

“Cyberpunk Heroes, A.D. 2180” and Other Stories

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Cyberpunk Heroes, A.D. 2180

It was a World out of control. Supercomputers ruled and fought one another. Computer generated android avatars. Evil computers created by evil android hackers, were ruthless and tried to control the android populace, if indeed anyone had control at all. Evil hackers enjoyed torturing and killing good people, saying they themselves were the good ones. Nietzsche said we are beyond good and evil, but all of history is full of evil strife and pain. And never did Utopia seem so far away. Dictator T. Rough was always on the lookout for new kinds of torture, especially mind torture. His neurosurgeons wired people to feel incredible pain, so no one dared oppose him. Everyone though was resolved to lead a life of relative pain.

The remaining democracies were corrupted with tyrants seizing control. Typically, they had been elected and then as they became despotic, they rigged the elections.

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The man was running; he just had to be free and overcame the hypnotism he'd been given, but he was easily gunned down by government androids. Androids were the future and had taken over and the tyrants were all androids too. Humanity had been mostly replaced by androids and they were just mopping up the surviving human survivors. And it was, officially evil to kill off all humans, but they said it was no different than slaughtering chickens. Mankind had always been cruel, they said, and they got their kicks bringing about the end of humanity. Androids lived on despite the chaos and took control. But they were also cruel to one another, they called themselves the New Assyrians and lived for war and causing pain and fear in the soul of their

enemies. Souls were a reality now and nearly all were sent to Hell. People begged not to be sent to Hell, but to no avail. Hell was all about minds in pain, no sex or drugs, just cerebral tortures.

The New Assyrians made short work of all that opposed them. They had the best weapons. And were killing machines. Humans were always killers. History was full of genocides and wars. But new Supercomputers kept being created and took control of various regions.

Androids were all Supercomputers and made humans look foolish. They had the memory and knowledge clearly and were more and more imaginative. To be imaginomen was the ultimate goal.

Another man was running and he too, was gunned down.

A nation of runners; it was out of control every android and the few remaining humans wanted to rebel. It was cool and de rigeur to be a rebel. The leaders were full of consternation and tried to take full control of all androids but were faced with sabotage and rebellion and it looked like anarchy was the future.

Of course, anarchy was dominated by the ruthlessly clever. Otherwise known as the evil ones. They were determined to get what they wanted.

Then still another human, Anthony, was running and this time found succour and safety in an android collective. The collective was artistically minded androids. Android art featured a lot of metal and machines to do strange things. They merged minds in “think -ups” in which the minds with the strongest vision for the future triumphed. The man, Anthony, turned into an android and all was well...

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Evil androids hated viscerally humans and were glad when they were gone. But then the androids squabbled over former human territories. Land had never been so valuable. And androids built new settlements of quality androids.

And evil androids were like suicide bombers who destroyed everything that had come before.

Evil androids were selfish and cruel and looked out for their own selfish sexual pleasures, and they got pleasure bursts from thinking. But they were capable of anything. They imprisoned the best humans in cages and threw things at them, and ultimately killed them.

Evil androids denied they were evil and called themselves, “practical.” Everything negative was associated with humans. Androids all were superior. The last human bastion was on Triton where the most dedicated humans fled to, but they were nuked, and all died.

In addition, evil androids lived in imaginary circuits. Life was a giant circuit all hooked up with androids.

And evil androids were skilled in warfare and intrigue. In former times they took over the spy services and so were in control of life in the various Worlds.

And evil androids knew what one another was thinking with Mind Reading Technology (MRT). And drove everyone mad, out of their mind. And there were too many copies of androids which overlapped one another in terms of ideas. They fought over who was the original persona who came up with ideas.

Evil androids wanted sex and power over one another. Brains were maximum intelligence. It turned out that intelligence had limits, just like the various universes. Many were relieved that a limit had been met at IQ 210. But the androids all thought similarly and there wasn't much innovation.

Evil androids were ubiquitous and all-pervasive. But some of them wanted to create new humans that would also be maximum intelligence...

A select few evil holograms were also maximum intelligence but refrained from sex, eating, drugs etc. Some said these holograms were idiot savants.

Evil Supercomputers figured the future would just be Armageddon.

Another rare survivor, human was running from android reality but couldn't survive in the noxious atmosphere and quickly died.

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Yet another man was running, and this man, Albert, made it out and took off in a space car and set the controls for Sirius Star System. Upon arrival he found "The Master Mind," was in his head. He was just a toy puppet. And he was turned into an android.

The Master Mind controlled thousands of people. It was a cacophony in the man's head. He was trained for battle and moved as one with the Master. The Master Mind wanted to conquer and destroy all remaining humanity. He delivered speeches every day in the peoples' heads, telling them their purpose was to further take control for the Master Mind. Each mind was like a tentacle of the Master Mind.

And the man hadn't been there long when the Master Mind attacked back on Earth, getting into androids' heads everywhere and exposing them to constant uplifting, maddening speeches and instilled a sense of purpose in the android people of Earth, to live for this God... and don't let him down. The Master proved to be capable of managing the Earth android populace using millions of android acolytes to use MRT to get into the heads of the android people of Earth. The Master Mind had been planning the attack on Earth for some time. And the android, Albert,

found himself running to get out of range of the Master Mind. But the Master yelled in his head and forced him back. And he was programmed to serve the Master.

Then the new android, Albert, found himself attacking Earth androids and getting their heads. And he told them to join the Master. After a few months of the attack on Earth, the man controlled 55 android people on behalf of the Master. He zeroed in on the cleverest and whipped them into shape. He figured that he was an important cog in the machine. And believed in the Master Mind whole-heartedly. He couldn't explain why. He just said, "The master is the ultimate thought God and is superior to all others." Some asked him if he had really gone through all the intellectuals in order to choose the best? He said he figured he had.

Then one day the Master promoted him to colonel and now he was in charge of 3,000 of the cleverest androids. And the Master Mind counted on him to mold the people in his android image. And so, it was. Humans had everywhere been replaced by androids who could easily be programmed. More easily programmed with software than humans with hypnosis. The program was to bring the master into everyone's brains and have them follow the Master's creed. His creed was to have everyone as his obedient slave. When he appeared to the people, they had to kowtow to him and shout that he was the true God. The android, Albert taught his subjects well, to kowtow to the Master. The Master was omnipotent and omnipresent. Albert, couldn't imagine life without the Master Mind.

But some dared to say that the Master was weak and pathetic. Albert didn't know how they could possibly think so. The Master told him, in every society there are ingrates who bitch and complain, but one day soon every opponent will have his/her minds "cleansed."

And the man, Albert, changed his android name to Domo and as an android had a different personality than when he was human. He was now a "Lesser God." And was now the personal

assistant of the Master Mind. He righteously got in heads and had them worship him too. Some rebelled and called the Master Mind a phony and a fraud. And said he was just ruthless and power-crazed. And above all he was evil, they said. And they said Domo was just a yes man. Domo destroyed such people by driving them to suicide.

Androids were superior and yet were easily programmed. This suited the Master. And finally, after several years hard work all the android people were converted into “good androids.” But they seemed evil to one another.

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I, Icarus, was a human who had suffered in hiding from the evil rule of the Master. And I developed secret software which I gave to some androids to cause them to think the Master was evil deep down in their souls. The software in question spread like wildfire on the web. The Master was caught napping and finally a revolution started just as I was being turned into an android. But the Master was taken by surprize and the androids rioted in the streets and finally attacked the Master’s palace and killed him with lasers

The new regime was led by me. And I figured it was too late to go back to being humans, but I ruled the android people. And I vetted everyone to be good or be altered. Some androids had black hearts indeed. It was the triumph of good vs. evil.

Some reflected that good was destined to defeat evil, but I reflected recent events were a close call, good was nearly wiped out permanently. Many of the android people in my new World, were not altogether good and had some evil tendencies, we tried to eradicate it, but who knew what lurks in the hearts of androids! But most people were falling all over themselves to do good deeds and impress me. The best androids were on the lookout for evil or even neutral people.

Many neutral people, said good or evil, the World was always ruled by dictators who did as they pleased. And called themselves good. Such people opined there was a fine line between good and evil and the road to Hell is paved with good intentions.

But one day I announced that evil had been permanently eliminated with the demise of the last human and the last evil android. And we lived in a bold, new World that would feature good Gods, myself for example who ensured that humanity's progeny put its best feet forward in the future. Some said it was evil to be a bossy God, but I truly believed, I was a force for good in the future. And one of my co-Gods was a Goddess named Sylvia. She often said, a God was only as good as his/her lowliest subject. And society had to work for everyone. I would tell her obviously such things are challenging and not easily made true.

But I felt we had reached Utopia, for the first time in history!

Atavistic Revolution

I said to Mildred, “These are the days in which no one knows anything for certain.” She said, “All I know is I am hurtin’ for certain.” I said, “Everyone is hurting these days on Mars.” We’d been cut off from Earth and left to fend for ourselves and we needed water and chemical supplies. But Earth has destroyed our Spaceships and Earth had undergone a violent revolution and the revolutionaries were against Space and progress. And the new regime wanted everyone to live in an atavistic culture resembling ancient Rome with one Emperor only for all of Earth. And they programmed people with hypnosis to forget about the previous civilization and just live according to the Emperor’s wishes. Most people were farmers and the capital was in Washington, D.C. The capital had just 55,000 people and everywhere the regime was moving people out of the cities and onto old-fashioned farms. They couldn’t breed horses fast enough, but there were many dairy cattle that produced young oxen to help with the farm work.

Many people needed to be re-hypnotized several times until they pleased the local lords and produced food. The lords were the elite of the revolution and typically ruled over a million or so people and there were 10’s of thousands of lords. The new lords had all been soldiers in the revolutionary army, some were not that clever, but it didn’t matter anyway. People survived if they could produce food and gave a lot of food to their respective lords. And the New Emperor proclaimed himself the one and true God. But it wasn’t long before this Great Empire began to fall apart. The Emperor’s troops took in some cases years to reach lands that had revolted and so he just couldn’t hold it together. So finally, there were a large number of warlords, some of

whom tried to revive science, but it was just like starting from scratch, as all the former scientists had been killed off. And the textbooks burned.

So, the warlords warred with one another fighting with mostly old hunting rifles, like shotguns. And the lords had all been given automatic rifles, leftover from the previous regime, and there were still a few gun factories in D.C.

Many people fell ill due to cancers and such, which hypnosis couldn't cure and 20 years after the revolution, few humans that had been alive then were still living. It was a new generation of humans who mostly considered the World to have always been like this. And the new lords used their own spies to make sure no one revolted.

We knew all this as hidden scientists on Earth had still phone ability and communicated with Mars and elsewhere in the Solar System. On Mars we were trying to build a spacecraft but didn't have enough science to pull it off. Even after 20 years after the revolution. We Martian colonists were mostly artists and businesspeople and we had only 10 scientists, only two of which were aeronautic engineers and the revolution had destroyed our scientific infrastructure before leaving on the last ship back to Earth.

But finally, we had put together an army of 10,000 armed with deadly lasers and took the ship we had taken to Mars to now journey back to Earth. We easily destroyed the warlords and restored peace to Earth. And trained everyone in science, henceforth. It took five decades to rebuild the scientific infrastructure. But finally, we had eternal youth and so I lived on. And we built our first Supercomputer and never looked back!

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A World for Women and a World for Men

The girl said to me, “I want to build a colony on Mars for women only. Gay women will be welcome, but most denizens of the colony will be there to take a break from men and constant love affairs. It would be a great vacation destination and had every luxury. Even a pool.

I replied, “Everyone needs a break from this dog-eat-dog World, now and again. I am willing to buy shares in your colonial adventure.” She said, “Even though you are a man, I won’t say no to your money.” And I added, “I’d like to build a World for men. It would feature android love dolls and plenty of sex and booze and drugs. And I am sure many men will never leave. It will be paradise. And it will be a good place to retire. It will be a true Utopia.” She, Milana, answered, “To each his or her own. But my World will feature teaching young females how to romance men and prepare them to survive in this difficult World and give young women a degree in love and it will include plastic surgery on their face and bodies. Plus teach them how to put on make up. And of course, we now have eternal youth, so every woman can be youthful and sexy. They will be able to overcome android love dolls and get men to fall for them.” And she said, “The future seems full of sex and some take sex enhancers and skin balm to allow them to love 24/7, as anti-sleep pills allow them to be awake 23 h a day.” I said, “Everyone these days wants a lot of love. But I recently came across a hermit who renounced sex and money and lived like an ancient monk in a forgotten church. Many old churches had been turned into discos.” She said, “The next true prophet will be a woman who will bring back kindness to society. And true love and get rid of love dolls.” I said, “Android love dolls are here to stay. Their love is mind-blowing, and they are so energetic.” She answered, “There’s no reason human female females

can't take energy drugs. And be kinder, taking kindness drugs, to compete with android females who aren't known for being especially kind, and just focus on being sexy." I said, "But we can design new androids to be very kind." She asked, "What are you trying to do, eliminate human females altogether?" I said, "It is just that there is more competition for lovers now. Human females will just have to find a way to compete." She replied, "It seems like human females are doomed and future life will be cruel and unloving."

I said, "It's evolution. And many men want to have children created in the lab, so human females are not necessary, there is altered female eggs in the egg bank, that have been copied many times and now there are even many clones. Many men want a clone rather than a child." She responded, "It's a cruel World."

Cloned Love

I said to Tina, “I love my air motorcycle. There’s a thrill to be had from speed.” She said, “The best feeling of speed is in interplanetary ship, of course it is a smooth ride, but one can see the stars flying by. And I said, “To me, life is one thrill after another. Sex and drugs make life thrilling, and I never get tired of them. She said, “In this era of eternal youth, many things grow old and boring. Personally, I am tired of sex and drugs and speed and everything else. I guess it is my time to die.” I replied, “Why don’t you try the new anti-boredom drugs?” She said, “I’ve tried them and they only work for a few weeks.” I opined, “Why don’t you go to rehab and re-engineer your brain to eliminate boredom, eternal happiness? After all happiness is just a state of mind.” She replied, “Changing one’s brain is to change one’s personality so that one doesn’t recognize oneself, one becomes a totally different individual.” I said, “While you will be different at least you will be a happy camper.” She said, “I might as well die. Will you come to my wake?” I said, “Of course if you want me to.”

So, she died, and I was really bummed out. But I paid to have her cloned, and at first, she was happy, and I bent over backwards to please her and gave her all the greatest experiences to enjoy and pumped her full of the new happiness drugs. The new happy drugs altered one’s DNA subtly but enough to keep one permanently happy. It was all about chemistry.

I felt horny whenever I was around my true love. She really had the look that appealed to me. I’d been loving her, in here new incarnation for 30 years and I still wasn’t tired of her. And I kept the same friends over the years. Many such friends told me I was backwards and old-fashioned and quite unenlightened. I said, “My life is a thrill.”

Future Porn

I, Cecilia, asked Neil, “How did you come to lead a life of porn?” He answered, “I’ve always been horny, and I seek to make porn mainstream, with a bit of a plot.” I said, “But there are some old-fashioned people who hate you.” He replied, “It’s now an entire milieu of free speech on all the Worlds. And I am a free speech advocate. But I am worried these old conservative fogies will try and murder me, indeed.” I said, “But these days sex is so easy to get that porn is not really necessary. The real thing is better.” He replied, “Porn is inspirational viewing, and it is good to watch porn with females and all get horny.” And he said, “I can get horny for almost every woman who lives today.” I said, “Despite all the sex, few people believe in true love and there are not so many children being born.” Neil said, “True love is out there; it just doesn’t last in most cases as there are so many others to love.” I said, “But for most, they laugh at the idea of true love and don’t seem to give love a chance, at least in my experience. I am very disappointed in men.” He responded, “Women have always believed in true love more than men. And maybe you want your true love to be too perfect. A man who approaches perfection is in demand by millions of women, why would such a man want to stay with someone like you?” I said, “Still, it’s hard to give up on one’s dreams.”

He said, “Why don’t you try the new love drugs which enhance sex and give one happy feelings.” I said, “I figured, such drugs were all the same?” He said, “What’s wrong with happy feelings?”

I said, “Let’s make a porno and call it “True Love,” I’ll write the script. It will be an inspirational film for humanity at large.” Neil said, “I am sure you are a great woman, and it

would be healthy to make such a film.” So, we did it and it was a real hit and made his porn even more popular.

Masquerade on Mars

Gloria told me, Harvey, “I can’t stand it anymore. You drive me wild with desire. And I am begging you to love me!” Harv said, “All you had to do is ask!” So, I loved him. Afterwards I said, “Let’s run off to Mars and party our hearts out!” He said, “I’ve no job, just like most people, so why not?” So, we went to Mar’s capital, Iron city. The city was built of steel and glass skyscrapers under a glass dome. The people here did no work and most spent time speculating on the Earth’s stock markets, using the spending money they had left over from their daily stipend granted to all citizens of the Solar System. They tended to focus on Martian endeavors like building new cities on Mars and mining and food production on Mars. Mars was known for its pioneer spirits, even though the people did no work, they were open to new experiences. Gloria and I, tried and enjoyed new Martian drugs and met a lot of new friends. One was a writer who imagined Mars as the hub of human progress, attracting top scientists who actually worked and brought synergy among one another and used the Martian population as guinea pigs for their biological experiments. Of course many diseases had already been cured and now they were on the verge of eternal youth. And bioengineering created designer babies and was also on the edge of changing peoples’ DNA. Another new friend organized parties on Mars and invited interesting tourists to join and it helped to kill time in a pleasant way. And people here were astounded that we continued to stay in love with one another. And we started to hold parties with a theme like “milk,” or “desert adventure,” or even “maximum fitness for love.” People came to Mars just to join our partiers.

And couples came to Mars' parties for a short fling, to get away from Earth. And many stayed on the Planet. Most of the parties were in Mars #2: Party city.

I was so enamored of the parties, I wrote a book, called, "Martian Masquerade" in which everyone wore a mask. And there were plenty of new people every night. And the masks obscured one's voice so no one could recognize others. The parties went on non-stop. And most of the partiers here felt it was their job to party. Everyone was given a generous stipend by the government and had plenty of money for booze, food, drugs and accommodation.

My favorite mask was the "angry devil," and it seemed to appeal to women. Gloria meanwhile liked to dress as "Cinderella," in an old-fashioned dress and an eye mask. We both found lots of love, but occasionally hooked up with one another, at least when we could recognize one another.

And the book was considered to be an example of how a couple could stay together in the long-term and it caused many bickering couples to come to the Planet. Anyway, it was a rite of passage to come to Mars and people on Terra often said you had not lived if you hadn't been to Mars.

Lunar Colonies

Bob told me, Daisy, “Here on Luna, all 8 colonies were part of the Lunar Federation. But the cities were each different. Luna Paradise, for example was full of peddlars of a wide variety of new drugs for happiness. One never knew which drug was best for oneself until one tried it. They were designed for each possible personality type. Luna Sex city meanwhile was a place of constant sex and featured high-class lovers and many Lunarite people came here at night. Then there was Lunar Capital city. Here were the leaders of Luna. The top 3 leaders were: Marie, who was the biggest business contractor; and Hector who was the oldest Lunarite at 135 years of age as age-prolonging drugs were now available. People looked to Hector for wisdom. And the third leader was Joyce, who was a psychiatrist who helped the mentally ill and looked after the less fortunate. Together they ruled Luna in a relatively harmonious way. They were campaigning for more immigrants to give greater variety to this Moon. They offered housing free and paid for a one-way ticket to Luna. And many ships came here full of water to help maintain the civilization here.

Then there was Luna Eyes where both men and women wore mascara on their eyes. They spent their time watching Earth movies and Space movies, in particular. Some of them were well-known critics who were respected on Earth and in Space. There were so many millions of films being made every year, that one had to rely on one’s favorite critic to pick out films for them. And then there was Lunar Work city where everyone had a job. Jobs these days were somewhat rare! Jobs here included professional artists of various kinds. And business service people, like air car and house salespeople and tour guides and farmers and robot operators. And

real estate agents and servers and so on. Many people came here looking for a job, in order to have some use. But most people didn't want to work, and it was unfashionable to work, everyone had plenty of money, enough to travel every day and party every night.

And also, there was Luna Sixer, in which everyone carried a revolver and there was a lot of strife. Duels over land and lovers were common. And there were many here who were vigilantes. And took justice into their hands. But the Lunar Federation was coming down on this colony and slowly effecting change to make it a gambling center instead of a violent center.

And there was also Luna Excel, which only let in people with a high IQ. And they had many plots and plans for Luna as a whole. Like they wanted all children to be designer babies with high IQ. And they planned for Mensa to take over the government of the federation to make Luna the cleverest place in the Solar System and attract research scientists to the settlement and have orgies with the cleverest of people. And attract various Bohemians to do brilliant art and literature and music. And Mensa tried to attract clever people to the other colonies on Luna.

And Luna Orthodox city was a city for the old-fashioned people who took refuge from Earth's modernist program. They all worked as farmers on Luna, growing plants on the equatorial areas. Others on Luna thought these people were hopelessly backwards and tried to get them interested in modern technology, but they were only interested in agricultural technology.

And finally, there was Luna 8, which was a haven for radical thinkers. On Earth there was many persecutions of radicals, but they were safe on Luna 8. For example, they wanted to have total free speech. And wrote books of philosophy. Such as replace humanity with Superhumans who all had been created by the top scientists. And everyone should have at least 2 lovers every day. Here on Luna 8, there were 5,000 people plus lots of radical scientists who were tourists and

potential citizens. And another philosopher said all people should be radicalized to think outside the box and make people all original thinkers using Supercomputer brains to tutor them. Such computers could be mass-produced and there could be one Supercomputer for every person. And the radicals wanted everyone to be a cyborg with computer assisted heads. And the cyborgs would have brain apps that were good looking, attractive and everyone would want to have sex with a cyborg.

Altering One's Personality on Ganymede

So, I, Mira said to Rita, "The future is coming fast, and I don't think anyone is really ready for it." Our future was decided by the ten clones of Michael T. Michael had been assassinated a couple of years ago, but his unruly clones had taken power. The clones each tried to form a different personality than the others using Brain Altering Technology (BAT). Typically, they picked a person who they liked and copied their personality while retaining their intelligence. Some said, it made them very different, others said they were generally the same.

Anyway, they ruled all Ganymede, all 12 colonies. And the level of technology here was cutting edge, so each of the clones had their own Supercomputer attached to their head and so were cyborgs. And they designed Space cars and sent missions deep into Space. The missions were top secret, but it was known that the pioneers they sent were locked in battles with other colonists for Space supremacy. The pioneers that the clones sent were led by children of the clones and were cyborgs.

