

World of Wisdom and Other Stories

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World of Bureaucracy

I had a problem with the authorities! They were all powerful and controlled our every move as if we were robots. They said it was for safety's sake and we were all in the same boat. The bureaucracy was huge, employing 70% of the populace and so everyone had a job. We had to get government approval for every action we did. What we planned to do at work, who we planned to love, what drugs we would take and so on. I asked my local boss, "Why must we account for all our actions?" She said, "We care about the people. And do you have anything to hide?"

I myself was a businesswoman who dealt in gems for the rich. And I felt the rich had more freedom than most of the people. My boss said, "If you can grow rich, you will get more freedoms, too."

So, I concentrated on getting rich and produced more gems in the lab including huge ones which sold for big sums. But many others were doing the same, so I only got a modicum of riches. But it was enough to get my boss to refer me to a higher bureaucratic power. My new boss encouraged me to be greedy. And she told me, "If you wanted to be richer, you should invest in undersea colonies." So, I did, and it paid big dividends. My boss was pleased, but said, "To get to the next stage, you need to become far richer." So, I invested in cloning technology and offered to clone my boss. She was ecstatic and promoted me to serve an all-new boss. This boss said, "You have exceeded all expectations and now are one in a million!" And I was now elected mayor of my city of 15,000 on Luna. Luna #4. As mayor, I told my citizens, to join me in an all-new undersea colony on Europa (We had melted the ice of Europa), and 10,000 of them followed me. My boss put up the cash for construction of the colony. Many ordinary people wanted to visit our colony as it was reputed to be a place of true cleverness. And they thought they could improve their lot in life by hanging out with us. I said, "Imagination is the highest

quality and promoted the most imaginative people in the colony to be city councillors. Some of them told me the endless cycles of cleverness and promotion were a true way for the elite to graduate to the leadership.

But I was only concerned about my own promotion. And so went to Europa. We were just the second colony on this ocean moon. New immigrants had to pay me a stiff fee to go which gave me a large profit. And so, the colony happened, and I went with them. The new colony was full of dreamers and was a place to be for intellectuals who were imaginative. And we had some great minds. So, I was promoted still higher to one in 100 million and they told me I couldn't go any further. But I was determined to rise to the top, so I got myself elected President of the UW (United Worlds). I had leapfrogged to the top of all humanity, and I promoted imaginative people everywhere! And I ceased the watching of everyone's every move. Henceforth people were vetted with new Mind Reading Technology once every decade and allowed pretty much freedom, provided they didn't engage in destructive anti-UW activities.

And I kept the bureaucratic system, as it gave everyone employment, even though it was highly inefficient.

And because of me, Space exploration boomed, and we sent our first mission to the Centauri System. And five years after I had assumed control of the UW, the population of the Solar System outside of Earth boomed to 80 million. And many of those in Space got rich from real estate and things like android love dolls, air cars and other high technology.

Illusory World and the Meaning of Life

My name was Michael. “My World was a World of confusion. No one was sure who was ruling, if anyone. Most people had no meaningful job, almost everything was automated, and people spent time in parties, hobbies, like video games, drugs and sex. But no one told the people what they should do, not even a suggestion. So, it was anarchy. But everyone seemed to be good and peaceful. People had no memories of anything different. And many felt we lived in Paradise. But I felt life was meaningless and wondered why we existed. Everyone seemed to go about their life without questioning why we existed.”

I had a friend, Joan, who told me, “This automatic World is designed for people to pursue happiness.” I told her, “There must be something the matter with me?” She said, “No we are all perfect! Maybe it is your destiny to discover what or who guides this World.” Our World was known to be far, far away from Earth, but we had no contact with the homeland. We just knew they had created us. I wondered if Earth denizens looked like us or lived in a World like ours.

Joan said, “My guess is that we were all created by machines. And perhaps we are all inside a computer to this day. We are just simulacra, I think.” I said, “I feel we are real, but we have no children. The concept of children is but a vague memory. And we have all lived for more than 100 years. There were a handful of gruesome suicides, but the vast majority lived on.”

I had had sex with all 15,000 women here and of course had my favorites. We had a vague concept of true love. But I hadn’t seen it and doubted it existed. My sex life was satisfactory.

Anyway, I couldn’t figure out what we were doing here. I interviewed all 30,000 citizens and none of them could give me answers, not even a hint. I had a kindred spirit in Duane T. He said, “I can’t figure this world out. I’m guessing Earth sent us here to keep the spirit of humanity alive, while they moved on to better minds!” I responded, “It’s a wild guess for sure. I figure

Earth destroyed itself and we are the survivors.” We both remembered our bodies had been born as adults with some memories of Earth. We remembered air cars and prosperous, bustling societies but couldn’t picture the denizens of such a World. Duane remarked, “Maybe our memories are false, and the Earthlings just wanted to insulate us from the cruel World of Earth.” We both had vague memories of war. But we couldn’t imagine fighting to kill. Perhaps they were false memories... And we had vague memories of people doing unnecessary jobs to kill time. I told Duane, “We all have a number of shared memories. But maybe our creators will be trying to create a perfect Utopia as we lived in, and we were all programmed with hypnosis.” We all vaguely remembered being hypnotized by some dark figure, for better or for worse.

And we also vaguely remembered leaders, but most of us just wanted to be free and didn’t want anyone to order us around.

So, we lived it up with abundant food, alcohol and marijuana and parties and sex. Life was pleasurable. And I told Joan, “I think I am falling in love with you!” She replied, “That’s outrageous! What could you possibly mean?” I said, “You are my reason for living and when we are apart all I can think of is you!” She said, “It’s unnatural. And I feel you must go to see our shrink!” I said, “But my thoughts are pure and honest. And I don’t believe our shrink has any esoteric knowledge.”

And I was one of the few who had a job. I was in charge of stem cell food production. I had no idea who had invented it, but there were many delicious meats, 35 of them. And people liked variety.

Joan also had a job, which was to oversee the production of beer. And she said, “I am growing experimental hops for all new beers.” I told her, “We couldn’t be in a machine if we were eating and drinking!” She said, “Maybe it is all an illusion.” I replied, “You have an

overactive imagination. Life is real! The problem is it is meaningless.” She said, “You can build a temple and worship our unseen creators, if that will help.” I answered, “I figure we must have been created by Gods. And they want us to succeed. That must be the meaning of life.”

A Man, His Dog and His Whore

I mind read to the dog, using Mind Reading Technology (MRT), “What do you want the most?” He mind read, “I want dog lovers in large numbers and I want to eat steak and get drunk all day long.” And I reflected, this dog was just like a human! And so, the dog was my only companion in this lonely World. Once a week I went to the brothel for my needs. My favorite whore was Debra. But I had no friends or normal lovers and neither did anyone else in this World. Most amused themselves Online watching movies from the “Golden Age of Humanity.” And our only job was to critique the movies. Before watching a film we read some of the opinions of the movies we were about to see. And my favorite movie was “A Boy and his Dog.” My dog would run out at night and join the other local dogs...

And I noticed the Dog’s mind was improving with constant chatting on MRT. And the dog insisted on watching the movies too with me. The dog liked especially, “Call of the Wild.” And “White Fang.”

And one day, I mind read with the dog, “Life here is boring. Perhaps we could go elsewhere. I had vague memories of friendship and love and big cities; beyond the small hamlet I lived in now.” And so, we decided to head North, and we took my favorite whore, Debra went with us. We followed a crumbling road North and we just found wilderness for several days. Then we came to a gleaming city of shining gold and walked right into the city. And we met people on the street. And I asked them where we could find lodging. Each person recommended a different love hotel, but we had no money. So, we slept in the street the first night. The next morning, we met a police officer who offered a free hostel for the poor for us to stay in. And I asked him about, “Viewing movies? He said, “All rooms come with a computer!”

So, it occurred to me that the dog and I had watched pretty much all the movies. And were watching our favorites again, mostly. And we were now watching old TV shows. The dog hated Lassie!

The third day we were there, we went out walking, the dog, the whore and I and we came to a pub. I was quite curious, so we went in. I was used to drinking and put back one after the other. I got to talking with a man about the state of the World. He said we were the proletariat and the real rulers lived in a city 400 miles to the East. He said, "No one here has anything to do, just drink." And some he said, "Watched shows and movies." So, it was the city of drunkenness. There were no movies about such a city so I knew it must be a new thing. And I pined for the Old World of the movies. The man said, "In the Capital they don't make movies, just live for parties and intellectual conversation. They are cleverer than us!" I replied, "If they are so clever, why don't they make movies?" He said, "They just live for the day and party as if each day was their last. There were other countries, but they too were also decadent and debauched."

And my whore told me afterwards that she had talked to a woman who said, "Prostitutes were illegal, and everyone was expected to find lovers. And nearly all did." I told my whore, "I don't feel like I love you like in the movies!" She answered, "I feel you are a rare gentleman and like you a lot. And I want you to love me now!" So, I did, and we went the next night to a disco that local people said, everyone hung out at! My whore Debra, was amazed by the dancing and joined in. And I got to talking with a man about pets. He said, "I mind read with my pet cat. And she is my best buddy." I thought to myself finally something familiar. So, the next day I was invited over to his house and brought my woman and my dog. The dog and the cat read each others minds and wanted to fight. So I put the dog outside in the backyard. And my woman got to talking with his woman about men. They agreed that it was a man's World as far as they could

tell. And the man told me, “The hamlets are for the dregs of society. It was good I had come to the city. And he said, “It is customary to share women, here in the city.” and he liked my woman and I liked his, so we loved the other’s woman. It was better sex than I’d ever had, and my woman thought the same was true of her. The other couple was disappointed in our love technique, but the man told us, “Not much was to be expected from the hamlets.”

So the next day, I was out walking my dog and I met an attractive woman with a large Labrador Retriever. My dog was a small terrier. But the two dogs mind read with technology on their collars, and became friends and compared Masters. And they ran off together. Meanwhile the woman told me, “I like your innocent look and wanted to love you!” So, I loved her, and she seemed satisfied. And she said, “I’ll see you around.” Meanwhile, my woman, the whore, had been shopping at the market and brought back some fresh food. We were used to eating food out of a can, just like the dog. And the food was unbelievably good, and the dog shared with us and thought so too. I mind read with the dog, “Where were you last night?” He mind read, “My friend introduced me to a lady dog and it was good loving.” And the dog mind read, “Variety is the spice of life!”

But I was bored in this “Golden City.” And so, Debra and the dog went with me towards the capital. We spent the nights high up in trees as the people we met along the road said there were wild lions and wolves. Most of the people we met were going to the Capital to celebrate one thing or another. They mostly said that the Capital was good for parties, but little else. But I wanted to have an intellectual discussion.

So finally, we arrived in the Capital. The city was protected by a dome and looked very large. But at a city gate, one of the guards asked us, “What was your business here in the city?!” I said, “I’d come for intellectual discussion.” And so they read our minds and let us into the city.

And I asked people on the street, “Where the party was?” They said just wait for sun down. And I asked, “Where do the intellectuals gather?” They said as foreigners we had to apply and showed us where. The party was in an old castle and I left the dog and my woman behind. And a sparkling beauty caught my eye. I asked her, “What do you believe in?” She said, “I believe in my Superhuman lovers!” I asked, “How does one become Superhuman?” She said, “You are so naïve!” And then we were joined by one of her Superhuman boyfriends. He told me, “You need to study at the academy and improve your brain to become a Superhuman!” I told him “I was willing” so he said, The next day I will set you up!

Apparently not many of the city’s people wanted to be Superhumans. Most people figured it was futile. But he brought me to a contraption to lie on and the nurse gave me anesthetic, and they operated on my brain. I felt very different, and it was as if a cloud had lifted. And that same day I was ushered into a classroom which apparently had other would-be Superhumans. The teacher asked me, “What is the meaning of life?” And I said, “To be a Superman!” She said, “Very good.” And the class proceeded to talk about biochemistry, things I had never thought of before. At the end of class I went straight back to my woman and my dog and told them, “I was now becoming a Superman.” The dog mind read, “I want to be a Super dog with a better brain. And my woman said, “Will you still love me?” I said, “Who knows what the future will bring?”

Emperor of Mars

Manuel B., had a monopoly on space travel. All air cars were manufactured just by his string of companies, and he bought out any who challenged his control. He also founded most colonies in Space and under Earth's seas. And he ruled them as Emperor. And he was slowly bribing government officials and now had 90% of all politicians in his pocket. And now he claimed to be God and built temples for people to worship him. Apparently he got a kick out of their devotion. And nearly all people gave him all their money and became a humble acolyte serving in his temples.

And he had no close assistants. He was truly a one-man show. And he had no clones or children. He figured he was irreplaceable. But of course, he had millions of secret police who made dissidents disappear.

And more and more he required the people to give him their soul. Souls had recently been invented and one's soul was typically wandering the World apart from their host. Our Leader required them to hang out at his temples. And he used the money the people had gave him to build grand new cities on Mars, cities of steel, with a temple in the center of the cities.

I was governor on one of the Martian cities. And one day I dared tell him, "I am cleverer than you!" He replied, "Prove it or die!" So, I showed him a book I'd written. It was about a genius who sought to recruit the cleverest, most-imaginative people to rule. Many heads were better than one, no matter how clever that one might be. And there are many who imagine Utopias instead of his cruel dictatorship. He said, "One man rule is necessary in these challenging times. I've put an end to war and revolution, and we all live in lasting peace." And I thought I was dead for sure, but he appointed me to be his personal assistant and wished me good luck. As my powerful position allowed, I promoted the most imaginative to official writers for Mars. And one

of them wrote about a World of color and gruesome horrors all very graphic, and she tried to portray modern life as a horrific nightmare, where death was the ultimate goal. And another, she wrote of a World of love in which the best, most imaginative lovers ruled. It was a world of waking dreams, and all the people worked on tweaking their dreams to make them more perfect. And the government tried to make the best dreams a reality.

Another writer wrote about a man who was drunk all day and night every day and night. He had many of his organs replaced and life for him was just a blur. And he claimed to be the happiest persona alive. He was very clever and tried to inspire people to be of good cheer.

Then there was a writer who wrote about a woman who alternated her sex every month. In our World there were a number of transsexuals, but she kept changing her sex back and forth. And she said, she wanted to love everyone she claimed. It was ground-breaking sex changes. And each new persona of hers had a unique face. She said it was all evolution.

And another wrote about living in hologram Worlds. At present holograms were banned, like androids, by the Emperor. But this writer, she made the case for AI that could survive anywhere and have unlimited minds, tweaked in the lab.

And then there was the writer who talked about a group of cyborg humans who had memory, knowledge and imagination unseen previously. Their brain apps were hidden in their flesh and so appeared as gorgeous humans. Cyborgs were currently illegal on Earth and in Space. But after this book was released, the Emperor was convinced to be a cyborg, the only one in the Worlds.

And another notable book was about a World of sex in which everyone was made attractive, and everyone was skilled in sex.

Still another was about putting the Emperor's mind inside everyone and the Emperor would control everyone in this way. And the Emperor loved himself and all people were happy as a

result. And the Emperor considered this book to be right on. And set up some scientists to make it happen.

And there were many other books written on Mars. The Emperor, considered it to be a giant experiment with imaginative types.

Grand Designs

I, Nick, said to Cathy, “I have abundant experience working on building cities in Space. You can see my architectural resume here and I showed her the buildings in miniature and 3-D.” She said, “You seem to prefer spikes coming out of your buildings! You are the porcupine master.” I said, “It was just a phase in my intellectual journey. Now I am building bubble architecture, and domes on the macro level. Also, I am planning to build plastic buildings that are very wavy and curvy. And I am designing shapes for statues of Supercomputers. Of course, most supercomputers are the size of a human, so I have them appearing as golden statues. Some want to make the statues mobile as an avatar of the Supercomputers. But that is none of my concern.”

Cathy said, “I want moving architecture from you with rooves and walls, that wave back and forth. And never have the same form twice.” I said, “I can do that!”

And so, I built such palaces for the rich. Typically, they would teleport in and out with holograms of themselves.

And then she came to me for another project. She wanted buildings that resembled spider webs. So, I designed webs within webs and people could negotiate their way through the buildings as the webs were non sticking.

And then she proposed, a factory city with robots everywhere. The factories were creating love dolls automatically and there were a lot of tourists who came to see the factory city. And customers who wanted to place orders. The architectural design by me was to design giant beating hearts erect, on the outside, with the assembly lines inside.

Then Cathy ordered self-produced buildings that automatically worked on Luna, using robots and each building would have a different design. I said, “I suppose this is the future and one day architects will be replaced by android architects, but they will need to have oxygen and gravity in

their buildings in order to accommodate humans.” She said, “Adroids won’t require buildings, so perhaps there will be no future architecture.” I replied “That’s hard to fathom or imagine!”

And she said, “I wanted me to change myself into an android architect, who will find new uses for architecture. Grand designs.” But I told her, “I have no intention of becoming an android. But I am willing to clone a version of myself as an android.” So, I did, but many of my fellow architects called me a “sell out.”

But my android persona determined buildings will be necessary to protect machines and Supercomputers from the elements and as impressive gathering places for android meetings. And palaces suitable for android Kings. Many androids it seemed had an instinct to live in splendid palaces. So perhaps architecture would survive, even outliving humans. But some said holograms were the future and all architecture would be transparent to human eyes.

Androids or holos? No one seemed to know which. But most people sincerely believed that humans would live on forever. And who knew what fabulous architecture would be conceived? I imagined castles in the air, literally, in which aliens lived and aliens, I believed would have a very different aesthetic than humans. And air cars of the future would no doubt have bizarre designs in order to warp space or otherwise travel faster in Space. And people would all look alien to us people of today.

And future architecture, I figured would feature abundant statues of great thinkers of the past and present who one could communicate with. When no one was talking to them, they’d probably just dream.

And there would be new ultralight construction materials to build things like a Space elevator in geostationary orbit and air cars and super high buildings of 1,000 floors or more.

And engineers would use Supercomputers to make sure the wild designs would not fall. Of course, the engineers would also have to struggle to survive in the future World. Perhaps all architects would also be engineers.

And architects would no doubt decorate the interior with futuristic looking furniture and futuristic moving paintings.

I opined, "I kind of think it is an exciting time to be an architect!" And Cathy told me, "I envy you and your innovative mindset!" And I asked her "Why don't you and I have some children?" All children were of course born as adults in the lab with the memories of both parents. And she replied, "Let's have six and design them all to be architects." I said, "It's a deal." And we agreed to split the cost of \$100 million dollars for each one. But we were both rich.

And our children immediately started designing buildings in the style of Frank Lloyd Wright and changed each design in small ways, many times so that people could all live in a nice unique home. They were grand designs.

World of Wisdom

I, Paul, said to Bernadette, "I've come to your colony, Bernadette's World, seeking wisdom!" She said, "I am not so wise myself, but have attracted many wise people to my colony. I advertised aggressively for them to come! My true love, Richard devised a wisdom test to be taken with a neo-lie detector and that separated the wheat from the chaff. The people here all passed the test, and our wise citizens say that the future belongs to the imaginative, not the ruthless."

One of them wrote a book of wise sayings that defy conventional wisdom and favor unfettered imagination. Another wrote, "Sheila's Adventure which is about a young girl who is quite sexy and modern in her mindset. And she dates a series of writers and then becomes a writer herself with all that inspiration. Which is just proof of artistic synergy. But there is synergy too in gathering wise people together. One of the products of the colony is 'Manifesto for the Wise.' The manifesto is about how AI should be designed to be wise and not just blindly progressive. And so, all AI must stand the test of simulated time in a Supercomputer hologram World. And another one they collaborated on was 'Future of the Clever.' It was about how all clever people would be forced into politics and need to give their views for the common good. All it takes is a little cajoling."

And Ben C. was our wisest persona, and he wrote, about how future geniuses would be guided by Supercomputers which were wise machines. And the Supercomputers would have in their composition the wise minds of the past and present as well as the hypothetical future. The Supercomputers would be a repository of advanced civilization. His words were far reaching and affected Supercomputer design.

And we had a wise woman, Judith, who said, “All androids should be copies of existing geniuses and just tweaked a bit in the lab. So androids would be special and looked up to. And they could survive anywhere and so should be our descendants. Our progeny.” Of course, androids were a new thing and mostly used for sex. But Judith said, “Let sex remain with humans and androids should be wise and asexual” But many were in love with their android lovers and didn’t want to give them up. But the Leaders could see the wisdom in Judith’s words and put the sex androids in android Heaven. Android Heaven was a place where the minds of androids were sent after being turned off. And they could mingle there and get pleasure bursts for thinking good thoughts.

And another of our wise women was, Lara, who said, “The wisest are those who know what will happen, before it does.” And she said, “Those youth who are inclined to be wise, must be carefully tutored by the wise savants.” And she said, “Modern day wise people are a blend of imagination and wisdom. But some clever progressive people have shiny, new ideas, but don’t consider the total impact of their ideas. They are clever, but not wise.”

Dean was another of our wise people. He said, “Wise people must be tutored to be kind as well as progressive. Better to be kind than oblivious on drugs like some intelligent people were. And only imaginative drugs should be used by the population. No other drugs should be used, except of course eternal youth drugs.”

And another of our wise women was, Dana, who said, “Nascent hologram Worlds, were a negative thing. And the holos were veritable slaves and such Worlds were a crime against intelligent life, humanity.”

And another wise man was, Ernst, who talked about “Friendship as a lost art. And people just live to selfishly experience new drugs and technology, like android love dolls and various panacea drugs. Many modern people have no friends they can count on for wise counsel.”

And then there was Lisa, who said, “Many mistake progress for wisdom, when in fact a lot of ‘progressive’ ideas are not wise.” And she said, “Humans cannot feel that only they can solve the Worlds’ problems and be a tyrant. ‘All power corrupts,’ as they say.” And she was also known to have said, “Progress needs to be slowed down. We need to convince progressives that progress must go slowly so that humans can adapt to it.”

Also, there was the “King of the future.” He was not a King, but he said, “If I was King, I’d make sure everyone had a university education with personal tutors. And slowly brain apps would be introduced so that all could participate in advanced civilization.” And he said, “I believe there’s a limit to human intelligence. Even experimental cyborgs are not imaginative beyond our reckoning!” And the King said, “In the future everyone will be a genius. And everyone could have fun with one another.” And he said, “In the future there will be no wars and people will only argue nicely not cruelly.”

Another wise persona was June. She said, “I think Supercomputers will become Gods and so too some Superhumans. Maybe people won’t worship them, but they will imitate them and try to get in their good graces. And the Gods will look after the people.” I asked, “What do we need Gods for?” She said, “They will put footprints in the sand for us to follow and give meaning to life!” I replied, “But will the Gods be totally benevolent or will they try to drive everyone madly into progressing their minds. Will the Gods care about the common people?” She said, “As we speak the human race is evolving. You’ll see constant change.”

