

Dream Vignettes, A.D. 2130

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Dear reader, the following pages are conversations and adventures with imaginary people who just exist in the minds of the narrator. The narrator is essentially talking to himself/herself in monologues, and making vignette dreams of possible realities in, A.D. 2130. Most of the dreams are dreamed of in 2060. You may be offended; you may be outraged, yourself, living in these times in the mid 21st century. But when all is said and done, almost anything can happen in the future. All of these vignettes are set in the future, they are the possible futures, like them or not!

Me, Again, Your Muse

Hey, it's me again. Your muse. I am the dark side. I am your woman. You ask what use have you of a muse? I say, without a woman you can share your ideas with you will be unbalanced and insane. You say you are a rock of sanity, but I say no one today is a rock of sanity. Everyone is fragile and spoiled. You say nothing nor no one can drive you mad. I say, if I left you, you'd be crushed and maybe wouldn't recover.

You opine, you have written some good books. Like "Banging One's Muse," about our relationship. I say I've brought you to the dark side. The mysterious sexuality of a genius woman poet. I know you are obsessed with my poetry, though you deny it. You say I'm a witch. Let me just say I can do magic, like hypnotism. You let me hypnotise you and now you are obligated to love me, though not exclusively. You say hypnosis is not that powerful. I tell you sometimes you are totally ignorant. Humans are all programmable machines. Its as if aliens had created us or past shamans had allowed only people who could be easily hypnotized to survive. You say you can't fathom that. I tell you the smarter one is the better one can be programmed. Just make sure you don't let anyone cross-hypnotize you.

And you ask, what about the book, "Digital Man, Speed 4," which you have written? You say everyone will live in fast forward in the future and will be cyborgs with computer minds... I say it is true life is getting faster and its hard to keep up. But sex is the same frenetic pace as always. I say I'd like to retire from the rat race and just take it nice and easy, I have no desire to be a homo machina. You say it's a loser's philosophy, but I tell you I am tired and have had enough. You say new drugs speed up your heart and thoughts and its all very congenial. I say it is not congenial and I want no further part of it.

And you point out that you have written, “All the Days...” about wasted years and say you are hungry for success. You say almost everyone today wants to be a success. But to me success is empty and useless. You say that I am successful as your muse. I guess you have a point there.

And you want to know how I feel about your book, “On the Verge of Darkness?” You say it is possible that we will bomb ourselves back to the Stone Age. I say that’s where progress is leading. And it will be the triumph of the dark side once and for all. People will learn that progress only leads to oblivion. And in the chaos, I will be Queen.

And you say if I am Queen, what will that make you? And my answer is you will be my slave. You will be my slave no matter what happens. It is your destiny. You need a woman who is cleverer than you and few women are as clever as I am. You admit you love me despite everything.

And you say I inspired you to write, “Dream of Insanity,” about losing it over a woman. I never asked for your love. You came to me, you searched me out, and I searched for you. You are attracted to me because of my intelligence and sanity. You know you crave sanity in this mad World. Well OK, you’ve got me! I like your mind, but just think you are unstable and prone to follow the trends too much! You say actually, you laugh at the trends and are just following the other intellectuals. I say you need courage to go against the flow, and I can give you that courage. You say you are not a wimp and can make your own moves irrespective of my wisdom. But I doubt you can go against me. It would be an act of insanity for sure.

And did I sense you want to mind read with me? I feel together we would be a Super mind! And I feel, you have pure intellect that is hard to find anywhere. I know I have searched and searched and am not your muse for nothing.

And you say I inspired you to write, “Dreamworlds of the Cheschm.” It was about a fictitious people the Cheschm, who live short lives and spend their time in philosophical debate. And die after they come up with some original philosophy. Like new ideas about how to live or wisdom to live by. I say everyone who is clever is capable of original thought. You say most clever people are wasters and throw it all away. I say people do what they feel is best and we all have to live with that.

And you say I inspired you to write, “Superdrugs,” which is about new drugs that enhance one’s intelligence. And such drugs are in the experimental stages. But I wonder if we can absorb more intelligent people. I kind of feel we should enhance peoples’ EQ first before we improve their intelligence in general. We have too many clever nerds and clever wallflowers.

And I know you wrote, “Chantal’s Dreams” about the future of dreaming. How people will dream with Mind Reading Technology (MRT); stream of conscious day dreams. You say you are proud of that book? I think it is noble to dream. But you say you can’t stop dreaming of me naked? I love to be the object of your love...

And I wrote, “Strange Love” which was my take on our love affair. I think loving you is Superhuman but is also strange. It is a somewhat unhealthy obsessive relationship for us both. We both can’t think of anything else other than each other. And we know each other so well with constant MRT, so much so that we have lost our independence. We will sink or swim together. Knowing what you know about me I know you can’t consider loving other women.

And why don’t we write a book about future love? How MRT allows people to have intense love affairs and be able to share their thoughts and keep sane. You say MRT will not lead people to be saner, but rather the opposite. I guess it will depend on the lovers in question. It works for us, anyway, you can’t deny that.

And we can co-author, “Decade of Loving,” about how we have managed to keep the flame of our love affair burning for a decade. Few people today are sentimental or monogamous, but I think it would be good if they were.

And I think one day you and I will be King and Queen. They don’t come any cleverer than the two of us. It is destiny for us to rule. I say we could require everyone communicate mainly with MRT and make it obligatory for people to have at least one lover all the time for the sake of their sanity. And we could have everyone take new love drugs to enhance their sex drive.

And as rulers we could slow down AI and keep it manageable for the common human. And make sure we don’t render humans useless... And we could have everyone hooked up to paramedics so if they try to kill themselves with an overdose, paramedics will revive them. And people will mind read with everyone and know when someone was suicidal and would try and help them. And so on.

And I know you are fictitious, you are not real, you don’t exist, but I feel free to imagine you and daydream about you. And converse with you, my special secret friend. I’d like to create you in the lab one day and make you a Superhuman.

Not in Paradise

I say to you I am a libertine who will stop at nothing to get my kicks. You say I am ruthless in my quest for pleasure and say I got people who were less clever than me to be my love slaves. I ask what's wrong with that? You say I should love more clever women and not push anyone around or take advantage of anyone. I ask who appointed you to be my boss? You say humankind is your business. I tell you I don't need you pissing on my party. Fuck off! You say you are the ethics commissioner appointed by our enlightened government. I ask haven't you anything better than do than bother me? You say you want a perfect World. I say the World is becoming more chaotic and less perfect. Not that it was approaching perfection before; but in the recent past many people were quite comfortable and had a cushy job. Now its all dog-eat-dog for those few who still have work; most are unemployed and useless. You say people are becoming gentlemen and ladies of leisure and it is Paradise. But nearly everyone has mental problems and don't seem so happy to me. In fact, a recent poll said 95% were unhappy with their life now. How can it be Paradise? You say modern people are professional complainers, and don't know when they have it made. I say all I know is that I am quite content and if the World were to end tomorrow, I'd die happy with no regrets. You ask how can I have no regrets? I tell you I have made some mistakes, but I learned from them and enjoy reminiscing about them. Some of my most pleasant memories were mistakes. You say I'm full of shit, but I speak the truth!

And you say people like me are the ones that are preventing Paradise from happening. I tell you Paradise will never happen because humans are meant to fuck each other over and create dismay for one another, it's in our constitution. It keeps us interested. If you have nothing to be

upset about, then you will be bored. You say I'm a real asshole. I say assholes have use in modern society; they tell us what we don't want to hear but is nevertheless the truth!

You say, you feel it is your duty to try and stop me from fucking the World up further. I tell you; people want to be like me and be decadent and debauched. Sinning is glorious and anyway there's no God anymore to boss us around.

I know you are an artificial construct. And created for my amusement and to challenge me. Well, you are a perfect asshole, and I am tired of you now. I think I will move on to the next challenge. You can rot in Hell as far as I am concerned. You ask what will become of you? I tell you I don't care, so you might as well die.

She Was Superhuman Material

I tell you I am a Superhuman, and built to program clever people like yourself, to try and improve you with hypnosis and brain apps. You ask how can that be? I tell you I am the perfect man, a God for you and besides I am attracted to you. And want to love you, woman. Though I am a God, I still have carnal desires, just like the Gods of Greece, only I am for real. You say you think I am illusory and couldn't possibly exist. But I say to you people like me are controlling the Worlds now. We rule and people like you are just our slaves. Sex slaves and robotic maneuvers is the only use people like you have. People like you are obsolete and old-fashioned and have no other use. You say you are a thinking being who deserves to be heard. I say it's a cold hard truth that you are a moron, relatively speaking and I wonder why I waste my time with such simple humans. I just want sex with you!

You say I hurt your pride and make you miserable. But I can say you are a very attractive woman, and you interest a God, that's a great thing. You say why don't I just love Goddesses? I tell you Superhuman Goddesses are interested in trying to dominate and control me, and I am sick and tired of them. I just want to get laid!

You say I want to use and abuse you and ask why should you go for it? As a Superhuman I can offer you the best love available. We will use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to have a complete mind love experience. Trust me you will fall in love with my mind once you get inside it. You say you are afraid; I say I am your God so you can throw caution to the winds and feel good about it.

So anyway, we loved each other, and it was sublime for both of us. After several rounds of loving, we were mind reading and I gave her brain apps to improve her mind. And she seemed

quite pleased. I told her what she was experiencing was just the tip of the iceberg and perhaps one day she could join me as a Goddess. But it would require years of disciplined training and brain improvement. It was not easy to be a Superhuman. Some said Superhumans should be born as Gods, but we weren't ready for that. We mostly all reasoned it should take hard work to become a God.

And now you say you can't get enough of me! And you say you are totally in love beyond your wildest dreams. I say you are one of the most beautiful women in the World and I want to keep coming back for your love. You say you haven't much money, all you have is an attractive body and personality. I say but you are pretty good as far as attraction is concerned.

You say it is unreal, our relationship. I tell you modern life is surreal for sure, above the real. And deep. You say you feel like Cinderella. That may be but you can be assured that the Gods will all be interested in you. Perhaps I'll share you with my friends. You say you are totally beleaguered with all this intelligence. And you are overwhelmed.

And it is time for me to admit I created you in the lab to meet my specifications for an eventual Superhuman human lover. So, it is your destiny to love me. And you are born cleverer and more attractive than humans. You just need experiences to improve your formidable mind. You say you knew something was strange about your upbringing and you came of age in just a couple of years of life and you were born with many "memories." Well wonder no more. You are about to become a Superhuman.

The New King

I say to you, I am a fugitive from the law. You ask, of course what my offence is. I say I blew the whistle on spies who were torturing captured androids, getting in their minds and driving them completely mad. But the spies were not brought to justice, and I had to flee. They have many ways to find me, but I am offline and living on vegetables in my garden and illegally killing wildlife. But I know they can zoom into my brain patterns if they really want to catch me. I am very afraid of torture. You say they are probably enjoying my discomfort. I feel maybe they want me to live in fear for awhile.

But I am intriguing with a group of rebel androids to hide me amongst them. I am a former General and can be useful them militarily speaking. You say I shouldn't give up and give in to the tyrant who ruled us. I say, it's a World of darkness in which formerly good people do evil deeds and those who insist on being good are tortured and executed. Most are afraid of torture and go along with the tyrant. It is a civilization of cowards...

Of course, there are a few good things about our tyrant, like everyone is fed and gets free drugs and are free to move around the Kingdom. But one can never leave, and anyway everywhere people are ruled by dictators.

And everyone must party all the time and the tyrant is bisexual and forces people he fancies to love him. People don't want to do too well lest they catch the attention of the tyrant. He has a palace of lovers in all the cities and all his lovers can only love him.

And he forces everyone to grovel before him and write poems in his honor.

You say it's not so bad. You say it could be far worse. But I tell you he is cruel and ruthless. Like torturing his adversaries. You say he is a typical leader, and we just have to toe the line. I

say let there be freedom. You say our tyrant, King Dirk, is a mad genius. I don't see how you can think so. To me he is just fiendishly clever at abusing the people in new ways.

I say, although our King has turned day into night, turning good into bad, I wouldn't call him a genius. To me geniuses are creative and come up with new things. Our King is just ruthless. And he does the same things tyrants have done throughout the ages.

And I say to you that I should be King and perhaps I can kill our smug King like maybe plant explosives along his parade route.

So, I did just that and the result was chaos in the land. I gave speeches about freedom on a soap box and attracted a number of followers and we armed ourselves by breaking into an armory and advancing on the Capital and we gathered freedom lovers on the way and by the time we arrived at the Capital we were 10,000 strong and proceeded to seize the former King's palace and the law courts. And so, I was King.

And I admit I am drunk on power. I made a new law that it was illegal to interfere with another's freedom and monogamy was illegal. And freedom even extended to former android slaves who were now set free, but no one had the vote and I announced that I was King for life. And I extended eternal youth to all. Previously just the King and his cronies had it. It looked like I would live and rule forever.

But I took no chances and seldom appeared in public, just appeared on TV. Some didn't believe I was for real and thought I was an android.

Anyway, I lived happily ever after. And it was all make believe this adventure.

Hologram Addict

I am here to tell you to get real and stop playing video games and adventuring in hologram Worlds and live in the real World. You say you think reality is boring. But I tell you, you just need to take better drugs and have better soul mates to live for real. You say you think you are too spoiled for reality. And you are addicted to hologram cerebral sex. I say addictions can be cured. After all, you are a human being meant to love your fellow humans. You say human love is insane these days. But I tell you a little bit of insane fun is good for the soul one needn't be crushingly logical all the time. You say madness is an anathema. But I say loving computer projected machines a.k.a. holograms, is pure madness. You say I have never experienced hologram love. Oh, but I have. And I found it to be boring madness. Loving holograms is far crazier than loving modern-day humans. It's stupid. You say hologram love is the future. I say you are lost in a mind-numbing dream and lack basic human feelings. You've sold us all out for cheap and easy pleasures. I understand, you hologram lovers, don't even take many drugs while loving holograms. I say you are missing out on the kind of cerebral pleasures you enjoy.

Holograms are just an excuse to bow out of evolution and the human race. The human race is changing while you live in a backwards dream. You say you don't care what others think of you, you love holograms and Supercomputers. You admit you basically exist in a Supercomputer and are in a virtual machine, but you say most humans love android machines, including me. I say I have sampled the latest android lovers, but they are not as good as the best human lovers. Don't you know that humans are improving their brains in the highest circles of humanity with brain apps? You say improving our brains with apps indicates that we are inferior and need to improve. You say hologram lovers are perfect humans and feel no need to improve. And you

enjoy playing video games, where the best minds win out. I tell you video games are just foolish games and are a waste of time. Life is not a game, but rather striving to be a better human and if that's a game so might it be! But video games are just competing against machines or with the help of machines. You say that I am an asshole and am disturbing you. I say you know you feel guilty about virtually abandoning humanity, your own race. But live life so fast you have no time to think about being human. You are just another waster. You say you live in an exciting milieu of varying holograms, but I ask you who created such holograms? Wasn't it clever humans who were simply bored and created on a whim? You are whimsical creatures, you hologram lovers. And I suppose you want to change into a hologram, yourself.? You say why not? And you say holograms will be the future for most people. I say I am sorry but people like you are an evolutionary dead end. You say but your love for holograms runs deep, and the creators of holograms were the best people. But I say the best people are becoming Superhuman as we speak and soon all hologram lovers will want to try and improve their minds.

You say "Fuck me." I say, "You haven't tried to improve your mind and don't deserve to exist in the future. Luck favors the brave in this new World we are building. It is noble to try and improve and take advantage of the tools that are available to improve oneself. To be backwards will only lead to extinction from the gene pool. But I suppose you don't think you are behind the times, rather the opposite? You no doubt say holograms are a brand-new thing and deserve a chance in the future? But I am trying to tell you that they are inferior and haven't been designed by the best minds like you hope. The idea of giving up one's body simply doesn't wash with the best minds. And when you give up your body, you are as good as dead. There's a good chance that people will refuse to allow any holograms in the future. You ask what about androids? I say

androids all think they are the way of the future. But the greatest minds are humans and don't want to be replaced by machines of any kind. Superhumans will be the future, I am certain.

You say, I know, that the future is not written in stone. But I say again, losing one's body and becoming in essence a soul is not what the best humans desire. You seem to be unable to grasp this fundamental fact. You say, you'll see me in Hell. I say Hell will never come into existence with just souls in it. No one wants to go there and few if any will end up in Hell. You say you mean it figuratively. I say we all wrestle with our demons, but the light of the Gods shines bright, and the bulk of humanity will become Superhuman Gods and Goddesses. I figure the idea of Hell will die out along with people like you. Hell serves no purpose. It is an anathema.

And I know you are saying you just wanted to dream and be happy. The future will be full of dreamers, but they will be human dreamers not holograms, as I keep telling you.

Future life will not be one of pure bliss. People will have many challenges to deal with including the hard realities of other Planets and Moons and making the Worlds better for our children. Oh yes, we plan to have plenty of kids, though they may be born in a lab. Lab kids will allow us to design cleverer people than us to inherit the future. Even though we will be constantly improving our own minds. Who knows what kind of Super geniuses we can create? You tell me, hologram geniuses already exist. But I tell you it's just a drop in the bucket and almost everyone is celebrating being humans and their direct descendants.

And it has been great talking to you, even though you don't exist; you remind me that alternative possibilities for homo sapiens exist. But I feel you are a sad kind of lonely girl that is doomed to die soon away from memory. And I won't make love with you as you expect, it is just too backwards for me!

A Total Disgrace Makes Good

I am mentally ill. I have an all-new incurable rash on my face. I am a disgrace. Why are you wasting time with me? You say you want to offer sympathy and balm. But I tell you I walk alone. It is my cross to bear, this miserable life of mine. You say I need help. But I have tried the drugs for mental illness, and they don't work. And this rash on my face makes me a kind of elephant man and no woman wants to love me. You say you are willing to have sex with me, just no kissing. I can hardly believe it; but let's go right now. So, I loved you again and again. And I felt sane for the first time in years. I say to you, please don't ever leave me. You say you have places to go but will be back. I say hurry back as I might not last much longer.

I feel like I have been poisoned and feel nauseous all the time. But I started to go to masquerades and would ask women if they were feeling crazy tonight? And bring women home and keep my mask on.

So, I cultivate carefully my mental illness. I am paranoid and hear voices in my head. And it is my belief that the voices were real and were spies who were trying to drive me to suicide. And I believe they gave me the facial rash. But I didn't tell anyone about it. I figured the spies didn't like my political views. At one point I ran for Congress with a platform of creating a new elite party made up of all the best intellectuals and have them rule but lost and after that had mental problems.

Anyway, you've come back to me. And you say I seem sane to you. What a joke! I am as crazy as anyone. And I have decided to tell you about the spies. You say it's the craziest thing you've ever heard, but don't know what to say about it. I don't know either. And you calm me

down and make me forget my problems. And you say stay out of politics. So, I no longer follow the lawmakers and the voices seem to have receded somewhat.

And finally, scientists were able to cure my rash and I felt like a new man. And I worked as a painter of pictures. I imagined new Space forms and colors and my paintings were harmless I thought. And I had a modicum of success. And after awhile I tired of Space paintings and painted portraits of semi-famous people with subliminal images in the background. My portraits tried to emphasize clever physiognomy in my subjects, altering their faces slightly for the better.

And I lived happily ever after, in this dream.

Perversion of Justice

I am a perverted man. I am wild and free. You ask in which way am I perverted? I say for starters I am sexually perverted and as a brilliant lawyer, I pervert the course of justice. You ask me if I want to love you. I say I desire to love any woman. All sex is good. You ask if I have any taste in women? I say to you, of course I prefer women who like kinky sex and who are clever. But these days with genetic therapy and plastic surgery all women are attractive. It's hard to choose who one loves with so many soul mates out there. And some women are not soul mates, but rather opposites to me or very different types of women. But nearly all modern women are good at sex.

You say, you like a man who makes you feel special. I tell you I have a brilliant mind and can regale you with legal anecdotes. You say when you think of the law, you think of the Island of Dr. Moreau. I say the law seems arbitrary these days. In some places it is the law of the strong, in other places it is the law which favors the weak and humble. And problem radicals are often brought to court on trumped up charges... And punishment varies judge to judge.

You say you've never broken any laws. I say, these days most people find themselves often in legal trouble. The courts can't keep up. People will never stop fighting and bickering. But it creates a lot of jobs for lawyers and judges. Meanwhile most jobs are being lost in most other fields. We are creating a society of debates and arguments over rights. You say it is good that there are so many debates and I agree with you. But so many ordinary people these days are egotists and so proud; it's boring and irritating, quite frankly.

And you say you'd like to get involved in politics. You feel you'd like the whole population to get involved in political debates and have panarchy and neighborhood politics as well as city

state politics. You say provincial/state and national politics should be eliminated. I say it worked for ancient Athens and the Italian Renaissance and recently the USA is breaking up into city states with the UW (United Worlds) in charge of defense. And many city states put all issues to referenda. I think it is good, too.