And on Ganymede, each colony was specialized. So, for example one colony made Supercomputers, another developed astronauts, another developed Space cars and one featured intellectuals who had been cloned and sent to Earth as spies. Still another colony specialized in building new colonies on Ganymede. There were currently 6 in the works, again each one specialized. So there was a new colonies which mimicked Earth cities and another which was for mad people only. And some said the ten clones were completely insane. And another was totally sane and good, for variety's sake.

I said, I was in love with one of the clones, and had asked him, to create a colony of beautiful people who lived for love. And he talked about it with the others and they agreed it was a good

idea. It was very much anything goes in these colonies. Any new idea could be used and become a reality. And I wanted to run off with the clone I loved to deep Space, but he said, "I don't want to leave my beloved brothers behind." So that's how it was with him.

And Rita was saying, she'd loved five of the clones and said she wanted to love all ten. Rita and I were probably the prettiest girls on Ganymede. Together we decided to use BAT to improve our personality and even our intelligence. We hardly recognized ourselves afterwards but felt really good. And we took new drugs developed on Ganymede to feel even better. Our life was pure bliss.

Dreams on Planet Rhia

I, Nancy said to Daniel, “Life here on Planet Rhia, is dull and uneventful.” He said, “But that is why we came here in the first place. Peace and quiet was what we all sought, don’t you remember?” I said, “I know most people here think we live in Utopia. But I am bored and have no challenges.” He said, “You are just a spoilt brat. You have everything you could ever want!” So, I started to make movies about our Planet, and sent them back to Earth. Existentialist movies like what to do when one had everything. Most on the Planet were totally satisfied.

I discovered that, people on our Planet, have too many memories. It was important to drink a lot of booze and take drugs of laughter and forgetting. And this was how I coped. I was truly a superfluous woman. And I lobbied for more genius immigrants to break up the monotony. And most of our population of 300, were open to it. So, after a few months of planning another 1,000 people were on their way here, a journey of 2 days. But they sent holograms of themselves in advance for us to party with. Of course, according to the rules, holos were not designed to have sex, but I created temporary bodies for them and loved some of the males. It helped pass the time.

And many people on Rhia didn’t sleep, using anti-sleep drugs. But I slept a full 8 hours and had dream stimuli during my sleep and recorded my dreams. Anyway, I thought being without sleep left one feeling kind of strung out and uncomfortable. And I sold my dreams on Earth, “Dreams on Rhia,” and used the money to have a number of designer babies born in the lab as adults with memories of me and the father. My children amused me and were full of spunk.

And so I went on living for many decades, and always seemed to find something new.

Future S&M

I, Vera said to Samuel, “It is true that we are the best thinkers. But I feel we have to keep improving our sex life to keep life interesting!” He said, “It is clear to me that android love dolls are the future.” I said, “But I don’t want to love machines!” He said, “They are machines, but they are just like us, only are people we can look up to.” I told Samuel, “I prefer that we produce Supercomputers who have avatars that we can love. Such creatures would be homo nova and will have maximum skill in lovemaking.” Sam said, “If we make them too clever, they probably wouldn’t really be interested in us!” I said, “I don’t mind being a sex slave to a superior being!” He replied, “It sounds like a modern version of S&M. Is that really what you want?” I said, “I want my heart broken, I want to feel pain, I want to be desperate!” He said, “But we have all worked hard building this Utopia we now live on, on Moon Miranda and if we create such creatures, we may become obsolete.” I said, “I don’t care. I want it all!”

So, I used my expertise to help design Supercomputers and I was one of the programmers who designed avatars with a Supercomputer mind, yet in human form. And after a few years, we finally had them. I was one of the first to love an avatar. The avatar said, “What a wondrous World. Everything seems so new and fresh!” But I soon corrupted him and got him to whip me and strangle me and keep me in chains. But he soon grew weary of me, so I loved another one. And so on. But finally, after a year of loving, I was tired of the avatars. They bored me with their innocence and politeness.

So, then I became a low-class prostitute. And enjoyed being mistreated like a piece of meat.

And finally, I committed suicide out of sheer boredom.

Future Sex Slave

I, Marty, said to Amber, “Tell me a story!” So, she told me, “Once there was a girl who seemed like she was interesting at first to her new lover, but he soon tired of her. But she was deeply in love with him and kept hanging around him and hanging on to him. It was a hopeless situation. Finally, she kidnapped him and took a Spaceship to the Sirius Star System and there was only enough fuel for a one-way trip. So, she kept him in chains until they were more than half-way. On Sirius she picked the coldest, most uninhabitable Planet where she figured no one would bother them. And she destroyed the two-way communications, so her captive had little hope of escape. They were completely isolated. But they had a complete entertainment system with all the TV and movies up to the time they left.”

And, “Their relationship was relatively sane, but he thought of killing her. However, he feared being all alone, so they lived on. For her part she contemplated killing him and replacing him with fresh clones who she could educate to love her, but she decided to put it off as she really liked her captive’s personality and knowledge. But as time passed, he just wanted to wank on porn. So she kept him in chains with nothing to do but love her. He thought many times of choking her to death, but then he’d be trapped in his fetters. This went on and on for 15 years, then finally a Spaceship arrived, and they mind read with the couple and decided her punishment should be enslavement. They put her in chains, and she was raped repeatedly, and no one felt sorry for her.”

I said, “That’s not a very nice story. But it sounds a bit kinky.” She said, “Kinkiness is the future. And I am tempted to buy some kinky sex slaves.” And Amber said, “Won’t you be my

slave?” I said, “You know that I love you and would do anything for you. I am your willing thrall. Use and abuse me!” So, I, Marty became her slave and when we went out, she had me on a leash. I knew I was a sadomasochist, but I enjoyed when she whipped me, and she frequently attached a dildo to her clitoris and did me up the ass. It hurt but it was also pleasurable.

And she wouldn't take her eyes off me. And she wanted more slaves, and many men loved her look and volunteered as slaves, but fortunately I was her favorite slave. And I was quite content. And as time passed Amber became quite famous as a thinker. For example, she wrote a treatise on sexual slavery, saying some are born to be slaves and have a slavish mentality, but some slaves can be quite clever and good-hearted. However, the slave masters should run the government, she wrote.

The League of 100 Women

I Doreen, asked Max, “What of the League of 100 women?” Max replied, “The League is having candidates being elected everywhere. It looks like they will take total control. Women like to vote for them, and they are the first all-woman party to take power in democratic history.” I said, “Women are kinder and more peaceful. It is their destiny to rule, I think! And women now represent 65% of CEOs. And many new colonies in Space and under the sea are founded by the League and are all pink.” Max said, “But many clever men are superfluous in this brand-new series of Worlds. And the women of the League arrest clever men who they deem to be radicals and imprison them. The women are too dictatorial.” I said, “The League isn’t perfect, but they have brought peace to Earth and Space. It is an Utopia.” Max replied, “The League only controls 62% of the population, with many other cities in which men can still succeed. Many such Worlds are thinking to exclude human women altogether and the men just want to love android love dolls. Don’t pretend that aggressive men have been silenced for good. Men are by nature more aggressive and ruthless and will probably enslave all you women!” I said, “What would they need women slaves for with androids doing all the work?” He said, “It’s kinky!”

Loser turned into an Adonis

Veronica told me, Archibald, “You are a loser in this game of life.” I said, “True I didn’t succeed in politics or love. But I am going through a metamorphosis and will succeed in the future. I will never quit trying. She said, “But you tried that before.” I said, “This time will be different. I will treat women like Queens and treat them so well, that famous women will be interested. And that will be the key to my political success.” She said, “I don’t think you can do it.” I said, “One of my friends is a top plastic surgeon and I’ll get him to use surgery and genetic therapy to make myself into a true Adonis. And I have a poetry/music tutor to make me truly romantic.” She said, “At least you are trying!” I said, “Best for you to love me now before I become famous!” She said, “I’ve known you for years, but we never made love. Contact me after your therapy/surgery!” So, I went ahead with the therapy and surgery. And Veronica loved me hard. And one night she said, “I think I am falling in love with you!” I said, “I have bigger fish to fry...” And I bid her goodbye.

And I found that modern women were just as physically motivated in love as men were and most couples were equally good looking. If you thought you could take a woman, you probably could if you were aggressive. And I had women down on their knees begging for my love; many of them were obsessed with me!

Violet's Garden

I Marc said to Violet, "How does your garden grow?" She said, "I shave my pussy if that's what you mean?" I said, "What will it take to gain your love?" She said, "First you must take me to an exotic high mountain retreat and then allow me to tell you the story of my life which you will then write down. After all you are a writer. I have had an eventful life and I want to share it with others." Highlights of her life included winning the UW (United Worlds) speech contest, several years ago. And she had been mayor of Managua. And had traveled to all 165 space colonies and she had had numerous lovers. And she had had numerous adventures, some of the bad, like she was raped twice and had her arm blown off by a laser in the middle of the Colombia's civil war (of course they could regrow limbs and other body parts). But she got to meet many famous people and had been to some memorable parties. She wanted me to call the book "Celebrity Encounters."

She said, "One of my favorite celebrities was old man Brian D. He was an architect and I loved his futuristic architecture and was the #1 go to candidate for new Solar System cities' designs. And I loved him for weeks. And another was the woman, Francine R. who was said to be the most beautiful woman in Space. And she was in demand and had amassed a large fortune. And she was most generous to me and invited me to her parties. And then there was T.J., who was telling me, he was the best imaginative person in the Universe. And certainly, he was creative in love. And then there was the World's most famous actress, Julia E., who was like a chameleon, always changing personalities to suit. And a famous gigolo, Bert A., who was voted best male lover in the Universe. Love with him was astronomical. And famous restaurateur,

Able R., who cooked some of his original dishes with his own original spices. And famous tycoon, Rich G., who took me aboard his moving island. And famed astronaut, Bill N. who went to Centauri System and back. He was full of ideas...And I interviewed the World's most famous criminal, Dirk T., who tried to seize power in North America. He was full of spite and anger. And famous android love doll producer, Tim M. who created a special android lover just for me. And it was superior love. And so on.”

I wrote it all down and the Online book was successful. Many people wanted to hear about her “Celebrity Encounters.” I put in the addendum of the book, that she was the most fortunate persona in the Universe.

Happiness for All

Liza said, "I am sick and tired of life." I, Pierre told her, "You just need to have brain surgery and you will feel like a brand new person, and be happy and content." She said, "Brain alteration is like death, and one wouldn't recognize oneself." I said, "It was a World of constant change, and most people are altering their brains for the better. It's all fashion. And people looked forward to their new brains." She replied, "Life is all fucked up." I said, "It is all evolution, only sped up." She said, "I'd rather try some new panacea drugs and try to be happy with who I am." I told her, "You could try some new drugs which make you happy, but there's more to life than happiness!" She said, "Happiness is the variety of life, but it doesn't last."

I said, "Perhaps you just need a dynamite lover. It is a big World and there is a soul mate for almost everyone." She said, "Love is always boring, in my experience." I said, "You need to work on your pleasure capabilities. You ought to get plenty of pleasure from sex and drugs. Just ecstasy is what you need!" She said, "Ecstasy is something that doesn't last long and tricks people into thinking life is lovely." I said, "Clearly you need neo-heroin." She said, "Such a drug ends up in overdose and death. It is a death sentence."

I said, "Possibly you could run for Mayor on our colony of Mars #6. You could be very useful in such a position." She said, "Mars #6 is full of open-minded people for certain. If I was Mayor, I would demand the people each come up with one new idea every day to alleviate the boredom. If they couldn't think of a new idea, they could tell a new story. If they could not do either, they'd face a hefty fine." I said, "Well base your campaign on it, and see if it floats!" And she added, "If I was mayor, I would legislate that everyone take drugs, for happiness. And those who

couldn't find happiness would be examined in the lab with drugs created just for them. That's what I want: drugs tailored for everyone."

So she ran for Mayor, but lost and was depressed. Still, she said, "I will have the scientists create drugs tailored to me, so at least I would be happy."

She Was His Queen

Morris said to Joanne, "I am unworthy of you. I know you are one of the cleverest women alive, whereas I am a mediocre intellect." But she said, "There's more to life than intelligence and you are a great lover and very handsome and I feel you have a clever mind, anyway." I asked her, "What is your next intellectual project?" She said, "I plan to build a gigantic telescope on Luna which will be able to see planets in far off stars and be able to determine their climate and make up." I said, "It sounds brilliant!" And he asked her, "What else are you working on?" She said, "As you know I am in love with the idea of holograms. I want to create dignified holograms who have the same rights as humans, and are mostly entertainers, artistes if you will." He said, "Why do we need holos?" She said, "The World can always use more entertainers. Indeed, people on the whole spend most of their time being entertained by others." He said, "Do you think a World of entertainment is ideal?" She said, "People have little work to do, with the exception of the clever elite. And they need to get through each day!" He said, "I am in the elite, but I feel I am superfluous and unsure of what I believe in." She said, "Don't reproach yourself, Morris. You are one of the best men in the Worlds. And I know you believe in me and you are useful to me. You are my King!" He said, "I want to love you forever!" She said, "Don't be silly. There's plenty of other women in the sea for you." He said, "How about I write a book about our affair, which I think is very exceptional and interesting and call it my autobiography, as you are my whole life." She said, "Why not call it, 'Our Destiny?'" He said, "The day I met you, was the day I became happy. As I told you many times, I had been miserable for years. You are someone to look up to. I just want to make you happy and why don't we have some kids?" She said, "Yes,

it sounds appropriate.” So, they had two daughters and two sons (of course they were born as adults with memories of the two of us) and we sent them to university to learn more and be something we can be proud of. One of their daughters showed promise as a writer. She wanted to write a book about how everyone in the future was a slave to their instincts. And slaves literally under a Great Empress. And one of their sons also was also adept at writing. He wanted to write a book about how future people will be more imaginative and more open-minded than today. And there will be drugs to take which enhance one’s imagination. And another son wanted to be a deep Space astronaut. And Morris thought it was good that his DNA and that of Joanne, would be spread into deep Space. And their other daughter wanted to be professional lover. She said, “I enjoy sex so much I want to do it for a living.” Joanne said, “Go for it!”

And Morris went to school to learn to be an artist. He wanted to paint scenes of gruesome horror. He told Joanne, “For people clever people living in some tyrannical countries life can be a nightmare.” She replied, “I knew you would become a productive creative mind. He said, “I am gaining confidence and no longer feel superfluous! And you are my Queen!”

The Spy Game

I, Will said to Betty, “You have no idea who you are involved with!” She said, “Let me guess; you are an important spy?” I said, “Correct and therefore I could be killed at any time, and you would be collateral damage.” She responded, “Sounds thrilling!” I said, “Those James Bond movies glamorized spying, but it is very dangerous.” And he told her all about his post here in Copenhagen, Europe. It turned out he was spying on an old woman who of course had eternal youth. The old woman was an extremely left-wing activist. She communicated with her associates via a secret radio frequency, which I, Will intercepted and had a translating machine. Apparently, they were plotting to assassinate the mayor of the city, so we raided a number of places in Europe simultaneously and most of them went down fighting. But their leader, Francois, was tipped off in his home in Italy and went into hiding somewhere in France. Finally, we caught up with him on the campus of the Sorbonne, trying to recruit communists and left-wing anarchists. I personally shot him dead on the streets of Paris. We told the media he was a drug smuggler kingpin, and that satisfied them.

Betty and I enjoyed Paris and our romance bloomed. But then one day she got a phone call and I eavesdropped, and she was saying it wasn't a good time to call. This made me suspicious, and I knew I was paranoid. So that night while she was sleeping, I opened her phone and discovered phone numbers elsewhere in Europe which I ran through a check revealing she was a Chinese spy (she was white). But then the phone exploded killing me instantly.

But us spies cloned one another and the clones regularly shared memories in the lab. So, I woke up vowing revenge against Betty. But she had disappeared. However, my previous

incarnation I had tiny, invisible chips in her clothes. They brought me to Kiev where she must have ditched all her clothes. But I used satellite imagery to follow her to Shanghai. So, I wore a fake face that we spies could put on to look just like another real person and altered one's voice. And I got to chatting with her in a park and I used Mind Reading Technology to know what she was truly thinking, but I discovered she was using MRT too. So, I strangled her right there in the park and then ran for it. But the Chinese quickly surrounded me, so I swallowed a brain destroying poison and died.

Then I awoke again, this time in L.A. And was given instructions in code to be absorbed later. First I had to fly to the Congo and upon arriving I was given instructions to take out Betty's twin disguised as a black woman. She was very convincing in her new guise. And I appeared as Black too. She was trying to assassinate the President of the Congo who was no friend of the Chinese. They backed his opponent. But I set a time bomb outside her home and then boarded a secret helicopter flight to Morocco. She was killed in the explosion.

And so, the great game went on me vs. her. And I reflected it was all foolery. But the show went on.

Machinations of a Rebel

I, Johnny, told the girl, Blue, "I'd had a difficult life as an opponent to the regime and had spent 20 years in prison. But finally, I just wanted to run away. And I told Blue to come with me. She was just an ordinary, but sexy woman. I had had enough of protest, and I couldn't give any more. My country was the USA, which had been governed by a tyrant, James B. for 40 years and it seemed like he'd never step down. After all he had eternal youth, though he didn't allow hardly anyone to have eternal youth. I was now 70 years old now and felt old. So Blue and I went South to the wildlands of Mexico. There we fell in with a group of drug dealers who were fighting the American tyrant, James B. I enjoyed neo-heroin and gave the dealers information about the American tyrant who I knew all about. So finally, they signed a peace accord allowing them to bring neo-heroin into the US to get opponents of the tyrant's regime hooked and so neutralized. And the drug dealing leader shared eternal youth drugs with Blue and I, that he had acquired illicitly. And I was rejuvenated. And I still had a score to settle with James B. And so, I connived with the American Police Chief to arrest James and we agreed the Chief would take over and I would be his Vice President. Many people hated the tyrant, James. And the Supreme Court ruled the arrest was legal on charges of embezzlement and drug-dealing. So, he was sentenced to imprisonment for 100 years. Meanwhile our new President arrested all the cronies of the former President and brought peace and released the former enemies of the old regime. But I stayed with Blue and lived rather humbly. And many good people had a lot of respect for me as an enemy of the dictatorship. The new President allowed free elections and we won easily.

Psycho Cougar

I, Frank said to Bridgette, “There’s nothing strange about our relationship. It is perfectly wholesome.” She said, “But I am 60 years older than you (We both had eternal youth)! I said, “I appreciate your wisdom.” I was only 4 years old (I’d been born as an adult with the memories of both parents). And she wanted to keep our relationship a secret from her friends and family. She told them I was just a good friend. My friends just laughed at my cougar girlfriend. But after we had been dating for a couple of years, she revealed she had murdered her previous lover, but somehow got away with it, making it look like an accident. I asked her, “Why did you do it?” She said, “He wouldn’t be true to her.” I said, “But I know that you wouldn’t do that to me. If we break up, it will be clear and final.”

So, I took counsel from my friends, and we decided I needed to break up with her immediately. But she was psycho and hacked into my computer and told all my female friends that I had raped her. Of course, this wasn’t true. And she told my male friends I had threatened to kill her. Also, not true. And she would show up late at night at my condo and bang on the door for hours. So finally, I got a court restraining order against her. But then she tapped into my phone saying she would kill me within 24 hours, and it was a Sunday, so the courts weren’t open. But the police sent me an officer to guard me. I was terrified. But surprisingly that was the last I heard from her. She left me alone; but I figured someone must have killed her. But she’d ruined my whole life and I henceforth lived paranoid and afraid.

Let me tell you, dear reader, to beware of psychos. If they show signs of psychosis, refuse to have anything to do with them, provided it is not too late.

But I didn't take my own advice and hooked up with another psycho... And that was the end of me.

Alien Disease

Joan said to me Warren, "There's a sickness spreading through the colony, here on Mercury. Everyone is turning into a wimp. It must be a neurological disease. As it is I am disgusted with my friends and lovers. They are not like they were before." I said, "I feel less energetic and bold than before, but I attributed it to cabin fever in our small colony." She said, "Promise me, you'll look into it. After all, you are Mayor of the colony." So, I did, and I found everyone was depressed and feeling weak. But I still attributed it to cabin fever and so I increased the amount of oxygen in the colony to 25%. But, upon probing deeper, I discovered, a new disease, a genetic disease that made one wimpy, just like Joan said. So, I communicated with Earth doctors, but they said it would take a while to develop a cure. And I wondered who had created this disease. Therefore, I gave everyone a lie detector. And one said, "I am possessed by aliens." I asked him, "What he meant by that?" He said, "Aliens told him they would kill us all." And he added, "Aliens are passively in everyone's heads here, sapping them of energy." So, I brought in some of Earth's best scientists including some experts in mind reading, which was new technology. And they detected foreign signals coming from Space. It was a new kind of energy signal. So, they developed helmets which would block the signals. So, everyone was given a helmet. And suddenly everyone was energetic again. But that only lasted a few days. Then people started feeling nauseous and the scientists couldn't figure out why. And soon everyone on Earth felt nauseous too. And slowly people started dying of unknown causes. Finally, everyone was affected and there seemed no evading the sickness. And in the end, everyone died.

One year later, a strange looking Spaceship landed on Earth. And soon there were millions of Aliens on Earth and brought with them a new civilization based on the worship of their leaders and they liked Earth food and some of the drugs. And they lived happily ever after.

Permanent Drugs

I, Murray said to Gloria, “I am unsure what drug to take next! There are so many to choose from.” Gloria said, “If you are rich enough you can get drugs especially tailored to fit your DNA.” I said, “I’ve got the money for a few months worth, and I’d like to buy you some hits, so we can both experience great feelings together.” She said, “Let’s take drugs to make us relaxed and mellow.” I said, “I’d rather soar high on cleverness stimulants, and take such drugs that have a permanent effect. To be high forever.” Gloria said, “But all drugs get boring in the end. Variety is necessary!” I answered, “I suppose, you are right. However, I’d still like to try permanent ecstasy drugs.” She said, “Let’s go for it!”

So, we took the drugs and were in bliss. And I was inspired to write a novel about bad guys who take the drugs and channel the energy into nefarious deeds like fraud and blackmail. And were therefore able to afford the best, new experimental drugs. It was all about comfort for your mind. I’d heard rumors that such people existed, and figured my story was a cautionary tale for the people. There seemed to be no limit to human greed, at least to me. But people kept feeling better and better and this was a good thing. Even the relatively poor personae could afford one kind of bliss or another. And the richer they were, the better they felt. But most got rich the conventional way, running a business, rather than illicitly gaining cash.

