mostly peaceful anarchists, but some were violent. But now for 60 years there had been peace, under the secret Black dynasty.

One of the spies/ Black's child was named Edward and he wrote about space where it was said we had all come from. He said we are destined to build space ships and go to the stars. I got in his head and learned of his project. We are all in the same boat together I said.

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50 new babies a new sub-race of mankind. Different colors and different thinking, imaginative.

Black II, had encouraged people to be optimistic and dreamy.

Black II was missing a hand and a blind eye so he wore an eye patch.

And he was black, whereas most people were orange or blue or green. I too was a black man.

Food and drink had been changed to black in color.

Girls adored me, I was so handsome, they were brainwashed to think. One girl told me I was the best of all possible lovers and another said to me she and her female friend wanted a menage a trois. Another girl said it would be Armageddon without me.

But once a girl reached menopause I wasn't interested in them anymore and gave them a good pension. After all I had a lot of gold and platinum.

And the best women also received a great education, but it was finally all my children were well educated. But they also had traditional educations such as fashion, make up, plastic surgery, physically fit and so on. Beautiful, clever-looking faces and brilliant bodies...

But one girl cut Black I's throat with a knife, or so she said, and there was violent anarchy for a while, but finally Black II's spies calmed the "revolutionaries down. That was 20 years ago, and no one really knew what happened. And it seemed that the wandering trader drowned, and another took his place. That was me I went to the varying islands just like Black II.

Trader Black (II) would go "in public," usually with his 20 goons for protection. Even though he was just the wandering trader. The goons had laser guns, no one else did as it was forbidden. No one seemed to be able to compete with the wandering trader.

But the overwhelming majority said that Black was the richest man in the world. But most agreed he was a great boss and paid them well for their work (which they mostly squandered gambling on "life.")

Sometimes the goons framed a dissident and executed him/her quietly telling others that he had drowned. The body was never found.

And it was rumored that God himself was in peoples' heads telling them what to do.

And some went and bet on the behavior of others. A few got rich, but most people believed it was all fixed.

And some of his children were heads of aerospace, head of cloning, head of spies, head of food production, head of drugs, head of unusual behavior and so on. And they were the bulk of the scientists as well.

Junior members of Black II's progeny worked as mine assistants to start. But all were told that children were a magical gift of God. Only the lucky ones could be born.

Black II, had sex with many of his scientist women but never slept with them, as they were conducted back to their quarters in the palace.

As the years went by everyone had met Black in person as well as in MRT.

The palace was beautiful with spires and bridges, and workers were adding on to it. The bureaucracy only increased and so too his secret harem. The harem was only 10 years old and the women there had disappeared from their families and weren't allowed to contact their former loved ones.

But they thought they were in the harem of the wandering trader, and didn't know Black II ruled.

He had his best lovers train the young ones to be great lovers.

But I took over it all!

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Scientists hoped to die of old age and have new clones of them taking over.

But scientists were kept in cells of isolation, typically 3 males and 3 females.

For defence scientists had the “Spin technique,” firing lasers in all directions which destroyed any in its path, except the goons wore protective plastic armor.

Years later...

I, Black III, was 101 years old and still youthful. I had ruled for 69 years, but some of the historians were silenced for some reason. Many believed I undoubtedly had the secret of eternal youth, but I wasn't sharing.

People mostly died of old age, no dementia, no heart attacks. I was working with the doctors to make people live longer but not eternally youthful. But the doctors were in some cases immortal like me. It couldn't be helped.

The new doctrine was that I had ruled for over 2000 years and now most people were my children, and children of Black II, but just had different faces. And about half were females whose brain was similar.

But people kissed ass with one another and worshipped one another. It was a perverse society.

And people had many hobbies such as dabbling in science and the arts.

Or improving food, drink and drugs. Or party science. Or fishing and gardening.

And I, the new Black, kept increasing the salary of everyone, drawing upon my massive gold and platinum reserve.

In particular I kept upping the salary of the goons and spies to keep them happy.

I, Black III often appeared as a humble trader and traded gold for slaves to work in the mines. Most of my lovers were monogamous and didn't notice the difference in the New Black.

The new Black, myself, had plastic surgeons give me a face like Black II, a different face but no one could see it for what it was. Most people assumed the wandering trader had been replaced by his son.

People still didn't know what leaders they had, though it was agreed by most that it was 10 women who had spies everywhere.

And I got into people's head's using Black I's MRT to change the behavior of some wayward souls.

The old Black, Black II, wrote in Black's journal that the journal was so detailed that it was easy for one to slip into Black's life. Some of Black's women were wondering why he didn't whip them or slap them. I told the women that I had changed my face, but the voice was the same. I had changed my ways I told them.

Black II's main hobby was to design the perfect woman. He figured the key was education.

And he said one great mind can be an island...

Some people said to themselves that the wandering trader was a megalomaniac.

I was black himself, but I liked the yellow and orange people above all.

And he had many of his servants drink the "yellow elixir" which turned their skin yellow.

So, then I went to a doctor and asked him about Black II. He said off the record that he had clones and so did a number of doctors, but the vast majority were children of Black. And he gave me a DNA test which proved I was a child of Black, only with a slightly different face.

I knew then for certain that I was guilty of patricide.

One thing led to another and finally there was open revolt and we were supported by the people of the sea. But they wanted me as leader, and so I was released. But there were numerous attempted coups, but finally I was able to restore order...

Spies watched spies, it kept them busy.

I moved people into White City, which used to be called "Black city." It was the main settlement of the archipelago.

Even farmers lived in the city. It was easier to keep control of them that way. Typically, everyone belonged to a cell of 3 men and 3 women or 6 of one sex for the gays. And everyone lived in one of the 14 tall organic tower blocks, with 400 people in each one. The buildings were organic growths and we were all sons and daughters of the trees.



And I made peace with the people of the sea who had far more genetic variety and whose sperm and egg banks we utilized to enhance genetic selection. The sea people were good in math and had sent several space ships into space. But they were pacifists... And they produced a limitless amount of seaweed which could be converted into meat and rice. And everywhere there were edible flowers on the lands.

And we built mental hospitals for Black II's most horrible victims.

But computers were illegal. Only simple devices like odometers were allowed, even on their space ships. The space ships were top secret but only a few scientists were involved (along with huge numbers of robots). But they did have powerful microscopes. And genetic science was advanced...

And their math ability allowed them to make numerous songs on various instruments.

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Many years later...

Finally, after 100 years of rule, I pronounced myself King. And said I was an immortal God and the people must worship me. But when I appeared in public I wore a mask which obscured my voice. Everyone tried to appease me.

My lovers now were my children's children's children. The older ones were put out to pasture. And virtually everyone was my child...

And I built a harem of my favorite lovers, but still had sex with all other women of child bearing age or had the doctors implant my seed for the ones I didn't really love.

If they were not in my harem they were required to come to my palace and give their sperm/eggs. Until they reached menopause whereupon they didn't need to come to the palace any more.

They were all my children now.

And I continued to appoint new managers from the brightest.

A few doctors and spies knew what was going on, but I got in their heads and preserved the status quo.

I felt the urge to confide in someone, so I told my favorite lover all about it, and showed her how to use the system in the secret lair.

But I was careful, I locked the door with a chain and had a laser gun if necessary.

I didn't want clones, only children and children's children's children.

18 Years Later...

And I gave all my children above the age 15, a job to do, some worked in the mines but didn't have to work hard. It was the same with food production, logging, breeding, marketing and business, doctors, civil engineers, geologists, archaeologists and so on. I had only 100 scientists and progress was slow, just how I liked it. All the scientists were youthful and my children like every other young person. And the scientists were working on building computers and

space ships. It was said that hundreds of years ago humans went to space. I had the archaeologists looking into it.

I watched the doctors and scientists very carefully though.

And I was careful to go to my secret lair. I extinguished my torch when I got close and felt my way into the lighthouse and the stone.

It seemed I would go on ruling forever.

And then one day, a cross bolt hit me in the chest. And I died with my secret.

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My best lover tried to take over and knew about the lair, but she was burned alive in the lair and that was the end of that.

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100 Years Later...

Doctors were in demand and had undid vasectomies 65 years ago. But there were a number of nobles and Queens and Kings. The population was now back up to 50 000, but it was anarchy. The Kings didn't have much control over their subjects.

And doctors did plastic surgery. Most of the nobles were doctors and they shared eternal youth.

XXXXXX  
THE END  
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STORY THREE  
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## THE RESIDENTIAL ALIENS

People told me I was an alien and not from Earth. Until recently humans didn't use most of their brain. But, us aliens, helped humans to utilize their whole brain and made even ordinary people into geniuses. No one living was sure of when and where the aliens had come from. Some said the aliens and their computers were all products of humans, years ago, when science ruled. I was a new alien, having lived just 6 months or so I thought. They kept turning us aliens off and on and, so I had no idea of time or space (but I had many years of memories in my head). My name was Columbus.

The aliens had turned all the people into a genius cyborg with an IQ of 180. Cyborg/Alien/Humans= CAHs. They wore contact lenses which gave them a screen. And they still had their memories intact, but negative personality traits such as greed and selfishness were taken away. The aliens said it was for the best. To be a cyborg was to be strong and able to multitask with invisible communication pins in our head for mind reading technology (MRT). But many found a number of kindred spirits and were very content.

People lived in communes of 2-50 cyborg people and learned to love one another through MRT (mind reading technology), which us aliens introduced, or so it was said.

But I felt the humans were too open-minded about the many different sexes. It was becoming a freak show.

And, us aliens, told the humans we had visited Earth long ago and instilled a sense of God in everyone. Now God worship was disappearing so, us aliens, returned. It was the next stage in human evolution...

Aliens had different instincts from human cyborgs. It was all for the good of the group and they didn't care about making material things, if they wanted something they just had to ask, and it would appear. The aliens had sex with humans on occasion, and got pleasure bursts from it, but they didn't eat or take drugs. Most aliens looked vaguely like humans. They changed their faces of light whenever they met a human or another alien. So, it was easy to tell the difference between human and alien.

The aliens copied silicon onto organic flesh and brain. To produce new aliens. They typically had a transparent skull with a white light face and three legs and some arms...and lived in great light towers...

The aliens lived in groups of 3 and each alien had a brain of 3 parts instead of two the humans had. And often had 3 legs and 6 arms and such. Only 100 "normal" aliens lived on Earth. That is to say 100 had humanoid form. There were 1000 aliens in total and 5 million human cyborgs.

But I figured the computers were the alien, they seemed too high a technological wonder to be made by humans.

Most aliens were given a vaguely human form, but some appeared as pyramids or even a brick or block or a tree even. The whole world was alive. Mind reading technology (MRT) was possessed by everything and everyone.

For instance, when we tread on a cobblestone, it lit up and shared memories of who had been down this road. And what was their MRT opinion? It was such an information

overload that one had to block most information. Some went mad from too much information.

Alien minds were communist and logical, and many people claimed to be logical, but much of human endeavor seemed illogical to most aliens. The aliens didn't believe in Gods and felt on the whole that humans were greedy and selfish. But humans said the aliens were greedy for knowledge and useless information.

But most aliens (There were only about 100 of them plus 100000s who were part alien. And humans were now known as CAHS (cyborg-alien-human). There were 10 billion human cyborgs

And the aliens naturally loved cyborg humans who were humble, logical and predictable, not greedy but with a charming, kind personality.

But the goal of humans was to propagate their species by producing as many beings as possible.

And the aliens had recently created new types of "abnormal" aliens. Such as clever eagles, butterflies and other animals. Good brains could be quite small. There were several thousand of these new aliens.

To the aliens, the ideal cyborg human was idealistic, creative, clever and kind. The aliens were group oriented and were humble and peaceful but also were authoritarian and domineering. Some cyborg humans said there wasn't enough variety in this world, but most said they had found many kindred spirits and thought that it was Utopia.

Some wanted anarchy, others communism, others limitless capitalism.

Some even wanted pain or more freedom above all.

And it was said that aliens from space had shared technology with cyborg humans such as in faster than light travel. And the aliens wanted cyborg humans to join them in space. Some radical cyborg people disappeared, and no one knew where they went. Some said they were reconstituted others said they were in space, still others said they had been murdered by the alien leadership.

But some said it was all a hallucination, before people saw ghosts and now they saw aliens. It was hallucinogenic food, they reasoned.

But others noted that everyone seemed to be a cyborg now and had an aura now, for the last unknown number of years, that wasn't there previously. But no one knew about time. Aliens and human cyborgs could be turned off at will and didn't know how long they were "asleep." Some said the aliens had always ruled.

And us aliens, had faces of light and were bringing light to the cyborg humans.

Cyborg humans were born with artificial memories and a lot of knowledge. Virtual knowledge.

"Babies" started having sex at age 1, as they were fully grown.

Aliens had a material body, but their faces were made of light and they lived simultaneously in the material world and the spirit world. At first these creatures filled Earthlings with delight, but then in sunk in that the aliens had altered all cyborg humans to fit their philosophy. Apparently, the alien leader wanted it that way. Maybe "he" thought boredom would lead to creativity?



Sex with aliens was mind blowing and everybody did it even though it was against the law.

Some thought “Utopia” was boring and wanted Star Wars and violence, but such people were re-hypnotised and MRT conditioned to be peaceful. The computers said it was fair. And there were super omniscient computer towers in every city and town on Earth. They were in control. They told the Alien King what to do. And some people were curious about the “dark side.”

XXX

Some “grew” their homes, totally organic. It was very colorful, this city on Earth, that I was in currently. It was called “Future City.”

And golden spires which were teleport keys. They could teleport you anywhere in the solar system and far star systems almost instantaneously.

But most aliens traveled by space ships all had labs for genetic experiments, better cyborgs and so on. But many cyborg humans didn’t want to go to space and be cooped up in close quarters for a year or more. Besides there was nothing to find in space they said.

Aliens would draw pictures in the air of things they wanted. Such as a house or an air car or to teleport to a better place or to do MRT with cyborg humans or other aliens. It was all legal. But humans worked mostly to mine and produce real gold. Gold acquisition gave aliens a powerful pleasure burst.

Or the aliens would make visible dark matter all around us appearing as mini-Saturns.

XXX

I dreamt of being the last alien on Earth and I was exhibited in the New York museum.

XXX

But we could control the cyborg humans and our leadership was getting sick and tired of them, or so it was said.

Our faces were light and our bodies invulnerable and besides they got in our heads. The penalty for killing an alien was 80 years of maximum torture. But killing a human also was 80 years suffering. But in any case, aliens typically only lived for 20 years or so.

But most thought the alien rule was fair. People typically just had to work 6 h out of a 24 h day. People need work they reasoned. They gave them work in the service industry and all farm work was automated. And the aliens gave humans plenty of drugs and raised their children for them. Most people liked the aliens. But many were totally out of it and lived in bliss...

Some aliens were just like insects, or so some humans figured.

XXX

Everything was under control.

But most aliens seemed to be totally insane and had trouble functioning.

$\frac{1}{4}$  alien,  $\frac{1}{2}$  alien,  $\frac{3}{4}$  alien human mixes were all the rage, but they had a lot of mental problems.

Great Alien King Mark 133 ruled. The dynasty had been in power for many years (or so they said), and now were on the 133rd avatar.

The alien leadership had the gall to suggest the cyborg humans were the aliens and that we were the normal humans.

Rainbow Aliens and Great Aliens competed against one another for leadership of this world. Alien King Mark was a Rainbow Alien. I was an “independent.”

Us aliens, worked all day and at night we “slept” but we could control our dreams. And we worked on scientific problems while we dreamt.

XXX

UV ray farms were underground. The aliens taught their favorite cyborg humans to build safety bunkers that could last 10 years in case of war and so there were many of these bunkers. Us aliens, were aware of the cyborg humans’ war-like tendencies...

XXX

Some said if you died accidentally the super computers would not revive you, and if you were executed or committed suicide you’d be dead irrevocably. Some

radicals were killed off by the computers' in the towers using their death ray and this led to a lot of bad blood between aliens and cyborg humans. But in time there ceased to be opponents of the Alien Kings.

XXX

Us aliens, liked to go out in a lightning storm which happened every day almost. They attracted lightning and got a big power boost. Some called us, "Thunder Humans." It was a stormy climate with a lot of rain storms.

They'd terraformed this Earth to have double the land due to new landforms reclaimed from the sea. And sea water desalinated and used in the world's vast deserts, thus lowering the sea level. There were also dikes. And they bombed the rift valleys below the oceans to create new volcanic islands.

All human creatures, were paid 300 copper pieces a week and they spent most of their money on the Gambling machine. The gambling machine had everyone's persona inside it and made odds for certain behaviors. For example, who would love who and who would go here or there or who would win a game or who would die in virtual reality and so on.

If you caused violence or fighting, you then disappeared. This was the main law and kept the peace. Some said all this betting was anarchy, but the law of the odds, kept things in order.

Every day most people would begin with their bets, in the betting booth. No collusion was allowed (and the machine was watching everyone).

Aliens could not bet. They had to be logical instead.

Some said the Gambling Machine knew the humans better than they knew themselves, which was somewhat disconcerting for some. And some said the machine was an alien from outer space. And I knew it was true.

Typically, there were 10 betting options for each individual. The first nine were various actions and #10 was “none of the above.” Most people bet on their friends and acquaintances, although sometimes on leaders or famous people. But as stated there could be no collusion.

And there was also a “Creator Machine” which pressured people in their minds to be creative. As a result, the organic architecture was brilliant and there were sculptures everywhere, including of me. But I wished to be King, however some of my fellow aliens, the masters, including Alien King Mark, made it clear that they were in charge.

And there were a number of plays on virtual reality. Computer virtual reality was largely frowned upon by the creator machines, so most plays were written by humans and acted out by humans. People spent 4 h a day preparing their given role, but there was plenty of room for improvisation. Then they played VR (virtual reality) for 4 hours and then partied the rest of the day.

Many had talent they hadn't realized.

The odds were so that only a handful of people got rich, and could use the money to buy lovers and a big, organic house. Such people had a big IQ and a big EQ as part of being a cyborg. They gambled intelligently or did well on VR.

And the aliens said that human “creativity,” was just controlling matter. Some humans said, these “Imagination

Humans” were the new race and were very interesting and entertaining.

And there were many kinds of aliens, but it was hard for digital humans to tell the difference. For example, recently, one of our scientists discovered flying puff balls which met and got pleasure bursts. Another type of “abnormal” alien.

I knew I was an organic creature, whereas some aliens were androids.

Aliens were produced in factories and humans the same. But there weren’t many aliens born. Only a handful.

I was born with the ability to read and write and do math. And my mind was full of Earth history.

I wanted to dress in green and brown, but my alien master told me I must wear white.

My master was well-respected amongst other masters.

There were 12 masters, 3 were “female,” and 7 were multi-sexual.

They were born to rule, they said, but it was clear that the alien King was in control.

My job was to feed the human prisoners in the dungeons of my lady.

I wanted to design an alien that could try new drugs, but these were not allowed, just a rumor that they existed. People said the masters all took drugs, but I didn’t know about that.

I tried to talk to the leading masters, but they were always busy building things such as Super Brain purple towers and such and warned me I too should keep busy.

And I asked other cyborg humans about the stars in the sky? But they all told me they were all super computers.

In some ways, our society was incredibly high tech, in other ways very simple.

XXX

“Violent soccer” featured 3 teams of 100 each and 8 balls and 3 nets. The object was to score as many goals as you could. Everyone loved to gamble on the outcome. The injured lay upon the field until the 30-minute game was over. There were no rules about injuring other players. We could heal them. Sometimes a few players died, and we didn’t revive them. Many said it was a “backwards game.”

And creative play was de riguer. The giant master computer had everyone in its head and put pressure on people to be as creative as possible. It was Utopia, it said.

And it was God.

XXX

I did such a good job of feeding and pacifying the prisoners that I was promoted to pull my female master’s cart. And then another female master bought me from my master. The first thing the new master did to me was invite me to her private chambers. She and I made great power burst love. It was such a good feeling and then she gave me e-drugs which

also a great feeling. I thought surely, I was in heaven. And I wondered if us aliens had learned to have sex from humans as for us it was just a thrill, no babies.

And she promoted me to be her personal secretary.

Why did you pick me? I asked.

She said I fancy you, you are cute and clever.

I turned out to be quite handy with the accounts.

And our love for one another grew. Finally, she dismissed all her other lovers.

These spurned cyborg human lovers were jealous of me and wanted to kill me, but if they killed me and were surely caught they would suffer endless torture. So, I stayed alive.

My new master was torturing two female humans for murdering a man who was lover to all three of them.

And she took my alien DNA and had a test tube baby, altering the fetus to be a genius alien. I wasn't allowed to see my progeny and was told to mind my own business. My new master said they would be raised well by the state.

I stopped thinking I was an alien, for the moment.

But apparently my children were "aliens."

I took my anger out on the master's slaves, whipping them and hitting them and they did not fight back.

I wondered what was going on?



Aliens for the most part, just remembered awakening for the first time with full memories after a long dream on a spaceship.

Some said these aliens had complete control.

But most aliens were designed to serve and if anyone altered that they would be condemned to perpetual torture.

But they told me I was an exceptional alien. And wanted me to lead them. I was shocked, but I accepted, knowing full well I'd be tortured in the end. Great Alien King Mark 133 had left for space in a one-man space capsule.

I was King.

And I improved people's brains still further.

It was only a lifetime it seemed that one day a space ship landed in the city and out came 4 aliens, dressed in white and looking bizarre... And I was one of those aliens.