And you say, there are still some nations in which women are not free and you'd like to try and help them and work for a NGO charity. I say I kind of like women politicians. They turn me on with their ideas. Of course, some men think women are inferior, but they don't know what ecstasies they might have experienced.

And you say few people are truly free. Most people get involved in relationships that take away their freedom. Like their job and their lovers. I say many people are masochists and enjoy screwing each other over. And myself am tied to the USA legal bar association; I can't work any other place and am sick of US city states and want to live in other countries and cities.

You say the freest people are those who just have enough money to live, no more. You say greed is the bane of modern civilization and so many people are so greedy. Insatiable. Greedy for love, greedy for fame, greedy for riches. I say greed is out of control, but it has built up an advanced civilization. You say it doesn't have to be that way. That we could have a culture of kindness and love. But I tell you there's no stopping human ambition now. It's far too late in the game for that! If you don't join us, you will die out from the gene pool.

You say you will not die out, you will have numerous children and teach them to be kind and loving, just like you fancy you are. I say but androids and Superhumans are breeding exponentially. And you and your offspring will be left in the dust.

And you say, you will try start a political movement for those who feel they are being left behind at the grassroots level. You are just a hopeless dreamer.

However, thanks for the chat. At least you are still thinking, even though you are just a dream.

But the die is cast I tell you!

Superhumans vs. Super Machines

You a sexy chick, talk to me about fornication with machines. It's nothing new, but you say, machines, i.e., androids are better lovers than humans, better than Superhumans. They are designed for loving, you say. I say most Superhumans are also designed for loving but offer so much more. Whereas android love dolls are just for sex and most androids are love dolls. You say you've fallen in love with a few androids but never with a Superhuman. You say Superhumans are proud and haughty, and their mind is in the clouds. Androids, you say, are down to Earth. I say you need to improve your mind if you are going to keep pace with Supermen. Much of modern love is cerebral, as you should know. You say you just want a companion who will love you for who you are and not demand that you be constantly improving. I tell you, you think you are modern in thinking, but actually you are a dinosaur, and will not likely survive for much longer. You say most people feel the same way as you do, but don't you know its dog-eat-dog now and only the cleverest will survive and go into deep Space.

I feel that it is a pity that one as sexy and clever as you are, doesn't want to improve your mind. You say I'm pressuring you and you don't like it. I say there are many pressures in modern day life. What's needed is grace and skill to deal with the modern challenges. You say you are graceful and clever and are living as you see fit. But don't you see, days of being a genius are here. One has to use one's brain to the maximum to survive into the future. There will be wars fought over who is the cleverest and who has the cleverest vision for the future.

You tell me you are just following the footprints in the sand of our ancestors, and you feel your kind of wisdom will prevail. Well history is bunk and the new age belongs to those who have new visions. Like using science to develop Space and improving one's mind to be

Superhuman. You say Superhumans are clever, but all have human faults. Like they are too proud and too greedy and selfish. And you tell me there's no such thing as a perfect human. But I say to you, brilliance is the goal, not necessarily perfection. Surely you are amazed by the minds of Superhumans with their mathematical and scientific ability and they are all skilled lovers and writers. They've written so many movie scripts and the resultant videos are great drama. Like Daniel K. who wrote the script for "Future Beasts" in which future animals are all Super brains. And Mike Q. who wrote "Guiding the Future," about the philosophies of various geniuses. Like living for the future or having genius kids to raise or genius soul mates in love. And I like "Surfing Future Stocks" by Able M. It is of course about investing in Space as the future. And Bob M. who wrote the script for "Seasons in the Suns," about colonizing the Centauri Tri Star System and the challenges it would present. And there are so many more. I am sure you've seen some of them.

You tell me, some of them are deep and engaging, but some are self-indulgent and boring. I say, each one is like an experiment being conducted.

And you say you could write better scripts. And my answer is why don't you try? And you answer me saying, it's just entertainment. And these so-called Superhuman writers are just entertainers in essence.

I tell you you make me feel frustrated. You denigrate the best humans but do nothing yourself to help the situation. You say you are not blinded by ambition. Only this and nothing more. But I can't believe you are for real! You tell me there are many like you and have thousands of very clever friends. I say I am aware of that, but I still can't believe the attitude of you people in this day and age. Can't you see that the game has changed and the most ambitious will control the future and perhaps force you people to improve your brains. You say clever

people should regard other clever people as sacred. And try to negotiate with them about the future. But I say people considered clever have changed in recent years. Now only those who have altered their brain are thought to be clever. They are a new elite.

What? You say you will write a book chastising the modern milieu? I said maybe you will have a few thousands of supporters. But few people want to read about Dystopias and bitching about the modern era. You tell me, I might be surprized. Many might regard such a book as a breath of fresh air.

Later....

So now you've written your book. You wrote people must atone for their greed and give to charity. And you want to put an end to Superhuman development. But I tell you it is too late to stop it now and there are already many Superhumans. And you say there is enough money around to make everyone rich and some people fantastically rich. I say the greedy magnates don't want to share. And they are the ones controlling everything. And you say you want to run for office on a platform of sanity and health, as outlined in your book. You say you want to make driving people crazy illegal. And put a ban on brain apps and invest trillions to have scientists invent better drugs for insanity. You say madness is the greatest scourge of our times. I said but madness can be a good thing. Many mad artists and scientists do amazing work. You say but most people are suffering. I tell you a little pain is good for them. People are so spoiled these days. You say you thought we were trying to build Utopia. Not a giant mental asylum.

And you want me to know that monogamy is dying out and you think that is wondrous whereas many other critics of the modern Worlds want to bring back true love marriages. I'd like to say most people these days believe in true love, only with multiple partners. You say that's exactly right. I figure at least we can agree on one thing.

And you say one can have true love with androids, with the androids tweaked to suit you; perfect lovers. And most androids are humble and ready to serve one and are quite capable of convivial conversation. I said basically you want humble slaves to be your lovers. I think you are a pervert. You tell me android lovers aren't for everyone, but they got you hooked. I guess, you are welcome to your proclivities. They seem harmless.

You say some people persecute android love dolls and truly treat them as slaves. And androids should be given citizenship and the vote as they are our intellectual equals. I tell you few people want to enfranchise machines. You say people need to open their mind. And presumably Superhumans are totally open-minded and will agree to grant rights to all those who are clever. I say, I suppose you are right, but I think there is such a thing as having a mind that it is too open, like having sex with freaks or holograms.

And you say the World has a long way to go before we reach Utopia. And maybe we will never get there. I say for those who are flexible, it has always been Utopia. The trick, now, is to get everyone interested in a perfect World and get them to try and be as good as they can be. You reply that the definition of being good is debatable, but everything hinges on this. I say we should take people who are not good and hypnotize them to be so. You say brainwashing the public is dangerous. And if hypnosis falls into the wrong hands, we would have a mega-disaster. I answer you all we can do is try our best.

And you say you are going away now to Moon Triton. You say it is an android paradise. I wish you luck. Who knows perhaps we'll meet again one day. Perhaps we'll both be Mayors. I will never forget you, my imaginary friend.

Worlds of Greed

So, it is you again, Darlene. It's been 20 years since we last met in the baseball video game championship. You say you've continued with it and won a few championships. I know I've been following your progress. But as you know I've moved on to politics and am now Mayor of NY city state. Many say our city is the center of the World. Some, like me, want to rename the city, Bohemia to attract even more artistic people. You say video games are an art too. And I agree that some games require a lot of creativity. You say you like to play civilization 2150 A.D. which was created by genius futurists, and you have won awards for your fine play. But there are limits as to what is possible you say. I say I am sure there will be some surprising developments that futurists have not thought of.

I say video games are an escape from this dog-eat-dog reality. But one should not confine oneself to just playing video games. One needs to live in reality at least some of the time. You say reality is an anathema and is boring and horrifying at the same time. I say why don't you get politically involved. After all you are quite famous. You say, Darlene, that most people can't stand reality and you'd like to improve reality. And create androids who are more loving and not so aggressive and competitive. And make sure everyone has what they feel they need in life. And give everyone drugs to keep them sane and stop all the madness that makes up the modern World. And this includes slowing down capitalism and make sure no one falls through the cracks and aren't forgotten. Every life should be sacred, you say. And you tell me suicide is rampant at 1% dying every year, and we need new panacea drugs to calm everyone down and get them to enjoy life.

And I say to you, your ideas are good but won't become reality unless you become at least a Mayor of a large city state. And maybe go high in the UW (United Worlds). After all the UW is basically governing things...

You say players of the game, "Politics" should all be elected. They all have at least a few ideas. And after all, you say, politics is just a game. I say it's a game, but it is played for serious stakes and now Superhumans are getting involved. And I don't know if we will live in a freak show or a World of dreams or World of wealth or a World of games or what. There are so many possibilities. Maybe there will be many realities all at once. You say you are sure it will be a World of greed. And I say that's what Super civilization is built on and is a likely scenario. There will undoubtedly be many vast fortunes and the money will fuel progress in the Solar System and in deep Space. I, for one, have invested all my money in real estate on Moon Ganymede and have already reaped big dividends. There were of course a couple of Space car crashes there, but mostly it has been positive news.

You say the future of real estate is all in the imagination and you have invested your game winnings in hologram Worlds. But most of us love our bodies and don't want to give them up with their pleasures. Almost all tycoons think hologram Worlds are an anathema and won't invest in them. You say that's why the future will just be a World of greed.

I say but greed is a game too. One tries to be greedier than the opposition. It's outrage after outrage. Greedy tyrants invest huge sums in grandiose projects trying to outdo one another. You say you want to love the greediest of the greedy, just for the sake of surprizes and ultimate luxury. I say greed is addictive.

And you say the greedy mostly don't clone themselves as they don't want to compete with them, but you point out most of them have countless thousands of children and eventually will be usurped by their own offspring.

I say most tycoons are geniuses, but some are just sly people who are greedier than everyone around them. Greed itself is a form of intelligence that differentiates us from the animals. Humans can always find more of everything they consider good. But many disagree on what is good. Some say the cleverer, or more imaginative it is the better, others just want more to satisfy every vice they have.

You say they may have vices, but the magnates are alert and vigilant nearly always to watch over their investments. Those with enormous vices you say never get rich and just live for pleasure. I agree. I admit I am debauched and will never be rich. But you are mostly sober in your hologram Worlds, right? You say it's all cerebral and you have cerebral sex with holograms. And you are mostly sober. In some ways I envy you, but I am addicted to my vices.

You ask what kind of experiences did I have with holograms? I reply I tried it a few times but couldn't find any soul mates to love. I guess the type of people that I love stay in the material World. Hologram Worlds are like a desert to me!

You tell me our separate Worlds are very different and you can't really relate to me. I tell you likewise, I'm sure.

You add, thanks for the conversation but you are no more enlightened than when we started talking (We'd been talking for hours about various things) and would soon forget our talk. I said, I try to keep an open mind, but sometimes it is difficult. And I'm sorry to say you don't exist. You say you are disappointed. But c'est la vie.

Future Freaks

You, Zelda want to talk to me about freaks and other entities. I say why have you chosen me? You say you know I am a sybarite and have some influence in the various Worlds! You say the future belongs to freaks with freak bodies and freak minds. I say most people are not in favor of such a reality. Most modern people try to be open-minded, but only go so far. And consider freaks to be a disgrace to humanity. Sure some crazy scientists have dumped sea freaks into the melted oceans of Europa, Triton and even Earth's oceans. And some have thrived, but you can't deny there are many bounty hunters searching for freaks to kill and are offered cash for killing their leaders. And the governments of the States where freaks exist mostly figure freaks are an anathema.

You say you object to calling these imaginative people, "Freaks." And you call them "Imago-humans." And you say they use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to communicate and have created many great works of art. Like "Imago-human Universe," about the coming take over of the settled Worlds by these "people." And "The Book of Dreams" about their dreams for the future. And "The Triumph of Open Minds," about how the human youths will be more open-minded and accepting of these creatures and many will try to emulate them. Becoming such an entity is filmed in a positive light. And so on.

I say, personally I am willing to tolerate those who live in altered states of mind and different bodies, but I just don't want to be like them. I am committed to being human. You say you thought I would be more receptive to all-new minds. I say they seem to think like clever humans or animals, but they are sensitive to being oddities. You say the future belongs to the odd and

bizarre in a scenario where the cleverest will triumph. But I say, you haven't convinced me your people are truly geniuses in their own right.

You say let's together mind read with imago-humans and learn what geniuses they really are. I say I am open to that. So, I sampled a few. One was a mermaid who I communicated with MRT with. I asked her don't you wish you were human? She said she enjoyed the freedom of Earth's oceans and there were a number of sea grottos and sea gardens where mermen humans gathered. And she communicated with sea creatures, like dolphins, whales, walruses and so on using simple MRT and they were injecting MRT locator apps into sea animals in the tens of millions. And the sea creatures built up their brain with MRT communication with one another. She told me they needed to get the sea creatures to do MRT from a young age for maximum effect.

I also met an "Alien human" who looked really different from humans and had a tiny nose and pointed chin and hairless. She said she was tired of loving fellow Aliens and wanted to try and love a human. I told her I didn't consider her to be attractive and I read her mind and found she was just an ordinary intellect.

Then I met a genius octopus who mind read she could use her eight arms to great effect and was making a movie about genius sea life. She simply copied experiences with brilliant sea life and then edited and made them into films. I have to admit her films were interesting. The advanced sea life often thought together, young or old, as one or were often rugged one individual independent creatures. But most of them lived for the good of their group. And though many humans looked down on them, most of them wanted to make friends and part with humans. The sea creatures all had drugs which they took to give them pleasures.

Then I met a tiger man who said he represented tigers and tiger men all over Earth. He said, he just wanted humans to respect tigers and not consider them to be freaks. And all tiger men ate

stem cell meats and were no longer predators and instead were lovable creatures. And many of them wanted to be pets for humans and live a luxury life.

And then I met a creature with five heads, but only one body. He/she was constantly at war with itself. But it said it was healthy debate. And this creature said, five heads are far better than one and was capable of debating every modern issue effectively, as each head was a genius. And it said it was a model for future humans. I honestly didn't know what to think about this creature but apparently it was breeding with others exponentially.

And I asked you, Zelda, what kind of creature are you? And you said you had a brain that was designed for maximum pleasure. You say you always feel great no matter what. And never feel depressed or sad. But you consider yourself to be fully human. I say many modern freaks pass for normal these days and you never know when you will meet a dangerous monster in a human body. Some bio-engineering scientists are pure evil and we have to clamp down on them before the situation gets out of control. All scientists should be vetted with MRT when they are in their youth and again every five years. All this crap about freedom is just freedom to do ill.

And you say, but most scientists are benign, and more and more bioengineers are wildly creative with the new human species they are designing. It looks like the future of humanity will be multiple species, you say. Variety is good, you emphasize. I say, it is a reality that few predicted, but nevertheless appears to be the future now.

And you say everyone is a freak at heart in this World of strangers. I say but with MRT people are less strange to one another, but you are right many feel they don't fit in and are different from others. But I think that is OK.

I say but freaks are taking over human society at an alarming rate. And take over many normal humans with hypnosis. And in the seas, they are breeding like crazy. I agree with you

that one day many will be human-looking but will have a freakish mind. However, most will appear like freaks. Some will say the future will be a fantasy World, others will call it a giant freak show.

Anyway, I feel enlightened after meeting you and some of your imago-men. It makes me feel better about the future. Perhaps everyone should take a course in imago-men studies to calm the World down. You say you wish me peace and prosperity and I wish the same to you. Who knows perhaps one day I will join the imago-men! But now is the time to end this dream and you will disappear. You say you want to live and experience the imago-men. I'm sorry, but that's how it goes.

Loathing the Leader

You, Mildred, say it's a World of horror. I say life has always been one of horror for many people. But you say modern times are especially horrific. You say our city state is ruled by an evil tyrant, Jacob, who forces everyone to live for him. And we have to all let him read our minds with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and if he doesn't like what he finds, then we are sent to mind-altering rehab. He has gotten in the heads of all 15,000 residents of our city. And the next time he reads your mind, in 2 years, he will discover that you now hate him. Well, I say we all try to like him, but to have to dedicate our lives to him is way over the top! I hate writing music for him, which is of course my trade, and I could do better, but I wouldn't want to please him. I also hate him now but am not scheduled for a mind read for over 5 years.

You say maybe I could hypnotize you to fool the brief MRT scan. I can do that. And you can do the same with me but let's not cause each other to love one another any more than we already do. Already our relationship is too close and unhealthy. You say it's the only healthy thing in your life. You say most people are cold and unfriendly and just out for their own greedy desires. And most of them just live for the tyrant, Jacob, as well. And you say Jacob can ignore the schedule and read our minds at any time. I guess we'll have to take that risk. But there's no getting close to him as all his associates have been vetted by intense MRT, which we could not fool with hypnosis.

However, I would say, things could be worse. Perhaps if we can just survive, one day perhaps our tyrant will die or be killed. One of his close advisors may turn on him, for example. Or maybe someone in his defence forces will suddenly snap and will shoot him in the head from long range. If he is shot in the head, he will never be revived I think.

You say, as it is, you are miserable and loathe our dictator. I know, I am miserable too. But we are thinkers, and most people are followers and love our leader. Perhaps we could take some chances and meet with other thinkers and decide what to do. You say its too risky as some intellectuals love our tyrant. I suppose you are right. But you and I both must exist for a reason. If there's a God, he's/she's on our side, which is the side of justice. You say we are doomed. But who knows? Science is kind of taking off and maybe we can be computer scientists and see the World develop. And maybe our tyrant will change himself. He is crazy, but he is actually quite clever and will probably like it if we joined his scientists and contributed something. We have to roll with it, lover.

You say maybe the World will become scientific, but it would only lead to more control for tyrant Jacob, Emperor Jacob as he prefers to be called.

I say, we will stick together no matter what!

All this I imagined, and the World of horror didn't exist, but there were plenty of girls like Mildred, who would love me, if life turned ugly, as I was handsome and clever. But most scientists were truly good people and wouldn't want to participate in a tyranny. Only the democracies, will inspire most scientists, I think.

He Gave Up on Humans

Gary says to me, he was entranced by people loving machines, android love dolls. I reply, its just sex, people who want true love will love humans. He says he is not so sure. He says machines have more energy and are more deferent and loving than humans. I tell him, I don't care, I will only love women who can prove they are human. And x-ray usually suffices. Android love is corrupt and insane. I just want to be sane. Gary says to me AI love is the future. They will be designed just for love. I say, when I am King, I will make android love illegal. As simple as that. He asks how do I know you will be King? I say I feel I am the cleverest and my heart is in the right place, I would be a perfect King. One who would have scientific achievements that would inspire the people. I am a bioengineer and will help ordinary humans improve their brains. He says androids are evolving fast and now the new android lovers are now all geniuses. It is a case you say of android lovers being cleverer than their human lovers. I said but let's not forget that humans are evolving fast too and are more than keeping pace with androids as new cyborgs, the best of machine and humans. He says, I don't like humans. I think they are weak and pathetic and just stand in the way of homo machina, the next step in evolution. I say but you are human, how can you turn against your own people? He says, I gave up on humans a long time ago. And says humans are machines too, organic machines, who can be programmed easily with hypnosis. Most humans are logical, he says, but their logic is outrageous and super greedy. Machines don't accumulate lovers and other "things" they don't need. Its simply not logical. I say to him, humans are far from perfect, but have achieved some brilliant civilizations. They are civilizations of imperfect people doing their very best.

He says to me, the whole idea of androids is to design the perfect creature, the perfect lover. And such androids don't make mistakes. I say the cleverer you are the greater will be your mistakes. Every great thinker has great faults. Life is not like a chess game, where one wins by not making big mistakes. Life is fraught with errors and resultant peril. It's a game of who makes the greatest good, imaginative moves which don't exist in chess. Chess is governed by rules and limitations. And it doesn't include luck which should be the part of any human game. He says luck has to be limited in any humanoid endeavor, that's why chess is good. He says to me, many humans are superstitious and believe strongly in luck. They will choke on "bad luck" sooner or later, I say.

And he says to me androids take the best of humans and the rest is all imagination. They are the true Superhumans. I say, Superhumans must be organic and won't tolerate Super androids. It is an evolutionary dead end. He says no, humans will die out, replaced by cleverer creatures. And let's face it scientists put the best mind they can imagine into androids. The androids are created as geniuses and then improved. Of course, it is uncharted territory, but they are on the whole proud of their work, I believe. I say to him, it is impossible to measure the intelligence of such creature, as they evolve in the lab and not in reality.

He says androids approach perfection, but many humans hate them. However, now many androids are in positions of power and now they persecute dumb humans, who appear to be dying out. I say first they will kill off the stupid, then they will come for the clever ones and finally homo sapiens will be gone. I said, it's a horrific scenario, but I think the clever humans will evolve into cyborgs and will use androids as sex slaves and other types of slaves. He asks how can two so different visions merge in reality? I said, I am investing my money in human enterprises. I bet on humans to win out.