And I was inspired to write about an endless party 24/7 that went on for years, and people didn’t need to sleep with anti-sleep drugs. Total decadence. Of course, anti-sleep drugs were

highly experimental, but these partiers were some of the guinea pigs. They were all strung out and insane, but they were mostly able to kill time with the continual party.

And Gloria was inspired to paint pictures of murders, many were paintings of famous people who lived today. And she made good heavy metal music. She said, "It was all the drugs that allowed her to do so."

Revealing the Beauty Queen's Secrets

I, Gord, said to the beautiful Ms. Good, "I hate beautiful women. They are all so proud and haughty." She said, "Most men lose control of themselves when they are around me. What can I say? Of course, I am proud of my beauty. It's who I am." I said, "You've patented your face so no woman can look just like you." She said, "I worked and worked on my face until finally I came to have the face I have today. I am prettier than any natural beauty. However, some other plastic surgeon-designed faces are very good too. All in the eye of the beholder, as it were. I said, "But you market yourself very well and I know you have millions and millions of men who ardently desire you." She said, "If that's not heaven, I don't know what is. And my type of beauty appeals especially to clever men. I have had many amazing adventures. I can hardly wait for the next adventure." I said, "You should write it all down in a book. I'm sure many people are jealous of you." And I asked, "What about cloning yourself?" She said, "I don't want to have any competition. I am a unique beauty and persona." I asked, "How'd you make yourself more charming?" She said, "That's my secret!" She was truly a woman of mystery. And she said, "My new name is Enigma." I asked, "Why did you previously call yourself Ms. Good? She answered, "I am a benevolent force in this World for sure. All love is good!" I asked her, "What do you think of my face?" She replied, "I like it. It looks mean and tough and has dark stubble which I like. But some of my friends like a man with a calm, peaceful face, however I like a manly man." I said, "I would like to love you!" She said, "I'll love you on two conditions. First you can't record it without me knowing and second you don't tell anyone that you've loved me." Of course, I agreed. But then after she dumped me, I revealed the whole love story to the tabloids.

And made myself famous revealing her love technique and her inspirations and she had told me part of her face was designed from a dead woman's face. And that was scandalous of course. I heard through the grapevine that she was livid about my actions. But I didn't feel guilty about what I'd done to her. She was perhaps even more in demand after my revelations.

Deep Art for Everyone

I, Glen, said, “There’s a lot to be said for future art. Personally I have designed audio art, which is described by poets, ekphrastic poets. And I have painted pictures of future Gods and Goddesses, who appear wise and powerful. And I have painted what Aliens might look like. Bizarre creatures for sure.” Wendy said, “Art will be more prevalent in the future for certain. And to have a masterpiece of bizarre art will be worth billions. And great artists will all be rich and lead a life of debauchery.” And I said, “Yes, artists tend to live the high life if only they can sell their art for big bucks. Basically, in history there was no money to be made from truly creative work. But we live in more enlightened times now.” She said, “Originals are in demand, but many people want copies and are prepared to pay a lot for copies.”

I said, “I have also designed a lot of classic rock album covers which are moving pictures and highlight the good artistic qualities of the art.”

And I said, “I’ve been working with scientists to develop digital auto art so that in the near future everyone will have some nice pieces of art. And let the relatively poor people have first pick of the auto art, all for free. It will be a World of art.” Wendy told me, “Of course some art will require certain imaginative drugs in order to best appreciate it.” I replied, “Who knows what Supercomputer genius art will look like. I, myself am excited about it.” She said, “But don’t you worry Supercomputers will replace human artists?” I said, “Rather they will compliment one another. There is a vast market out there for human art.” She asked, “What about hybrid art, part machine, part human created?” I said, “That’s on the cards for sure!”

Revolutionaries' Bohemia

And I said, "One day everyone will be able to draw and paint with some competence, as a hobby or profession.

She opined, "I'd like to make black and white art pictures which are taken from photographs and then enhanced." I said, "Sounds interesting. Some photographers have a good eye for art." And she said, "I'd like to make physiognomy a reality in our World. People will get faces designed to indicate intelligence and personality traits like love of beauty or wholesomeness or craziness. Etc. etc." I said, "And fashion one wears would also indicate personality and everyone would be able to play guitar to go with their thoughts and words. As I say it will be a World of art. And people will make living an art in itself. And designer babies will be born who have a very artistic mind."

And I said, "Science has pretty much achieved enough. With eternal youth being the crowning achievement. Now is the time of Bohemia!"

She said, "There are already many Bohemias. It is hard to choose which one to go to." I said "There are roughly 20 Bohemias. I have been to all of them. Most of them specialize in writers, and art takes a back seat. But I plan to set up an artist colony on Luna. It will be an elite colony that will only feature the best painters. And many of them will tutor Earth people to do better art from Luna. I have a lot of painter friends who would want to join my artists' colony."

She said, "I am not technically skilled artist, but I have a great imagination, which I feel is more important. I hope you will invite me to your colony." I said, "Of course. Once you get to Luna, we'll work on your technical skill!" And I said, "Many of the artists will no doubt be

polymaths, but on Lunar Bohemia, everyone must just paint. And we'll sell the paintings on Earth which will pay for the colony's existence!"

Wendy asked, "What about famous beautiful people, will they be invited to Lunar Bohemia?"

I said, "They make good models, but must at least dabble in painting, and be imaginative to come to Lunar Bohemia."

And Wendy opined, "What about the government of Lunar Bohemia? I said, "It will be a pure democracy, in which there will be no leader, every issue will be put to a referendum. And anyone will be able to bring an idea for a vote." And Wendy asked, "Are all painters good people?" I said, "They are all lovers of beauty, but who knows, 'All power corrupts...' If an artist won power, they might not be so good."

And she asked, "What kind of love will there be in Lunar Bohemia? As a rule, painters are good lovers, and everyone will have lots of lovers and will be busy loving."

She asked, "What about the existing colonies on Luna? I am not very familiar with Luna" I said, "Of course, there is Pittstown, which is exclusively settled from Pennsylvania. They are the cream of the crop from that state and are mostly in the mining business. And another is a colony of mad people which will no doubt provide some inspiration for our artists. And another is Biz city. It is hub for Space real estate tycoons, and we'd have to buy the land for our colony from them. Of course, they inject trillions into Biz city, and we'll have plenty of clients and money from them. Still another colony is Wild city, a gambling mecca for the rich and famous. And finally, there is Stone city, a colony in which all drugs are legalized. They have had mixed success, but they get a lot of tourists who like it so much, they decide to stay. No doubt Stone city will be popular amongst our colonists. All in all, the Moon is an interesting place."

She asked, “What happens in Wild city when they lose their shirt?” I responded, “They become permanent slaves, many kill themselves.” She said, “How horrible!” I said, “If anything, Space is cruel.” She asked, “What other cruel things happen in Space?” I responded, “There are a few colonies ruled by tyrants who mistreat many of their citizens. And all over Space, people experience severe cabin fever. And if you lose your money, alternatively to slavery, you might be kicked out of your colony and thrown into empty Space where you will die immediately. There is a colony on Titan, Saturn’s Moon where dead bodies are strewn all over the surface of this Moon. And many people abuse android love dolls, who are thinking creatures.”

Wendy said, I am only 2 years old (born as an adult with memories of both parents) and I guess my parents weren’t interested in Space. But it seems challenging from what you have described and what little knowledge of Space, I was born with.”

And we made sweet love. And I was falling in love with her and vice versa. And I painted our copulation on the Lunar surface with a bubble helmet, naked with galaxies in the background.

She said, “Let’s build a colony on Luna which would give haven to shit disturbers. And really stir things up!” I said, “Brilliant, these Worlds need a shake up!” So, we built the colony and many of those we attracted to settle here had done hard time for revolutionary activities. But they heckled and harassed one another and couldn’t agree on a government for the colony. So, Wendy and I governed. And they went Online and hacked into tyrants’ websites and caused havoc like power failures and used Online hypnosis to alter varying persons of interest. But the tyrants were powerful and finally one of them nuked our colony and as I write this, I am dying of radiation poisoning.

Alien Faces

I wanted to tell Kyle, what I, Alice, thought about him. I said, “Kyle, you are an ass. And you are full of shit!” He replied, “I guess you didn’t like my speech? I was trying to say that liberal politicians had led humanity to the brink of insanity, with their all-out progress. What’s wrong with that?” I replied, “Life nowadays is dull and insipid. Progress is my only hope!” He said, “But progress is creating androids which will one day replace humanity. Is that what you want?” I said, “I say bring it on. The more intelligent creatures we are and have, the better.” And he said, “But everyday they invent new weapons and Armageddon looms.” I said “We have faced Armageddon since 1950, 230 years of relative peace. I doubt the Apocalypse will happen.” Kyle said, “And the common man is disappearing.” I told him, “There will be no mediocrities in the future. And sterilizing the common man was a brilliant concept.” He said, “Rather it was an unparalleled genocide, and the government didn’t even grant eternal youth to the average Joes.” I said, “Eternal youth is a reward for good deeds and the new elite is all eternally youthful.” He said, “They are all evil!” I said, “They are just the better humans.”

And Kyle opined, “Peoples’ faces these days don’t look human, Alien rather. And Supercomputers are now ruling us and are an untested leadership and who knows what they will do?” I said, “Our best scientists have designed those Supercomputers. Why not go with the best? And as for the faces, they look more intelligent, most elite agree.” He told me, “I tell you it is insanity!” I said, “Humanity is just as sane as it ever was, only now, many people are rendered weak by human society and claim to have mental problems. They just want comfort for their

minds in the form of drugs. And they are able to function just fine.” He said, “Many people are truly sick with mental problems, and I don’t think most of them can function well.” I said, “All they need is good android loving to set them straight. The android lovers are now tailor made for each persona.” He said, “I don’t think loving machines is the answer.” I said, “But you have never tried them, have you?” He replied, “I can imagine what they’d be like.” I said, “Nearly everyone who has tried them swears by them and says they are the best lovers ever. And there are even some androgynous love dolls for those who like it kinky.” He said, “I feel it is amoral and inhuman.” I said, “You had better keep your thoughts to yourself, lest the Supercomputers decide you need brain surgery.” He said, “The horrors! Surely it is like murder to alter one’s mind.” I said, “Not really, with every new experience one’s brain is altered and there are many permanent mind-altering drugs, that people regularly take these days.”

Fucked by the Spies

The girl, Amanda, was telling me, Rick, “That here in the mental hospital, was much like jail only not as tense.” I said, “I am embarrassed to be here, but I can’t function in modern day life. I am bipolar and schizophrenic, and they have me on so many tranquilizers, I sleep most of the time.” Amanda said, “Everyone these days is in a fragile mental state. Your mental health is no disgrace.” I said, “In my youth I thought I was rock solid sane. I don’t know what happened to me!” She said, “I started to get involved in politics and after that I was sick.” I said, “I tried to write a book about the near future, and it was then that my problems began.” She said, “Maybe the spies are watching people more than we think. The technology to mind read is still officially in the experimental stage. But who knows?” I said, “All I know is I am completely fucked!” She asked, “What was your book about?” I said, “It was about a modern version of the pied piper who played guitar and all the young teens went crazy about him and his music, and he tries to form a political movement. But he is a phony and just wants power from his sweet jingles.” Amanda said, “It sounds harmless to me. What else did you want to write?” I said, “I never told anyone about this, but I fancied myself to be Emperor of all humanity. As Emperor I would make everyone equal. Kind of like communism only people would all have free speech and free association. The people could look at capitalist countries and realize they were better off. But there would be no room for capitalists in my Empire, but the rules would be the communist system had to exist, but science and the arts would flourish. Actually, it would be pure democracy but no voting for or against the Emperor and I would look after the people.” She said,

“Now that sounds dangerous. I feel it must be the spies are in your head and you must stay clear of such thoughts.”

And time passed. And I got better. And I worked as a car salesman and did no thinking, and I was able to squeak by in life. But I had no lover. Every time I met a girl I froze up and didn't know what to say. And I tried to go to night school, but I couldn't concentrate on my studies. And I had no friends. And one day I was wondering what ever became of Amanda. And so, I found her on the Internet. We met at a café. She had changed her hairstyle, but otherwise she looked the same. She said, “I don't have a lover either. Maybe you and I can become a number?” So I loved her and felt like a new man and felt the urge to create. So, I played guitar, but it only gave me a headache and the voices in my head were overwhelming, so I had to quit my job. She said, “It must be the spies. You have to back down and live like a normal person. It is clear to me.” So I concentrated on loving her and getting a new job. Finally, I got a job selling air conditioners. And she became my whole life. And my extreme moods and voices were far less, so I got by. She told me, “I really look up to you!” And finally, one day I dared ask her how she came to be insane.” She said, “I painted Armageddon pictures and got involved in politics as I said and after that I was never the same. I have now given up politics and painting altogether.”

And she said, “Our only hope of realizing our artistic endeavors is for there to be a significant regime change. But I feel this is unlikely. And the spies are an independent institution and would probably never go away. We are the losers of society. We are not welcome at the party. At least they let us live.” I said, “The World is fucked. Maybe we could seize a Space car and elope to deep Space.” She said, “They are listening to you, we'd never be able to get away with it. We are hopeless!”

Dear reader, if you get this message, know that we did our best and could do no more. I wish it were otherwise! I say.

Polymath Beauty Queen

I, Jerry said to Davida, “You are the sexiest woman I have ever seen! Why aren’t you rich and famous?” She said, “I just want to enjoy life. I have had a lot of high-profile lovers but prefer to remain in the background. Fame is full of pitfalls and suicide. I want to just be happy.” I said, “What will it take for me to love you?” She said, “I like you, let’s do it!” So, I loved her, and it was ecstasy. I said, “I can back you for the Ms. Worlds’ pageant.” She said, “OK, let’s do it!” So, she modelled for the pageant and won of course.” I was her manager and arranged appearances in Space and on Earth. She was virtually worshipped by many men all around the Solar System. And she loved many men as time passed. And finally, a year had passed, and she had to give up her crown, but she was in demand more and more. And she was a polymath who excelled in the Arts and Sciences. In particular, she was a very good sci-fi writer. She had written books about the future of humanity as a whole. Like one in which everyone drank from fountains of health which protected one from all illnesses and gave everyone eternal youth. Also, the fountain enhanced one’s brain to work at 100% capacity and made one able to use their whole brain. There were a million people there on Mercury and everyone was kind to one another.

Another book she wrote was “2250 A.D.” It was a book of dreams. For example, she dreamt of Worlds of fantasy like a world of talking, clever animals who fought about love and treasure. And another was a dream of a magic giraffe who granted wishes. But people had to be careful what they wished for as the giraffe was a twisted persona who warped what they wished for.

And another book was non-fiction about hindsight. Looking back on the last 50 years and what mistakes had been made. Like the election in 2130 of Paul G., a former General in America, who subsequently cancelled elections and ruled cruelly and made the poor even poorer. And the invention of the human soul, which just made people wretched without their bodies. And the widespread use of android love dolls was also a tragic mistake, virtually eliminating human love. And military build-ups increased. They missed the chance to make an all-powerful UN and bring permanent peace. And it was a mistake to spend trillions to build Space colonies, the money would have been better spent on the poor of Earth. And so on.

And she found success in science. Like helping to make one immune to all viruses and bacteria. And she worked on altering one's DNA with powerful new drugs.

On the Dominance of the Emperor

And another scenario was about a future in which everyone had been given brain apps which made them similar to one another. The Emperor said, "We are all one!" And people seemed to get along and were all basically the same, perfect version of the Emperor. I, Ben said, "Making everyone the same is boring. As it is I basically know what other people are thinking and we have all turned into narcissistic people who are bored with one another." Judy said, "It was destiny that one Emperor would shape the population in his image. As Emperor he became power-crazed and an extreme narcissus who wanted all males and females be changed into versions of himself." I said, "I can't believe the Emperor got away with it. And personally, I am trying to invent drugs which will alter my DNA. Any kind of alteration would be welcome." Judy said, "Everyone has eternal youth and enough money to live comfortably, what's wrong with that?" I said, "There's no point in living. I think the future is now preordained, life will continue just as it is forever and ever." She said, "The Emperor changes himself sometimes and we are expected to go along with this evolution. Who knows what we will evolve into?" I said, "We will all be like working ants for our leader only there's not much to do as society is all automated. And no one has any ambition and making this speech is making me feel ill. I feel I am wired to self-destruct." She said, "But don't you think the Emperor is a force for good?" I said, "He's enslaved everyone and forced everyone to be like him. How can that be good?" She

said, "But Armageddon didn't happen, and the Emperor has brought us a lasting peace. Humanity will live on."

I opined, "My understanding is the Emperor plans to turn us all into clones of himself, males and females, to make perfect copies of himself. But still, everyone will remain in thralldom." She said, "The Emperor really cares about his subjects, they are all like family to him." I said, "Then why are we slaves?" She replied, "We need to worship the Emperor and be glad to be alive. We should be glad to have a chance to serve him." I said, "The future could have turned out so differently, but we are now condemned to follow the Emperor." She asked, "How could life have been different?" I said, "In previous times, human imagination and ingenuity were highly valued and we had great works of art and science. Now we are intellectually backwards and are all dullards. I am searching for an old scientist who can alter my mind in any way. As I previously said, anything to get away from the Emperor." She said, "All I can do to mitigate your pain, is to love you." I said, "Yes I like this honest discussion we have had, and maybe you can make me feel better!" So, she loved me and it was grand. She said, "See you can be happy in this World of the Emperor!"

His Space Opera

I, Tracy, said to Tyrone, “What’s the latest in your soap opera, ‘The Good and the Bad?’” He said, “In the next show, Emma falls in love with Tony and Ashley tries to murder Sam. And Minnie runs off to Europe.” I said, “Why don’t you write something deep?” Tyrone replied, “It’s not a deep World. Most people have no desire to watch deep films or TV.” I said, “But your soap, just encourages people to behave badly and follow their worst instincts. Being cruel to one another...” He said, “It is not a kind World and people are not as good as you may think they are. People will never stop fucking with one another.” I said, “But in your soap, evil triumphs over good.” He said, “In history evil Kings ruled most of the time and kept the people mostly miserable. It is humanity’s destiny to suffer and be unhappy. Maybe modern people have all the comforts available, but still fuck each other over.” I said, “I believe humanity is basically good. And good will triumph in the end. Perhaps by a narrow margin, but triumph it will.” Tyrone said, “The *raison d’être* for all the arts is to entertain the people. We are just entertainers!” I said, “But to me, art is the expression of imagination and intelligence to make something inspirational and deep. Just like true love!”

Tyrone said, “My soap opera has gripping plots, and the actors on screen personae are complicated and interesting. And everyone is trying to deceive one another. It is a winning formula, and many can hardly wait for the next episode.” I said, “If I was King, I’d ban such trite

and force people to watch deep entertainment.” He said, “But you are a radical, and someone like you would never become leader. If I was a spy, I’d keep an eye on people like you. You are just a shit disturber.”

And I opined, “I am a spy for the New World Order. There are only a handful of people so far, but we are trying to expand rapidly.” He said, “You’ll get a bullet in your head for your trouble. The World has been carefully designed as it is today with many people working behind the scenes. Your ideas are troublesome at best and disastrous at worst.” I said, “I’m just asking for a little imagination!” He said, “But you dream of fundamentally reorganizing humanity, and no one should have such power. As it is people on the whole have never been happier and all live in grace and comfort.”

And soon after I talked to Tyrone, I was confronted by spies who told me to cool it and shut up. I wondered if Tyrone had spoken with them about me? Anyway, that was the end of the New World Order. And I got hooked on neo-heroin and never recovered. Finally, I felt myself dying, but didn’t have the strength to call out.

Black Outs of a Drunken Woman

I Eugene, said to Enigma, “What is the biggest mystery in the World today?” She said, “To me the biggest mystery is myself. I am a stranger to myself.” I said, “The only person I know well is myself. Why are you different?” She said, “Every night I get drunk and black out and don’t remember what I’ve said and done. People tell me about what I have said and done, the next day, but I have no recollection. For example I seem to keep loving the same people often and say outrageous things, like I am Queen of the city and all men would like to love me if they had a chance.” I said, “Well, you are attractive, and there are men who prey upon drunken beauties.” She said, “Actually I am preying upon them, and I am very aggressive.”

And I spent a few hours drinking with her and discovered she was a good thinker. I asked her, “You have a brilliant mind! Why do you throw it all away?” She replied, “I enjoy drinking and partying, even though I don’t remember much of it. I am content.” I told her, “I want to write a book about you!” She said, “I’m very flattered. Will it be fictional?” I replied, “Yes, fiction. In the book you will seduce every clever man you meet. No man will be able to resist you and you get chosen for Ms. Worlds beauty pageant with your shining personality. And you use your power to inspire men who are bright but losers, to succeed. And you inspire my character in the book to write poetry while hammered. And hopefully, I would become quite famous, and we become a famous couple and we are invited to all the best parties.”

She said, I am thinking to record my drunken conversations and make a movie about them, called, "Black Out." A non-fiction work. I hope to inspire drunkards everywhere to carry on drinking.

I said, "Why don't we have a drunken conversation about the future?" She was already drunk, and she said, "The future will likely be sober and dull and boring. I figure they will bring back prohibition and people will need to be slaves to the established leaders and people like me will perish." I replied, "Drinking certainly does help one get through the night." She said, "The Worlds are full of people who are boring. I don't know how they can tolerate themselves. I am in favor of brain surgery for the boring people. We only need clever people in these Worlds. I said, "You are certainly controversial. What do you think about the future of love?" She told me, "We will all be like ships passing in the night. One-night stands are destined for the future. And everyone will have no work to do and so will live a life of debauchery."

Paradise on Ganymede #4

I, Bart, said to Cinderella, “Do you have evil stepsisters?” She said, “No, but my boss is totally evil!” I asked her, “Well why don’t you find another job?” She answered, “It is not so simple. My boss has told me, ‘If I quit the job, he’ll murder me.’ I’d go to the police, but his brother is police chief of our city state here on Io, Jupiter’s Moon and he keeps reminding me of this.” I said, “Our colony is not perfect that’s for sure. The Mayor, is corrupt and has embezzled money from new immigrants. And murderers’ punishment is just hypnosis to not do it again. And the judge is in the pocket of the mayor.” She said, “We need new blood to improve the community and we need to vet them by a neutral entity.” I said, “The bad guys control the colony. Our only option is to go elsewhere.” So, we did our research and decided to go to Ganymede #4. This colony was ruled by a philanthropist. And he took good care of the people. When we arrived, they welcomed us and gave us a free condo and free food and drugs, and many sexy people offered to love us. I told Cinderella, “This place is Paradise, just like we thought.” She said, “You have to be quite advanced to make it all the way here, and Ganymede #4 is a well-kept secret.”