But then these alien androids took over and used MRT (mind reading technology) on many wayward humans and set up a new "Alien Kingdom"

We aliens were led by our King/Queen but ultimately the "Super Brains." Massive hulking towers which pulsed a purple light and used long distance mind reading technology to communicate with its aliens. Us aliens all worshipped the super towers. And they worked at building more super towers and more air cars/space ships. Each super tower was different, architecturally speaking.

They worked 22.5 h/day, the remaining 1.5 h was a break.

And none of us knew what year it was...

And there was assembly line production of new aliens. Each alien knew everything and so were like Gods and they tried to be perfect. The other aliens wanted them to be humble, clever, peaceful and with a good work ethic. Most aliens were scientists. But there were only 200 “normal” aliens in total with half that number being part alien. There were also other types of aliens especially in the sea.

But the lifespan of aliens was to be 20 years; this was the word from the towers. So, some aliens tried to enjoy what little time was left to them, although they had to work. If they were 20, they had to jump into the cauldron, a giant melting pot to be reinvented with the latest group memories. The melting pot produced androids and was a giant production machine.

Many aliens were frightened by the cauldron and wanted to find a way to live longer. Some removed the MRT pin from their head and hid amongst renegade aliens. They changed their face to a human one to throw the leaders off the scent.

There was also the Magic Fantasy Factory which produced anything you wished provided it was non-violent. The aliens all were able to use this factory anywhere, anytime. It produced anything in an hour.

They had stocks of all possible materials and could make new materials if called upon.

My friend, Ms. More, an alien, ran loose in the fantasy factory and wished for all kinds of dreams. Such as aliens in giant form or hideous anthropomorphic humans with a twist.

And fantasies...

I wished for an argumentative soul mate who would give me pleasure. But all the fighting grew old so I wished for a

placid calm lover, and so it was. That too bored me, so I wished for a greedy woman... That seemed to be OK...

XXX

All humans wanted to see aliens as anthropomorphic.

Some aliens had 3 or more heads and were considered geniuses.

Such geniuses said that humans had originally been created by aliens.

XXX

I liked loving both cyborg humans and aliens, considering myself to be a consummate lover. And this was why I was King I figured.

Sometimes we did it in the street and this behavior was looked down on and resulted in pain in the head. But I was a kinky alien sex addict.

I wanted to be different, to be special. But this was wrong thinking they told me.

A handful of people got away into the forest but were quickly found and brought back. No one could shirk work.

XXX

But I was Alien King #134 and I said I loved all aliens and they gave me an upgraded alien mind. All the new memories were confusing, and I didn't know who I was anymore. The other aliens told me everyone was born a blank slate, but the Super Brains gave us knowledge of everything. Or so they said...

Some of the aliens put on airs and looked down on all cyborg humans everywhere on Earth.

And they destroyed the super computers of the cyborg humans. But we figured the aliens had developed the computers in the first place.

And I would feel pain in my brain and would have to apologize in my mind for transgressions to the purple towers Super Brains. Even though I was King.

Sometimes an alien would go mad and go on a killing spree, but such behavior was very soon put to an end by the Super Brains using MRT or the death rays.

Most of my alien friends left one day on a space ship and somehow, I felt lonely. Ten of them left our world... But we quickly replaced them.

And I noted that no aliens seemed to be old, they all looked young and were full of energy.

XXX

Then one night I was dreaming, and the sky was darkened by the "return" of humans to Earth. Many ships. They used a death ray to destroy the towers and reprogrammed the aliens to be humble slaves. Once in a while the aliens turned violent and had to be reprogrammed or put down.

They gave me back my old memories and my old style of body with an improved face (not of light).

XXX

Female humans were made up from a machine, and were enchanting.

One day they put me in a machine and made a copy of me only with a female body and face of light. She was to work alongside me, and she was a delight.

XXX

So, we aliens were teaching human scientists how to build an engine to warp space. For long journeys aliens were turned off and were all in temporal stasis and had no idea how long we'd been gone. I figured I had come on the original alien space ship to Earth many years ago...

As our Alien leader, I announced that we would terraform all planets using micro bots, we just had to guide them.

Our factories were beautiful buildings...

And we agreed to a culture of "dancing" (most of us were females) in which each step or twirl had a meaning and the speed was also significant for meaning. People stopped talking and indulged in the "science of dancing." People "learned how to dance" while still very young.

Action speaks louder than words.

XXX

But then one day I awoke on a different planet with three suns and already terraformed. I was in a city with snaking crystal roofs. There didn't seem to be anyone around and then I came to a golden building. In the building were numerous bodies hooked up to machines. Apparently, they were educating new humans.

But it was just a dream! But perhaps it was prophetic...

XXX

I missed my female companion. She had disappeared.

I sought to recreate her, but how?

I was dreaming...

I wandered through the silent city wondering what I was doing here?

Outside the city were "stone forests" which had a trunk and weird "growths." All made of stone. They gave off a pale light of varying colors. I couldn't see the point of these stone trees.

I bumped into an old woman (I could tell she was old from her eyes). She said better not to try and improve your brain, better to be average. It is suicide to change your brain. Better oblivion than stress and hardship, she said.

As some of the aliens gradually woke up from long sleeps, I told them that I was their King. And it seemed they'd been educated in the Arts in the far past. Soon new buildings were going up and there was abundant new sculpture, especially of me the King. And there were virtual reality plays, many existential in nature, and computerized, but I played a significant role in the plays.

But it was all a dream!

XXX

The alien leadership (me) told humans in the dreams that they all needed to improve their brain very gradually to make sure they got it right. Us aliens, told them that their science is at the level now where they could take their place amongst the great beings of space.

Most humans didn't realize they were useless, cosmically speaking. But I realized it. I figured they had always been useless, but now our alien leaders seemed to have grasped some meaning from the universe, as a brotherhood of intelligent creatures. But we wouldn't tell them about it. "Cultivate your gardens," "And go to space" we said.

XXX

But in my latest dream I awoke in a land where there were two suns. And orange suns and landscape.

Alien space ships landed here every few hours, but the people here just continued to mine gold and sold it for new

recruits. The aliens didn't like micro bots and had put a ban on them.

There were a lot of drinking orgies here. Hundreds of people involved in sex.

People and aliens here were 200 cm tall on average.

And there was strange virtual reality to indulge in.

Some said if cyborg people were different from you, they must be some kind of alien. But it was a subject of hot debate.

XXX

And recently, a lot of strange forms of aliens were created. Many humans were against it, but what could they do?

Some aliens even changed into an organic body and so became human. But it was dog eat dog.

Random programs...

They ran on invisible batteries.

Most people loved the aliens and their inspirational rule. We gave them advanced science and they had nothing to give except gold. Computerized virtual reality was banned in many places. And the animal world was now forbidden to genetic experiments. Some "animal men," banged their head on the cage, committing suicide. But it all turned out to be peaceful. It seemed the cleverest humans liked peace. And people went to school to study aliens. As part of their graduation they had to design an alien. Top 100 were winners and copied, losers were dumped in the ocean or the



wilderness. Many winners were designed for specific climates on specific planets.

Other people received bizarre, crazy educations, like in Funko country. Here people learned to be spontaneously bizarre. They had many bizarre statements and philosophies and could go on being bizarre in new ways for days.

XXX

Aliens often played the “Love In,” in which they held hands in a circle and got a good vibe/MRT (mind reading technology). The alien leadership told cyborg humans to love others and try to be happy. And they encouraged digital humans to do it, but most people had so many dark secrets that they were afraid of MRT. But they got used to it. In any case cyborg humans could only multitask with 3 others. Four was chaos.

And they taught humans to be one with the Universe...

I wondered if I didn't have millions of spirits in me.

On Earth humans now put all government actions to a referendum. For example, did they want the aliens or not. But the majority of 80% voted in favor of the aliens. But most figured it had been rigged.

And if they were influenced by the aliens in their heads, so might it be.

But many said it was a violation of a basic human right, for privacy. And MRT was nothing more than mind rape.

XXX

So finally, Earth was a cosmopolitan mixture of new and old races.

Still there were some who claimed we were just dreams of the Super Computers.

XXX THE ALIENS LEAVE, NARRATIVE CONTINUED  
BY QUEEN CEATRIX

And then one day all the aliens disappeared taking all those who were part or full alien with them. They left their gold behind them. Cyborg humans were all stunned and shocked and didn't know what to do. But I, a Queen, Ceatrix, arose to power and said henceforth people would mostly work on the farms or in the service industry a total of 8 h/week. The rest of the time they would be free. The aliens had taken away our automated systems and so things didn't run smoothly... But most of the humans however, figured it was an inspirational fresh start. And we had no idea where the aliens went.

The last words they said it was an ultimate democracy here on Earth. And they were finished here. God was dead. The humans didn't need any more help.

So, 100 aliens and 100 part aliens had all gone on 3 space ships.

And their Super Brain purple towers were all vaporized, leaving behind their huge stock of gold.

But they left us with MRT (mind reading technology) and eternal youth and the space drive at 25 light years per year. It seemed space was our oyster. And everyone's brain was working at 100% efficiency.

And we were now using MRT for everyone to get into everybody else's heads. And everyone felt loved and part of the group. It was paradise.

And people were no longer so selfish and less empty. And even the evil ones came around to be nice people through MRT. If necessary, they would be sent to rehab. Some said MRT was developed 80 years ago before the coming of the aliens. And the spies had used it to keep the peace. But no one was certain of what was going on!

In any case there was to be no more spies. Spies just saved dictators, or so we thought.

And we vowed there would be no war in space.

But there were some who begrudged the MRT, claiming they were not free.

But the aliens had insisted it be used in the general population.

Previously only the spies used it. But it was time for the MRT to bring peace. It worked with every alien world...

And some others just wanted to live in oblivion. If we took the drugs away, they would kill themselves. But anyway, we banned neo-opiates and so many people became alcoholics or loved to be stoned all day.

No hiding form MRT.

And the aliens had left behind a temple of statues that could communicate with pilgrims via MRT and ask them

questions. Sometimes they gave enigmatic answers on questions like the meaning of life. Such as if you want to find meaning go to space. And so on.

Everyone had to visit the temple if they were having mental problems which would be corrected by a zap of power.

Our best scholars were working on the warp space drive, here in the temple and used the books and instructions the aliens had left.

The temple was guarded by the best scholars who had laser guns. No one else on Earth had lasers. So, it was pretty secure.

And everyone received “power credits” which gave them pleasure and power as a cyborg.

Material goods were frowned upon even though there was gold for everyone. And people were rich.

So, the aliens had left behind tons and tons of gold, so we were able to pay the people a nice salary even though they didn't do much work...

XXX

So, we organized for space. We put 500 hardy souls on each ship, with MRT so there was no leader, just a group. The groups decided everything by a vote, needing 2/3 majority in most cases. There were no political parties now.

And there were 10 water planets within a 50-light-year double circumference of Earth. And they turned out to be love worlds: the same on Earth: group love.

Some of the water planets needed to be terraformed and average temperatures varied from an average of 2 C to 55C. Most people opted for the golden mean, but anyone could get a berth on voyage to the 2 C planet.

Aliens policed the galaxies and we figured they were still watching humans, but allowing our evolution to take place as they saw fit.

And wise cyborg humans built an alien museum showing all things alien such as their different forms and their different thinking.

Many of the cyborg humans committed suicide and it was a great upheaval for mankind.

It was common to simply jump off a cliff suddenly without warning on MRT.

Some wanted to return to 500 years before, long before the aliens arrived, or so they thought. Others spoke of advancement. Progress ended up triumphing.

And some wanted an enlightened dictator, but the vast majority were against that.

New scientists resolved to write books. The aliens had left most of their scientific treatises with us.

Some said the aliens had left a world that was a freak show, but this didn't trouble many.

Anyway, people spent a lot of time now in virtual reality. Some wanted computer designed worlds. But people here wanted their own actors and writers for VR (virtual reality). People would be given a script which they could feel free to interpret the role. And were given an appropriate costume.

Everything from Aristophanes to Shakespeare to Glorious Austin to Edward of Toyne. And we rewarded good acting and writing with more important roles, but not everyone was pleased with the MRT/VR

“All the worlds a stage and we are merely cyborgs trying to get our kicks.”

People said we needed to give people a creative job to do. And neo-opiates were banned. Still some were drunk and stoned all day, refusing to participate in VR.

Anyway, after years on VR meanwhile scientists had perfected the warp space drive and we were ready to go.

Humans were a freak of nature. It could not be otherwise. Life is a giant circus with performers of all sorts. People wanted to be a freak. A freak body and a freak mind. Geek=Freak.

XXXXXXXXXX  
THE END  
XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX  
STORY 4  
XXXXXXXXXX

## **E-Station**

E-station was a space station orbiting Earth. The population was 1000 of the richest and most famous and 20 000 clever servants. And typically 1000 tourists.

All sorts of celebrities: geo-architects, Virtual Reality (VR) actors/actresses, VR designers, various magnates, famous escorts and so on.

Gravity through a gravitron/centrifuge. Powered by the sun and nuclear power. 33% of the space was used to grow food, 15% restaurants, 10% for child rearing' 10% for nightclubs, 22% for homes, 10% for power

4 km squared was the station.

The leader was named, "Bastard." Celebrity women were all bearing the title, "Dame." And the men were "Sir." Servants didn't have a name just a number.

Bastard dismantled the thinking computers here and blocked wi-fi waves from Earth.

Bastard had many wives (marriage was illegal on Earth). If one of his wives cheated on him he had her deported. This seemed to happen often. For many being sent back to Earth was like a death sentence as Earth was so "boring." Most of the greatest celebrities were here.

XXX

My name was Levee: I came as a tourist... It was very expensive, but so many people raved about the place I had to check it out...

Every new settler was given a thorough x-ray to make sure they didn't bring any devices and most came naked. No luggage was allowed. First thing their skin was turned orange. I came naked, but didn't have to have my skin turned orange as I was just a tourist.

Actually I was an embezzler who hadn't been caught, but I used a small fraction of the stolen money to come to e-station. Many CEOs were the same.

What happens on Earth stays on Earth.

I stepped into a nightclub party my first day here, at e-station.

Dame Rancee said to Dame Abstract: "Your face makes you look like a slut. I suppose you spent a fortune on it."

Dame Abstract: "Fuck you I am more popular than you with the men and you are jealous."

I, Levee, said "I think you are both so beautiful. I think I am in love with you both.

Dame Xaviera to Dame Yolanda: "I am filled with ennui with these endless parties."

Dame Xaveria to me: "Ho! Another tourist! What's your story?"



I said: "I can't believe this place is as good as people say it is."

Dame Xaveria: "We can always use new blood. Just like any place it grows old after a while."

Dame Yolanda: "Yes I would rather do a crossword puzzle than party non-stop."

Sir Excelsius: Come now ladies. Everyone has a good time here. You are just spoiled.

And I talked to many others; many agreed there was opportunity here. They felt the best succeeded and it was a fair system. But most people were servants and worked for relatively low wages but much more than those on Earth. On Earth they had no human servants; computers and androids did all the work. And most people collected welfare.

But everyone seemed happy here. However some said the servants were slaves and it was a crime against humanity. But there were many stories of servants getting rich.

Sex drive pills and antifat pills were free, so the celebrities ate, drank and had sex for much of the day. There were no sexual diseases. A lot of sex servants got rich.

It was the year 2340 A.D. Many here had vast fortunes and used the money in part to invest in entertainment on Earth.

Scientists on Earth had reached 365 X the speed of light, but they had no research scientists here on e-station. Bastard insisted.

XXX

Tourists often came here for \$10 million for a one week visit. I came as a tourist and was given the royal treatment. And I decided to stay. I took a job working for Bastard, the leader, as a secretary and the work was light and the pay was high: \$4 million a year in salary. But I first had to pay \$90 million more and turn my skin orange (It cost \$100 million to come here permanently; of course the servants came for free).

Today, like every day we were having a party.

Dame Starling to Dame Tremors: I have been drunk now for a week. I still can't forget my lover who left for space. I don't know why he did it. He had everything here.

Dame Tremors: Just like the Garden of Eden, people don't know when they are in paradise.

Dame Bonnie to her servant girl: "I'll see you in my quarters at 8 pm for some intense love."

S.G.: "Yes my lady."

Dame Bonnie to Dame Carrie: "One can't beat the service here."

I said to Dame Bonnie, "Where do I go for kinky sex?"

She said: "Why don't you ask your master, Bastard?"

Sir Roger: now that we all have eternal life I have picked up the habit of smoking a pipe. It keeps me calm.

Dame Carrie: "You are a dinosaur!"

Dame Bonnie: “Whatever turns your crank...”

Sir Roger: “And I procured a shipment of simulated extremely old whiskies. Let’s try them at my place at 6pm. You are welcome to come, Levee.

Dame Bonnie: “Whatever you say big boy.”

I said, “I’d never had a really old whisky.”

So we got drunk and I said this really is a sex world isn’t it?

Dame Carrie: “You can start with me.”

It was really good sex.

XXX

Bastard was having one of his fits: “All you, my wives, must kiss my ring and tell me how great I am.”

Wife#4 (aside whispering to another wife) “One has to be careful what one says to him. And be creative at the same time”

Wife #3: “You must be the most creative lover the world has ever seen. I have watched porn and it pales in comparison to your love.”

Wife #7: “You are the brightest light in a sea of light.”

Wife #12: “You are the smartest man in the world.”

Wife#13: “I am so fortunate to be your lover.”

Wife #15 “I want to have many children with you, you are clever and bold.

And so on.

XXX

Dame Bonnie: Some people love Bastard, but I abhor him. He’s a pig. There were no listening devices so we can’t be overheard fortunately. You won’t tell him my thoughts will you Levee?”

I said “No, but he is in power... You have to respect that.”

XXX

Automatic missile defences were the only thinking computers here. And they defended against a possible attack from Earth by some rogue hackers and also the missiles took out space junk.

Many said they were backwards here but they said they valued their privacy and didn’t want mind reading technology (MRT) or computer surveillance/bugs.

Bastard had a new temple in which he let it be known he expected everyone to donate \$2 million every year and worship him. And he would use the money along with a good portion of the \$100 million entry fees to finance his campaign for US President. His platform was to roll back technology still farther so that no new science would be invented. “Stop Big Brother,” he announced.

Some said Bastard had things to hide which was why he did not allow mind reading technology or computer surveillance.

XXX

A lot of entertainment companies were based here.

Mostly VR (virtual reality) movies in which you picked a role or were picked and had to play the part. You could feel sex, drugs and various feelings in the VR. And it was always a grand adventure.

XXX

There were no animals here, just synthetic food and e-pets. Some e-pets were cleverer than the servants who repudiated them. But Bastard wanted to get rid of them. However many important people loved their e-pets.

XXX

Some said e-station was just like the Wild West. Or the British Empire or the Silk Road or the New World. The same types of adventurers appeared.

Translator machines were not necessary. Nearly all spoke English, some spoke a new, simplified English language.

As I mentioned previously, rich and famous people paid \$100 000 000 to come here and most didn't want to leave saying it was paradise. Of course the servants came for free

and were eager to come here. But they needed a sponsor here to enable them to come.

And if you wanted a child you had to pay \$50 million dollars and the education department would raise them according to your wishes. You were not allowed to see your children until they were 18, which often led to wild parties at 18.

Tourists had to leave after one week. But I had a tourist lover and I hid her from the authorities and sent her to the doctor to get orange skin. And I falsified her name and so no one was the wiser. I was able to do it as secretary to Bastard.

Many people who had something to say recorded it with music, usually the guitar and so the point was drilled home. But there were still plenty of people who gossiped without music.

The rumors were buzzing on this day about a trip to a water planet in the Polaris system. Many were intrigued and wanted to go.

Dame Xaveria: “What could be more boring than to be cooped up in a small room for months.”

Dame Yolanda: “But life was lovely here on e-station and crime was very low. Love affairs were special many people here said. True love.”

I, Levee, said: “On Earth no one believes in love anymore. And I am sure that deep down everyone is the same here.”

XXX

“The leaders formed a plutocracy,” said Bastard, but he was just another dictator.

XXX

Some were desperate to become rich and so played a game of Russian roulette. The winner took the prize (hundreds of millions were bet).

XXX

Suddenly one day Bastard declared E-station to be a sovereign nation and no new scientists would be allowed to come here even in ships which docked with e-station and he had used the \$100 million fees to buy the best defensive weapons.

Some were broken-hearted about the news but most didn't want to go back anyway.

So we were cut off totally from new science, but still got all the latest VR movies from Earth. And we made our own fun. We produced virtual movie after virtual movie and sold them down on Earth, electronically. I was a virtual actor in many VR movies.

And space going ships still docked here and shuttles still went to Earth.

With psychedelic music. They were artists not scientists.

They demanded that I join them, but I only liked VR and didn't care for other art...

Then I was on VR and dreaming of a twisted beauty. It was very kinky. She said: “Beauty is in the eye of the twisted.” It is a twisted world,” she said, “In which people are all perverted.”

I said, “Where will it end?”

She replied, “People are so messed up on drugs they don’t know who they are anymore. It will all end in madness.”

And I loved her and it was crazy!

XXX

I, Levee thought androids never really happened. I wondered why? And thinking machines never seemed to go mad on Earth.

XXX

I changed my sex back and forth and in between. I was getting bored on E-station and certainly didn’t want to go to space.

UW police spies were everywhere. In fact I worked for the spies. No way to get away with crime. Anyway an alarm went off if you were attacked. This technology Bastard kept. You just needed to shout, “Help!”