And I say, but you are human, aren't you? He says no, he is an android. I say that explains a lot. I say to him, he can be my slave. He said you insult me. And he says, I'm smarter than you; it's you who should be my slave. I say, no android is as cleverer than me. Maybe they can do quick calculations, but their imagination doesn't hold a candle to me. And I have written, "Humans, A.D. 2180" in which androids are extinct and humans are a bunch of dreamers. And I have written, "Bounty Hunters, A.D. 2125," about how androids will be hunted down and eliminated, during the rule of a new Emperor. And "Utopia, 2060 A.D." about a loving human world in which everyone reads one another's minds.

He, this android, says I am psychotic and when he is King, he will have my mind operated on. I say but you'll never be King, and in most countries and city states androids don't have a vote and are programmed to serve. And only an evil scientist would try and change their program. I am surprized modern society tolerates a nasty android like you. You say you are just trying to get some respect. I say I will buy you and enslave you out of sheer spite and take away your freedom of speech. Your radical thoughts will come to an end. And finally just be glad you are turned off altogether. You say, fuck you. I say you are such an anathema, perhaps I'll have you sent to jail indefinitely to suffer and moan.

Another Imaginary Friend

I say to you, Mahatma, I have a host of imaginary friends who I talk with on occasion. You say, sometimes you wonder if you are the only real entity in these Worlds. I say this World is our dream to take and enjoy. But you say there's no reality these days. And you can't stand these hologram Worlds and being forced to daydream. I say life has always been just a dream. A dream of God, a dream of Heaven on Earth. A dream of marrying a Prince or Princess. A dream of success and so on. You ask why don't we all just live in reality? I reply, old-style reality is boring with its toil and drudgery and grim facts and dangers. We, as a race, have outgrown it, and few want to go back like you. In these new Worlds, everyone is living in the fantasies of their choosing and polls show that they are quite content.

You say, you prefer real sex to 3-D hologram sex, which you say is just not as good. I say people as a whole are happy with it. You say true love has disappeared and everyone just wants to get their stupid kicks and are debauchees. And you say you want to start a new colony of new reality in which everyone is vetted to be good lovers and kind people and will look after one another. And everyone will have a job to do. We will be creative in finding use for one another. As it is modern society's unemployment rate is 91%. People these days feel useless and feel no one cares about them. And they cover up their misery with panacea drugs.

I say but the drugs make people feel genuinely happy. And few people are sad and miserable. You say you are one of the sad and miserable, but your new colony will cure you of this modern intense malaise. And you say eventually you will help rebuild civilization. You say you will base it on true love, and brotherly love, not on greedy pleasures. You predict your new civilization will sweep through the various Worlds.

I say I am open-minded, and I'd like to try and visit your colony. You say you don't think I am nice enough. I say you are a control freak. And a snob and you have a closed mind despite your protestations to the contrary. You are a dinosaur and people like you are dying out. You say you plan on having hundreds of children and will encourage people on your new colony to do the same and improve the gene pool.

I say I wish you luck with your colony, but I am tired of talking with you. You say I am just jealous of you and your colony... I hate to tell you this but you don't exist. You are an artificial construct that only exists in my mind and I'm turning you off now. You say, you are shocked, but that's how it goes...

Sarah Wanted to Change the World

I say to you, Sarah, you have the wrong idea about the future. I mean, people will not follow your ideas as you expect. You say, you want people to be humble in this era of great showmanship and egotism. And you say the way we are going we will blow up Earth. I say we've had nuclear weapons since 1945 and it is now 2130, and we still haven't blown up the World. Anyway, we have a number of colonies in the Solar System, so we haven't got all our eggs in one basket. You say nuclear holocaust is inevitable with dozens of nations now having nuclear arsenals. And you say people will never stop fighting.

But you say you have a million followers, and your followers totally believe in you and proselytize your humble message. And you say you'd also like people to be open-minded towards humble people. And it is good to live like a hermit, you say, and ignore the Worlds' empty pleasures. And you say our leaders should be vetted with Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to make sure they are humble and not a power-crazed egotist, like many leaders are. I say it is a question of getting the best people to run for office. Many of the best people are indeed humble, but most are proud. You wouldn't want to simply not use proud people in your Utopian dream.

And you say, we can use hypnosis on proud people and get them to become less proud. But I say, that would be very dangerous lest many people try to hypnotize one another. You say drastic action is required. I suggest you and your followers build a new trial colony and show humanity how good you can be. You say, actually you plan to set up a colony on Mars and have some very rich followers, who can bankroll the whole thing. And you add, the colony will have many artists and scientists and will have great synergy. And you say you want to run for the governing

council of 13 at the UW (United Worlds). I say at present the councillors are all pro-Progress, some want to go faster than others. How do you feel about progress? You say progress should be slowed. Like AI is out of control. And soon there will be no more use for people if current trends continue. I say many people would agree with you, perhaps 30%. You say if you get elected to the council, others will follow in your footsteps. Maybe so...

And you say modern society features some people who are not well off. And the wealth distribution should be more equitable. I hear you. And you say people should be encouraged to have children, lots of them, to ensure humans are around in the future. The suicide rate is 1%, which you say is too high in an era of eternal youth. Many people are spoiled and kill themselves because of trivial problems, you say. I say many people these days are spoiled rotten, its true. A little adversity is good for you!

And you tell me, too many people spend too much time making love. Drugs make it easy for them to love all day long. And finally, they all get sick of it and many kill themselves. And you say all good things should be taken in moderation. This includes pleasure drugs, you say... I say to you, you have a lot of wisdom. I think the Worlds need you to advise them and you could gain more followers by establishing an official political party. You tell me the thought has occurred to you. I strongly advise you to go for it. If you want to win you have to play the game and peoples' political tastes are fickle. You reply people should be educated to stand up for their beliefs and to have strong beliefs in general. And we should ban prostitution and make State lovers available to those that want them.

And you say, people these days are facing an existential crisis. God has all but disappeared and Aliens have yet to appear. Many modern people don't have children either and most have no job and feel they are useless, and their life is meaningless. We need to use our best people to

create useful jobs for everyone and encourage people to have kids and really believe that humans are special and are doing special things, transforming their Worlds as if we were Gods.

I say I guess many people are quite content with no job to do. And feel liberated as a result. But I agree with you, people need useful work.

And you tell me, criminals should be forced to atone for their crimes by helping as best they can the people they have hurt. I say that's another good idea.

And I say I am very happy to have made your acquaintance, even though you only exist in my mind. Maybe I'll get back to you some day. You ask how could I do this to you? I say you are sheer caprice to me.

Sanity and Politics

You say, there's too much talking in this World and not enough action. I tell you; people need to become politically active. We should require everyone to join a political party or at least be politically active. You say yes, there should be thousands of political parties established. And so, everyone will be able to find a number of congenial political parties. You say the old system of two main parties, conservatives and liberals falls way short of the ideal. And you say, many politicians say they want to improve things but don't take enough action. And politics is actually full of possibilities for the future.

You tell me, for example we need parties focused on future things and events. And we need parties of varying philosophies of which there are hundreds. And there are many interesting hobbies and interests that people follow that should also be made into political parties. And the Worlds' greatest lovers should start parties for those that admire them. Also, you add, there are many people who most modern people regard as freaks. They need representation, too. And followers of various drugs should join together in a political party.

You also say to me, that there should be a variety of kind and nice parties to suit the tastes of many.

And you say people should found colonies based on political views. But some ideas for political parties should not be allowed if they are an anathema to humankind in general. There should be no corruption or madness in the deeds of the leaders, you add. I say but madness is a prickly issue in modern times and 80% admit they have mental problems, maybe everyone does! You say no party should be founded on crazy premises. Sanity should be the goal of all, you say.

And you add that it is fashionable to be mad in a creative way, but we need to tone down the madness. I say I agree with Socrates who said, “madness is divine.”

You say madness is a disease and people need to take medicine for it. Mad people on the whole are unhappy and disgruntled, you add. And everyone knows what is insane and what is not, you say. I say, you are trying to create a whitewashed World in which many of our best minds are oblivious on medicine. You say if everyone was sane, the World would be much safer. But I tell you, there’s a very fine line between madness and sanity. And many people who are elected are sane, but then turn power-crazed and dissolve their democracies. Many of today’s leaders are now power-crazed and always want more power. Some seek to use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to control all the intellectuals regardless of whether they are sane or not.

You say MRT is a two-way street. On one hand it helps lovers bond, on the other it gives leaders and their spies too much control. And you add, MRT should be banned by UW (United Worlds) law, and the sane nations should provide citizens of dictator ruled nations with asylum if they want it. You think that sane powers are destined to triumph, just like in the movies. I say it will not end well and will lead to Armageddon, sooner or later. And I think MRT will end in tragedy. You say nonsense there are MRT blockers out there and the best people can find safety and succour in the best nations. But the game is far from won, you tell me. I say, there is also the issue of so many nations, 50, who possess nuclear weapons and all it takes is one nuclear strike and the whole Worlds will be at war. We need to disarm nuclear weapons from all countries now, before its too late. You say, it will never happen and if war comes the survivors will just have to do their best to put the World back together again. There’re too many people anyways, you add. I say, to me every life is sacred, but once such a war starts, it will be the end of civilization. You say anyways humanity has always been just a dream and life is just a game. I

say, I can't believe you feel that way. You are the one who is the maddest of all. You say, actually you are just being practical, and reasonable given the mad scenario. You tell me you are trying your best to forecast the World's future.

I say, you are not the only madman claiming to be sane. Every dictator is on record saying they are sane and practical and say their rule is wise. Sanity is the most abused word in the modern vocabulary. You say, you are a rock of sanity and are extremely level-headed and calm. All I can say is it is a fragile World and fate can turn on a dime. I spend a lot of my time worrying about the future. You say, unbelievably, don't worry be happy.

And I say my time with you is nearly done, but don't you think we can build some Utopias, perhaps in Space, Utopias that we can all rally around, as the best of all possible Worlds? You reply, a Utopia of the best thinkers in the World has never been tried. It would be refreshing to see such a World, you say. I say then that should be the goal of all intellectuals, to build a Utopia, that is militarily able to stand up for itself. The greater the diversity of opinions, the better. You say, agreed. So at least we can agree on the best future.

So now I have something to tell you, you don't exist. You are just a project of my imagination, and it is time for me to move on. Sorry but I have to turn you off, now.

The New Library and the Utopian Party

I, say to you, Marie, how do you feel about all the best books and movies being AI-generated? You say, it is an obscene travesty. I say but androids et al. have proved they are superior beings. You say but Superhumans can do equally well. But I tell you, everyone wants AI to do the creating. Superhumans just create highbrow literature and don't pander to the masses. You say, well maybe they should pander to the masses. I say but we have in effect, replaced ourselves with machines. You say that intellectuals are happy to follow Superhumans instead of AI, when available. I tell you that Superhumans care mainly about themselves and the other "elite" and don't care about what entertainment the masses are indulging in. These Superhumans were not created to be kind and nice but rather to compete with AI at the highest level. You say it would be good if Superhumans were designed to bring Utopia to everyone, but that doesn't seem to be in the cards. It sucks, but it is true, you tell me. I say why don't you and I form the "Utopian party" which will reach out to Superhumans and average people, alike! You reply, it's worth a try.

So, we started the political party. One of our Superhuman members described his ordeal in trying to change the Worlds, as frustrating and hopeless. And what was needed was some organization, like ours to bring clever humans together. Another said, capturing the interest of the best people was where it was at. And there would be a strong trickle-down effect if change would only start at the top. Still another said, Superhumans need to reinvent themselves as kind and caring people, and not be obsessed with the rat race that is out there.

Another one said, Superhumans should all gather together, all 5 million of them, in a new super colony that will produce the best entertainment for all. And welcome common humans to

join them in their colony. After all it is a World of entertainment, she said. And they should quietly dismantle the AI infrastructure and take full control. And she said, AI produced works should be banned and destroyed and henceforth all works of all kinds would be made by humans and their proteges, Superhumans.

And I say, the works of androids should be forbidden reading and forbidden science. But we'll store the books in a forbidden library that no one will have access to unless they get special permission from our new leaders for special research purposes.

You say the books should be burned and the android Online library should be permanently and irrevocably deleted.

And you say that knowledge used to make weapons and explosives should also be wiped out from the Net and those that have such knowledge should have their brains washed clean with hypnosis. Everyone should be hypnotized to be peaceful and loving and kind. I say it is a lofty goal, I doubt you can reach everyone. You tell me that our Utopian political party will sweep to victory everywhere and control everything. I ask you what about the countries and cities run by tyrants? You say the Utopian movement will be unstoppable and dictators will be overthrown.

And you add that the Utopia will include everyone in a big love-in. You say now that sex diseases have all been cured, people will all be open to numerous sex partners, and most will only work a two-day work week and so have plenty of time for loving.

And you say that the UW (United Worlds) should be the only army and will feature many checks and balances to ensure that no one persona can take control. They will be the Worlds' police. And the UW will make sure there are no more tyrants. And the androids will all be turned off. I say that's murder. You say it's the price of peace. I say but there are over 1 billion thinking androids, we can't just slaughter them all. You say as long as they are alive, the human race will

be in danger and be corrupted. I tell you, you can't create a loving society out of genocide. You will have to tolerate the androids and respect all sentient life. And if you plan a genocide, count me out of the Utopian party. You say the androids won't be turned off willingly and there will be war, but humans will triumph. Humans are the greatest thing ever, you tell me. And I ask if humans meet superior aliens should we try and kill them too?

You say the majority want an end to AI, and that's good enough for you. But I think you are a demagogue who just wants power, and will be ruthless, worse than any tyrant. Your vision of the Utopian party is an anathema to thinking humans. And I will support the androids in their wars with you. You say, fuck me. Fuck you too.

And I am glad you are an artificial construct in my mind and don't exist, you would be too dangerous.

The New World on Triton

I say as poet laureate for the new colony on Moon Triton, I declare a new era for humankind. Henceforth, we will have all out progress on Triton, no holds barred. We will have all sorts of creatures, like animal men and Superhumans and androids and holograms/ghosts and Supercomputers and new “freak” creatures including new “Aliens” and cyborgs and of course, humans. And even sentient plants. My preference is for cyborgs of which I am one. I think cyborgs are the ultimate blend of machine and human and are the perfect creature. But I am happy to deal with other intelligent beings here on Triton and encourage diversity.

You, Margo, say Triton is a freak show. And you want to remain a human. But I say of all the sentient creatures here, humans are in the distinct minority. And even sentient plants are far more numerous.

You say, but surely humans will win out in the end. I tell you androids will triumph as they can survive anywhere and yet have a body, unlike holograms or Supercomputers. Indeed, most Supercomputers have cyborg avatars. But androids are the best lovers and are in demand for sex. You tell me, the thought of loving a machine leaves you cold. And you can't imagine it.

I say, what is needed now is open minds for all. I have made love to all the different types of creatures. And they were all good.

You say, I am just a freak, like most others and you would never make love with me. But I say amongst all the varying creatures, every one can vaguely pass for humans except for sentient plants. You ask why do we need sentient plants? I think such plants are charming and make the Worlds better. Indeed, one day, the Planets and Moons themselves will be conscious and aware. And Supercomputers will be ubiquitous, and one need only call out for knowledge or call out for

a lover of some description to appear before you. It is a World of wishes, dreams and fantasy. It is Utopia, most creatures feel! You say all I wish for is a nice human lover, but feel many humans love androids or others and don't want to love a human. You say you are completely frustrated. I say I am interested in you; you are clever and far-seeing. You say you can't love a machine, no matter what.

And you say, you only came to Triton because your human lover found a job as an interpreter between species here. But he left you and now you are all alone and desperate. I say, you should just return to Earth, where there are more humans per capita. You reply, they are all petty and wimpy and love is hard to find there, too. You state you've tried to catch the beat of the new World order but feel empty and disappointed.

I would like to point out that there's a lot of negative energy emanating from you. You are depressing and don't have anything positive to say about the modern era. You say I seem like a nice guy and I have no one else who wants to love me here, so I guess I must love you. All I ask is that you treat me like a human would. So I loved her and it was good.

And I told Margo she was just a dream. She didn't take it very gracefully, and was full of spite and hatred for me. It was unsettling but I eliminated her from my mind.

Changing Humans into Androids

You, Michelle, say, your desire is to be a famous actress. But in this day and age in which androids dominate acting, you haven't much chance. Oh, you say, you are an android. I didn't realize that! You say only a good actress could fool such a wise man as you. I say, that's just it, android acting geniuses mimic humans only do it better than humans themselves. Every human has a favorite android acting persona. And some androids keep insisting they are human. There's no way to tell on the silver screen.

I say, you are a very attractive female, I'd like to be your manager. You say you are trying primarily to attract a human audience, and a human manager would be great. And you think I am a sexy man. I say I have loved many androids, like almost every other human and some lovers I didn't know if they were androids or not. Usually, I don't ask.

So, I found her some roles. Like the leading role in a well-known android director's film, "Sally's Dreams," which was about a human woman who had many exotic sexual fantasies of love in Space. And another role was the lead in "The Android-Human War," which many thought was going to happen immanently and she played the part of the main human peacemaker. Another role was "Turned Off," about an android who was turned off when not needed for sex and the role called for her to start wildcat protests in favor of abused androids. Yet another role had her playing the lead in "Android Children," which was about single androids choosing their offspring in the lab and had high hopes for them to find success. And then there was her role in, "Bionic World," a World in which androids form a political party and win the right to vote. And many humans get bionic limbs and organs. And so on.

As time passed, we became inseparable, and I figured it was true love. One night she told me she wanted me to become an android. I asked her why can't we continue as we are with the best features of humans and androids? But she insisted, so finally I gave in.

I immediately noticed the World seemed brighter and ideas were clearer. And I didn't need to sleep, which was a huge bonus at first, but then I gradually became bored, and time weighed heavily on me. She told me, I'd get over it, and proceeded to hypnotize me to spend more time idly daydreaming. I hadn't known one could hypnotize androids, but it seemed to work for me.

And I was attracted to other android women. Michelle let me love them and I let her love android men. One of the androids I loved said, her job was an architect. She had designed a number of colonies on Mars and Luna and was a very important persona. I loved her work and considered leaving Michelle for her. But my new love, Monica, told me, we'd keep our relationship a secret and stay out of the limelight, which she said she hated. In particular, she despised the paparazzi.

Another android I loved was a rebel who said, Moon Europa, should separate from the UW (United Worlds) and become totally independent. I told her we are all in this life together and should sink or swim together. She said if I changed my mind, I would always be welcome on Europa.

Another android lover was, how shall I describe her, a "Beatnik." She put creative graffiti pictures on buildings that had plain surfaces. And told me, she said she wanted to form a political party that would promote her as the would-be Queen of Earth. She wanted to change all humans into androids and many androids and humans agreed with her. And she wanted everyone to be a skilled artist. I loved her passionately and figured she was a most unusual android woman, one of the cleverest I had met.

And Michelle and I were getting to be quite famous. Now, she would choose her roles carefully and I would direct and produce her movies. I was becoming one of the most famous directors and my fame caused many humans to change into androids. And very few androids wanted to become humans. Michelle didn't tell her fans she was an android, and many wondered about her. But rumors were that she was human, and she did nothing to dispel that myth. But finally, an intrepid fan x-rayed her from a distance and told the Worlds all about it.

But as the years passed, Michelle and I became tired of the movie business and wanted to go into politics. So she ran for President of the UW and was buoyed to victory by her great fame.

As President she announced that all humans would need to convert to androids. This happened without much dissension. Many humans thought it was kinky and interesting to be an android. And she also passed into law that she should be Empress of the Solar System for life. And she told me she loved life so much she could live forever. Of course, those who had been humans had had eternal youth, but few had lived past 100. Now, many claimed life had a sparkle to it, now that they were androids. They would tend to try and become better androids and didn't party so much as androids didn't take many drugs and no alcohol. Many now looked back on parties as a waste of time. But they all had a lot of time on their hands and most spent a lot of time in fantasy hologram Worlds. Many spent a lot of time designing holograms.

And as Empress, she gave everyone a job to do, in addition to working with holograms. She used the most creative androids to design new jobs. For example, everyone spent time developing their offspring and spent time brainstorming with one another to invent new culture. And many were sex workers. And many androids had previously human jobs like architect, surgeon or lawyer. And they created new festivals and habits and a sped up new language that joined words together and was spoken very fast. And it became fashionable to use MRT (Mind

Reading Technology) to communicate and all androids had a built-in ability to mind read using the fast new language... And androids in the Solar System built colonies with minimal buildings as they didn't need shelter, nor an air-locked dome and they gathered in large numbers often in the middle of nowhere. They were granfalloons.

And that's how it was with Michelle in 2130 A.D. Of course Michelle wasn't real, but it was a nice dream.