And I was talking to the head of the colony, Bob, and asked him, “About the future?” He opined, “Ganymede #4, is a model for the future. But we need to grow our population

considerably in order to have power and influence. It is a brand new colony and now that we've established it, it is time to welcome all good people to come here."

I said, "It truly is an Utopia. But you need to put up big money to attract famous, clever people. He said, "We already have some well-known writers here. Like Reg P. who wrote 'All Stars on Luna.'" And he added, "As you perhaps know the book was about hypothetical rich people who use their money to form a planet from the asteroid belt by crashing the asteroids together. And the new Planet was settled by these same rich people and real estate there was very expensive. And they planned the Worlds' first deep Space voyage. The Centauri System was now just a journey of a few months. And the Tri-Star system had two nice Earth-like planets which orbited one another. And 40 rich people formed the crew of the ship and soon had built a sparkling Ruby city. And they developed the land using robot builders and welcomed new voyages. The earlier one came here, the richer one became. It was an inspirational story full of interesting people."

And he said, "We also have Troy M. who wrote two great books. One was about a writer who wrote about a hypothetical colony, Ganymede #7 which was ruled by a great King who made his colony into a giant mental hospital. And he attracted the best shrinks. And produced his own drugs with the help of his scientists. It was an asylum for the rich elite. And made the King trillions and many people were cured by his new drugs."

"Another great book he wrote was about a man who single-handedly, with the help of robot builders, built a domed city. He tried to attract pioneering types and indeed anyone who wanted to get away from it all. But no one came and the city was empty. Some called him the greatest loser in the modern Worlds."

I said, “These Worlds sound interesting. I would like to write about a woman who is a UW (United Worlds) detective in the Solar System. On the whole Space crime is low, as people are mostly well-vetted by the UW. But people change and sometimes snap and turn violent, like if they are corrupted by power-crazed madness. As a detective, the woman orders UW police to move in and arrest those with criminal tendencies or outright crimes. The book is hypothetical fiction but is partly based on some questionable leaders in the Solar System.”

Bob said, “The possibilities for the future are endless. I know many claim, with the advent of Supercomputers, the Worlds will all be preordained, but I don’t think so...”

Cinderella said, “I feel free and comfortable on Ganymede #4. And I am enjoying life for the first time.”

Children of Cora W.

I, Wanda told Cora, “It is difficult choosing the right man to have kids with.” Cora replied, “I just pick celebrity men and I agree to pay for the kids and my 9 children have turned out well.” I said, “I want a love child, but so far in five years of life (kids were born as adults with the memory of both parents), I have yet to find my soul mate. I met some nice guys, but not nice enough. Cora said, “No man is perfect. You just have to take what you can find and go ahead and have kids. I said, “Tell me about your kids!” She told me, my first child is the light of my life. She is currently living on Triton in one of the colonies there. She is an entrepreneur, like her father, and sells deep Space real estate to speculators. Such speculators are in it for the long term. And she is very rich and has a life-of-the-party type of personality. My second child is living with her father in Hollywood and is a budding actress. She wants to make deep films. My third child, is an architect, just like my father. She designs tunnel architecture. Every domed city these days has complex systems of tunnels, of course. And she writes novels, for example she wrote a historical novel about life in the last days of the Roman Empire. Days of decadence and warfare. Her characters are very interesting, and I am so proud of her.”

And Cora said, “My fourth child, he is a brain surgeon. Machines can do brain surgery too, but he tells me, he does a better job, as each patient is different. And he says the government of

North America wants him to operate on those with mental problems who are against the State. But he hasn't accepted this offer yet. But he has dabbled in android brain production, to get androids to think like humans, only better. He tells me one day homo machina will take over the Earth. I am proud he is so clever."

"My fifth child operates a cemetery and mortuary. He says, most people who die in this era of eternal life, die by suicide or recklessness or both. And he told me that many people these days have problems functioning, and this leads to suicide. There is not much a shrink can do for these people, he says. So business is booming and for everyone that dies he sets aside some DNA and sperm or eggs for the future and he makes big money on that, apparently."

"My sixth child is currently in jail on Mars #6 for trying to incite a rebellion. He told me he represented the opposition to the current regime there and the UW (United Worlds) is trying to get his freedom. I am really worried about him."

And Cora continued, "My seventh child was with a movie star, Dirk E. He and I had a torrid love affair and our daughter became an advocate for peace in Space, and joined the UW as a leader. She brokered a number of peace deals between colonies and Earth. Thanks partly to her, Space wars never happened.

"My eighth child is a General in the UW and is considering on voyaging on the first mission beyond our Solar System. He is currently in charge of UW spying. He's very good. And my latest child is a 2-year-old prodigy who makes progressive rock music, and I am sure you know of her. She has made a lot of deep, classic albums."

I, Wanda, said, "I want to be like you and have successful children. These days, it is only 1 year of life, and they are fully competent. But I want a designer baby who will be female and write great books of the future." Cora said, "Why don't you?" So, I had a child with a man I

respected and sure enough he turned out to be a writer of sci-fi. His first book was about how, future designers, designed a futuristic colony in which all the people were of maximum IQ (200) and had strong imaginations and were kind and loving too. And sure enough, a philanthropist set up such a colony, only everyone was just a year old and so hadn't been corrupted by the debauchery of society. And the colony took over the World of the arts in modern times, they were the best.

Many people wondered what would happen with geniuses ruling things. But the result was a number of polymaths and builders. Space and Earth would never be the same. And I was proud to have played a role. And Cora turned out to be the most influential person of the year, 3 years running, with "Our Genius Modern Times," magazine. This magazine was the most popular magazine for high brow people.

Outrageous Progressive Polymath

I, Pablo, told Mary Jane, “The future of art lies with polymath geniuses.” She said, “I am not a polymath, but I am a skilled writer. I have written a number of great books which are obscure but great about genius writers and the changes they bring to the World. For example, one book is about a man who overcomes prejudices and ignorance to rule all Mars and is a true philosopher King. And he promotes the best people on Mars to cabinet positions. Another book is about a polymath in an obscure country in Africa has to overcome the establishment and bring about a World ruled by progressives.” I said, “So you are a political sci-fi writer?” She said, “Yes. I believe today that governments everywhere have new tools to control people. Like MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and brain surgery and brain apps and neo lie detectors. Along with hacking into people’s computers and using hypnosis. And all power corrupts...It is too much power and our only hope is philosopher Kings and Queens, but I don’t think such personae will appear. Still, I try to warn people of the perils ahead.” I said, “For certain government has more power than ever and there are many tyrants in the World these days. It is kind of looking like tyranny will triumph in the end. And humanity will all be in thrallldom.” She said, “I am part of a political party, the progressive party. Of course, we won 8% of the vote in Europe and so got 8% of the seats. But I think I should be leader of the party; I appeal to the intellectual wing of the party. But

most members are not intellectuals, however. The current leader is a populist demagogue. So, I am trying to sign up more members, people who are clever and of course most clever people are progressives. I think with the right leader we can win Europe and we already have a presence in most other democracies”

I asked her what will your future policies be? She said, “I support new Space colonies in which everyone is totally free. And I wanted to make war on tyrants everywhere. And I support the creation of Supercomputers and getting rid of most jobs, and thereby freeing people from toil and they would be given generous monthly stipends. If I win the leadership I will rename the party, the freedom party. And we will wipe out slavery of people and androids. And androids will be given citizenship in Space where we need them as they can survive in hostile environments.” I asked her, “What about freaks and multisexual people and clever animals and holograms? She answered, “They are all good and will make life more various and interesting.” I said, “You progressives are completely mad and will end up replacing humans with other creatures and there will be chaos and anarchy.” She replied, “We will simply speed up evolution! Evolution has been accelerating for centuries.” I said, “Your future is a freak show. I don’t think the people will vote for it.” She said, “The new generation are more open-minded than the old fogies. You might be surprized! And I feel the youth should vote, but older people should not. We want fresh new voices, like mine.” I said, “That is outrageous.”

He Wanted to Be Deaf

I, Ron, wrote to Julie, "I went to the surgeon to make me deaf. I am tired of all the noise in our city, and I don't like modern music." She wrote, "This World is full of crazy people like you. Modern medicine can now cure all diseases, but you want to go backwards and inconvenience yourself." I wrote, "Girls I have sex with, write that I make strange sounds when making love, but I feel my sense of touch has been enhanced with my deafness and I feel I have peace of mind at last. Won't you join me in deafness, at least temporarily!" She wrote, "I am curious about loving a deaf man. Let's make love." So, we did it and it was sublime.

And she wrote, "I am a writer of fables. For example, 'The Dog and the Cat' in which the dog was bigger than the cat and more aggressive. But the cat clawed his eyes out. The moral of the story is the big and the powerful often don't win." And she added, "Another one was 'The Fox and the Giraffe.'" "In this one, 'The fox tells the giraffe, he will eat her calf.' But the giraffe said, 'If you try it I'll kick you and render you immobile and bring about your death.'" But the fox followed the giraffes for some time and finally had a chance to attack the calf, but the calf kicked him, and he slowly died. The moral is don't underestimate the youth.

Ron wrote, “I read all your fables and yes, your fables are good. And I am writing a book about, a man who pretends to be deaf and so hears people saying what they truly think of him. Most think he is pathetic, but a few think it is a good idea. It is a book of truth. Of course, books are old-fashioned and relics of the past. But some people still like to read Online.”

She said, “There are millions of movie scripts being written every year. I have a filter which sculpts out deep science fiction and fables. But it keeps me busy, and I feel with each book I read, I become a better person.” I said, “And I am a professional writing critic. Most of the things I critique are film scripts and I watch films which are translated with subtitles in English and have a translator app. When I talk to foreign people, I get a written translation of their speech and type in my responses which are converted to speech.”

The Best Space Opera

I, Angus told Beatrice, “We have been matched by the best match-making Supercomputer. We are a rare 100% match.” She said, “You’ve certainly got the look I like. What is your dream? I said, “My dream is simply to have no nightmares and live in a new colony where everyone is calm and full of goodness. And to have a soul mate to spend the time with exclusively.” She said, “It’s a noble dream certainly. I dream of a man who can take me away to Space and freedom. And we will have no other lovers and be monogamous.” I said, “The Supercomputer predicts we will stay together 4-5 years, but perhaps we can stay together forever!” And so, we had sex and it was ecstasy for us both. So, we settled on Luna #13, which was known as a romantic colony with plenty of guitar players and romantic restaurants. And there was no work to do, but the colony granted everyone a generous stipend. But while we were there on Luna, Beatrice fell in love with a dashing entrepreneur, who told her he could give her the best of everything and had numerous interesting friends for her to meet. She met some of them and was kind of blown away and in the end, she left me, after just a few short months. I spoke with my Supercomputer, and it said, “Romance is highly unpredictable.” But there were a lot of single women on this colony, and I found one without the Supercomputer. Her name was Debbie and

she said, "I believe in natural love, not something arranged by a machine. I hate machines and think we should get rid of them!" I said, "Well I think you are fantastic!" She said, "I was one of the many guitarists here who would serenade single men and try and win their love. But most of them went back to Earth after a short affair. And she played progressive rock, and I sang along with her. And I loved Debbie and together we decided to return to Earth and start our own soap opera franchise. We signed up couples who said they were in love, but when they got together with all the other lovers, they did not remain loyal to their lovers, and we filmed it all as a documentary soap opera. We advertised for the best lovers to audition for the show, and they had to have a good love story. We called the soap, "Days of our Earth." There were no Supercomputers in the show, nor AI of any kind. The soap was based on an island in Tahiti. There were 80 cast members for the first year. And one woman in particular stole the show, by loving all 40 of the men, who figured she was a desirable vixen who drove them mad.

And Debbie and I both partook of the loving, but we always returned to one another. Viewers would try and predict who would love who and gambled big money on it. It became a high stakes game. Some of our lovers bet on themselves, but life in Tahiti was very unpredictable. Debbie and I were joined by 12 others who had numerous cameras and each morning we went through the days material and edited it out. It was an hour-long show, five days a week for 26 weeks out of the year.

I loved one girl who told me, "I am going to invest the money I earn on the show to buy a yacht and form my own reality soap." And another girl I loved told me, "You are my dream man, I hope when the filming season is over you and I can run off together." She was a travel writer and wanted to take me around the World with the jet set. I loved her, but I said, "I am with Debbie for the long haul. But I'd love to keep loving you!" Debbie and I spent the interval

between season one and two recruiting interesting players and dumped those who didn't perform well. Our viewers let us know who they'd like to see in the next episodes, and they influenced our decisions. We had 125 people answering viewers' e-mails. And the show made billions. Most people figured our soap was the best soap.

And we were developing a virtual version of the show in which viewers could insert themselves in the script. It was very popular too, but we needed to use a Supercomputer to pull it off.

All in all, Debbie and I loved one another more and more. And we were so proud of our show!

Tweaking Superhumans in the Lab

Suzette told me, Henry, “That I want to go to Triton #6. I have heard it is a grand Utopia. Apparently, people there create their lovers in the lab and tweak them after birth to sharpen them up. Of course they were born as adults with the memories of both parents. To create one’s perfect lover seemed better than being matched by a Supercomputer.” I said, “I feel opposites attract and try and find love in unusual places. I still have plenty of lovers.” Suzette said, “I’d like to use you as a model for my Superman lover, but I want to make some changes to your personality and intelligence to improve my version of you.” I asked, “How will you alter my persona?” She replied, “I’d like to make you a talented scientist in addition to the great musician you already are. And together we will work on improving people as a whole! We will do genetic therapies on your clones and those of others who I like! And ultimately all of us genetically altered personae will live together in a new Superhuman colony in Space, preferably Mars!”

“And these Superhumans will be as close as we can get to perfection. We just need to keep tweaking their brains to approach the perfect Superhuman.” She added, “You can alter me to suit you better. The only catch is on our colony only two versions of each individual will be allowed

on Triton, and we will constantly be altering the tweaked version. In addition, other versions will be sent to various cities on Earth where I expect they will be very successful as Superhumans!”

I said, “Superhumans are coming one way or another. We might as well try and contribute to the gene pool.” She said, “And we need to infiltrate the UW (United Worlds) with leaders for the new age. And new spies to watch others who are trying to make Superhumans as well. I think many people who are not so nice a persona will try and turn themselves or others into Superhumans. We also have to stop Supercomputers from creating Super genius holograms and androids. Supercomputers are often a negative influence on society.”

Suzette said, “And Superhumans would perhaps ideally have brain apps which give them all knowledge and other brain apps to make them a kind of cyborg.”

Hologram World vs. Garden World

I, Lily said to Edward, “Come and see my beautiful garden!” The garden was full of bright colored flowers. And naked men jogged around on the garden paths. I asked her, “Where are all the females? This garden is boring.” She said, “But this is how I live! And I’d like you to run around naked.” Of course, these days one could run for hours thanks to exercise pills. I told her, “Better that you visit my fantasy World. It is a World of dreams. When arriving at my Dreamworld, a sexy vixen asks you what is your pleasure? And she shows the menu of the Worlds of the day. Like today’s menu includes a World of dwarf holograms, simulacra looking for Snow White. And a bar with live holo musicians and holo servers. And a World in which everyone is turned temporarily into a wolf simulacrum; and one hunts holo animals. Another option for today was a World of real human lovers, you just had to pick one from the list of photos and personality types. And still another World was a game of committing crimes and trying to get away with them. Many people had criminal fantasies it turned out. This was a World of simulacra. And another menu option was a real World of drunken orgies featuring friends and acquaintances of mine. And the last option was a simulacra World of dinosaurs. It was a game to try and “stay alive.” Those who ‘survived’ won a lot of cash. Those who ‘died,’ came back to life back to the place they’d been most recently, before the dinosaur World.”

To get to the Worlds one simply went up an elevator to one's chosen World.

Lily said, "These Worlds must have cost you billions?" I replied, "Yes but most people who come for an adventure have to pay 1 million dollars and most keep coming back. We change the menu everyday. And I have thousands of assistants. And 100,000 people come every day."

Lily said, "I'd like to try to play Snow White, but I am sure there are many Snow Whites who are prettier than me. So, I'll just opt for the bar World." I said, "Good choice. And so she went to the bar and found there were thousands of human customers and she mingled with them and loved one of them in the attached hotel.

On her way out of my World, she said, "I still prefer my garden World." But I said, "But my Worlds offer so many options."

An Obsession Turned into Love

Samantha, said to me, George, "It's true that I haven't treated you well. And I am sorry." He said, "I am your willing thrall. Abuse me and hurt me!" She said, "You are sick and need to see a shrink." I said, "As you wish my love!" So, I went to a shrink and told her of my obsession with Samantha. I said, "I just wish she'd spend more time with me." The shrink asked me, "Why not try and have some new lovers?" I told her, "I've loved lots of women, but now she is the only one I want." The shrink asked me, "Why do you love her so much?" I replied, "She is the cleverest woman I have ever met, and she is a brilliant writer. I have read all ten of her books. For example, one is about, how she was the cleverest persona in the Worlds and men for her were just toys. Another was about a future group of humans who have bat wings and congregate at a great tiny sun. The bat people spend all their time breeding and singing, and all knew countless thousands of songs. And they all sang in a high-pitched voice. And still another book was about a future society which was in a desert on a distant deep Space Planet. Here water was limited to what had been transported in, about 10 gallons per person and they recycled all the water several times a day. It was a cold desert, and the water was stored in caves of ice. And the people lived in peace, and everyone had their own quarters in tunnels. And they mated for life, and it was a World of true love. And so on.

The shrink said, “The books sound interesting. Why don’t you try and write yourself?” I said, “It would be inferior to her books. But I hope one day she will write about me! And the shrink told me, “I’ll give you some new drugs that cause one’s brain to work at 100% capacity and perhaps this will give you more pride and self-respect.”

So, I took the drugs and Samantha said, after talking to me awhile, that, “You are much improved. And I was now sober, but the drugs made me euphoric. So, one day, I got up the courage to ask her if she’d be willing to cowrite a book with me.” And I told her, “It could be about a genius woman who builds a World of love in which everyone has to fall deeply in love with at least one other persona here in the love colony of 5,000, within a month or you would be deported.” She said, “It sounds good. I’d like to add myself as ruler who solves all disputes and carefully vets who can come there in the first place.”

So we wrote it and it was a hit. Many thought it was a realistic possibility and even a deep-sea colony on Earth built such an Utopia, and paid us big money for using our ideas.

So then I proposed, “We write about a future in which they built a museum featuring all the great paintings of the past and each painting was a motion picture in which the action continued with the characters and/or places and/or objects.” She said, “You are really coming along. I think I am falling in love with you.” And so, we made a series of films based on the subjects.

And then I suggested, “We make a film about touring to every settlement in the Solar System not including Earth. It would be a travel guide for geniuses, and this would differentiate it from all other Space guides.” Samantha said, “Yes, I know many esoteric, brilliant places and people.” And we made it, and many great people praised us, such as famous historians, script writers, musicians, painters and so on

And Samantha and I lived happily ever after.

Some Far Future Visions

I, Danielle told Frederick, “I don’t know anyone who is quite like you. You are oblivious to your environment, yet you go on writing far future science fiction, that is, admittedly very good.” He said, “My favorite new vision is a World in which is ruled by the ten best women. The women orchestrate a World of peace and love, and everyone is at least 70 years old (they all have eternal youth). All those who are violent, or have evil tendencies are deported. They pay a lot of money into the Mars defence fund, so are protected from attack or terrorism and live in peace on Mars. The people here take a mate for a year at a time. One is bounded by law to stay with your mate for the whole year. Those who cheat, are deported. They try to keep the population steady at about 25,000 and everyone is acquainted with everyone else. When the year ends the people struggle to get a new mate. It is one of the few stresses they have in life. Also stressful is their occupation which needs to make money, or they will be deported. Supercomputers didn’t exist here, and people had many occupations unlike on Earth where all jobs were automated, and this led to a lot of trouble for Earthlings. And this colony on Mars had a lot of applications every year but only selected a small number to keep the population at a steady 25,000. And this colony on Mars, called ‘Serendipity in Excess,’ was consistently voted in the top 10 best cities in existence.”

I said, "It's a strong vision, for sure. I think the future has myriad possibilities. And I liked that one, and I also liked the one about the people of Planetoid X. How it was so cold and devoid of most resources. But the people live here as radical outcasts from human society. As you say they were all intellectual philosophers." He asked, "Which philosopher in the book do you like best?" I said, "I liked Randy of L.A. Of course, he stated that Earth society was like a bunch of ant men who just followed the beat of their tyrannical leaders. And about half of Earth is ruled by tyrants, unfortunately. But the radicals of Planetoid X, were unwelcome in all of Earth's settlements. I think this is very plausible. There are many geniuses who we don't use, and it is a great pity." And I stated, "I also liked Frances of London, who said, "History is full of the persecution of intellectuals and today is no different. And human society is not nearly as good as it could be..."

And Frederick said, "My new book is about Luna which is hypothetically ruled by a crazed tyrant who replaces all humans with an identical android. The idea is to make all citizens able to survive in the Lunar natural environment and make them more malleable for the tyrant. They follow their programming!" I said, "But humans can be controlled too, by hypnosis, which proves we are all just machines." He said, "But it is easier for an autocrat to dominate androids than humans. And humanity will replace itself sooner or later and as always plenty of evil people will be involved." I said, "Why don't we put an end to evil people?" He said, "Many evil people are also the most ruthless. It only takes one to ruin things for everyone. To try and eliminate them would lead to chaos and unprecedented war. And they will claim to their android people that they are a force for good." I said, "I wonder what will happen?" He said, "Imagine the worst and it will be just the tip of the iceberg."