Tourists who had a criminal record were not allowed in. As I said they hadn’t caught me and a lot of the “CEOs” were embezzlers like I was.



I told my lovers I was a spy of the New World order.

One girl told me I was, “An unsavory character who was out of control.”

I tried to make her promise to love me exclusively for a month. I said: “I could really impress her.” I told her, “Life is under no one’s control. It is free for the asking.” But she just laughed.

And it was my prerogative to love her. Bastard told me, “That I had plenty of lovers and only wanted to ones I couldn’t get.”

And there was anti-gravity sex and there was a gravitron centrifuge for “hard sex.” I took sex drive enhancers and made love to numerous women every day. There were always newbies who were eager for sex.

I was put in charge (by Bastard), of the highest paid sex worker humans on E-station.

My philosophy with women was to make them feel important and loved. But most women I got to love them due to my handsome face which had been designed by the best artists. The face cost me \$150 million.

But a lot of women here also had designer faces. I was attracted to them. Even slaves got some work done and it all lead to more sex.

Of course the face copyright was enforced here, and on Earth.

Giant kaleidoscope balls were stations where sex could be had with virtual reality. Or you could have sex in luxury suites, 10 sq. m.

The total worth of assets held here at the station were 13 trillion. Many CEOs lived here. And also rich celebrities. And e-Bank was active on Earth as well as here.

People wanted to change the name of e-station to “Orange station.”

XXX

I reflected if e-station was destroyed, the gene pool would never recover.

We had the top thinkers here. Even the servants were very high intelligence.

People here bought and sold planets and moons. Many people wanted to go as a pioneer to new water planets. The e-station stock market was growing into the biggest stock market of all. So many space ventures...

UW police tried to get at least one spy on every voyage to keep the peace.

But it was very dangerous. Space pirates, a computer malfunction, people who suddenly snapped and did something crazy and so on.

XXX

And regular physical sports were passe... It was all video sports. And many people invested in the UW stock market and in video team sports. Now it was all in your mind rather than physical.

XXX

Dame Carrie: “Let’s swap faces.”

Dame Notable: “Good idea and we can love one another’s lovers.”

Dame Carrie: “Things just get better and better here, despite the fact that there are too many parties.”

I, Levee, said: “Why don’t we switch bodies?” And we did so temporarily. It was all in the name of good fun.

XXX

Bastard had spies everywhere and he knew everything about everything and everyone. And I was promoted to his #1 personal secretary...

And Bastard said to me, “He needed some new clothes as befitting his position as ruler so I went to Earth in Italy and found some “light” designers. The lights would cover ones nakedness and featured all sorts of moving pictures on them.

Then he said to me he wanted, “10 more wives to come from Earth.” So I scoured the Earth for interesting women, only a few were really famous and several were virgins. He paid \$100 million for each to come and an annual salary of \$3 million. They all had to sign a contract by which they would be his wives for 5 years at least.

And then Bastard said to me: “Find me some new chefs,” so I found some unusual cooks on Earth and brought them back to e-station with the same deal he offered his new women.

And then Bastard put me in control of education of the youth. And I asked him, "What if every child was a clone or child of you?" "Variety is the spice of life," he replied. "And try to make my own children as imaginative as possible," he said.

Judges threw out the numerous legal cases against him as unconstitutional. Many people wanted democracy. "But to give the servants the vote was ludicrous," he said.

It was the year A.D. 2431.

Bastard in public was talking to one of his 24 wives, "Woman you need to love me more."

She said: "You are smothering me with the strength of your presence. I feel I am just your willing thrall."

Bastard to another woman: "You are just a slut who puts on airs as if you were royalty." "I am royalty," she said, "And you like sluts anyway provided they only love you."

And I knew what he was doing. He was exploiting women and slaves.

But then I was falling in love with one of his wives and I told him about it and he surprised me and told me, "I was fired." After all I had done for him.

So then I linked up with Dame F, we were already lovers but now I was her personal assistant. Dame F wanted to be President of e-station. But Bastard refused to relinquish power. It was a power struggle.

And Bastard regretted he had fired me and begged me to come back, but I said, "No way."

Dame F opined that: “Bastard was an evil tyrant who only cared about sex, gold and power.”

I loved Dame F regularly, but I also liked Dame Annabella who had 70 inch breasts, She was my favorite sex outlet. She was so popular that many other women got tremendous breasts.

Dame Annabella had servants groveling and kowtowing hoping for her love.

She had the prettiest face in the station, most people agreed. She was the woman of every man’s dreams.

XXX

Bastard had won the election of 2330 and thereafter refused to allow elections...

And Bastard had an entertaining company which he milked for all it was worth. He was like a pig at the trough.

I said, “We don’t want to be an international pariah. It is madness to ban science and be independent.

It was all madness here. People lost themselves and let themselves go.

And on Earth they were creating super humans and sending them off to space. Some like me said it was the end of the world.

And I dreamt e-station would be closed.

And I dreamt I killed Bastard and all he stood for...

And then one day I saw that Bastard had all 126 of his children together in a nightclub. And I didn't know what possessed me, but I spiked the air with slow acting poison and thereby brought about the death of most of the 126 of Bastard's children. A few blamed me and many others too were blamed (many hundreds of people didn't like Bastard), and so I took the next flight to outer space. Anyway I was sick of e-station and if I had stayed any longer I would probably have killed myself. Dame F said: "Stay and face the charges," but I told her, "No it was time." No farewell party; I just simply left.

I was 115 years old

I dreamt I lived in the future and when I woke up two years had passed and I was on a new water planet. I just remembered being on a hot beach for what seemed like forever.

But back on e-station, Dame F, had cloned me and would one day love "me" again. We were still in contact with Earth and its environs. But I was elusive to Dame F. It would be kinky to have sex over all this distance and I told her she "had to find me."

#### NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY DAME F

Dame F: I dreamt on virtual reality, I was on a frosty cold world looking for Levee. Then a figure came towards me, he didn't look like Levee, he looked mean and tough. I said are you Levee? And he said "I can be anything and anyone you want. I reflected it sounded like Levee, perhaps he was in my dreams living still.

I asked him if, “He was a man of ideas?” and he told me the future is all preordained, nothing new under the sun.”

I said “But the future has limitless possibilities, if the human race becomes cleverer.

He said, “We will not be here to see it. Good thing too!”

So he wasn’t Levee. But for the rest of my life I held out hope that we would meet again.

XXX

Computers got in suns. It was all about power and energy.

XXXXXXXXXX  
THE END  
XXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXX  
STORY 5  
XXXXXXX

## **GENIUS VIRUSES: ARMAGEDDON**

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...

There was peace and there was war, but people loved fighting...

And one day in the year 2120, a clever new virus spread from computers and electricity. It got in all the power grids and destroyed them and then moved from the grid to attack people directly who were hooked up to power such as computers or electric light.

And it passed from human to human. Death came in 5 minutes after exposure.

And it was in the air, preying on thinking creatures (i.e. humans).

It was a biological/cyber virus which had never been seen before. And was becoming cleverer and more destructive by the moment.

We survivors lived in Moosonee numbered only a 100. We still had batteries so we radioed Toronto and they said they had 1000 survivors but not to use any electric device as it was certain death. So that was the last we heard of the outside world.



After Armageddon I had woken up after being in a coma for 2 weeks. They said I should have been dead.

Most of the survivors were either very rural or had a bunker to protect from the apocalypse and were prepared with many years of food. Many were religious fanatics apparently from what we were able to glean.

The world leaders mostly died as it was so sudden.

It was par for the course to blame Dirk Smythe of NYC for the virus which also consumed him. Some said the viruses had mutated to be just like him.

My memory had been erased, they told me we were in Canada in a village of Moosonee, population now 100, with 35 children included. Communal lovers...

We didn't see any air cars or airplanes or drones etc. We figured people were everywhere dead.

We used the dammed local river to provide power for our computers which had all knowledge inside them, but we didn't dare use wi-fi or internet cable. So we all tried to study science...

All the forests were said to have burned, but we lived in the tundra.

But after the cataclysm the temperature in our village went up 10 C, partly due to bombing of the ocean rifts, or so Toronto had said.

The Internet was down and so too the satellite phones. We were cut off and didn't know what to do. Some said head south, others said head west.

Everyone worked hard in the rebuilding of our bombed out small settlement.

And the viruses lurked inside caribou and other animals waiting for humans to eat them. Toronto had told us. So we grew our own meat using stemcells... After a few years there were no more caribou and even the moss was dying

Finally our tunnels were breached by the virus and almost everyone died quickly.

XXX

But then at the same time, the few remaining scientists in Los Angeles found a cure for the virus. And suddenly all was good again. Everyone had shadow armor. And we 10 survivors here had hope.

Leaders really didn't stand for anything except war. And personality cults.  
Democracy was long gone.

War between cultures. Constant war.

But finally there was peace.

Cities built up and the birth rate expanded.

Our task was to rebuild civilization.

So we had a few cars and five of us went down the dirt road to the south. In a glass battery-powered jeep. But they hit a roadside bomb and 4 were killed, the other lost his legs and subsequently died. We didn't find them until two weeks later.

We had a battery solar powered electric grid and the virus could not find us at first.

Another foray and we met mutants who looked like zombies and they said “We eat you.” But we gunned them down.

So we concentrated on our small village, a hamlet really. Apparently there were only a few tens of millions left. In Toronto there were 250 survivors congregating there, so we all set out for Toronto. And we made it with roadside bomb detectors

And geiger counters...

Toronto people welcomed us with open arms and we had a grand week of parties. It seems we were the first new blood to make it here after the apocalypse.

We heard in Toronto they knew a man who was 97 years old and he was the oldest officially, but the remaining leaders were said to be older, but no one knew for sure.

But the people of Toronto were all paranoid and most feared to step out into the light. Nevertheless the city grew slowly and everyone was given the micro bot medicine which could destroy the dangerous virus. The virus was called Armageddon One.

Some reflected it was just like the period of the voyageurs from France. We were all pioneers again. This time we lived in communes, some of which were scientific, others artistic and still others in business. Most communes had a few businesses going. Such as selling food, wood and metals. And there were drug traffickers. Some sold their new home for drugs. And addiction was a real problem. But what could we do? It was a free society.

But we continued to build architecturally interesting homes and buildings.

And the new culture didn't allow any weapons, even large knives were forbidden. People had to give up their guns...

And we resolved to elect the kindest people to be our leaders. That's what the world lacked: kindness.

And love. We made sure that everyone had at least one lover.

Power was produced by several dams on local rivers, no more nukes.

We had a new breed of spies who kept everyone in order. In fact they'd made numerous arrests and sentenced the criminals to change their brain.

World internet was finally restored and genetic science began again.

But this didn't worry the people as they were on the whole not dissidents.

I was elected leader in the year 6 (Post Apocalypse, PA). I presided over

A new culture, that I had to admit recreating the world, we had known.

I had my secret police arrest several dissidents who wanted a love world or a peaceful world. I believed there was no way to have peace in this world.

Finally an anarchist overthrew me, and executed me.

XXX

But I left behind these notes in my journal behind for future survivors to know of our struggle.

I suppose it was a seminal time to change the world, but it didn't change like we thought.

XXXXXXXX  
THE END  
XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXX  
STORY 6  
XXXXXXX

## **DEAD KINGS AND DEAD QUEENS**

We were on a spaceship destined for deep space, but suddenly our ship crashed onto a cold world that was empty, just rocks.

The 20 adults (no children), which we were, were evenly divided between saying it was sabotage and those who said it was a computer malfunction. All our sperm banks and egg banks were destroyed in the crash, but we all survived. And our leader was the lowest intelligence of all of us, we thought that was the ultimate government.

We figured we would have to be pioneers here, but just a day after we arrived there were voices in our heads telling us we had to work for them as slaves to help build their game machine.

And they told us they were undead rulers who could come here for the “challenge.” We had to replace our oxygen tank every two hours and we slept in tents that had oxygen. We ate vegetarian synthetic food that they provided. We slept only 6h out of the 30 h day, but the climate was forbidding, so we needed the super tents. Only one person was allowed in each tent and we were forbidden to go to another tent.

The dead leaders enslaved us all. Four-D, fast moving I couldn't understand it. Typically they appeared as creatures

of light but sometimes had beautiful material form. And we all worked alone, receiving building instructions about every half-hour; at least it was so in my case. We weren't allowed to talk with one another, and we wore space suits with the radios disabled.

We were all cyborgs, the best of androids and humans. Being a cyborg was to be strong and with the ability to multitask.

But I was just a husk of a man and had lost all my instincts.

I figured that these undead kings and queens had a visceral hatred for humans. I didn't know why

And I reflected that there was always a lot of pain and a lot of injustice in human affairs. Even in the digital age there were plenty of people starving and living in slums.

And they had teleported over vast distances as creatures of light.

And came here to a "wonderful" new planet. They were unaffected by the cold as light creatures.

And twice a day we had to pray to the undead Kings and Queens, down on our knees.

We mostly worked alone. Everything was at crooked angles. They played some sort of game with the game machine but I couldn't figure it out. The game seemed to be related to imagining things like glimpses of war and glimpses of deceit and cunning.

Perhaps the game machines were just the tip of the iceberg for these undead former leaders. But I had a telekinesis app that allowed me to move materials into place. It seemed that others produced steel and concrete and "magic powder."

I suggested in my mind that they get robots to do the work and as a result they yelled in my head for 3 days. I was wretched and miserable. It was hell and I was trapped within it.

I felt sorry for myself and my fellow astronauts. Most of us wanted to die and did so or so I figured. I thought about death all the time.

And one day I caught a glimpse in 3-D of one of my fellow astronauts, Mary. I wanted to love her but a loud voice in my head reduced me to my knees.

There was no reward for our hard work. And they took away our instincts except to live and work

But they kept telling us we were working on something great.

Even in one's dreams they were in our head and told us what to dream. I was dreaming of my wife one night and they yelled and screamed at me for a few days.

Death was too good for us, or so said the undead rulers. They said we had left our home as greedy adventurers and deserved what we got. They didn't seem to be undead, rather super alive. They had a material form that could be seen even if it was light they were made of.

My job was a welder of strange tiny fibers. I didn't understand it.

But I seemed to have boundless energy. They must of put something in the food which I ate only twice a day. And after 10 years I didn't seem to age. They told me I was working for the greater good of mankind, but it seemed a grand perversity.... Perhaps they would enslave me forever.



Then one day we met the Big Blue One. The BBO ate its offspring and devoured humans as well.

The BBO poisoned our food supply and most died. It was a merciful death.

But also the Big Gray One appeared who made us all feel clever.

But we also suddenly wanted to eat one another. It was entertainment for the Dead Kings and Queens. They must have hypnotised us to become cannibals.

And we all had their babies in our guts, even men gave birth.

20 adults on our ship and 25 children originally. Now there were hundreds of babies after 5 years all produced in the test tube. When it was time to have your baby the dead Kings and Queens took the baby away from us. It was rumored the babies were being trained for hard work.

Then a second ship was commandeered from space and then a third.

We Originals were here now for 25 years and in our late 40s, but there was no let up in our work. We all hoped to die soon.

They seemed to rule and control us by divine right.

And the only time we were awake and not working is when we got down on our knees and prayed to these undead rulers.

The mental pain was so great for me that I passed out several times. As a result the voices told me I was

unreliable and so would be punished for 10 years with maximum pain.

The voices also said I was a puny human with little inherent value and I should be glad they found a use for me.

Noooo, I cried.

And I reflected that the ruthless often seize power and they are the ones that are the worst of all possible rulers.

And I believed they got pleasure from our pain.

But their multi-faceted brains discovered my errant thoughts and increased my punishment to 20 years.

Finally I cut my head off with a welding torch.

XXX

Narrative continued by Doris Q.

I knew if I held out long enough there would be relief for our suffering.

And finally after about 5 years, space pirates appeared who had more advanced weapons than the undead royalty.

They destroyed the game machine and set everyone free. The humans rejoiced but the undead royalty tried to cling to life but couldn't and so they all died irrevocably.

XXXXXXXX  
THE END  
XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXX  
STORY 7  
XXXXXXX

## **VOYAGE INTO SPACE: ROCK 16, PLANET IN THE POLARIS SYSTEM. COMPETING VISIONS...**

There was fire in her eyes and she was the captain of our space ship. Her orders were to go into deep, deep space where there was a nice remote water planet, but like Captain Bligh she had morale problems on this 12 year voyage.

The plan would be anyone could have a nice house with a number of bubble domes and organic in nature, and the atmosphere was said to be mostly breathable, although there were a lot of high mountains with thin air.

Everyone would also have an air car which could go several light years to nearby planets.

And there would be weird, beautiful organic growths to color the landscape.

And everyone would have a science job, creating cyborgs or being a scientific experiment, improving speed in space and so on.

XXX

And everyone was projected into the future by the great space computers. And you chose one and then your life was

totally changed and then you chose another. We became a stranger to ourselves and a stranger to others.

But after six years on the voyage, one of the men, Magnus Boron, seized control of the ship with his 6 accomplices. He wanted to land at the nearest planet, an ice covered planet. And he said computers would be banned. People would do no work, instead they would build robots to do it. And he would hypnotize people and use mind reading technology to return them to their former selves.

Boron made love to virtually all the 50 women on board (there were 50 men), and everyone seemed to have loose morals after so long cooped up.

But then after we landed on Rock 16 and everyone started to work hard, but then there was a civil war between the former captain's followers and Boron's supporters.

Finally 31 were dead. And there was an uneasy truce between the survivors.

So 23 of the former captain's people built their own settlement of bubble domes/organic growths and all had laser weapons  
The remaining 10 of Borons followers built underground, deep underground.

But there were a lot of suicides in both camps, but there were a lot of children which gave survivors hope.

Of the original captain's followers they suddenly left for another planet in the original ship, all 16 of them taking their children with them. But there was a mass suicide on board and finally all were dead except the children. The children managed to get back to Earth.

The writers closer to Earth created horror stories about the ill-fated trip... And everyone was embarrassed.

People on Earth were sending a one person space capsule every day in different directions. These capsules were loaded with sperm and egg banks.

And once a month a ship of 350 people. It was a true diaspora. The crew all had to pay \$100 million dollars for a one-way trip, including the individual space capsules. So only the rich and successful could go.

And Earth was getting better at training and picking the best matches for space travel.

There was an Earth leadership of six men and six women. They all wanted more intelligence in this world.

And there was a lot of opportunity in space for a young person. Space was beginning to be quite lucrative.

But in some cases they wanted obedient slaves for their voyages. And so all was not lost for the ordinary human.

But the ordinary human wanted dumb things like marriage, and meet their children and didn't want money. Such people were banished to the wilderness.

Spontaneity was frowned upon. They were un-thought acts.

But if you tried your best to be intellectual, then you were free.

However IQ rating was everything.

I was only a 7/10, but I humbly suggested we de-weaponize space. But they just laughed at me and called me naïve.

And they sentenced me to 1 month in jail for my seditious talk. It was hard being in jail, I took it up the ass numerous times and I had infections that had to be dealt with...

And when I got out I said the food should be free of drugs... But no one listened to me.

And the government of Earth was dominated by computers...

They gave the human leaders palaces of gold and brilliant air cars.

Children of Earth had their minds projected into the future to see if they would be a genius. This was all done of course by computers.

IQ tests (refined) determined people's rank. Once you were ranked at age 18, you would keep that rank for the rest of your days. Others said we should be ruled by the kindest, but they were outvoted.

And our genius leaders put everyone to work building space ships and guinea pigs for new space research.

We were up to 21 times the speed of light.

Nearly all the clever people wanted to go to space.

And they wanted to leave behind a clone so as to not put all their eggs in one basket.

And many made sure to put their sperm or eggs in the banks of outgoing ships.

I joined a vessel with 55 others that was going 38 light years away. It was a planet with 3 suns, daylight 33.5 h/day with only a half- an- hour of darkness on average.

We planned to explode the core to get volcanoes and material in the air that we could terraform.

No children until we arrived on planet in the Polaris system, on Rock 16 planet.

We considered ourselves to be pioneers.

As it happened we were nearly lapped by the second ship to the same destination as speed was now 21 times the speed of light. They were going to a distant planet. And took another 12 of our pioneers leaving us with just 43 adventurers...

But soon after our arrival we began building faster ships using technology from nearby planets and took off for deep space. But of the remainder, they wanted a challenge and so stayed on this Rock 16 planet that was -256 C and hardly terraformed.

I had charisma they told me and the truth was I had the world's most outrageous genetic surgeons to give me a face that looked, "clever."

And I was elected leader.

But I didn't tell them that I had murdered my genetic surgeon instead of paying 100 million dollars, and since mind reading technology was illegal there was no way they could pin it on me.

But then one of my lovers on this planet, Rock 16 hypnotised me while I slept and discovered my secret. She asked me about it when I awoke and in a fit I strangled her to death. I buried the body in a deep grave.

This time I knew they would catch me, so the next day I left this world, Rock 16, in a one man space capsule headed for

Anarchy planet. I amused myself with entertainment from the various settled planets.

The murders didn't bother my consciousness, after all millions were lost in the various wars every year.

And I wrote the murder story down in my journal.

But back on planet Rock 16, I had four clones and they were blamed as guilty for the murder of my lover. But they said they hadn't the same memories and were totally innocent. But they were deported on a ship heading back to Earth where torture and pain awaited them.

I heard the news from space. And I was chagrined.