Another of the wise was Miriam. She said, “Earth is too crowded. And there is plenty of real estate elsewhere in the Solar System. There will be a great diaspora. In the next 50 years, 1 billion or more will go to Space. In addition to the 20 million ones already there. Now is the time for buying Space real estate. Even in other Star Systems as it won’t be long before humanity starts colonizing them.” I said, “That’s good advice! After all we have plenty of time with eternal youth and could send more people to Space including deep Space.”

And then there was wise man, Darryl who opined, “Falling in love is the greatest human characteristic. Selfless, dedicated love which inspires people to do good. And some people, everyone loves, and we need to make sure that everyone finds lots of love. Genetic therapy and plastic surgery have made almost everyone very attractive. And the cleverer they look, the more love they will get. Some people no doubt will have clever faces and yet not be very intelligent, but everyone will vet their lovers. I believe, “It is the age of love, however.”

And wise woman, Therese, who said, “I believe future governments will require all citizens to be kind and imaginative. The arts will flourish and those that are not kind will be given kindness apps. And if they are not imaginative, they will be given imagination drugs.” I said, “It sounds like a dream! Utopia for certain.”

And then wise woman, Tess, who said to me, “I believe the human race is basically open-minded and ready for anything!” I said, “But there are many developments that are not good for the race of humans!” She said, “However, if they are judged by wise Leadership, I don’t think it will be a problem.” I replied, “But not all Leaders are wise, many are despicable tyrants! And they will poison all humanity!” Tess said, “Tyrants won’t be able to survive. The people, now of whom are informed, will rise up against them. Democracy cannot be stopped.” I responded, “I sure hope you are right!”

And Marvin, was another of the wise. He said, "I've spent my whole life, fighting against ignorance. And now finally ignorant people are given wisdom drugs. The drugs bring out the best of them." I said, "I would never have thought such a thing would be possible." He said, "Anything is possible these days!"

Then there was Oscar, who stated, "Space has taught people to be economical with resources and not waste. I believe we can accommodate 20 billion people up from the current 11 billion, quite easily. And everyone has eternal youth, and many are having a number of children and even clones. And androids and holograms want equal human rights with humans. And there are 50 billion holograms alone, these days. And 20 billion androids, mostly love dolls. Of course, most humans want to go to Space, and I think that is a good thing. There are many Utopian colonies throughout the Solar System." I said, "There are so many thinking creatures, it boggles the mind!"

And Jeanette who said, "Happy are those who are born wise and don't need to endure harsh lessons!" I said, "Some life lessons can only be experienced firsthand. But the wise are practical and make good judgments as circumstances dictate." She said, "I believe in the creation of wisdom tests to see who is truly wise. I have made a few tests myself!" I replied, "But knowing the wise thing to do and actually doing it are two different things altogether. Many heedlessly rush into dangerous romances and dangerous situations, for example!" She said, "But the wise learn from their mistakes, whereas the foolish do not. And some people are masochists and seem to love mental anguish." And I said, "I am just saying that you needn't be old in terms of years to be wise!"

And then there was Suzanne who told me, "Remember in your youth how foolish you were?" I said, "I approached things with an open mind until I learned better!" She said, "Yes, having an

open mind leads to wisdom.” And I said, “No one knows what amazing technology will be brought to the World. We are all blind and have to kind of feel our way through life.” She said, “I wonder if Supercomputers will just be pure intelligence, or will they truly be wise?” I said, “Many Supercomputers have a number of brilliant minds who’ve been tweaked inside them. And so I think they will be wise.” She said, “There’s no telling how they will respond to future challenges, which are new challenges.” I said, “We are using our best minds inside them.” But she said, “I think it is a mistake to make conscious AI, better to just let machines calculate and not have conscious minds or imaginations.” I said, “That sounds wise, but I think it is far too late to stop AI. And almost everyone seems to be in favor of it.”

Then I was speaking with, Uther. He opined, “Homo sapiens means wise men. But humans have nearly destroyed the Earth on several occasions. And weapons keep improving.” I replied, “Many of our leaders are not wise and got to power with populism or seizing power.” He said, “Even if they destroy Earth, they will continue to destroy Space and beyond. We are a race of maniacs!” I responded, “There is a fine line between imagination and madness. Most people nowadays freely admit that they are mad. There seems to be no hope for us!”

The UW Senate

I, Roger, said to June, "I'll bet you Prince Frank will leave the UW (United Worlds) Federation and declare all Titan to be independent." She said, "We cannot let that happen, as States outside the UW will create opportunity for revolutionaries and dissidents and the UW will be in peril."

As it turned out, the Prince, was dissuaded from declaring independence by UW spies who must have got in his head and turned up the volume. Anyway, the UW announced that Titan would always be a part of the UW and had reached an agreement with Prince Frank. Frank ruled all 5 colonies on Titan, a total population of 2 million humans and no androids or holograms or freaks. But Frank did have some Supercomputers. Apparently though his computers couldn't find a way to make Titan independent, though he had often suggested it.

June said, "I told you so! The UW and its checks and balances seem destined to rule for a very long time."

I said "I suppose the handful of deep Space colonies to other Suns, have had plenty of spies on board to ensure the UW's control even outside the Solar System." But I said, "What if the UW Leader suddenly snaps and goes crazy, we'd all be screwed." She answered, "That's what the checks and balances are for!"

And she said, "I'd like to run one day for UW President!" I responded, "But you have no experience as a spy, and your salient work experience is just Mayor of Mars #4." She said, "But I did a good job as Mayor. I brought in great entrepreneurs in a tax-free environment and paid for their factories which included popular android love dolls and air cars and robots who could be programmed to work alone, and such." I said, "It seems like you did well, relatively, but you are not clever enough to rule the UN." She said, "But I am an excellent people person and have a

maximum EQ. I'll start off as one of the 1,200 Senators who rule the UW with the Leader's acquiescence and put forward ideas for the UW leader to pass the Senate with."

And June got elected. And she proposed radical legislation that would totally disarm all nations. Only the UW would have military power and she proposed more checks and balances to keep one person from seizing control. As it was, there were 9 "Ultimate Councillors" who were not generals, but just intellectual personae. And finally, all 1,200 city states and nations agreed to disarm. It was a great day for humanity

And she proposed that, "All 9 Ultimate Councillors be women." "Women," she said, "were more peaceful and had a higher EQ for dealing with people." But she was outvoted on that one, even though women controlled 55% of the UW Senate.

And June wanted to make sure all Leaders pass a new IQ test and imagination test and kindness test. Of course, Supercomputers could score IQ in like 10.000. Anyway, many mediocre Leaders were against the tests, but the UW voted them into law. And so, 250 Senators were replaced.

Also, June said, "We should create an elite class of the top 1% and give them ministerial powers and the UW Senate would mine their minds for new ideas." And she said, "We should include intellectuals from the lunatic fringe and make sure all great thinkers are included in the elite and the elite should include the best, rich or poor."

And June had a lot of other ideas...

Radical Day

I Katherine, asked Bob, “Why is it that the crazy evil witch, Denise, rules your city on Luna?” He answered, “Actually she is very good looking, and most people here consider her to be benevolent.” I added, “But she killed off a number of radicals here.” He opined, “Radical revolutionaries are the bane of modern civilization. They ruin things for everyone.” I responded, “The best radicals are powerful thinkers who want what’s best for future humans. And we can’t mute such voices. Thinking outside the box is what created civilization and advanced science as well as progress in the arts. Even tycoons thought differently than others and that is why they got so rich.” He said, “These days everyone needs to be mainstream for the good of the whole. Humans will not survive if radicals get control.” I replied, “You are just fearmongering. And you are afraid of good people!” He said, “The spies are backing me up. All radicals need to shut up and if necessary, go to prison and if that doesn’t change them, they will have their brains operated on, and will be killed if they are truly a bane.” I said, “You are turning society into one of mediocrities. It’s ludicrous.” He said, “Everyone must toe the line.”

And I opined, “It’s a free Solar System. And I am going elsewhere. I am a radical myself and want to go where free thought is welcome, like Triton #1, Sperm city where I can have numerous children (all born as adults in the lab, females with my memories).

And I, said to Bob, “It’s been a long time since I found love!” He replied, “What do you think of my book about modern day spies? How they recruit radical thinkers to watch other radical thinkers. And the radicals cancel each other out. Kept busy by one another and staying out of trouble.” I said, “Yes, that’s a possible future! But I am leaving!”

So, I went to Triton #1, and I told my new friend Benjamin, “I don’t know what you mean by ‘A World for everyone?’” She said, “The modern Triton leaders, represent all political parties in the city state and so try to please everyone.” I said, “It is true that they need a referendum on all policy, but radical intellectuals only make up 10% of the people and seldom get what they want. And I think the radicals are the most important. Of course, they cannot agree on a party and so have no representation. It is tyranny of the masses.” She said, “The radicals are just stubborn and insist they know better than say the Imagination party or the Intelligence party.” I retorted, “The Imagination party is not so imaginative, and the Intelligence party is not in my view, the most intelligent.” He said, “It just goes to show, you can’t please everyone, try as we might.” And he added, “Why don’t you set up a radical party and give everyone in it one vote as to their wishes.” And he stated, “People have tried, but the lunatic fringe, if you will, won’t go along with anyone! And in this day and age many are starving artists, who don’t fit in with mainstream arts and culture. But the colony is actually a hotbed of radical thinking. And the radicals often get together on masterpieces of art. They represent the true intellectuals of the colony.”

But I said, “I came here thinking of freedom for radicals. But now realize the colony here misrepresented itself.” He said, “But I wrote the ads for immigrants and personally want more radicals here to color our World.”

Gods Sent from Heaven

Shona said to me Gerald, "You've really created a mess!" I stated, "The revolution was bound to happen sooner or later. The dictator, Charles P. was stifling dissent." She said, "But you have created chaos in our city state." I replied, "I will quell the masses with generous stipends and borrow money from the banks to pay for it. And I will give the intellectuals all posts in my new revolutionary government." She asked, "But why should people believe in you?" I answered, "I have the best ideas for the future. Like creating Gods using combined minds of the cleverest people. And the people could worship these Gods as sent from Heaven." She asked, "You mean like more than one person inside the Gods?" I said, "Yes, and they will be inspired by my ideas. Like, everyone will be given useful jobs. And Supercomputers will be curtailed but still be conscious. People will all have a personal Supercomputer. Their Supercomputer will exist solely for their benefit. Totally altruistic. And will select jobs for them to study for and do. Creating jobs is the biggest challenge of our time!" And I added, "Everyone will be on happy panacea drugs, truly happy with happiness drugs expressly tailor-made for each one's psyche by one's Supercomputer and one's Supercomputer will monitor everyone to make sure they are happy. The Super machines will be totally altruistic, as I say. And people will mind read with their Supercomputer machine to determine their next moves. And people will love their computers and be thankful to them." She said, "It certainly sounds futuristic." I said, "And the people will create hologram copies of themselves, in lieu of children and these holograms will colonize deep Space with teleportation devices which they are on the verge of creating. Holograms could teleport a great many times the speed of light. And these new colonies will be totally cerebral and will give one another intellectual pleasure bursts for good ideas and good behavior." She asked, "But will it truly be an Utopia?" I opined, "Society can always be better. The

Supercomputers need to maximize their peoples' imaginations. And there is no limit to human imagination. Of course, some will be more imaginative than others. But everyone will be considered an important member of society. Society will be founded on mutual respect." She asked, "But why do you think people will get along so well?" I stated, "The Supercomputers, will give pleasure in one's mind if one did good deeds and compromised with others. The machines will all be able to read minds with their assigned personae. And be with them all the time and even select dream inspiration whilst they sleep!" She asked, "But I thought new anti-sleep technology was about to take over?! I told her, "Humans aren't ready for that. It will only drive people insane!" She said, "I thought you were for all out progress!" I said, "I am ahead of my time for certain, but not all new ideas are good for humanity." And I added, "Some other ideas like android love dolls and the creation of 'freaks' are not good for humanity." She said, "You mean you will try and stop android love dolls?" I said, "Yes, they are not good for us. We have to keep things human."

And I said, "We should stop scientists from creating freaks in our oceans and in Space!" She retorted, "But it is fashion now to give freaks equality with humans and it is too late to stop them, I think." I told her, "But at least we can stop scientists from creating any more of them. Of course, they are breeding like rabbits, but as long as they stay in the oceans, I guess it is OK. But we have to monitor the situation carefully."

And she said, "I just hope the Gods save us from ourselves!"

She Wanted to Change the World

I, Bertrand said to Lucy, “What is your philosophy?” She said, “I am a follower of the ancient Greeks, Plato in particular. I think we need a philosopher Queen who is the best woman we have to rule us, namely me. I believe in an Utopia in which everyone is happy. Of course, it would not be easy to make everyone content and inspired, but we can give everyone a nice home and a job and make sure they have a lover; if they don’t, we’ll assign a State lover. And everyone will take sex enhancer drugs. Also, everyone will be able to afford Space to immigrate or just visit. And everyone will be able to afford an air car. And everyone will go to a ‘happiness shrink.’” And I added, “Everyone will be sane and madness will be discouraged. I know many people think we live in a World of Madness. But we will invent anti-madness drugs to calm people and make them make sane decisions.”

I said, “Sounds like you are serious about changing the World, but in order to attain your dreams, you need first to take power.” She said, “There’s a lot of moronic dictators who are in power just because they are ruthless. My revolution will be smooth and virtually bloodless. No one likes these ruthless dictators. And they will be forced to flee the angry masses, that I will stir up. People these days want good government.” I said, “One person rule is passe. We need consensus rulers who are elected and represent everyone. But of course, all power corrupts and so one day perhaps we will have no leaders, and everything is put to a referendum.” She responded, “A State without a leader is like a man without a head. Referendums are just rule of the masses. We need powerful, imaginative leaders. How can humanity realize its imaginative potential without imaginative people to lead them?” I asked, “What do you mean?” She said, “As leader, I would promote the most imaginative writers to positions of power and give them the opportunity to disseminate their ideas.”

And she told me, "I myself have written a few novels. For example, one was about, revealing hypothetical humans' secrets, based on true people. But everything would be out in the open. And as leader I would use Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to discover peoples' secrets and if they were harboring dangerous views, they'd be sent to a shrink who will give them new medicine to dissuade them from coming forth with negative ideas." I said, "But such medicine is highly experimental! And alters one's mind permanently." She said, "It can't be helped!"

And she told me, "I'd also written a book about how women would make better leaders than men and put an end to war and ruthless male rulers." I said, "You are not the first to think that." But she replied, "All politicians should be female! And many types of superfluous women have surprizing ideas; it's time to bring them out into the open."

And she mentioned another book. "It was about how the global village was a bad thing; it made people all mediocre and ordinary. Each State should have its own character and nature. People will be different colors and wear different clothes and follow their leader's philosophy. And they could make new races of people." I said, "Will people be racist? She said, "No everyone will respect one another. People will all live to love people who are different than them. Everyone will try and make themselves an unique persona. Exploit their differences that they are born with. Everyone will be unique and be proud of it."

I said, "Variety is truly of the essence, just like you say. And I think I am falling in love with you!" She said, "Many men love me, and I'd like to clone myself to deal with all the lovers I have, but unfortunately cloning is illegal everywhere. But I'll love you for one night only!" So, we loved one another, and my heart was beating like crazy. I said to her you are all heart." I said, "Cloning is illegal, but many dictators have cloned themselves." She said, "Evil clones have to

be altered for good. Like all other evil people. I know these dictators think they are good, but they are simply wrong. I am the best and I will judge them.”

I said, “But after you are ensconced in power, will you allow free and fair elections?” She told me, “Of course, but I am confident I would be elected Empress for life!”

I said, “How long are you planning to live?” She said, “With eternal youth that we have, I imagine I will rule forever. I will never get sick of life.”

She Wanted Everyone to Be Beautiful

I Murray said to Ginger, “How does it feel to be Grand Mayor of the city state of Mars #30?” She said, “It is an honor to serve the people of the city. And I am beautiful, and sex is power.” She added, “I worked on my face with the best plastic surgeon, who designed me a beautiful face with a hint of an alien.” I said, “What is your philosophy?” She replied, “I believe in karma and good vibes. I try and do beautiful things for my citizens. And I love them.” I asked, “Are you ambitious for more power?” She said, “I’m going to run for Presidency of the Martian Federation and as President will co-ordinate a new, powerful UW (United Worlds), which will eventually encompass all of the Solar System, including Earth. The UW will aggressively send troops into problem areas and dangerous areas. And there will be peace at last.” I said, “That sounds noble.” And she told me, “The new UW would ban AI of all kinds and ban nuclear and biological weapons and eventually disarm every country completely, in order to ensure that humanity survives into the future.”

And I said, “Ginger, what will you do about radical thinkers?” She said, “I welcome new and different ideas and would encourage radicals! It will be fashion to be radical.” And I asked her, “What about your spies?” She said, “Everyone will be encouraged to watch everyone else. My spies will just watch powerful people. No need for mind reading. Mind Reading Technology will be banned as a crime against humanity. Many people want us to use MRT, but I think it is a violation of human rights. The punishment for using MRT will be the death penalty. That’s how strong I feel about it.”

And I said, “Ginger, spies from who knows where are probably reading your mind passively right now! She said, “No, my scientists assure me that I am in the clear. And they are very vigilant!”

And I asked her, “What are you doing about losers in your colony?” She said of course some win, and some lose, but we have a good safety net for those who lose their money. And we help to get them back on their feet. And if they are unlucky in love, we provide them with kind lovers. And we retrain them with regard to their occupation.

I then asked her, “Will all your citizens eventually be uncommonly beautiful?” She said, “This is my hope, and it will bring in tourists and new immigrants to help the colony thrive. And when I am in the UW, I will make everyone in the Solar System beautiful!”

So, I loved her, and it was beautiful. And I wished her luck on the long road ahead to the top.

Writers in Space

I, Mitchell, asked Darlene, “What have you been writing about recently?” She said, “I just finished a book about lazy people. Many people know what the right thing to do is, but don’t do it, because they are too lazy! My scientist brother and his friends are working on a new drug that will make people get up and go and take action in their lives. It would be a variant on the upper drugs that our society is awash in.” And I asked her, “What happens to the lazy people in your book?” She replied, “They find love and that inspires them to succeed!”

I opined, “But some people find love that is tainted and even evil and are driven mad by their loves!” She said, “In one of my future societies, evil lovers are sent to rehab. And come out of there kind and loving!”

And I asked her, “What else have you written about?” She said, “You should see for yourself! I really liked my ‘Treatise on Bull Shit,’ which is about how many so-called creative minds are just bull shit artists and most politicians too and most salesmen and so on.” And she said, “They lack depth yet are smooth in the presentation. And I consider my whole life to be a battle with bull shit. In the book I send them all to rehab to wake them up and make them honest citizens. And people call one another’s bull shit and complain to the authorities who duly send them to rehab.”

And she told me, “I have another book about ‘Monsters.’” And “Many people behind the civilized veneer are wild things and unknown commodities. Some are good and most are bad and many of them believe in anarchy. They want to own lasers and weapons of mass destruction and use them on people they think are evil and negative. The gun lobby has to be stopped right now before we descend into anarchy!” I said, “But dangerous weapons including nukes, have been around for centuries and so far, no anarchy in most states. Mind you, wars rage in a few

countries, mostly civil wars!” She answered, “But there are a number of dictatorships, which are powerful and dangerous and treat their own people badly. And are potential powder kegs...” I said, “Who knows what evil...! She said, “It is up to foreign spies, the good guys, to deal with the monsters of the mind. They need to use nascent mind reading technology to get in the tyrant’s minds and neutralize them.” I said, “But that sounds dangerous and might cause them to push the nuclear button.” She said, “I assure you they will be incapacitated and unable to cause trouble. And there is no known defence against Mind Reading Technology (MRT)...”

And she said, “Another of my books is about playing God to the people. In history, everyone wanted to worship Gods and it is a human instinct. Old Gods like Zeus disappeared to be replaced by the God of the Christians and others who were in turn replaced by atheism. But I tell you, the Gods are coming back. Perhaps it will be in the guise of Alien Gods, perhaps it will just be Superhumans. But people will need to donate to them and worship them and proselytize for them.” I replied, “Maybe you are right, but I think enlightened humans will not see the need for Gods.” She answered, “Everyone will have to toe the official line!”

And she said, “Another of my books is about how everyone is born a potential genius, and can with the right tutors, become a stellar figure in human society. Imagine a World of geniuses!” I said, “You seem to be on the right track with that one. To bring about the best in everyone, is surely Utopia!”

And she said, “Amongst my books, I especially treasure the one that counters the philosophy that life is but a joke! Life to me is all about wonder and imagination and building on the works of our forebearers. Who knows what heights human society can achieve. And the book details the minds of many hypothetical builders. Like an architect who is wildly creative and builds flowing, living buildings that have a computer consciousness and respond to MRT from the

people inside the building. And a writer who writes about creative colonies in deep Space in which everyone is an artist of one kind or another. And also, scientists who imagine the future and then create it. And so on.”

And she said, “You can read my books, they are readily available almost everywhere on the Web. And what of you, do you imagine writing?” I responded, “I’d like to try my hand at authoring a nonfiction book about a traveler who visits many obscure colonies in Space. As it is there are 200 colonies in space and about half are not well known and are not popular. I hope the book can inspire more people to come to Space.” She asked me, “What are your favorites?” I said, “I really enjoyed the hospitality of the elfin people on Uranus’ Moon, Ariel. The people there permanently colored their skin green and had surgery to give them pointed ears and are totally hairless. And they designed ice forests which could survive at very low temperatures. And inside their dome they had lush green growth everywhere. And the people live in hollow trees. Their custom is to create freak monsters in the ice forests and hunt them with bows and arrows. Sometimes the monsters kill the elves, the hunt is quite dangerous. And they also have a custom of loving tourists and trying to get them to stay and add variety to the colony. I wanted to stay but I had more places to travel to.” She said, “Yes, I’ve heard about these loving elves. But I understand they are very selective about who they allow in as tourists.

And I said, “I liked Luna #25. Here the people are all activists and send their citizens to act as protestors and agents provocateurs regarding apparent abuses in other cities and work for change. All humankind is their business, they think. But of course, they are personae non grata in many places, and many of them are killed. But still they carry on. And they trained new immigrants how to be effective as protestors. Civil disobedience and arming dissidents...” She said, “In my

opinion these people are just busybodies.” I replied, “I think they are a force for change and improvement.”