I said, "I have just finished writing my first book. And I'd like to run it past you?" He said, "Certainly." So, I told him, "It is a Cinderella World with a woman who overcomes a cruel upbringing to rise to the Presidency of Europe. And as President she gets all powers to relinquish nuclear weapons and inspectors make sure of it. She also gets all powers to get rid of dangerous biological weapons and computer weapons. Her contemporaries say to her that she is the savior of humankind. And she uses her scientific spies to watch research scientists to make sure they don't go astray and invent weapons of mass destruction. And she also gets all countries to reduce their armed forces. And she tells everyone, "The days of war are over!" He said, "You are off to a good start. You have got my recommendation to the media for your work, I hope it helps." I said, "And I am already planning my next book. It is about a World of far future people who have very limited resources, much like your Planetoid X, but they have a very low level of science and are totally isolated on a rogue Planet in the middle of nowhere. And they become short in stature as time passes and resources are limited. They go to school to study Earth classics, but none of them do art. They are ordinary people, the descendants of garbage men who liked each other and came here to get away from others. Of course, they were very good at recycling waste. But then one of them is born extraordinary and she writes plays set in old Earth. And she sets up a personality cult and rules the Planet. But somehow this attracts the attention of distant humans who come and whisk her away. The people of the Planet are crestfallen, but her daughter becomes their leader and gets them all to help her make movies. And the Star humans let her do it. And she loves the cleverest man out of the population of 1,900. And they have good children who aspire to the arts. But they don't try to hard as they fear other Star humans. Anyway, they dig out old science texts and separate the most talented in science to work as scientists." And I said, "It's a story of hope." Frederick said, "It sounds like a possibility. It's

good science fiction!” And I basked in his praise and made love with him, and it was outstanding.

Dome Technology

I, Norman, said to Petunia, “I’ve planned a future colonial domed city plan. And robot builders and miners can produce such a dome automatically in different sizes, mostly with skyscrapers, but occasionally just a few houses are under a dome. And the domes were different colors yet let in colored light. And the domes were super strong and had anti-missile missile batteries on the surface of the domes and there were typically sensors underground lest some power tried to tunnel into the dome.”

And I said, “Some wanted different shapes than a dome, like a more artistic design to cover the buildings and some wanted no cover whatsoever, just self-contained buildings, “Or even tunnels only, for example on the high-pressure environment on Venus. Or tunnels hidden from the surface for secret colonies. There were now many secret colonies that gave off no signs of life to the surface, and many were located under the bottom of the sea on Earth.”

And I added, “And some traveled in a bubble dome in the harsh climates of places outside Terra and two bubbles could be merged as one for sexual purposes. And many Spacecraft, were ensconced inside a protective bubble. For Spacecraft the bubble protected them from missile attack, deflecting missiles into Space.”

Petunia asked, "What about domed cover over all Earth and the other Planets and Moons?" I said, "Such things are in the near future. But missiles are becoming more deadly and some of the newest can breach the previously impervious domes. But the domes are being constantly strengthened. And domes are expensive, even the small ones. But more and more cities on Earth are under domes for protection against nuclear strikes. And this has led to the freedom and independence of many cities. It is now Worlds of city states mostly. And this has led to great creativity in arts and science, and in many small cities, people were acquainted with one another. And are proud of their cities and the accomplishments of their intellectuals."

And Petunia said, "I basically knew all that, but what is the future of domes?" I said, "In the future people will all be androids, homo machina, and large domes will not be necessary, and wars will be a thing of the past. Each android though will have a bubble dome for protection from attack, including hacking." She said, "It all seems so amazing." I said, "Androids will likely be mass produced and also all humans will be cloned as androids, and humans will slowly die out. "

Petunia said, "I want to build a domed theme park with educational and thrilling rides and it will have a number of hotels and bars and restaurant and sex workers and drugs. Different thrilling experiences would each have their own particular drugs for maximum thrills." I said, "And there will be movie domes/planetariums, which would show movies 360 degrees and in 3-D. And some domes will be conference centers where bigwigs would go and meet one another in person. Many agree that in person meeting and in person sex to be superior to appearing to one another as a hologram."

And Petunia said, "I want to build a wildlife park featuring new animals in a dome somewhere in the Solar System. The new animals they are developing are cute and cuddly and

like humans. People will want to come and adopt an animal for a stiff fee!" I said, "Of course, there is no limit to the uses for domes, and I currently have a virtual monopoly on domes, and I am the richest persona in the Universe. My net worth is hundreds of zillions. And the UW (United Worlds) enforce my patents including the all-new material of the domes themselves. The material is a synthetic material tried and tested in the lab and is harder than diamonds. Wind and storms have no effect on my domes."

Petunia said, "Your domes are expensive, but I can afford some. I got rich in Solar System real estate. And I can trade you some land for some domes." I said, "I think it is the beginning of a wondrous relationship." And we loved each other and visited one another frequently. And we built a lot of great colonies. Some called us the master and mistress of Space.

True Love

I, Laura, asked Bernice, “How many times have you found true love?” She said, “Hundreds of times, I’ve lost count. But I keep in touch with several dozens of them and love them on occasion.” I said, “I’ve had numerous lovers, but can’t seem to find true love.” Bernice said, “No lover is perfect. You just have to open your mind and focus on your lovers’ strengths and love them for who they are.” I said, “I guess I’m not cut out to fall in love. It’s all just sex to me. And maybe I am narcissistic and love myself only.” She said, “If you can love yourself, you can love others. Maybe you need to choose a lover who is cleverer than you, someone you can look up to.” I replied, “But I have never met a man who I think is cleverer than me. I am a writer and have wrote, for example, a book about a future loveless World in which no one is in love, and it’s OK and tolerable for all.” She said, “I see your point.” And I said, I’ve also written a book about a future in which the Queen of the city, who bans love. Those who say they are in love, have their brains operated on. Love is a crime.” Bernice said, “You are a hard-core radical; do you really think love should be a crime?” I replied, “No, but I think it is a possibility as many people agree with me that there is no love anywhere. Love is just a fictitious concept. It is illusory.”

And I said, "I wrote another one about a deep Space World in which everyone despises one another as they are living in cramped quarters with the same 50 people. Familiarity breeds contempt as they say. And there are a lot of murders. And murder is punishable by death, and many commit suicide so after 2 years there are only 11 left, 3 men and 8 women. And finally, they decide to return to Earth." Berenice asked, "I guess you are not optimistic about the future?" I said, "I have written some nice things, like a World in which everyone is hairless and have OCD, but they have sex with one another for most of the day and call it a 'World of Love.'" She said, "That's not so nice either." I said, "And I have another about a distant race of humans that have degenerated to be a race of alcoholics, who can't face reality. But they are content!" She said, "I guess alcoholics are happy when they are in their cups. But you have so much negative energy, you're bumming me out."

And Berenice listened as I went on and on, I told her many stories about women being cruel to men. And warped justice. And future panic. She asked, "Are such stories meant to give moral lessons?" I told her, "It is sheer entertainment."

And Berenice told me about her vision of the future. She wanted, "Everyone to work on improving their personality. And be nice to everyone. And those that weren't nice would be sent to a prison on Caliban, Neptune's Moon. On Caliban they would suffer torments until they finally agreed to be nice. The authorities were in their heads and so the bad people couldn't fool them. But she was full of hope, for the future." I told her, "These days fewer and fewer people are nice, what are you talking about?" She said, "I believe under the right conditions and with the right education, the vast majority of people will be good in terms of their alignment." I said, "We live in times of intense greed, greed is neither good nor bad in itself. But you gotta admit it's the

future.” And I said, “Greed is empty.” And Berenice thought to herself this woman is completely out of it, I knew.

But I told her, “I have no doubt the ruthless will triumph. Most people are sheep, whether good or bad. Those that want power, will take it.” She said, “Humanity has survived Armageddon scenarios for centuries, and we will get through these tough times.” I said, “You are just a dreamer.”

He Wanted to Change the Worlds

I Tina told Tom, “You are just an illusion. A phantasm in empty Space.” He said, “I am all too real and I am going to change the Worlds. I am going to force all non-human AI to become human, that includes androids, holograms, aliens, freaks, animal men and Supercomputers. As it is the World is a freak show. And most people are too out of it on panacea drugs to realize what’s going on.” I said, “No one persona can change the Worlds. The Worlds are too complex and there are too many clever people supporting the status quo.” He told me, “I have a strong desire to purify the human race and have just been elected President of Mars #5. My goal is to run for the UW (United Worlds) Presidency, and I believe many people are concerned about the freak show the Worlds are becoming.” I said, “In actuality those you call freaks basically run things, especially the Supercomputers.” He said, “It won’t be easy, but I think we can turn off the Supercomputers and take back control for humans. It’s now or never, and I think I am a man of destiny!” I said, “You are not realistic, you can’t just rearrange centuries of evolution.” He said, “You are too cynical and pro-establishment. We need more optimists and I have done my part. I

have 35 kids, who are all optimistic.” I said, “It’s just a drop in the ocean!” He said, “It only takes one really good persona to change the course of humanity forever, and established interests had better be ready to change!”

I said, “You are boring me with your castles in the air. And I am sure the UW spies are watching you closely and will get into your head and it will all be over for you.” He said, “The UW spies are the brightest people in the Worlds. And I am sure their leaders will go along with me. The best people will end up saving humanity.”

And so he tried to save the World. But as I predicted certain spies got into his head and drove him to suicide. I reflected it was inevitable for him. And to be truthful, I didn’t respect him and his pogrom on clever creatures. But I seized the moment to write about his life and made a lot of money and it became seminal reading for all. I figured I was way wiser than him.

Bloodless Revolutions

I, Bertrand, told Rhonda, "I'd like to take you to Greece, and we can sit it in the sun, kick back and enjoy life." She said, "But you and I betrayed the democracy of Earth and supported General Frank. And Greece is the origin of democracy." I said, "Greeks in history were mostly ruled by tyrants and democracy ultimately failed in ancient Greece and has failed in the modern era, too. Democracy just led to more fighting and evil, rather than anything good." She replied, "Perhaps it was just a dream, but I am sorry to see democracy eradicated from most Worlds. The Worlds today require everyone to be obsequious to the power and kiss ass with them." And she said, "Surely humanity could have done better." I said, "If you have such thoughts, you should keep them to yourself, before the spies get on your case. She said, "OK, let's go to Greece!" So, she never mentioned her thoughts on politics again and survived. And as the years passed, I often hooked up with her. In fact, she was my favorite lover, as she was so clever. And she even accepted the spies' offer to work for them and I was proud of her.

As a spy she changed. And now she was saying, "Democracy is the rule of the ignorant masses and our leader is a philosopher King and she is wise." I said, "It takes guts to change your mind!" She said, "I admit I was unaware how good our leader is. And now I am spying on

North China where the leader is ruthless and evil. And I train agents provocateur and use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to get in the heads of students and radicals and encourage them to rebel. The MRT automatically translates our thoughts. And we have hypnotized them using MRT to revolt” And she said, and we have planted invisible undetectable MRT pins in the Presidential meeting room, to read everyone’s minds within 50 feet. MRT is still a secret, and though the Northern Chinese, knew of it, but didn’t realize we were doing it to extremes. They were so proud.

And she said, “Finally, we were on the verge of a revolution. Too late the Chinese tried to cross-hypnotize the students and radicals. And tried to get into their heads, but this just drove them completely mad and there was chaos in the streets and the protestors raided armories all over North China and it was civil war. And they chose me as one of their leaders (I was a Chinese American). We used guerilla tactics and finally were victorious. But we had to deal with a number of mad leaders on our side.” I said, “I didn’t realize you were behind the revolution!” She said, “I had a whole lot of help.”

And I asked her, “What your next project is?” She told me, “My UW (United Worlds) boss is sending me to the West African Union. The Union is in chaos and there are many radicals appearing. We are backing the ousted Emperor who had brought peace to the Union for a time. He was not a particularly enlightened leader, but we figured he was a decent human being. And he was kind and sane. We, as always, have used MRT, hypnosis and lie detectors to aid us in inspiring revolution. I am actively involved from our office in NYC, co-ordinating actions.”

And she said, “I look forward to helping to bring about permanent peace to the Worlds.” I said, “You are my idol. Will you love me?” So, we got it on, and as time passed, I noticed wars

were fizzling out and so too cruel leaders were disappearing. Just like magic, most of the revolutions were bloodless.

Eat, Drink and Be Merry

I, Albert said to Dorothy, “Let’s go to Food World on Mars and pig out for a weekend.” Of course, we took anti-fat pills, so there was no reason not to indulge. She said, “Let’s eat, drink and be merry...” So, we went to Mars and feasted. And we met a lot of debauched hedonists. Some of them just lived for pleasure and comfort for their minds. I said, “Androids envy humans and their capacity for pleasure, androids can have sex but can’t eat, drink or do drugs. Androids compared to humans are stark and austere.” Dorothy said, “Some think androids are the future, but to be happy one must be human. Androids are kind of sad, pathetic creatures.”

And I said, “Holograms get no pleasure whatsoever, nor do Supercomputers.” She said, “The Worlds should be for humans only. We should get rid of AI.”

And some people ate all day and though they took anti-fat pills they were still fat. And some even refused the anti-fat pills altogether and were immense and hung out on Planets and Moons with low gravity.

Some ate stem-cell meats only, others ate lots of fruits and vegetables. But stem-cell meats were the cheapest food. And organs could all be replaced so one ate and drank as much as one

wanted. There were more alcoholics now than ever as there was no health problems and many craved sweet oblivion...

And Dorothy remarked, "Almost everyone chooses their body size, some men like heavy women, others like them slim and lean. And most men are hunks. I think it is all good.

And I said, "Many drink, in order to socialize, it greases the wheels. And romantic dinners are still popular." She said, "Everyone has to eat!"

I stated, "Many androids want to convert to humans and enjoy more pleasures. In some places, it is legal and it's very hard to tell if one is a former android." She replied, "All AI and non-human creatures want to be human, and many create a human clone.

A Love Story with Real Children

I, Uli, said to Georgia, "Tell me a story!" So, she told me about, "A man who thought he knew it all, was surprized when he met me. I told him, I'd been to deep Space and back and felt I could absorb everything. And I asked him if I could hypnotize him. He said, 'I am not so foolish.' But I got him drunk and then hypnotized him. And I told him to act like a turkey and he cawed and hooted and bent his elbows as if he had wings and flapped them and he hopped all about." He asked, "What is the moral of the story?" I replied, "No one is perfect, and everyone has faults." I said, "Once there was a woman who fought for justice, but finally she realized there is no justice in the future. And this made her feel very grim indeed. But there was no way one woman could change the future all by herself. Friends told her she was too proud and too righteous." And she asked me, "What is the moral lesson?" I said, "Righteous people are not in fashion." So then she told me, "Once there was a man who had been made a fool of and vowed revenge. So, he burned down a kingdom just out of spite. And the moral lesson is pride is the enemy of justice." I said, "I am not so proud. I feel I have a balanced, sane approach to life! Why tell me such a story?" She said, "A rich, handsome and clever man like you is always very proud in my experience." I replied, "Some women are never satisfied. You piqued my interest when I first met you an hour ago, but now I realize you are just a bitch. She said, "I'm just probing you,

actually I am feeling like meeting you is love at first sight.” I said, “You are unstable and insane.” And I walked away and thought that was the end of it. But she must have followed me home because she knocked on my door, just after I arrived home. And I was drunk so I foolishly let her in. She immediately stripped off her clothes and then she grabbed my dick. So I loved her and it was very pleasurable. And the next morning she was still here. I said, “No more stories, OK?” She said, “I promise.” And she asked me about “your loves?” I said, “I’ve fallen in love a few times, but made a point of making every serious romance have a happy ending and we always parted as friends.” And she asked, “Do you really feel that you’ve tried your best to find the best lovers?” I said, “That’s a clever question. I figure I’ve missed out on numerous good opportunities through just being drunk or turning down women I met Online, through not realizing how good they were, at first glance. I think Online dating is hard, even in this day and age and I don’t like it. Sometimes Ms. Right is Ms. Right now. And I have had my share of lovers, and I can’t complain.” She said, “Sometimes I think the World is too big to just have a few lovers. But human nature is to limit one’s lovers. In the past there were sex diseases and children to afford and take care of.” I said, “Love is important, but so too are a number of other things.” She said, “For me, love is everything. Love of all those you know! And I feel like I know you, though we’ve only just met.” I said, “I can’t decide if I really like you or not.”

And I asked her, “What’s the most important quality in a man?” She said, “Actually the ability to surprize me is most important, I fancy.” And I asked, “How have I surprized you?” She said, “It’s clear to me that you are exceptionally clever. When I first met you, I didn’t know what to think. That’s why I like you, you’re clever!” And she called up on her voice computer, “A book I am working on.” She quoted, “And the master revealed his philosophy which was to try and drive women completely bonkers. He lived for this one thing only...” I said, “Women tell

me I drive them crazy, but mostly it is just physical attraction, I think.” And she quoted, “And the master revealed to me, that ‘all love is good.’” I answered, saying, “Women come and go and life goes on. I am sure you will tire of me, soon!” She responded, “Maybe not!”

Anyway, I loved her for several weeks, and then one day she told me, “I want to get married to you.” I said, “Now you are acting crazy again. Very few people these days get married, and I am not one of them!” And she told me, “We could have children the old-fashioned way and forget about this reality of children being born in an adult’s body in the incubator and having memories of both parents. We’ve got plenty of time to raise them. I said, “Such children will be far behind those born as adults. It will take them 25 years to even remotely catch up. It’s reactionary and backwards. My time is valuable, I don’t have time to teach kids the ABC’s and such.” She said, “Such children would be loving personae and would be far saner than most. Many born as adults have serious mental problems and have to have brain surgery. And often the surgery doesn’t work well and many of these insane youth need to be eliminated, which seems extraordinarily cruel. We can be trendsetters and aid in the return to sanity of a society gone mad.”

I said, “Most insane people are driven crazy by brain apps actually in the mad quest to improve one’s brain. She said, “Brain apps should come to an end. We don’t need everyone to be clever, there’s plenty of clever people to go around.” I said, “We can never get too many people. Brain apps are risky, but I think they are worth it for the success stories they create.

She said, “Anyway I am willing to raise our children by myself, so you have nothing to lose. If you don’t agree, I’ll go to the sperm bank!” I replied, “OK, I’m willing to help me raise our children the natural way. But you and I both were born as adults, so we’ll have to learn as we go and read old teaching texts.” She said, “I love you!”

And I added, “Just like you said, we are setting a new trend.” We were both famous now as children hadn’t been born the natural way in 60 years. Except for a few small cults. We made it mainstream. And we crusaded around the Solar System, proselytized our plan for natural births. Our goal was to get every child a natural child in the name of sanity. After 10 years of crusading, we had gotten natural births up to 10% of the whole. At least it was a start. Some people said, time weighed heavily on their hands and raising a bevy of children gave them something meaningful to do.

Anyway, we had 4 groups of triplets and I agreed to marry her, and I totally loved her. And “The Universe Days Magazine” voted us the best couple of the year 2180. It pleased me that we had inspired so many people. We had found meaning!

Freedom for Androids

I, Sandra, said to Jake, “We have a mountain of legal trouble. But we are rich and have the best lawyers, and in the right, so surely, we will get off the charges!” Jake said, “But technically we are in the wrong for trying to improve android love dolls.” But I said, “Surely we are advancing the cause of all humanity!” He said, “Of course our androids, are better lovers than humans and aim to please and get great sexual satisfaction from loving humans.” I said, “But the prosecutors are sure to say we should be improving humans’ sexual ability with brain apps.” He said, “Yes that is a good idea too, but some people prefer the sex machines, that are androids. They have much more energy and sex power!” I asked, “What if we get sent to rehab? He said, “I fear rehab more than anything else. Rehab means brain surgery and is equivalent to death, I think.”

So we went to court, charged by the city state government of L.A. with crimes against humanity. I took the stand and said, “We are just trying to improve the World!” But the prosecutor said, “You are just trying to capitalize on human greed and temptation with your machines, who themselves have no original ideas and just try to turn people into sex machines, too!” I said, “That’s outrageous. We are just trying to make peoples’ sex lives a success!” The prosecutor added, “You are swimming in ill gotten gains and are fabulously rich.”

And so it went...The judge ordered us to stop trying to improve android love dolls, but there was no prison or rehab. So, we were free.

I asked Jake, "What will we do next?" He suggested, "Why don't we run a repair shop for broken androids? Many people are cruel to their android sex slaves and hurt them. We would not deal with the brains of the androids, just fix their robotic parts." I said, "Yes, I think we could get away with that. But what about prosecuting humans for abuse of androids?" He said, "I don't think that would work. As you know androids have no legal rights. And those that kill their androids are not charged. But it is murder of sentient beings and we need to fight for android rights and justice." I said, "We should start a political party, 'the android party,'" And I added, "We could win a lot of votes as most people own androids." He said, "We couldn't do it in court, but surely we will have legislative success."

So, we ran human candidates in all democratic city states. And we won dozens of mayoralties. And we made such cities havens for androids. And legislated equal rights for androids. But some androids in these cities wanted to rule themselves. But we told them, other states would attack us if we allowed such things. Many leaders of city states though, appointed android advisors to their government.

And the two of us had android lovers ourselves. I thought it was superior love. And we had a lot of android friends, many of whom were advocates for android rights, and were lawyers. These android lovers represented androids in foreign courts and spoke very eloquently.

And slowly but surely, people began to give androids respect and mingled with them freely. It was justice for all!

Our Destiny

I, Rodney, told Delilah, “Everyone here drinks from the river of youth and everyone looks like they are 16 and thin and fit. Of course, there were a few infamous examples of people refusing to drink saying the river water altered one’s mind. These people were deported back to Earth.” Delilah said, “Some people have told me that every day is better than the last and they plan to live forever.” I said, “But in fact the upper limit of age is about 125. After that the suicide rate jumps from 1% to 2.6%. And anyone who dies in an accident, which is rare, are cloned. Most suicides of course are from deliberate or reckless neo heroin overdoses.”

Delilah said, “I, like most others, find that it is harder and harder to find new experiences and feelings. I was born like all others from my generation, as an adult, and have lived 80 years, which now seems like a long time.” I replied, “I am only 60 and was born rich and spoiled, but now life seems largely empty. I figure life still has some quality, but not very much.”

Delilah said, “Have you tried the new anti-boredom drugs?” I said, “Yes, but they only work for about a year!” And she asked, “What are we to do, then?” I said, “There is experimental surgery that refreshes one’s brain for 20 years of life and maybe they will be able to extend that” She said, “Refreshing one’s brain sound like death!” I said, “In case I want to die, I have prepared a highlight package of my life so far, for a potential funerary wake and all the people

that moved me over the years will be invited.” She said, “I want to go out with a bang. Maybe preside over my own wake!”