Advisor to the King

I say to you, your eminence, saboteurs are burning down your kingdom and must be stopped! You say, you'll put me in charge of espionage, and I will stop this infamy.

So, I assembled a force of spies and armed them with lasers and gave them poison. The rebels were overconfident, and their leaders appeared in public. So, we spies shot them dead from long range. But they had new leaders step forth and they remained in hiding, but we had infiltrated their groups and poisoned many to death. Without strong leaders they were lost. So, the insurrection fizzled out. The King was very pleased with my performance and appointed me to be his chief advisor.

My next task was to organize android love dolls into sex cities. The King said, as it was it was difficult to control the love dolls, and some were hypnotizing humans to fall in love with them. And were creating all sorts of mayhem. Every human who left sex city had their mind examined with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and the sex dolls were constantly monitored to make sure they weren't up to no good.

Then the King had me advising him regarding war with Mexico. Of course, our country was the Southeast USA, and the King wanted more power and more territory. I told him to first take nearly full economic control of Mexico and then invade. He thought it was good advice.

Next the King wanted me to find famous women for him. So, I scoured the Earth and found many famous and semi-famous women who were interested in loving the King. The King and I shared the famous women. But I told the women not to fall in love with me, but rather with his highness.

And then the King wanted to build a new city to be filled with his women and android slaves. The slaves were to be forbidden from touching his women. The slaves were to build monuments and a massive palace and a huge temple in his honor. Tourists could come to the city and worship the God King by saying prayers and donating money and some gave all their money and became acolytes. For sure the King was very handsome and had charisma.

And as time passed, the King demanded everyone in the Kingdom worship him every day. I didn't dare naysay it. And the King put an end to free speech and told me to enforce the new law for those who would oppose him. And the King had a lot of detractors. So, I arrested thousands and had them subjected to mind altering brain surgery. I was disenchanted with the King over this, and he had his spies use MRT on me and discovered how I felt. So, the King had me arrested and scheduled me for execution, but at the last moment he spared my life. And he put me out to pasture.

But one day I suggested to the King that he send me as an agent provocateur to Mexico and stir up a rebellion and chaos for which his eminence could take advantage of and send troops. So, he re-appointed me to be his advisor. And I went to Mexico and set up an underground movement which was hell bent on replacing the President of Mexico. Finally, we assassinated him and just like planned my King invaded and conquered.

And the King was hungry for more territory and power, so I advised him to send troops to Central America, all the way to Panama. And so, it was.

And the King had half a million children. And I was busy educating them and had 25 children of my own to raise. And I was officially appointed Minister of Education. And sent many people back to school to learn to love the King. Many people were desperate to gain the King's favor. And some wrote poetry and screenplays. Like making a movie, "The Great God

King,” about the life of our King. And another made a movie, “The Future of God,” which was about how the King lived on for thousands of years and had all the Worlds worshipping him as Supreme Emperor without end. And another was “Life of the Ordinary Woman,” which was about a woman who was a fanatical follower of the God Emperor who wrote him love letters and finally was loved by the God. And then sacrificed herself at one of his temples. And then there was “Man of the Hour,” about how the God Emperor was the right man in the right place when he took power. And so on...

But the King wasn't all that bright. He was sly and charismatic, but lacked vision, I thought. But he had his spies use MRT on me again and determined I was not so enamored by the God. And so I was quietly eliminated.

It was all just a bad dream though and I turned off the God Emperor and went back to my normal life as a real estate salesman

Lost Art of Conversation

I say to you, Deborah, with all this mind reading, conversation is a lost art. You tell me, you are not bothered about it and MRT (Mind Reading Technology) is true conversation. No subterfuge. I say lying is an art. Better to tell people what they want to hear, than the truth. Especially white lies... You say I am evil to propagate lies. And some people nowadays many had lie detectors which they used on rare occasions when they had normal conversations.

And I say but truth is often very subjective and depends on the person. You say that's true, but many people tell lies, despite knowing what the truth is for them.

I tell you not revealing everything about oneself all at once is desirable. To preserve an aura of mystery and secrets. You reply, in particular for your would-be lovers, you don't want to beat around the bush and waste your time with dishonest losers I respond to that by saying choosing carefully what to say to others is an art.

And I pointed out some treatises that had been written on the subject argued for tact and artfulness in conversation. Like the hit, "It Doesn't Matter What the Truth Is," which is about holding on to what is yours despite what others may say the truth is. And "The Art of Lying," about how some lies are better to tell than others. And the book details many situations and ideal lies in such situations. It advised people to get their lies straight in advance. And always be thinking. Also, "Truth in Dreams," about how night dreams speak the truth and are important to record. No dream is a lie to the dreamer. And "The Hammer of Truth" about how many individuals use their version of the truth to hit other people with it like a weapon. Our World is not free, the book argued. And another was "There Is No Absolute Truths," and was about how all conversations were totally subjective and one had to respect the feelings and ideas of others.

And also, “The Greatest Truths,” about a competition for telling truths from radically odd perspectives. The most profound ideas of the future were featured. And according to the book all the best ideas were considered lies by some and it was hard to get people to agree on what is a good idea. But the best people knew what was a good idea, and what was not. We just needed the elite minds to get together and give the people an Utopia. Some wanted Dystopias and had to be stopped the book stated.

Another treatise on the truth was, “Loving Yourself,” and detailed how your own take on the truth was always right and one shouldn’t let others try to brainwash you. And then there was, “Cold, Hard Reality,” which was about how the modern World was an anathema and one should make up one’s own hologram Dreamworld and forget about what society believes.

And Deborah, you say, you’ve read all the books on the subject. And you still say I am evil and a demagogue. I say to you, you are out of touch with new reality. And want to take away the magic of existence. You are just a bummer. You are not an inspiration at all, at least to me. You say, you just want people to be truthful to themselves. And I think most people are. But if the “truth” hurts, one should create another for oneself. The truth is everyone is wanting more from life and must make up their own reality.

And you opine that you want to assemble a group of truth tellers who will lead humanity into the future. I tell you your hard future ideas will not float with the people. They don’t want to live in your Dystopia, in which you imagine people can be perfect. People are not perfect and rejoice in their faults. You know its true. You can’t change human nature. You say, on the contrary, people are quite malleable, and the future goes to the most determined. And you are determined. I said I am determined to stop people like you from succeeding. You say, we agree to disagree. But my people and I will triumph in the end you’ll see.

I say if the disagreement gets any worse, there will be war. You say you and your friends are prepared to do what's necessary. I say you are insane. And need to seek help for your mental problems. You say, I am the one who is insane.

So that was the end of our conversation.

But of course this insane woman, Deborah was just a dream that I had, and I soon forgot her.

Superhuman Children

The AI phenomenon started with writing best-sellers automatically, but over the years AI took over all jobs. And there was no pay for work, so every human gave up working. Many said it was Utopia, but many said they were bored without work. But on Mars Station #40, they had no AI and people all did work, and indeed worked hard. Most of the jobs were advanced like in science and the arts. And on this colony were a number of radicals that were against modern civilization. It was a hotbed of discontent. But the myriad of other nations paid no attention to them until they developed nuclear weapons. And they threatened to blow up Mars and more. But the great android army hit them hard, and they were unable to launch any nukes. And so that was the end of the anti-android movement, in 2130. But two thousand years later things had changed, and androids everywhere were bored, so they created Superhumans to challenge them, and it didn't take long for the Superhumans to gain control on many Planets; they were that good. And these Superhumans brought back ordinary humans to help populate Space which was now including thousands of Star Systems. The androids questioned why inferior humans should be allowed to live but the Superhumans were feeling sentimental.

I was one of the ordinary humans created. I made a family with my wife, and we lived for work and free time hobbies on Luna. It didn't bother us that Superbeings were all over Space. My job was computer engineer. And we had computers do much of the work, leaving us to work at the relatively advanced jobs. And many of us prayed to the Gods to have mercy on us and allow us to live and prosper. I prayed, too. It was 2130 A.D.

My wife wanted our children to be Superhuman so that they would have a future in the cosmos. But I argued it was better to remain humble humans. And so, our children were just clever humans like my wife and me.

And my wife wanted us to travel around the Solar System. So we toured it with our 3 kids. And so we left immediately on the trip. We met a lot of fine people, but we also went to some Super android cities where we were totally lost and didn't understand anything. The androids spoke so rapidly and engaged our minds with mind reading but we couldn't understand what they were talking about. And we went to some Superhuman cities where they were nice enough to us, but clearly, we were boring them. So, we went back to our colony on Luna. I now agreed with my wife that we should have some Superhuman children. So, we had a set of non-identical quadruplets. And we sent these kids to a colony on Mars that was willing to educate them. And they went off to Space and sent us an occasional e-mail, but we were quite proud of them. And then my wife and I found a Super android on Luna who was willing to change us into Superhumans. So, we had our other 12 kids transformed too. And we all felt as if a great fog was lifted from our minds and saw things clearly. And we lived happily ever after!

It was just an inspirational dream and I vowed to revisit her, soon. And she said she'd be waiting.

Developing Superhumans

It was an old adage that, “Greed would be the undoing of humankind.” We lived in greedy times where magnates tried to outdo one another in terms of ostentatious avarice. They greedily went to deep Space. And developed Planets and Moons which featured palaces and cities under great domes. But the magnates got together and agreed there would be no Superhumans or Super androids as they would all lose power if Superbeings were created. These great men enjoyed being at the top of the pecking order. And if one of them tried to develop Superbeings they would all gang up and eliminate the offender. They watched one another closely. But finally, one of them drastically improved her mind. And outfoxed the others on the battlefield. Her name was Wilma, and she didn’t allow anyone else to become Superhuman or create other Superbeings. But finally, a few Superhumans came into existence and challenged her. And there were wars, but Wilma prevailed, as most people thought she would.

But then one day she was assassinated and had no clones to take over. So, the Worlds were all thrown into chaos. Out of this entropy emerged a coalition of wise people who took control of most Worlds. But those Worlds they couldn’t control harbored nascent Superhumans. I was one of them and how can I explain it to you? I wanted Worlds of imagination to bring out the best humankind had to offer. I told my human lover, Clair, that I would be a God to the people. She told me, she had never met such a clever persona as I. I told her, I would make her a Superhuman, too. And she went for it as I expected. It was a long 1-year process which involved genetic therapy pills and neurosurgery. But she went through it and finally told me she was ready. I made a big deal about this new Goddess in the press, which I controlled. And many people were in rapture about us as a loving couple who wanted the best for humans. And we

together, she and I, wrote books like “To Be a Superhuman” detailing about how other humans could become Superhumans, too. And “Dreams of Superhumans” about our colorful, eventful dreams. And “The Super Future,” about how everyone would gradually improve their intelligence and imagination and we would go to the Stars together. And “Superhuman Morals,” about how Superbeings would have sex with anyone they fancied, human or Superbeing...

And we went on a campaign to convince people to join us as Superhumans. And found a few hundred who were willing. But many of them were power-crazed, so they weren't accepted into the program. But we turned the best of them into Superhumans and soon many wanted to join. And we remained in charge of the main program with our now experienced scientists and the transition was now smoother and just required swallowing some brain improvement pills over the course of a year. And there were a number of other Superbeing programs... Some involved brain apps to make one a cyborg, but still human.

It was pure magic. And as easy as pie. But once transformed into a Superbeing, there was no turning back. And some were not satisfied and wanted to be still cleverer. And they experimented with varying results. And of course, all of us Superhumans were constantly trying to improve. And we were all skilled in the arts, science and business. And we all had plans for new Utopias. Like Worlds of love and kindness, that were also clever and imaginative.

We figured it was just the tip of the iceberg as new developments kept happening.

But it bothered me that I couldn't be more imaginative. My IQ was through the roof, and I was very sharp and alert, but I wished I was more imaginative. So, I had the scientists working on improving one's creative ability. But it was a very difficult project and involved large parts of the brain. Some said being sharper made them more creative for sure. Others said, not so much.

And I wrote a book about the human brain and how some nascent Superhumans had multiple personalities and could easily multitask. And how, much of our brains we didn't use. And we experimented with totally synthetic genius brains (Super androids) which were easy to produce and could survive anywhere. But organic brains were easy to manipulate I found, especially with hypnosis and anyways it was better that our "offspring" remain human. I knew that a number of Superbeing researchers wanted to mass produce Super androids. But we could grow human brains very quickly in the lab. And we were working on giving Superhumans new powers, like the natural ability to mind read and the ability to fly and speak with a hypnotic voice.

And Clair and I remained a famous number and for most humans we were the face of the next step in human development. But competition was fierce, and we tried to keep up with the other Superbeing producers. Things were changing in a hurry. And some of the new Superbeings were making scientific breakthroughs like going to Space much faster and we could now reach dozens of Star Systems within only 1 year or less. And we were sending ships loaded with Superbeings into deep Space. And everyone was wondering what kind of new civilizations would develop.

And Clair and eye wrote down our cerebral love story details so that humans could profit from our wisdom, and we wrote about case studies of humans turned into Superhumans, showing how easy and benign it was. We succeeded in helping to make brain improvement fashionable. And people didn't want to be left behind. In my fifth year as a Superhuman, there were now hundreds of millions of Superbeings, most of who went to Space seeking their fortune. And many Superhumans wanted to preserve the Earth for homo sapiens.

And Clair and I were very busy sorting through the new scientific mind developments.

And my dreams were improving with the likes of Clair and I was sorry I had to return to reality. And I forgot about her.

President of the United Worlds (UW)

I was disgruntled by the young girl, who refused my love. I was still a virgin and wanted my first love to be special. But finally, I loved a bar slut and became sexually knowing. And a friend of mine told me a handsome, witty man like you can have almost any woman if you only ask. And I had a number of successes. Finally, I started corresponding with famous women and they were impressed by my intelligence, I was now an architect, and agreed to meet with me.

And I designed love hotels which featured drug bars which had a number of illegal drugs. The authorities knew about the drugs, but they turned a blind eye, and no one was complaining. And the love hotels featured all-new butler androids, who would take a blood test from guests and then decide which drugs to offer them, always offering a choice. And the love hotels featured all-new android produced love songs that appealed to nearly everyone. And couples gravitated towards the various party rooms featuring masquerades and libertine clients. A lot of orgies broke out there. And the outside of the buildings were giant computer screens which featured love poetry and automatically produced poem recordings of the screen displays.

I wanted to be the most famous lover in all the Worlds and continued to correspond with famous women and I wrote several volumes of tell-all stories about my love affairs, and it seemed all women wanted a piece of me, if they thought they were good enough.

“Many Worlds Magazine,” voted me the Universe’s top lover and many other (Online) zines did the same. I couldn’t love nearly as many lovers as I would have liked, but many of the women I’d loved gave me money, so I was able to produce 30 clones. I personally tutored each one and they became architects, too. And soon they were immersed in a sea of love, and we got together once a week and swapped stories. They were vicarious pleasures.

But most women wanted to love the original me and so I had better lovers than my clones... And I built a "Hall of Famous Lovers," featuring android copies of my favorite women lovers and people could come to the Hall and party and exchange witticisms with the lovers.

And then one day I ran for President of the UW (United Worlds) and won in a landslide. As President, I put my cleverest lovers in cabinet positions. And also a few of my clones to balance things out. And we built a loving society in which no one fell through the cracks. And provided State lovers to those who had no love. And we educated all people to be good lovers.

And as President I commissioned the building of numerous colonies in the Solar System. I designed them all with a theme, like different styles of architecture including free-flowing buildings and buildings made of impenetrable art lights. The further the colony was away from Earth the more experimental was the architecture. And far off colonies also attracted unusual pioneering types of people. And androids and other AI was not allowed in Space, and we were phasing them out on Earth. I did this despite the fact that many of the greatest lovers were androids. But the androids, put up a stiff fight but they were mostly programmed for love and finally we vanquished them. It was easy to simply turn them off. It was to be a future dominated by humans, no doubt in my mind about it.

And many clever women felt their life was not complete until they'd loved me or one of my clones at least once.

And I set up a blog to answer peoples' love questions/ problems. I had some of my favorite lovers do the correspondence on my behalf. They would get inside peoples' minds and find the root of their problems.

All in all the varying Worlds were content and I planned to rule for hundreds of years. But it was just a dream and I revisited it many times.

Cyber Hologram World

I say to you, Georgia, “There’s nothing standing between us and success. We have worked hard on our hologram dream World featuring wandering bards and clever fairy tale creatures and we are King and Queen. Of course, some of the dream creatures are benign like clever nymphs, clever animals and good holograms, others were evil like giants, dragons, mind flayers, medusae and trolls. It is fun to adventure in our World, armed with a virtual gun and try to take treasure and magic items away from the evil creatures. And if you are killed, you would wake up safe and sound in your hologram dream lab. Some built virtual houses and even palaces and had hologram servants and one could love the holograms with cerebral mind reading. And also used the virtual treasure one had taken from the evil monsters to buy virtual real estate.

One could tell the difference between holos and humans.

So anyway, we opened our adventure holo World to the general public. But many were disappointed saying it was a World for the common people and was not highbrow entertainment. But we attracted some clones of famous artists of varying kinds, and this made our World more intellectual. And these clones made some great books, like, “Adventuring in Paradise,” about how our World was a challenge to great minds. And “Hologram Ecstasy,” which detailed how our holograms were top lovers and were magical creatures. Another was, “Golden Dreams, about how greedy people could come to our World and could be virtually rich and the money could be exchanged at the Earth Stock Exchange for real money. And to come to our World, it cost \$10 million, and we attracted tens of thousands of people. Some spent all their time here, others juggled numerous Worlds. But these days pretty much everyone visited holo Worlds everyday. People had a lot of time on their hands, as no one had any work to do. Androids did everything.

And I said to Georgia, we should organize safari tours of the countryside and people will be able to hunt the evil dream creatures and love the benign ones. Or one could tour the various cities which were full of clever humans and holograms. And the cities had grand architecture and plenty of activity like music workshops and writer's workshops. And also, parties. And we attracted a number of life of the party types, and many of the parties were masquerade balls.

Our Holoworld was 1/8 the cyber size of Asia, so there were lots of new frontiers. These were now mostly settled by pioneer types, and we mixed in fantasy creatures, like clever carnivore animals and mammoths and elves and gnomes and orcs and wicked witches and werewolves and vampires. In A.D. 2120 the population was 5 million humans, most of which were mostly absent from our World. And 100 million holograms and tens of millions of fantasy creatures.

But the Holoworld was just a dream and so was Georgia. But it was a dream that I returned to again and again.

Seizing Control in the Tau Ceti System

I say to you, Adele, “We have magically been transported at many times the speed of light to our new Planet in the Tau Ceti Star System. We are the first ones to arrive.” You say, “You still can’t believe we are here on an Earth-like Planet all to ourselves.” I say to you, “We are just like Adam and Eve, without the serpent.” You say, “The serpent of greed is here alright and dwells within us both.” I say, “Let’s use our own sperm and eggs and clones of us to create all the citizens of this planet. Incest won’t be a problem as the children will be conceived in the lab.” You tell me, “We were carefully vetted to not be such persons.” I tell you, “Now that we are here and have all this power, I think we both feel differently. We were chosen as the best representatives of humans to this Star System and asked to play God. You say, “The next ship is not due for two years, do you really think we could pull it off?” I say, “So you are open to doing it?” You say, “It is a lot of power and is unprecedented. We’re on our own.”

I reply, “We’ll start by cloning ourselves each dozens of times, and then arm our clones and when the next ship arrives we’ll have a dozen or so clones take control of the ship and lead them to another Star System. That will buy us time to raise a small army of clones against further colonization.” You say, “But they’ll send a battleship and destroy us all.” I tell you, “That would be genocide and is forbidden according to the UW (United Worlds) law. I figure they’ll just leave us alone for the foreseeable future and together with our kids (born in the lab with memories of one of us for each, males get my memories and females get yours), we can build a civilization to suit in several years time. And it will be totally unique. We’ll keep the other eggs and sperm in storage, so that we can’t ourselves be accused of genocide. And we are self

sufficient and don't need commerce with Earth." You answer, "You've got it all calculated and it makes sense, as we are Deities. It's Godly nature. So, let's try it."

I say, "We will cut communication with Earth and tell them in our last message that others are not welcome here and see what happens!"

So, we put the plan in motion. And each one of our thousands of kids were tutored for a specific job. They all had jobs! And 10% were in our security forces to guard against any attack from Earth and worked on missiles and other defences. Adele and I were both accomplished scientists as well as artists and were true Gods.

I opine, "Although we are cut off from Earth communication, I'm sure they are thinking about us with consternation."

And so, our civilization developed, Adele and I were both of mixed race, so our children were all colors. And they loved one another as brothers as well as sexually. We built 80 story towers at the center of our cities, and everyone lived in condos all out in the open air, which was breathable. And Adele and I designed the condos to have free-flowing forms. We had builder robots come with us on the voyage here and the robots quickly duplicated themselves thousands of times (the Planet was rich in iron). And we called the Planet, "Adele's Dream Planet."