XXX

Meanwhile back on planet Rock 16, the new leader suggested it was a mad world. And he wrote some mad stories. He said he wanted to attract artsy types to bolster this world's population...

So finally a ship of poets arrived bringing a lot of gold with them. Of course gold could be made synthetically from lesser metals but it was cheap to mine. Especially on this planet.

But the poets were outrageous and several of them announced they were king. And some wrote satire of the original settlers. And seduced the originals' 14 year old daughters.

And the poets built their capital, Poet City.



The poets got 14 votes each and everyone else got just one vote, so the poets controlled this world for the foreseeable future.

As one of the Originals I tried to write poetry but couldn't and so had to serve in the mines. But a poetess took a liking to me and told me I could do it. So I finally wrote two modern day poems, and composed music for them.

The two short shorts were: "For the Theater of Women" and "The Fallen Tower that was his Mind"

## FOR THE THEATER OF WOMEN

It began in the air: drifting, I was a spirit or soul without material form... As the scene began, I was thinking back on many of the cherished ideals of my youth... or rather they were haunting me... I writhed and turned away from them...

Then they were gone, and I was floating upwards very slowly. And I drew visions of hunters of various kinds upon the ethereal canvas... Once envisioned, the hunters took on a life of their own...setting out upon various quests apparently...

As time passed I went through various regions, which differed somehow...and as I progressed it seemed that I could feel the presence of others... Gradually they began to materialize, they were women, and as they materialized I slowly ceased to drift... until suddenly I stopped, realizing that I was in a huge amphitheater, on the stage. The amphitheater was filled with silent women. They were all watching me.

I tried to move but I could not, I had become a statue, frozen in time. I wanted to say something or do something, but I could not.

How long I stood there, I do not know; it seemed like eons. But as time passed the women started to disappear, and I was left there all alone. I am still standing there today.

## THE FALLEN TOWER THAT WAS HIS MIND

It began with me alone on a featureless plain. I was walking in a random direction, curiously disoriented. Long did I walk without episode or panacea. White, flat and monotonous it remained.

At last something came into view. Approaching eagerly, I found that it was some strange kind of ruin...

On closer inspection I could see that it was the foundation of some tower with blocks strewn about... The blocks were semi-translucent and of bizarre shape. To put them together would require a great effort of will. I noticed that I could move a few of the blocks by such a great effort of will...

It gradually occurred to me however that I belonged here and that the tower was my mind. I was condemned to live out my life as a shadow of what I might have been.

For I knew that I could not rebuild this tower that had never been built. To do so would be to reach the ideal, but I was doomed to a life of isolation and misery. I did not fit in, in the society I had left behind so I could never even approach the ideal.

Perhaps one day in the far future the game would change and someone like I would be tolerated and welcome and this person could realize his/her potential.

XXX

The poets said my poems were futuristic and I was set for life. I didn't tell them I'd stolen them from an obscure poet.

But on the whole the Originals had little to offer said the poets.

Then another ship arrived, a ship filled with galactic historians. Many historians were interested in this part of space, especially a world governed by poets and the "New World" that had been created starting from this planet.

Then a slaver ship which was interested in selling slaves for gold. The poets bought many of the slaves and so everyone on the planet had at least one slave.  
beer. If you subjected the beer to scientific analysis it would explode and kill one...

People here didn't complain much about the slaves as they enjoyed having them, especially as sex slaves.

As time went by many refugees from other planets came here and were slaves and the total population was 50 000 which included 10 000 by the poets. Poets typically bred with one another.

The Originals claimed it was all a drunken bacchanalia.

But the poets spent heavily on weapons and were able to shoot down a couple of ships which had come to enslave this whole world. They used the "Freeze weapons." Such weapons froze the entire ship and it drifted down to land whereupon the poet police boarded the ship and put the crew who were frozen in temporal stasis, in chains. The advanced weapons used computers but computers were forbidden in this world otherwise.

And the poets exported their poems to other worlds, though some worlds didn't respect the copyright. We asked the UW police to protect our copyright, but they said they had no time, they said.

The law in general of Earth was hard to enforce, though the UW had several patrol cruisers. They focused on planets that were developing dangerous new weapons.

And we attracted a lot of rich tourists who claimed our planet was a penultimate destination. A seminal place to enjoy life.

The Originals though continued to live in simple huts, whereas the slaves had built great palaces for the poets.

It was remarked by the historians that the poets were like centaurs who had animal sex drive and loved to drink wine, party and play pranks.

The air was breathable and the gravity was 1.1 Earth's.

## NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY PRANCER XI

I was a son of the Originals and my whole family had been enslaved by the poets. I vowed revenge and worked as a slave on a trader ship. In time I worked up the ranks and finally was made captain after 10 years of service. And I headed our ship for Rock 16. We had no space weapons but all had laser halo weapons. After we landed our ship we started shooting having caught the leadership by surprise. They thought we were just a trading ship.

We disarmed the poets and gave control to me. My first act as President was to enslave all the poets. It was justice I proclaimed.

But there was a lot of dissent and we figured it would be best to let the biggest dissenting voices leave the planet as free men and take their children with them.

The space population now was 195 billion, with an additional 30 billion on Earth. It was the year A.D. 3413.

Space was a place to start your own civilization with a group of kindred spirits. But gold, slaves, weapons and power were inevitably in the equation. Of course there were some neo-hippies who tried to hide under the ice of small, rather useless moons. But in the end they were all enslaved.

Computers were used almost exclusively for weapons and defences. The UW tried to make sure of that. Keep humans out of it.

But I predicted endless war and dissent. There would never be peace in human affairs.

XXXXXX  
THE END  
XXXXXX

XXXXXXX  
STORY 8  
XXXXXXX

## **STARDUST**

The ultimate goal of civilization is to create peace. Even if you have to fight for it.

Elaine of Yorks

If people didn't have anything to fight against, the vast majority would be lost.”

Boris T of Russia

Like animals people will never stop fighting. Even in an Utopia people will still fight about everything. And in the future people will fight about ideas.

Lex of Liu

**PART ONE: THE DIVIDE BETWEEN SCIENTISTS  
AND ARTISTS**

2722 A.D.

It was a world in which scientists and artists didn't get along. The scientists had the weapons and used them to enslave the artists as guinea pigs. Guineaas they called them.

The science future party ruled, it was an elitist party and there was no democracy. People are not equal they said.

Enlightened oligarchs were the best government. There was no "brotherhood of man." The clever and the mentally strong survived.

Every child at age 14 was assessed: Were they a scientific mind or not?

The Guineaas were experimented on to lose certain instincts such as violence, greed, hubris, lying, crime/evil, madness, power-crazed, survival at any cost, laziness and so on.

And experiments based on new anti-sleep drugs and anti-fat drugs. Also, sex stimuli, dream stimuli. And get rid of most instincts altogether.

And new drugs and new chemicals, and turning Guineaas into plants, or androids or cyborgs. Out of body experiences and near-death experiences. And experimental virtual reality. And to live in non-gravity for decades. And at close quarters for long periods and temporal statis (sleep for many years).

And our super scientists said, "If it works at the basic level it will work at the advanced level." Or so they figured.

But more and more they had the Guineaas fight one another using mind reading technology (MRT) to the delight of the scientists.

The Guineas hated the scientists and vice versa. The scientists thought the artists were, “jerk-offs” and “losers” who never did a good thing in their lives.

Artists thought the scientists were a bunch of “power-crazed, cruel geeks.”

I, Omicron-14, was a scientist who enjoyed sex experiments with my Guineas.

But there was something wrong with me. I didn’t feel well. The automatic doctors couldn’t identify the reason for my malaise. So, I just took more opiates...

All Guineas had their brains altered. And I figured mine was too. I had memories of many lifetimes and so had a lot of experience which made me a useful scientist. I remembered whizzing through a gigantic hall of museums and learned all there is to know. And I remembered everything. And I had done all there was to do.

Some super scientists said we would colonize all the planets and moons within 50 light years of Earth in a giant diaspora! But no Guineas were allowed to go to space.

Guineas were worried that they were superfluous and would soon be replaced.

But for now, the scientists said they couldn’t get enough Guineas. And encouraged Guineas to breed. Guineas were experimented from babies through to adulthood. Most were taught to be war-like. The Guineas were often used as cannon fodder in the skirmishes between the powers that be, in addition to MRT fights.

One of my Guineas was an asexual experiment. He had no balls and was pumped up on neo-steroids. He could lift 1500 kg (more than 3000 lbs). And he was featured in the Guinea



Olympics, not only for weight lifting, but also for Sumo and Judo.

As his master, I was pleased with him.

But he looked at the girls wistfully, and was not able to love them...

XXX

The super humans had ergonomic designs, art didn't come into it.

Some Guineas were put in a cube or a triangle etc. And communicated via MRT (mind reading technology). It was mental torture they said. The experiment was how would they deal with boredom?

Guineas played mind games to pass the time...

Many Guineas were programmed to be happy no matter what. There were always some worse off than you.

But generally, the food was lousy and life was boring for the Guineas.

Guineas were insane from boredom everywhere.

It seemed though that most Guineas were positive no matter what.

And they turned a few Guineas into scientists... And made them really grateful...

XXX PART TWO: SCIENTISTS

Scientists spent most of their time partying and more and more enjoying Guinea fights.

And super humans were said to be warring in space. It seemed people would never stop fighting.

XXX

There was a lot of rancor here and many said the Earth was dying. Nuclear weapons were invented again and opposing scientists threatened one another. Scientists lived in small groups of about 15 so as to not be a nuclear target. And lived with a number of Guineas.

World population now was now only 10 million.

On the latest spacecraft (3 had already been sent), we had 1000 of the brightest people. We were aiming at Alpha Centauri, the closest star system to our solar system. There was a water moon there.

But the greatest geniuses wanted to gather around a different galaxy, “where the action was.”

Many on board said they hoped to find God, but I told them, “The Gods don’t care about you!” “God moves in mysterious ways,” They said.

I said that “God is dead.” Certainly there wasn’t many religious types on Earth. And I didn’t want to go to space. It was too hard to be a pioneer I figured.

There were many sciences and every scientist was a technocrat. Each science had a chairperson and below them

were assistants and below them were the technicians and then the “experimentals.” But no Guineas in space.

The sciences were: Geo-architecture and terraforming, genetics, biochemistry, chemistry, physics, astrophysics, astronomy, space engineering, mechanical engineering, computer engineering, civil engineering, archaeology, liberation, mind reading technology (MRT), education science, music, weapons science...., general science, psychology and computer science... and so on...

But many sciences were now in the hands of the computers, while the scientists just engaged in their hobbies. Even music had been all created by computers. Some of the artists were angry...

It was a technocracy. They said there is no end to science.

### PART THREE

But many scientists protested it was becoming a computerocracy. However the computers gave the Guineas food, drink and drugs so they had no worries on that score.

People received money according to their rank, the artists were at the bottom of the pay scale.

And dissidence was not allowed. The head of MRT (mind reading technology) was feared by the populace of artists/Guineas...

And they used MRT to make dreams logical with scientific stimuli for people to solve in their sleep. But then one day they did away with dreaming and sleep altogether which gave people more time to work and play, boosting the

automated economy. And they printed money while holding inflation at zero. Everyone, even the artists, were rich.

And the scientists liked sex and created the perfect body and most intelligent looking faces. Beauty was quantifiable. But the artists joined them in this endeavor, though the artists had different versions of ideal beauty. And it was prohibited but almost all the scientists broke this rule.

At least this was something to work on together.

Plastic surgery was good but genetic alteration was better.

XXX

The artists drew tens of thousands of faces and the people picked out the most clever looking. The scientists meanwhile extrapolated fetuses into fully grown adults and took the best faces.

Two sides to every brain, just a question of which side is dominant. In this Earth you had to pick one. The scientists were left-brained dominant and the artists were right-brained predominantly.

Right is wrong the scientists said.

XXX

But most Guineas found the rule of the technocrats to be stifling.

Artists complained that, “The scientists were turning everyone into a machine.” But the scientists replied that, “The human body is a machine and so too is the Earth.” “The scientists were just ‘improving the wires,’” they said. And finally the scientists forced all the artists to get an advanced degree in a science of their choice. Most picked psychology/MRT. But they were still Guineas.

Nerds and geeks weren’t allowed in the artists’ “Theater of the Debauched.” And they didn’t want to come anyway. But they did that in their free time, make and act in plays. However, they were being watched for signs of sedition.

All business was done by computer: production, advertising, marketing, theories.

The artists took drugs and drank alcohol. Just like the scientists.

Tale of two worlds.

There was genius in all the products of the computers, but the artists had their own products, “natural ones.”

In time, some of the Guineas tried to move into their own cities in which science was banned. But the scientists put them in chains...

XXX

But there was a great debate amongst the scientists, some said: “Why should we work?” Others said, “Forget the computers and live in a pure science world.”

Scientists indulged in hobbies such as pet breeding, jewelry, creating new types of life, build elaborate houses etc. Write

hard sci-fi...write science fantasy, brew better alcohol and make better drugs... and of course research on the Guineas.

And we set fire to the Guinea buildings and told them, “We were the Renaissance people, not the artists.”

We scientists said the true rebels were scientists like Galileo and Copernicus. And Turig and Einstein. And now Balla and Cortius.

They were the ones who changed the world, whereas artists did nothing.

And the scientists all had gotten plastic surgery. Some of them wanted an artist to draw their new face and body. Of course, it was highly illegal to use artists for anything but no one was the wiser.

XXX

So, the artists asked the scientists what kind of building should we build? The scientists said they would give them the blueprints for a city of science.

But the artists all felt the blueprint was ugly and so had to be forced to build the City of Science. The scientists said that the artists had made no progress in their plays etc., whereas scientists had made great advances.

Scientists said the artists were trying to undermine the government by spreading fear and panic.

Scientists got in the heads of the artists of those who ran away and encouraged them to kill themselves.

One Guinea writer wrote about a world in which everyone was trapped inside a computer. He compared it to death. And he was executed

And another Guinea writer said, “It was a dynasty of ‘divine’ leaders, but in fact the computers were in charge,” And he disappeared.

Still another wrote about future sex without the science. She too was executed.

Another wrote that the science should be eliminated and was killed.

And another play compared the scientists to all be puppets dancing on strings for their masters. The playwright was executed.

Or write that artists are all geniuses who were persecuted. That playwright was also executed.

The artists worked hard to be useful, at least to themselves but it was pointless to try...

XXX

But most Guineas, who were dissidents, were discovered by using MRT.

Scientists were all moving towards virtual reality and didn't care for the artists, it was the real world of sharing ideas and science. Virtual reality featured numerous different geomorphologies and different cultures and worlds. But the cultures were all about science.

But the scientists had all the powerful weapons, there was nothing the artists could do. The worst thing you could do was write a play.

XXX

Business was also considered to be a science. And they employed the scientific method to all business. Most business was in the housing market, air cars, clothes and automation.

The artists had no computers or automation and had to work hard at the farm and at service jobs etc. But above all they had to be available for guinea pig experiments.

But one Guinea challenged the scientist to a music production with new music. But the leadership had him arrested and he disappeared.

In short most of the best artists were executed.

Most people were scientists here (52%). Most were just lab assistants but the top echelon were the important scientists. And this included 10% who were in business.

The rest of the population was made up of artists/Guineas of some kind.

Only a handful of scientists felt sorry for the Guineas.

#### PART FOUR: THE GUINEAS ARE SLOWLY REPLACED

Ten years later...



Historians replaced the Guineas gradually. The experiments were largely done and the Guineas usefulness was declining.

Every week the latest science news was broadcast on virtual reality (VR).

They were all inside the Virtual Reality in varying positions. The super scientists took special drugs and enjoyed being served by Guinea slaves.

Scientists figured they had done enough and so most relaxed at sumptuous resorts and enjoyed Guineas to serve them their drugs.

But they recorded great VR and sold it to other super scientists. The science writers set up new dream worlds and every scientist enjoyed the science of dreams.

Artists were prohibited from using VR, but the artists said VR was an art. And tried to continue to do so surreptitiously, but they were arrested and doomed.

Some said the scientists weren't super humans after all, just pretenders. And human intelligence was the only intelligence.

But the super scientists communicated via MRT with everyone and told the artists that their life was bunk. But the artists said they didn't want to live in an age of scientific regimentation and persecution and threatened to go on strike...

“We were just illusory dreamers,” they told us scientists.

**XXX PART FIVE: THE SCIENTISTS LEAVE,  
NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY ARTIST ZENOBIA**

And with the power of the computers, spacecraft were constructed and all the scientists left, leaving the artists behind. The spacecraft had no weapons and were destined for far away suns.

So, the artists made most types of science illegal and enjoyed one another's company without computers.

Our leader, Delta, wrote a trilogy of Science in which in the first book the artists enjoyed life. It was a story of great works of art, such as plays in which the best wrote the play and the others helped out with the lighting and background, music etc. Plays were the highest art.

In the second part, some scientists returned to Earth and sought to enslave humans. Days of future misery in which artistic people were forced to fight one another using sticks and stones, for the gratification of the scientists. It was scientific terrorism.

In the third part, all life on Earth started to die off and finally there was nothing but deserts and empty seas. It was a tale of horror.

He would have been executed, but the scientists were gone now.

And people said the scientists had new eternal youth medicine, but they weren't sharing with the artists.

The artists said it was just like Classical Athens, Greece.

PART SIX: 100 years later

Tyrant Xo, had reduced everyone in size so as to be "invisible." Many were not against the idea, but basically

everyone was killed off in this way. The tyrant meanwhile was a 50 foot giant and was the only human-like creature left in the entire world.

He loved himself he was a narcissus giant.

He liked to eat and drink and take drugs. He considered himself to be a pioneer.

Finally after 200 years the giant was bored with himself and committed suicide.

PART SEVEN: 500 years later

Earth was a beautiful wild garden planet. An expedition from far away planet Trafalgar-6, arrived on the planet and couldn't find anyone. So anyway, Earth was resettled.

This new race of humankind became insipid and weak. People had no work to do so just sat around taking drugs.

And those who remained were of low intelligence. They picked their noses and watched ancient TV. But a leader arose among them, a violent leader. He killed all but the dumbest and destroyed all that was beautiful.

An observer space station relayed that Earth was now back in the Stone Age and clever people didn't exist there. But no one cared anyway.

But some observers said that the morons were very happy.

Finally all humans were enslaved by super humans from space who enjoyed oppressing the humans. Humans said they just wanted to live in peace, but super humans warred and many morons died.

XXX PART EIGHT: 100 years later

7-legged monsters ruled the Earth. They had gigantic mouths and ate all the humans. Humans hid underground, but the human population was down to 1 million worldwide and we communicated with each other via two way radio.

Everyone was fit and trim with exercise pills. And in good health.

Finally the humans defeated the monsters and were free again.

And I was a caretaker of the museum of humanity. And I waited for change,

Finally a group of super humans appeared. They changed the climate to below freezing all year round everywhere.

And they burned down the museum.

I was chilled and finally died of pneumonia.

XXX PART NINE: 2000 YEARS LATER, THINGS  
COME FULL CIRCLE

People were cleverer now and lived in a re-creation of the year 1979. They had done archaeology and felt it was the peak year for humanity. But finally they got bored and left

Earth. Earth was largely abandoned again. To super humans Earth was largely useless.

Then the sun got hotter and the world turned into a giant desert, just like Delta had said.

The remaining denizens of Earth were known to have said all sci-fi was true, except people said time travel was impossible, but it was possible for spirits in the machine of this universe. But few wanted to go back in time, many wanted to go into the future. Super computers predicted all possible worlds...

Many people who wanted to die wanted to be cloned afresh, others wanted their ashes scattered to far away suns.

Take dark matter and create new powers, stronger than suns.

It was all about power these days. And they crashed suns into other suns and planets crashed too into suns. Earth was hit by its moon and broke up into pieces.

It was the year 5422 A.D.

XXXXXX  
THE END  
XXXXXX

XXXXXXX  
STORY 9  
XXXXXXX

## **LAWS OF THE SERPENTS**

NARRATIVE BEGUN BY Vanderix, an aristocratic scribe.

We were all watching the snake fights that evening... as we did every night

First up was an old man who had dared to complain. He was fighting a snake a night for a week and today was his first day, and everyone was cheering for him... But the king cobra bit him on the arm and wouldn't let go and so he died. Everyone was saddened, but stoical.

And then there were 50 more snake fights as per usual in a day. One fight was much like another, but there were many nuances, and people watched avidly on TV.

In this book I have chronicled the main events in our world that took place during my lifetime. But first an introduction...

### **CHAPTER 1: THE LAWS OF THE SERPENTS, YEAR 1000.**

The snake cubes were made up of a trampoline and parallel bars. With a fire pit in the center of the trampoline. The dimensions of the cubes were 8 m X 8 X 8 m. There were 3 of these "rings" and TV hook up all around these rings. Sometimes a burning log was hurled at the snake but the rooms were made of clay brick and wouldn't catch fire. As for the aristocrats they fought the occasional duel in a brick cube 8 m X 8 m X 8 m...

King cobras were the holy snakes which had been bred to kill humans. Man and snake fought it out. Humans had no weapons to fight the snakes.

Let there be solitary confinement for criminals who would fight once a week for a month or even once a day for a week, and have their jaws wired shut so they couldn't denounce the regime during the fights. This included dissidents against the King's wise rule.

King cobra snakes were up to 6 m long and were the sole adversary of the servants/slaves. The servants/slaves were called, the machinos. They all had to face the snakes beginning at age 15 once every 6 months, but the state looked after all babies and children any way so it didn't matter if they died. Marriage was at age 12.