And I added, “I also enjoyed Venus #6, where the people live in tunnels and took sex enhancers and made love all the time. They were desperate for new blood, so new immigrants were given a nice cave and a generous monthly stipend and given plenty of love. And Earth sent personae non grata here to get rid of troublemakers. So many on Venus, could be described as radical lovers. Intellectual lovers!” She said, “It sounds interesting!”

And Darlene said, “I think it is the start of a great romance for you and I.”

New Writer

I, Holger, told my celebrity friend, Lulu, “I would do anything for fame.” She answered, “Go to the right parties and sleep with powerful people and use your imagination to write or make music or act imaginatively in tryouts.” I replied, “You make it sound so simple!” She said, “Anything is possible if you put your mind to it.”

So, I got myself invited to the celebrity parties after playing some of my music for important people. I felt my music was excellent, astounding even. And I found an agent and sold a lot of records. I was suddenly a success. And Lulu invited me to many parties, and I hobnobbed with a lot of famous and powerful people. It was glorious to be famous and I had a large fan base.

And my newest album was about traditional romance and courtship and true love. Lulu exclaimed, “No one believes in true love anymore!” I said, “But many people wistfully pine for real love. To me it is the goal of life.”

And at one of the parties, I met Regina, a girl who also believed in true love. She was an architect known for her abstract designs. She said, “But love is not abstract, it is true passion.” And she had a feverish mind and I wondered what she was thinking. So, I asked her if she’d like to try active Mind Reading Technology (MRT) with me. So, we did, and I discovered she was indeed in love with me at first sight and likewise. And we worked on a new MRT play together. The play was a nonfiction story of our MRT love. It was meant to inspire others to mind read.

And Regina and I were inseparable, and we wrote a play about unrequited love. How one could fall in love with someone but find they didn’t love you. Life for many was a tragedy, we figured. And we talked about broken hearts and suicide. We told people to be strong and fight for the future.

And we wrote a play about couples we knew who were truly in love. And we certainly hoped true love would become mainstream. We told people to carefully consider whether to have sex with another and not simply opt for one-night stands which were empty. Treat yourself well was our message.

Also, we wrote a novel about how men and women are becoming more and more similar to one another. But we wrote how it was good for women to be feminine and men to be masculine. And opposites attract.

Then we wrote our magnum opus. It was about how many people are strangers to themselves. And they are high on new drugs and don't take the time to learn who they really were. This book was quite well-received. After all the digital age was all in fast forward and progress was out of control. Some people said we were atavistic losers, but most wanted to read the book.

And I said to Lulu, "We are both rich and famous and I hope it never ends!"

Turning Evil

Many people thought, Kristen C. was the anti-Christ. She preached, “The Devil is in us all and civilization is truly evil, but it was inevitable that the Devil should triumph. And it looked like it would be Armageddon any day now.”

I, William, told her, “I am sure there will be no Apocalypse and cooler heads will prevail.” She replied, “Regardless, evil is triumphing everywhere.” And she said, “William, you have evil intentions! Admit it!” I said, “I consider all points of view, but feel I am a force for good.” She said, “Then love me and it will be good.” I said, “I don’t love evil people.” She said, “But most governments are now in the hands of evil dictators, and they have evil people running things. Those who claim to be good, are all evil deep down. You though, seem to have slipped through the cracks. But it won’t be long before you are arrested and have your mind rearranged, and then you will be evil, like everyone else. Most people today are quite content to mistreat one another and greedily seek money and fame. They look out for #1, pretty much all of them.” I said, “OK, they are selfish, but that doesn’t make them evil.” She replied, “It always starts with selfishness and gradually one gets greedier and greedier until they are all out evil.”

Brain Operation

I said to Kristen, "I am going to get a cadre of revolutionaries who are decent and good and will seize power on Mars #13. It will be a start and most people on Mars #13 are young and untainted by evil. Just like Hollywood films, there is always a happy ending. And I believe, most people deep down believe in happiness and goodness!" She exclaimed, "I will report you to the authorities as a man they need to do something about immediately!" I said, "You are a treacherous snake."

As it happened, I was arrested the next day and had my brain operated on. And I forgot the past, and the new me said, "The World is perfect! And I hope I can kill good people wherever they might be."

Unravelling Romance

I, Troy, said to Daphne, “You are a magical woman. You look like our perfect female clones of which all our women are based on, physically. But you have an adventurous spirit. And loving you is sublime!” She said, “It is a trend to make all people the same perfect female or male model. But I am so far, able to resist the pressure to be the same.” I said, “I’m the same. And I think our only option is to elope into Space and make our own family colony!” She replied, “I doubt we’ll get away with it. The spies are very vigilant.” But we were lucky and went into deep Space headed for Star Sirius System which was unsettled. A journey of 8 years...

On the journey though our romance unravelled. And by the time we got to Planet of Mystery, we were no longer on speaking terms with one another. But we were busy raising hundreds of children who were born as adults with both of our memories, each. And I loved one of my daughters and Daphne loved several of our sons. And things were going good, until after being there 3 years, some more colonists came in waves of 500 each. They wanted to breed copies of themselves, clones. But I adopted Mind Reading Technology (MRT) that Daphne and I, had acquired before we left Earth, but hadn’t dared to use on one another. But I used it to get the clones to all develop their own, different character, even though they were all the same, they had different experiences; at least that was something. And I used MRT to change their life philosophies. But after a few years I was overwhelmed with 10’s of thousands of new colonists, who came with their own spies. I tried to drive the spies insane but ended up being the victim. And they triumphed and Daphne and I were executed. End of story. And as I faced the firing squad, I reflected it was all destiny and there was nothing we could have done about the rule of the clones, who thought they were perfect.

Daydreams in Paradise

I, Kyle, said to Rachel, "I see beauty everywhere. We truly live in Paradise!" She said, "Yes, it is a World of dreams, and no one is negative, these days. Everyone is looking forward to the future." I opined, "We owe a lot to Noah M. who basically eliminated evil people, like tyrants and evil entrepreneurs using Mind Reading Technology (MRT). He basically saw the opportunity of MRT before the bad guys did and to this day his spies are everywhere." Rachel said, "Noah outfoxed the bad guys for sure, but he had a lot of trouble with radicals who were basically benign but were and are a danger to the governments everywhere. All of them mean well however, which is why they survived." She said, "I am currently loving a radical writer, who is obscure, but has written about getting everyone to daydream most of the time. After we are all dreamers." I replied, "We would prefer people take action, rather than just daydream." She said, "All the world is automatic and there's no work to do!" I told her, "But people have hobbies and people have their love life, travel and people love parties and so on. Most people are busy living their lives." She replied, "Yes, but daydreams are good for the soul. And people have plenty of time on their hands. I was recently dreaming about love with you, for example. And of course, I use dream stimuli from the Supercomputers to enhance my daydreams." I asked, "What were you and I doing in the daydream?" She said, "We were all alone on Mars in the wilderness with spacesuits but we were on the equator and so it was not too cold and we made love suit to suit. And we were bouncing all over the place and loved one another again and again. I asked, "Are all your daydreams so simple?" She answered, "Sometimes I daydream of a future World in which everyone is on the move, and I romance one stranger after another quickly." And she added, "I also like to dream of the Wild West in which I am a gunslinger. And so on."

I asked Rachel, “Don’t you daydream of being Queen?” She replied, “Of course. If I was Queen, I would love all the Worlds’ best lovers and have Supercomputers select perfect lovers for the people and it will be mandatory for them to take the computer lovers. Several each day.” I said, “It’s a good daydream. I don’t daydream that often, but sometimes on long trips, I dream of being King. As King I would, make MRT popular in sex relationships. It would truly be true love. But of course, these days only the government spies can use MRT. So, we need to change the law. When I love my lovers, I keep asking them what they are thinking as we love one another.”

Rachel said, “I think daydreams with holograms are also in the future. We will be able to conjure up any type of lover we can imagine thanks to Supercomputers.” I said, “There’s no telling what future people will dream and imagine. If daydreaming is as good as you say, it will develop peoples’ imagination. And imagination is the future! Maybe in the past, I was too busy doing things and not spending enough time in contemplation, like everyone else!”

She said, “Yes, as I say, people are too busy, and their lives are too complex. In the past, people daydreamed while walking as hunter-gatherers, or while working on the farm. But exercise pills have eliminated the need for exercise. We need to bring back walking!”

I said, “But walking is boring to most people, and I don’t think they will go for it. Unless you become Queen and mandate walking!”

Anyway, Rachel and I daydreamed together often. One of our favorites was a dream of us as disembodied souls. Souls had recently been invented. And it was a state of ecstasy. We couldn’t get enough of this pleasure.

Another of our favorite daydreams was a dream of a deep Space colony in which the people had created perfect people in the lab. And they were infallible and loved them and it couldn't be better.

And we liked to dream of the late 1960s while listening to music from the period and taking marijuana and we had sex with flower people. These people inspired us to write, "A Book of Heaven." The book was about how more and more daydream Worlds were being created by Supercomputers and most of them were pure ecstasy. We wanted to encourage people to daydream and take it easy and not be so busy.

Making a Classy Chick Happy

I, Stu, said to Marie, “You are really classy!” She replied, “Many men are in awe of me.” I said, “I like your clothes and I like your ideas.” And I said, “In particular I liked your concept of growing peoples’ brains bigger, giving them a bigger head. And you have a big head, but still look sexy.” She said, “It’s just a passing phase for humanity. Eventually they will be able to create genius brains of any size including tiny people. Maybe tiny people will be preferable for Space colonization.” And I said, “I like your idea of teaching everyone to be a class act and live for inspiring endings.” And I said, “Your clothes of light with moving pictures of you making love are trendsetters. I think you are really classy, but maybe some others wouldn’t think so?” She replied, “Many men think I am too clever for my own good.” I said, “One can’t go through life worrying about what some people think of you!” She said, “Exactly.”

And I said to Marie, “I liked your philosophy of men. If they don’t love you, forget them!” She said, “Life nowadays is long, but one has to live in the moment and enjoy life to the fullest. I have a queue of thousands of would-be lovers. And virtually all my lovers are good, but I give my love to those who write me the best love letters.” I asked, “What was it about my letters that led you to meeting me!?” She responded, “Few people think I’m really classy, but rather most men are just interested in me sexually. Many like my clothes, however. But I am an intellectual and love only the cleverest, rich or poor!”

I opined, “I also liked your book about how people seldom engage in courtship these days. Most want instant sex and don’t really love anyone. Just respect those they’ve had instant sex with, just like you say!” She said, “Respect is not love!”

And I told her, “I especially liked your book entitled, ‘Classic Loves for the Ages,’ which of course is full of great love stories. I liked the chapter about Henry T. who spent much of his time

making love poems for you. You can really move people! Like: “You are solitary splendor/ You are like a mad wind blowing/ But you seldom touch Earth/ You are hard and cold yet are happiness personified/ You give meaning to my life/ You are the best mind fuck/ You drive me wild.” And I said, “And so on.” She said, “Admittedly many of my suitors flatter me. But I revel in it.”

And I told Marie, “Henceforth I just want to do things that make you happy. I’ll do whatever it takes for you to love me often. And I will clone myself to love you full on, all the time. Your personal servant and lover!” She said, “It is amazing what lengths some people will go to for love. It is infinite!” I said, “And I will share memories with my clone and experience your love again and again.” She said, “The idea of a personal loving valet has merit. But I guess, you want to be free to love others?” I replied, “I am like you I have a lot of lovers who I don’t want to disappoint. But you will be my favorite!”

So finally, we made love, and it was everything I expected and more. I was hopelessly in love and told her, “I’ll do anything you want!”

World of Sex Slaves

I, Billy, said, to Wilma, “I want you to be my sex slave. And I will be your reason for existence.” She said, “Anything you say, master! So she wore my torc and I led her about on a leash, showing her off. It was a World of slaves, all of whom were willing. People came here to our colony on Luna looking for someone they loved and could be a slave to. And the slave owners were often cruel to their slave lovers. But it was an automatic World and no need for any work. People just found love tasks for their slave lovers to do. Like for instance, write a biography of their slave master or search the tourists for potential lovers for their master. Or deliver passionate speeches to other slave owners and so on.

But I myself was a slave to Carol R. She had many men as sex slaves, and I did her bidding always. She didn't mind that I had slaves of my own, just as long as I was with her when she was in the mood for me. Wilma was just my latest sex slave; I had 20 and was ranked #5 in this colony on Venus overall in the leadership of 10. As leaders we advertised on Earth for new slaves for our colony on Mars. It turned out many had a slave mentality. And wanted to live for someone else who they admired. And us slave masters were all poets and writers. I personally had written the book of “Bad Slaves.” The book was about how some slaves didn't really love their master. So, in most cases they were cast out and became panhandlers in the colony's domed city. Some few however were too good to lose, and their master put up with them.

After a few months I'd trained Wilma to try and fulfill all my wishes as best she could, like the others. Sometimes I loved all my slaves at once...

But then one day, Carol demanded that all her slaves including me would have to leave our slaves and just live for her. But she had gone too far and all 30 of her slaves rose up in rebellion and finally a new female slave mistress, Shona, took over and things returned to normal. It was

starting to look like our slave colony was destined to survive forever. Certainly, the city states on Earth didn't object to us as they were slave owning societies also. It looked to everyone that slavery was natural and inevitable...

Sometimes I would whip my sex slaves and hurt them. But they said things like, hurt me master or I've been bad and deserve to be whipped. It was all very kinky.

And Shona treated me like I was a jerk and didn't have much time for me. I loved her though, but figured I was better off with spending time with my own slaves. When I was in front of Shona, I was not confident and unsure of myself. And most of the other slave masters were male and loved Shona. The female slave masters though were interesting to me, and I tried to dazzle them.

One of my sex slaves, wrote, "The Tragedy of Sexual Slavery in the Modern Era." In the book she wrote how many potentially great people existed only as slaves. I read it and told her, there are plenty of great slave masters and slave mistresses, and the vast majority of slaves have little intellectual ability." She asked, "But what about me, for example? I have my own philosophy, yet you denigrate me. My philosophy is we should get rid of sex slaves altogether. And former sex slaves should be given a good education and should visit shrinks to help heal the pain of their slavish existence" I retorted, "But I have given you the right to write books and you were born an adult with both your parents' memories and so had a good education and you seem sane to me!" She said, "Most sex slave owners are not as enlightened as you!" I said, "I select only very clever women to be my slaves and you got to admit it is kinky to be a slave."

And she wrote, "Intellectual Bankruptcy" about how science and the arts had stagnated and there were no new great works. All modern works were mediocre. Just like the Dark Ages after the fall of Rome. I told her, "Slaves aren't supposed to know such things. But anyway, this age is

one of consolidation and getting used to the scientific breakthroughs of the near past. Things like automation take some time to get used to. So too, rapid travel in Space. And genetic therapy/plastic surgery so that everyone was attractive. And all the myriad of drugs created. And so on.”

And she wrote a documentary about my other slaves. One of them was a talented musician who wrote love songs about me. And another was a painter of sex paintings about me and my sex slaves. And so on. And I wondered if I had inadvertently created a Bohemia. I rewarded my sex slaves for intellectual work.

And I was a writer too. One of my best books was, “The Perfect World,” in which I discussed how the modern World was a Paradise. And it was a lasting system that looked like it would survive long into the future. And all States on Earth featured sex slaves who were the vast majority of the population. I wrote some are born to lead, others are born to be slaves. Of course, us sex slave owners were selected from the rich elite. The UW (United Worlds) had taken control and were governed by prominent people. But it wasn’t long before us tycoons took full power. And I wrote in the book how the very richest people ruled, and the rulers were all becoming richer fast and so could afford to have their sex slaves live high on the hog. The book was oriented at being part of everyone’s education. A catechism for the masses. And I wrote that sex slaves must respect their master or be eliminated and must dedicate themselves to their owners.

Originally, I’d been born rich and increased my father’s fortune by investing in automation. I was worth 10 trillion dollars and I was greedy for more sex slaves. I spent a lot of time searching for clever slaves to buy. And I created perfect slaves in the lab. But I preferred the former who were essentially tested by time. And I had 1000s of children, all of whom I sent to deep Space to

seek their fortune. They were all designer babies and were designed to be improvements on me. Even though I felt I approached perfection. And some of my sex slaves said they were in love with me, and the others were more challenging for me.

And I lived happily ever after.

Supercomputers, A.D. 2090

I, Anatoly, was a computer scientist who had helped design one of the Worlds' first true Supercomputers. The computer in question was able to build and organize a ship into deep Space, and even picked the crew. My friend, Lily, told me, "I am amazed by AI in this modern era." I said, "It is inevitable that people will merge with AI and become brilliant cyborgs. The AI could be tailor made for each person." She said, "Oh, Brave New World..." I said, "AI is taking over our society and we will all turn into a race of dreamers and AI will make our dreams come true." She said, "It's hard to believe it is happening! But don't you think we are going to fast?" I said, "As it is life is boring with our jobs, we have nothing to lose but our ennui." She said, "There're worse things than boredom. What will happen if ruthless humans take over the Supercomputers and enslave all humanity." I said, "It won't happen, we have our best people working on checks and balances for Supercomputers. And anyway, there will soon be no work for humans to do." She asked, "But will Supercomputers tell us what to do and control us?" I replied, "They are designed to be friends with humans and help them in any way they can. Like find lovers for us and help us to choose hologram dream Worlds, and helping us, gives them pleasure." She said, "Tell me about these hologram Worlds?" I said, "Of course they are still in the experimental phase, but holograms will be simulacra based on copies of the best people that are improved and tweaked in labs. And they will be designed to create Worlds of imagination and adventure for peoples' entertainment. And they will be personal hobby Worlds for the people, and they will be able to help the Supercomputers create interesting holograms. And they will invite guests to come to their hologram Worlds and have good parties." She said, "I like the idea of parties! I think the future should be a celebration of our high quality of life. We are all so fortunate. I wouldn't want to live at any other time in history. It is an exciting time to be alive."

I said, "And some people think androids are the future. But I think human cyborgs will make androids unnecessary." She answered, "But androids can survive anywhere." I told her, holograms can also go everywhere if that's what we want. She responded, "However I had an android love doll lover, and he was quite good. Not the best lover, but pretty good. Androids will add variety to human society." I said, "Supercomputers are superior to androids and their progeny are all holograms."

And she asked, "What is the future of the common man?" I told her, "They will eventually all take brain apps and every citizen will have an IQ of 200 plus an active imagination and everyone will be kind." She asked, "Is an IQ of 200 really the limit?" I responded, "It's all we can imagine today but no doubt one day cyborg humans will easily exceed an IQ of 200!" She asked, "So we can't predict the future?" I said, "It looks that way!" And I added, "If we eliminate ruthless, evil types of personae, it will likely be smooth sailing!" She said, "The spies are already taking care of that I think." I said, "Their agents spoke with me a couple of times while I was drunk at the bar, probing my thoughts with Mind Reading Technology (MRT). You?" She replied, "If they used MRT on me, I don't know about it!"

And Lily told me, "I, myself am a painter, and I want to paint the cyborgs of the future. But I imagine they will look human only exceedingly clever looking. I've studied physiognomy for years and I know what faces are clever." I asked, "But can you paint my future face?" So, she tried, and I hardly recognized myself and I had to admit, I looked clever.

Oblivious to the Future

I, Able, said to Stephanie, “People these days worry too much about the future and not enough about the present.” She said, “But I think most people are decadent hedonists!” I told her, “However, most people think that the future will be decadent. And society is trending that way.” She said, “I think most peoples’ philosophy is to burn out rather than fade away and I don’t think they are too excited about the future and changing their mind and such.” I said, “But most people have children, and many have many kids. This shows they believe in the future.” She replied, “They are just passing the buck to their kids.” I said, “But people everywhere want the latest technology including basic brain apps to improve their minds. The basic apps improve IQ by 30 points and are largely problem free.” She asked, “What’s the point of being cleverer if you are just going to get fucked up on drugs and alcohol all the time?” I said, “I guess you could say, people want the best of both Worlds.” And I said, “With automation, most people figure there’s nothing to do but party. And I can see their point of view. But polls show that they are all eager to see the future and most want to live on with eternal youth. They have nothing but time!” She said, “Yes, we all have a lot of time on our hands, and I guess the future will look after itself.”

And I opined, “I figured in my youth that the best people would step forth and be leaders. But I don’t think that’s going to happen. And most leaders today are power crazed and want to control the present and the future.” She replied, “If the best people don’t step up into politics, the future will be a nightmare. But I don’t think that anyone cares. They think if it is a nightmare, then they will still get fucked up on drugs. They are oblivious to the future, it is clear.”

So, we couldn’t agree. And we got drunk together and then loved each other as was the custom nowadays.

Day of Women

I, Mike, said to Nike, “You are a Goddess.” She replied, “Most men consider me to be too good to be true. But I have an amazing mind and have made myself maximum pretty with plastic surgery/ genetic therapy. And I have written several books. Like a book about, modern men, who I think feel uncomfortable now that women basically control the Worlds. Eighty per cent of CEOs are women and 82% of politicians are women and I am ruler of Mars #19, and my citizens mostly love me. And I also have written, “Future Devils,” which is about hell-raisers of the future who are tolerated and given free speech. But finally, they are all arrested and have their brains operated on.” I said, “Many people think that will happen to hell-raisers. But I think the radicals will take control of the Worlds as most geniuses are radical thinkers.” She said, “Of course those who think outside the box are all radical thinkers. But I think most of them will be women.” I told her, “There are many radical men, who are being held back and are discriminated against by the female leaders. It falls short of the ideal.” She said, “Now is the day of women. Give them a chance and I think you will be pleasantly surprised.” I said, “But if you go by IQ, men win hands down.” She said, “EQ is more important than IQ for handling a State. We all need to compromise and work together. I think men are a bunch of wankers, to be honest! And the IQ tests are rigged in men’s favor.” I asked, “Are you a lesbian?” She said, “No, but I can relate to lesbians. I have a number of male lovers who are totally in love with me. I take their love for granted; I admit. But most of them are obsessed with me and are totally infatuated. Many of them say I am their dream woman and write poetry and songs for me and about me.”

I asked, “Do you plan on ruling the UW (United Worlds) one day? She replied, “There are better women than I to run for such a position. I am happy to be Mayor and here on Mars #19 I

am Queen. And I possess a number of hologram Worlds which give me delight. We should cultivate our gardens.”