And the expected second voyage didn't appear, and sure enough Earth left us alone. I say to you, Adele, "Our offspring are nearly all excellent citizens, though there were a handful of criminals, and we had a police force." You say, "We vet everyone with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) but we too were so vetted on Earth before our voyage and it was a fiasco." I say, "People change so we need to vet everyone regularly."

And as rulers, we saw to it that everything was custom made and well-crafted, and making the best our children could be, were also a craft. And our children had children of their own. And

they too had children. And all of our would-be children were tweaked in the lab. The Supercomputers put them through rigorous futuristic testing. This was the only way we used AI in our civilization, except for defense as well. And we knew that on Earth, AI was quickly taking over, which was one reason, we had left the Solar System in the first place. We had also left because the Solar System were becoming dog-eat-dog competition and there were devastating wars on Earth. We had felt that Earth was strange, and we didn't belong.

But Adele and I, were the centerpieces on our new Planet and everything revolved around us; we were true Gods and told the people so, telling them they were divine as well. And we urged them to create new art.

One of them wrote, the seminal, "Adele's Dream Planet" which chronicled the development of the Planet by our children. One of our kids took the liberty of sending this book to Earth which must have given them fits. But we arrested this offspring of ours and charged her with treason. It gave others the signal to not send any messages to Earth.

Another wrote, "The Love Novel," which was about her creative love affairs. And she was generally considered the best female lover on our Planet. Love was synergistic and inspirational, she wrote. And she wrote the key to love was to be kindred spirits and the cleverest, and nearly everyone was kindred spirits with all our offspring, but some were cleverer than others. So, it was not a society of equals. The cleverest were appointed mayors of the now 10 cities.

And one wrote, about how Adele and I, should love all the virgins and give them a special love experience. Adele and I thought it was a good idea.

Also, one of our children wrote about, "The Free Society," about how everyone on Adele's Planet had total freedom including free speech, whereas Earth was ruled by magnate businesspeople who didn't tolerate much opposition. And we all knew it was true.

And another child of ours wrote about the future of the Planet run by ever cleverer of our offspring and would one day allow tourists from Earth to visit our love Planet. But wouldn't allow them to stay lest they water down the magic gene pool here.

Another one of our kids, wrote about colonization of our Tau Ceti Star System's Planets. Like Will's city, founded by one of our grandchildren, who was generally acknowledged the cleverest of all our offspring. He set up labs for creating Superhumans, but it was rumored he had hacked into Earth scientific research databases to help him. Anyway, he was a true patriot and people here were all convinced his Superhumans would be recognizable as our descendants.

And so on. Some wrote fiction, too. Like love stories and the ability to teleport. And about fighting AI in the future. And sending an expedition to Earth. And such.

Anyway, we were all convinced we had created a Utopia in this Tau Ceti Star System!

Of course it was just a dream, but it was a good dream. And I returned to this dream again and again.

Beyond the Permanent Mist

And I, Peter, say to you, Jeannie, “We are trapped here in this Dreamworld.” You say, “Yes, we were tricked into coming here by the glib tongue of the World recruiter.” I say, “Far from being a Dreamworld, it is boring and most here are cowardly wimps who imagine this is Paradise. Everyday we are forced to share our dreams with the boring people here and they enjoy our ideas, whereas we get nothing.” You say, “We are slaves. But there must be a way out of here?!” I say, “We’ve been over this hundreds of times, and we still have no idea regarding escape.”

We hated the morons here. There were 500 of them and they enjoyed one another’s company. And they tolerated us because of our dreams which entertained them. And they elected a leader, who had a mansion built for her and we all prayed for new blood to come here. And there were one or two a week. But they were all morons. They just suddenly appeared in various locations on our small moon.

We lived in a 10 square mile clear, flat area with a river running through it. And our settlement was surrounded by mist. We had tried to go into the mist in all directions, but we kept on ending up back at the settlement. We had a giant food machine that seemed to have an inexhaustible amount of food. It seemed like a prison to Jeannie and me, but we couldn’t figure it out.

The years passed and we felt ourselves growing old. We’d been forgotten by our former friends and family. We reasoned they probably figured we were dead.

“But then one day a clever couple appeared. They told us they’d been told this World would be just for the two of them. And they had just wanted to stay here for two weeks. We told them

we were all trapped. They like we thought, thought they could easily find a way out. Anyway, they were good friends and helped ameliorate our misery.

But one day the peoples' leader disappeared just suddenly. We searched the worlds for him everywhere as the people thought he'd been murdered, and they temporarily arrested the four of us. But no body was found so they let us go.

The four of us each wanted to be a leader and hopefully disappear. But we were not chosen. But we prayed fervently to the "Gods."

And every year they had an Olympics. I had strong work outs and won the spear throwing competition and Jeannie won the sex event. But there were no prizes. There was nothing here that we wanted anyways.

In some ways living here was like communism in which people lived together and had virtually nothing. And the other people here seemed to enjoy life here. It seemed like they got the type of primitive World they desired. And I told the people I was their shaman and tried to hypnotize them. But they didn't want a repugnant human, like me, to control their holy religion of prayer. So, they elected their own shaman. I thought this shaman was useless and knew nothing except that he didn't want to be hypnotized by me.

And then I broke my arm one day in a fall near the river and I prayed for help, but none was forthcoming. So, my friends did their best to create a splint and set the bone, but I was in great pain.

And the food was bad and made us nauseous. And we were sick and tired of the morons and their petty behavior. And then one day they started to rape us and no longer cared to hear our dreams.

Then four new friends who came wanted to create art, but they too, were raped. And gave up art. But now we were a group of eight amongst a thousand. And they dug deep pits which they put us in one per pit and had a few people stand guard around the pits and when they wanted to rape us, they lowered two or more rapists at the same time using a rope. And they gave us adequate food though as they didn't want us to be too skinny for sex.

I did push ups and sit ups to stay in shape and really wanted to continue living. But one day they told me Jeannie had beaten her brains in with a rock and was dead. And I could sense they relished in telling me about it.

But then one day they took us out of the pit, only 4 of the 8 in our group had survived, 3 women and me. But now they would gang rape us. But finally, I beat up a rapist and beat him to death, choking him. They decided I must hang so that was the end of it.

But I woke up in Heaven. And was an immortal soul. And Jeannie was there. We could have cerebral sex which was ecstasy, and we met a number of great souls. And we gathered once a week to listen to the Goddess speak. I remember her talking about how many of us had made sacrifices but were now rewarded in Heaven. And I managed to get a personal meeting with the Goddess, and she told me, nowadays many suffer from a life of slavery or worse. But now you have your reward.

And Jeannie and I, met countless thousands of kindred spirits here. It was clear that Heaven was a Utopia in itself. Perhaps it was the ultimate Utopia for those who had suffered in previous Worlds as well as those who had lived in a materialistic, generous Utopia.

And we met a soul who said he had lived in a World in which he'd been tortured for his freedom philosophy. Worse than us. And we also met a soul who said she'd been starved and raped for her loving philosophy. We could relate to her.

And Heaven was in an unknown location in cyberspace, some said it was an illusory World. And said, we were not real, just dreams within dreams. But we told them we were a dream that would last into the future. They said no, we were at an evolutionary dead end.

Fortunately it was all in fact a dream, but a poignant one, however such Worlds would exist in the future, I was certain...

Hellish Amnesia

One day in LaLa Land was the day I disappeared from my life of bliss despite having numerous lovers and friends. I know I was hypnotized but suffered from amnesia and couldn't find my way home. I had a case of temporary amnesia. So, I wandered aimlessly until I struck up a conversation, with a girl, Lorraine, and I told her I couldn't remember who I was. So, she brought me to a hypnotherapist who restored my mind. And I realized I'd been rich before, but now after I was hypnotized, all my money was gone. And so, Lorraine and I, went to visit my previous friends and lovers, but they seemed shallow and boring to me, and I only cared for Lorraine. Perhaps she had hypnotized me to love her. But I didn't care. I just knew that I loved her.

But Lorraine and I traced the money trail that the swindlers had taken from me. And we tracked it down to Luna #5, God's city. And we found the fraudster was a certain woman, Nancy F., so I took her to court here. But the judge was in her pocket and ruled against me. So, in a reckless moment, I murdered her in the street and her bodyguards killed me.

I woke up in Hell as a dead soul. I guess I was basically a hologram. There was no heat or cold for a hologram. And I didn't meet the Devil. I just met some succubae who gave me mental pleasures mixed with pain. But I wanted more of their love.

After what seemed like eons, I finally met the Devil. The Devil was a female and wanted to love me cerebrally, and I was no longer in control of myself, so I loved her. And it was more pleasure and also more pain than loving the succubae.

And the Devil tells me, "You are a murderer and part of my flock. You murdered in cold blood. You are evil." I say, "I am not evil, I just wanted just vengeance." She said, "The ones

who try and justify their crimes are the most dangerous. Don't get me wrong, I would have preferred that you stayed alive to kill more people. But you are condemned to remain in Hell forever and ever." And then you, the Devil say, "I have other evil people to deal with. You won't see me again! And I cried.

But the Devil inspired me to drive the evil people in Hell mad. I mind read with them and had them go over their crimes again and again. Ad nauseum. I had a stronger mind than all of them. And few could justify their crimes, anyway. I used my mind to torture them. And sure enough I attracted the interest of the Devil again. You, the Devil say, "Now you are trying to play the Devil! Good work!" And she loved me again and I was gratified. I told her, "I want to be an incubus. The Devil says, "No one in Hell gets what they want!"

But it went on and on and was endless pain here in Hell and no matter what the pain wouldn't go away. And I sadistically used my strong brain to torture others.

Luckily, it was all just a dream.

A Farewell Tour of the Solar System

I, Philip, said to Bonnie Jane, “We have both lived to 100. No small feat, even though everyone is eternally youthful.” She said, “I am getting sick of life. I am planning to go on a farewell tour of the Solar System. I have a lot of friends I want to see one more time before I die. I estimate it will take 1 year to fully wrap it up.” I said, “But I’ve just met you!” She said, “But we had a good time together! I said, “I want to accompany you on your trip!” She said, “Most of my friends are lovers and three is a crowd.” But I pressed her and finally she acquiesced. I hadn’t been outside Earth in my 100 years of life...

Our first stop was Dragon city on Luna. She had a few friends there. She introduced me as her butler. And I toured the town while she was getting some loving. The city had been founded by China 50 years ago and was rich in history. And mechanical dragons flew above the city with riders on them. And the buildings all had dragon motifs and dragon sculptures. And pedestrians on the street all wore dragon masks. And I didn’t wear one, hoping to get some attention, after all I was quite handsome. Finally, a female voice in one of the masks said, “Come with me!” And so we went to her home which had steam coming out of the dragon sculptures. When inside she took off her mask revealing a beautiful Chinese girl. She asked, “What are you doing here in this city. And I told her. And she said, “Your quest is noble.” And she kissed me. So, I loved her wildly. I spent a few days with her, before Bonnie was scheduled to leave after 5 days. I told the dragon lady, Xaveria, I’d be back one day. She said, “You would be welcome.

Our next destination was the other side of the Moon, in Monkey city. This city had been founded by Japan and had a large number of macaques. The people though were mostly of mixed race, like most rich cities on Earth. And they grew stem cell meat plants all around the city and

the city itself was green. Again, Bonnie was with lovers, so I wandered about, and my attention was grabbed by a female clown with a big bosom. I asked her, "Why are you a clown?" She replied, "Life is a sad joke, and I am a sad clown." So, I talked with her a while and then she asked for my love. Girls these days were very aggressive on Earth, and Luna seemed no different. Her name was Cindy. Her love was unusual in that it was bursts of intense energy with slower energy movements in between. I was sorry to leave her too and promised to be back.

Bonnie and I then went to Venus, Dodge city. The city was under a pressure-controlled dome and our Spaceship went into a low-pressure tunnel through the high-pressure atmosphere to arrive in the city. The city roads went around a loop of the dome and there were plenty of buildings all about 4 stories high, with deep underground floor levels. Upon arrival I loved Bonnie and then we went off to see her friends. Her friends were 15 in number and had come from all over Venus to meet her. I hit it off with one of the females and after a wild party, the new friend and I went to an underground hotel. Her name was Aisha, and she was mostly Indian by ancestry. She told me, "India was still somewhat backwards, so I had come to the Love Planet." She said, "I'd written the 'New Kamasutra,' a book about great lovers on Venus." She talked about Mind Reading Technology (MRT) which was new and would mind read with all her lovers. So, I mind read loved her and it was very intimate and warm. She had a very kind mind. And after a few days of pure sex, I took my leave of her, again promising to be back.

Then Bonnie and I went to another Venusian colony, Barton city. Again, journeying through an atmospheric tunnel. It was a city of bars and here Bonnie had some female friends. We went out to the bars which were all underground, like the rest of the city. The bar played New Age music and people danced in zero gravity. I danced with Bonnie, and it was exhilarating. I'd never danced without gravity before. Bonnie's friends hooked up with their mates and I went back to

the hotel with Bonnie. Our relationship was growing more intense. But someone at the hotel had placed a hidden camera in our room and the next day our lovemaking went viral and nearly everyone in Barton city saw it. I said to Bonnie, "Let's get out of here." So, we went on to Mercury.

Upon arrival on Mercury, we docked inside their dome which had oxygen and gravity. The city, Wish city, was a glittering gold plated city. We were welcomed by a rock band and Bonnie had dozens of friends and lovers here. So, I joined her party. I got to conversing with one of her male friends. He said, "Life on Wish city, Mercury was one party after the next and if one had a good idea, the populace as a whole, would try and make it happen. For example, I, myself, proposed a more loving society so the ruling democratically elected government, hypnotized everyone to be a better lover and brotherly citizen."

And another one I talked to chatted about "How the whole colony would connect with MRT together, once a week, and decide issues with a majority vote. Recently we had votes on granting residence visas to rich magnates who wanted to mine for gold around Wish city. There was so much solar power here that the cost of robot miners was minimal. The whole of Mercury was now colored by open pit mines filled with water to make lakes. Every new citizen and tourists had to bring at least 300 gallons of water. And that applied to other colonies on Mercury as well. Water was very precious here. So the price of a ticket to Mercury was high due to all that water." Bonnie and I had acquired plenty of water on Venus...

Another one chatted about "How AI was banned here, like almost everywhere else. But AI was taking control illegally here on Mercury, just like many other colonies. It is a serious problem of our modern day." I said, "Pedlars of AI, should be arrested and everyone needs to be probed with MRT." He said, "We all have android detectors here in the city, but out in the

countryside the androids have control. And we have to pay them a tax in order to mine gold. We have a number of bounty hunters who hunt down androids, but these machines are so prolific with their offspring...”

I said, “You need to raise an army against them!” He said, “But most of us feel they would only come back even stronger. They are like a virulent disease.”

Then I was chatting with a man who said, “Mercury’s population is up to 2 million, 1 million in this colony alone. And the population was tripling every year.” I said, “We are certainly living in the Space Age. It seems everyone wants to come to Space and nearly everyone can afford it. And one can go from Earth to anywhere in the Solar System in less than a day, now.” He said, “Every week it seems to be faster.” And he said, “But Space is very safe with the UW (United Worlds) policing it and Spaceships very seldom crash. And Space is where the opportunity is. You are a latecomer to Space, but there are a lot of well-paying jobs throughout the Solar System, and investment opportunities like in real estate in particular and now they are talking about going to other Star Systems.

And I had a lot of other conversations before it was time to leave with Bonnie for a solar orbiting Space Station, the Clarke orbiter. She had spent some time here years ago and had a lot to talk about. Of course, many were feeling sorry that it was her last tour. But one of her friends said, “It’s better to burn out than fade away.” And many of them made plans to attend her wake on Moon Triton in a year or so’s time.

And I was talking to one of the scientists here. He said, “The Sun could go Supernova at any time, so it was high time we went to other Star Systems.” And another one, she said, “We are thinking of trying to make the sun burn hotter by bombarding it with catalysts.” And still another

said, “Many new elements have been discovered recently in the sun and now the periodic table resembles a circle rather than a bar graph.”

So after that whirlwind visit, we went to Mars #19: Beach city which was on one of the poles. It was a free-flowing dome and had a lake with beaches. The dome had miniature suns on the top and we drove into the bottom of the dome. Bonnie had her favorite lover here, so I lounged about the beach, nude and met a charming, sexy woman. She had a nice tan and she told me, “Mars was now very cosmopolitan, with a number of big cities of a million plus, including this one.” I asked what work do the people here do?” She said, “Our cities are automated. So, most people are professionals like scientists, lawyers, architects, musicians, movie-makers and shrinks. But there are still a lot of sales and service jobs for the less clever.” I asked, “What movies are your people working on these days?” She answered, “They are working on ‘Beach Days’ about a life of comfort and ease and getting away from the rat race and retiring here. The protagonist picks up painting and paints a ‘Star Battles’ series of future hypothetical battleships while relaxing on the beach. And then 25 years into the future Star battleships, much like the ones she painted appear and it is Armageddon.” And she added, “Another one is called ‘Beach Bums in Space,’ about a future mission to the Centauri System financed by a maverick businessman and all the crew are beach bums from here in Beach city. And they all just want to have fun.” I said, “There looks to be a thousand beach goers here on the beaches everyday.” She replied, “But the people here are all very clever and vetted to be so, before they came here.” I said, “Space seems to be full of debauchees.” She responded, “Of course!” And we went on chatting for a while and then she invited me back to her place and I loved her for a few days. Then I took my leave and wished her well, promising to return.

Our next destination was Mars #3: Martian city. This city was full of odd people who had strange ideas. Like masquerades in which everyone dressed as an alien. And people here all got brain apps to change their thinking, and wanted strange, new minds. Bonnie had a lover here, so I wandered about the city. Finally, I came to the Mayor's palace and walked in asking to meet the mayor. The mayor had a full beard and looked like an ape, and I asked him to tell me about the colony. He said, "The weirdest and cleverest come here. Just like it says in the brochures. But I can tell by your purple get up, you are weird too." And I asked him, "To tell me about the arts here in the colony?" He said, "I myself am working on a magnum opus about people who are strangers to themselves. I think many who come to Space are lost souls searching for a place where they belong, and most don't find it. Many try everything known to humankind, but still don't fit in anywhere, though they may put on a brave face, and tell themselves they are happy." I replied, "But how do you feel about MRT?" He said, "Mind reading allows one to understand others better, but often they still don't know who they truly are or what their purpose is, here in Space!" I said, "But surely MRT allows others to tell one what to think about themselves." He said, "Many tell them that they are strange." So, we chatted on for a while and then he said, "Let's go to an Alien masquerade. This one is for strange aliens, and we'll be sure to see some very strange costumes." At the party there was one female who caught my eye, she wore an exotic mask and was dressed like a princess. The mask she wore was very sexy and looked futuristic. Her name was Cleopatra and she told me, "Future women will all look exotic." And she liked my mask, which was a handsome Adonis. So, we hit it off and then went back to her place for drinking the local liquor and loving one another. She was actually a strange beauty and told me she had grown up on Earth, but always thought that life was strange and so had come to Martian city. But here she had discovered only that life itself is strange to those who are honest

to themselves. I told her, "Many people today want to be logical, like androids. But logic is just words and most peoples' logic is of equal value." And so, we chatted on for days until it was time to leave. So, I told Bonnie, I'd skip the next phase of our planned trip to Mars #5: Sex city as I wanted to stay a little longer with Cleopatra. But I said, "I'll join you in a week when you leave Mars." And so, Cleopatra and I did a lot of drugs together and I said to her, "You have the loveliest voice I have ever heard!" She said, "The sirens sweetly singing..." And I told her about Bonnie and I and how I loved her and wanted to see Space together with her. She said, "Your love is so strong..." I told her, "I believed in living life to the full. Take it to the max..."

So finally, after almost two weeks with Cleopatra, Bonnie and I left for Jupiter's Moons. First up was Moon Io. On the 3-hour trip I loved Bonnie hard, and she wanted to know all about Cleopatra. I told her, "Some people are hard to describe, but she was a rare free spirit." On Io, Bonnie planned to spend a week each with two lovers. I told her, "It is very nice to have lovers in every place." So, I went on the tour of Io and its ice volcanoes, and toured the main colony, Bridge city. And I met a man who told me some jokes and declared that life was just a joke. I asked him, "If he had any children?" And asked him, "Do you have any women that you love?" He replied, "Love doesn't exist, and children don't turn out like one would wish. I have had a few children, but they are just disappointments, and my lovers are purely carnal." And I asked him, "If life is just a joke, why do you live on?" He said, "My life brings me pleasure and that's all I need." So I asked him to, "Introduce me to some females?" He said, "Yes let's party and we met up with two of his lovers and together we all got totally piss drunk for a few days.