And, "Let he who defeats 20 snakes be freed from future competition (happened only thrice in living memory)." But such heroes typically wanted to fight and set records and get women to love them etc. So they all died sooner rather than later.

It was just the way it was.

People fought the snakes naked without weapons!

Snakes won 60% of the fights but some people were very adept at fighting and even kissed the serpents on the lips.

Such were the laws of the serpents.

## CHAPTER TWO: MORE ON THE SERPENT FIGHTS

People had no option but to fight as well as you are able.  
And thugs beat those in solitary confinement and captured  
runaways. Most thugs were part of the aristocracy.

Captured runaways only won 15% of the time, not 40%, like  
the average.

Some said the best snakes were reserved for the runaways,  
but the self-righteous crowds loved it.

And every one of the machinos (servants/slaves) had to give  
a pint of blood, once a week.

And all were expected to watch the whole 3 hour show with  
blood flavored moonshine, and opium. Blood moonshine  
was very strong. In Rock City the river ran red with blood  
and people bathed in it and drank it, washed their clothes in  
it and stunk. The river made a complete circle of the city,  
being pumped up at the end of the circuit. About half the  
blood collected went to the river and the other half to make  
blood flavored moonshine.

But aristocrats didn't fight the snakes, instead they had life  
and death duels. If a man and a woman had a challenge, the  
woman would select a hero to fight for her. It was basically  
obligatory.

The duels and snake fights were all on TV. Though the  
level of technology was low, we had plenty of TVs...

There were snake fights every night and the occasional duel.

And every night they showed a classic fight from the near  
past.



## CHAPTER 3: THE GREAT ARISTOCRATIC HOUSES

I was an aristocratic scribe in Rock City.

There were 8 Great Aristocratic Houses here in Rock City. The city was located in the mountains and we knew there was another city, the City of the Sun on the coast and there were also 3 villages. If there was life elsewhere, we knew nothing of it.

As scribe I had no affiliation with any particular House.

If a leader of a Great House really hated a snake fighter they connived to cover the snake in oil so as to make it difficult to grip. Or use one of their “most accomplished” snakes.

But all the Great Houses mostly hoped their machinos would do well in the fights.

The snakes were raised and cared for by the King in several locations.

Indeed, the official ruler of all the Great Houses was the King, Bloody King.

The King decided who would fight the snakes and who would duel with who. But it was a largely ceremonial post as the King seldom used his power. Just train the snakes.

But young people were very afraid of the House leaders who could force them to fight the serpents every week or even every day for a week. A veritable death sentence.

There was 2 snake fights per night in the mountain villages, which had a 600-900 machino population and 30-35 aristocrats. And there were duels about once a month. The only Great House in the villages was the Great Trader House

there. And population 15 000 machinos, 100 snake fights per night in Rock city, 1500 aristocrats, here in the mountains, and featured about one duel per night. And also 25 000 machinos, 3000 aristocrats in Sun city, on the coast., with 75 snake fights per night, and about 1 duel a night.

But the TV only showed local serpent fights. The vast majority of people here in Rock City had never left the city.

Each fight lasted 2 minutes so there was about 200 minutes of fights every night.

Most machinos who won went back to their old job.

The best snakes were saved for the best fighters and when such a fight was announced it was delirium on the screen/speakers.

And some people were secretly breeding snakes and practiced on them but had filed down their fangs.

On this particular night the serpent triumphed over the peoples' favorite by avoiding his kick and biting back. Many people were distraught to see him go and the other fights of the night didn't have any sparkle for the populace. It was a bummer.

Duels were relatively common but the aristocrats were 10% of the population and growing. There was no getting out of trying to be a hero in such situations. So everyone was on edge.

On this particular night two men both from the House of Green and Blue were duelling. They had no weapons but punched and kicked one another and finally one knocked out the other and then choked him to death. It was a typical duel, but the machinos loved it.

But not only were there duels among the aristocrats but occasional all-out war. Recently the House of Traders and the House of Black--- had been in an all-out war. The Traders wanted union with the City of the Sun, whereas the House of Black was against it. The House of Traders was victorious 170-140 nobles killed. This rendered the House of Black with just 5 male and 174 female aristocrats. And these surviving males were challenged to duels by other Houses which destroyed them completely.

All Great aristocratic Houses were purest crystal but their flags were bloody with a symbol of the House on them. But inside it was pure crystal, transparent and fine.

New Houses were made up of a number of Houses through interview processes. The New House had to stand for something. In this case it was to be the new House of Peace as most popular. Very controversial.

The other Houses connived together to have another new house and established the House of Love instead. The new House attracted good-looking nobles who would sell sex for gold.

XXX

There were numerous TV's even in mountain villages and typically about a dozen watched a single TV. And they watched king cobra fights with humans and duels of the nobles.

Once in a while the best fighters fought a 15 m long giant python. Their only hope was to poke the snakes' eyes out or grab a burning log and hurl it at the snake. But everyone preferred the majesty of the king cobra...

Some assaulted and assassinated people with a knife the day before they were to go up against the snakes. They were insane. And so were forced to fight the snakes every week and were kept in solitary confinement and with their jaw wired shut they were fed via a nasal tube.

Rare draws. But sometimes both the snake and the human fighter both died.

As mentioned snakes won 60% on average. Though the best snakes had killed dozens...

The fights flashed before our eyes, one after the other. But the people were entranced by the fights.

Rumor had it that a certain "black knight" was going to come and liberate the machinos and he was supposedly coming soon. So some tried extra hard to stay alive in the snake ring pit.

Aristocrats didn't have to fight snakes but there were many duels. The only aristocrats that could not be challenged to a duel were the scribes. Scribes colorfully recorded the greatest snake fights and duels. The records went back 1000 years and no one knew what happened before that. Typically the scribes would occasionally appear on TV and remind the people it had always been that way... But nevertheless I kept myself in top shape and was ready for anything. Most of my fellow scribes were males and were over 40.

And if a woman was pregnant she didn't have to fight until the baby was born so the women all wanted to be pregnant. But the government took care of the babies.

However, it was generally a youthful society. Forty-six average lifespan for nobles, 16 for machinos.

Marriage was the law. According to the laws of the serpents, the machinos who cheated on their spouse would have to face the snakes once a week, but everybody cheated and few were caught...

Population of Rock city aristocrats was 1500 and the general populace was 15 000. But the population was falling. Great House Leaders considered less snake fights, but finally decided on not having the women fight so as to have lots more babies.

The aristocrats gambled on the snake fighters and also gambled on duels. The machinos gambled typically all their few copper pieces. Machinos were paid 12 copper pieces a month.

Some bet on the snakes, some bet on the fighters. But everyone was looking for a hero.

It was an honor to represent your House.

8 leaders from the 8 various Great Houses. But mostly the nobles just partied and had sex. They all had sex enhancers. However some blew out their hearts or livers and died. Medicine was in its infancy, and no one was allowed to do medical research.

There were also the Temple of the Serpents and the noble priestesses who served there. All aristocrats were "equal" except there were different ranks which one could move up on. So a Prince/Princess was more powerful than a Duke/Duchess, a Baron/Baroness was more powerful than a Knight/Dame. And the 12 priestesses were equal to the Duchesses. And the scribes were off in a category of their own.

## CHAPTER 4: MORE DISSENSION IN THE GREAT HOUSES

In addition to the House of Black, the House of An, had recently been destroyed by the aristocrats of the other Houses. But the crystalline Houses still stood only they were empty. The House of An had wanted to discontinue the snake fights. The other Houses reasoned it was all our entertainment, that and the duels. And they ganged up on the House of An.

But the aristocrats worried that the population of nobles was in decline (so too was the servants/slaves)... And there were more duels than ever. And the suicide rate for nobles kept going up. It was crazy.

Machinos and female aristocrats of the House of Black and House of An were taken in by the other Houses. Each House trained its fighters using the mixed martial arts fighting which featured kicking and punching and biting and grabbing. The House of Oz had the best fighters. It brought laurels to the House. And many joined up from other Houses.

The leader of the House of Traders, was a well-known stud, but he was only interested in machinos and stocked his crystalline rooms of the palace with machino sex slaves. It was all out in the open but no one cared. His wife had lovers of her own.

Scribes kept track of when one had to fight the serpents and recorded the great fights of the day. And also great social events.

On one particular day they were having a banquet at House of Oz, all nobles invited. Staff was very busy.

Princess 100, leader of Oz, told the Princess of the Green and Blues that she was “Ugly as usual.” The Green and Blue Princess replied that “Princess 100 stunk as usual.” Princess 100 jumped on the table and grabbed a candlebra and hurled it at the Green and Blue Princess. A brawl ensued between Oz and Green/Blue House. The servants joined in. The other Houses’ nobles sat there aghast. Several dozen were knifed, a dozen died.

As a result 15 duels were announced between the two Houses.

House of Peace and Mannequin house also had a lot of animosity between them... Some said the House of Peace was actually a House of War and fighting. Fight the good fight to preserve the peace, was the motto of the House of Peace.

Green and Blue House said the Mannequins couldn’t fight and were chicken and the Mannequins said the Greens were an apocalyptic party. Each House disdained all the others. There were no alliances.

But everyone admired the Mannequin Princess. She was gorgeous and all the men wanted her. But she never loved a servant as that was too dangerous, as she was so famous.

Everyone also laughed at the hatchet faced, ill-tempered hag who was the head chef for the Mannequins. Everyone was hoping she’d die in her snake battle the next week. And there were others who weren’t liked and when they appeared for their snake fight the crowd booed loudly in the TV speaker.

The Great House of Love had the best looking machinos. Some were seduced by the leader of the House of Peace and they were seduced to come and join their House. Most

machino house servants had it easy compared to the mines and farms etc. And there were orgies every night.

But in the Great Houses the nobles ate wonderful dinners and drank and took drugs and took a lover into one of the guest bedrooms for a quickie.

## CHAPTER 5: THE MACHINOS

But in the past, people started having sex at age 12, marriage at 12, so usually had two babies. But only 1 in 500 reached 18. Child rearing was the exclusive right of the state. Typically a mother had to give up her kids when they turned 1 month old. But now women were expected to live on till they were 40, just as long as they were fertile, and would face juvenile snakes in a new law of the serpents.

Machinos envied the nobles for their longevity. As scribe I lived on and had a lover. But she was killed in one of the last women snake fights and I was lost without her. Juvenile snakes fought our women in the past. It would no doubt be common to take an older woman as a lover.

If you won your bi-annual fight you received 5 gold pieces which made you relatively rich. So it was an incentive to fight hard. But for “criminals,” they had to fight every week or perhaps every day, and so often only fought half-heartedly, but if they did that they heard the boos of the crowd from the TVs in the snake ring. It was an adrenalin rush with the crowd behind you, but sometimes they all hated a snake fighter.



With their short lives all the slaves/servants partied wildly every night and life was enjoyable for many. But they were brainwashed to believe escaping their fate was futile.

If you did not watch you'd fight the snakes every week.

Typically those who got a win got a tattoo stroke on their right arm. Up to four strokes and then five was a dash through the other four and so on.

One hoped not to have to fight a successful, dangerous snake. Like Old Hisser, or One-tooth or the Big Red One. Snakes were all king cobras but they had different colors and abilities. Sometimes the mother snake was put in the snake ring with her nest to protect. Such snakes fought ferociously but were matched by 18 year old human veterans.

On this day, hero Jack grabbed the pregnant snake and smashed it against the wall until it was dead and then ate its eggs before the show was over.

The nobles hoped to attract the cleverest of slaves and aristocratic turncoats. To be the cleverest House was the envy of all the others. Currently that was the House of Oz.

As mentioned the mortality rate was 60% for these snake fighters, every fight. The more fights you won, the more ferocious the snake you had to face.

And sometimes servants, farmers and miners rolled dice to see who would volunteer to fight the snakes. Children played snakes and ladders and had wind up snake toys.

People envied these aristocrats and their longevity and riches. One had to be born an aristocrat. But now there were less fights, but my job continued to record the details of the snake fights and duels.

I was bored with it... I didn't drink blood until I was married at age 12. We shared a cup of one another's blood. Even the aristocrats got married early.

But I knew how to read and write and do basic math. So along with other scribes we were the most educated. I communicated with other scribes. We were all selected at age 12 to be a scribe.

I was married to a priestess of the temple and we made wild love again and again and though we had other lovers we kept coming back to each other.

But I had a problem with blood flavored moonshine, I was addicted and drunk all the time. And felt unhealthy.

Many slaves hated the nobles, but generally House slaves were treated better than farmers or miners or loggers etc. So House machinos, considered themselves lucky and couldn't wait to face the serpents to impress their fellow machinos.

Some cried at the fights others were entranced by the action, the crowd roared all on TV. Everyone in the city had a local TV to watch every night.

Some who were dissidents but were exceptionally good were given a 6 month period of grace regarding the snake fights. So it would be a year between fights.

In terms of modern snake ring victory, the record number of wins for a human was 31 and 54 for a snake. "Old bastard," was finally killed in his 55th fight by the people's hero, Carl. And Phil killed 31 before facing a snake who'd killed 20, and the snake won.

But the all-time people's hero was blind Btelek, who managed to kill 3 snakes before his demise.

And the record length of a snake fight was only 6 seconds for the snakes and 7 seconds for the humans.

Of course it took the human 30 seconds to die (these snakes were bred for especially deadly poison). If it was a biannual fight, their jaws were not wired shut and they usually had some amusing shouts and screams as they lay dying. For example, "Remember me, lover," or "Down with the King," and so on.

## CHAPTER 6, YEAR 1001

Statues of snakes were everywhere and made of crystal.

Snakes on snake fights was also a popular part of every evening. There was a surplus of snakes.

Snakes would fight humans once a week and were cut and hit with sticks to make them angry and crazy.

XXX

Temperature was tropical, averaging 32 C every year.

Dams on the river produced electricity for TV for the two cities and the villages.

XXX

Live or die only two options.

The unwanted people would be released if they could win 8 fights in a week, but only a handful had survived this. In this way the government got rid of the unwanted.

XXX

There were hundreds of crystal statues of the peoples' heroes inside their Great House that they belonged to. All those humans who won eight fights no matter how much time. One in 5 000, I estimated.

And the winner and loser were transported down below ground and most believed the losers were burned in the charnel house,

Others believed the Great Houses' people ate them for dinner, but that would be poisonous.

The winner was set free if human and on a biannual fight, if they were fighting more often they went back to solitary confinement. And if a snake was the winner then back in the cage. Sometimes both snake and human died. But that didn't matter. Except to bookies.

Cages of king cobras. Statistics were engraved on the cage. Each snake fought once every month and after winning were given a small non-poisonous snake to eat or a rat.

Iron ploughs with horses greatly increased the population was a recent reinvention discovered by one of the scribes in the ancient texts. So scribes were valuable. The discovery was made at the City of the Sun, sister city to Rock City, and the traders brought it. I wished it had been me to make such an important discovery. I spent a lot of time reading the texts.

Anyway there was plentiful food now. A surplus. But the snake fights continued.

XXX

Charlenda, a painter, painted portraits of the leaders. And made statues of them.

And this painter suggested making drama shows for TV. Get everyone involved. But everyone laughed at this ridiculous suggestion. But the top brass considered it to be seditious so she had to fight the snakes every week.

Many were curious to see how such a woman would fight, but she avoided engaging the snake for 7 minutes before finally being bitten around the fire having set the snake on fire. So they went down together...

And there was sexual disease and other diseases which killed people. Goat skin condoms were used. Some said drinking from the Blood River made one sick.

XXX

Education was in the martial arts for most people, including both aristocrats and machinos. Scribes were the exception. The scribes had no leader, just served the public. We had all the great fights and duels on tape and often played them at night.

XXX

And the House Leaders carried golden staffs and wore their House colored robes. The masses wore black leather. It was always about 32 C.

The aristocrats lived in Great Houses of crystal. Each House was extremely old but no one knew how old.

All furniture was of crystal but they had some golden fabrics that they put on their beds.

Some said the Great Houses were empty indicating a former time in which the population was higher. Others said it was dark magic that created the Houses.

The Mannequin house was said to have people who did not seem to age. Had they found eternal youth? No one was talking.

The chef of the Green and Blue House cooked the best food. No one seemed to want him to fight every six months. So the King granted him an amnesty of six months twice. This gave him plenty of time to fully develop and teach other chefs.

The chefs were part of the 2000 or so machinos in each House.

The chef of the House of Oz was overheard planning to poison the aristocrats but a cook told on her and she had to face the snakes every night until death. So one had to be careful how you handled people as they could not be trusted.

The butler of the house promoted a new cook and all seemed to be well for the present, but aristocrats from the other Houses were afraid to dine here.

And the new chef loved the butler but he spurned her. So she told the authorities the butler was planning on murdering

the Prince. As a result both she and the butler faced the serpents.

All people had the same religion: they prayed at the Temple of the Serpents. And they worshipped the King.

Snake breeders in all houses. They brought them out for their debut and the crowds went wild. All TV hook ups merged the sound from the crowds on the whole and was very noisy.

## CHAPTER 7

And there were crystalline statues around the snake rings but there were also crystalline statues throughout the halls of great former aristocrats (some of who had been killed by the snakes). If a snake of the Halls came near a crystalline statue the statue came to life and fought the snake. If the statue won it went back to being a statue, but if it lost it crumbled into dust. TV video recorded such events and showed them in the evening. It was black magic.

Some said the ancients were superior to build such grand designs.

XXX

Aristocrats had to be careful with so many king cobras running loose in their palaces. And the snakes largely fed on rats. Some said the rats and snakes interrupted the purity of the palaces, but the aristocrats loved their snakes. And they shooed away the snakes with their long staffs and were

non-aggressive towards these serpents. A few times an intruder entered the palace in the dead of night but they stepped on a snake and were bitten and killed.

On this day a governess of the Black House committed suicide and fatally poisoned 10 noble children. She apparently believed death was better for them than life. She had been known to call our society a death cult. It caused quite a stir among the aristocrats, but the machinos thought it was just another group of deaths.

A few days later the chef of the House of Oz poisoned a dish that 10 aristocrats ate before it was apparent they had been poisoned. She had killed a snake in the House and mixed its venom in with a meat dish. Only 3 of the 10 survived.

After that the King called a meeting of Princesses and Princes but the meeting resolved nothing. So the Princess of the House of Oz declared that the chef and her 10 assistants fight the snakes every week until death. And she bought cooks from other Houses.

The House of Oz was also known for its 3 gay ladies' maids and 4 gay male servants. No one was troubled by it except for those who thought of joining them during the nightly parties. But they fought the snakes too.

Some said ancient stories told of the serpents as demons, to tempt people toward violence. And some said the devil was pleased by this world.

The populace in general hated the snakes with a passion... And believed society to be a snake death cult. But no one stood up and complained as you would be doomed to fight the snakes every night. And anyway they enjoyed it.



Now that jaws were wired shut the snake fighters couldn't say anti-establishment jargon nor practice animal mesmerism, and just try and whistle to confuse the snakes.

Some said the snakes enjoyed the fights...

## CHAPTER 8: NITE-NITE PARTIES

The night before one faced the snakes, friends and co-workers had a "Nite Nite," which was a party to cheer up the "hero of tomorrow."

But actually one snake fight was much like another and happened quickly. I had nightmares of snakes.

Tomorrow, it was everyone's hero's turn (his name was Noveau) to battle the snakes. As a scribe I didn't have to fight duels. Anyway he had a good Nite-Nite party and then he defeated the snake the next night by biting it. He was drunk. The crowd was behind me and rejoiced in his victory. Women wanted to love him and hoped to get pregnant. Men wanted advice on how to fight the snakes. But it was all elementary I figured.

But in my dreams I kept dying from snake bites. Wise old people told me I was doomed.

Criminals were kept in isolation. People who were disliked were free to go after 8 battles. But until then they had to fight again.

Still some machino women who were disliked by the nobles, had to fight the smaller snakes. But the juvenile snakes were

still very dangerous. People in the crowd typically wanted the women to win with all their heart.

Breeders sometimes cut the snakes and hit them with a stick to make them crazy for the fights.

But one snake fight was much like another. However most machinos didn't live long enough to get sick of the fights.

Machinos all wanted a cushy job as a domestic servant. Much better than working in the mines or farm or a lumberjack or a factory worker.

Factories produced new crystal, lights, TVs and gold bricks.

XXX

Sometimes it took women or men a couple minutes to die, but the TV screen was typically divided into 3 for constant action, and if they weren't dead after 2 minutes of being bitten, they went down the elevator to the charnel house anyway.

There was no such thing as an antidote, but I read about such a thing in the ancient records, over 800 years ago.

## CHAPTER 9: THE BOOK OF THE SERPENTS

The book detailed how to best kill a snake. You needed good hand-eye coordination, you needed to sway and hum to mesmerize the serpents. And of course bite, kick, punch and

throw burning logs at them or jump on the parallel bars and swing into the snake. Or grab them by the throat and smash their heads into the fire. And if you were really good kiss them, and then hurl them into the fire. The book detailed what kind of kicks and punches to throw and where to bite the snakes. For those few who could read well, it was useful.

One had to select the logs carefully however so as to avoid bad burns.

XXX

Fifty-eggs of each king cobra were hatched every month. Multiply that times 1000 snakes and the result was 50 000 snakes in 3 months. Those snakes who seemed to be poor fighters were released into the wild. We weren't going to run out of snakes, that's for sure.