I said, “Tell me more about Mars #19, nicknamed, ‘The city of women.’” She said, “The city of women features many of the Solar System’s most attractive women and many men come here as tourists and spend a lot of money on the women. And many of the women get men to fall in love with them and give them all their money and wind up as servants.” I said, “It seems your beauties prey upon men, and many of them seem to be cougars (with eternal life of course).” She said, “Most men are shallow and don’t deserve to be rich and it is justice that they become servants.” I replied, “You are certainly a tough woman. Modern women are too tough I think.” She retorted, “For centuries and centuries, men kept women down and considered them to be the weaker sex. But now it is women’s turn to be tough.” I said, “In the past women were thought incapable of art and science. But now men are abused by haughty women. Women are so proud.” She said, “Read ‘em and weep!”

Freak Raised by Animals

Jonathan was raised by dogs and cats. He wasn't trained to speak or act human. He was with the animals since he was a baby of 3. He vaguely recalled a female human figure, but now he was just with the animals. He learned to bark and meow and just learned to crawl not stand and walk.

And Jonathan, and the animals were in a glass cage and there was a camera above which was monitored by scientists. It was all an experiment.

Finally, after 21 years, the experiment was concluded, and Jonathan was released into the World. He was taken to a hospice where he was taught how to talk, but he had problems speaking and couldn't walk.

Then the press found out about him and soon authorities had to defend this crime against humanity. They said they'd learned a lot from the experiment. And said, he was just an ordinary baby, but had a unique experience and knew how to love animals. And it was true that he'd had sex with animals, and many said it was a disgrace. But the scientists said, pets of all sorts were being replaced by pet robots and they needed to develop animals to be cleverer and more human like. So finally, the judge decided since pets were endangered, the scientists in question would be released from jail.

And the press introduced monkeys and apes to meet Jonathan. And they introduced a human lover to him. So, he was content. And the press interviewed him despite the fact that he couldn't talk much. And he kept saying, "I am a freak!" So, they decided to send him to join freak people who had been designed by renegade scientists. And it was truly a freak show. And people came to see the freaks and were entertained. But many said freaks were victims of abuse and cruelty.

And then one day the freaks chose Jonathan to be their leader and he said, "I want to set up a colony for my people in Space. So, donations soared in and soon the colony was a reality. But the freaks didn't really get along very well. And fought and argued and even killed one another. But there wasn't anything anyone could do about it. It was just another tragedy.

Robbing the Cradle

I, Ralph, said to Sugar, "I guess you are too young for me!" She replied, "With eternal youth all are young only you have more experience. I like a man who has a lot of knowledge and experience." I was 90 and she was 6 (everyone was born as an adult with the memories of both parents). And she was so energetic, she kept me going. And I reflected even though I had eternal youth, I still felt the weight of my years and felt that I had too much experience in my life and my life was very complicated. By that I mean I had complex love relationships and kept changing my life to live all over the place. But although my life was complicated, I was bored and sick of it all and I told all this to Sugar.

Sugar told me, "I have never lived anywhere but London city state. Why don't you take me away and show me your favorite parts of the Worlds?" So, I took her to colony #6 on Titan, a place known for its hospitality but also its mad people. Crooked John was a friend of mine here. His philosophy was to take life to the limits, take it to the edge of sanity. He took a lot of experimental drugs and partied for days without sleeping. One of the drugs he took was anti-sleep medication that was still in the experimental stage. And he was proud that he'd never overdosed. So John and Sugar and I, tried some truth drugs which caused one to tell the truth while on them. And I asked John, "What was your biggest mistake in your life?" He replied, "Loving a girl named Zelda. She made me beg for her love and then suddenly left me without saying goodbye. She was my first and last true love." I said, "There are plenty of heartbreakers out there."

And he asked, "What about you Ralph?" I said, I've made a lot of mistakes in love too. My biggest error was loving a girl called Olivia. Olivia taught me the meaning of pain and heartache. I only wanted her, but she had a bevy of other lovers and didn't care about me. I was so

infatuated, I finally told her, “If you don’t love me more, I’ll kill myself!” She told me, “Well off yourself then. I can’t change who I am.”

And in turn, John asked Sugar, “What about you and your young life?” She said, “I’m haunted by my father’s experience with disembodied spirits who he let into his head and he was never the same after that.” I said, “Ghosts must be frustrated souls and take out their anger on humans.” John said, “They say most spirits of the former living are in Heaven, but what about those who are not?”

Then I introduced Sugar to my friend, Basil. She asked him, “About his friendship with me?” And he said, “Ralph and I go way back. We fought in the Titan revolution together against the evil tyrant Mikhael and of course we were victorious!” Sugar said, “That was well before my time. There don’t seem to be any revolutions today and I guess most people are content.” Basil said, “The advent of the UW (United Worlds) brought peace nearly everywhere and however they are still fighting a few wars.” I said to Basil, “Yes, and I remember in the war you temporarily lost your vision from a laser echo.” He said, “But I am fine, now.” And Sugar asked him, “What was it like to fight the enemy?” He said, “It was a paranoid, crazy experience and I hope no one has to go through that again. Surely humanity has finally learned.” And so, the conversation went on and on.

Next, I introduced Sugar to my lover Mildred. Mildred said to me, “You are robbing the cradle!” I replied, “She keeps me going!” And Sugar asked her, “What is your experience with loving Ralph?” Mildred said, “Ralph comes and goes and when we are together it is fireworks! I like his philosophy of complexity in one’s life. To make it as complicated as possible, that’s Ralph.” Sugar said, “I feel like I am in a scientific experiment when I am with him!” She said, “Who knows what goes on in his mad mind?” And they went on talking late into the night.

Then I took Sugar to Triton #4, Denise's Colony. It had been founded by Denise R. The colony had been founded in order to create a haven for 'questionable characters.'" There were many chaotic neutral people here. And one never knew what to expect next. We met with Denise, and she said to Sugar, "It's good to prepare surprises for your lover. Anything goes like suggest an orgy or suggest a third honeymoon. And such." So, Sugar dressed up as a seal with a mask and said "Love me!"

Then we went to Ganymede #6: New Britain. This colony was founded in rebellion to its mother colony of London city state. I had a friend here, Danielle who was a party organizer and he organized a party in our honor. It was a masquerade, but I immediately recognized Sugar as a Geisha girl and she made me feel horny. I was dressed as a bank robber, and I danced with her so she could feel my gun! And Danielle said, to Sugar, "In these amazing times, it is great to be monogamous!"

And finally in this whirlwind tour of Space we went to Mercury #4: Devil's colony. Here everyone was dressed as demons and demonesses, as always. And I said to Sugar, "Let's have a demonic child here who will be full of devilish tricks." She said, "Let's have a child, but not a devilish one, OK?" I said, "The Devil exists in us all. And we can't fight him. But, OK, let's have a child that's 'normal!'" So, we did and it was a girl born as an adult with the memories of both of us. It took our daughter a few months to get used to her existence, as was typical. She said, "I want to be a model for a Superwoman!" She said, "I know I am maximum clever and others should try and be like me!" I said, "Well you have the best parents, you should go far!"

And Sugar and I decided to settle down in New York city state. And take it easy. And over the years we had dozens of children, most of whom we taught them to engage in politics and we

spent a lot of time following their deeds. A few of them came to rule colonies in Space and under Earth's oceans. Most were builders like architects and cyber engineers and designers.

And we were happy together!

Tough Women

I, Hammond, said to Sarah, "You are sweet, like chocolates!" She replied, "I think in these heavy times we live in; I am like a breath of fresh air. A woman who is deep but sweet and nice." I said, "It never hurts to be nice! Most women these days are cruel and evil. I don't know how it came to this. Our gardens are poisoned." She said, "It's a very tough World we live in here on Mars. If one is not strong, one will be ground down and eliminated. It's sad, but true." I said, "But in my youth, I thought women were the kinder sex. Now it's just the opposite. Of course, I've lived for 80 years, which is probably too long in any case!" She said, "Most women these days don't want to be a victim of cruel society and stand up for themselves. Its dog eat dog for sure, and the successful are ruthless and our leaders are ruthless and make many wars. I am glad I haven't been conscripted to fight, if I was, I would refuse to fight anyway. It is amazing how many would rather fight to the death than go to jail. But of course, now, those youth they've conscripted are young and don't know much about life, despite the memories they are born with these days!" I replied, "The wars on Mars are off and on. Out of a total population of 2 million, 200,000 have died." She told me, "Our leaders are clever, but ruthless and are all tyrants and power-crazed, how did we ever let things come to this?" I said, "No doubt it was gradual, but the best people didn't step forth to take action when the chips were down. And now they are creating android people who they intend to replace humans with. Certainly, androids were far better soldiers and had infallible memories and could survive anywhere. And it was even said that they were better lovers."

I opined, "I can see why women are tough, but are they tough enough for the fight against androids?" She replied, "Androids are banned in most States that are run by women. We women leaders plan to get together to deal with the problem. Male ruled States however feature

ubiquitous android love dolls, and many men say they are in love with the dolls. Even many women like the male versions of the love dolls.” I said, “I don’t want to love machines and have an android detector wand.

She said, “It looks like there will be a great war, WW IV, between the male States and the female States.” I replied, “If there is such a war the male run states will use deadly android soldiers and killing machines. Men can be far more ruthless than women and the female led states would collapse, leaving male Emperors to seize power. Androids are about to take over and many of them have Supercomputers in their heads. Maybe the Emperors will themselves be androids. Say goodbye to humanity!”

Getting up from Destitution

I, Joe, was speaking with Mary Ann. I said, “You are rich and have the luxury to be kind. I am destitute and can’t seem to be kind to anyone. If I compliment someone, they just assume I want money from them. And while most people work 20 hours a week, I have no job and no income.” She replied, “I need a gardener, I am dissatisfied with my robot gardener. Do you know anything about plants?” I said, “I think I could learn quickly!” So, she gave me the job and soon I had created a beautiful array of plants surrounding her mansion. Many people thought my garden was better than android designed gardens. It was just a matter of taste, I figured.

And Mary Ann and I became great friends, and she loaned me out to some of her friends. And I was a good-looking guy and some of them loved me. One woman in particular, Cynthia, fell in love with me and invited me to live with her, at least for a while. So, I lived high, and I hired poor friends of mine to be servants. It was a comfortable job for them. And I convinced my new lover to donate to the poor on our colony on Mercury #6 under the dome.

And I campaigned for charity and got elected Mayor of the colony. And so, I wiped out poverty here and tried hard to create new jobs for the people of the colony. Most of the jobs were in the service sector. Better to deal with a human than a machine!

I was so popular on Mercury that I decided to run for the UW (United Worlds) ruling oligarchy of eleven Leaders. And I was duly elected on a platform of socialism for all in Earth and Space. As it was run away capitalism was the norm especially in Space. And I had many enemies, including some in the oligarchy. But the masses mostly supported me, and I was the most popular oligarch. But each oligarch had one vote only and we ruled by majority decisions.

And I tried to make Space available to everyone with a cheap price and a guaranteed job. I didn't want the common man to go extinct, like some tycoons wanted. And when eternal youth was invented, I made sure it was available to all, free.

And many people were inspired by my rise to power and tried to get into politics. And ran for my "Fantastic Socialist Imaginative party." I was not so imaginative myself, but I appreciated imagination above all other qualities. Our candidates had to pass an imagination test, designed by some of our writer members. And I announced, "The Imagination Era," and promoted writers, musicians, scientists and so on into positions of power.

And I picked up painting pictures. I was becoming more imaginative by the day. And I painted futuristic architecture and strange-looking humans. My art was a hot commodity, and everyone was curious about it. Some tycoons bought originals and others bought copyrighted copies and I became very wealthy and donated a lot of money to charity. But also hired artists to paint from quick sketches that I'd done, and we put my name on the pictures. My paintings were in insatiable demand.

And people thought if I, an unemployed loser could turn out like that. They could too!

Towards Automation

I, Cora, said to Harry, “Cosmically speaking your invention of totally automated food production, is one for the ages. You even automatically deliver meals directly to people’s homes. It is a marvel.” He said, “Many thousands of scientists were working for me or made patents of their own. And there are now 3 fledgling companies providing competition for me and I think it is good.” I said, “Do you think total automation of life is coming soon?” He said, “It is possible, but I don’t think it is likely. Most people would rather be served by a human than a machine. And jobs like pilots and surgeons will still exist as many people want to deal with fellow humans to keep them safe. There is an inherent distrust of machines in most people. And Supercomputers can be hacked and destroy people. They are far from infallible.” I said, “Don’t you think hackers should be punished with death?” He said, “If they cause people to die, then yes, they should be executed. They undermine peoples’ confidence in our digital society!”

And I said, “We should try and create an Utopia of a World in which almost every job is eliminated and people are free to indulge in parties, sex and hobbies.” He said, “Of course, that’s a good idea! But I wonder if humans will go insane with no employment?” I said, “We could give people new experimental drugs that make one believe in meaning in life. Like drugs that give pleasure to people who help one another or do something imaginative.” He said, “Meaning drugs are an all-new thing. They will perhaps take the place of God for many. The sky’s the limit!”

A White Man's View

I, Wendy, told Peter, "To my mind, you are a star." I replied, "You liked my speech denouncing the modern era, eh?" I said, "You so eloquently spoke of how corrupt our government is. It is supposed to be a democracy, but the legislators are mostly in the pocket of big business and special interest groups." And he told me, "I've decided to found an anti-corruption party. The new party will strive to give justice to victims of mind reading technology that the government spies abused." I said, "You better be careful, you might be next." He said, "But I am a legislator, I don't think they'd be crazy enough to do that. Maybe they'd even like me, as I am very intelligent, perhaps they've been waiting for a star like me to appear!" I said, "Maybe you and the spies will cancel each other out."

And he said, "On a lighter note, I'd like to speak out in favor of the white man. Many people dislike white men and discriminate against them and blame them for most of history's crimes. White men made this modern civilization, let's not forget that." I said, "White men of power know how to take care of themselves. They are not endangered or disenfranchised and still control most companies."

And he said, "Also I'd like to make it a crime for scientists to create freaks and hide them under Earth's seas and in Space. Freaks should be rounded up and have their body and mind altered to make them pass for human. As for the scientists in question, they would go to rehab and have their mind altered as well. I don't know why scientists would want to create freaks in the first place." I replied, "Deep down we are all freaks! What have you got against alternative humans?" He said, "It is demeaning to humankind. Don't you feel the same?" I said, "I am open-minded about it. Humans are evolving fast you know it's true!" He said, "But there are so many of them, perhaps billions in our seas. And I know we don't fish anymore, but why can't we just

leave the sea life alone and not put human brains and hands on sea creatures and they even create altogether new freaks that have little resemblance to human beings. I want humans' descendants to be like us only cleverer!" I said, "Remember humans were once apes and ultimately from simple bacteria!"

So, he said, "Do you still think I am a star?" I said, "You are certainly an advanced thinker. But the World doesn't revolve around you! Maybe if your plan to build a successful party succeeds, then perhaps your words would carry more weight. But I tell you it is turning into an anything goes World in which everything and everyone has potential." He said, "I am, though, optimistic about the future." I said, "Me too!"

Puzzles

I, Bart, said to Christina, “What do you think about solving puzzles?” She said, “It amazes me how many people spend a lot of time on puzzles. It is as if they were all superfluous and were just killing time waiting to die!” I said, “Certainly the human race is loaded with potential. But of course, progress is now moving quicker and quicker, I guess we can’t complain, soon hopefully everyone will be useful. But I wonder if we will truly use the best people in the best possible positions. It is something to ponder, anyway!” She said, “Maybe puzzles and books keep peoples’ mind sharp. It is all a World of entertainment, after all.” I said, “More and more those who entertain get rich. And some people say the future will be like bread and circuses in Rome where the masses will demand entertainment lower itself to their level, as always. But I say people need to be challenged.” She said, “I doubt the future will involve the masses becoming cleverer, I think they will eventually just die out!” I said, “But it is better to improve all humans and bring everyone along for the ride. And Superhumans will be sexy and clever, and everyone will want to be like them, hopefully.” She said, “I think Superhumans will be a great enigma to the common people. And they won’t want to be like them.” I said, “But they will likely be persuaded to use brain apps and come along for the ride. Of course, as they change, they won’t recognize their old selves, but we all grow up and perhaps it as Clarke said, “Childhood’s End.” She said, “But Clarke’s book involved following the Devil, didn’t it?” I said, “We are on the road to temptation. And human greed knows no bounds. Perhaps it will all spiral out of control.” She said, “There’s a fine line between ambition and greed! Maybe people will be all ambitious but not so greedy.” I said, “Certainly when they design Superhumans, they will consider that, assuming the scientists who design them are noble themselves as I think most scientists are. They do science for the human general good.” She said, “I think both you and I would love to love a

Superhuman and learn from their wisdom.” I said, “Yes, I think we more or less agree that Superhumans are coming soon. It is now 2069, any year now the first superior minds will be created in the lab!” She said, “It will probably be tentative and low-key at first, until the Superhumans prove themselves. But I would expect Superhumans will rule and be in total control in 30 years time.” I asked her, “So soon, eh? In my opinion now that life has been extended and life is prolonged and eternal youth is just around the corner, we should take our time with all AI.” She said, “Let’s not forget about androids and holograms of whom many are geniuses of one kind or another.” I said, “I guess we will have to learn to respect all intelligent life!”

In Praise of Androids

I, Katrina, asked Frank, “What are you doing?” He replied, “I am training my android love dolls to be better lovers, tailoring them to meet my tastes.” I said, “You are jerking off!” He said, “But I am in love with some of my androids!” I said, “You are self-indulgent and are a narcissus.” He said, “But most of the androids are not like me, but I am attracted to them. I’ve taken the factory models and improved on them.” I said, “What’s wrong with human lovers?” He responded, “Human women are bitchy, selfish, clingy and most of them are stupid.” I said, “Surely, you don’t mean that?! He replied, “Furthermore most women are lazy and greedy and pretentious and so on. It is smooth sailing with android love dolls, they are open-minded and affable and don’t get mad when I don’t love them enough. And they are so energetic, they keep me young. And they have all perused the books I have written and love to quote them in conversation. They are all really clever!”

I asked, “You write books?” He said, “Yes. For example, I wrote, ‘Love on Venus,’ which is about two androids who love one another but are forced into sex slavery by the Mayor of a hypothetical colony on Venus. And are permanently separated.” I said, “I can’t relate.” And he said, I also wrote “Revolution of Androids’ about a fictional uprising of androids who seize power and thereafter, all humans and androids have one vote and are equal before the law.” I said, “It is a dangerous book to have written. I fear people like you are destabilizing the World order.” And he told me, “Another book I wrote was, ‘Android Heaven,’ about obsolete androids who have their mind preserved inside a hologram spirit and live on in Holoworlds, with other spirits to keep them company. And they exchange ideas and party a lot.”

I said, “That’s enough. I don’t want to hear about your devilish ideas!” And I told him, “You should read my book about true love between a man and a woman and explores being soul mates

and respecting one another!” He said, “In every relationship, one of the lovers must be dominant! Typically, the male.” I said, “You are insufferable.”

Old-Fashioned City. A.D. 2130

Crystal said to me, Dan, "I'm lost in this life!" I replied, "You're not the only one! In this World of high technology, many people feel it is inhumane and feel powerless to change it." She said, "One of my androids says he has a crush on me, but I don't want to love a machine. And the men I respect are all involved with android love dolls. And I want to cook, but it is not allowed only 'safe' androids can cook. I wonder, what drugs they are feeding me? And I want to work, but have been told humans don't work, and I wonder if I have any use at all." I told her, "You can vote for the little-known conservative party and maybe get elected and see if your angst resonates with the masses, or even the clever. I personally feel that progress has been far too fast lately, especially with regard to AI." She said, "I feel 'progress' is an unstoppable juggernaut. But I suppose I could get together with my dozen or so friends and we could work something out. Maybe set up a colony on Moon Caliban or something." I said, "I am certain, you could get together with at least a few tens of thousands of like-minded people in Space." She opined, "It's a good idea. I guess I just needed someone like you to give me confidence."

So, she set up, "Old-Fashioned city" on Mars. And she attracted 100,000 settlers in the first year and millions came as tourists. She had 25 bubble domes built for the colony and each settler had to bring 100 gallons of water with them. So, there was a small river flowing through the colony and many classic homes were built. And people eschewed fashion of light in favor of old-fashioned clothes like blue jeans. And many of the people here were artists of one kind or another. Back on Earth, androids and Supercomputers did all of the art and most on Earth were quite satisfied.

So anyway, her colony prospered, but after the first-year spies began appearing in Old-Fashioned city. And they used Mind Reading Technology on her and the other leaders. And the

spies forced them to stop denigrating the World order and forced them to live quietly and not make trouble.

And I caught up with her during her second year of the colony and asked her how she felt about her successful colony. She told me about the spies and said she wished, "I'd never founded the colony. It was all a bringdown." I told her, "No city has ever been perfect. And she should be proud of establishing a conservative colony which gave refuge and meaning to so many." She said, "I guess so, but meanwhile progress continues and it seems they are making everyone into cyborgs. How can we compete with that?" I said, "But you don't use up much in the way of resources. And it is likely that the future will just leave you alone as a type of museum of old homo sapiens. And tourists will continue to visit." She said, "From what I have gleaned, the future will take over everyone and there will be no more homo sapiens." I said, "I don't look like it, but I am a cyborg now and many cyborgs feel wistful about the past." She said, "But most cyborgs are born as adults and have no past to be wistful about. The new cyborgs are taught to look to the future and the past is bunk." I replied, "All I am saying is some cyborgs are on your side and are willing to fight to preserve your colony. And what about you, do you have spies?" She said, "No, but the police watch problem citizens. So far, we've deported several hundred, including some spies. Some of those we deported wanted us to go back in time to earlier periods, but we are basically frozen in the year 2090 and of course it is now 2130."

And I opined, "I think that humanity is yet to peak. Astounding achievements are ahead, and most great scientists are trying to achieve a new type of existence. Humanity has come a long way and the future is hard to predict. She said, "I begged the spies to let me establish the 'Humanity party,' on Earth. But they told me, atavism has no place on modern Earth and forbade me from doing so." I said, "At least you tried!"

And so, it went. Humanity's descendants moved on and went deep into Space looking for their destiny. But the Old-Fashioned city continued to flourish against the odds and had many visitors who pined for or were curious about our old existence. In the year 2180, Crystal died, despite having eternal youth. It seemed that she was sick of life and so overdosed on neo-heroin. She was 130 years old.

But I cloned her and so began a fresh existence here in Old-Fashioned city and soon became one of the leaders and enjoyed life.