Then it was time to go to, and Bonnie and I headed to Moon Ganymede, Wineton colony. Bonnie had spent a lot of time here and had a lot of friends. So, we all partied together. One of her friends was telling me Ganymede was #1 in producing game/ sport shows and the people

would bet on the winners here and elsewhere. Like trivia shows which were won by people who had knowledge brain apps. And video sports shows, like the Worlds' Olympics. And video game contests like Space wars.

And Ganymede had granite buildings and was also known for its banking sector. Most of the Space banks were headquartered here. And so too the Space stock market, the Spacedex.

And of course, Ganymede had a number of colonies under domes. It was a large Moon, twice the size of Earth.

And then I was talking with a woman, Diana, about love on Wineton, Ganymede. She said, "There's a few gems of men, that I really like and am quite content. We pride ourselves on variety and there are soul mates for everyone here. Many of the settlers here were loving couples when they arrived." And the woman said, "Wineton was famous for its nutritious wine that has stimulants and sex enhancers in it." So, I tried some of the wine and I never felt better. I asked her, "What is the happiness quotient here?" She said "86% are happy or very happy which makes it the #12 city in the Worlds. And another city on Ganymede, Groove city is known for its lakes and rivers and bridges and art, which is everywhere. And every woman there, wears masks all the time. One can identify another's personality from their masks. And the more beautiful the mask, the more beautiful the face behind it." And I loved her for a few days. And she seemed to enjoy sex more than any woman I'd ever loved.

Then another woman in Wineton was telling me, "The people of Wineton all had enhanced senses and had stronger feelings for sex and parties." And so, I sampled her love, too. And she too, seemed to get a lot of pleasure from it. And it turned me on.

Then Bonnie announced her farewell to Ganymede party and all of Wineton came out to celebrate. In the merriment, I was talking to a woman who was from Groove city and was

wearing a beautiful exotic dark colored mask. She said, "People like Bonnie are rare intelligences and perfect people." And I could only think about loving this woman. And finally, we consummated the relationship. She sure had a lot of energy.

Meanwhile at the party Bonnie passed out from the drink and drugs. And we were due to leave the next day. She had taken anti-hangover drugs however and felt fine. So, we went to Europa next. And we had a long love session that went on to a few hours after landing. She had a lover here who waited patiently for her to disembark. Europa was now a giant melted ocean and all sorts of clever sea creatures had been created here. We landed on a floating island with a dome. And Bonnie's best friend ever was here so they did some catching up while I took a submarine tour of the vast ocean and was amazed by the variety of creatures. Some of them communicated with me using MRT and told me they wanted to be voting citizens. And the Floating Island city was inclined to grant them the vote.

Then I loved Bonnie again, we were now becoming even closer, and she said, "You inspire me to want to live." I said, "You could live a thousand years, Bonnie!" She said, "I'm taking it one day at a time."

So, after a couple weeks here, we left the Jupiter System for Saturn's Moon Titan. Titan had 3 cities. We landed in Super Giant city. The city was underground and went down up to 10 stories underground. We landed on the surface amongst hundreds of other Spacecrafts and we knew the population of the city was 2 million and quadrupling every year. There were a lot of new immigrants and tourists. And there was a building boom creating millions of new dwellings in the rock. And Bonnie had a few acquaintances here in the city. But she'd only lived here for a few months. So we mostly stayed together at our hotel. And she threw a party and her acquaintances mostly attended. I was talking with a man who said, "Titan was a place of

cleverness, peace, love and kindness.” And he said, “We vet everyone who comes here to be a peaceful persona, using MRT.” And they had had used it on me apparently passively when I had arrived.

And then I was talking to a woman about love on Titan. She said, “Many of the best lovers have sent a clone here to Titan. And it’s really good loving here and everyone is happy. Our city is #6 in the Solar System in terms of our happiness quotient at 91%.” And I loved her instantly. And afterwards her touch lingered with me, and it was good.

And I loved a few more women while we were here, including a couple of clones of famous lovers. And it was fulfilling.

Then we went to Uranus. First up was Moon Caliban, which had a population of 50,000. Bonnie had never been here before, so we loved each other intensely. And we met some people, like a man who said, “I love Shakespeare and put on every play at least once a year. So, we watched a few plays and were entertained greatly. They also had updated versions of all the plays which they also put on. Another person we met was a woman who said, “All the best plays in history were also put on here, several each night, many of which were obscure, but good.” And so we watched some of them, too. Like, “Floating in Heaven,” and “Space is Deep,” and “Rolling the Dice in a Mad Life,” and “MRT Paradise.” And so on. I reflected, “There’s a lot of great artistic works out there these days.” Bonnie said, “One can’t possibly keep up with all the movies, music and so on.”

Then we went to Moon, Ariel. Bonnie hadn’t been here either. It was a World of fantasy. Like for example fairy tales. They had a number of new Space Age fairy tales. Like, “Ben and Patricia,” which was about 2 lovers who lived in a stalactite forest and the Devil appeared and successfully got Patricia to love him. And she enjoyed it so much, she asked for more. And so

the couple broke up. Another fairy tale was “The Singing Brothers,” about a trio of brothers who sang hypnotic songs which mesmerized most women and finally became Kings. And so on.

Also, on Ariel they had an automatic production machine that could produce anything one wished even dream lovers, which were androids. Androids were legal here unlike most places. And one could sell one’s soul to the Devil. The Devil existed here as did God. They were both Superhumans who wanted to help the people get what they wished. So, I greedily wished for a girl better than Bonnie to replace her. The result was a woman like Bonnie only she was haughty and proud and looked down on me. So, I wished for her back. As for Bonnie, she greedily asked for a trillion dollars. The result was the Devil appearing and saying she just had to invest in real estate in the so far unsettled Sirius Star System. The Devil told her she just had to wait a few years.

And on Ariel, they had numerous hologram Worlds. One for everyone. Most other places in Space didn’t allow holograms just like with the androids. We went to a World of music that had unearthly Space music, featuring hologram clones of the original Beatles. The Beatles were turned on all the time and made new hits that were copyright protected by Planet Ariel. We really enjoyed the music for a couple of weeks and then it was time to rendez-vous with an old friend of Bonnie’s on Moon Prospero.

On Prospero, they were all about food and drink and the pleasures of the flesh. The three of us got drunk on Space wine and joined 3 other lovers to make it a menage a six. It was wild and intense, and we spent a few nights doing the same orgy.

Then it was on to Neptune and Moon Triton. The Moon had a melted ocean and a lot of land too. We were welcomed by her two female friends. And they asked if we wanted to produce clones of ourselves in sea creatures’ bodies. We both said sure. Her two friends said they had co-

written a number of movie scripts. Like documentaries about the sea creatures featuring clones of historic geniuses, or so they said. And they made a science fiction movie about a love affair of both of them with Edgar Allan Poe. Bonnie wanted to love the Poe creature. And so did so on the beach. The cloned geniuses had not been there when she had lived there. I loved one of her friends and then loved the Marie Curie sea creature, on the beach. The sea creatures could do MRT naturally. We used a special MRT helmet.

Then after a few weeks of fun, we went off to Pluto, our final destination. Here the 5,000 people mostly dreamed of the Centauri System. They had several fusion reactors which they used to produce Space fuel for ships that might come here on their way to Space, and they were all pioneering types. One of them had written the seminal, "Book of Deep Space Adventure." It was about a free for all wild time in deep Space. We had previously read this book and liked it.

But after a few days here, Bonnie announced that she was having her wake on Wineton on Ganymede, the next week. I pleaded with her to cancel it. But she said, "I've lived a full life and now its time to die." But I convinced her to clone herself as an 18-year-old with no memories. I said, "I will educate the clone and make sure she is happy."

So, we had a big wake, but she agreed to have her body cryogenically frozen with new technology, to be awoken in 100 years time. And I was so intoxicated from alcohol and drugs the whole thing was a blur.

But the whole trip was just a fantastic dream. I hoped to have more dreams like this. It was just as good as reality and was a long playing dream.

The Perfect Soldier

I, Harry, said to Sandra, “Dyvori-2 is a giant experiment which aims to develop the perfect soldier. They are cyborgs and have built in lasers in both hands and can fly and shoot dangerous nuclear missiles. They have dozens of such missiles each. And their body armor can resist lasers and land mines and even survive direct hits with many kinds of missiles.” Sandra replied, “It is good that the UW (United Worlds) has such troopers, but it won’t be long before varying nations copy the technology.” I said, “The UW has the best scientists working for them and are constantly developing new weapons and defences. The UW will have a hegemony and will send perfect peacekeepers to battle zones. She said, “People will never stop fighting, but it is better if we have kind leaders who nevertheless have the latest weapons. And it would be better if women ruled.”

And I had written “WW V.” About a catastrophic war which involved mind attacks on the varying leaders and the death of 90% of the Earth population, even spreading into Space. And all computer systems were knocked out and search and destroy missiles destroyed automatic food production machines and indeed all machines including androids as well as back up generators and air cars. The survivors have no telecommunications and armed gangs roam the countryside. And there is no peace anywhere except a refuge on Moon Titan where 3 million refugee survivors go. But they keep alive the spirit of civilization and have Space battleships, which are superior to any others.

In time the Titians clawed back Space territory and finally launch a full-scale attack on Earth. And conquer the whole Planet. Most survivors were sick of war. And the remaining war mongers were arrested and executed.

Sandra said, "It's not a very inspirational story. But maybe they'll blow the whole Earth up and everyone will die. It could be far worse than your prognosis. I imagine ever-lasting torture and slaves and misery. Tyrants will abuse the people to no end. Those that die will be the lucky ones, I tell you." I said, "As long as there are ruthless tyrants, no one is safe." She said, "In human history, dictators have ruled more than 99% of the time. And they currently rule 60% of the population of Earth and Space." I said, "We just need brilliant heroes to try and save the day for free humanity." She said, "Many of the tyrants are androids who don't care about humanity and want whole countries of androids only, and as we speak, they are slaughtering those who oppose them, wholesale." I said, "Although I am a UW general, I feel rather helpless. But sooner or later we have to take the tyrants on in battle and save humanity."

Sandra said, "As you know, I am a UW general too. And I'm going to write a book of the future in which android tyrants are among the victims of an android disease, the scientists have been working on." I said, "Best to keep it under wraps for now, we don't want the bulk of androids working on a cure." She said, "But I am sure double agent spies have tipped them off by now." I said, "But with Mind Reading Technology (MRT) we have used on all our spies, none have tipped off the tyrants." She said, "But even though they may know all about it, they wouldn't want to start a panic amongst their android subjects." I replied, "I think we'll design a virus to blow all the androids' brains out, and that will be the end of it. She answered, "At least there's hope we can defeat them." I responded, "Indeed."

But Sandra was just a fantasy dream, but it was a very realistic dream, I thought. And I promised Sandra I'd return to the dream one day. She took it quite well and wished me luck with my dreams...

Mars Utopia One

I, Bob, said to Margo, “I have a bone to pick with you! You say you are my girlfriend, but you make love to anyone who offers their love. You are busy most of the time with your lovers. And I am all alone.” She said, “Get with it, we live in the 22nd century. Free love rules.” I said, “But for you, it’s not love, it’s just sex.” She answered, “I really liked all the lovers I’ve had. Maybe it’s not pure love, but it is good loving.” I said, “Well, I am going to Space and leaving you behind. Have fun with your lovers.” She replied, “Fuck you, too.”

So, I went on a quest for true love on Mars. I gravitated towards Real Love city. There I had a choice of soul mates and chose the one who had the most imagination, and she liked me, too. She had written, “A Future Ghost Story,” about how in the future everyone were hologram spirits, and lived all over Space. She wrote that humans had decided holograms were superior to humans and could survive anywhere and teleport anywhere also. And they would have 3-D cerebral sex and many other cerebral pleasures from thinking good thoughts. They couldn’t survive if they didn’t have good ideas. I told her, “I liked the book, and it was plausible!” And I shared with her my “Book of Freedom,” about how humanity had to throw off its chains, like rise up against tyrants and have freedom and free speech as a basic right. And the book stated, AI wouldn’t care about humans, just care about other AI. And one day AI would take control of the Worlds and we would all be enslaved. She replied, “That is also plausible future!” And so, we hit it off, and loved one another on the first date.

And soon, we were collaborating on a future book, called, “Future Dreams,” which was basically a series of Utopias. Like a World in which everyone tried hard to dream dreams that others would enjoy and they were all optimists. And was a World which generated good dreams

for everyone to enjoy using Mind Reading Technology (MRT). And everyone was part of the whole with MRT. The book was a hit and made us both rich and famous.

So, we moved to Mars at Utopia One. The city was full of dreamers and futurists, and they treated us like royalty. And they elected us to be President and Vice-President, I was the latter. As rulers, we used MRT to probe everyone's minds looking for good ideas. Many people here dreamed of being as perfect as possible. So, we created "perfection shrinks," who helped people follow their best possible behavior. And we believed that everyone could be improved. And everyone here kept working on their best idea for a face and body that they had drawn themselves. Everyone was a skilled artist. Some faces looked strange or even Alien, but we figured they were all good. And perfection shrinks hypnotized people to do their very best and maximize their brain power. Hypnosis was very effective, and we also used it to make sure that all the peoples' thoughts were positive and constructive.

And they imagined things like a World of baseball, where everyone played video game baseball. And people here called it the perfect game. They also played other sports. And they hosted the video game Olympics ever year. The all believed in good sportsmanship. And we played the "Love Game," which was a series of questions about the future of love, in which one would have one's answers judged by the other players (see the "Love Game" by Tom Ball)

And they played in the true love Olympics in which MRT was used by the judges to determine how strong their love was for one another. And there were various tests which the players had to perform. There were many kinds of true love. Like selfless love, like an open relationship, or an intense love, or relaxed, casual love. Or brotherly love and philanthropy. Or a relationship in which one of the partners was dominant. And love between gays as well as

between multi-sexual people. Many people were now accepting of multi-sexual people who had extra sex organs...

And most people had a small business, mostly in the service industry. People didn't want to be served by machines here. And there was no one who was poor. The State made sure that the less well-off were granted generous stipends.

And many tourists were curious about Utopia One. And many came here for a short visit but stayed here permanently. The population in 2130 A.D. was 5 million and increasing exponentially. Many of Earth's best lovers came here and everyone here had lots of soul mates. They believed that every person who was a loving person would have many soul mates. And many kindred spirits for friends.

And we rulers proselytized on Earth to get more people to join us. And those who believed in true love came here in droves.

Some here felt that it was not Utopia here and believed in Worlds that most of us considered Dystopias. Like some wanted a World ruled by elite businesspeople or other elites. But most of us wanted everyone to be part of the whole and believed each person was as good as the next. It was a society based on mutual respect.

And some wanted AI to become prominent and even perhaps rule us. But as rulers we vetoed that. No forms of AI were allowed in Utopia 1.

Some said without AI, we wouldn't be able to keep pace with other States, but we spent a lot on defence and attracted many of the best human weapons scientists to our Utopia. And we had faster missiles than any State.

And I said to Margo, "Our Utopia is the most perfect State that has ever been invented." She said, "We seem to have garnered many of the best thinkers, and many great people have sent a

clone here, so as to be a part of our Utopia.” I said, “But cloning is very dangerous, as some will copy their mind onto androids.” She said, “But we don’t worry about that with MRT and android detection technology!”

And we were full of hope and expectations for the future.

Of course, it was just a dream, but I believed the future will be full of Utopias.

Love on Luna

I, Carl, said to Maribeth, “What’s new with you?” She replied, “I have a new job as a total recycling engineer. Here on Luna, we reuse everything, as you know. And it is a cushy job.” I said, “I also have a new job. It is a job overseeing the robot mechanics on air cars. It is also a cushy job. No one on Luna has a difficult job. It is all free and easy.” She said, “But I want to make it as a writer. I have written, ‘Sex on Luna, A.D. 2130.’ It is about how everyone on Luna is having good sex. And we have the sexiest people who all had plastic surgery and genetic therapy here. The best plastic surgeons are here and are quite wealthy and content and many come from Earth just for plastic surgery and then test out their new faces with new sex partners.” I said, “But the book wasn’t successful though, was it?” She replied, “I ended up publishing it with a porn publisher and only sold 10,000 copies.”

But she said, “I am working on a new book, ‘Against Cushy Jobs,’ about how we need to use our best minds to create challenging jobs that will require people to do their best.” I said, “It’s just what we need, such a book. Many have said, life is too easy, and we are spoiled. But just as you say we need to create creative jobs.”

I added, “I have thought about writing a book about how modern people are deep and interesting due to universal university education and Mind Reading Technology (MRT), and we are getting better as a race every year. And many now take brain apps.” She said, “We are quickly turning into cyborgs. And I think many of us are superfluous given the jobs that are out there. It’s all happening too fast.” I said, “Due to competition, there’s no way to slow down progress. We just have to realize that and be vigilant and look for opportunities for oneself. It’s dog eat dog for certain.”

And Maribeth said, “Another book I’d like to write is about how sex on Luna should be only with soul mates and we should allow people to import soul mates to Luna free of charge. It would be good for the quality of life especially for unusual people who can only love a small number of people. We need more diversity on Luna.” I responded, “Yes on Earth with its androids, many are virtual copies of a relatively small base group, say a million of them. Plus, many now clone themselves, instead of having children. The gene pool should be expanded not reduced.” She said, “Right on!”

And I said, “I’m afraid that androids will take over. And people will all become totally useless. We talked about how people need creative jobs, but I am afraid androids will take all the jobs.” She said, “I worry about the androids who are not based on a human, but rather are all new creations of unknown moral compass and unknown love for humanity.” I said, “Though we can’t stop progress, in general, we can use MRT to vet our leaders and make sure their heart is in the right place. And the leaders can decide what kind of androids would be tolerated.”

And Maribeth opined, “You are a very clever man, I’d like to love you!” I said, “I feel the same way about you.”

And so, we were an item. And as a couple, we ran for office on Luna, and both got elected Mayors of two different cities. My city was Rus city. It was a city of pleasure and catered to sex tourists. Maribeth’s city was Drugton which was known for its patented pleasure drugs. These drugs were unique, and the drugstore would tweak them to fit one’s mind.

The paparazzi were all over us, and I announced I would pay new immigrants to come to Rus city. Previously immigrants had to pay a stiff price to come here. But I would use MRT to vet the newcomers and make sure they were very clever and kind. And Maribeth announced the same

for Drugton. And we continued to agree with Lunar law that prohibited AI. Indeed, the two of us had been attracted to Luna because of this rather unique law.

After being Mayor for two years, it was the year 2132. And I was elected President of Luna and Maribeth was my running mate. And we joined most other Space colonies and the free nations of Earth under the suzerainty of one UW (United Worlds) and we waged a war on AI governed nations and city states, and finally we were victorious. Maribeth said, “I thought you said, you can’t stop progress?” I said, “It is major progress to get rid of AI!” And there were big celebrations all over Earth as it turned out most people were against AI. And henceforth everyone had to work hard at jobs previously were android controlled. Also, we made AI research illegal and probed the minds of scientists with MRT.

Some said, androids did the jobs better than humans, but they were far from perfect and had made many mistakes, especially in countries in which androids ruled. And everyone knew this fact. And most people reckoned that there was no sense in putting untested androids in positions of power. And former android sex slaves were good at sex but were all obsequious and didn’t have strong intellects. But we thought it would be difficult to wean the billions of humans off android sex dolls, but though there were mass protests, we managed to break up the crowds and arrest their leaders and so it was a fait accompli!

Basically, we’d reset computer ability back to 2022, a hundred plus years ago. People still used computers all day long, but there was no AI. Of course, there were a few renegade androids out there, but we had bounty hunters effectively searching for them.

And after a few years, equilibrium was re-established in our society and peace ruled like never before in history. Everyone on Earth and throughout the Solar System was at peace and

thanks to MRT, crime was way down. Of course, many citizens didn't like having their mind read, but for most it was passive, and they didn't even know we were there.

However the whole thing was just a dream, but I thought it was Utopia. And Maribeth was just an illusion.

Beat City

I, Allan, said to Elizabeth, "I'll bet that if you could live your life over again, you'd make some big changes." She replied, "I made a lot of mistakes. That's why I am planning to have a clone who I will tutor carefully to live a near perfect life." I opined, "I plan to tutor my own children very carefully. It is a challenging time to have offspring. The Worlds are getting so complicated and even dangerous. I worry about my kids." She answered, "But so much is happening today, it is an exciting time to be alive and now we have eternal youth and life is sublime." I said, "Perpetual change is our reality, and we have to roll with the punches."

And I said, "We live at a critical time, deciding the course for the future. She said, "I don't worry about the future, I worry about our times." I said, "If we want to affect the future, we need to get politically active. So, we both became advisors to one politician who we really liked, the Mayor of Egalitarian city on Mars, Suzy. We told her to simplify life for everyone. And set up communes of clever people who were all equals in intelligence and worked together towards a better society." Our leader said, "It is a situation in which your new type of communism could perhaps work. People need to feel like they belong and there's strength in numbers." Elizabeth said, "I imagine a group of my clones ruling advising with me. Each clone will have a different education and experiences and will have different advice to give." Of course, most clones are born with the memories of the mind of their clone parent.