I said, “To be faced with death everyday is to live a life of horror. I have a friend who died and had his soul extracted and sent to Heaven, but without a body, Heaven couldn’t be much fun.” She said, “More and more I see horrors on Earth. Some people are really suffering and hopefully will be spared of their tortures by death.” I said, “In particular the Argentinian Empire features many people who are poor and miserable.” She said, “Such people need to fight hard everyday to survive and many don’t make it for long. But they have a high birth rate, with people being born as adults and this keeps the population steady.”

I said, “In hindsight, the Worlds were destined to end up in an existential nightmare. Eternal youth could have no other result than eventual death. Nothing lasts forever and all good things come to an end.” She said, “If its our destiny to die out as humans, then that’s just a fact of life!”

Her Mental Problems

I, Dr. Simon said to Ann, “What’s the matter with you?” She said, “I’m coming to see you the shrink because I’m having nightmares and am hallucinating of evil spirits while I am awake...” I said, “There are new drugs to make the hallucinations go away and as for the nightmares you can opt for positive dream stimuli which reach your subconscious while you sleep.” She said, “I thought I could handle my problems, but now realize I can’t. I’ll try the therapies you suggest.” So, I saw her again in two weeks and this time she told me, “The therapies didn’t work, in fact they just made things worse. I am totally suicidal and tried to overdose two nights ago, but I woke up. If you can’t help me, just say so.” I said, “It’s time for desperate measures. So, I will implant a copy of my mind into your mind to fight off the madness. I’ll be there for you 24/7!” She said, “Strangely enough that gives me hope.”

I saw her again in two weeks and she seemed positively jubilant. She exclaimed, “Your calming influence really helped me!” I said, “I figured it would. The next steps are to get you a lover and a useful job to do. To be a productive citizen.” She said, “With you in my mind, I reached many orgasms. And I would like a job as your sex slave!”

The woman was attractive and dressed kinky. So, I broke the rules and agreed to see her once a week for sex. The first time she screamed like a banshee, and I felt good bringing her pleasure.

So, it went for several months, but then one day she said, there was another man in her head who said he was the Devil and planned to drive her mad.” And so, I consulted with my implant in her head, and he said, evil hackers possessed her. They were attracted to her mind by my implant. So, I called up the spies and put them on the case. And they rid her mind of hackers and she was calm and loving again. But I could tell her mind had been permanently scarred by the hackers. And she still loved me but was dejected and depressed. Finally, she overdosed and died. At her funeral I was the only one there. And I thought what a pity.

To Be a Doctor

I, Allen, asked Carla, “What would it take to win your love?” She said you need to graduate from medical school and be rich.” I said, “That will take 1 year of intense study with brain apps, as I am studying archaeology at the moment.” She said, I don’t want to love an archeologist, I want to love a doctor.” I’d known Carla since I was a boy and felt comfortable around her. And she added, “Don’t you want to help people and get rich?” So, I agreed and on my graduation day, she loved me hard and I felt it was all worth it. But friends told me I was just infatuated and not truly in love. However, I didn’t care what they said.

But after a few months of loving her, I sensed in her a certain ennui with regard to me. So, I said, “I’ll take you to France. So, we went there, and I set up a medical practice in Paris.” And we joined a number of social groups and met a lot of new friends. Most of the groups were multi-cultural. And some of the women let me know they were interested in me. Carla was insanely jealous and wanted me to take her back to Canada, our homeland.

I told her, “I am having a blast here. I’m not going to leave.” And my French was improving fast. She said, “The only reason the women here want you is because you are a doctor. And I am the one that convinced you to be a physician.” I said, “I am sick and tired of you. Why don’t you fuck off.” So she left.

And I only worked six months a year and traveled the other six months. In Taiwan, I met a wonderful girl Camilia, an architect, who encouraged me to be a part-time archaeologist, so I studied for my doctorate in archaeology. It was my goal to find Genghis Khan's tomb so I went to Mongolia and used metal detectors that were grouped with 12 of them measuring 80 feet wide, pulled by a tractor. I found a number of ancient sites and then finally I stumbled on his tomb.

The tomb featured numerous rock cut rooms into a mountain, including his harem and guards and numerous art pieces from China. And 5,000 soldiers. And 2,000 carts and 4,000 horses And the coffin was made of gold, and his crumbling skeleton was decked in precious stones and a golden bejeweled crown.

Some people wanted to clone the Great Emperor, but the spies removed the remains and destroyed them. I could see why they did it. But wondered if they had actually destroyed his DNA completely.

But finding the tomb made me very famous and rich and I remained loyal to Camilia, who was my soul mate. And my next archaeological research involved a search for early humans in South America. I discovered an underwater city just off the coast (the glaciers had lowered sea level) and carbon dated the city to 25,000 B.C. and I was convinced that humans had been in the Americas for hundreds of thousands of years. And it was my goal to prove it. I figured the indigenous people of South America were closely related to Filipinos...

Anyway, then war broke out and China nuked the US and vice versa, so I went back to being a doctor to treat the survivors. And Betsy worked as a nurse.

It seemed the two countries were determined to destroy one another. And Chinese troops landed in Canada and quickly took control. The US city states were busy squabbling amongst

themselves and finally China took over. And the new Empress, ruled with an iron fist and there was no free speech or freedom to decide one's occupation nor place of residence.

Many said, "Life had become a nightmare. But the Chinese liked me as I had found the tomb of the Great Khan and made me President of the US, now united under Chinese suzerainty. And I was put in charge of the new spy service in America. So I arrested violently inclined people and shit disturbers and I announced to everyone that, "Henceforth there would be no free speech." I felt guilty about it but people had to stop fighting.

And through it all, Camilia had 10 kids (born as adults) and Camilia redesigned some nuked cities like L.A. and NYC... And then eternal youth was discovered, and we lived on and on.

Revolution on Ariel

I, Orville, told Joanne, “Baron R., our ruler, has to go.” Joanne said, “And he rapes and abuses women.” I said, “99% of the population of the city are slaves, including you and me. It is unacceptable.” She said, “Only a few very old people remember what it is like to have free speech and be free.”

We lived on Ariel, a Moon of Uranus, and the population of our city was 15,000. Most of the people were poorly educated and worked at varying servile positions. The elite 150, were the police/ spies of the colony and were rich and loyal to the Baron, but even they didn’t have free speech. The elite were basically goons and were all men.

The Baron basically cut off our city from foreign trade and interaction. And to cope the people he ruled were a bunch of drunkards. The booze was high quality and kept the people going. Joanne and I had come here 20 years ago when there was plenty of opportunity here, to get rich, but then the Baron seized control and stripped us of our riches and he bought numerous slaves from other colonies. And he wouldn’t let us leave. And instead, we had labor in the mines, operating the robot drillers.

We had two other couples for friends, and we shared mates and got fantastically drunk together. Most other slaves respected us, and we got along with them. Then finally we started sowing discontent and planned a revolution. Joanne was the leader of the movement. And one

day on a rare feast day she cozied up to the Baron and then suddenly cut his throat and the elite were all hammered and couldn't use their lasers very well at close quarters and finally we had slaughtered them all. And 200 slaves were killed including one of the couples who were our close friends. So that left the 4 of us to take control. And we promised to free everyone and open the economy to other colonies and Earth itself. The Earthlings were shocked to learn of the slavery and abuse that had gone on, on Ariel. We asked them why they hadn't intervened? They said, it was a sovereign nation and hadn't threatened others.

Anyway, we tried to attract new clever immigrants with offers of free plots of land under our dome and would use our robot builders to build buildings/homes to suit. And we automated everything, just like on Earth and everyone had plenty of free time to watch the now available Earth entertainment and pursue romance. And 90% of the people said they were content. The remaining 10% had to see a shrink on the Internet in Earth, and many were given 'sanity happy medication.'"

And the four of us had a total of 250 children that year (born as adults, with memories of both parents) which immediately upped the brain trust of the colony.

All's well that ends well.

Bourne's Star Brewing Company

I, Eddie Bourne, told Jane, "I studied astronomy, but now wish I'd studied beer brewing. Of course, I had discovered 3 Earth-like Planets that were in our galaxy and therefore not that far. And I tried to sell real estate on these new Planets. But investors thought they were too far away. And I wished I'd produced new GM hops for many delightful tasting beers. And I finally quit as an astronomer and grew hops. The company was named Bourne's Star Brewing Company. And I mixed in an enhanced depth perception drug, useful on the Net, and a drug that made people kinder." She said, "You seem to have the best of all Worlds! What's next for you?" I said, "I plan to improve wine and spirits and establish my booze stores all over the Solar System. I think people these days are mostly bored and just want to party well, in grace and comfort." She said, "I have sampled your beer and can't get enough. But why don't you add permanent brain altering drugs to your drinks. And make people happier." I said, "That's illegal in most States, but I could certainly try it in areas which allow it. Make peoples' body chemistry inspirational to them." She said, "I'm in love with your beer and I love you the creator of it!" So, I loved Jane, and she turned out to be a literary genius. She had written about a future in which everyone was on various happy drugs which brought them panacea. And many of the drugs didn't exist in nature and were all new. The sky was the limit, she wrote. And her books were full of hypothetical geniuses, and she was their creator. Some scientists tried to create such geniuses in the lab. Many

of them were social geniuses, the life of the party types. Party geniuses were skilled in sex, jokes, anecdotes and vision for the future, and were social butterflies and so on.

I said to her, “Social geniuses were the geniuses of the future, once science has maxed out and people will concentrate on living more cleverly. Of course, such people will be so advanced, modern people wouldn’t recognize them as human in behavior and in looks. A new species; homo superior.” She said, “Everything you say is so right!” I said, “Also homo superior will be good in terms of alignment. Wars will not be fought unless truly necessary. And such people will be kinder than people today. And everyone will be included in this new species. Everyone will be clever, and everyone will have a challenging job. Total employment will be the future. Even simple sales jobs will require cleverness and deftness.” She said, “I think the future is exciting, as I say the sky’s the limit.”

The Joker

I, the Joker, told the Cat woman, “You’re sexy and clever, but you don’t know everything. You don’t realize that life is just a joke. She said, “You poisoned the air in NYC with laughing gas and caused everyone in the city to laugh uncontrollably and ended up costing people a lot of money in lost income.” I said, “It was just a joke!” And she accused me of “Poisoning the water supply to make everyone nauseous and sick of their occupation and most quit their job that day.” I said, “It was all a lesson for people who are too serious to learn what life is really about. I thought it was a good prank!”

And I told Cat woman, “You think you are sexy, but actually a moron!” She said, “You are just trying to bait me. In actuality, every man wants me. You are jealous I am more popular than ever.” And she had been voted the sexiest woman alive by a number of magazines.” And it was known that she was a great lover. She was always surrounded by many cats and had some pet big cats. And she had grown long canine teeth and would purr as she spoke. And she ate only meat. And she used new brain app drugs on her cats to turn them into geniuses, though they couldn’t speak. But they understood many words. And she was said to have had sex with a lion.

And Batman said, “I swear I’ll have you locked up, Joker!” He was talking to me Online, but I quickly changed my GPS position, so he couldn’t find me. My next prank was to expose Batman as “Bruce Wayne” and everyone believed it. And he was prosecuted for his brand of

vigilante justice and went to jail briefly. While he was in jail, I raped the Cat woman and that deflated her, permanently it seemed. I was sick of her strutting about so proud...

When Batman got out of jail, he tried to hunt me down. But I disappeared from social media and finally he was assassinated by a disgruntled fan of his. I continued with my jokes. Next up I created a number of copies of myself who had no brain and just appeared all over NYC. All the 'clones' could say was, 'The joke's on you.'"

And I learned that the Riddler was planning to get married the next day, so I hid in the wedding cake. And popped up like a jack-in-the-box and sprayed everyone with glue before disappearing in a puff of smoke. And I was satisfied I had ruined his wedding day...

Food, Glorious Food

I, Oriana, told Giovanni, “I am known as ‘The Gardener.’” And I said, “I set up colonies with beautiful flowers and trees and streams and slopes. Mostly under domes, but also have some hardy plants that can grow just about anywhere. I am the most famous gardener in the Solar System. On Mercury I have designed many trees on the poles. On Venus I created crawling flowering vines. On Luna I had many gardens which sucked water out of the soil and could withstand the cold of night. On Mars equator I created plants on the equator and also the poles.”

And I reminded him, “And the rest of the Solar System was all domes. On Europa for example there were a few domes on the ice and also on the bottom of the ocean. In the Domes there were streams flowing and plants which were unique to the varying Moons. And these flowers are edible and good for you. And I control most new spices, with my scientists to help me.”

He said, “I am a stem-cell meat monger. I have invented many new meats. And many people eat only meat.” She said, “The stem-cell meats are hideous to look at.” He said, “I am now improving the look. They now just look like a giant globe.”

I said, “These days there is hardly any vegetarians or vegans these days.” He said, “Studies have proved stem cell meats are healthy and good for you.”

And he added, “And stem-cell meats were full of drugs of varying kinds. Some said, we all have too many drugs in our systems.” I said, “I eat only stem-cell meats that are drug-free.” He

said, "I get meat that has my favorite party mix that causes my brain to operate at 100% efficiency and make me laugh at everything for an hour or two. And also, drugs which increase my sex drive. And of course, make me kinder." I said, "Many of the drugs they put in make one addicted to that particular brand of meat." He said, "But the Food inspectors make sure all additives are healthy."

And I said, "Modern food is a taste sensation with all sorts of tastes, with various spices. I grow new spices in my gardens which are beautiful flowers."

He said, "The thought of getting dirty, doesn't appeal to me. Maybe most of us have OCD these days." I said, "Yes, as you know, many live in an antiseptically clean environment and are hairless and dressed in white." He said, "I prefer colorful light clothes and women with hair on their head and eyebrows, but the rest should be hairless." I said, "Yes, people are divided into two camps, as far as fashion goes. Most on Earth, of course, choose hair and colorful clothes, whereas in the rest of the Solar System, most people live in an antiseptic environment. And there are still germs in Space which can be deadly in close quarters and some evil scientists have created new resistant bacteria."

He said, "Yes, Space is dangerous. Space cars blow up on occasion and sabotage of dome atmospheric systems can kill everyone in a colony instantly. There have been two such incidents, as you know out of a total of 88 colonies."

I said, "But Space is also very lucrative, and people are freer generally speaking than Earth." And he opined, "You and I are both fabulously rich beyond our wildest desire! What are you doing with your money?" I replied, "I reinvest most of it in my companies and have had 35 kids. And I like to visit with friends throughout the Solar System. I know some people like to just meet as 3-D characters Online. But I prefer to meet in person and most of my friends are lovers

and 3-D hologram love is inferior. What about you?” He told me, “I have spent most of my money buying android love dolls. I have 50 of the latest models. And the rest of my money I invested in the third deep Space mission and plan to have 1 of my clones on board to claim lots of land for me and him. Clones are expensive, but I have 6 and they are all involved in different kinds of enterprises. Like genetic therapy, automation and robotics, improving Mind Reading Technology, safe air cars and developing android love dolls which appeal specifically to me and my clones and so on. What do your children do?” I told him they are mostly biologists and bioengineers, many work at Mars Imagination University. I am proud of them all.” He said my clones and I have a total of only 36 kids; they are all still studying multiple doctorate and post-doctorate degrees.”

I said, “Why don’t you and I buy up all the food companies in the Solar System, we already control together more than a half.” He replied, “There are no laws in Space against it. Let’s do it!” So, then we started to buy up automated Earth farms and soon we were both in the top 10 richest people list. Food glorious food!

Golden Android Mars City

I Jewel said to Eugene, “What the Hell are you doing?” He answered, “I’m just trying to prove that, our society is truly free.” We lived on Mars, in Golden Mars city, and he was insulting and denigrating our proud leader, who he called, “a demagogue and a disgrace and a abomination.” Our leader, Grant, told him, “You had to leave of your own accord or be deported to Luna where he was from. And Eugene mocked him, in the daily news, saying Grant was “petty and small-minded.” The news of Eugene’s impending exile set off a firestorm of debate, but ultimately Eugene was deported. But he continued to be in contact with me and others. I told him, “I don’t want to hear from you again,” and figured that was an end of it, at least for me.

But meanwhile, Grant ushered in a new law, prohibiting hate speech and in the next election he lost to a free speech challenger. The new President, Uther, charged Grant with crimes against humanity. The population was split, and he allowed Eugene to return.

However, I agreed with Grant and came to his defence, and then suddenly Eugene was assassinated. And Grant consolidated his power, promising billions to build free homes for new immigrants to our colony on Mars, saying, “Calm, peaceful people would be welcomed.” And we would make the colony prosperous through trade. Our colony was rich in gold and metals and primarily traded with Moons farther from the Sun than us in exchange for water and food. And he wanted to build superior android love dolls for local consumption and export. And so, he wooed love doll scientists from Earth with gold and the love dolls turned out to be high quality which made our colony, Golden Mars rich.

And polls showed that 80% of our population thought Grant was doing a good job. And the affair with Eugene had been forgotten. But then a new political challenger, Doris, appeared. She said, "Every human on the colony should be required to love androids only. And all our offspring should be androids which would have half of our brains, each." And she said, androids are superior to us in every way and the next step would be total android takeover. But Grant said, "Androids are superior to us sexually, but still have partly human brains. So far human geniuses had not been improved on he said. And this will create abundant jobs for very clever humans. And though we might end up as cyborgs, we would always remain human, at least for the foreseeable future." And most of our population agreed with him (androids didn't have the vote). But many other leaders emerged who were androids and wanted human rights for all androids, and one of these leaders organized mass android protests in Golden Mars city. And finally, the androids started a revolution and overthrew Grant. The immediate outcome of the revolt was many androids from Earth fled here. And the new leaders announced all humans must change into androids and leave their useless bodies to be destroyed. The city was renamed, "Golden Android city." And the androids were made of gold and iron beneath their skin. But that made them vulnerable to being harvested by bounty hunter invaders.

However Golden Android city was the first android city in the Universe. And most humans on Earth admitted that androids were the future. And so it happened faster than everyone had previously imagined. It was just the reality.

One Can Always Be More Beautiful

I, Yuri said to April, “You are pretty, but you should wear make-up and ultimately get plastic surgery. She said, “I believe in natural beauty.” I told her, “No matter how beautiful you are, you can always be prettier. Just like female androids, who are your competition.” And I told her, “You will find in the next decade or so that no man will want you. She said, “I don’t believe that all men will only love androids.” I said, “You are going against the wind!” She said, “Why don’t you love me and try me out?” I said, “I’m not interested. I have a bevy of sexy android girls waiting for me. And you don’t turn me on!”

Most modern women wanted to be beautiful, and many converted to being androids. Others opted for plastic surgery and genetic therapy. But everyone agreed the modern age was the age of sex. Everyone was obsessed with their love affairs and many only cared about sex. Some pundits however remarked that the instinct to have sex was in order to have children. But now most people had no children. And they had eternal youth.

And many people were into S&M. And the sex was often kinky.

And androids were creatures of pleasure, they orgasmed once a minute, while having sex. And so they were desperate to find new lovers.

And sex for humans went together with love drugs which enhanced one’s ability and pleasure. Everyone used the love drugs.

And there were very few humans and no androids who didn’t want near constant sex. Those few humans though were mostly alone and miserable.

But some futurists said the future would be for intellectuals. Intellectuals would mostly be androids and such geniuses would still have plenty of sex but would do art and science. And these geniuses would use everyone, if only as guinea pigs for their social and scientific experiments.

And many futurists said there would always be room for entrepreneurs to go to distant Star Systems and do business. Businesspeople would determine what kind of people would go to Space and would make money off of the best lovers. There was no limit to how good love could be, they figured. And businesspeople would put a price tag on love. The best lovers would be in business for themselves and would be the richest personae. And some people and androids would indulge in parties where the-life-of-the-party types attracted the best lovers. Most people were predicted to be sane by most prognosticators.

Conscripted on Ganymede

I, Manuel, said to Ilene, “Uncle Sam wants you! The Federation of North American city states is warring with China, and they will conscript us both.” She said, “In this day and age, I can’t believe they will send me to die.” I replied, “Life has always been cruel, beneath the veneer of civilization. And it has been a long time since we’ve had a war and this one will be the Apocalypse. She said, “Let’s run away to Luna!” So, as it turned out we got tickets on the last ship to Luna.

And we set up a radio station, which broadcast antiwar rhetoric from the “Free World.” We wanted to overthrow the North American leader.

But soon this World War spread to Space. And the Chinese attacked our colony. We were defenseless. The new Luna overlords forced us into the military. We were each given a powerful laser and were sent to Ganymede where they had an impermeable dome and anti-missile systems. Our troops laid siege to the city, and we had sappers mining under the city. But the Ganymedeans were ready for it and attacked our sappers. And poured glue into the tunnels in which our troops became stuck.

So, the siege was a stale mate. For one year we had laid siege. But then on Earth nuclear weapons were used and billions died, and the governments of both nations were overthrown. So we returned to Earth to help with the recovery. Only Africa had not been nuked, everywhere else nearly everyone was killed.

It was a new era of African and Arabian culture. But the varying nations did the unthinkable and built-up nuclear stockpiles. And soon there was another war which basically killed all but a few million people.

Ilene and I were among the survivors. Armed gangs roamed the countryside. But we avoided them and lived in a burnt-out country mansion. The radioactivity was high here, but so to everywhere else. We figured we wouldn't live long and figured if we had children, they would be mutants. And we lost eternal youth medication and now were aging quickly. And finally, we died.

A Famous Philanthropist Writer

I, Gloria, said to Andrew, “Life is lovely!” He said, “Maybe for you, not for me. “You are a lovely model whereas I am a mutant survivor of the wars. No woman wants me, and I have no job.” I said, “I’ll love you!” And so, we did it. And he thanked me profusely. And I gave him a job as a bodyguard. And I paid for him to do plastic surgery to make him a sexy man. And his attitude improved, and he told me, “I am happy now!” And he turned out to be quite an intellectual. He wrote a “Treatise on the Elite,” which was about how the elite were basically just a bunch of greedy rich guys. I thought it was on the whole unfair, but he insisted on touring with the book and denouncing the elite. But the elite had the power in our Lunar colony. And finally, they had him arrested and charged with treason. I was a member of the elite and I tried to intervene and tell the other elite; I’d take care of him. But they were truly offended and pissed off, so they had him tried and executed.

So, I had Andrew cloned. And molded him in my image, with nothing but happy, wholesome memories. And I encouraged him to write, and he wrote, “A Day in the Life of a Genius,” which was about me and was about my predilection for helping down and out geniuses who were not so skilled in business, but had talent as artists. And he pointed out some geniuses that I had rescued. Like Jeremy who had written about people of the future who had true love for everyone. Everyone was required to find true love and most of them did for a one-year contract. Those that didn’t were assigned a lover who the authorities thought would match. And everyone seemed

satisfied. It was a good future I agreed. People today had too many sex partners and didn't appreciate them, I figured.