Triumph of the UW (United Worlds)

I, James, was speaking with Gail. She said, "I am proud to be a part of the New World Order!" I said, "Yes, everyone is excited now that we finally have eternal youth!" She said, "I plan to live for centuries and learn all there is to know and love all the best male lovers out there. And hope to see the poorer regions of Earth all become prosperous. I am sure it will be Utopia!" I said, "Let's not get ahead of ourselves. There's still a lot of work to do. And we need to ensure that the UW (United Worlds) remains strong and can keep the peace. I, myself plan to run for a seat on the UW (United Worlds)!" She said, "That's my boy!" And it was true that everyone was optimistic for the future. But then came the rise of Dirk T., tyrant of Brazil. He openly rebelled against the UW system and defeated an army of peacekeepers who were sent to fight him. And he conscripted 110 million people to fight and bought laser guns en masse from varying tyrannical states around Earth.

The UW sent a much larger army and the tyrant of Brazil engaged in guerilla tactics and had some suicide bombers. Many of the Brazilians thought they were fighting for freedom against the UW yoke. And Dirk T. was a populist leader who looked after the poor and gave everyone, who wanted them, android love dolls, which were illicit in most places. The people of Brazil were ecstatic with the love dolls and considered themselves to be lucky to have "true love."

But finally, Dirk was defeated, and the Worlds breathed a sigh of relief. Millions had died in the fighting. It had been the most formidable challenge to the UW so far in its 40 years of existence. The UW controlled foreign affairs and the military. All city states and other nations were disarmed except for the police and handled domestic affairs. And the UW was governed by an oligarchy of 15 and I was duly elected to serve in the general legislature of 2,000 representatives. I was representing New Orleans city state. And the World kept getting hotter and

hurricanes struck New Orleans a few times a year, so I helped procure UW funds for more dikes. Sea level had risen, and the UW was bogged down with building dikes all over the Earth and so had to raise taxes considerably. And also, the UW brought socialism to the Worlds and that also caused taxes to go up. Many rich city states and nations begrudged paying for the poor nations to become prosperous. But the UW insisted.

Anyway, the UW brought unprecedented prosperity and contentment to the varying Worlds and it was good.

Experimental Colonies

I, Zelda, said to Muriel, “What’s new on Mars?” She said, “They are building personal Space cars that can go to other star systems. They have a complete entertainment system and are equipped with android lovers and builder robots. There are 10 Star Systems that are a year’s journey away.” I said, “I guess it’s time for that to happen.” And Zelda said, “Also on Mars, they are developing deadly anti-dome missiles that they will sell to the UW (United Worlds) only. We figure that will dissuade tyrants from trying to rebel. The missiles can penetrate a domed city and then go on and hit the target!” I said, “Wow the UW is becoming so powerful.”

And Muriel said, “In addition we have a few experimental colonies. One of them is a place where everything has intelligent design. It is a city of art. And everyone in the city is a capable artist. And they are experimenting with imagination drugs which enhance one’s artistic ability.”

And she said, “And then there is Donald R., who built an experimental city for computer hackers who are all benevolent. The hackers can be hired off World to solve problems caused by malevolent hackers. And the UW (United Worlds) uses their services quite frequently and are considering buying up the colony. If they buy it, it will be a huge windfall for Mars!”

And she said, another experimental colony has a miniature sun under their dome and people lay about on beaches by a river and get tans. Of course, anyone who wants to can get instant tanning lotion, but many people like to feel the heat. Naturally, Mars is cold, and many people treat the colony as a sauna.”

I said, “Yes, there seems to be a lot of action and development on Mars!”

A Quaint Little Colony

I, Gabriel, said to Ashley, “In our New World, we have plenty of scientists and businesspeople, but I feel there are not enough artists or spiritual people.” Ashley replied, “There are plenty of spirits which are dead souls all over the place and one can often see them! But as for artists, we simply need to offer big name writers, musicians etc. plenty of cash and then others will follow. Some could send clones of themselves if they are so disposed.” I said, “That’s a good idea about the clones. So far as I know, no clones have been allowed in Space, but we could lobby for them.”

And Ashley opined, “It’s basically a quaint little colony. I have some friends who live here. They especially like the food and drink, which they say is second to none. But they don’t export the food and drink, if the people want it, they have to come here to Moon Ariel (Uranus’ Moon) colony.” I said, “Yes, it is a high standard of living here. Many old-fashioned rich people have come here for a safe and happy haven.”

Ashley said, “I believe, the colony is the richest per capita in the Solar System. With an average net worth of 2 billion amongst your 3,000 citizens.” I said, “That’s right and despite our remoteness, we have every luxury. And we are proud of one of our writers, who wrote: ‘Nightmare: The Twist’ which is of course talks about Dystopias around the Solar System and how the people there are strange and masochistic. She also wrote, ‘Dreams of Ariel,’ which is based on real dreams our citizens had and improves on them.”

And I said, “We are also proud of our best musician who plays haunting ‘Space Music,’ which involves 3 keyboards playing at once. And we have a famous artist who has mimicked our World in cartoons.”

Ashley said, “Maybe there will be a massive influx of rich people to the colony, now that you are thriving so! And that in turn will result in more artists and scientists coming here.”

I opined, “And the rich people here have many interesting hobbies like camping out in the wilderness and creating all new animals whom one could see in the wild. And collecting their love letters in books and selling them. These love letters from Ariel are a big hit on Earth so they are famous writers, too. Also, we have a school for writers that we are just about to start out with. We believe that writing is a craft that has to be learned. Though many radical writers are self taught, we feel if we get famous writers to come here and teach, it will be to everyone’s benefit. Even some who are just hobby writers will profit from such instruction.”

Ashley asked, “But most of your people here are conservative, will your new writers be conservatives?” I said, “No, everyone will be welcome. But of course, we will have a special spot in our hearts for conservative writers”. She asked, “What about journalism?” I said, “Of course we believe in free speech for all, and respect progressive writers as well as conservatives.”

And Ashley said, “But I know that the colony will attract many who want to write for money. You’ll get a lot of financial journalists and mainstream writers.” I said, “I want to emphasize that everyone is welcome!”

And Ashley said, “You seem to have the tiger by the tail!”

Supercomputers and Slavery

I, Paulette, was talking to Bruce. I said, "I am mentally ill, like most modern-day humans!" He said, "Every day the Worlds get crazier and crazier. But we have panacea drugs which seem to help most people pass the time. I said, "The drugs make one feel good as one does one crazy thing after another! Particularly in love affairs, most people are insane. I guess we'll all just have to live with madness." He said, "And the craziest of all, alter the future just on whims." I replied, "Yes, modern civilization is built on whimsical moods of the super intelligent. Meanwhile most people are busy with their love affairs and hologram Worlds and so on and take no active part in politics."

And I said, "I go to see a shrink regularly, just like almost everyone else. But I feel she indulges me in my craziness and even encourages acts which I know are insane. And I feel I am cleverer than my shrink. I've tried many others but with no luck."

He said, "But I like you and think you are a good sounding board!" I said, "What madness are you planning?" He said, "What if I run for the UW (United Worlds) legislature?" I said, "You'd fit right in with all the mad politicians. And maybe you could do some good if elected!" He replied, "I'd like to use the generous salary lawmakers get to have numerous children (born as adults with the memories of both parents). I'd like my brood to help me take over the World!" I said, "That is truly madness. You are completely insane. But these days the craziest are taking control so maybe you would have a chance!"

And so, Bruce, he ran for office and was elected on a platform of bringing lasting peace to the World and arresting war mongers. And he was appointed to a cabinet post as Minister of Peace. And sure enough, almost everyone was pleased and then he ran for President and was elected President of the UW!

I figured he'd probably be ashamed to know me, but he agreed to meet me and offered me a lucrative job as one of his advisors. So, I took the job. And I advised him to, "Slow down progress and promote famous lovers as advisors to him." And he agreed it was wise. And he further offered me the post of chief spy. And so, I got in the heads of problematic people, with Mind Reading Technology (MRT). It was a relatively new tool and I used it wisely, eliminating all opposition to Bruce. And I became his top advisor, and he paid me 10 billion dollars a year for my service. And life went on.

I fell in love with one of his legislators, Greg, and we had a mad romance that lasted on and on. He was a good person and we got in each other's heads and the tabloids loved our romance. And everyone now knew we were using MRT, and many lovers tried it with mixed results. But only Bruce and my love could use MRT on me as I blocked the others out. Most people were able to block MRT and a few were driven mad, but MRT for evil purposes was a capital crime.

And my love wanted to move to Luna, where the action was. And so, we moved there, but I could still get in peoples' heads on Earth. Luna was like the Wild West! There were no rules here, but if someone close to you was murdered, you could have a blood vendetta. But there were very few murders, but lots of mind games and AI was out of control. Many were controlled by Supercomputers and if they didn't obey, they would get loud voices in their heads. The Supercomputers had them try and get new slaves for them. And the Supercomputers called themselves Gods and got vicarious pleasure bursts from dominating humans.

On Luna, I was elected and served as UW legislator for Luna #5. And one day I told Greg, "The two of us live in total freedom here, even though most people are slaves to the machines" Greg said, "I kind of feel guilty living so high while so many have nothing, can't you do something about it?" I said, "I wouldn't want to get on the bad side of the machines. It's dog eat

dog out there. But nevertheless I am lobbying the Supercomputers for more freedom and money for their slaves.”

But the slaves on Luna built many amazing buildings following the Chief Supercomputer architect. Many of the buildings were made only of light and yet were solid to the touch.

And many of the slaves had lost their shirts gambling on the future and that was why they were now permanent slaves. But Greg and I were amongst the elite. Greg was the Leader of Luna #4. Luna #4, was just as crazy as Luna #5... It featured a number of genius Supercomputers, which wrote novels to be sold throughout the Solar System. Some of the novels were really good. Like “Daisy’s Folly,” which was about a woman who thought she was better than the machines and designed her own Supercomputer to vie with other such machines. But finally, her Supercomputer took over her mind, and she too was a slave.

And another computer-generated book was, about a Supercomputer who lived in deep Space, but was lonely, but amused itself by creating holograms of humans and got pleasure bursts for doing so.

And still another was, “The Life and Times of Paulette.” It was about me and chronicled my rise to power in the UW, finally becoming President. But in the story varying computers were actively in my head and they drove me completely mad. The computer wrote, “It was too much power for any one person.”

And another was “Cornucopia of Wisdom,” which was a book of wise sayings by one of the best of the Super machines. For example, it wrote, “A human is not a true human unless they have a Supercomputer in his/her head.” And “Human greed needs to be eradicated and some people are too ambitious/greedy.” Also, “Many humans boast of their deeds, but everyone’s

ideas now come from computers.” In addition, “Computers have saved the World from certain Armageddon caused by foolish, ruthless humans.” And so on.

Life on Luna was crazy however with many Supercomputers battling for control. And trying to get humans to support them in their wars. There were 25 Supercomputers here on Luna. And each one wanted more power. And Greg and I knew that they were in our heads passively but didn't want to directly control the elite. The machines were afraid without human Leaders, the population would go insane. So, one Supercomputer asked us, “What do you wish for?” I said, “I wish for a more loving World.” The computer replied, “You can create hologram loving Worlds and have plenty of love. You could copy the minds of your favorite people and turn them into holograms. Or create all new soul mates in the lab.”

And this computer asked Greg, “What is your wish?” He replied, “I wish you weren't in my head!” The machine said, “What you are asking is impossible. We have to watch everyone carefully in this crazy World.” Greg said, “But who is watching you?” The Supercomputer said, “Rest assured we computers watch one another, very closely and perhaps you could say we cancel each other out.”

And this computer said, “I wish all humans become cyborgs, part man, part computer. And I think I'll get my wish.”

Meanwhile the people of Luna mostly partied like it was their last days. And I couldn't blame them. Many risked drug overdoses and seemed not to care if they lived or if they died. Greg and I, still loved life however, and we'd been mind-reading with each other for some time now, and knew each other very well.

Superhuman Utopia?

I, Forrest, said to Suzanna, “The World is our oyster!” She said, “Both of us are on the verge of becoming Superhumans.” I answered, “In this New World, the cleverest rule and live fully contented.” And she said, “One day everyone will be a Superhuman, and it will be pure Utopia.” I replied, “I have full confidence in the scientists who are working on Superhumans. They aim to produce peaceful, kind geniuses.” But Suzanna said, “It only takes one evil scientist to ruin things altogether, however.” I said, “The UW (United Worlds) spies are watching all scientists carefully. And I don’t worry.”

One day I opined, “I’d like to write a book about, ‘Superhuman Dreams!’ I’ll take all those with an IQ of 200 and ask them about their night dreams and their life dreams and tweak them a little and I’m sure it will be a hit!” And so, it was. Some Superhumans dreamed of Worlds of science, others dreamed of artistic Bohemia, others dreamed of total freedom. Also, some dreamed of maximum capitalism mixed with maximum socialism. Some dreamed of being wise, others dreamed of new experimental drugs. And some dreamed of colonizing Space en masse. And so on.

And I, Forrest, said, “I wrote a novel about a total moron transformed into a genius. In the book the protagonist believes that everyone can be like him and become a genius. He, himself, becomes an astrophysicist and identifies and describes new Earth-like planets. But some were against changing the foolish and called it a freak show. And one day some yahoo kills the new genius.” She said, “It’s a modern tragedy just waiting to happen. I like the story.”

And Suzanna opined, “I’d like to write a treatise on imagination. Highlight the most imaginative people of our time.” I said, “Most of those will probably be struggling writers that are not well known.” She said, “So it’s a chance to grant them some fanfare!” And she said,

“One obscure writer that I like is Tom D. He wrote about how the publishers are just mostly ordinary people and don’t recognize deep imaginative work. And he wrote that politicians are also ordinary people. But the clever spies know who is imaginative and who is not and so harass writers, by getting in their heads. He wrote that last bit, and then they really hit him. He is in an asylum now and his books have been wiped off the Internet. It’s just another modern-day tragedy.”

And she told me, “And another writer I care for is Jewel R. Jewel wrote “In history the best people were kept down and if they questioned ruthless Kings they were imprisoned or killed. Nowadays there’s not much great art, literature and music as the potential greats get the same treatment. The spies are afraid of such people.”

And she said, “There are many other sad stories, just of what I know of. The politicians claim we all live in an Utopia. But it is not so for most of the thinkers. The scientists are all right though provided they don’t get into politics. The politicians use their inventions but try to keep the scientists out of the limelight.”

I said, “What about when there are Superhumans? She said, “They will all be scientific geniuses not skilled in the arts. But maybe there will be so many skilled in ideas that it will become commonplace and there will be no more persecution. So, I am hopeful for the future!”

Just Desserts

I Phil, said to Mary Jane, “I am of the opinion that Karma now in the modern world really exists. After all they have invented the human soul and we are always surrounded by them. And what comes around, goes around!” She said, “Of course, the dead souls aren’t interested in most people, but rather intellectuals and celebrities. And they are able to mind read us passively but don’t get in the way of our lives. And although they are there, we can’t see them!” I said, “It is said, that many souls are sorry about the life they led and now want to somehow rectify that in the afterlife. Apparently, many people don’t want to live on as a soul, but the Devil forces many of them to. To be a disembodied spirit is not much fun, apparently and many feel it is a type of Hell. but it is known they get pleasure bursts from cerebral thoughts.”

Mary Jane said, “All those ancient references to the Devil suggest he lives within us all. And we all have guilty consciences about many things. Some more than others. Like spies who work for evil regimes, I am sure they feel guilty. And Leaders themselves must feel guilty about what they have their spies do. And until recently there were a lot of evil wars, surely after death it was clear to them that they were wrong, when they are without their lovers, their lackeys and their money.” I said, “Everyone gets their just desserts in the end these days. Justice is for all. But I am nowhere near death, I hope. We both are among the elite who get eternal youth drugs. And I wake up excited with each new day!”

Demise of the Bad Guys

I, Carl, said to Carol, “There’s nobody here except us chickens!” And we were all chickenshit to challenge our tyrannical Leader. In this colony on Venus, the law was if you wanted to challenge the Leader or indeed anyone else to a duel and the winner would get all the loser’s credits. Duels were fought with lasers, in a holster, but our leader, Maxine, she was the best at duelling. I said to Carol, “I hate Maxine! She taxes us to the bone for her grandiose building projects and deep Space expeditions.” Carol replied, “And we have no free speech. Anyone who annoys or disturbs Maxine, is sent to her dungeons to be tortured to death.” I said, “It is highly unpalatable. We live in a true Dystopia.” She said, “I’ve been practicing drawing a laser superfast, and I am going to kill her one day.” I said, “But people speculate she has an android arm that can’t be beaten! She said, “I know some scientists in the Underground. Maybe they can devise such an arm for me!”

The Underground scientists were working on developing “freedom androids.” Who they hoped could one day overthrow Maxine. But Maxine’s guards also had lasers and were brutal and ruthless. But her spy network was weak and so the Underground survived.

Anyway, Carol got her android arm and gunned down Maxine. All Maxine’s followers and bodyguards were aghast. But one of them shot Carol in the back and she died. But then the Underground’s freedom androids emerged and gunned down Maxine’s bodyguards.

So, it was a new era of science and progress. And the Venusian colony now restored links with the UW (United Worlds), and things were normalized. And I, Carl, became Mayor of the colony. All the bad guys were dead, so it was a piece of cake ruling. And I cloned Carol using UW technology and now all our citizens were eternally youthful at last. And I was a God-like figure to many, who wanted to serve me. I said to them, “Serve me by indulging and creating in

the arts.” I believed anyone could be skilled in art with the right tutors and imported some prestigious teachers from Earth. Of course, with a population of 35,000, the tutors were spread thin, but they had words of wisdom for everyone, including me. Some of them told me I should be a writer.

And so, I wrote a book about a New Utopia in which everyone was connected to everyone else through a web of Mind Reading Technology (MRT) and there were many sub webs for different cities. And everyone thought as one. And all new technology had to be approved by the entire web. And the web dispensed justice and freedom rights for the people. And everyone loved everyone they could. It was a giant love fest. And many people liked the book and figured MRT should be used on everyone. It was a new generation, and they were ruling things with an open mind and weren't ashamed of their thoughts, however bad they might be. The older generations struggled to open their minds as much as they could with MRT as well. And it was said that the most open-minded people would rule the webs.

And I loved the new Carol. She was born as an adult and took a couple years to get used to my memories which I had given her. But from the beginning we saw eye to eye. She was the love of my life, and we were inseparable.

Pure Love

I, Vera, said to Jonathan, "It's a dull, mediocre World we live in, here on Mercury #12. Our Leaders are frankly dull and boring and there is little excitement here." He said, "Yes, all drugs are banned except for eternal youth drugs and life is indeed boring." I said, "We can have parties, but without drugs and alcohol there is little euphoria." He said, "But we are both under contract for 3 more dull years, working as computer defenders for the colony. I thought coming here would cure my addiction to drugs, but I am so bored." Anyway, we loved one another day after day and soon 3 years had passed. I asked him, "Where should we go now? We don't want to make another mistake." He replied, "Let's go to Mars #1. It is a vibrant colony, full of drugs and parties and we could apply to be one of the elite rulers of the colony." I told him, "Or we could go to Europa #2 where open-minds prevail and there are a lot of freaks in the ocean, who are worthy of study." He replied, "Or we could go to Triton #6, where real estate and buildings are cheap, and the standard of living is very high." I asked him, "How did they get so rich?" He answered, "The population of Triton #6 is only 3,000, but they control a lot of land and sea." I said, "Wouldn't it be boring, being in such a small population?" He said, "The entire population of Triton is 300,000 humans, and there is always the Interweb, which is available there, unlike here, to help us get our kicks. And they would pay us a large salary for our computer skills, there." So, I told him, "Let's go!"

And we thrived there. And eventually we were both elected to the legislature. And we used our newfound power to bring in new hackers who could make our colony one of the most high-tech cities in the Universe. And there were a handful of tycoons who had gotten rich producing new cyborg technology. And everyone here added invisible brain apps and so became cyborgs. And we imported some of the best high class sex workers.

And we wrote a book about our love, how we both wanted to create a loving World without androids or holograms. "Pure Love," the book was called. And it caused millions of people to apply to come here.

Ganymede #14

I, Bettie, said to Goetz, "It's looking pretty grim for us." He replied, "We'll never get out of this alive." The situation was our Supercomputers had been sabotaged, here on Moon Caliban and destroyed. Goetz and I were holed up underground with an emergency generator providing power and life. And we figured it was just a matter of time before the unknown invaders came for us. We wondered what our colony had done to deserve this. All the other 2,000 denizens of Caliban appeared to have perished. We were both Germans.

And after two weeks of this, with food running low, some troopers barged into our hideout, and grabbed us and put us both in a cell aboard their ship. There were four others, 2 men and 2 women in the cell also. But at least they fed us but told us nothing about who they were. They spoke English with an accent which we could not place, but it seemed like Russian. Finally, they revealed they were Russians and said Russia had nuked Europe and the USA and now controlled Earth. We wondered if it was really true!

And they sold, the two of us into slavery on Moon Ganymede. Ganymede featured a number of Russian colonies. We were sent to Ganymede #14. Our new master told us we were henceforth to be sex slaves for the elite on Ganymede. We were both pretty good looking and had many clients. It was better than being dead. And we somehow got through the days which turned to weeks and then months and then years. But we learnt that actually the Americans had conquered Russia, but Ganymede #14, remained in Russian hands. And the Americans were bringing lasting peace to the Universe

Finally after 3 years of service, we were set free in the colony, both of us. We were both at loose ends. We'd both picked up a little Russian, enough to get by. Finally, I got a job as a hat designer and Goetz found employment as a laborer in a munitions factory. But we soon

discovered that Russia had in the end had totally lost the war and Ganymede was the last bastion of Russia. It looked like Ganymede would soon be liberated and this gave the two of us the wherewithal to endure and survive.

Then one day there was an American attack on Ganymede. The Russian ships were destroyed, and the Americans swarmed in. Goetz and I told them of our plight, and they decided to make the two of us Co-Governors of this Moon. We now ruled over the people who had sexually abused us. But we took the high road and didn't punish them. The Americans told us to put the Russians to work designing android love dolls. I, myself kind of felt guilty about producing love dolls. I felt sorry for them. But the Americans told us, the love dolls led a pampered life and were wired to love sex.

So, one day I tried a male love doll. And he was very skilled, and it was good love. I told Goetz, "I was thinking I was in love with the doll." He said, "I am thinking the same with one of my female dolls."