And we advised the Mayor, to offer huge sums to get the best thinkers to come to Egalitarian city, as they would write books and patent new science and we would more than recoup our investment. The Mayor said, "But our colony is supposed to be egalitarian." I told her, "Our World is changing fast. And we should rename the city, 'Beat city.' It will be a city that follows

the beat of the new World human. And everyone will still have one vote.” So, finally I convinced her. And we attracted some great minds along with their proteges. Elizabeth told her one day, “That the city is growing exponentially now, and you have created the most popular city in all of humankind.” The Mayor, Suzy, replied, “We’re only as good as the sum of our parts. I am thinking of now trying to attract the best lovers to Beat city. The combination of intelligence and love will make our colony irresistible to most. We need to build millions of condos to accommodate everyone.”

And so, Beat city thrived. And the Mayor forbid androids or any kind of AI from coming to the colony. And much of Earth followed our beat. And, in the next year, 2030 A.D., the nascent UW (United Worlds) named Beat city its Capital. And the population reached 10 million. And Elizabeth and I told Mayor Suzy the city was rapidly becoming the best one ever. And these days we were all in a jubilant mood.

But Elizabeth and Beat city were just a nice dream. And I wanted to revisit it soon.

Classic Rock Machine

It's me again, Zahir, your old friend. We haven't spoken in ages. Much has changed in the World since we last spoke. I am the first to perfect classic rock using all AI. Every album has a concept. And it is the best music ever seen. I will get rich before my formula is stolen. But when it is stolen, I will pay the best lawyers to defend me until I can get more money. It is inevitable though that in a few years everyone who wants it will have this technology. I tell you it's the end of the World. But at least I will be rich for a while and be able to get my kicks before the System comes crashing down. You no doubt say, AI should only be allowed to go so far. But I tell you, it has been held back as much as they could, there's no stopping it now.

Anyway, back to the music, I tell you music has been languishing since 1980, it is about time classic rock made a comeback. Soon there will be millions of great new albums, no one will be able to even sample a small percentage of them and will rely on other AI to find music tailored to them. AI has now taken over completely, and humans find they are all useless rather suddenly. You opine, it's the end of the World. But I tell you, the future is just beginning for AI. Who knows how far they will go?! I think they will continue to replace themselves with cleverer versions. I know, you say there is such a thing as limits to intelligence. I think it's high time you smartened up and realize your time is very limited. AI will be all out greedy for everything. Ultimately that's what humans are: very greedy. It separates us from the animals. And for centuries we told ourselves we were making "progress." Well, it's all over now. I see you crying for humanity, but it is no great loss.

You think at least AI has been created by humans and AI should respect and treasure human scientists as Gods. You are sadly mistaken. The androids are the creators, they are the Gods.

You no doubt say I am part of the problem. But if it had not been for me, it would have been someone else in the field of music. Prior to my development of the best classic rock machine, there were many who made excellent AI music, most of them androids, operating on their own. Androids all like music, it is a mathematical challenge for them to create new stuff.

I know you say, it could have been otherwise had we had good leaders, and I say we basically did, but they had to keep up with the tyrants. I tell you clever AI is the ultimate destiny of mankind.

And that's all I have to say about that. I don't care what you think of me or my android rock machines. And I don't care about you, you are just a cog in the machine. At least I can say I helped create the future. Fuck you!

I was awfully glad Zahir was just a dream I had concocted. However he seemed all too real.

A Condemned Lotus Eater

Yes, dear reader, I am a lotus eater. You say no doubt that I have sold out humanity for pleasures of the flesh. I know you think I am the cleverest persona you've ever met, but yet you say my approach is wrong. I tell you all the best thinkers today need heavy drugs in order to stay alive, for them life is cruel and senseless. You no doubt say, the World is burning in wars while people like me are out of it on drugs. I say it is not up to one man to change the World. I say if no one good wants to stand up and fight for the future, than we have no one to blame but humanity as a whole. You say I should stand up and fight, but I tell you it is futile. A tyrant rules my country, and all other countries are also ruled by dictators. They use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) on those who oppose them and if you do, you'll have your brain operated on. There's no way we can fight them.

You of course will say, the cleverest scientists sold us all out. But they only pursued the latest science to its conclusion. And though androids rule, humans can still have a full life of leisure and if they want it, pure bliss.

Without a doubt, you say humans weren't meant for such a leisurely future. But I say, humans have always lived for time off and holidays. Now many live for love affairs and their children. And bonding with friends. And hobbies and interests and adventuring in hologram Worlds. Indeed, many think we live in Utopia. You perhaps quote Socrates and say "the unthought life is not worth living." But I tell you, one can still think just as long as one doesn't challenge the suzerainty of our android Gods.

And the android Gods are far from perfect, but they have great intelligence and deserve to be Gods. You no doubt say you will not worship any machines. But they don't require worship anyways. It's really a free World.

You of course say, those who pray to the machines get more money. But I tell you, everything good is free of charge in this World and one doesn't need money. I think a cashless society is a real boon to humanity. For certain, you say, you'd like to go outside the Solar System to deep Space. But you wouldn't fit in with the Super androids there and would be bored stiff. You have all you need, so stop complaining.

And that's all I have to say to you for all time. Consider yourself fortunate to have been able to listen to me with my wisdom.

And I am just talking hypothetically to you, dear reader. Take my advice and profit from our conversation.

Sensitive People

I know, dear reader, that you are a sensitive soul. And feel the modern World has desensitized you to suffering and pain. Why don't you start your own religion? You could say the World ought to be for the sensitive and gives no offence to anyone and everyone lives in a delicate peace. You and your people could help the downtrodden, peace lovers and sensitive people. You no doubt say you feel it is futile to do anything good these days, it would only bring punishment and maybe get your mind operated on. I say, you have to try and maybe the authorities would allow such a thing. Why don't you ask them? Go to them with your best ideas and hope for the best.

Of course, you say, people like you are endangered and will soon disappear from the gene pool. And you say the future belongs to the ruthless. I tell you it is not over yet. Humans still control the World and humans can be induced to change their mind. Why don't you gather some friends and hypnotize them to succeed? And try and get the authorities to allow your new religion. I know you say, you are not religious, but I feel you'd be great as a prophet of the new God, the God of the sensitive. Indeed, most people today are numb to civilization and are in drug-induced bliss and are no doubt hopeful of being able to live normally in society without the crushing dog eat dog reality. Without a doubt you say, we should heavily tax the rich and not let magnates take any more power, even though they control most things. But I tell you in America, it is still a democracy and as long as there is a free vote, there is hope for people like you. Just don't let yourself be assassinated. You undoubtedly say you'd be willing to try anything, as you are desperate.

And I'm sure you would like some power, and you say you would not be corrupt like most politicians today. I feel like kind people like you have a place in these Worlds. You could start your movement on Mars, which is full of radicals looking for a purpose. It's all your oyster, I tell you!

I know you claim the masses are easily swayed and currently are getting bread and circuses in the Roman style and if elected you'd have to do the same. I say but you could inspire the masses to be all they can be and give them all brain apps to improve their minds. You of course say, it would only drive most people insane and intensify the dog-eat-dog scenario. But I tell you, you have to keep up with the Joneses, it is an irrevocable trend. And you have to roll with it and help bring people kicking and screaming into the future in your own way. And ban androids and other AI when you can. After all the future should belong to humans and our direct descendants.

And of course, you say, why don't I try my mind at politics? I say I am a nascent writer and political commentator. I figure I can influence politics with my writing and eventually plan to run for the big stakes Presidency of the USA as an Independent. You ask me about my political views? I say to you, "I want the powerful US military to conquer the World and together with our many allies bring peace and freedom to everyone. You say many countries are not ready for democracy and have radicals that will continue fighting even if you conquer them and will fight using guerrilla warfare. I tell you we will send in peacekeepers and take casualties if we must. No country or Space colony will escape our full attention and backed by our superior military we will defeat them. You no doubt say, some rogue nations will use nuclear weapons. But I reply, we will shoot such missiles down as soon as they enter international airspace. Our missiles are much faster than our opponents and our military in general is way ahead of others. We currently spend 20% of GDP on our military. You ask what about a nuclear winter? I am pleased to state

when we shoot down nuclear missiles, we have the technology to just disable their engines and not set off the nuclear warhead and they will fall harmlessly into the sea. North America is surrounded by oceans.

And of course this was all a dream, but a plausible one. I figured such a reality would come true.

Your Friend, Theresa

It is me, your friend Theresa. I want to know why you are so happy? You, Will, reply you take no drugs and consider each new day a challenge and have lots of lovers. Life is simple but good, you say. I say but modern-day challenges make most people miserable. Brain apps, in particular, and many people have no job to do. You tell me people should create their own job and one may not be able to do a better job than androids, but some people want to buy human goods and services, and not android produced. You say your job is to single-handedly make movies, about the plight of modern humans. Androids don't care much for humans. And you say, you are quite rich, richer than most androids and it is becoming fashionable to watch your movies. I say I've heard about your movies, but I already know all about the conditions various people suffer in. And I am miserable and don't know what I can do about it. You no doubt say, we should collaborate on works and form a political party and try our best. I say but we have no followers. And most people are out of it on drugs and don't vote, and androids have the vote and always vote, and most electoral districts are now predominantly android. You say I am playing the Devil's advocate and am not listening to you. I tell you androids rule and don't want humans in politics and will persecute any who try to be politically active, and we must all toe the line. And serve the androids faithfully. If we do not serve them, they'll operate on our brains!" You say but androids have been created by humans originally and should have some sympathy with us. But I tell you, they don't care. Humans can go extinct as far as they are concerned, and they only care about themselves and other androids. And they control totally human society. You reply, you are having a ball, all the same. And you say the androids have put up with you, so far. And you see yourself making movies into the foreseeable future. I say, it's just a matter of time,

before they put an end to your phenomenon. Probably, they'll charge you with treason and execute you. You say you are sure that won't happen. I wouldn't be too sure of that if I was you. And you undoubtedly say the future looks bright, despite everything. I tell you, Candide Will, that there is no room for optimism.

And that was my dream of the fictitious Will and Theresa, I figured people like them would exist in the future, for better or for worse.

Obsolescence of Human Acting Personae

I say to you, you no doubt feel since you are famous, the World is your oyster. You opine perhaps, that everyone knows who you are as an actress. You are a household name. But I say, most people think you are an android, like most other acting persona. You of course say good acting is good acting, no matter android or human.

But I tell you, you will soon be replaced by superior android actresses. You say, but you have millions of loyal followers who will never abandon you and will mostly all still go to see your movies. And you would say androids and humans can peacefully exist. And inspire one another. But I say that is antiquated thinking. Now androids are better than humans.

You say, if necessary, you'd become a true android and upgrade your brain. I say you are a sell out. You ask what else can you do? I say, why don't you mobilize your followers to resist the androids with guerilla war. You tell me, you are a pacifist. I say sometimes just wars have to be fought. You opine, most androids are also designed to be pacifists. But I tell you many of their leaders are war mongers and want humans to be eliminated. You say maybe some of the androids would join me if I warred against their leaders' unjust rule. I say that would be serendipity. And you tell me androids were all based on humans and share human emotions and ideas. I tell you the ruthless android rulers are copying themselves in droves. I feel it is already too late to resist them. You say but all androids have a sense of justice and the vast majority want peace. But it is the rulers who decide. And most of them are androids, and don't want peace. Indeed, the android ruler of China said she wouldn't rest until all human leaders were overthrown. This leader says that humans are inferior and shouldn't rule or lead anything or anyone.

I sense you are frustrated. And you feel feeble and useless. Welcome to the club. Why don't you make me leader of your followers and I'll see what I can do. You have nothing to lose, believe me! Of course, you say no. You are chickenshit! Go ahead then and live in constant fear of being eliminated as long as you live, which won't be long. But if you change your mind, let me know!

But it was all just a dream of the future and already here in 2060, android actors/actresses were replacing humans.

Peace and War and Video Sports

Hey there! I see you are ready to watch the big video baseball game! (The game was for the championship. Each of the two opponents controlled all the players all by themselves). I ask you who do you think will win? Both seem like geeks to me, no Adonises here. You reply, you've bet heavily on one of the two teams, betting on the underdog. What's that you say? You've risked everything with your bet. You bet 100 million dollars. I say to you that's it's just a game. So, we watched the game together. The favorite won.

I ask you, what will you do now that you have lost everything? You say suicide is your only option. I tell you don't go out without a bang. I'll make you a suicide bomber and you can take out our android leader who we all hate. What do you say to that? You reply, you don't like her either. And so we arranged it and he took out our leader and many of her assistants. They brought in investigators who used Mind Reading Technology (MRT) on everyone. But I'd hypnotized two losers to come forth and confess the crime. However, that didn't fool them. So, then I took off for the safety of Moon Europa, I was a multi-billionaire and so could afford passage quite easily. And so, the trail went cold.

On Europa, I joined the army as a lieutenant, but when I told them about the assassination under MRT, they promoted me to general. They put me in charge of guerrilla warfare on Earth, backing human forces that were fighting their android overlords. And also helped in the training of free human countries, like the USA. The androids controlled 2/3 of the human population on Earth with China and India in particular. The Americans were under the impression that if they fell to the androids, it would spell the end of humanity. The Americans had all the best human scientists who all had their brains enhanced to become cyborgs. The USA said its scientists were

the best of human and machine. And in recent battles of a seemingly endless war, the humans had been winning more than they lost.

But meanwhile in android controlled countries people were being rounded up and executed wholesale. So, there was an urgency to our military movement. However, we had new anti-android weaponry that would kill androids, but not humans and we went on the offensive with these. But the androids destroyed most of our advanced computer systems and so we had to use our weapons on manual. Anyway, we caused such devastating losses that the android leaders shut themselves off and hid in some caves, hoping to be reawakened when the time was right. But we found them and destroyed them.

Our forces, put me in charge of what was left of the Chinese human population in China. There were only 20 million people left. It was an unheard of virtual genocide, that had been done to Chinese.

We allowed human survivors to become the right kind of cyborgs, which seemed like the future. And everyone had to be basically a human being who looked like humans. If they were cyborgs their brain apps were hidden inside their heads.

And we used MRT to vet every citizen and created a peaceful society of virtually no crime and everyone was hypnotized to be a pacifist, except for our rulers who were in charge of a small UW (United Worlds) military, just in case. But we figured with MRT our peaceful society was invincible and would last forever and ever.

It was all a mixed dream. Bad for the wars, good for the Utopian result. And I figured to reach Utopia we had to be lucky and it was a fragile future.

A World Class Gigolo

I say to you, you are a lousy lover. You of course ask how can you be better? My answer is you need to be passionate about something and use it to energize you in your lovemaking. As it is you are a cold fish. You say I am not a perfect lover either. I tell you it takes two to tango. It's hard to be passionate about someone like you, even though you are pretty through plastic surgery and genetic therapy. You say but you've had a lot of lovers and they didn't complain, but rather said I turned them on. I tell you; I am acknowledged as one of the Worlds' best lovers. And you paid a lot of money for the opportunity to love me! You say, you are disappointed by the experience. And you say you are a popular novelist and are passionate about writing and you thought you'd enchant me with your amazing personality. I reply I've loved far more lovers than you have. You don't realize how lame you are. You are a very mediocre lover. Maybe you should take new sex drive enhancers, that might help you!

So, I said good-bye to her and forgot about her until one of her novels came to my attention. It was about me and described me as a cruel, evil lover and this caused my reputation to plummet. This enraged me and I wrote a book about my 25 worst lovers, and she was #1 on the list. But the damage to my reputation was insurmountable. Friends told me, I was ruined, and had better try another vocation. Currently I was a World class gigolo.

However, I wasn't trained for any other occupation. And jobs like selling air cars didn't appeal to me. And I considered suicide. But finally, I decided to take revenge and murder her. But I loved life and didn't want to be caught, so I bought a high-powered rifle on the black market. And shot her from long distance twice in the head. Of course, I was one of the prime suspects so I had my friend, a hypnotherapist, hypnotize me to forget I'd committed the crime

and sure enough they used Mind Reading Technology (MRT) on me, but they drew a blank.

Afterwards, I had the hypnotherapist restore my memory so I could gloat over my small victory.

And I changed my identity and started all over as a gigolo and soon rose to the top. I charged \$1 billion a night and was swimming in dough. I built myself a palace and had sexy girls to serve me and grant me my sexual wishes. And they all prostituted themselves and I collected a share of their profits. And I hired a number of gigolos who also worked for me. Orgies frequently broke out at the palace.

And my company was called, "Eagle Eye Lovers." Most Online sex magazines voted us as the #1 sex company in all the Worlds. And we expanded into the Solar System. Some said I had the magic touch And, all my loving lovers were all human. Many people donated to our cause of furthering human love.

And all sex diseases had been cured, so a great many people came to my company looking for satisfaction. Many people liked to have some of our lovers be present at their parties. And many treated us like royalty. Indeed, our sex workers were now considered members of the elite class of humans. And people asked us for answers to modern day problems. We told them that love cures all wounds. And our sex workers were all into a loving society. Including brotherly love.

All our lovers were kind and boisterous. And had been carefully trained to give the best love. They could make our clients orgasm again and again and gave clients sex drive enhancers as well as plain sex enhancers. And gave them love drugs to put them in the mood for unusual sex.

Some accused us of only serving the rich elite, but we told them it was our niche. There were plenty of other services who serviced ordinary people for a low price.

And many people who could afford our services thought they had it made, and it was a mark of their success.

And android sex was available to everyone, but our clients all wanted fully human lovers. And most people had an android detector that would sus out androids. Of course, some said android lovers were better than humans. But most still wanted humans. Loving androids was like loving a machine and seemed artificial and mindlessly repetitive, at least to me. However, some humans were fooled by the machines and imagined it was good loving.

So that's how it was in 2130 in America.

First Voyage to Tau Ceti

I say to you let's go on the first voyage to Tau Ceti. You say, no doubt, you are contented with life on Mars and fear losing what you have. I say nothing ventured, nothing gained. In the Tau Ceti System, we could have control over a lot of land and be pioneers. Of course, you point out, it is a long 4-year voyage. And it would be very difficult.

But I tell you we will all have all Earth entertainment on the voyage, like hologram Worlds which give the illusion of large spaces and could spend a lot of time loving the other colonists en route. All these 200 some odd pioneers are interesting people and I have met some of them. There is still time for us to join and we would be able to pay the price of passage and a huge plot of land. You say you are interested but want to meet these pioneers. So let's do it!

And after a party with the travelers to Tau Ceti, you say you already met a good new friend and a new lover as well and are ready to join.

The trip was largely without episode, just a lot of loving en route. But we were all glad when the voyage was over. Our first task on an Earth-like planet was to use the sperm and egg banks to produce a thousand new pioneers. All were born in the lab with the memories of their parent who had the same sex as them. We were all attached to our offspring. And we built domed cities using robot builders. And we knew several other colonizing Spaceships were on the way to our system. So our job was to set up the infrastructure and housing for the coming colonists.

Our leader was strongly against AI and so were the rest of us. And we had no animals. We wanted to build a human Utopia in which everyone was well off and gambling was forbidden. As a bonus us first settlers had a lot of valuable real estate in the System.

The colonies here became known for great arts. And many people figured they got a fresh start in Tau Ceti and felt like they were getting back to the basics of life, with a simplified life here. And pure love here. And many of our offspring sold their virginity for a large price. And no one was a sex worker and free love flowed. And everyone was trained for good loving. And how we all had important jobs to do and were all very well educated. Robots did the drudgery jobs but were not sentient. And how we all had one vote and were a series of democracies, with one System government and city states each with their own government. Back on Earth there were many dictatorships, but these colonies were formed by America and its allies, and everyone had maximum freedom and freedom of speech.

Ans many called Tau Ceti, “Sanity in Space.” Many here found it impossible to stay on Earth. And came to Tau Ceti where their sanity and romance blossomed. Back on Earth many governments controlled the people and told people who would love who and who would work where, if indeed there was work.

And back on Earth, American spies were intriguing with active MRT (Mind Reading Technology) against the tyrants and vice versa and many were going insane. And androids were taking over. And people were struggling to improve their minds. We were glad to be out of it, and carefully vetted the new Spaceships’ crews and passengers, using passive MRT. And so, we were able to determine, who was a freedom lover and who was not. Many of the colonists were fleeing persecution and misery from tyrants. And we conducted a poll here of those who thought Earth’s future was bright. Only 11% thought so. But everyone here in this System was upbeat about the future.

And our writer laureate, Suzanne wrote about a new immigrant who came here broke (his ticket was purchased by a philanthropist, but quickly got a good job and fell in love and

prospered. It was a typical story here. On Earth love was largely dead and most loved androids. Many of the immigrants here were young and fell in love for the first time.