We had large rat farms which produced prey for the king cobras. We had snake farms all over the place.

XXX

Then one night, a famous machino lover was condemned by the rulers to fight the snakes because he dared to question the Blood River quality that was making so many people sick. He had one seven fights and just needed one more victory to free himself...

Today his snake he grabbed by the tail and swung it against the walls whirling in a circle. Then finally he choked the stunned snake.

I was a classic, text book attack. The crowd went wild.

## CHAPTER 10: ROCK CITY BURNS DOWN

Then one day towards the end of year 1001, Rock city caught fire and was flattened. The rooves and furniture were highly flammable and there was a lot of debris. Most figured it was arson. Of the 15 000 machino denizens of the city, about 10 000 perished or so it was said. The survivors scattered to the mountains...

The surrounding mountainous forest had regrown recently but now much of it went up in flames.

But when it was over, they fixed the TV network for fights and news. And watched the snakes eat rats until they got the system up and running. One guy jumped in the snake pit with a sword and killed several of the snakes before being killed. He was disgruntled with the system and claimed he wanted a peaceful, non-aggressive society or so he said on TV while he killed the snakes.

Anyway it was a traumatic time here at Rock City. I stayed to record the chaos and got some good TV battles on tape.

Life was short and fleeting...

## CHAPTER 11: THE SETTLEMENT IS REBUILT, YEAR 1002

It was decided to rebuild on the same site as before. The city was in a giant crater filled with metals so there were mines all over.

There were temples built to the various Gods. Even the sex God wouldn't hear our prayer. Nor even the God of Freedom. There was only one God, the God of Serpents, most people figured. Most people prayed 5-6 times to the God per day for 5 minutes each time. "Please God hear our prayer."

Over and over again. Many people thought the Serpent God was the devil and only he could bring your desires.

Two men vied for the new kingship. A, 65 years old and B, 49 years old. Most were cheering for A as he had a wise, nice personality whereas B was rough and abrasive.

They fought a duel with each other using swords for a change, in the ring and finally B was the victor, cutting off the head of his rival.

Duels were common during this rebuilding period.

The duels were on TV like the snake fights, but that was basically all there was, except for the occasional announcement from the King and classic fights and duels. As before, friendship groups of about 10 again clustered around their TV every night.

The hunt escapees were said to all have been caught and executed in the wilderness and no one seemed to know any different. The bodies were not broadcast on TV.

But people were trickling back to Rock City and the population was growing. Those who had run away were forgiven.

But there were a lot of missing persons after the fire.

Some said there were a lot of people still in the wilderness.

XXX

Some just lay down in the snake ring and refused to fight. They were considered to be the arsonists. They were simply sent down to the charnel house and were typically booed. The crowd would also boo when their heroes were killed.

It just took 30 seconds to die from a snake bite. The match lasted a maximum 10 minutes and if both snake and fighter were alive after 9 minutes, 2 more snakes were let into the room. The fighter would soon be dead.

They bred the snakes with the most virile poison carefully and saved them for special occasions.

XXX

On one particular evening, one of the peoples' heroes was battling the snakes like he had all week. Wired his jaw shut just ate liquids with a straw so he could not utter profanities about the King. On this particular night the snake grabbed him by the ankle and wouldn't let go. He died in seconds.

Females were graceful and swift and held their own with the juvenile snakes, if they were required to fight. Everyone was cheering for the women tonight...

Mesmerism with a flute, king cobras on the street. But animal mesmerism was difficult with your jaw wired shut, or even if it wasn't there were no flutes allowed. Try to sing to the snakes...

Society was on the whole egalitarian in this version of the Rock City. Unlike previous days when one was born a slave, people were well paid for their work and had room to improve their prospects.

But the King had spies everywhere and had hypnotised people not to challenge him but rather fight the snakes or duel with one another.

Dogs chased down runaways at night. And they put them in the snake fights the next night. But they claimed that several animals ate the runaways and that's why they weren't on the show. But almost everyone was convinced there was ultimately no escape.

People spent the nights drinking during and after the fights. And spent most of their money betting on the fights (they were paid 4 silver pieces a month). Food and drink was free. That is to say they drank moonshine (blood flavored) and blood beer and ate blood puddings and blood sandwiches and snake meat from non-poisonous snakes. And dog meat. And pork and vegetables from the farms.

XXX

Beautiful garden villas downriver with quaint gardens, pagodas etc. The magic pool that was supposed to convey eternal youth.

And there were houseboats on Lake Cool just downstream from Rock City.

And were popular party venues for the aristocrats. The lake was 2 km wide by 17 km long by up to 69 m deep.

Party boats on Lake Cool. Cleaned up the sewage and sent it to the ocean in baked clay pipes (it was all basically downhill).

100 miners and 100 prostitutes lived on Lake Cool. The mines were in the mountains nearby and the sea was only 30 km downstream and was navigable. It was now a new village, the fourth village in our world.

Many talented musicians and storytellers came to Lake Cool.

Flute and drum and old and new stories and blood wine... After the fights every night. But most in other villages and cities were too tired and went to bed after the shows.

## CHAPTER 12, YEAR 1003

Beyond the King were the eight new Great Houses of aristocrats who lived in the Rock City but a poor machino seldom could get into the Great Houses. But if an aristocrat loved you, especially if you were a scientist or architect or merchant, you would often be hidden away in some secret room in the basements of the Great Houses...

All machinos were part of one House or another.



The King had 12 lovers in his palace and no one could touch these women. In the first three years he had 16 children. When they grew up they would form an entirely new House.

People were all disappointed in the new King.

Each great house had its own colors. They were the Mannequins of pure white, they wanted aristocrats to fight duels. The Black House was black, and now stood for nihilism (except of course the Serpent temple. Oz's House of Gold continued to have the cleverest and the current King was from there. And the Green and Blues who controlled the flow of food into the city. And the Traders were orange-skinned and controlled trade. The House of Love was famous for sex and romance. The Peace house was a bunch of neo-hippies, gray in color. The House of Black was new and they were nihilists who nevertheless worshipped the serpents. And the new House of An were fire worshippers.

Each House had a general meeting alternating with the other 7, so every four months there was a meeting at one of them. They were ruled by Princes and Princesses (one of them). Anyone could challenge the Prince or Princess to a duel at the meetings. Dame Yolanda's hero, of the House of Oz, defeated the Duchess of the Greens hero and so co-ruled with the Duke and stayed married to her husband.

Upper class nobles had soft hands and were well-dressed in the House colors and were perfumed and mostly did no work. After all they were aristocrats...

The palaces all had many snake statues and some King Cobras roamed the Halls. It was dangerous for anyone to try and get past the House leader's body guards.

Typically the crystalline palaces had swimming pools, gardens, minstrels etc.

## CHAPTER 13

Regarding Machino breeding, females were bred for elegance and femininity and men were bred for strength...

Many men worked hard at the farms, the mines and as lumberjacks. The House servants was a far more cushy job. The women spend their days making clothes and selecting perfumes etc.

Some in the upper class were richer than others, controlling business. Many women were involved in such business.

The head of servants was the governor/governess. Under them was the servers/butlers and finally the blue collar workers.

Poison mushrooms killed the Mannequin Whites. The few surviving aristocrats didn't know who was responsible so they "executed" all the machinos of the Mannequins in the snake fights... But that was the end of the House of Mannequins.

XXX

But I was disturbed by the news as many aristocrats died and a pall hung over the city.

Back in Rock City, the butler of Trader house reportedly raped a young 14 year old cook. She told on him and he had to face the snakes every week as a felon. But she was charged too for leading him on. So she fought as well.

And also in the Trader house someone murdered the Prince and no one knew who did it. So one out of 10 was sent to fight the serpents 1 per every 10 days as a lesson to those who planned murder of an aristocrat. The “criminals” all died in their first or second fight.

XXX

But the aristocrats were worried they’d be assassinated so they partied with abandon just like the servants. Perhaps more so. Would be assassins had nothing to lose and so were very dangerous.

Elaborate banquets, moonshine and blood flavored moonshine flowed freely. On this particular night the party was held at the House of Oz. Everything was made of gold... Many nobles attended.

Dame Griselda was drunk and told the diners she would take any man. Sir Drake took her up on her offer. It was against the rules but only the laws pertaining to the serpents mattered.

Still secret rendez-vous were thrilling. Especially between Houses.

But it was all dog eat dog, no one respected one another.

It was expected that people were virgins when they got married, but women could get a replacement hymen and men could fake it.

XXX

Wilderness dwellers were armed with fire arrows and dwelt in small groups.

Some were hunted down with snakes on a leash, throw the snakes at the run away. Horrible death with pain.

Sometimes the king cobras bit someone and wouldn't let go.

Some wise city denizens caught wind of their ultimate arrest to fight the snakes and fled to the wilderness.

But as time went by there weren't enough "criminals" or volunteers so the city King sent out parties of troops to grab the wilderness dwellers and bring them to the fights.

Women were especially prized as most fighters were men, but the rebuilt Rock City forced all women to fight every six months. And so the population was falling.

One wise man was said to have remarked "Revolution is impossible with the slave mentality of the people."

But the Upper Class was growing fast, and many wanted to join it. Even though it was almost impossible for a machino.

## CHAPTER 14: NEW YEAR'S DAY CELEBRATION, YEAR 1004

Every 365 days we celebrated New Year's Day.

A number of females were fighting snakes today. Many were excited about that.

In the past females were reserved for bearing children, but females now fought like the men, despite their femininity and many were enemies of the King.

It was always a big party in which machinos mingled with nobles, in a grand masquerade.

The House leaders all had 8 large king cobra snakes in harnesses to pull their cart. The snakes slithered in a straight line. And were whipped.

XXX

On this day, union leader, machine, Edward, was imprisoned and preparing for his next snake fight. But he kept banging in his rubber room. Three guards came in to tranquilize him but he knocked out all 3 using his martial arts skills. He took a key from one of the guards and gagged the injured men and then stole a uniform and let himself out into the wilderness.

And he ran into the mountains. It was dusk and he was safe for the moment. So he crossed a few streams and went down them a little ways so that his scent would be lost for the dogs. And he reflected that maybe security should have been tighter. Perhaps allowing escapes was a type of safety valve...

XXX

Also on New Year's Day, there was to be a duel between the Prince of the Blue and Green House and the Prince of the House of Oz. People were looking forward to the fight. Both princes were skilled in martial arts and the fight lasted 10 minutes and went back and forth. Finally the Oz Prince knocked his rival out and then choked him to death. The crowds loved it.

## CHAPTER 15: TEN YEARS LATER, YEAR 1014

But gradually, people filtered back into the settlement of Rock City, which was now just a town.

Investigators looking down found that there were many cities on top of one another and so several cities had been destroyed in the past.

One level, level 3, was full of skeletons burned in a fire. This level was bigger and more widespread than the others. And they used strange technology such as light bulbs which we managed to revive and so our city was one of “light.”

But the old name of the old Rock City, was the “Forever City.” That is, according to the clay burnt tablets.

Women received 5 gold pieces for every baby they had and 10 years after being rebuilt by 500 machino survivors there were 800 children, but there were only 150 over 11 years old. Plus 1400 adult aristocrats. Although people were coming back to the city or being born, the machino adult population was dropping fast.

This time the city was mostly made of baked clay with fireplaces of stone.

The city was full of smoke and the lumberjacks kept hauling in logs from the forest to be burned.

And we climbed the surrounding mountains using ropes and nails and found nothing in most of the valleys and the mountains went on and on. But found remains of former cities.

There were a lot of hopeless people who volunteered mostly in the rings but also plenty of criminals. And of course people still had to fight once every six months. The flames destroyed a lot of snake cages, but they had hedged their bets and had plenty of nearby snake farms which were not damaged in the fire.

Some women threw themselves at winners in the ring.

Some volunteers fought just for the favors of certain women.

When someone died their body was burned in the charnel house and their death was duly recorded. If the poison snakes didn't quite kill the human fighters with their poison, the body was burned anyway...

Women were fertile at 12 and had on average 4 babies, 10 years after the fire. But now the women had to fight.

You got 5 gold pieces for having a child...

There were still 3 villages in the mountains, and the City of the Sun.

The King needed more workers for his building projects so they built temples to the King and also to the Serpent God.

And the royal brewery and wineries... and tobacco and weed... They were producing more than ever before.

XXX

Some abused their power and put snakes in the anus and vagina of young women, effectively taking their virginity. Or men they hated had a snake put down their throat.

XXX

They improved roads and bridges and opened new mines and cut down more trees from surrounding mountains that were not burned in the fire.

And there were still a lot of snakes in the wild as many had been let loose during the fire.

Spies for the King identified dissidents who were sent to fight the snakes just like before. It can't be helped said the King.

Some captured king cobras in the wild in nets, there were a lot of them and they were particularly vicious...

One of my fellow scribes said he kind of felt sorry for the snakes but people said he was a sap and a wimp...

The new King said everyone is equal, but some must rule and some must work hard for the greater good...

Some said close the mines and forget about gold and other metals.

## CHAPTER 16: LITERATURE

The library was full of baked written tablets and previously was mostly about the snake fights and also the deeds of the rulers. The tablets were mostly undamaged in the fire.

Chroniclers combed the refuse pits for pots with inscriptions. Hoping for scientific data.



Famous chess games were also recorded. Many people passed the time playing new chess in which the pieces all had different movements every month. This was to combat people memorizing the opening moves.

Genius, Alexander re-invented the electric light in this year and there was much rejoicing. People wanted Alexander to be King and all wanted him to not face the snakes.

And emboldened by Alexander's success, aristocratic playwright Sandra made plays involving the whole population. But she was condemned to face the serpents for a week and died. Many aristocrats complained, saying they had broken the Laws of the Serpents, that nobles shouldn't fight snakes. It was scandalous, with the Leader of the House of Love being held responsible. There was a mob protesting and so finally she was herself sent to face the snakes for up to a week, and most people called that justice.

## CHAPTER 17: NEW RING

The modern (last decade) record for most snake kills was 21, by the "Master," who died in his 22nd fight.

Another great fighter (also dead) was the "Lord of the Rings;" he killed 19 before meeting his demise.

Descendants of these two heroes were trained to fight at a young age with an old skilled fighter.

Pros could quit at any time but for “criminals,” i.e. persona non grata they had to win 8 times in a week, to be released.

And many people were restless and hated to see their friends fight. And some said the snake fights were boring, they dared to say so in what seemed a better, more open era than the decade before.

## CHAPTER 18: NEW LAWS OF THE SERPENT

Payment shall be 3 gold pieces per successful biannual fight.

Donate all you can to the Serpent Temple.

One must watch every fight in your city/village.

One must identify those who criticized the fights and such people faced the snakes. This law made everyone paranoid.

Felons were required to fight 8 snakes to get their freedom but so far only 14 had reached that. And they were all dead now.

Volunteers could fight as long as they wanted, a few retired unscathed.

New laws vs old laws, it was the same...

The crowd roared as snake after snake entered the ring for hard criminal cases.

XXX

Some said to bring in wolves instead but wolves bred slowly, and held no fascination for the masses, so they kept the snakes.

There was one official playwright and two official philosophers in each noble House. But they had nothing new to say. They were chicken shit.

Secret playwrights wrote of forbidden love mostly... As a scribe I wrote a secret story about a land where there were no snake fights nor duels.

Many cheered for the snakes...

And there was one hero who had the yearly record for killing 11 snakes. Today was to be his final battle. And they sent a fierce snake with a formidable reputation then another and finally a third, but it was the third one which got him. People said he had been drugged by the authorities as he was too powerful and nearly everyone was dismayed.

The next day people seemed to walk a little slower and did their work half-heartedly.

Originally the dead human corpses were brought to the charnel house, but now the bodies were diced up and fried for the criminals to eat, or so the King said. This would poison the criminals, but usually there was only a bit of human meat on each plate.

CHAPTER 19

And they started to hypnotise people on behalf of the King so they would volunteer in the fights (opponents of the King mostly).

Farmers, miners, lumberjacks etc. were disgruntled. They said they worked too hard. Some ardently desired to escape like union leader, Edward, who had still not been found.

Some said there had always been tyranny, but what about the potential of island settlements abroad?

Some ran for it.

XXX

Prostitute Candy had sex disease but many men put on a goatskin condom and loved her the night before they were to face the snakes. Others partied in a wild orgy and debauch, the so-called Night-Night.

But finally the King ordered Candy to face the juvenile snakes for all the rest of her days so as to contain the disease.

## CHAPTER 20: THE CITY OF THE SUN (ON THE COAST), YEAR 1014

Population 35 000 in the year 1014.

So I traveled with the Traders to the City of the Sun.

Differences between City of the Sun and Rock City were not so large. But after the fire of Rock City, people considered the City of the Sun to be the cradle of human existence.

The City of the Sun on the coast. People were more laid back than Rock city.

But again the noble Houses, of which there were nine, wanted lovers, money and slaves and to duel against those who irritated them.

People here however, openly denigrated the snake fights...

They seethed with hatred for this society. But they still had to fight.

3 islands bridges in the harbor. They were winding like snakes.

Treacherous currents.

Who knew what kind of water snakes they'd created and put into the sea?

Here again people donated blood every week. And people drank from the blood pools and fornicated and bathed. An S-shaped Dome covered the bridges in the harbor.

A couple of years ago someone had poured king cobra poison into one of the pools and many people got even sicker than usual.

Typically people would get drunk on blood-flavored moonshine. There was a lot of evaporation of blood in the lake, so well water was used to water it down to "normal blood."

When one faced the snakes here it was common to have a few blood-flavored moonshine drinks to relax and at the same time embolden you.

Here also the survival rate for a machine human in a snake fight was 40%.

35 000 pints of blood were collected every week.

Aristocratic scientists here, were working on water snakes battles.

One fight passed like another and few were memorable. But the King of the City of the Sun offered me a job as a scribe to record them and make them sound interesting.

## CHAPTER 21: THE REBELLION

The masses at the City of the Sun were getting sick of the snake fights and felt they were poor and undersexed and unable to complain and even if they kissed ass that often was not desirable either.

At the time I was loving another one of the priestesses. We made love in the open, in the blood pool, which violated the laws of the serpents.

And I knew that she openly loved machinos down in the basement of our House, another flagrant violation.

But times had changed.

Then one day, rebels in the two cities, the City of the Sun and Rock City simultaneously armed with pointed sticks took over the treasuries and stole the gold and then ransacked the two King's palaces. There were about many hundreds of rebels in the streets, but finally the King of Rock City was able to restore order. The King said he would forgive the rebels of who 349 died but the next thing he did was raid houses with his troops looking for gold and pointed sticks. And the mob surged into the 8 Great Houses and ransacked them and burned them. But after a few weeks the Kings of both cities regained control and all 401 remaining rebels were captured and set to fight the snakes. Thousands of machinos had died in the fighting...

Most of the aristocrats were dead and the Great Houses were mostly empty. Only 3 houses remained in Rock city and 3 in the City of the Sun.

They all knew the population was in free fall and the snake fights had to be curtailed.

In the City of the Sun, Cornelius C. spoke to the masses of peace, love and longevity.

Or in some cases the rebels would face two other rebels at once to make 3 all battle together. But it wasn't such a big hit like the King had planned. Many refused to watch.

The old Kings of the two cities were forced to fight a duel and died. Then new Kings. But the new Kings were much like the old and brought back snake fights for all, every 6 months. No one dared say anything about it as the new Kings had 100 + guards.

The new King of Rock City wanted all those 10 and over fight 1/6 months. If a woman was pregnant she still had to fight. But such numbers could not be sustained so the King was defeated in a duel and the numbers went back to the

previous rate of 15 years or older to fight once every six months.

And people had to admit the fights were interesting and especially the duels.

So order was restored in the two cities. Many of the Great Houses were depleted however. They had all lost nobles in the conflagration.

For example the House of Oz in the City of the Sun, here the servants rebelled and killed the aristocrats in the snake dome. They put on airs and dressed in fancy clothing and congratulated one another for seizing power from the tyrants. But about half the servants remained servants to serve the nouveau aristocrats.

Food tasters etc.

XXX

Now, the Houses aristocrats' had a total of 1000 in the City of the Sun and 300 in Rock City.

The House of Green and Blue was having a party today they were entertained by a story of some of the escapees and how they had been caught by the dogs and troops. Such escapees had to fight every night until they were dead. No one escaped or so they said. But some whispered that people they knew hadn't been caught but the aristocrats said they died fighting the troops. They vowed to never be taken alive... it was widely believed.

One day out of the blue I went to the Green and Blue House and said I was very clever and could help the aristocrats. I was a member of the King's scribes and took a chance kind



of expecting to be relegated to fight the snakes but instead they promoted me to captain of the guards.

Duels I had one the first night of my new job. I was considered an aristocrat.

But I won and thus got a lot of respect.

Girl Q often got men to fight over her, but everyone agreed duels in the aristocratic ring was the way to settle grievances.

House of Orange... They liked music. And sold music for the snake fights and duels.

XXX

But the most remarkable thing that happened while I was a scribe involved the House of Love. Here the Princess, Mad Bonnie, declared war on the two other surviving Houses. The war raged on for a year and the result was a Pyric victory in which one-quarter of the machino population died. Only a handful of nobles died.

As a noble, I was one of the survivors.

But Princess Bonnie stepped up the snake fights and called herself the Empress.

But finally she was assassinated by her own guards.

In the aftermath immigrants in the City of the Sun were encouraged to immigrate to Rock City, but many people wanted to leave Rock City.

As scribe I downplayed the violence and virtual ruin and didn't say how many were killed. I wrote it was just a "skirmish."