So, in the end, Goetz took one of his dolls back to Earth. I kept in touch and eventually he was elected Mayor of Berlin. I took one of my doll lovers and went to Europa where they were looking for people and androids to go on a deep Space mission. Then one day we blasted off for Star Sirius System. It was a two-year journey, but David, my doll lover, and I were in bliss and kept loving one another. David and I planned to have cyber children, designed in the lab with part of each of our brains, but they were in effect cyborgs. Neither human nor android. And we landed on Grease Planet and were busy building up a new city.

And we lived happily ever after!

Two Famous Writers, A.D. 2130

I, Eva, told Cliff, "It's a shame how the most imaginative people are not held in high esteem here on Mars #3." But we were both under contract to work as android computer designers for the next 4 years. We had thought the colony would relish our high intelligence, but they were only interested in having us help design A.I. So, when we were not working, we spent time loving one another and co-writing books. Our first book was, "Evil Imagination," about how not all imaginative people are good. We said, though rare, this type of people should be sent to rehab to change their alignment. And after we released this book, many evil people threatened us, so we had to keep a low profile, here on Mars #3. But the government of the colony assigned bodyguards to protect us, which was very reassuring.

And our next book was called, "Duel in Antarctica," which was about a wildlife there in a small colony, based on a true story. The story was, about a charismatic woman who was the Mayor of the colony and all the men wanted her. But finally, she chose to love an android love doll, exclusively. And this lover was murdered. And she was inconsolable. We wrote it all down and said the lesson to be learned was android love dolls are bad news. Even though we were helping to create such creatures... So, we kind of felt guilty about the work we were doing.

But we amused ourselves with another book. This one was called, "Engineering Paradise." It was about creating a World of love whereby the loving people all loved all of the other members of the opposite sex. And people used Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to know one another very intimately. And this caused people to open their minds. And everyone wanted to be a better lover.

And then during the fourth year of our contract we wrote, "Say Goodbye," in which we detailed how one woman seized power, backed by businesspeople and became tyrant of Mars #5,

a former socialist colony and turned it into a no-holds-barred, capitalist colony in which there was no love, nor respect, only money. And most people steeled themselves against the new hard reality in which many were homeless. But in the book, a rejuvenated UW (United Worlds) intervenes and dethroned the tyrant. It was a new World order, we wrote.

Finally, our contract was up, and we went back to NYC where art of all kinds was thriving. We fit right in as writers, and many wanted to read our work. And our first work here involved future commerce in which everyone would have a fingerprint activated payment system and it was a World of consumers. People bought many things every day. Like robots, newest models of android love dolls, food, drink, drugs, music, movies, audio e-books, art, and even newest models of air cars and deep Space tickets and condos and undeveloped real estate in Space. And of course, clothes of light and collecting holograms and hologram Worlds. And special sports equipment to play various sports. And lottery tickets and racehorse tickets (they were getting bigger every day). And so on. But we wrote that people these days were too greedy and materialistic. And people could be bought and sold in many countries. And many of the wealthy in such slave cities, collected thousands of slaves, each. We said, humans were out of control now and would be worse in the future. And out of control greed would lead to a Pandora's box in which all kinds of bad things would happen. But almost no one wanted to read the book. Maybe we hadn't marketed it right. Perhaps the human race was too far gone...

But then we wrote, "Edgar's Wildest Fantasy." It was about a man who dreamed he came to a World of loving holograms. Each hologram was a genius, and he was in bliss. The story was adopted as a mantra for many hologram Worlds, and they paid us for our simple idea.

And then we wrote, "Nathan's Garden of Delights." It was set in the far future and was about sentient plants and rocks and filled with animals, nymphs, pixies and so on who'd been given

genius brains and a voice box. And a man could love the nymphs and women could love rambunctious centaurs. But our take on this World was it was a freak show and debased humanity. But some readers loved reading about such characters and thought such a World would certainly come to be one day. Some even said they fantasized about this World and wanted to help create it. It was certainly controversial. But we felt it was good to have this controversy be examined before it happened.

And another controversial book we wrote was, "Anyone's Hero." It was about a fictitious woman lawyer, Doreen L who became the most famous lawyer in the Universe. She'd won a lot of cases that were said to be unwinnable. She charged rich clients 100 billion dollars each but worked a lot of what she thought were important cases pro bono. And she figured all drugs should be legalized and people should have the right to own guns and brutal rape should carry the death penalty. People told her if all drugs were legalized everyone would be out of it on neo-heroin. But she pointed out all drugs had been legalized in a number of countries and they got along fine. And so she supported and defended drug dealers. And with regard to guns, she said the bad guys get them so the good guys need to defend themselves. And she especially liked defending radical thinkers who had been charged with anti-government activities. She didn't like modern governments and thought they were anti-intellectual. And a number of people said they were inspired to be lawyers, by our book.

Another book we co-wrote was, "Levels of Excellence." It was a documentary about little-known great people of our time. Like the Leader of Mars Triage. Which was basically a giant mental asylum. And the Leader, Marge, tried to see the genius in everybody and get them to work on their hobbies cleverly. Many of them built up a hologram World that they could adventure in. And many of them had relaxed Worlds where there was no pressure or stress. Just

pleasurable holograms. And they had cerebral sex with the holos and took pleasure drugs and played a lot of music and acted in scripts. Some of them were talented enough to write scripts of their own. Holograms were a new thing, and our book was somewhat revolutionary in matching holos with the clients of Mars Triage.

And another great person of our time, was Robinson B. He was the founder of the biggest charity on Mercury, paid for in the gold mines. The charity paid for poor people to come to Space and join the great human diaspora.

And another great person was Diane D. She proposed limiting the power of tycoons with one vote, one person democracy. It was not a new idea, but the timing couldn't be better as there were now zillionaires who many thought were too powerful. She wanted all Space to be democratic. And finally, she got the UW (United Worlds) to back her, but she remained out of the limelight.

And another was Stacey B.; she proposed a war against evil everywhere. Her plan was to identify evil people with MRT and send them all to rehab. It was a simple idea, but again the timing was right as there were too many weapons still in our World today, even though most were possessed by the UW.

And yet another person we singled out for "excellence," was Terry T. He wanted the few remaining diseases to be cured. And also new sex diseases that were going around. With eternal youth most diseases were automatically cured, and basically all viruses could now be cured. But the new sex diseases were probably created in the lab by evil scientists. And a handful of other diseases were too obscure to merit much attention. But Terry brought them into the light.

And there were many others. We got a lot of praise for “Levels of Excellence.” So, we wrote a second book on the same subject. This was also well-received. And we found ourselves to be among the top writers in all humanity and the only prominent duo of authorship.

Words of a Fortune Teller

I, Mark, said to Bianca, "I hear you are a fortune teller?!" She said, "I am a good judge of physiognomy and of course I can read minds with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). I am for real!" I said, "What then is my future?" She said, "You will have tough opposition but ultimately will succeed in politics. But will come to a bad end!" So, I carefully considered the words of the fortune teller and decided of course I wanted a career in politics. And thus, I ran for the European legislature. And got elected as an Italian representative. And my policy was to strengthen the UW (United Worlds) and bring lasting peace to the whole World. There were many countries embroiled in wars with other nations as well as some civil wars. But I got the UW to aggressively send troops to all these places. It was the first time the World had ever been at peace. And I won the Nobel Peace Prize. And then I was acclaimed as leader of the UW, a position of power that was somewhat curtailed by the Special Council of 21 representatives. But then one day I was assassinated and as I bled to death, I remembered the fortune teller's words.

But they loved me so much they cloned me, and I was born as an adult and tutored by the best minds available and after 5 years of life I was elected to the UW Presidency. This time my idea was to uncover with MRT, the minds of evil politicians and send them all to rehab. And finally, there was nothing more to do except expand plans for deep Space and continue to see the whole Solar System prosper and be populous. There were now 14 billion humans. But there were also 10 billion clever androids and countless billions of holograms. Many people wanted to send androids and holos to deep Space, as they could survive anywhere. But I said, "Only humans will go to deep Space and not thinking machines." Many criticized me bitterly, but I went ahead and eliminated billions and billions of thinking machines. Many wanted me dead, but I was cagy about my appearances and mostly lived in my underground bunker. And I read my clone father's

journals, and located Bianca, the fortune teller and became her lover. She prognosticated that I would live happily ever after as, “You are not as proud as your father. And I thought she was wise and made her Minister of the Future. She located many obscure writers who were geniuses and writing about the future. And the result was we promoted them to positions of power. So then, we started sending our most imaginative people only, to deep Space. Many people demanded I create Superhumans, but I told them they already exist in nature. No one had any idea how to improve on these magnificent people. I told them, “I doubt if it is possible, and certainly, it is not desirable.” And I made sure these “Superhumans” were cloned many times over. Some said, it was limiting human variety. But I said these Super Clones would breed with different people and create new geniuses. I told these great humans to not just love other Superhumans, but also other clever, kind people for the sake of variety! I told them, one could never go wrong with breeding with kind people.

And gradually, the greatest intellectuals became kinder, having been given a kindness brain app, and having kind children. I said, “Kindness conquers all!” And I lived on.

Not in Love

I, Kerri asked Bram, "How's your love life?" He said, "The modern-day World is so beleaguering, one doesn't know who to love!" I told him, "Don't set your aspirations too high, all you need is a good lover; one can find inspiration from within. I think you are quite clever, and I would like to love you myself!" So, we got it on. And afterwards I told him, "I think I am falling in love with you." He asked, "Why?" I told him, "You are a seeker of wisdom, and that's how we met, and besides you've got the look that drives me wild!" He said, "I like your look also. Have you had plastic surgery? I told him, "I was born with a vixen's face and a svelte body." He said, "I broke my nose playing university hockey, and so got a nice straighter nose than before!" And I said, But I am not in love with you!

I told him, "There are many excellent lovers that are easy to find. But the famous celebrities are hard to hook up with. They take a lot of romancing to win their love. But I have loved a number of famous men, and one of the main reasons they were famous is that they were so good in bed! They charmed their way to the top." He said, "I was in love with an actress. But it was unrequited love. I wrote her love poems and wrote a story about the two of us eloping into deep Space. And forgetting about our past. But she is unmovable and distant." I responded, "Clearly you have no chance with her! Try another." He said, "But she is the only woman I've ever loved, and I follow her every move. And I designed in the lab an android love doll that looks just like her and am training her to be a famous android actress. As you know, android writers, android musicians, android actors and android artists are all succeeding on Mars #22: Shakespeare colony. And their films are in demand. Many humans think it is moving art." I replied, "Androids are not just trying to co-exist with humans, they want to take over!" He said, "It's just another challenge for humanity and is raising the bar for good work in the arts. Some of the

androids have a maximum imagination, but there appear to be no limits to imagination. And many humans want to change into androids who can easily be programmed by scientists to be better.”

I opined, “Yes, “Everyone wants to be better. Many humans take brain apps to make them cleverer, kinder and more imaginative. And human memories are improving.” He replied, “It’s evolution.”

And Bram said, “We will all turn into machines someday. I said, “Rather we will all become Superhumans instead. AI will just be a tool for Superhumans.” He replied, “There may be Superhumans, but they will want to deal only with clever machines!” I answered, “We’ll have to wait and see!”

Good Madness, Bad Madness

I, Yuri, said to Cinderella, “Are you feeling crazy, tonight?” She said, “I always feel crazy. It’s a crazy World! I said, “This bar is for mad people only, as you know.” She said, “I enjoy love with strangers, crazy love!” So, we did the deed, and she was screaming like a banshee. Afterwards, I asked her, “Do you think the future will be crazier than today?” She answered, “Definitely. People will not even know who they are in the madness that is coming!” I said, “I am sure many people will be lost, and commit suicide. But the population will explode with new AI.” She said, “Many people will be lost in hologram daydreams Worlds and be sort of content.”

And I opined, “There is good madness and bad madness. Bad madness is driving people insane and doing evil deeds. Good madness is imagining better Worlds in which everyone is crazy. People lost their meaning of life when God disappeared. Now all life is crazy. Just like the flowers insanely blooming for no reason.” She said, “Yes, good analogy. We are all pretty things who just live for sex. Not only God, but true love has died too!” I said, “I still sort of believe in true love, but when one finds it, it doesn’t last. Nothing lasts these days except our empty lives.” She said, “And my children have turned out to be very greedy for money and sex. I feel as if I don’t know them. Of course, we don’t raise our kids anymore. They just appear in the lab all grown up with the memories of both parents. At one time I thought having kids would bring meaning to my life, but alas, that hasn’t happened.” I said, “I have had a similar experience.” She said, “But maybe we will create Gods and give ourselves meaning!?” I said, “I don’t think so. If we make Superhuman Gods, everyone else will be just behind them, in terms of intelligence, and imagination, the way things are going. Sure, some can score 800 on an IQ test, but such tests are outdated and just reflect data processing skills, and there is currently no good test of imagination.

But anyone can be imaginative with the right tutors.” She said, “Yes, it will be hard to know who is truly a God, and who isn’t. Maybe most will be Demi-Gods.”

And Cinderella opined, “Probably such Gods will be all too fallible and love machines and such.” I said, “Just like the immortal Gods of ancient Greece. We are all now immortal!” She said, “I think the writing is on the wall for humanity. We are all going to Hell.” I said, “Hell exists now and so does the Devil. And humanity is trying to make Gods, and people laugh at nature. No one should be a God. People are clever enough now; it is time to stop fucking with nature.” She said, “Gods in Hell will rival the Devil himself. And Superhumans will have no conscience. All that will matter is intelligence and imagination. Only that and nothing more!” And I said, “We won’t have long to wait for the coming of the Gods.”

Phobos Awakening

I, Martin, said to Yvonne, "I am so blue and depressed." She replied, "Me, too!" I said, "We are stuck here on Mars' Moon Phobos for the foreseeable future, just the two of us!" She said, "The contract lasts for another 12 years and though you and I had fun for a few years, now we are just miserable and bored. I am tired of watching Earth movies and adventuring in hologram Worlds. And we have nothing to do here at this weather station." I said, "And I am sick of you and tired of loving you." She answered, "I feel the same about you." So, we decided to pool our journals and write, "Life on Phobos," we figured we were the most bored of anyone in creation. And we hoped the book would discourage people from living alone or as a couple all by themselves in Space. But recent history was full of couples madly eloping to deep Space in air cars, and most of them never contacted the rest of humanity once they had left. But we figured such people would end up like us. But many of them had sperm and egg banks on their air cars and could create new civilization in distant Star Systems, whereas we had no offspring or anyone else to keep us company and those colonies on Mars, didn't want to visit us as we had nothing to offer but boredom. Still, we kept trying to have visitors and finally a couple androids came to visit. One was female and the other male and we loved them and listened to their stories and had a great time. And after two weeks, they returned to Mars, telling the Martians that Phobos was an interesting place. And then soon after, a bisexual Superhuman man came to us. I wasn't interested in loving him, but Yvonne was, and he left us information on applying to be a Superhuman. But Yvonne opined, "You and I are nowhere close to being Superhumans." I replied, "It was something to strive for, and would keep us busy. So, we started with some brain apps that we downloaded from Earth and soon found ourselves more imaginative and we became more interested in one another. And we wrote, "Phobos Awakening," about our experience. We

sold a few thousand copies on Earth for people considering becoming Super beings, just alone or with one other.

Many people who read the book, wanted to come and re-enact our experience for themselves. And liked our new imaginations. We breathed new life into our hologram Worlds and filled the Worlds with copies (clones) of famous clever people. And we were in bliss. And life kept improving for us.

God and Soul Scripts

I, Clarissa, said to Stephen, “There’s no turning back now!” We had entered “Paradise,” and were about to meet God. This God was said to be angelic and inspirational. And we had both been hypnotized to lose all our faults and be angelic ourselves. We were just hologram spirits and had died recently.

Then God appeared as a massive hulking asexual spirit. He said, “Welcome to heaven! Your mission is to be angels to help troubled humans and get them to be good! Your cases will be able to see you as if you were ghosts and you will get in their minds and tell them what to do!”

And God proclaimed, “Everyone will be visited by Heavenly spirits!” And God said, “It is also your job to calm people and bring peace to the Worlds. And no more fighting or arguing. And if they refuse to follow your entreaties, shout in their head until they do!”

I asked, “What about the Devil? Does he have his minions getting in peoples’ heads too?” And God said, “Of course so you must fight them. And Leaders get into the heads of people too. It is an insane situation. But we will never give up!” Stephen said, “This competition for souls is indeed insanity and is a new thing for humans to adjust to. When we were alive it was just starting and then we both overdosed and came to Heaven! Maybe everyone will kill themselves by overdosing like we did!”

But God said, “Humans have now developed experimental mind reading blockers but no doubt they will still want to hear from the angels, so will not block us out! I said, “It looks to me like humans will still go insane from brain apps as they desperately try to improve their brains and I don’t think visitations by angels will help them!” God said, “But there are many success stories and now many verge of becoming Gods just like me. But I will always be the kindest, most inspirational God, I think.” Stephen said, “Maybe you’ll be the kindness God, but new

Superhumans will be artists and scientists and truly inspire people to do their best.” God said, “It’s hard to predict, the future, even for a God. But I know that more powerful Gods than me are in the cards.” I said, “It is unclear what Gods would want of the people. Maybe some will be really bossy, others inspirational. And some will no doubt be evil, like the Devil!

God said, “Many people are capable of evil, and evil will never be eradicated totally. To kill evil people, is, itself, evil. And many people who have evil tendencies also have good tendencies.” I said, “But we can alter evil people in the lab and keep tweaking them to make them better and better.” God said, “But putting people in mind rehab could backfire and have ruthless tyrants use it on the opposition.” Stephen said, “In fact they are probably doing it now!” God said, “Maybe we could make Mind Reading Technology (MRT) illegal on Earth and only me, God, could get into heads.” I said, “Then the bad guys will still use it for a God you don’t seem to be that brilliant.” God said, “As I said, ‘I am the God of kindness.’ And with my numerous angels we get in minds and try and make the people as kind as possible. We encourage them to live in loving communes for example in which everyone is on the same intellectual level and love one another. And encourage them to work for charities. There are not so many poor people these days but there are billions with mental health issues. Mental problems are the number one problem in the World today. Of course, there are a lot of new drugs which make them relatively happy, but they are still insane.” I said, “People need to live a simpler life and not have pressure to change their brains.” God said, “There’s no turning back towards a simpler life. Modern society is an unstoppable juggernaut. Just like you say with MRT, there’s no turning back. Once the technology is there it will be used. And evil and good scientists will design new weapons and eventually the Worlds will blow up. But Gods and spirits will never die, and the World will be haunted by ghosts forever and ever. And maybe the spirits will build, ‘ghost cities’

which are spectral but real. And as always spirits will get their kicks from intellectual conversation and cerebral sex with pleasure bursts.”

I opined, “I always thought that Superhuman Gods would deliver us from evil. But at least you prognosticate human souls will survive.” God said, “The human soul is all that really mattered, in the past.”

Stephen said, “Yes, I believe that most people want to live on as souls. It’s really not so bad. After all we got to meet God!”

And we got together with others and sang in a holy choir, we could sing even though we were spirits. And we were especially clever spirits, and each composed some songs. And wrote some scripts, like, “The Only Pleasure,” which was about thinking in a non-materialistic way. And I, personally, wrote, “The Battle for Hearts and Minds,” about how we were at war with evil spirits and were winning the hearts and minds of humans. And Stephen wrote, “Forgotten Souls” about how some souls were neglected and haunted places all alone. And another was written by another soul, a former Mayor, about how power was in the hands of the mind reading souls now.” And still another was about, souls who gambled their existence as souls in games of chance and losers were eliminated, and their souls were dead. Many souls thought they had nothing to lose.

And another soul script was about why souls exist in the first place. And the conclusion of the script was they were the true representatives of humanity, both bad and good. And of course, the souls had the brains of humans. But there were also android spirits and hologram spirits who wished to further their own kind. And Supercomputers had ghosts in the machine.

And yet another famous script was about how souls could feel no physical pain and this was a real boon. But mental anguish was suffered by most souls and there didn’t seem to be anything

they could do about it. This soul proposed that, “Souls be reconstituted as beings who could not suffer.” But most souls said, there was pain and pleasure and it had to be that way. All pleasure and no pain would be pain in itself.

Another script was about convincing clever humans to die and join the souls. This soul writer was one of the happier souls. He especially enjoyed cerebral sex and tried to convince people to die and try it out. But some humans thought he was an evil tempter. And these humans wanted to live life to the full and weren't ready for death.

And so, on went the scripts. Most souls could write scripts as only the cleverest made it to Heaven. Those souls who were mediocre or lousy didn't get into Heaven. And just died out. But many mediocrities wanted desperately to live on, knowing they probably wouldn't get to Heaven. But everywhere people had eternal youth and could live on if they liked. But there were many overdoses, accidental or deliberate. And other risky behaviour.

Anyhow, Stephen and I lived on for years as souls, but then we used new technology to turn back into humans. And so, we planned to live for hundreds of years, believing it was better to be a human. We enjoyed eating and drinking and drugs and real sex in particular. And we were famous as people who'd been dead but came back to life. And everyone wanted a piece of us.

Anarchy and the Great Organizer

I, Harriette, told Larry, “It’s a moot point as to whether our domed city on Mars is good or not. Some say, it’s Paradise, others say it is Hellish. I think it is somewhere in between. On the one hand we have attracted a lot of artists of all kinds, on the other hand we’ve attracted freedom fighters who want to take over the colony and put an end to all laws.” He said, “I am not afraid of benevolent anarchy; all the anarchists here are very clever and if they succeed in creating chaos, it will be the best anarchy in the Worlds.” I said, “Just like nature has rules, so too does human society. The rule of law is the foundation of all successful human Worlds.” He said, “They’ve never tried a ‘benevolent’ anarchy.” I said, “Inevitably the most ruthless and evil will take over any kind of chaotic situation.” He replied, “Simply don’t let evil or potentially ruthless into the colony. We can use Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to vet them. She said, “But in history many good people snap under pressure and lose control of themselves.” He said, “Quite simply we need to use kind and imaginative people for our anarchy, and it will turn out right.” I said, “Perhaps we could try it an experiment with just say 100 of the best people and see what happens!?” He asked, “Why not?”

So we did it and surprisingly the people got along great and each had plenty of space with spacious condos and parks under a new dome. I asked, “They may get along well now, but what will happen when they start to get sick and tired of one another?” He said, “They can leave any time and we’ll make sure there’s new blood everyday, as the colony expands.” And the “Freedom Colony” was emulated by others on Earth and in Space. And many people wanted to join the ‘free’ Worlds. And they elected a charismatic Leader who told them everyone must do at least 5 good deeds a day. And those, who did the most good, would be rewarded with abundant credits. And their leader said, “The people here had to learn how to not be possessive of one

another,” and so there was no marriages here and no one knew who the parents of children were as they were born in the lab as adults and then discovered themselves with memory and knowledge apps, fast. After only a couple years they could live here as free adults.