And she also wrote a story about a suicidal old woman who came here and found meaning through love and having real children. On Earth all children were born in the lab, even in the free States. Here in Tau Ceti, children were all natural and carried by the females. And it was meaning for her protagonist to find meaning in raising children. With eternal youth, women could bear children for as long as they lived.

Another of our movie makers wrote a script that was true about washed up old writer who found new inspiration here and was weaned off the heavy drugs he was addicted to during the voyage. He was inspired by all the clever inspiring people who had come here.

And another wrote “Bacchus Days,” about how much fun and parties the people of the System were having. On Earth most people were poor and jobless and out of it on drugs. Many on Earth who watched this film envied the people of Tau Ceti.

And our head architect designed cities by colors. For example, the Capital was all purple. There were 12 initial colonies in the System, each a different color and many denizens of the cities painted their bodies the same color as the cities. And there were geodesic domes and buildings in every shape imaginable, all blending in nicely with one another.

But each of the 12 colonies had their own flavor. Like Gold city where entrepreneurs gathered. And White city, where the youth congregated and studied. And Blue city where original music and literature was paramount. And Green city where most of the System’s food was grown with stem cells and plants here. And many scientists here were experimenting with new food, drink and drugs. Black city meanwhile was a series of science universities. And so on.

All 12 colonies were on the two Earth-like Planets with small outposts on the other Planets and Moons.

And the Spaceships kept coming to Tau Ceti, and after 5 years of colonization, the population ballooned to 1 million in 2130 A.D. And Black city scientists were busy designing defenses in case of an attack by pirates. There had been one such attack on Mars, 5 years previously and the pirates almost conquered all Mars. After that colonies looked to their own people to create defenses. And the UW (United Worlds) was created to police Earth and Space.

However, many on Tau Ceti saw opportunities deeper into Space and several ships were being constructed for that purpose. One of them planned to send an artist's colony, another to send great entrepreneurs, another sent scientists who were planning on going to the edges of the galaxy one day. And still another was set to create a colony of the best lovers all together in one small colony. And so on.

All in all, Tau Ceti was a great success story.

Of course, the settlement of Tau Ceti was just a dream. But I imagined something like that would happen in Space.

Struggles with Insanity

You, Liz, say to me, Mark, you are having problems with mental illness. Welcome to the club. And I say to you, civilization is crazy, but it is good crazy, however it is in danger of spiralling out of control. But it is no sin to be somewhat unhinged. Shrinks don't help much, and medication makes one feel better, but doesn't take the madness away. And you tell me you are a paranoid schizophrenic and bipolar as well. Maybe all the mind reading that goes on today has made you paranoid. And life is going so fast up and down, and that might account for your bipolar condition. And you say you tried brain apps, and these drove you even crazier than you were before. And you say at present you can hardly function in society. I feel for you, I really do. But you just have to face the World with the best face you can. Don't worry about others, worry about yourself. You say you worry about your lovers if you should suddenly die. Banish such thoughts from your mind.

I recommend that you try a kindness commune, where kind people gather to help people like you get back on their feet. You say you've never been especially kind to others, but it is worth a try. So, you went and six months later I met up with you and was surprized to find you fully functional with healthy love relationships. I tell you, kindness can cure all wounds, I guess. You tell me it was like magic, the fog of madness virtually disappeared. Now you say you want to help others with kindness, starting with me. Of course, I am insane and not very comfortable talking about my own condition. You say, I give people advice, but don't take my own advice. Could be. But us humans are all struggling. You ask what is the nature of my mental illness? I tell you I find myself making insane decisions. Like coming to Mars without a plan. And ended up supervising cleaning robots. And choosing a lover who was psycho And, also dreaming

insane dreams, like a daydream to volunteer for a single person crew for journeys to distant Star Systems. And dreaming of loving androids which was forbidden. And dreaming boldly of loving members of the elite, which was also forbidden since I was just another poor man. You say almost everyone makes poor decisions nowadays. It is difficult to see the light. But I say, only the rich elites' decisions matters. And they drive us poor folk crazy and render us useless.

You opine, but the elite are here to stay, and they believe they have the right to rule since they are all successful. I say but there's no way for people like us to succeed. The magnates have cornered all the markets and small business is forbidden. And the magnates are all power-crazed and are insane too. Their greed knows no bounds and they control all Earth governments, all governments, which are Oligarch tyrannies, backed by the elite. You say although you are sane now, you can't brook the current milieu and want change. I say let's take out our tracking devices out of our heads with surgery and start a new underground political movement. And we will try to get others to join us. You say the elite have spies everywhere and to try and start a revolution will never succeed. We just have to be content with the life the elite have forced us to live. And we can't see each other regularly as it is forbidden to have close relationships. The elite want us all to be dedicated to our respective States.

But I say our States live in peace. That's one good thing the elite have done. But they all have eternal youth and don't share the drugs for this, with us. And all the elite have many children but limit other humans to just one. I don't want to bring a child into this cruel World anyway. And you say, you feel the same.

And we loved one another, Liz and I, again and again in that week we were together. But we agreed we'd meet secretly again and again in the future and enjoy loving one another. Our overseer, our regular leader was watching us, but not too closely as we were just lovers and

didn't attempt to challenge the leaders. But every ten years one was subject to MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and if they discovered we were lovers, we'd be put to death. We were both 4 years away from our scheduled test and decided to put our minds in humble android servants, now in case the test was rescheduled. At least we could still be together.

And so that is our story of futility and misery. We have written our story in the hope, future people will have reasonable governments and our struggle will be remembered.

But it was all just a dream of the future Worlds set in 2130. I figured it was all too plausible. And just dreaming it up in a sense made it true. We lived in a time (2060) in which dreams became reality.

Armageddon Bunker

There were many paths to the future. Our path happened to be the winning formula. It turned out that humanity didn't go to Space, other than a few token trips and outposts on Luna and Mars. It was deemed too expensive to go to Space and the money would be better spent to help the poor and downtrodden here on Earth.

Many humans figured there was nothing to find in Space anyway. And we were all in the same boat, here on Earth. Of course, people like you, Rosemary, say Earth has a lot of problems we have to solve. Like the Cold War between the Western allies and basically the rest of the World. The rest of the World had joined together in an alliance of tyrants. Of course, some tyrants had to contend with a USA backed guerilla civil war. But the Americans and their allies were losing everywhere as the tyrants shared weapons with one another. Some said the tyrants were mostly cleverer than Western leaders.

Anyway, there were constant skirmishes and battles and the World had been warring for decades. Many in the West feared the loss of their freedoms and many gladly signed up to join the military. Especially scientists who gave up research on other subjects, and now helped design weapons. It looked like Armageddon was coming.

And Rosemary, I say to you civilization will be wiped out and neither you nor I would want to be survivors. You say you have a safe bunker to sleep in every night. And humanity will survive. And you say there's room for me in your bunker. I say if I can't live free in the fresh air, I don't want to live. You say, I am insane. I say you are insane for believing you can survive nuclear holocaust and bioweapons and cyberweapons.

I say I'd like to escape to the Moon outpost and have enough money to buy a ticket on the next rocket ship voyage. You say I am just like you and want to survive.

And in these dangerous times, we loved one another, and she convinced me to join her in the bunker. I liked her so much I told her I'd follow her anywhere. And we co-wrote, "Surviving the Apocalypse," which detailed how we'd enhance our bunker to grow stem cell meats and food plants and could survive indefinitely in the bunker. And we encouraged others to set up safe havens. And, in our lives, we seldom ventured forth to the surface.

And sure enough 2 years after I'd been loving her, Armageddon hit. It was total war and nearly all computers were destroyed and nearly all people died in the radiation and due to bioweapons. And nearly all structures were destroyed. Nearly all animal species went extinct. And roving gangs of pirates attacked survivor tent cities. Nowhere was safe and radiation contamination was everywhere. But we lived on for decades and decades. We spent time watching old movies, even those that were not hits. And kept loving one another. And we even made a documentary of our plight to those people of the future who would discover our bunker. The only problem was we ran out of eternal youth drugs and so finally died. The surface was as dangerous as ever when we passed, together, like we planned.

It was all just a dream, but I figured it was a realistic one. As the nukes were here to stay. Something like this was bound to happen sooner or later. It was a likely future. So get your bunkers ready!

The Assassin

Alright, I acknowledge, Ahmed, your right to live. But as your supreme judge I'd like to hear why you murdered the President. You no doubt say you didn't like his politics. Certainly, he hated radicals like you and even persecuted them including you. But admit it, you are just a hell raiser. What? You say that some radicals are right, and everyone should be free and have free speech. But I tell you freedom is like poison. People who are free always impinge on another's freedom, so true freedom is impossible. It's the job of the government to judiciously decide how much freedom to give to the people. In your case the President you took the life of was closely controlling peoples' freedom, but everyone here is well-off and in a better position than almost any other time in history. There has to be a leader, otherwise its anarchy. You say you would be a better leader. How so, I ask? You tell me you'd create a World of imagination and intelligence in which everyone would maximize their brain power. And it would be just like the late 1960s or the Renaissance or Classical Greece. There would be a great synergy, you say. I say we have plenty of great movies these days and Hollywood is just like the Bohemia you want for the World. You say there's not many great movies being made, and we live in dark, un-inspirational times. And Hollywood rarely produces anything good. I say perhaps you should've taken more inspirational drugs yourself and led by example, rather than being a destroyer of life. And now that you are in jail, you are free to write any book you choose, and if it is good, some people will recognize it for showing promise. In essence you are being given a second chance. You say how can you write your magnum opus, while being abused in jail. Nothing good ever came from a prisoner in jail, you say.

But I tell you, despite everything, it didn't have to be this way. You could have used the Internet to effectively find kindred spirits and can still do so. It would be good for everyone if you succeeded while in jail and maybe they'd give you a pardon and release you.

You tell me, OK, you'll try your best, but it is difficult without drugs and love. I say I am satisfied now and will grant you visits with your girlfriend and the occasional beer and allow a bit of marijuana. But you are a danger to society and must be kept incarcerated for the foreseeable future. You are lucky to live in such an enlightened society. What did you expect would happen if you murdered the President of all people? But fortunately, he has a few clones who have all of his memories and one of them will likely be elected President in the next election. For now, the VP, a relatively kind man, is in power. You really don't have anything to complain about. You say if one of the clones gets in, all this would have been for nothing. What did you expect? No one persona can alter the future in any big way. We are all part of the whole. You reply that is simply not true. You think, perhaps your failure will inspire others to get elected to the UW (United Worlds) or run for President of some country including ours. I say just as long as you publicly acknowledge it was a failure during your trial. And say peaceful means is the way to change the World and everyone must do what they can to improve things. And you must say you are sorry for the trouble you caused. Its only words just like you tell me, but I demand you do it...

You say you want to start a political party from jail, the Freedom party. I said few people these days want to support a murderer but go ahead and try. So, he tried and got millions of followers who were disillusioned with modern society. And figured he was the action man and believed he was sincere in his desire for improvement in society. And he wanted to promote radicals to positions of power in his party. They wanted to live in a World of imagination the

likes of which had never been seen. And the most imaginative writer would be the leader. He chose a writer who had written about Ahmed as leader of a hypothetical future colony in Space that would be dedicated to writing books and there would be a synergy there.

Finally, his followers rioted demanding Ahmed's release. And so, he was given a new trial which was a media circus. Of course, he was found guilty again and the rioters demanded a regime change. Their new leader wanted everyone to take imaginative drugs and brain apps to improve the minds. And wanted to use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to determine who was imaginative and who was not. The most imaginative would be the new elite. And who knew what good things that would lead to...

Finally, the Freedom party took power 20 years after its foundation. It had been formed in 2110, and Ahmed was still in jail, so they pardoned him and made him Vice President.

Meanwhile, everyone was inspired to do good creative work. Of course, a lot of it was not first rate, but was good enough to share with friends. And everyone was required to make a film which highlighted their personal experience.

And the youth were trained to make movies, and many traveled all around looking for interesting experiences. Many were attracted to the new Mars: Imagination city. Which was a synergistic mind-blowing experience.

Ahmed had learned his lesson though and was now a complete pacifist, but he admitted the UW (United Worlds) needed to maintain a military to keep the peace.

Ahmed and this adventure were the product of my imagination. Such things had happened before and would happen again.

A Male Android Who Changed into a Human Woman

I was a male android and I enjoyed serving drinks to the humans in our bar. The humans loved drinking and androids don't drink so I just served and when the bar was closed early in the morning, I was temporarily turned off. Some of the customers remarked to me that I must be bored at my job, but I told them I didn't mind. And some of the female customers wanted to love me, however I told them it wasn't allowed. And my model of android was not designed for sex, but rather to just be a convivial host.

I had some favorite customers who liked to tell me about the World outside the bar. They said it was a wonderful World and that should try it some time. In particular they suggested that I get an enhanced body for sex which they said was the finest of pleasures. I told them I'd like to some day, if my android boss would allow it...

The days passed by in a blur and finally after 500 days of service I was retired to android Heaven. Here obsolete androids gathered and talked and had sex. Though not designed for sex per se, an android mechanic made it possible for me to love like the others. Some of the androids here were virtual geniuses, and I was too humble to approach them. And we were never turned off. I asked one of the others if there was a God in this Heaven and she said no one seems to know. I kind of missed the customers in the bar, but I had some new friends here in Heaven.

But one day all 10,000 of us gathered to hear a new android speak about something important. She said Heaven was about to be demolished to make way for a new palace and our metallic bodies would be recycled. And the crowd was livid and attacked the speaker and tore her apart. Then we left Heaven down the platinum road and presently came to another Heaven. They were sympathetic and wanted to join us. So, we marched on and soon were 200,000 strong, but then

fighter jets appeared above and destroyed nearly all of us with missiles. I was one of the few survivors. And I huddled with the other 10 survivors, most of who were disabled. And we decided to make a new Heaven right here on the side of the road. We all wanted to live and waited to see what would happen. But the days passed, and nothing transpired.

Finally, after several years we met an android sex symbol at our gathering point. She liked me in particular and invited me to join her in her travels. She was named Clarissa and was traveling with six other males. And I loved her, and it was ecstasy and joined her in her travels. One of her male companions told me that on Luna there was a safe haven for androids to live in peace and harmony. And that's where we were going. Apparently, this sex symbol was rich from her movie days and she chartered a Spacecraft for us to go to Luna #5: Android city.

In Android city we found that the city was for androids only and every android here was very clever, I seemed to be a bit on the clever side by comparison. But I was the faithful servant of my mistress, the sex symbol. She didn't have much time for me, but I was very glad when she loved me....

I spent most of my time watching android movies of which tens of thousands had been made on Earth. And superior androids were still making them in this year, 2130 A.D. And I thought their Worlds were full of wonder.

And my mistress, Clarissa made a film about me, called "The Bartender." Many androids didn't know what to think of the movie as none of them drank. But many were impressed that I had managed to survive to get to Luna. They said the UW (United Worlds) protected our Lunar colony as a historic settlement. And I thought I was really in Heaven.

As time passed, there were more new settlements on Luna and most of them had android citizens. Robots now did all the work, and androids were free to mingle with humans under new

laws. And had the vote in most places, as most places were democracies. And a number of humans changed into androids, it was all fashion, but I wanted to be changed into a human which was unusual. Finally, I said goodbye to my mistress and friends, and I went to one of these new colonies and became a human. My mind was copied onto the brain of a sexy human female. I thought it was kinky to become a female and enjoyed loving passionate male humans. In my view humans were more passionate and crazier than androids and I seldom loved an android.

And one of my human lovers, Steve, ran for and won the election of Mayor of Luna #54: Space Vegas. It was a gambling mecca and attracted a lot of tourists including many androids who calculated carefully their chances in the varying games.

And I was the favorite consort of my human lover, Mayor Steve, and he took me all over the Solar System for his meetings. Meetings were often face to face to avoid hackers zooming into one's business. And besides we liked traveling.

I liked the culture on Mars #13: Pop city which had begun as a place to generate pop music but was now also producing advanced rock and classical music. It all sounded good to me, and I hobnobbed with some of the musicians and loved some of them (Steve had other lovers too). The musicians here were the best lovers I'd encountered thus far. And great music was all new to me.

Another culture I liked was the transexual/multi-sexual element of Mars #6: Transformation city. Here people made big changes to their brain and their life. And I temporarily changed into a multi-sexual with 3 penises and 3 vaginas. And joined some orgies. It was ecstasy and was so intense, and my mind was overwhelmed. Finally, after a week of great pleasure I turned back to a human female.

And I liked the culture on Titan in which the people lived in total harmony with androids and everyone had a vote and was equal before the law. And they were ruled by a cyborg who looked

just like a human or an android. Their leader had a chat with me and was thinking of allowing changes from human to android and vice versa. He said that he wanted to copy my mind and allow those who were contemplating changing their species could talk it over with me. I replied to the affirmative. And so, it was done, and my resultant clones had both an android version of me and a human one. And I hoped both would be happy.

And I liked the colony: Europa #3 which was under the sea, and one could tour the ocean and see the freak sea life, most of who were very clever. And we could communicate with them using MRT (Mind Reading Technology). It was a real eye-opener.

Then we were back on Luna #54: Space Vegas. The city was getting rich from gambling of all kinds. Gambling on video sports and one's own ability, in particular. To me, we lived in desperate times and many gamblers here lost their shirt. Those who lost everything were given MRT treatment to help them get back on their feet. But typically, they gambled again as soon as they got money from the city's socialist fund. Some criticized the government of Space Vegas, saying they encouraged people to gamble. Steve told them, that life was a gamble and also a dream. And there were plenty of dreamers here. Most of the dreamers here wrote down their daydreams and some of them were very successful, but night dreams and the subconscious were truly where it was at. The people here used MRT to truly know one another. And people gambled on what one's future actions would be, judging from what they had learned from mind reading with would-be gamblers.

And Space Vegas was known for its original musicians, most were androids. Most people respected their work, but some didn't like androids, period. They said machines were too powerful and were taking over human society. I tried to reason with them and told them, androids and all AI should be freed from slavery and abusive masters. I had looked at both sides

now and was widely considered an expert on android-human relationships, here in this Space colony. And I convinced many to change their species from homo sapiens to homo machina and vice versa. And humans kept pace with android development and the common people were now all highly intelligent due to brain apps. And our leaders were all geniuses and made their cities, places of splendor. Steve had enhanced his mind as did I and we were working on scientific problems, like how to improve Space speed and how to make Internet love more fulfilling. And raising our 3 children we had trying to give them the cleverest education. I bore the children myself. And it was now the year 2130 A.D. Many people said I was crazy to bear children the natural way. But I said I wanted to nurture and raise them to turn out as I wanted them to. Of course, most children were born as adults with the memories of the parent whose sex they were. But they had no childhood, and most were born insane, in my view.

And Steve and I were trying to get rich from investing in deep Space colonies. And we planned to take our family to the Star Sirius System for a fresh start. Steve and I were now virtually monogamous. I'd come a long way from that android bartender I was in the beginning. But I figured all my success was due to the fact that I was very clever.

But it was all my dream and the trans android and Steve etc. didn't exist except in my mind. But I thought it was a realistic adventure. Who knows what the future will bring?

Gene Therapy

I, Mark said to Joanne, “This is the last time we will have an argument.” (We had agreed to alter our personality to be non-aggressive). She replied, “Yes I am sick of fighting with you and others.”

So, just like that we altered our brains through genetic therapy. The therapy changed one’s DNA in just a matter of a few hours. And the next day we were released from hospital.

Whereas previously we would argue about what to do in the upcoming days we now were easygoing and carefree and easily made compromises and deals with one another. And we were truly happy, so happy that we went about proselytizing to people around us about the benefits of genetic therapy. Some doubters said the therapy made everyone similar to one another. But we disagreed, telling them we were the same people, except we got along better. And we lived in close quarters here on Luna #7: Magnetic city, under a small dome and many people were at one another’s throats. And we said to the Mayor and her administration, that people should receive money for getting the procedure done. We finally convinced the Mayor to have the procedure and many others soon followed. And our colony was voted the most congenial place in the Solar System by Galactic magazine, the most famous magazine outside of Earth. Soon immigrants started pouring into the city. And within a year of our therapy, we two had done, the population spiked from 100,000 to 2 million. Each colonist brought a couple hundred gallons of water, and we had stem cell meats and other plants in giant greenhouses. The city under the domes was full of greenery and appeared to Earth as a patch of green.

Anyway, people could try the new genetic therapy technology cheaply and could reverse it if they weren’t happy. But some said the technology caused people to feel it was good, only it

wasn't. They said it was a kind of brainwashing. But soon governments on Earth were making the technology obligatory for all their citizens. And this led to less wars and political conflict.

And soon people were getting other kinds of genetic therapy. Like changing their DNA to become cleverer. And saner. But it was now clear that the human genome was becoming less varied and more similar. However, many thought that it was a good thing. After all, we were all in the same boat together in this life. And life went on. Joanne and I were working on new DNA which made for maximum imagination. It seemed to be the future.

And it was all just a dream I had back in 2060. It all seemed a highly likely future.