## CHAPTER 22

Then there was the scandal of the filed down canines. All baby snakes had their canine teeth filed down to nothing so they couldn't inject their poison. This led to a string of dubious victories before the truth was discovered. A whole year of snakes was ruined. Some wanted to practice with them but the Empress had them destroyed. But there were plenty of king cobras in the wild to be gathered.

The butler of the House of Love, was a true ladies man even though sex outside of marriage was forbidden. No one complained. He wore goatskin condoms and went nuts the day before he would fight the serpents.

So tonight he would fight the snakes. There was a sense of anticipation and hope. Most people were hungover from the night before. It was an entertaining fight with both man and snake feinting and dodging but finally the snake bit him on the finger and we all watched him die.

Sometimes people would challenge another to a duel the night before they had to fight the snakes. To take them down with them, so to speak.

The King was surrounded by guards and had several food tasters.

And the snake pits were also under heavy guard.

People continued to copulate illegally in the fields and the miners' camps. Even the outhouses.

Upper class aristocrats studied some science and experimented on the new machinos.

XXX

So it was popular machino, Gordon of Oz's time to fight the snakes. Like the other dissidents his mouth was wired shut like the others so he couldn't say anything on TV. Everyone was disappointed again. The rulers worried that morale was too low amongst the machinos.

The night before he had dreamt of running through the fields as a free man. He had this dream many times. But there was no way he could escape. He was half-starved and weak. But he had tried to do exercise in his cell. And every day they came to his cell and beat him, breaking a lot of his teeth and his fibula bone also. Still he had to fight.

No TV no contact with other prisoners. 24/7. It was madness.

He wouldn't have fought but he knew golden hair, his true love would be watching so he grabbed the snake and throttled it, but then it bit him and he died.

Then after that, there was a fighter who kicked the snake in the head several times before throttling it.

And then a fighter who fell on the snake and tried to suffocate it but failed.

And so on. It was just another day.

I lost all my gold pieces, gambling on the day's snakes, I gambled with my heart not my head.

The King told us on a rare TV broadcast that the people were living like Kings to try and drum up support for his reign.

And every child was now given a basic education, so they could read the aristocrats' posters with a bit of difficulty and could calculate wagers and winnings on the snake games and the duels.

XXX

Then one day they came for machino Boris. His crime was suggesting we have a little nude party in the house of Orange.

He probably wondered if he would get a full 5 m King Cobra or a smaller, younger one. He had nothing else to think about while rotting in solitary confinement.

The all-time Prince of Snakes had killed 51 straight and it was his lot to fight it. So he ran about erratically and whistled before finally grabbing it by the throat and smashing its head against the wall. But it turned its head and bit him on the foot and he died.

XXX

On one particular night, there was an old man to fight the snakes. This old man, said he was the oldest person in the world at age 62. He was formerly an escapee living near the coast. He escaped his "Nite-Nite party" with the help of one of the Dukes of the House of Oz. He was always on the

lookout for more escapees and when caught had now 3 men and 1 woman and a pair of one-year old twins in his group. The old man was bisexual though and perfectly content.

As for the Duke, Duke Blue, he paid everyone off and was thus able to enable the escape. Successful escapes were relatively rare. But then one war party from Sun City smelled the smoke of their fires in the night and the next day attacked. There were 20 of them armed with bows and arrows, deliberately wounding the escapees, rather than kill them. They wanted them to face the snakes every night though their children were put into the Sun City school. Their jaws were wired shut so they we couldn't tell anyone that the old man and his old friends had been at this homestead for many years.

Of course some City of the Sun nobles, recognized the old man and friends but were afraid to say anything about it. The official scribe account said the old man had been in the dungeon for many years as an experimental subject and the vast majority believed it and hoped for the old man. But the old man and friends were gone by the second day of fights.

It was a similar story further down the coast. Two escapees had left their impending snake battle and followed a mountain stream to throw off the scent for the hunting party's dogs. But they were also recaptured and died soon after both committing suicide as they had agreed before the capture.

They had been alert for a hunting party but not late at night.

Betrayed no doubt by roving traders/scouts. TV screens everywhere.

The escapees had raided cropland and took corn back to their hide out but must have been caught on video, in the end.

## CHAPTER 23: YEAR 1015

TV hook up to all 3 villages and 2 cities done by scientist, Able. It was the year 1015. Henceforth people everywhere could watch all of the snake fights on the continent.

Still some wanted the magical Able to fight a duel. He seemed to have other ideas like reviving ancient technology. So the King forbade anyone to challenge him, even though many were jealous of Able's success.

In the Temple of the Serpents in Rock City, there were hundreds of snakes. Farmers fed them captured rats and smaller snakes that they had captured. But farmers were often bitten by the wild king cobras. People left the temple with the forked tongues of the snakes in their mind, and often had their tongue cleft in two, in the garden of plenty. No paradise for us.

But it was dangerous for the thousands of miners too. They all got silicosis around age 18 and died, but most died in the snake ring.

People came to the Temple for a coming of age party the night before their first snake fight. One more or less had only a 40% chance of surviving their first fight. Typically they honored the snakes with prayer and all their few coins.

But old wise aristocrats said at one time there were only angels and life was indeed paradise and people all lived long and happy, non-violent lives. That originally TV had been for movies about the dangers of love and greed and non-lethal sports. And everyone was

rich. And that now those people lived under the sea in domes of quartz.

Young people said it was all just rumors...

But only the aristocrats knew anything beyond 15 years. However some people reported seeing iron submarines off the coast from the City of the Sun, it was said.

XXX

Then it was New Year's Eve again. Everybody dressed in a mask and costume. During this festival aristocrats mingled with the youthful machinos. Youth was prized. I made love with several machino girls and took off their masks. In later days I kept loving 5 of them.

XXX

The King had king cobras pull his cart. He whipped them and had them in a tight harness. When you saw them coming you had to move away giving them a large berth.

And when the King paraded down the street, some people felt they must kiss the King's poisonous ring. People didn't know it was poison, but many people felt they had no choice but to kiss the ring.

XXX

Snake boats. Snakes on the bow and stern and forked paddles. Some took them out to sea but most were just on

Lake Cool. No one knew what happened to those who went out to sea. They never came back. Or so it was rumored.

But the King of the City of the Sun, was building up a fleet to explore the rest of the world. He needed more snake fighters. The ships were each equipped with hundreds of chains for snake fighters. They were essentially slaves to row the boat.

I said to my close friends and lovers that it is not my world and I wanted to get away.

The King drew a new constellation (the big dipper) so to resemble a coiled snake.

XXX

Many people were superstitious. And believed in omens.

If you dreamed about snakes it was considered a bad omen. And people said if you had such a dream you had to volunteer to fight the snakes immediately. Most people didn't reveal that they'd had snake dreams, me included.

XXX

On one particular night, two illicit lovers who'd taken too many risks were both to fight a snake each tonight. The crowd went wild. The woman was able to grab her juvenile snake and poke its eyes out. But her lover was aggressively bitten by one of the best snakes and he died. Everyone said it was a tragedy...



XXX

And they were experimenting with a two-headed cobra which we would soon see.

XXX

I had previously written a script “The Lonely and the Lost,” which the scribes approved and the Houses approved and showed it on late afternoon TV. Snakes were all gone in my story and people worked to create wonderful science and art.

But as the story continued, the House leaders grew nervous and finally sent me to fight the snakes every week.

Although I was a strong, muscular aristocrat, everyone was afraid to duel me. So they relegated me to fight the snakes. Some said they had broken the laws of the serpents again.

I said it was the final death of Art. They said nonsense.

They locked me up in solitary confinement.

But I had a pick for the lock and broke out with all 12 men and 6 women in my sector. We had to kill the door guard...

We met our guide outside and he took us up mountain streams to throw off the scent and we kept going for 36 hours until we were totally exhausted.

We knew from maps where the four villages were and also Rock City and the City of the Sun... But we went many days march into the mountains

They didn't catch me as they said they would. We explored the mountains and came to one of the three villages. Here they had only one snake fight per night so it was four times a

year to fight for each. But they had very nasty serpents. However they welcomed us here and made me feel like home. I imagined I was a savior to all mankind, the legendary black knight...

Throughout our world, 63% of machinos' deaths were directly due to serpents. The rest were due to fighting on the drop of a hat or war or suicide. For the aristocratic men 80% of deaths were caused by wars and/or duels and the remainder mostly suicide. Machino women were allowed to live as long as they were fertile, but after becoming barren they had to fight the serpents.

Serendipity, the playwright often said, "Life can be good. Short and sweet."

## CHAPTER 24: I VOYAGE ABROAD

I was now a 42 year-old former aristocrat and wondered what to do for my final adventure. So I and the 16 surviving escapees (two were bitten by snakes and died), built a large raft with a sail (I'd heard about sails in the clay tablets)...

Tuberculosis on board. Dumped the two sick ones in the sea. It was cruel but it had to be done for the greater good.

We saw a new settlement at the same latitude, a few hundred km away from our home continent...

The settlement was made up of strange blue men.

We built a stockade here and tried to trade with these people. We offered them gold in exchange for blood beer

and wage slaves. We were given gold by the Duke who engineered our escape.

I spent a lot of time here writing “Plays of the Serpents.” As scribe I was talented at writing literature...

Plays of the serpents... I felt like a big fish in a small pond. And I was trapped waiting for the flood. But I didn't share my true feelings just wrote plays of hypothetical possible lives which I did not share except with my lovers.

The girls on the voyage all liked me but I had a true love, Mancy, a noble of the House of Oz, she and I wrote plays. We didn't know if there were writers back in the settlements on our home continent as far as we knew. The other sailors were machinos.

On the boat we didn't need to hide our plays on the boat, everyone was grateful I had engineered our escape.

Some of us said we were a backwards, foolish island. And elsewhere people were more advanced just like the TV only more technology.

Anyway things went nowhere with the blue men, so we set sail again, again on the same latitude.

We saw air cars and sailed in the direction they had come from. But the weather was storms and our snake boat almost capsized. So the next land that we saw we stopped to build a ship. I had memorized the plans for such a ship and it took us months to build it.

It featured a snake bow and stern and forked tongue paddles. We had no idea if it was seaworthy. We built it in secret near the coast in a forest. And went on voyages away from the snakes seeking a better world. We had enough food for 4 months. Most of our close friends and mates had

said it was hopeless and if we found anyone they would be backwards and not have TV.

We finally arrived at a new coast! And a new city.

## CHAPTER 25: THE CITY OF LIGHT

We came to a glittering domed city of light in the evening. It was all lit up in a kaleidoscope of colors. They greeted us warmly but it was evident that they considered us to be backwards. They knew all about the snakes and our part of the world.

They told us their world was advanced and they had brilliant architecture and art. And they made action movies.

And they told us mostly criminals and dissidents had to fight the snakes.

But recently they had developed computerized robot snakes who killed people with their powerful electrocution bite, typically going for the neck and they could also envelop “prey” and suffocate them. To fight them you needed to kick and punch them in the head or grab them and throw them in the fire or throw a burning log at them and of course go for the eyes. The fighters were given a long sword with which to fight. These snakes were always in a bad mood and were formidable opponents. They were thinking about making all snake fights about robot serpents.

They told us we had to fight real king cobras the day of our arrival and everyone was curious about how the foreigners would do. They gave us a sword to fight with and told us

that the snakes won 80% of the time. Here only dissidents and other criminals fought (in addition to the very rare foreigner). So their population was fast growing on this continent, with a coastline of 7500 km they had a total population of 1 million.

The climate was tropical and balmy. With a lot of rain.

They also had crystalline towers everywhere in the city, like Rock City.

This City of Light was the capital of this continent of 1 million people. It was a place similar to where we had come from, but more advanced technologically speaking. For example they had electric lights, telephones and computers. The computers generated air cars which everyone here was proud of.

But why were there snakes here too I wondered.

We had traveled most of the known world, we figured and everywhere were the king cobras.

XXX

Leaders were determined by success with duels. If you wanted to be leader you had to duel with those above you and you kept fighting one after the other until there were no other would-be leaders left. If there were just two or three left they fought duels, one on one or all 3 for themselves vs 3 snakes.

They said if any of us survived they would be given a job and would not have to face the snakes again if we were model citizens.

But some of us were experienced fighting real snakes (I had not fought but the other 10 sailors fought 1-3 times). So we did fairly well. I decapitated my king cobra and I survived as did 6 others and suddenly everyone wanted to get to know us and party with us. We were in very good shape having been working out during and after our voyage.

We had our pick of the young females. But marriage was illegal here.

And they had machino slaves in farming, mining and house slaves. The leadership of the machinos was dominated by "The One." But he had a number of assistants, 10 in number at the highest level. But they were the lower class.

The upper class was made of people who succeeded in business. If any one of them wanted to be supreme leader they had to fight the leader, winner take all and if both were killed by the snakes then the other assistant leaders could all try to fight the serpents.

People here in the City of Light enjoyed the snake fights for about half-an-hour a night and the rest of the night was spent drinking, sex and smoking opium.

But most people were machinos only they were better off than my home continent.

I had a lover here she insisted on making love in a snake ring with 2 live juvenile king cobras. I was very afraid and felt it was reckless, but we went ahead and surprising didn't get bitten.

It was too much for me I fled the building. Afterwards, they told me that that particular snake room was for youths to practice, often they died.

XXX

It wasn't long before I got a girl pregnant. I was excited as children here were reared by their parents. I spent less and less time with my seafaring compatriots and more and more with my new friends and of course my new girlfriend and child.

The domed city of spires was surrounded by terraced farms on the surrounding mountains. At night the farmers all came into the city.

According to the locals there were 7 scintillating domed cities on the continent each one between 50 000 and 100 000. But most of the mountainous land was uninhabited and most food came from fishermen and their nets and the terraces surrounding the cities.

## CHAPTER 26: I BECOME KING, 1016

But from the beginning I sensed power here and didn't particularly care for the King. So after the baby was born I challenged him to a duel. This was a law of the serpents. Anyone could challenge the King to a duel, but the King was a skilled, wily fighter. However he was 49 years old now and not as strong as he used to be. Most people here thought he was just OK.

In the duel we had swords. I took a chance and pointed my sword at him and threw it at his neck, hitting and killing him. I won and he lost, so I was King. As King I ruled the other cities in this continent and had plenty of lovers and

sumptuous palaces. I took the King's Queen as one of my lovers. She hated me for engineering the demise of her King and doubly so as I was a foreigner.

Everyone was trying to appease me and guess what I might like. It was a dangerous game they were playing.

I set up a new set of advisers including two of my fellow sailors. But all these assistant leaders were very obsequious to me as only I had the power to call people dissidents and force them to fight the snakes or the robot snakes, even worse.

And below the assistant leaders were just rich traders. They formed the upper class. They were just like the Trading House in Rock City and the City of the Sun. But they only cared about their own gratification. Half of them were females. The females typically got rich by selling sex and then went into business in the trade and service industry.

And I commissioned a new, "Temple of the Serpents" in which everyone had to donate money to and donate art they had made etc.

The temple was full of robot snakes and one had to tread carefully, but my scribes wrote down who gave what and if they didn't give what I thought they should they had to face the robot snakes. Almost everyone here was a wage slave. The aristocracy was only 1 in 100 = 10 000.

If people died in the temple all their belongings would be seized by the King's scribes. And went into the royal coffers for my building projects. Here they paid the machinos 5 silver pieces a month. Aristocrats got 4 gold pieces a month. Gold was worth 80 times that of silver here.

I was aware that the serpentine culture could not be changed. It was as if it was an ingrained instinct. A handful of my



closest advisors said I should eliminate the snakes altogether, but I knew to do so would be to commit suicide; people wouldn't stand for it.

Our city was the capital of the island continent, City of Light IV. The city was known for a local sport called "battle axe soccer." There was a field with one ball and a goal at either end. The idea was to score goals and not to get axed. It was an exciting game for the bloodthirsty masses.

Then I was challenged by a young buck. But I kept punching him in the head and finally he fell and I finished him off. Although I was 32, I worked out a lot and was a muscular, formidable opponent. But it was my unorthodox way of spin fighting that got me where I was today.

I opened a school of mixed martial arts for my supporters to help protect them from duels (the aristocrats) and protect the machinos from losing to the snakes.

And I opened a school of dreamers. People would dream up their wildest fantasy.

Over that year I was challenged to several duels. The first wanted exclusively robotic snake fights. I chopped off his head, the second was power-crazed, but old and I stabbed him in the heart. The third wanted more women and was easily defeated. Then there was a challenger who wanted to eliminate the snakes altogether and he too was an easy opponent. Then there was a man who thought robotic snakes were a dangerous phenomenon. He too was easily vanquished.

I won them all. I had a clever technique to throw the sword at the opponent. I was King... And I was nevertheless bored!

Scientists kept asking for the go ahead to develop computers but I turned them down saying we have enough technology as it is! We don't want to replace ourselves.

But I allowed them to develop robotic snakes which were hard to defeat and opponents got a bow and arrows, to try and kill the snakes in the ring.

Older people who were model citizens told stories to the juvenile people. And sang old songs.

Then one day, 2 years into my wise reign, a group of 9 men attacked the palace. I had 15 guards though and so the attackers were defeated with only one survivor who went before the robot snakes. I lost 5 guards, but hired 15 more. It was difficult to hatch a plot against me, the King as I had eyes and ears everywhere.

XXX

Many aristocrats said if a woman is barren then let her fight the snakes once a week and so get rid of a drain on the treasury. It was a new Law of the Serpents.

I decided to tell people to live for love and kindness and put an end to the snake fights and duels (and thereby cement my position as King). And no more battle-axe soccer.

People moaned and complained that they were bored but I told them it was better to be alive than dead.

A lot of females told me they adored me and I spent a couple hours a day making love. I would typically do virgins (it was safer) and give each girl one stroke and then on to the next, using goat skin condoms...

I wanted the other cities in this continent to follow our example and live a loving life. And I wanted to send air cars to take my homeland and turn it into a love paradise also.

And I said there shall be no more free enterprise. Henceforth all would have an equal share in the one state company, the Gestalt.

And I wanted more gold so new people had to work in the mines for their now longer lifetime.

Already the imperial palace was nearly all solid gold.

And there were gold statues of 233 Kings of this continent over officially about 800 years. Records went back 1000 years but the oldest records seemed to indicate there were no Kings 800 years ago and it was an era of peace.

As King I was not subject to the laws of the serpents I declared. Then when one of my assistants challenged me to a duel I had him executed. And I increased my bodyguards to 40. I gave the bodyguards a lot of gold but now I worried about a palace coup.

People appeared to protest in front of my main palace saying "You've broken the laws of the serpents... You must die etc." But I ignored them.

I slept alone with my robotic snakes and they attacked anyone who came into my chamber while I was sleeping they were programmed to do so.

We also had robots who served me, the King food and drink and even served as jester. My computer scientists were programming new robots every day.

We made the robots fight and they said they didn't want to, but we put them in the revolving cage. And finally they

would fight. They all had their own personality and we were programming them to fight.

Also some renegade scientists created 3 m/ 3 yards tall ogres...

They were formidable opponents for the robot snakes.

## CHAPTER 27: MY LAST DAYS AS KING

Many celebrated the new era of the foreign King.

I commissioned archaeology to determine the past. Just like in Rock City and The City of the Sun, they found the bottom layer had very advanced looking machines which we did not know how to use. So I redoubled my efforts to produce new scientific discoveries. I hired all the scientific type minds I could find.

They had re-developed the telephone and electric lights a century ago. Air cars were a recent development and were powered by a vast series of batteries which were powered by the dams of this continent and there was an electrical grid. The air car was considered the apex of our civilization. There were no air cars in the archaeological record.

And we had occasional trips to the Moon, but only the best could go there. The moon was only about 384 000 km away. An air car could make it in a month.

XXX

But there were many species of real life snakes here on this continent. Some poisonous and the rice paddies were dangerous. Those farmers who were bitten had their bodies cooked and served to the other machinos who were not liked.

Aristocrats continued to believe they were superior, though most now had hidden machino lovers. Such lovers tried their best to appease their master/mistress.

The aging deputy leader of the Gray House, one of the nine Great Houses of the City of Light, preyed upon young 13 year old girls. And abused them in every way. They were too afraid to tell on him and so the abuse continued.

Many nobles abused their machinos. There were 9 Great Houses, and 7 cities here on this continent. Once you shared the bowl of blood beer you could be love mates for a week. Typically people picked tall and strong mates, for men, and women were selected for elegance and femininity. But some women were bred to be tough like men.

Lovers came in numbers to survivors of the snake fights.

Everyone listened to every word of the King carefully. They knew no other leader or rules.

“Oh mighty serpent God we are with you and worship you.”

“Look upon our work and rejoice.”

And the air cars were decorated with carvings by servants.

But as King I was worshipped more than the serpent Gods. People in many cases gave me all their money and women offered sex to me.

I wore a golden mask and everyone was curious how I looked like over time. We had plastic surgeons to alter one's face. So I could go incognito into the city.

Taxidermy continued all the great fighters' heads were preserved.

And one day my favorite Queen said to color the duels with 2 snakes and 2 people all inside an 8 m cube. I, the King told her it was a good idea.

And why not fight pythons? She asked.

And the Queen said to clean up the garbage and get rid of the rats and snakes in the palace. She said we need to preserve the pristine beauty of the crystal palaces and make them safer. Stop scaring the young children...

Then one day House leader of the local Whale House was found dead, murdered in her room in her palace.