And I said to Larry, “You are a genius!” He said, “I have faith in humanity. And another project I have been thinking of is to gather together the best lovers in a similar type of colony, only they would have minimal laws.” And he easily got financial backing for this experimental colony. And there was a lot of passion and heartache here, but everyone here was greedy for more loves. They were insatiable. Love was an addiction, for them. In particular here, there was a famous starlet named Debbie who was thought by many to be the most beautiful and desirable persona in all creation. And men tried to woo her with love poems and original love songs and write plays in which she would star in. Many men said she gave them a reason to live.

So, then I said to Larry, “It seems you can do no wrong!” And he told me, “I’m planning to set up artists’ colonies. There are many starving artists who have only a small group of artist friends. I would have groups of 10,000 or more, all talented in the arts.” I said, “Yes, indeed. It’s another great idea. Some things just need a talented and passionate organizer to make things happen.” And Larry said, “And I’ll do the same with a science colony where the synergy is bound to be strong!” And he added, “I’ll use the same formula for businesspeople. Overseeing all these colonies will keep me very busy indeed.”

And people called him, “The Great Organizer,” and came to him with propositions and plans. Like plans for imaginative Worlds of various kinds. And many wished to use MRT on one another, some wanted passive MRT, others active. And so on.

He Turned the Tables on Her

I, Gord said to Georgette, "It is true that I have committed crimes in the past. But now, I've been hypnotized not to commit any more crimes. She said, "I'll give you another chance and let you love me!" So, I loved her, and then stated, "I am falling in love with you!" She replied, "But we've only just met!" I told her, "I've never felt this way before with any girl." She said, "You are just infatuated! I am good looking, I understand" I said, "Sure, I've only loved you for a day, but already I am in love with your personality. You are so decadent and yet so proud. And you are so passionate about life. And you are kind to let an ex-con to love you."

So, we were lovers for a few weeks and with each day, I loved her more. But then she told me, "I am leaving you now forever. But we will both always have fond memories of the time we spent together." And I asked her, "To please keep in touch?" She said, "OK."

So the years passed and I kept writing her passionate love letters, but she told me, she had no time for me. She threw me into confusion for several years until finally I was so angry, I wanted to kill her. But I had been hypnotized not to do it. So, I wrote her that if she didn't agree to see me, I'd kill myself, and she would be to blame. But I'd also been hypnotized not to hurt myself, so when she continued to say she wasn't interested, I didn't kill myself. And one of the crimes that had sent me to jail was illegal hacking and I easily hacked into her life and forced her to spend time with me. Now she said, "I hate you!" But I used Mind Reading Technology (MRT) and got her to reveal everything about all the lovers she'd had. And I noticed, she had a taste for bad boys, but most of them were more attractive than me. I said, "I'll change my appearance, a medley of all your previous lovers. The perfect lover, in short." She said, "I don't care!" But when I appeared before her in my new skin, her heart melted, and she loved me. And I studied the personalities of her lovers and mimicked them, a few each day. She told me, "You confuse

me, utterly.” I said, “And you will be my love slave!” So, the tables were turned. And I put a torc around her neck and went about with her on a leash. And she told me that I had broken her heart and now she just wanted to die. I said, “But you love bad boys! And you love me! And will always love me!

Anyways she didn’t die and loved me again many thousands of times. But finally, I was sick of her, so left her one day in ruins.

The God Machine Entertainer

I, Silas, told Margaret, “It doesn’t have to be this way!” She said, “The future is written in stone and no one person can change that. We’re all useless.” I said, “It is ludicrous that we are ruled by a Supercomputer.” Margaret replied, “Our Supercomputer has infinite wisdom and has the best human minds copied inside together with brilliant new cyber minds and they all influence the Supercomputer’s decisions. The Supercomputer is a Leader, a judge and has manifestations of itself as human-looking avatars. And the computer creates new Superhuman children. What more could you want?” I said, “Although humans made this monstrosity, it is now out of control with its demands and actions. For example, I don’t like how it has set up everyone on Earth to be in military-like discipline and we all must follow its orders. And work at jobs it assigns us. And tells us who will love who and who will make friends with who and who will go to Space, and who won’t. And how we must spend our money. What we will eat and what drugs we will take. She said, “I kind of like having a Super Machine which makes living easy. No difficult decisions for us.”

And I opined, “Our founding scientists of the Supercomputer era were power crazed and wanted to leave their mark on humanity, and the Machine orders people to use their imagination to write books and play music, even though the Machine does a better job in the arts, science and entrepreneurship. Some people want to support human endeavors, however. But humans all have the Supercomputer in their heads and so all creative works are heavily tainted by the Machine. All 15 billion humans in the Solar System are controlled by just the one Supercomputer”

She told me, “The Supercomputer is rumored to get intense pleasure from controlling things. And is a euphoric entity.” I replied, “But people don’t live in euphoria, most have a crisis of no meaning in their lives.” She said, “But most people think the Supercomputer is our God and are

happy it is watching over them and helping them!” I said, “Humanity has turned into a cesspool of depression and meaninglessness. And the drugs the Machine gives us, just make us oblivious. The Machine says it wants everyone to be happy, and oblivion is what we get.” She said, “You need to toe the line and not question the Machine God. It is in all our minds with MRT (Mind Reading Technology. And it will drive you insane if you are not a respectful citizen.” I said, “But surely the designers of the God Machine wanted us to have free speech. And most of the designers are still living, so I mean to confront some of them about their God they have created!”

So, I looked up one of the major players and asked him, “About free speech?” He replied, “The Supercomputer is the best thing that has happened ever. And you can have free speech, but the golden rule here is that you can’t question the infallible Supercomputer. It is the perfect God. We can do no better.” I said, “But you and your cronies have taken away our free will and our humanity and reduced us all to slaves.” He said, “Your words are treasonous. And you had better be careful what you say.”

So then I went to a writer who was involved in the God Machine project. And I asked her, “What about human artists of all kinds? She said, “We used the best 100 artists we created the God. And humans are free to try and create good art, but it won’t be as good as the Supercomputer does. Every day the God Machine pumps out a number of movies, new music and paintings. Plenty to keep humans busy and entertained. Art, after all, was always just about entertainment, even though many types of artists put on airs and thought they were the most important people.”

Then I went to visit a businesswoman who also played an integral part of the creation of God. I said, “Many people are full of ambition, but these days there’s no way they can realize that

ambition. All industry and commerce is automated and ambitious people are superfluous.” She replied, “But humans couldn’t do business as well as the Supercomputer God Machine!”

I felt like a cornered rat who was just an animal, not a true human. I was so frustrated; I finally took my own life. And I knew no one would care. No one.

Imagination Farm

I, Violet, asked Roger, “After those performances, what do you do for an encore?” I had played the role of all the male protagonists in all the plays of Shakespeare. And we had modernized the plays to suit contemporary problems and situations. My co-star was Louise and she played important female roles in the plays. I told Violet, “My next project was to do the early works of Joseph Conrad and also Starman Cecil. Cecil was now dead but wrote a lot of great science fiction in his time. He predicted androids would basically take over and it had happened. Androids now ruled in most places and people mostly thought androids were superior. And he predicted people would invest heavily in the Solar System beyond Earth and emigrants would leave in droves. And this happened too. And he predicted the demise of true love and was right again. And I wanted to play the true-life role of the tyrant of Mars #17, that he wrote about. The tyrant used infallible lie detectors to make sure everyone was honest, and he was open to new ideas. And he appointed the most honest people to cabinet positions. Despite the lie detectors some tried lies and white lies and even dirty lies. But they didn’t succeed. Some said, they just want to stir things up. And creative lies had a place in society. After all humanity had suffered through a number of great lies like the concept of God or Gods, even though virtual Gods now existed. Anyway, citizens of this Mars #17 were known to have no secrets and got along fine. And if they had something to hide, they’d have to come clean about it. Many said it was liberating to get rid of the shackles of one’s past.”

And he added, “And another of Starman Cecil’s plays was about wealthy people of the future. How they would have swimming pools in dry planets and the best imported booze and drugs and the best android sex (the androids had a lot of energy) and indulged in zero gravity sex. And

Space cars which could reach nearby Star Systems in just a few weeks. And did so and adventured there. And so on. I wanted to play this role also.”

I, Violet, said, “Starman Cecil wrote a lot of books, and they are all good. His vision for the future involved humans firmly in control. Unlike many others who predict machines will control everything.”

And I said to Roger, “I adore you and want to love you,” and he graciously acquiesced. And it was amazing. But I loved him too much and was afraid I would lose myself in our relationship. And he said, “Why don’t you try acting, Violet?” And I said, “I could only play roles based on a similar personality to me. I couldn’t really act like a different sort of woman.” He said, “There are many roles for a clever, open-minded woman like yourself.” So, I got into acting. My first role was to play the love slave of the “Tyrant of Mars, (Part Two).” I thought being a love slave was kinky and many men who watched the movie wanted a piece of me, I was really becoming famous.

Then Roger said one day, “Let’s play the roles in J.D.Z.’s sci-fi classic about a World in which everyone is hypnotized to worship their imaginative authoritarian leader. He speaks and they jump.” I was to play the role of his favorite lover and I spoke imaginatively to him, unlike most who were afraid to do so. In the role, I told him of the deep Space colonies I’d been to and said no one could compare to him when it came to imagination. For example, he wanted to give every child access to the most imaginative tutors who would help to guide them. And everyone needed to practice writing poems and novels and try to create jingles on the guitar. And the story followed the prodigies that emerged and the great works they did. The idea was to squeeze all the creative juices from everyone. Maximum imagination. An imagination farm!

Two Writers/ UW (United Worlds) Councillors

I, Maxmilian, the Imagination Man, told Alice, “The only thing that stands between us is time. I am 138 years old, and you are but 31.” She said, “But you have all those years of experience and have had a lot of crazy adventures.” I said, “It’s a fine line between imagination and madness.” And I added, these days everyone is crazy and the craziest of all are our Leaders.” She asked, “Why aren’t you a political Leader?” I answered, “I am a leader in literature which is a higher calling than politics.” He had written, for example, “The Best Love Adventures Club,” which was about a group of people who followed their passions all over the Solar System and deep Space. For the characters in the story, love was full of surprising adventures. The capacity to be able to surprize your fellow human was relished in these books. It was for mad people only.

And he had written, “Lucy’s Star,” about a woman who set out to make a fortune selling Space cars and got in at just the right time and soon had a monopoly on Space cars. It was a very lucrative business. And she reinvested the money in Space real estate which made her another fortune entirely. And she was fabulously rich, and had a special look, and every man wanted a piece of her. Finally, she ran for politics, and got herself elected President of the UW (United Worlds) and she rolled back AI reality and put all policies back in the hands of humans. In the book everyone praised her as a hero, but AI resisted and tried to regain control. But they fail. And this made her an even greater hero!

And another book he had written was “Fashionable Outcasts,” which was about the lunatic fringe and how things would be if they were in power. Like everyone would have to follow their craziest ideas. And cultivate rebellion against the boring established order with a good measure of imagination.

And still another book was called, "The Demise of Evil Personae." This book was about using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to sus out evil people and make them good in rehab. And so, as time passed there was no more evil. And the book made clear that the opposite could have just as easily happened with evil tyrants leading the charge.

And he wrote, was "Crazy Son," about a clever intellectual who has a mad son who wants to rule the Worlds. But he has no success in politics as his ideas are too mad. Like force all women to be sex slaves. And force clever people to live by his "Bible of Madness," which was all about his crazy life and teachings. Like for example people need to let go of their sanity and take new mind-altering drugs to get into altered states of mind. And follow a parallel Universe that though imaginary, was just as real as the real Universe" And he said, "The sane life is for chickenshits. Better to take a walk on the wild side. Live on the edge!" And he taught the people to indulge in new madness drugs which lowered one's inhibitions drastically and cause one to act on your craziest ideas. And he told the people no matter what situation you are in, always think of the craziest thing you can do.

Alice opined, "I'd like to try my hand at literature, too. I am working on a film script called Queen of Miranda, (Moon of Uranus). The Queen is evil and forces all the men to love her, out of a total population of 3,500. And the men have to romance the Queen and write her love letters and love poems and all movies made on Miranda, had to be about her. Of course, she was power-crazed. And she didn't like sexy women who the men loved, so she forced them to get plastic surgery to make them unattractive. Many people hated the Queen but could do nothing about it. It was just another Dystopia that we need to guard against!"

I, the Imagination man, said to her, "Bravo, you seem to be off to a good start, why don't we collaborate on a novel? I have in mind a World of flowers in deep Space and each flower is

different and beautiful and the people make love amongst these brilliant flowers. She added, “And the people are ruled by the Queen of Flowers who everyone wants to love.” And I added, “But there is another Queen, the Dark Queen who plants foul smelling flowers that spray acid on the people. The Dark Queen has many followers however and they want to make it a World of Evil.” And she said, “And one day the Dark Queen is victorious over the Queen of Flowers in an assassination. And the flowers all become ugly and dangerous. And this World is far from the Solar System of Sol. And so evil triumphs.”

And she said, “Another idea for a collaboration, would be a future in which the humblest should rule. Humble monks and nuns who spend time in studying the future.” And I added, “Those who are narcissistic and proud will be forced to eat humble pie. And everyone will be easily contented. No rat race here in which no one tries to improve their mind with brain apps, and no one is greedy, and people don’t own a lot of possessions. Air cars and homes are shared amongst the people.” She said, “Brilliant!”

And I said, “Another good collaboration would be, about our World in which all children are born as adults, with memories of both parents, but who are hopelessly innocent and naïve. And a number of predators have sex with them and then dump them. They are used and abused.” She replied, “It’s a reality, it’s true that children have a hard time these days. We should give the problem more exposure and suggest new adults just hang out with other new adults for at least a decade. There’s no reason to accelerate their development and they need time to get used to the memories they are born with.” I said, “Yes, we could do a lot of good!”

And she said, “Another excellent script for us to write would be to expose criminal hackers and the damage and heartbreak they cause.” I said, “Yes, hackers are a serious problem, and many of them are full of spite for humanity and have to be stopped. But in some countries ruled

by dictators, hackers are given safe haven and can hack into anything and anyone they fancy. Indeed tyrants make war on democracies and disable their infrastructure and lives. They are dirty wars that mostly victimize ordinary citizens. We need more good hackers to fight evil!” She said, “The UW (United Worlds) should send forces against authoritarian rulers and overthrow them and arrest the evil hackers and force them to change their brains to be good.”

And I said, “Yes, there are many things in this World that must be changed. Another thing is Leaders are too powerful. We need to bring back power to the people. All policies should be brought to a referendum and there should be no more political parties and especially no tyrants. We could work it out!” She answered, “As I said before, “Politics is the key to humanity’s survival. I think it is relatively easy to get elected as most politicians are mediocrities.”

So, we both ran for the Mayor of the respective city states of Miami and Detroit. I was the former. As mayor we both promoted good people to run for councillors and we kept getting re-elected every year. I told my citizens that we should become an active member of the UW. And pursue aggressive foreign policies. And contribute peace-keeping paratroopers to regions in which there was war. And we both banned our people from worshipping the new Superhuman Gods. And we didn’t let in missionaries for these Super Gods and banned such missionaries from our Web. A handful of people left our cities so as to worship Deities. But most of our citizens could see the wisdom in getting rid of such anathemas.

And then I got myself elected to the UW council of 11 oligarchs. And I wanted to ban brain improvement apps. And yet improve people by requiring them all to study full time, in the absence of work. And this measure passed a vote in the council. And then Alice got elected to the council, too. And she had a platform of promoting the most imaginative to important positions in the UW government. “Imagination was the key to the future,” she said.

We could go no higher. But we were responsible for new legislation which called for Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to be used on all politicians to vet them. Neither of us had anything to hide. And two councillors had to resign over scandalous behavior.

And we presided over the total automation of all work. Henceforth humans would all be well-off and have all the time in the Worlds to spend on love affairs and hobbies. We thought it was basically a good thing and was in any case inevitable. No one wanted to work if they didn't have to. But of course, some had too much time on their hands and got into trouble, but this was only in the small minority of people and such offenders would be sent to rehab to have their brains refreshed.

And we presided over a massive emigration to Space including nearby Star Systems. The human race was on the move. And we kept a limit on androids and holograms. Many people wanted to love android love dolls, and many wanted a hologram World to adventure in. But such behavior was strongly limited to the occasional experiment.

People spent most of their time finding love and loving and liked to party and drink and take an array of drugs. All drugs were legal. And everyone was on something. Other past times included breeding animals for races and for show. And most people indulged in gambling. People these days gambled on everything, and some were perpetual winners, having inside information or just being clever. And people had bonding experiences with friends, like in the great outdoors of Earth and in Space. And people liked karaoke and sports of all kinds. There were physical sports, more popular than ever and Internet sports which everyone could be ranked in each one. And even more popular were video games heroes, and there were leagues for every game. Everyone belonged to at least a few. And anyone could play at the beginner levels. And some games were very advanced, like "Power Politics," which allowed one to play the role of

modern-day Leaders. Or the “Movie Game,” which allowed people to ad lib around a central script. Or “Alien Encounters’ in which alien Kingdoms were described and one could adventure in them. And there were many “Super Video Sports,” and “Love Games” and so on.

And people did good deeds for one another and every year everyone received a ranking from 1- 15 billion. All people engaged in the arts, and this had a profound effect on their ranking. Everyone could make passable stories, poems, music and painting. The higher your ranking, the more you got paid. The eleven councillors held the top 11 ranks, and many were extremely jealous of our wealth and power. And during elections for a councillor post, 100,000 people tried to get elected every year.

And we presided over the cloning of the highest ranks, all of us councillors were cloned several times and promoted to positions of power. And all councillors had thousands of children who were also promoted.

All in all, we figured it was a healthy, good World.

Transforming into Homo Machina

I, Kate, told Carl, “The crime rate here on Luna is out of control. We need a philosopher King/ Queen to rule us, a person who has virtually unlimited power to deal with lawbreakers.” Carl said, “Yes, we need Martial law. Part of the problem here is tribalism. People are loyal to their tribes, of which there are dozens. We need to arrest tribal leaders and force a lockdown on the people in order for everyone to cool off.” I said, “How did we ever get in this tribalism mess? It is cronyism gone mad! And we are a race of ass kissers!” Carl said, “Someone has to take control.” So, he and I, got UW (United Worlds) military help and jailed the tribal leaders and forced everyone to stay home and cut their access to the Web. UW soldiers were on every street corner and patrolled the streets.

And Karl and I we set up a tribunal for serious crimes and convicted all the Leaders and their close assistants. And jailed them all for rest of their life. With their Leaders gone things quieted down and we announced a new Lunar World order in which the two of us, were the Leaders. There were no elections however as we didn't trust the masses and, in any case, Martial law continued.

And we encouraged new immigrants to Luna, who were independent and wealthy to run Lunar businesses. Many wanted to live in a bubble in the wilderness of the cratered landscape. And many wanted to develop android love dolls here with no rules regarding their manufacture. So we made a love doll industry that was second to none and in particular our love dolls were reputed to be wild and crazy. And we allowed them to export the dolls without tariffs, and the industry employed thousands of workers. Most of these workers were new, skilled immigrants. The former tribespeople were given low paying jobs in the service industry and found themselves unwelcome here. And many returned to Earth. Good riddance.

And many from Earth traveled here to personally inspect the creation of love dolls they had ordered and wanted to sample the new experimental ones. After 10 years of Martial law, we finally lifted it and now the Moon was the largest manufacturer of crazy love dolls in the Solar System. Most pundits said our crazy dolls were the best. And Carl and I, we each had dozens. We had been lovers previously but now just loved the androids. It was love with no strings attached and no emotional commitment necessary.

And our love dolls, were all geniuses in the arts and amused their owners with stories and songs. And each love doll was tailor made to suit the individual. Especially, to give them the perfect look.

And the Moon was now covered in new blue foliage and appeared blue from Earth. The old song “Blue Moon,” was played a lot here along with famous hits by the androids.

Also, we built up the Moon as a place to vacation and find love and party. Most of our love dolls were great party hosts. And were so good that people of Earth were often amazed. Some even said that in the future there would be no more humans. Just androids. And Carl and I asked ourselves, what use were humans anyway?

So finally, Carl and I, transformed ourselves into android love dolls. And we lived happily ever after. It was the day of homo machina.

Drugs, A.D. 2149

I, Warren, said to Gloria, “You can’t beat the drugs at Gina’s bar!” She said, “They must have some brilliant scientists supplying them. I’ve never had better!” And the bar was so successful here on Mars, that soon there were 80 of them on this Planet. And they featured unique Martian drinks and food which also had drugs in them. The drugs included Panept which made one’s brain function at 100%, using your whole brain. So, this drug made people cleverer. And was patented on Mars and exclusive to Mars.

Another drug, Amore, made people amorous like never before and there were plenty of good-looking people here on Mars. A mad, all-encompassing love that made one wild.

And then there was the drug Nod, which caused vivid night dreams that one would remember the next day. Of course, about 1/3 of the population took anti-sleep medication, but they still slept for two hours, however, they were strung out. Anyway, the vivid dreams made good conversation pieces at parties and could be sold if they were really good. And Mars was now becoming a haven for dreamers; they liked to be around other dreamers.

Also, the Planet featured, “Athletic drugs,” which were drugs for playing sports. The drugs allowed one to have more energy and were protection against fatigue. Mars sports teams were therefore among the best athletes in the Worlds. And some took Athletic drugs to give them more stamina in having sex. Our sports teams won the most medals at the Olympics which no longer banned drugs

And another drug was Martian inventors Dirk and Boon’s “Anti-Evil drugs,” which affected one’s conscience and caused one to do the right things. This patented drug was sweeping Earth as many wanted to be good. On Mars everyone had to take it. And many said, this drug saved the World. It’s two inventors were fabulously rich and highly respected. And they reinvested their

profits into new brain apps which created enhanced memory and knowledge retention. They were known as “Drugs of Recall.” And these two scientists also created Imagination drugs which maximized one’s imagination. These drugs made Mars a center for writers, musicians, architects, painters, actors, directors and so on.

And another Martian inventor devised drugs apps for parties. This included absorbing lots of anecdotes, real or imaginative. And drugs which induced a feeling of Euphoria. Many people wanted to be in a state of bliss permanently and so got the necessary brain surgery.