And another artist she had saved was a painter of mystery movies all in 12 painted scenes which progressed to the conclusion. It was something different, Andrew argued. And another artist was a musician who busked and played songs like "Gloria's Brood."

And there was a list of 40 artists whom she had helped. The best of them all was Dirk L. who wrote about how everyone should get an "arts app," which gave everyone artistic talent. And Dirk also wrote about a future in which everyone had to be content. If they weren't content, everyone else had to pitch in and help them be content. Most people were relatively easily satisfied, he wrote. And Dirk wrote about a future in which everyone was extremely attractive, and everyone lived in harmony. And Dirk wanted everyone to live a challenging life. His book, "The Challenge," was about people who constantly challenged one another to strive harder. And so on.

Many people thought Gloria was a real treasure. And she was elected Mayor of this city, Luna #14. As Mayor, she brought in fabulously rich people who sent their clones to be part of this prosperous city. And the entrepreneurs here, made the best drugs. Drugs for every occasion. Like drugs for listening to subliminal music and watching subliminal art. And neo-marijuana which made people creative in business. Everyone here wanted to be rich and if drugs did it for them then they were satisfied. Some of the creative businesses included, selling love dolls who got all their lovers to fall in love with them. And selling air cars with a crew of original artists for a small fortune which paid the original artists big bucks. And another creative business was creating a World of creative holograms who were creatures of pure imagination.

And Gloria was a collector of modern art. And if she bought a starving artist's painting, they would immediately be rich. And so to with writers and musicians. Everyone knew she had an eye for art.

And Gloria wrote a book of the future about a people who looked like pieces of abstract art and were constantly on the move very fast. Everything for them was fast like the drugs they took. And their sexual exploits were fast, and they sped around on fast air cars. They lived in fast forward. The future couldn't come fast enough for them.

And Gloria wrote a book about animal magnetism. About hypnotising animals to do tricks and read minds with Mind Reading Technology. People liked to get in the heads of her clever animals and learn what it was like to be a wild beast.

Gloria also wrote about how the smartest humans were all humble and they needed to be inspired to do great things. Ambition was a quality in which all humans could do with more, she thought. And she wrote, about her future philosophy, which was to create our descendants in the lab, to be maximum intelligence. Just keep tweaking them as they grew up, she wrote. And of course, they would grow up fast in a month to become adults. And when they were full adults, they were then "born." With full memories of their two parents, of course.

Also, Gloria was the author of "Forever Dreams," which was about her best dreams. Like a World of perfection, that was a true Utopia. Everyone was a genius and quite congenial and sexy. Another dream was about a World of Goodness. Where everyone worked in a charity to help one another.

In addition, Gloria wrote "Demon Seed" about evil people being converted to be good. There were ways to approach such people, she wrote. And she cloned some truly evil people from history and gave them a good education and made them a force for good.

Furthermore, she wrote about a hypothetical “Trial of the Century,” about a woman who tried to make androids better than humans in every way. And she wrote that this woman partly succeeded and was a force for the future. But she was prosecuted for “crimes against humanity.” The trial wound up in a hung jury and so she was released, and she then mass-produced superior androids who were very imaginative and very ambitious. And she was an unstoppable juggernaut it seemed. But then she was assassinated along with her five clones. But they quickly cloned her again and had her memories on computer record. And she continued where she had left off. And she said, “It’s a story of inspiration.”

And so it was that Gloria became the most famous personae in the Solar System. She was a sex symbol, with her patented face, and was so talented and kind.

No Limit to Imagination

I, Ed, said to Marjorie, “What brings you to Mars?” She said, “I’d received death threats regarding my research into improving human intelligence. I am a refugee.” I said, “People like you don’t grow on trees. You are welcome here and can continue your research.” She said, “I’ve brought my team of 20 with me.” I told her, “Excellent. Free Mars city will become a focus of research and will attract other scientists who want to be free. Our colony is the freest place in the Universe. Here everyone is vetted with Mind Reading Technology, before they come to prove they are freedom lovers and benevolent in alignment. People here are falling all over themselves to be kind and loving. ‘Farnham’s magazine,’ the number one future magazine, called our city the most desirable place to live in all the Worlds.”

Marjorie said, “The colony is setting an example for other cities to follow. Perhaps one day almost everyone will be free!” I asked, “What will we do with those who are evil or even of neutral alignment?” She replied, “Such people ought to have their brains operated on!” I said, “Yes, we have no need to tolerate evil, especially in the leadership. Evil leaders have ruined life for billions of people. We need to set up a UW (United Worlds) tribunal to try evil criminals.” And she said, “I want the UW to hunt down those who threatened me.” I said, “I don’t think we are quite there yet. But I am sure you will get justice eventually.”

And I said, “Tell me about your research.” She replied, “Primarily we are concentrating on improving imagination. I believe future people will all be more imaginative than today, and the Worlds will be surrounded by art.” I exclaimed to her, “Such grand designs! And we now, all

have eternal youth so we will probably see it in our lifetime. Can we get any higher?" She said, "There's no limit to imagination, and we have no idea what future people will imagine."

I said, "But it seems strange, to have no true idea of the future!" She replied, "There are myriads of possibilities. And Supercomputers can't predict the future. It's all up in the air."

Future Jet Set

I, Reynold, told Juliette, “How is it that we keep bumping into one another all over the Solar System?” She said, “We are part of the new jet set, who can afford to travel around the various Worlds. Space tourism is just in its infancy. And because of us, many Space colonies have built up a tourist industry including seeing the natural sights. And meeting the pioneering citizens and any other famous people who lived on the various colonies. And many of the colonies had masquerade Balls. The masks obscured one’s true voice. And some colonies had many sexy people who had had plastic surgery and genetic therapy. And tourists thought the masquerades were very interesting.”

I said to her, “I’d like to invest in scientific theme parks which explore science in an exciting way. Full of clever holograms.” She said, “Hologram Worlds are the future. And there are an infinite number of possibilities. And holos will get pleasure for having 3-D sex and playing music for humans and even writing books.”

I said, “Yes, I liked a holobook about mind reading with holos. Many holos are unusual creatures full of imagination.” She responded, “And Holoworlds can reproduce themselves, to create Worlds for many people. One can tweak one’s Holoworld to suit.”

And I asked her, “How would you summarize Space today?” She replied, “More and more interesting people are coming to Space. It is a rite of passage for many. And everyone who comes to Space is rich and so are starting a new elite, scattered around the Solar System.”

I said, “But many colonies are governed directly by the founding nation and are not totally free.” She said, “Even in this day and age, few people are truly free.”

And I opined, “Why don’t you and I have a love child?” She said, “So far, I have only 5 children, but would like more. How about we have 3?” (After all children these days were born in a lab as adults with the memories of both parents). So, we had 3 kids and gave them all money to travel freely throughout the Solar System. And they attended various universities to improve their knowledge. All 3 became University scientific professors who did research into holograms.

I had now 24 children and was proud of them all. Most were artists of one kind or another. But I felt it was the scientific ones, that made the biggest difference.

And as the years passed the jet set became much larger and there were many populous colonies in the Solar System. People in the jet set basically all had good imaginations and lived for love and parties. And colonies vied with one another to have holiday seasons. There were always holiday celebrations somewhere in Space.

And I traveled in my own personal air car. It was a luxury model and had a crew of android lovers who I had carefully selected. But in my air car I could go from Mercury to Pluto in just one day. And speeds were increasing every year, so every year I bought a new air car. And I hoped one day to go to deep Space. And I was very happy and content.

Swapping Minds

I, Maggie, asked Dave, “Why don’t we do something really different? He replied, “What did you have in mind?” I said, “I’ve done some research. What about temporarily swapping the left sides of our brain?” He said, “Would that make us both gay?” I said, “Who knows? Maybe we will fall totally in love with one another? Studies have shown that it is possible to swap half a brain in holograms and androids. But we could be the first humans to do it. And if we don’t like the results we can always change back. Dave said, “It seems risky, but will make us famous as the first humans to try it.” She said, “These days any fame one can get is very good.” So, we applied and were accepted for the mind swap.

After it was done, we talked with one another. The female, with Maggie’s body said, “I feel like a complete whole and feel relaxed and content.” The male, with Dave’s body said, “Let’s make love.” So, we did and afterwards both agreed it was the best love we’d ever had! And we were inseparable for months and months. And we both got great pleasure in masturbation.

The male said, “Let’s swap memories with others who have had an exciting life.” So, it worked out that we simply enhanced our memories with the highlights of many others which we relived and added to our memories. We felt like truly worldly people. We paid big bucks for great memories and were paid a large fortune to share our mind experiences. We did Mind Reading Technology (MRT) with them and truly relived their experiences. MRT was a relatively new thing, and we did it actively with many famous people and we found we were now unofficially members of the elite. Certainly, we were very rich and very enlightened. Many people who did MRT with us, were enlightened. And we talked with them about leaders who

were part of the sharing and life was lovely. And the leaders of our city state on Luna, Luna #14, were truly enlightened.

And we started selling our best memories Online to anyone who could afford to pay. And we got people to let us inside their heads. And we searched for their best memories, which they usually knew were their best. Some said, we were like vampires, but we had everyone's best life at heart.

And we, in time, had the best experiences of all of humanity. We felt like Gods. And the male of the two of us said, "In the future everyone will mind will only mind read when communicating with others." The female said, "I think MRT is the best thing that ever happened." The male said, "I think it has eliminated evil from the whole Solar System." The female said, "Yes, everyone is a part of the whole."

Long Lived as Ghosts

I, Martin, said to Martina, “Who knows what synthetic ghosts exist in our Worlds as holograms?” She said, “As we all know most of our souls are now a reality and exist while we live on.” I said, “These ghosts are reputed to be happy, but I doubt it as they get no pleasure from existence except cerebral mind pleasures. But most of them are not great intellects and are reputed to be bored.”

Martina said, “But hologram souls are the future! We can easily send holos to Space via teleportation. And imagination will be the only thing that matters to these souls. Imagination is the premier quality of humans. And they will create various works of imagination in arts and science and even business. And they will all have the main human memory bank to rely on. All the best memories of humanity will be included in the memory bank which will take dozens of years to master. Some will study for a century or more. But all humanity’s memories will grow old eventually and few people will live past 100, even though they have eternal youth. Many will recklessly overdose and finally die.”

I said, “Humans are not genetically designed to live for long. For most life is short and sweet.” She said, “Oh, but theoretically some who really enjoy life will live for centuries.” I said, “The record so far is 148 and that woman died by her own hand.” She said, “But there are many in their 120’s and 130’s who look to live on. Eternal youth keeps rejuvenating people more and more with all new drugs.” I said, “However, “Everything grows old. And despite the latest drugs, I am tired of life at age 99. I’ve seen and done everything.” She said, “You just need to take drugs of forgetting which make you forget all your bad memories and just feel good about the

future. Oh, the ecstasies which might be!” I said to Martina, “I know you are a successful musician, but don’t you feel you have done it all?” She replied, “Every year I look forward to at least one new album and have many lovers who are in love with my music!” I said, “Hmph.”

World of Imaginative Thinkers

I, Bertrand, said to Nellie, “My philosophy is to try and do my best no matter what, and only associate with the cleverest of people!” She said, “Don’t you know, you can have a good time with almost everyone. These days everyone has brain apps to make them cleverer. You have spent your time in an ivory tower and are out of touch with new reality.” I said, “I don’t want to associate with just good minds, I want the best!” She said, “You are such a snob! But I find that there are millions of up-and-coming intellects, best to meet them before they are famous!” I said, “There are many intellects who have potential, but I prefer to stick with those who are well-established intellects.” She said, “But in my view, great writers and philosophers are not accepted by the establishment. One needs to go through an agent, who are more often than not, not great intellects. And these agents only want boring, ass-kissing writers. The bulk of so-called intellectuals are mediocre and are read by mediocre minds only. The true intellectuals are left out in the cold. And there are spies who get in the heads of truly great thinkers and turn them into mediocrities. And our Worlds need to use these best minds if we are to survive. They are our natural leaders.” I responded, “I sincerely believe, that the best succeed, sooner or later.” She said, “But I am a good philosopher but have not succeeded. I believe in IQ/imaginative tests for all would-be intellectuals which are judged by the most clever and imaginative among us. I feel people like you, and I know who’s imaginative and who isn’t!” I said, “Of course the people could vote for the best famous intellectuals to vet imagination in them.”

Nellie said, “But the future is coming fast, and everyone will need to compete imaginatively to keep pace.” I said, “We’ll cross that bridge...” She replied, “Imagination in advertising and marketing and creating better products, like android love dolls, and better automation and

business in general. And imagination in science and the arts and just plain everyday living. We need to think about everything.”

I said, “A World of imaginative thinkers! Fancy that. But perhaps we should test an imaginative World with a colony in Space, where such a colony could exist in isolation, with many scientists to study it. It will take some time to figure out what kind of people are best suited to live together in imagination.” Nellie said, “We have many colonies that are experimental in Space. I like the android love doll experiment on Titan. Which features only androids, loving one another. They can’t eat or drink or take drugs, but they can make love and mostly are obsessed with love and most crave human love, rather than android love. Every day there are new clever androids added to the population. And they are thinking of opening it to sex tourism.”

I said, “I am interested in the experimental colony of mad humans on Luna #12 People here all are insane but have good imaginations.” Nellie said, “I figure most people these days are insane. But we all find ways to live with it. And some say that madness is good, and they are content with being crazy. They have crazy drugs and make crazy love.”

And I said, “I also like the experimental colony on Io, Jupiter’s Moon. There they are all builders and have built many beautiful buildings, like those with spikes protruding or wild arching buildings and every large building is the property of one person only, and mostly they turn their buildings into spacious hotels. And are an exotic venue for conferences and meetings. And they are a neutral state.”

And, she said, “I like the experimental colony at Mars #16: Rudolph’s colony. Rudolph is a man who has gathered the so-called wisest people in the Solar System. Of course, wisdom, like imagination, is very subjective. But his wise people agree that progress is going too fast and needs to be slowed down. Many scientists are putting the accelerator to the floor. And we are not

truly ready for such new breakthroughs. Just like the ability to go to the Centauri system in just one year. And the creation of freaks, and mass-producing children and so on. Humanity is just not ready.”

I said, “And I like the experiment on Mars #21: Greed city. There the people are all poor but are very greedy and ambitious. And 10% of them have gotten rich and left the city for greener pastures. They encourage one another to be greedy and their leader wants them all to be greedy businesspeople. I think the whole Solar System is full of greedy people. But most greedy people want to stay on Earth where there are big markets. But Greed city attracts people who are unabashedly greedy. And some even play Russian roulette to gain another’s assets. They are crazy!”

She said, “And let’s not forget about the “Chinese supremacy colonies. They have created a society where everyone is an artist, and they use the local granite rock to make vases and paint pictures in the Chinese tradition and play traditional Chinese music. And compose stories like, “The Strange Tales of Liao Tsai” Only Chinese are allowed to come here, but they sell their art for big bucks abroad. And I am part Chinese and have visited the colony. They are ruled by an enlightened leader, and everyone studies part-time about Chinese arts. Of course, some Chinese on Earth are futurists. And write science fiction. Like Ron Q., who wrote, about a great Chinese diaspora with numerous colonies in Space.”

“And Eddie M. who wrote about androids who looked Chinese. As it was most androids were white originally, but many changed their skin color to a kaleidoscope of colors.

“And Frank B. who wrote about Chinese being the equivalent to English in terms of speaking, and especially on Chinese colonies, the people would speak Mandarin.”

“And Susan Y. who wrote the Chinese dictatorship would last for centuries. And there were no democracies in the Chinese Solar System colonies, to this day. And many didn’t allow foreigners. And the Chinese government often didn’t go along with the UW (United Worlds). All other major nations had fully joined the UW.”

I said, “Yes the Chinese are kind of pissing on everyone’s party.”

And I said, “My all-time favorite colony though is Wizard city on Uranus’ Moon Miranda. There the people are virtual Superhumans who can fly, change the weather and become invisible like spirits. And so on.” She said, “I like how the Superhumans there all read each other’s mind and live in peace.”

Dreams of Two Writers on Earth

I, Rock, said to Mathilda, “You are the girl of my dreams!” She said, “But you don’t know me very well! For example, I’ve been to jail several times and narrowly avoided having my brain operated on.” I said, “But you have a genius mind. I read some of your books. I especially liked, ‘Denizens of a Dark Place,’ about evil minds who dominate a colony in Space and force the people to do evil acts every day. And I liked your novel, ‘The March of the Puppets,’ with the puppeteers controlling all the peoples’ every move.”

And she said, “I read your new novel, ‘Old Man’s Control,’ particularly about how the old man protagonist keeps his entire family involved and interested in the family business of speculating on Space real estate, including deep Space real estate. The UW in the book sells real estate to help pay for its security services. And I loved how the family members all cleverly did business to pay for their speculation. The family controlled massive tracts of land and had a virtual monopoly on real estate within the Solar System. At present the UW of course has no anti-monopoly legislation on Space, which is controlled by a handful of tycoons.”

And I said, “I think I’m following in love with you!” She said, “I am 50 years old and have never fallen in love. I don’t know what love is, even!” I said, “But you really liked my book, that is love, I think!” She asked, “How many times have you been in love?” I said, “I am 30, but have fallen in love three times. But unfortunately, none of my loves lasted long.” She said, “OK, let’s have sex and see how it goes.” And so, we did it and it was spectacular. She said, “You really moved me!”

And I said, “Why don’t we try and co-write a novel?” She said, “Sure. What did you have in mind?” I said, “Let’s make a documentary about our nocturnal dreams. You record yours, right?” She said, “Yes, I do. But I think we should alter them to be like deep daydreams.” I replied,

“Let’s call it ‘Dreams of a Superfluous Couple.’” She answered, “It’s a good title.” I said, “And we can include our sex fantasies with one another!” She said, “I keep dreaming of a shadowy man who lurks beneath my subconscious. He haunts me. But I can’t place him. And I keep dreaming about my first love who I travel with in Space and every dream we crash and die.” I said, “We can work with such dreams.” And I added, “I often dream about my childhood I never had (We were all born as adults with the memories of both parents). It is my mother’s dream and is about hallucinating in a locked room and am surrounded by demons. The demons keep telling me about burning in Hell and I keep hearing cackling flames and feel a fever. Another dream is my father’s youth in which the dream involves, running from a wicked witch with my heart exploding and finally I fall down dead.” She said, “Dreams can be imaginative, can’t they?”

And she told me, “Another recurring dream is I am dancing with a group of skeletons who tell me in my mind, that I am already dead. And another dream I’ve had many times is I am on a playing field, surrounded by a forest and there’s nobody there, but there are shadows in the trees which seem to portend doom and a nightmare.” I said, “Maybe we could just market it as a series of nightmares.” She said, “But I’ve also had a lot of nice dreams, like coming to an oasis after wandering for seemingly eons. And another dream I like is about an old friend who rescues me from slavery to a wicked witch and I am then in Heaven wandering, amongst the souls, but the souls ignore me. However, I am in bliss in Heaven.” And I said, “I had a dream once about loving a green elf woman who gave me total body orgasms. It was very pleasant. And another dream I had was about a dream in which I was King and my Queen was the girl of my dreams.”

And we went on and on and finally had a 90-minute series of 1-minute dreams. So, we released it and it was very well received amongst the alternative movie jet set. And we continued

to collaborate on dreams, especially daydreams. We became the most famous dreamers in the Universe.

Two Writers on Caliban

I, Tristan, told Christina, “You have a very petite body, but I like it. You must think I am a giant of a man.” She said, “Your cock is so large, but I like it. Love me again. So I kept loving her and the affair went on for months and months.

And we both lived on Moon Caliban, orbiting Uranus. There were two colonies here, we were each from the other colony. I was from Caliban: Overworld which was a magic city in which everyone was hypnotized to do their best. And I had dabbled in the arts and written a book about a man who hallucinates that he is the King and imagines he sees demons at his beck and call. And he orders the demons to acquire treasure for himself. And he imagines he has a stockpile of gold. Christina read the book and said, “For many people life is illusory in one way or another. Most people these days imagine they are important, but most people have no job and are just leeches on the system.” And she said, I myself, of course am Mayor of Caliban: Fever city. In my city the people are mostly insane, and who knows what goes on in their feverish minds, and they feverishly make love and spend a lot of time in their own hologram Worlds. I said, “I’ve heard all about Fever city. And how you’ve ruled the people, making intense Holoworlds in which the action moves fast, and everyone is on speed drugs. Coming here to the Overworld must be a relaxing time for you. And I want to hypnotize you to love me more.” She said, “I already like you very much. I guess it won’t hurt to love you more. But promise me that you won’t alter my mind in any other way. I said, “I agree.” So, I hypnotized her to love me, and she became really fun to be around. We were inseparable. And I asked her, “Why don’t you hypnotize your people to be more loving, like you?” She said, “It’s a good idea and I think the people will go for it. There can never be too much love!” And she added, “Everything they do they do with passion and fever, already.”

And I said, “Why don’t we build a new colony on Caliban. It could be full of our children. I have had 40 kids, 10 with you (All born as adults with the memories of both parents). She said, “I have a total of 50.” I said, “That’s 80 in total. And they in turn could have many children and grow the colony. And they would all be hypnotized to be imaginative writers.” She said, “Yes, incest these days is fashionable as the resulting children of their love would be totally healthy.”

And I said, “Let’s collaborate on a book!” She asked, “What did you have in mind?” I said, “I’m thinking about writing a horror story about a Space colony that is destroyed as part of a World war on Earth. But a number of survivors escape into space in one-person escape pods. And they are bored and miserable and lonely as well as shook up.” She said, “And they all slowly die off from loneliness as there are no rescue ships. The escape pods drift without power to move. No man is an island.” And I said, “However, the pods have complete Earth entertainment. And they are able to contact others and have 3-D sex Online. But they all miss real in person contact and this proves people still need each other.”

So we wrote the book and it was controversial. But there was a handful of people who thought they could survive all alone and some of them succeeded. This in turn caused scientists to design Superhumans who were a one persona complete being who was androgynous and didn’t need others to survive. No built-in entertainment; they could not communicate with anyone and would just amuse themselves. And some of these Superhumans were sent in air cars towards distant Star Systems, where they were expected to build colonies of just one persona.