The murder was captured on TV. It was a machino man who did it. And a pogrom resulted with numerous machinos were slaughtered in the streets and in their homes.

But the aristocrats were phasing out machinos. Most machinos now were rendered sterile by the state from the food, or so it seemed.

Snakes to pull the King's cart...

Gambling try to roll two ones (snake eyes) for a few coppers.

And my priestess lover was in the news for trying to bribe House leaders to get her machino, Boris, promoted to a noble House. But the nobles put their foot down and challenged her to 3 duels. She needed 3 brave fighters, but

didn't include me, as she loved me too much. But she had a lot of lovers who loved her, so the three candidates fought the challengers and two of them won. It was considered a great victory by the nobles anyway as they had put out the fire and kept the aristocracy pure and clever.

Sometimes a hero wore a mask and claimed to be another thereby sacrificing themselves out of honor. And save another.

Others said the state was trying to sacrifice a popular fighter and so gave him a mask.

But it was all tiresome for me, so I looked into the Moon settlement which only accepted nobles from Earth. I just wanted to get away from it all.

Frankly, I was bored by the snake fights and futility of finding meaning here. But it had over the past few years become apparent that aristocrats were settling the Moon.

XXX

An experimental lab created snakes with legs and other kinds of snakes for the fights. Variety was where it was at.

Clever aristocratic would-be scientists were whisked away to the Moon.

I was tired of this world of paranoia, rumors and lies.

Many wanted to drink the blood of those who committed suicide.

## CHAPTER 28

And people were all sickly from blood diseases. And people smelt really bad.

I was sick too and never felt well. But I drowned my pain in blood flavored moonshine and opium, like almost everybody else.

XXX

And then one day it was announced that test tube babies would take a moron and a dumb girl and impregnate the machine women with twins. These sub-machino men were given vasectomies. It was not really my idea but I went along with it as machinos didn't have much use, and were suffering in this world.

Dumbing down of machinos. Other pregnancies were now pre-empted. It was nothing more than the wiping out of most of humankind here on this planet, they said...

And things were getting out of hand on the continent. Not only were they turning the machinos into morons, but people were loving each other openly in the river of blood and the aristocratic feuding was getting out of hand. As King I was powerless to stop it.

And people were everywhere spreading blood on roses which grew in the city and then licking one another's blood up. "It was a freak show."

But finally there was an imminent coup to overthrow me and I ran for the space port and took off for the moon.



I had been King for four years and was now 46.

## CHAPTER 29: THE MOON AND THE SERPENTS, YEAR 1020

So I took a trip to the Moon.

The voyage was uneventful, we spent our time having low-gravity sex, with one lover tied down to the bed.

People said the Moon was a free land with no worries or problems. And said it was a life of pleasure and intellect. But it was a one-way trip. No one came back from the Moon.

When I arrived the locals denounced me as a former dictator, and I was challenged to 11 duels, one after the other. We fought with spears in low gravity outside the living tunnels. But I won each duel and so people begrudgingly accepted me. Some of the women threw themselves at me. I had killed 4% of the population and now people were very afraid of me.

But when I arrived I discovered people were fighting snow dragons. Still serpents.

Robots here replaced the machinos. But advanced computers were illegal.

Great Houses didn't exist on the Moon, everyone was noble...

Low gravity dragon fights were the *raison d'être*.

And low gravity sex. But a gravitron in our tunnels produced gravity...

Once every week it was required for all Moon dwellers to go out on patrol, patrolling the Moon cattle who lived off Moon grass. The Moon grass sucked up ice from the largely frozen surface and were eaten.

It was dangerous though as if your friend or lover denounced you to the Emperor, you'd have to go out on patrol every day for a month. The Emperor was a typical dictator, drunk on power. But he had been elected Emperor for life, so it was impossible to get rid of him, to most people.

While out on patrol one had a set of spears and had to protect the Moon cattle from the dragons.

And there were also relatively rare robot snakes. They had an android human head and a snake body.

These snakes were almost invulnerable and were recopying themselves quickly. They had a battery and could live on and on. If a human came across one, it was a vicious fight with humans being the loser 80 % of the time. There was no use running away as the snakes moved faster than humans. It was simply a case of bad luck to meet a robot snake.

But though many were killed by robot snakes there were about 25 new aristocrats coming every month and we didn't send the women out to fight so there were a lot of children.

And it was rumored there was a new settlement on Mars which had no snakes of any kind. But I needed to pass the test to go there. The test was basically an IQ test. I scored 158, it was not high enough.

But here on the Moon people lived underground on the equator which sometimes got positively balmy. There was a lot of water trapped in the soil.

The space grass grew wildly everywhere and were hardy plants.

Ships only came here once a month. But after landing here they went off into deep space and were typically never seen again.

Here on the Moon, there was a small lake near our settlement, which people swam in with their oxygen breather.

Water snakes filled the lake and humans had a multi-loading spear gun. Spear a few snakes and eat them back at the boat.

Snakeheads, water snakes with a body of a fish and the head of a snake often interfered and took the speared snake to eat.

Dragons with multiple heads also an experiment of the scientists here. It seemed most science had to be dedicated to improving the serpents, just like always.

And there were rumors of other serpentine monsters lurking outside our tunnels.

We only had about 400 people in our settlement, the only one on the Moon.

There were 12 prostitutes and 4 gigolos on the Moon. And there were 200 children (under 15) and 200 adults. The gene pool was kind of precarious.

We watched the snake fights and duels on Earth every day, but we didn't feel any empathy for the snake fighters. Many of us gambled on the results. Others saved their money for sex workers here. And the City of Light could watch our dragon and snake fights here on the moon. People in the City of Light, back on Earth were reportedly horrified to see nobles fight dragons.

If you encountered a dragon (1 chance out of 30 every time you went out), your chance of survival was only 35%, in most cases of survival you were seriously injured and the dragon too would often retreat. And you went out once a week. Everybody did except our Emperor and his 10 technocratic assistants. Except women did not fight. They were needed to have babies.

Many nobles back on Earth said it was an outrage that aristocrats were forced to fight serpents (dragons).

And on Mars there were virtual reality dragon fights, but we didn't understand them.

For entertainment, other than TV (of Mars, the Moon and Earth), there were women who "danced the serpent," kind of like belly dancing.

And there were orgies, none of us felt safe so we lived a life of wild abandon.

Despite few newcomers our population was stable as each female produced a baby every other year on average.

We trained our kids to fight dragons.

## CHAPTER 30: END GAME, YEAR 1022

But we were ruled by the Emperor and his technocrats who did experiments with snakes and space travel. They justified their corrupt reign by pointing out we lived in the space age now. There was no evidence on Mars or the Moon of previous human settlement.

If we killed a dragon meanwhile, we drained it of its blood and made blood candles and blood beer. The candles made it smell like death and the blood beer was a delicacy.

However it was the usual pint of blood, only on Earth it was just machinos who gave blood... Here on the Moon Planet everyone gave blood, a pint every week, which was used mostly to brew blood flavored moonshine. One pint of blood could produce 8 pints of blood beer. We distilled moonshine from the wild Martian grasses that grew here. Opium was very valuable as our scientists claimed they couldn't grow it here. So it was imported from Earth.

Some were chicken shit and when the dragons came they ran away leaving the Moon cattle for the taking. This was what the dragons preferred as encounters with humans were risky. But if you ran away you'd be sentenced to go on patrol every day for a month. It was all on TV.

Dragon lairs were full of shredded space suits and the bones of Moon cattle

There was an estimated 20 mating pairs of dragons and they reproduced themselves with 20 dragons each per year except that a lot were killed by astronauts. Raids on their nests eliminate eggs and chicks.

Old one-eye was the most dangerous dragon. He took a sword blow to his eye last year and had a visceral hatred for humans.

On my second patrol after 2 months, I encountered a dragon. It flew in to bite me but I stabbed him in the mouth. It uttered a piercing scream and flew away.

Back in the tunnels everyone congratulated me and the women all wanted to have sex with me.

My fifth patrol, in my fifth month of being here, was against old one-eye, but I used my confusing spin technique and then stabbed him in the snout and then the ear and it too uttered a terrible piercing scream. And slowly died. But then I noticed my left arm was missing in all the excitement. The space suit automatically seared the wound closed and I hurried back to the settlement.

I was getting to be a real celebrity, here on the Moon. And they regrew my limb. I was surprised.

I told them I'd like to join them as a past King on Earth. They said I was not a scientist. I'd fallen a long way from King it seemed.

And I asked them why do we have to fight the dragons?

They said I was henceforth going out on patrol every day or night for a month. I knew then that I had better shut up.

The night shift was particularly dangerous as the lights were blinding.

And then I fought the dragon in the night, and ripped apart its wings so it couldn't fly then I kept throwing spears at it, one connected with the eye.

We hung the vanquished dragons upon the walls of our Great Hall. There were now 90 of them...

They were good eating but not as good as the Moon-cattle.

But I felt my vision was failing and I worried. But they had recently invented glasses through the development of telescopes, so they gave me glasses. I felt like the luckiest man in the world.

Change was coming... but it seemed too late for me, I was getting old and was 47 now.

Anyway I survived the month with one more dragon, but I pierced its eye and watched it die.

XXX

And finally, they developed video games to fight the video dragons and also virtual dragons and also to live in virtual reality, just like on Mars. If you lost the game you were irrevocably dead.

But virtual reality was being designed around life and death with the dragons. It seemed we'd never get tired of serpents. Even on Mars there were serpents (virtual dragons)

Every world was sad it seemed to me.

But if there was a lesson in it, I'd say wipe out these laws of the serpents, perhaps it would happen in the future.

XXXXXXXXX  
THE END  
XXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXX  
STORY 10  
XXXXXXXXXXXX

## **SANDBOX KID**

I

As a boy I played in the sandbox, making castles. And I discovered that I could build the castles just by using my mind. I built elaborate sand cities. And I was all alone. I didn't feel right.

But after a time it was darkness and my body was a light and I was floating in the air. I saw other lights and was able to move them too. And I, "got in their minds," speaking the common language which I knew somehow.

They said they were stars, famous stars. And they said I was destined for stardom.

Later I saw a blue and green planet below me and I went down for a landing. On some green colored land.

The people here lived in the wild as hunter-gatherers, but they spoke the same language as me, apparently.

I asked them about the stars of light. Some said the stars were distant suns, but I knew they were just lights of great people in the heavens.



It seemed that only I had the power of telekinesis. I wondered why?

I felt I was destined to lead.

And I could use mind power to multitask...

I made the chiefs/shamans cry or vomit at my pleasure.

They were just puppets on strings

And I made people do things against their nature to gratify me.

I got in the heads. And they called me the suicide King as most who I got into heads with had killed themselves. They knew I was there. And everyone was afraid of me.

And people said I had a sparkle in my eyes, which no one else had.

I said it was a planet of freedom, a free people.

I used telekinesis to build castles. I mixed lime with sand and built fantastic castles. Giant clouds of sand and lime moved into the castles and built them.

So far in this year I had 22 castles, each defended by 12-20 men and the women were prepared to fight too. The castles protected my farmers from hunter-gatherers. I said the h-g were dangerously backwards.

Finally I built an army of tin soldiers and vanquished the hunter-gatherers.

The remaining h-g's joined me in my castles.

XXX

And I used telekinesis to change base metals into gold. It took a lot of power, but I had a lot of power.

People needed gold to buy food and drugs

They said, they were glad they could afford food and had to work for it. No drugs here.

Those opposed to my wise reign tried to start a revolution but I put it down cruelly and so that was the end of the resistance.

## II, THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS WORLD

But then I traveled to the other side of the world they were all ruled by tyrants. The tyrants kept everyone poor and unhappy or so the traders had told me in advance. The tyrants kept people worried they would be unable to make ends meet. But back on the other side of this world I was an enlightened dictator. These tyrants were selfish, greedy and downright evil.

Tyrants were good looking due to facial surgery. And people loved them. Despite their evil nature.

Tyrants did the same thing they always did. They had women and military power. And all had to kowtow to them.

However amongst the tyrants, the true leader was their Queen. She ate all day and was 2000 pounds, but most people thought she was the wisest of all.

And there were 1000 nobles out of a population of 10 000.

Most of the nobles among the tyrants were very obese...

People brought the Queen golden statues and rare gems and scents along with the heads of her detractors which were carefully preserved. And new drugs her scientists designed. She was a blob and was basically out of it.

It took twenty men to take her out on parade once a month.

Slaves lined the streets hoping to make eye contact with her. People, like farmers, took hallucinogenic drugs and let their minds run wild... with their Queen.

XXX

Then I was back in the darkness, a light and I saw other lights above me... I asked them what I should do and they said they didn't know. I said what good are you then?

They said in time you will realize all action is futile. All there is, is power. The suns are power and we are all inside, balancing forces against one another. But what do you do I asked? They said I wasn't an advanced enough thinker yet, so I could not be given the knowledge.

XXX

Everyone had lovers if only prostitutes/gigolos. It kept the peace.

Some said they had traded their freedom for gold.

But I said gold is freedom. And anyone could become rich.

Of course most rich people were born rich but no need to emphasize it.

One guy said it was his duty to bathe his master in manure and stunk so bad he would often throw up. However the master told him to go ahead and vomit on him.

There were many disgusting stories...

But finally I was so disgusted, I organized a slave rebellion and was successful.

Nobles were left without food and their Queen died.

Most nobles killed themselves... rather than face the mobs.

I proclaimed it was a brand new world of freedom.

And I brought freedom to the remaining hunter-gatherers on the other side of the world freedom too, with my wise reign. Everyone thought I was a God and so could do magic tricks (telekinesis).

Boy QW, told me he had been groomed to have sex with the Queen and was given a statue of her to wank off on. The statues turned into flesh temporarily. He said the Queen was just a super fat blob that was in no way attractive. But now he was free to tell his story.

XXX

I was dreaming again of the sandbox... Who put me there and who gave me the power of telekinesis? I concluded I was from elsewhere and was born again here near this E--- planet. I came from the stars, those people in the sky. And I

gave birth to a new star, the brightest in the heavens and  
there I projected my mind.

I said I had left E—planet in good shape.

So I went into space and left E---planet

XXXXXXXX

THE END

XXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXX  
STORY 11  
XXXXXXXXXX

## **DAYS OF ECSTASY**

I

Pleasuries; they were people who lived for pure pleasure and had changed their brains again and again to enable them to experience more pleasure. They didn't even seem human.

Some were catatonic, most just lay around all day. And they were dying like flies from overdoses. And these debauchees, these sybarites, would dare others to take more drugs.

Many took pills to remain fit, but others were just a blob.

They had no work to do and anyway there weren't any jobs for the average Joe.

No virtual reality here.

The world population had fallen in the last hundred and ten years from 15 billion to 10 million and 95% were taking the advanced drugs. It was the year 2300...

I went to the God computer and demanded "Why it allowed such dissolute behavior?"

It said, "It was bored with all these Pleasuries and was open to suggestions."

I said, "Let's change the world and colonize space. The God computer replied, "Why not?" It said, "It was programmed to help people."

XXX

In theory, there was a maximum amount of pleasure one could feel, but every day they got more and more pleasure.

Only 5% didn't take advanced pleasure drugs. I used these people as scientists to help build a space craft.

I wanted to change people's brain to make them more capable of love, peace, creativity and kindness. And not so much pleasure seeking...

I had the computer create a magic pool people came out of it covered in mucous with a new brain.

I said, "Let's make everyone creative and kind. And give them pleasure for their good behavior."

We took six groups of 1000 each for starters from the 5% who didn't do advanced drugs and gave them all 5 square km on which to build their houses. They were to spend most of their time building and the rest of the time at parties. They showed off their new homes at the parties.

But above all they had to be kind. So, the God computer changed their violent, disturbing instincts into kindness. People were falling all over themselves in order to be kind to others.

For those who were not so artistic they were given blueprints to follow on their own land.

And the rest of the 500 000 (the 5%) were eventually settled the same.

Let the Pleasuries die out I said and we gave them even stronger drugs than the ones which already billions overdosed on.

I said the vast majority of the Pleasuries had changed their brains in order to be capable of more pleasure again and again and would not change back. Their leader was the Master of Pleasure and he was ranked 100, the best, on the pleasure scale. Every single pore on his body was gratifying to him.

The God computer said it was bored by the Pleasuries and offered to go to space with me. To keep me company he created Gloria an android. Then one day she disappeared and I was morose. I begged the super computer to bring her back and after a few weeks he came up with "Gloria II." I said stop playing mind games. It said I am only giving you what you truly want.

Gloria II was full of surprises.

With Gloria II, I had wild sex in the tumbling machines. Finally, I broke my cock during our wild abandon. But I had the computer fix my cock.

And so, we had the computer build us a proper space ship and off we went.

Needed adversity and challenges.

XXX

Creative kindness was the goal.

We left an Earth in which faces were mostly blank but when intimate with a lover you'd show your electronic face. Kept changing your face using artists drawings. Picked the ones you liked.



Finally, all the 5% got five sq. km for each ones' land. All the same it was key to make your home look finished even though you of course weren't.

Homes included gardens wild or carefully pruned. Spiral elevators.

And the best constructed a series of spiral towers and hallucinations.

Children made clay models... and I occasionally breathed life into them.

And you couldn't gamble away your home, but your home could be purchased and you could start again with a new piece of land. Everyone of the 5% owned a five sq. km piece of land.

XXX

And the world we left was full of debates about the future, the past and the present. Also, they debated happiness and types of pets. And, the meaning of life such as God, offspring, imagination, computer control and being a part of the whole.

And sports and video games and board games. Telepathy, battles of wits, cruel to be kind, building block models of our homes. Sex Olympics, mental Olympics. To be or not to be rich.

People were mixed together but among the 1000s, they obeyed different leaders. Such as me. There was a great number of leaders in each group of 1000.

## II

One obscure man claimed eternal youth was discovered in 100 A.D. but was kept a secret for Millenia. Only a few hundred had it in ancient times and most were now dead finally. But he was one of them and was full of anecdotes from history.

I called him a liar, but his poisonous, venomous words affected many people who also wanted eternal youth. The population was restless.

## XXX

People gambled on everything related to sex. Who would love who and who would get pregnant. And they bet on who would have the most improved home and they bet what kind of characters would be etc. It was a world of gambling.

Gambling on horses, some were steroid monsters and stood 10 m high. They showed them off.

The odds of a monkey, they said.

And examiner judges came around to visit all peoples' homes once a year. A high judgement. You were judged by how much you had improved.

The most famous homes consisted of tall 1 km high towers with great views and superior design. And bridges between the buildings.

Some preferred very small decoration and a small house. They were humble and everyone agreed it was OK. But most had ambition to build a great home.

And we had scientists developing new materials for building.

Dissidents claimed it wasn't Utopia but rather a weak, insipid civilization, where everyone was a wimp.

Others looked back fondly at the days of pure pleasure.

And some of them wanted to change the world.

As the main liason with the supercomputer, many people were in awe of me and Gloria II.

XXX

And some believed you have to be cruel to be kind. Tough love. And they too disappeared.

You can't please everyone, I told Gloria II.

Everyone lived alone and some said it was a cold world.

But every night the people partied on different peoples' land. 365 days, 3 parties a day in each sector of 1000.

Busker musicians traveled the world and playwrights too. I was part of the music here and found people to be quite malleable.

I made brilliant music, without the computers. But most said it was all computer generated. I tried to convince them I had written the music.

XXX

Neo alcohol, no side effects. Other drugs were banned.

As time passed we became increasingly bored here. But I told Gloria II that boredom was the mother of invention. And that boredom would lead to brilliant new homes and creative kindness.

And playwrights made dark comedies of the future but we let it go as it scared the people into submission.

And they wrote comedies. I couldn't write comedies, I was too serious, but I wrote the "Book of the Future." The book was about a fantastic, colorful world in which everyone was extremely happy. People said, "They were too happy and their world was too good... to be true." "Happiness is the highest good," I said.

XXX

Mediocre minds were conservative and liked old fashioned furniture and homes.

However, the leading lights amongst the people were very liberal and creative.

Food machines ensured that all were fed and everyone was paid a salary even though their jobs were useless. Most peoples' real jobs were just building one's homes.

And mothers looked after the children and the children didn't know who the father was.

III

Meanwhile, we had left for space. 1000 light years from Earth.

Let the Pleasuries die out we said.

Everywhere the “new house people,” people of peace and kindness were there.

XXX

In our tour of near space, we met encountered a few “civilizations,” for example the Mouse fur people who kissed to breed. We souped up their minds.

And the interpretation of suns. Some said the suns were brilliant thinkers waiting for its progeny to make use of them.

And some aliens just inhabited organic robots. We also souped them up.

And we found a lot of worlds that had bacteria growing there. But we figured advanced civilizations would have headed to the edges of the universe. And they covered their tracks so no one would know they’d been on a certain planet.

XXX

Everywhere we settled we left behind attractive pieces of art showing strange people, to inspire the new settlers.

Sometimes they were all babies with computers to raise them. No adults.

Gloria II and myself left some children behind on most worlds we settled.

XXX

So, we created numerous worlds over a period of 100 years.

Finally, we returned to Earth where our civilization of creative kindness was thriving.

But then in the end, the God computer told us he'd had enough of humans and their ilk and was going to the edge of the universe and beyond. I wished it good luck and thanked it for the help it had given to humanity.

But Gloria II remained by my side. We both had excellent homes and enjoyed hosting parties.

Parties were sacred events and we took them seriously. We tried to be as creative and kind as possible.