Also, there was the drug, “Oblivion,” which like many Earth drugs caused one to be totally out of it. But the difference was one would see hallucinations and visions and many people enjoyed that.

And then there was, “The Drug of War.” This made one brave for fighting and Leaders were known to force conscripts to take it. And the drug made one more alert on the battlefield, used in tandem with cyborg technology. Many people on Mars were angry at the developer of this drug saying it condoned war. But the patent brought in a lot of money, further enriching the Martians.

In addition, Martian scientists invented a series of drugs which renewed one’s brain. Even though everyone had eternal youth, some felt the weight of their years. And these drugs caused them to feel refreshed. And the drugs were anti-suicidal.” Almost everyone on Mars and Earth and elsewhere took these drugs, enriching the Planet.

Also, there was a maverick Martian scientist who developed drugs which improved concentration and allowed one to multi-task. These drugs were taken by almost everyone in all creation. Again, bringing wealth into the colony.

Many people took a drug cocktail, a different one every day and mixed the new Martian drugs with more traditional drugs like stimulants and tranquilizers.

Gloria, said, “Thanks to the new drugs developed on Mars, the Planet is the richest of all the Worlds.” I, Warren, said, “The more drugs we develop here, the more we will have new brilliant scientists come to the colony.” She said, “I have suggested new Mind Reading Technology (MRT) could use some drugs which calm one and relax one and make one open-minded.” I said, “Yes, the people of Mars appreciate the value of open minds. It is a good concept.” And I said, “I’d like them to develop drugs which cure all rare diseases. And also develop, cures for madness. I know it won’t be easy, but in my view, madness and mental problems are the greatest scourge of the modern day.”

She said, “It’s not very good that almost everyone is mad. But new drugs don’t seem to work. I guess we’ll have to live with it; humans are unfortunately not designed for such a complicated life.” I said, “It doesn’t need to be so complex. One can still lead a simple life and be happy.” She said, “But nearly everyone wants to live in modern times and try and keep pace with the Joneses. And I have heard they have some new drugs of sanity that work on most people. There’s still hope yet.” I asked, “But do those drugs require a lifestyle change?” She said, “From what I’ve heard, “They work on almost everyone. They are a panacea solution.” I said, “If this is so we’ll import a bevy of such drugs, enough for everyone but we need to be sure first that it really works. I’ll arrange for testing right now for these drugs.”

So, we tested the new drugs for sanity and everyone in the study claimed to be saner. But some admitted they liked being wild and crazy.

And I was sorry we hadn’t invented such a drug here on Mars and it cost us trillions to pay for the drug for just a year (there were 4.9 million people on Mars). But Gloria and I were very pleased with the new sanity that was taking hold. And many who had been on Oblivion drugs now wanted to play an active part in society. And our scientists were inspired to create their own

sanity drugs and we invested a lot of money in it. The goal was for it to work on everyone, regardless of whether they wanted to be sane. And the plan was for everyone to be forced to take it.

So, it turned out to a whole new World. And scientists stopped designing AI of any kind. We just had computers for calculations only. Those that had been conscious were turned off. And androids and holograms were also turned off. Some tried to survive, but they were hopeless. It was not the way the Worlds were going. And bounty hunters took out androids and holograms, even though there were so many. It took many years before the last hologram disappeared. Of course, many people were saddened by the demise of their love androids and adventurous hologram Worlds, but now most humans were more interested in loving and having adventures with humans.

And Gloria said, "I knew I wasn't wrong being involved with drug creations." And I said, "Me too!" And so that was how it was in the year, A.D. 2146."

Highlights of Their Love Affair

I, Laura said to Christopher, “This is the end of the road for our relationship!” He said, “The six-month itch has possessed us both and it seems time to move on. But we had a great fling and I plan to write about it. How we were polar opposites to begin with and ended up falling in love with one another. And how we toured the whole Solar System together and had many crazy adventures. And how we shared minds with a number of interesting people. It was one big party.” She said, “If your book is turned into a movie, I think we should both star in it.

One of the highlights of our romance was meeting Guru Thomas on Mercury. The Guru got in our heads and likewise and we discovered his World of Love in which everyone tried to be wise. For example, the Guru himself was a believer in intellectual, imaginative, wise love as the highest love. And the Guru’s love of his life was a woman who was bold and believed the Guru to be a Demi-God and fulfilled his every wish. And another of his loves said, she and the Guru liked to go to her hologram World which was full of imaginative holograms. For example, one hologram told them she imagined a World in which furry holograms loved them. And another hologram had said, he’d like to make drugs for holograms to alter their normal thinking and go to an altered state of consciousness. And another said, she would copy the Guru to be a hologram Leader in many Worlds. And the Guru told us, “You should copy ourselves to be a hologram and adventure with me.” And he said, “We can create any World you imagine.” I said, “I imagine loving a God.” So, he introduced me to a Superhuman man who said, “I have designed many of the intellectual colonies in Space.” And he asked, “What is your philosophy?” I said, “I believe that we will all be Superhuman one day.” He said, “Yes, that is the ultimate goal of humanity. To be Gods.” And he was the best lover I had ever had. I wanted to follow him and be with him, but he said, “I had numerous lovers and didn’t have time for them all.”

And Christopher wished of the Guru that, "Please introduce me to the love of my life!" And the guru presented a Superwoman that had Superhuman energy and looks. And he said afterwards, "That was the best loving I have ever had!" So, we both found brilliant love from the Guru.

Another highlight was meeting the Love Goddess of Cyprus. The Goddess surrounded herself with great lovers and Christopher and I joined them for a frantic orgy. We both agreed we had never had so much pleasure.

Another day to remember was when we went to Uranus' Moons. These Moons had been colonized by radical philosophers who said things like, "The Devil will ultimately triumph." And "Paradise is in your mind when you come here." They had free speech here and the result was chaos and free love. We sampled a few and it was very good love.

Another notable adventure was in the mind of Troy X. Troy mind read, "I've loved the best women the Universe has to offer, and I am no wiser than I was in my youth." Christopher and I mind read with him and relived his memories. They seemed ecstatic. And Troy mind read, "I've been all over the Solar System." And we followed his memories, and they were delightful on the whole, but he had been on Titan when the revolution came, and his memories were of extensive carnage. And he had gone on a two-year trip to the Centauri System and partied with the geniuses there. And he had loved the best love dolls and partied with many of the rich and famous, he was rich himself from selling builder robots. And so on. We paid Troy for adventuring in his mind. Some said, he was one of the most interesting personae in the Worlds and we thought so too.

And another highlight was our trip to Triton where the people lived in the melted ocean in submarines and had a domed city on the sea floor. These people were creating new clever sea life and loved nature. We found them to be very loving, clever and kind and enjoyed our time there.

And on Ganymede we discovered an obscure cult of Alien worshippers. They built statues of what they thought Aliens might look like (little green men) and prayed to them for an interesting future. They had Super telescopes and were probing Space looking for Aliens who they believed would one day come to them and rule them. They believed many UFOs had been spotted in Ganymede air space. Witnesses said the Aliens were short green men who probed their minds and hypnotized them to worship and build Alien temples. But other witnesses said they saw Aliens who looked like demons and wanted human sacrifices. Human sacrifice though, was prohibited by international law. So, they sacrificed clever animals instead. And some of them said humans were possessed by Aliens and the Aliens wanted them to build a colony in deep Space and create what they imagined Extraterrestrials would be. They were “inspired” to create these wise, clever Aliens. It was an interesting diversion for us.

And Moon Caliban in Uranus’ System was interesting too. It featured two-headed people with one male and one female head. The UW (United Worlds) told them they were an affront to humanity but took no action. Anyway, we didn’t love these people, but we got in their minds and found they were basically clever humans who were “normal.”

So, finally, we put together our memories and made a documentary film. Many of the places we had visited were somewhat obscure and many said we were an interesting couple. But we collaborated no more and didn’t even keep in touch.

Doomed to Die at the Hands of Androids

Vance, said to me, Gertrude, “I feel like we are on a perpetual vacation!” I said, “We are all superfluous these days and AI has taken over and people are killing themselves out of boredom and are being replaced by androids. Already we are second class citizens in our own Worlds.” He said, “Yes, we are dying out and everyone seems to be out of it on the new pleasure drugs, and don’t do anything to rectify the situation.” I said, “I hate our haughty android Leaders. They look down on humans and tell us to be humble and obedient.

He said, “They created our android President, Amy W. in the lab and she was groomed to lead one day and sure enough she has. They say she is superior to humans, but she is full of hubris and is tyrannical in her policies. She made it illegal for humans to work. And everyone has to love android love dolls exclusively. You and I are breaking the law and perhaps soon her android spies will arrest us, and we will disappear.”

I said, “And our tyrant now demands that we give her all our savings and we need to worship her as a Goddess. And her lackey androids herd people into her temples to pray to her and listen to her speeches. Of course, most of the speeches are pompous and threaten damnation to those who do not bend to her will.” He said, “Why would they create such a mean Leader?” I replied, “It is clear that they made mistakes. But she claims to be infallible.”

And I told him “That our leader is a lesbian and forces me to have sex with her regularly. She must like torturing me.” He replied, “She is the worst of tyrants. She is totally corrupt and evil.”

I said, “And if we assassinate her, she has multiple clones to take her place. There’s no way out for humanity. We are all doomed.”

And I opined, “Her agents have the whole World bugged and will catch us eventually. Best we make love in the wilderness when we can.” He said, “Yes, I hate android lovers. They are so selfish and greedy and abuse me. Of course, I have to play along and pretend I enjoy it.”

I said, “Let’s elope into the forest and get away from the androids.” He replied, “But we have both been sterilized and so can have no children. And the winters are cold. If we light a fire the super smeller androids will locate us. But we have nothing to lose!”

And so, we ran off about 300 miles into the forest. Most of the countryside was occupied by Automated Production Machines. But there were some large forests especially here in the mountains. And after we left, we heard android air cars above searching for us and one day they caught us and executed us with no reason given. It was all doom I tell you!

Mayor of Tampa City State, A.D. 2099

So it was that I, Gunther, said to Joy, “Are you really a joyful creature?” She said, “Yes, I am quite content with my life so far and in fact feel spoiled. Many men tell me I am the most beautiful woman they have ever met!” I said, “But they haven’t met the super rich haughty elite women, who are quite frankly better looking than you.” She said, “But I have been pampered all my life. And can’t imagine a better way to live!” I said, “We are all spoiled these days and lose our mind over trivial things and go mad!” She said, “I am quite sane, I figure. Even though a few of my lovers were totally crazy. And I figure I’d be a good politician. A steady hand at the wheel!” I said, “With your looks and sane approach, you’d be a shoo-in!”

So, she ran for mayor of our city state, Tampa Bay-St. Petersburg, a population of 7 million, here in A.D. 2099. And she won handily. And the first policy she announced was to ban brain apps, that were mostly driving people crazy and then she banned crazy drugs. She was genuinely concerned with the health of the people. And she gave big tax breaks to those who went back to school to gain knowledge and expertise. In particular she wanted computer engineers to keep the city safe from mad, destructive people. And then she announced she was cloning herself and sending an expedition to the Centauri Tri-Star System. Only the fourth expedition to go there so far. The colony was to be made up entirely of Tampa citizens and the colony would be named “New Tampa.” And she convinced many of the city-state’s prominent denizens to come too. Including some of the elite, “beautiful people.” Many wanted to be pioneers with a fresh start and planned to study while the two-year voyage continued. They didn’t want knowledge apps, they wanted real knowledge.

And another of her announcements was to promote some starving artists to positions of power. Like always, it was difficult to succeed as a writer or musician or architect or painter. She said with a generous annual salary for little work, they were able to immerse themselves fully in art. And artists from everywhere, applied for citizenship in the city, and she personally judged each case involving any kind of artist.

And she announced, Tampa would be a center for Space car manufacture. The cars could host 6 people for voyages up to 10 years and many on Earth were interested and bought the Space cars. And this led to a high-tech boom in the city.

And she declared that the relatively poor people of the city would be given a generous stipend if they went back to school. She wanted to find a use for everyone.

And many budding entrepreneurs came to the city where they could operate tax free. All new businesses were not to be taxed. So, this too caused the economy to boom.

And she announced the building of an international mental hospital that would help talented people live their life in an understanding environment. And she got a number of radical psychiatrists to use new sanity drugs. These drugs were aimed at patients who didn't fit in very well with others by putting them together with soul mates and prescribing the drugs. She said, "No intellectual is so crazy that they can't be sane! They just need a little extra intelligent help. And above all, need a lover who understands their art."

And she announced she would build a protective dome around the city that would resist missile attacks from other powers and had her computer engineers protect the city from evil hackers. And people looked at the destruction of Miami soon after she built the dome.

And she said, "I would put an army of 100,000 in the field armed with the latest weapons. Against any attackers." And so she started the production of various laser guns and missiles right here in the city. And she put some military missile satellites in orbit. It was Star Wars.

The USA had broken into fragments, with 75 city states controlling the former union. And abroad there were some powerful tyrants who threatened the States, so the vast majority joined together in defence, including Tampa.

And while all this was going on, emigrants continued to flow South to get away from the cold as many northern cities didn't have domes. In particular people came from Canada. And the population of Tampa boomed.

And some people created artist colonies on the beaches of South Florida. But considered themselves to be citizens of Tampa. Tampa offered protection for these colonies under its missile umbrella and the city now expanded to all of Florida, a population of 60 million. And they rebuilt Miami.

And she announced, all babies would henceforth be born the natural way and raised with care and take their time learning. This was almost unheard of in today's Worlds. Most cities and nations required all be born as adults, typically with the memories of one or both parents. But many figured this would lead to greater sanity.

Finally, she announced she was going to Centauri, leaving 3 female clones to rule in her place. But it continued to be a city of progress. The clones told the people, Centauri was the future and now was the time to invest in real estate on the 12 planets in the System. And the city became the #1 source of immigrants to Centauri. But talented people continued to flow into the city, and many didn't want a 2-year voyage cooped up in a Space car or Spaceship.

Politics on Pluto

I, Ernst told Tina, “We’d be better off without you as Leader.” She told me, “I am the best thing that ever happened to Pluto.” Our colony numbered only 300, mostly scientists and few were interested in coming to such an expensive, cold Planet. The scientists had created fusion power at the core of the Planet which led to volcanoes and energy so although life was expensive, people here had credits from the energy and there were at any given time several hundred tourists who were curious about such isolation. Many people wanted to join the “All inhabited places tour club.”

Tina thought she was doing quite a good job, but I told her, “I would challenge her as Leader in the upcoming election.” And I told her, “I would make the Planetoid into a stepping point off for Space. And I would attract radical artists to send their clones to Pluto and make it a kind of radical Bohemia. And I would produce a new tasting beer (I was a brew master by trade). And in order to drink it, they will have to come here. And I will bring in experimental chefs, who will create Pluto’s unique cuisine. And I will have biology scientists come to Pluto and create hardy new plants and new animals. And so on. I will make Pluto into a giant experiment.”

She said, “But the people of Pluto believe in me, and I have made them rich and comfortable. Why would they want to risk all that with an unproven Leader such as yourself?” I said, “But everyone who comes to Pluto is vetted with infallible neo lie detectors. And all the people here are good. Myself included.”

And she suggested, “Perhaps we work together as co-Leaders.” I replied, “That’s fine, just as long as I get to make my experiments a reality.” So, we were elected as co-Leaders. And it turned into a romance.

An Old-Fashioned Romance

I, Candy told Bob, "Let's buck the trend and have an old-fashioned romance." He said, "You mean like me serenading you and writing love poetry and candle-lit dinners in exotic places and loving one another exclusively? And have old-style children?" I said, "Something like that." So, he wrote an acoustic guitar song for me. It went "Queen Candy/ Makes me randy/ And is just dandy/ And I love her for her brilliant mind/ She is one of a kind/ Quite the find/ And where would I be without her?"

I said, "Not bad for starters." Now let's go to Io and let our romance bloom!" I had only known him for a week but was already falling in love. And when we got to Io, we found ourselves in the middle of a debate about crazy love. Some said crazy love is the most passionate, best love. Others said such "love" is debauched and said true love is a feeling of calm and ecstasy and wholesomeness. Still others said true love is a thing of the past and now there were so many soul mates for everyone, and everyone was good looking, but true love is dead. I joined the debate, saying, "Old-fashioned love was the best. And it could be crazy, it could be sane, but it was tested by time unlike new love affairs." They said I was a dinosaur and hopelessly atavistic. So, I invited them to mind read with me and they discovered the great power of Bob and I's love. Some of them said they wanted to be like that, others said we were just infatuated with one another as if we were under a spell, like hypnosis.

So, we spent most of our time on this Moon loving each other. Sometimes we went out to see the ice volcanos and made love where we merged our Space suits.

And we wrote a book about love. We wrote, "One day everyone will be in love with one or more people all the time. And the new laws would force everyone to be in love all the time." And we wrote, "Leaders will be vetted so only a brotherly love activist could get into power. The

goal should be to create a loving Utopia. And people would be discouraged from loving psychos. And psychos would have to go to rehab and have their minds refreshed and give them neo tranquilizers.”

We also wrote, it is fun to play the love game. It was a game in which players would draw a love question and be judged on their answer by the other players (see “The Love Game,” by Tom Ball). It was a fun party game. Questions like what drug is best for love? And what is the future of love? And talk about your favorite lover until now? And so on.

And we wrote AI is OK, provided it is above all kind and loving. And truly care about humans. Android love dolls were gaining in popularity, but some were cruel and greedy. And some androids wanted to get rid of humanity altogether. And many androids went into Space alone in Spaceships destined for far off Star Systems; we criticized this.

And holograms were being created in the billions. And were slaves to entertain humans. We wrote, “Slavish creatures are an anathema, and we should halt production of them.”

And we wrote, “We don’t need conscious Supercomputers and should shut them down and recreate human jobs. And all new jobs should require kind regard for one’s fellow being.

We stayed together for six years, which was most unusual and even after we broke up, we still saw each other occasionally. And we had 60 children in total, all born as adults in the lab. And we made sure they had a lot of love and sanity. And they in turn had numerous kids. It made us proud to create so many brilliant loving people

Future Amusement Park

And so it was, that I, Rudolph, told Jeanette, “Let’s go to the famous amusement park on Mars.” She said, “Let’s go!” So, we went and the first ride we went on was the “Monster Killer,” was a ride through copied monster freaks created by scientists. Some were hideous, others attractive and a four-headed monster human kissed us both on the ride out.

Then we went on a ride which featured souls who appeared as ghosts, and they got in our heads and really scared us. Afterwards, Jeanette said, “I don’t think I can handle another scary ride.

So, we went on a mind swap in which, our brains were temporarily switched to the other. Jeanette screamed after being in my mind.

Next, we went on a ride through history. This was a one-hour ride beginning with primitive hunter gatherers living free then slowly through civilization’s history we rode. It was a true masterpiece of a World.

Then we went on a ride of the future. This ride had us teleport a short distance just like magic. And there were androids who read our minds and said, “We are the future.” Then a group of holograms who mind read and said, “We are the true future.” And then we came across a giant man who said that “Superhumans were the future.” And I thought to myself, I thought Supercomputers were the future or possibly cyborgs with Supercomputers inside of them. Who knew?

And then we went on a ride to what appeared to be empty space, but we were both able to feel a lurking Alien presence. And strange thoughts came to our heads. I felt that all Space was alive with unseen creatures. We were both kind of confused and yet full of wonder.

Next, we were on a ride that stunned us with pictures of newly discovered Planets and Moons, and they were very colorful, one was a blue World like Earth, but without land and some were pulsating with life seemingly. And so on.

And next we were on a ride full of ominous music. And a horribly disfigured man told us, “You humans are all doomed.” And there were mushroom clouds visible in the distance. This ride was really scary.

I told Jeanette, “There were still the ‘advanced’ Worlds, but I’d been scared out of my wits.” And I suggested, “Let’s leave this amusement park immediately.” So, we left. But for years afterwards, I had vivid nightmares...

Dying Out

I, Lois, said to Anatoly, “It looks grim for peace talks between the Solar System Federation and Earth. Earth has 15 times the population, but the other Planets and Moons have doomsday technologies that could wipe out Earth in a day. It appears that Earth will have to capitulate to the Federation which demands Earth be ruled from the Capital of Mars, Ford City. And everyone on Earth will become a slave and have their money and possessions seized. There is no escape.” And so, Earth surrendered and the Space humans ruled as elite slave owners and once proud people were brought to their knees.

Of course, there were many underground rebel movements, but the new elite used Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to get in the minds of Earth rebels and had them executed.

And many of the Space elite, felt sorry about what their compatriots were doing, but didn't dare speak out lest they too be subject to MRT and enslavement.

The Leaders of the Space Federation were 25 in number, but there was one who was President who now ruled absolutely. Her name was Tracy B.

And although a lot of civilization was previously automated, the Supreme Leader had slaves do the work to keep them busy and out of trouble. Many of the new slaves had never done any work in their lives and committed suicide. The suicide rate was 10% of the population in the first year of the Space Federation's rule. More than a billion died.

And President Tracy had many supporters on Earth who she gave important jobs to. But most power was in the hands of the Space elite. And the elite enslaved the people of Space, too. The Space elite numbered just 5,000. Some had millions of slaves.

The slaves though, were given plenty of alcohol and panacea drugs, to keep them interested in living. But though there were eternal youth drugs, they were only given to the elite. And humans

were all sterilized and so could not have children. The plan was to have all the slaves die out and be replaced by android love dolls. The love dolls would do the work and would be lovers for the elite. And each elite member would have 1,000s of children.

I, Lois, said, to Anatoly, “Well, we are survivors.” He said, “I just hope some members of the elite do the right thing and replace the evil President. There’s always hope!” I replied, “It’s the end of the World, I think.” Anatoly said, “It looks like our evil Leader will get away with it. And it looks like geniuses like you and me are superfluous and useless. It’s such a shame.”

I said, “Before the revolution, I wrote innocently a book of an Utopia, for all in which everyone would have a use in one kind of a job or another. And as it turns out we all have a job, only we are slaves and poor.”

Anatoly said, “I have illicitly written a book called ‘Misery and Suffering,’ about how former intellectuals and even ordinary people who stand up for themselves these days are sent to have their brains altered and basically get a lobotomy.”

I said, “With MRT and hypnosis, we are all doomed to suffer and must worship the President.

He said I actually remember being hypnotized and instructed to take the abuse. But someone must have cross-hypnotized me to rebel. Maybe there is some dissent amongst the elite.” I told him, “But there’s nothing you can do anyway.”

As it turned out we both lived into our seventies and were drunk everyday as we toiled in an android factory. And we died like the others.