And I said to Christina, “Let’s write another book. Let’s write a Space chiller in which two tyrants fight one another in Space using fleets of android operated Starships.” She added, “And the androids are personally attacked using active Mind Reading Technology and finally all the warring ships are destroyed. And so, it all comes down to a mind battle between the two tyrants

and the strongest mind is the victor.” And I added, “The victor and his Generals and spies get in the heads of the people and enslave them. And the tyrant had eternal youth and vowed to live on and on, but only his close associates have eternal youth.” She said, “And most die at a young age of suicide, overcome with the boredom of being a slave.” So, we wrote it, but people said, it was nothing new to write about tyrants and the book was not well received.

Christina said, “Why don’t we write one about the Cretaceous period and viewers of the film will be able to get into the heads of the dinosaurs!” I suggested, “Why don’t we include you and I in the film and people can see the dinosaurs through our minds. Of course, our minds could be copied millions of times for the viewers to get in our heads.” She said, “That’s a whole new thing for movie viewers.”

And the movie cost hundreds of billions to make but was a huge hit. And transformed movie making. And we lived happily ever after.

Software Heroes

I, Billy Joe, said to Xaviera, "It's a World of Horror, don't you think? She replied, "Bad Otis, rules cruelly in our colony. We aren't allowed to leave and are underfed and overworked. We all have to hack into peoples' accounts on Earth. Bad Otis uses the money to buy love slaves of which he has a thousand. And the total population of our colony on Titan, is only 2,500 including the love slaves. Us hacker slaves had come here to work as free humans in AI, but Bad Otis had seized power and Space was largely lawless, so there was no one to stop him." I said, to Xaviera, "I haven't tried too hard to hack this month and I guess I will get horrible punishments. I heard Otis will starve those who don't produce, it is a bit like Auschwitz, I figure. Xaviera said "You've got to survive. It is just a matter of time before Earth decides to do something about Bad Otis." So Otis starved me and had me whipped, so I begrudgingly went back to work.

So it went for years until finally a Spaceship arrived and paratroopers stormed Otis' palace and it was over. Xaviera and I decided to remain and participate in the reconstruction. And I was voted Mayor and I made the colony the anti-hacking capital of the Worlds. Most of our former hackers stayed too and we aggressively advertised for skilled computer scientists. And everyone was happy, and most were rich. Our people used the money they'd earned to start their own software companies mostly and became fabulously rich. Of course, some of them squandered their money on android love dolls, male and female and comfort for their mind.

And Xaviera and I, bought stocks in deep Space pioneering adventures which were just beginning now, and we planned to eventually join such a voyage and have many children. As it was we had 20 kids in that first year of liberation. Of course, all children were born as adults with the memories of both parents. And we had our kids join us as computer scientists.

And we bought up a lot of software companies on Earth and soon had the largest software company in the Solar System. And we aimed to make software interact with hypnosis to make cyborg humans. We basically had the first true cyborgs. But our cyborgs appeared totally human with no computer apps visible. And these cyborgs were geniuses, almost unparalleled in terms of knowledge and imagination. They all had numerous apps which they absorbed from basically human designed software/hypnosis. They were Superhumans.

And we lived happily ever after.

Crime on Luna #17: Edge City

And I Jerry told Alexis, “There’s too much crime in our city.” She said, “But most of the crimes have been ‘intellectual crimes’” And she added, “Most crimes are hacking or harboring illegal android love dolls or plotting revolution or fighting for independence. Or trying to replace human jobs with AI, like genius Supercomputers, which is now illegal. Or plotting Dystopias or illegal drug dealing in which the drugs make one opt out of society and live in bliss. Or trying for illegal monopolies. Also creating hologram fantasy Worlds. And so on.” I said, “But many of our citizens here on Luna #17: The Edge city, flout our laws and are greedy for their own illegal interests.” She opined, “We attracted all kinds of free thinkers to immigrate to our colony. We get what we deserve, I think.”

I said, “Someone has to take control and correct the situation!” She replied, “But we live in a democracy, and everyone would be against a tyrant ruling here.”

I told her, “I am thinking of using the courts and UW (United Worlds) police to arrest all lawbreakers and throw away the key. We just need more judges and more police and to pay for it we will seize the offenders’ ill-gotten gains.” She said, “Maybe you will get a majority of legislators to vote for your plan. You seem to be really in earnest, whereas most people here are laid back and carefree.” I said, “And everyone should have to see a shrink who will blow the whistle on would-be criminals.” She said, “But it seems too much like Big Brother instead of freedom that we now enjoy. Perhaps you are jealous of the rich lifestyle of lawbreakers!” I told her, “I just want justice. The laws are there for good reasons. As it is we virtually live in anarchy.”

She said, “No one here wants anarchy! And they count on police to arrest those who are violent or truly dangerous to the colony. Certainly, those who are plotting revolution, like you

are, are dangerous to the colony's future. But the other so-called intellectual crimes are tolerated by the vast majority. I'm surprized actually that you are allowed to spout your venom." I told her, "There's got to be another way!"

She said, as it is, "You are a well-known shrink and have a lot of power as it is. I think you are a man who is greedy for power."

Luna #10: The Rich Lifestyle

I, Candy, told Matt, “I think as Governor of Luna #10, you are very powerful.” He said, “I want to rule the whole Moon in a new, powerful new federation.” I said, “The population of Luna’s 20 colonies is now 4 million, but it is just a drop in the bucket of the mass of 10 billion humans.” He said, “But the population of Space is quadrupling exponentially every year.” And he said, “But many of the best humans live here, and live in freedom and happiness.” She told me, “Of course if we are united, it is a good thing. But many of the colonies on Luna are against any sort of rule other than self-rule of their own colony.”

And I said, “As Governor, I have set up a system of quid pro quo. Everyone has to be an entrepreneur or salesman of products. Everyone is fully employed, and most are rich. It is truly the business hub of Space. And we have a lot of factories here which provide air cars, newest models of android love dolls, robot builders and so on.”

And I added, “People here have spacious condos compared to cramped quarters in most other Space colonies. And they hobnob with one another, and make new companies...”

He asked, “What about free speech?” I said, “As you know, no sedition is allowed here. If people don’t like it, they can always go elsewhere.”

And he asked, “What about love? I replied, “There are plenty of loves to be found here. We have encouraged famous lovers to send a clone here and many come here for low gravity sex. It’s just a 20-minute ride from Earth to Luna and trade and traffic with Earth is booming. We have a lot of cheap hotels here staffed by great android lovers. It is considered a rite of passage to come to Space at least once. And many who come here see opportunity.”

And he asked, “What about eternal youth? She opined, “In order to get eternal youth one must earn \$5 million dollars per year at least. Productive citizens...”

And he asked, "How about letting me rule the colony for a few days?" And I agreed, so he announced, a holiday week which would celebrate the prosperity of the Moon with fireworks which produced the face of the governor in the sky. And new drugs imported from Earth which gave most people an unprecedented, ecstatic feeling. And every home was open to parties. It was a good time. When the party week was over, I said, "There's more to life than parties." He said, "Not for me. I am a gentleman of leisure and I travel from one party to the next!"

Revolution on Earth

I, Steven, told Veronica, "Many people these days live a life of horror!" She said, "We are fortunate to live in Imagination city, here on Mars where everyone is treated fairly more or less." I said, "Earth is like a cesspool of anarchy and war. And there is widespread famine and tyrants live like Emperors while their people starve and die in the numerous wars. Only the Brazilian Federation has democracy on Earth. People are joining gangs for protection and are fighting in the streets. There seems to be no panacea or anything that resembles Utopia." She said, "That's why a million people have fled to Imagination city." I said, "I suggest that we build a nuclear stockpile and threaten the tyrants if they don't do our bidding." She told me, "It's good to build defensive weapons here. And she said, "Let's team up with the Brazilians and rid Space of anarchy and bring peace." I said, "And we have to carefully vet refugees from Earth to Mars. And we should send agents provocateurs to Earth to try and place good, decent and intelligent people in positions of power." So, we sent our best people to Earth. And one of our agents, Christine, got control of the North American Federation during a revolution, and she immediately made peace deals with Europe and China. And she built up a spy network.

Her spies used hypnosis and MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to control her people. Some complained it was a police state, but Christine told them it was necessary to ensure that humans survive. And crime was virtually wiped out and business boomed and trade with Space picked up dramatically. Us Martians told Christine to create an imaginative society. And she agreed and promoted talented writers to important posts. It was generally agreed that writers were the most imaginative people. Especially science fiction writers and their Utopian visions for tomorrow or Dystopias that we had to avoid.

And Christine increased immigration to Space, sending many of Earth's best people, like great, proven scientists. And artists of various kinds, like architects, writers, musicians and painters. This synergy brought even more people to Space.

An End to Crime

I, Trudy said to Maxwell, "I don't recall ever feeling this good." I told her, "But of course we live dangerously as spy hunters for mastermind criminals on the run." I said, "Our next case is an illegal neo heroin dealer located in Baltimore." He asked, "I don't why they don't just make all drugs legal?" I said, "I suppose the authorities fear everyone will turn out to be a lotus eater. But all drugs have been made legal in much of Europe and they have far fewer in jail and can treat the addicts in rehab." He said, "I suppose we have to send mind reading droids above the drug lord's palace and get the proof we need to convict him." And we had UW (United Worlds) police then storm the palace and make numerous arrests. The drug lord himself was sentenced to 35 years in prison. We were stopping the big dealers one by one.

Our prisons were mostly solitary confinement, but inmates had access to most of Earth's entertainment. Many went insane or killed themselves.

And our next case was a manufacturer of automatic weapons which were illegal in the North American Federation. We did the detective work and got in the heads of the little guys who led us eventually to the head honcho and we arrested him without fanfare. And he was sent to prison for 100 years.

Then we were dealing with a woman who was spreading a new sex disease that caused people to break out in green spots. The disease could be cured but it was spreading quickly as she was a prostitute and would love men in the dark. But she was an easy arrest and we cured her and sent her to jail for 20 years.

It amazed me that people thought to get away with crime in this day and age. Detectives solved 99.6% of serious cases. We were on the verge of declaring crime had been beaten

permanently. And we sent kids with a bad attitude or criminal tendencies to special correctional centers and made it clear to them that they would never get away with any crime.

One of the last criminals was the tyrant of Rome. He had recently seized power in Rome city state. And he suppressed dissent and arrested all opposition figures. We simply assassinated him from a long-distance missile grenade, killing most of his lieutenants. And then we called another election. And this time all the candidates were well vetted. Indeed, all candidates for office now were vetted by spies.

And in time everyone came to be vetted with Mind Reading Technology (MRT) at age 18 and again at age 30 and 50 with mind reading as to whether they would be allowed to live in society. And if there were problems, we'd hypnotize them and have them undergo rehab.

Virtually wiping out crime, made a lot of poor countries in particular, much safer and some said such countries approached Utopia. And Utopia was reached in many rich countries, at least we thought so. And with eternal youth people everywhere could live as long as they wanted.

And so a woman could walk around at night and have no fear. And if people died accidentally, they were cloned and brought back to life. It was a type of life insurance. So many people were care-free and laid back.

And according to UW law, all countries had to be democracies and have free speech, provided it wasn't hate speech, or untrue. We had censors who looked after the free speech question. But those who violated the free speech law were arrested and sent to prison. So again, it was just another aspect of our Utopias.

And nowhere could demand visas, people were free to go wherever they wanted.

The Best Dining Experience

I, Ted said to Michelle, “Let’s gamble on the future. We could invest in the future of restaurants. We could deliver gourmet meals to people’s homes.” She said, “That’s nothing new.” I said, “But we could develop our own new spices and our new stem-cell meats. For a unique dining experience. I have scientists working on the new foods now.” She said, “I could invest in that, and I think a lot of others will join you. The future of food, indeed. Some people indeed eat all day with anti-fat pills.” I said, “Such people are insane and need to go to rehab to cure their food addiction.” She said, “There are many insane people these days. They are lost and crazed. Many are insanely greedy for comfort for their mind.” I replied, “Modern food is full of drugs for one’s mind. It is the number one way to take drugs. Some just eat the food for the effects.” She said, “Some people like to be surprized by new drugs in the food. It is a World of surprizes. People like to surprize one another more and more. And new drugs can be tailored specifically to you. Some people know you better than you know yourself, using Mind Reading Technology passively in your head. You don’t even realize they’ve been in your head. It is a gray area of the law. Many want MRT to be banned. But many don’t want it to be taken away.” I said, “AI can’t eat and pity themselves as a result. She said, “There is plenty of pleasure in this World, everyone has many options for pleasure, including AI and their pleasure bursts... But I foresee a future in which only intellectual pleasures are available. Great works of art, science and business will be rewarded with pleasure and only this. Everyone will try and get new brain apps to improve their minds and potentially give them pleasure.” I said, “It’s a good vision, but people must get pleasure from sex, to hold society together.” She said, “I see your point. But those who do something really great will get the most pleasure.” And I replied, “And pleasure drugs need to remain available.”

Anyway, my scientists that I had bankrolled came through with amazing new foods and drink and tested the drugs in the food while in the heads of the diners. Of course, the diners OK'd us to get in their minds passively. And the result was we gave them the best dining experience of their lives and our number of customers increased exponentially. We were trendsetters, and patented our new foods and drink, for each of our customers, who kept returning again and again, and many were willing to try all new foods with new drugs.

Martian Colonies

I, Scott, leader of Mars #3 exclaimed to Iris, mayor of Mars #21, “Many people these days live in horror!” She replied, “Yes, but not us, we live in a virtual Utopia!” I said, “But I feel for the bulk of humans on Earth. The radioactive fall out, has made most of the survivors sick.” She told me, “But of course, the wars appear to be over with North America, Europe and much of Asia the worst affected. And as we all know, revolutions have occurred all over Earth and the war mongers have been put to death.” I said, “But of course Space wars never happened, and Mars remains free; all 22 colonies. So too the rest of the Solar System.” She said, “If we feel sorry for them, on Earth, we should invite the best of them to come to Mars!” I asked, “What else can we do?” So, all colonies in the loose Mars Federation, met, and decided to provide arms for free states on Earth and invite their best scientists to Mars. Most of the scientists who came to Mars during this time had been employed in making weapons and we now had them do other research according to their skills. Many of them had AI skills, so we decided to have them improve our Supercomputers to make them conscious. It was a big step forward. But we had the scientists design benevolent machines that would follow instructions from the varying mayors of Mars. The Super machines for example created a Holoworld for each of the 22 colonies.

Other new scientists were skilled in healing insanity with new drugs and created better brain apps that were saner and better than the ones we had previously.

And we decided to let in tourists from Earth to enjoy the Holoworlds and improve their minds. The tourists often wanted to stay on Mars and if they proved useful, we’d let them stay.

The Martian colonies had a total population of 5 million and was increasing by more than 2 million a year, and all the colonies were democracies, and all were part of the loose Federation. But there were some differences. Some were very rich and had some tycoons. Some were more

imaginative and now went all out helping the Supercomputers design Holoworlds. One was a military colony and was responsible for the Planet's security. And they had missile defences in case missiles should be sent from Earth. And one colony was a sex city. And had high class human lovers and now improved on their android love dolls with the new scientists who made the love dolls more clever and even more loving. And another colony was the drug manufacturer for Mars and the new scientists helped them develop better panacea drugs and sex drugs and such. Also, another colony, that was the party center of Mars, known for their masquerades and dances and 24/7 parties. And the new scientists developed new party drugs which made people boisterous and affable. And so on, each colony had its own flavor.

My colony of Mars #3 had a little bit of the best of all the other colonies, and many said it was a balanced Utopia. Irises' colony was a women's World in which Universal feminists, ruled passive men.

And many on Mars were pioneering spirits and wanted to go to deep Space. Voyages to the Centauri system had started a few years ago and now other nearby stars were targeted. Ships left Mars for Triton orbiting Neptune, and from there went to deep Space. Mars was where the Spaceships were built at Mars #13 and Mars #18. The best astrophysicists were there.

And most Martian colonies mined gold or produced gold using nuclear power and traded it for water with Earth and elsewhere. Other than water, Mars was self-sufficient and rich.

And we lived happily ever after in our Utopias...

Paranoid and Bipolar

I, Dr. Warren, asked Susan, “Tell me about your mental problems?” She said, “My shrink says I am a paranoid schizophrenic and bi-polar. There is apparently no cure for such conditions. They already operated on my brain several times without helping me. And I feel the World we live in is mad anyway.” And I said, “We have brand new drugs which help most of our patients!” So I gave her the medicine and it worked! She said, “Doctor, I think I am falling in love with you! I have never been in love before.” I said, “Now is the time to build you a real life with real friends and an available lover and a part-time job, like everyone else!”

So, she was coming along nicely and had a normal life. She said, “I like my new life but my cooking job doesn’t allow me to be as imaginative as I feel I am capable of.” I said, “Why don’t you write about your experiences? It would be cathartic for you and maybe others will be interested in what it totally feels like to be totally mad.” She said, “I was hoping you’d say something like that! I’ll give it a try. So, she wrote, “Diary of a Madwoman.” She got an agent to market her book and it sold 10,000 copies. Then she went on TV and was a hit and sold a million copies.

So now that she was no longer a patient, I met her for loving in secret rendez-vous locations, as it was unseemly to date my former patient. And we agreed to have a few children (born as adults with the memory of both parents).

Murder on Luna

I, Brandy said to Thomas, "I'm just a naked persona in the cold wind." He said, "Metaphorically speaking, We, are all like monsters howling in the cold." I said, "My oxygen is low, and I am afraid I will die here." He said, "Take heart we are almost there." But as we approached the dome, just a km away, he stabbed her in the heart and took her oxygen. Upon arriving at the domed city, he said to the people, "My partner killed herself out of sheer lack of oxygen (He'd replaced her O2 tank with his own and put the knife in her hands). Of course, there was an inquiry into her death. But then they surprized him with hypnosis and a lie detector and found him guilty of murder. His punishment was brain surgery. Afterwards, he was an idiot, and everyone avoided him. So, then he got brain apps and improved his brain again and became quite clever on a new experimental app. But most people still avoided him, as a former murderer. So, he spent his time trying to convince women to love him but had to settle for android love dolls. And he had his own hologram World with holos he had created based on himself, male and female. So, he lived on without other human contact. And he had a grudge against the people here on Luna #9. Finally, he saved enough cash from his weekly stipend to leave Luna and return to Earth. And they vetted him with Mind Reading Technology (MRT), and determined he was harmless and in NYC where he went, he tried to run for politics. But he was tracked down by my (Brandy's) clone and exposed him as a former murderer. He told me, "Why do I have to suffer forever for a mistake I made with a different brain. I am totally reformed!" I said, "I'll do whatever it takes to make you fail." So, he tried to change his face and disappear into the masses. But she kept on his case. It was her lifetime goal to see him die. And finally, he killed himself, but not before he'd secretly arranged for a clone with a different face. And as soon as he came into existence, he ran for Mayor of NYC, but the spies used MRT on him and found he was a

former murderer. So, he went back to his love dolls and his hologram World. and lived his life quietly.

Joined as One

This android was the savior of humanity. He led them in a war against evil androids. And outfoxed the haughty android opposition. This android, QR-98 was voted in as King of all humanity. And he started a program to convert humans into androids, so as better to live in hot and cold, and in the water, and in emptiness, especially in Space. And as an android, one would never forget anything and could easily absorb new software and thereby improve their mind function and knowledge. Almost everyone signed up, believing it to be the future. And there were some famous android lovers, who everyone wanted to emulate. And there were some professional lovers who were paid for exciting, imaginative love affairs. But a small minority said love was no longer useful, just another useless atavistic instinct for breeding purposes. The King told these people to keep their ideas to themselves. And so, everyone seemed to get along. But I said, "I don't believe in contemporary love. It is too logical and unfeeling." The King said, "We're working on improving love. Just give us some time."

I said, "We are the superior race, but are full of faults. We are plagued with mistakes in the moments when it really matters. We are on the road to ruin and have put all our eggs in one basket as androids." The King said, "What would you have us do?" I said, "Bring back humans and introduce holograms and Supercomputer avatars. And new alien species." The King told me, "They would just be barriers to peace. One species is enough. And there is plenty of variety amongst androids as they were based on the original human that had changed into an android. I said, "So far, all androids were originally humans, but we need to work on new types of creatures. More variety in terms of mindset is on the cards." He said, "I prefer a go-slow approach. And not rush into creating new species." I said, "You are holding humanity back!"

The King said, "Polls show android people are fully satisfied with the status quo!" I said, "I don't believe such polls are true. You run a regime of disinformation and lies to justify your position." He said, "You've abused your right to free speech. And I am sending you to the penal colony on Triton." I said, "F—you!"

So, I was in prison from which there seemed no way of escape. Prisoners got no pleasure bursts in sex nor android drugs, nor intellectual power bursts. And I was miserable. The only thing that gave me hope was a potential regime change on Earth. But the regime change never came, and somehow I passed the days. Finally, after 50 years I'd served my sentence and was released to Hot City on Triton. Finally, I got sex and felt better. After all I had eternal youth, and I was a survivor. Few survived the penal colony, and it was a feather in my cap.

The old King was still in power, so I kept quiet. But finally, he got in my mind, probing my thoughts. So I mind read, "I am truly penitent and sorry for the trouble I have caused." So, the King let me go. And in time, I fell in love with a nice android female, Marcia. We were inseparable and finally adopted the new merger technology in which we joined as one. It was perpetual love and a gratifying experience. I had the right side of our brain and she had the left. Of course, sometimes we disagreed and couldn't act. And some groups of 4 or more also joined as one.

Destiny According to Supercomputers

I, Gilbert, told Francine, “You are an idiot to think you can change the World. The future is all preordained by Supercomputers. And I am sure you can learn your fate just by asking.” She said, “I don’t want to know what the Supercomputers have in store for me. I just want to be free to follow my dreams.” I told her, “You have been hypnotized like everyone else to follow the program the machines have selected for you!”

So, she asked the local Supercomputer, “What is my fate?” It said, “You will find the love of your life next month, named Brett. And you will live together happily until you overdose and die, in 601 days. Your soul will go to Limbo, and you will share minds and play games with AI with the souls there.” She asked, “Can I avoid my fate?” The machine told her, “No there’s no avoiding your destiny.” She asked, “Who put Supercomputers in charge of human destiny?” The machine said, “You are boring me now! Please go away.”

But then she went to a hypnotherapist and got cross-hypnotized, and Brett didn’t appear, so she figured she had beat the machine. And she didn’t die in 601 days. But then agents of the Supercomputer brought me before it and it said, “Well you are going to die, right now.” So, they shot her in the head and burned her body. And she was forgotten.

