

# A Myriad of Future Writers and Other Stories

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Words 40,401

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## A Myriad of Future Writers

I say, I have a myriad of difficulties in my life. My true love has affairs with androids. And I was redundant as an architect. An android had replaced me and the stipend I get from the government is not enough to travel elsewhere in the Solar System where they are mostly pro-human. But finally, a philanthropist paid my way to Mars Utopia #4. There the people were all maverick humans who had radical views. Like all be dressed flamboyantly and were radical writers... I have mentioned below, just a few of them... They were all seminal reading.

#

Like one who wrote “Ben’s Dreams,” which was about a dreamer who dreamed of a Dreamworld in which everyone just went to drug bars and were very promiscuous and lived in ecstasy and spent a lot of time daydreaming of future love. One could create a lover from human DNA and select a type of personality that appealed to you. Or one could create children according to suit. It was futuristic and an anti-AI dream.

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Like one writer who wrote “Nightmares on Luna #5,” which was about varying nightmares like a nightmare of aliens taking control of all humans and making them slaves who had to build temples to the aliens and everyday humans were sacrificed to show their devotion to the aliens. Some pundits said aliens would be enlightened and would not do such things. Others were of the opinion that aliens would be hostile to potential competition from humans. And most people thought we’d meet aliens sooner or later and needed to be prepared. Some said aliens would be totally different from us. Still others said they were already in our heads and behind our civilizations. People couldn’t agree on the subject of aliens.

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Another writer wrote, “Radical Day” about a World in which everyone was a thinker and got along famously. This writer said it was a World of elite thinkers who were very fertile and had many genius children. And their sperm and eggs were available to ordinary people who all wanted genius children, even sometimes adopting a genius child from the progeny of the geniuses. And he wrote that all the geniuses would be kind and caring souls. Many critics though said many future geniuses would not be kind.

#

And then there was a writer who wrote, “Oblivion of the Hell’s Angels.” It was about modern gangsters who rode air cycles and sold narcotics in the USA, where they were still illegal, unlike most places. But finally, they started to use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) on the bikers and got them to desist and arrested their ringleaders in the near future.

#

Another writer wrote, “Mable’s Empire,” about a woman who ruled Northeast USA and insisted everyone find true love, if they didn’t, they had to see a life coach and suffered from extra taxes. The goal was to make a love Utopia. But many people in the Empire said love had to come naturally, and couldn’t be forced, and found themselves lying about their love affairs to please Mable’s censors. But Mable was convinced she had brought love to everyone and encouraged people to have numerous true loves. Mable said, “Love ought to be everyone’s top priority, and perhaps their only priority.” But everyone was conscripted to serve one year a decade in military service, to safeguard the Empire. However, Mable said people had plenty of free time to do military service and they too would be required to have true love. Some pointed out that love and war were polar opposites. But she said, “One had to be realistic and the Empire

didn't exist in a vacuum." But she encouraged her people to look inwards into their souls and to one another and have as little to do with the outside World as possible.

#

Another writer wrote of a beautiful garden World in which people walked naked and ate fruit from the trees and plucked vegetables. This World was in deep Space on a Planet with a comfortably warm climate with breathable air. People here mostly grouped themselves with kindred spirits, though some were aimless wanderers. And people here would sing together at night and would play guitars and drums. They sang like in a choir singing classics of far distant Earth, as well as some original compositions. And they had a holy song book about the life of Samantha Lien. She was one of the original settlers here. And said people here should live in peace and love and songs, and all be vegetarians. Samantha was still alive at the ripe age of 202 and had loved all the 10,000 men here and made it her business to care about everyone on the Planet. The people had no children and mostly lived on and on. Meanwhile on Earth people warred constantly with one another. And some were even cannibals. Samantha told the people to forget about the evils of Earth and there was no communication with Earth or any other colonies. But of course, this colony was bound to have the evils of humanity to appear in the form of rogue pirates who came here and enslaved all the humans to build them grand palaces and Super air cars. And abused the humans, physically and sexually. The people all thought they were a race of sadistic perverts. And the aliens copied human love; something they didn't have in their rather cruel culture. Their culture was dog-eat-dog, and all of these aliens were at each other's throats, vying for the leadership. Anyway, the Eden that had existed here was totally destroyed and the humans here found themselves competing with one another for the pirates' favor.

#

And there was a writer, who wrote about a future World in which it was a Dystopia of rule by puppet leaders who were backed by evil oligarchs, who hated stupid people, and gradually eliminated ordinary people and then started phasing out all those who they believed were not geniuses. Finally, they had everyone alive, being genetically related to the oligarchs and finally the purges came to an end. But most of the 12 oligarchs figured there wasn't enough variety in the gene pool, so they created all new humans in the lab, clever people to amuse them. But many of these new humans didn't like the leadership and had to be put down. But all those who survived were basically content.

#

Then there was a writer who wrote, about a World on the verge of WW III in which people burned their candle at both ends. A gloom hung over the people here, but everyone felt powerless to do anything about it. They were all in the hands of their tyrannical leaders. All governments were dictatorships and ruled ruthlessly. And rebels were summarily executed. And finally, it was war and 75% of the people died as if they were worthless chattels. And their decaying corpses were strewn about everywhere. The survivors though were glad that their leaders were all killed in the war and finally democracies were established everywhere, and people mostly wanted to fight for democracy, having learned their lesson. And they told themselves they should have rebelled stronger against the previous dictators. But life went on and soon most people had forgotten the past. And it was war again.

#

And there was a writer who wrote about a virtual modern hotel in which lovers met virtually as 3-D holograms. It was becoming fashionable and led to great ecstasy for all. And this writer said, “Everyone should convert permanently to a hologram.” And he convinced many to do that. Holograms could live anywhere and teleport anywhere and were creatures of pleasure and knowledge. But some were deadest against him and said he was evil. And finally, this writer was assassinated.

#

Another writer wrote about people who turned into cats and dogs and their minds were transferred to these animals and they all had human voice boxes. Many thought it was kinky to become an animal. And she wrote about people turning into other animals. Some had human bodies and animal faces, others had animal bodies. Some were disgusted by such animals and said it was bestiality and a freak show. And some animal men even had multiple sexes with new sex organs, and it was all very perverted.

#

And one writer, she wrote about designer children who were designed to have personalities that honored their parents and would do the same job as their parents. And be a chip off the old block. Such people wanted to recreate their ancestors through cloning, though subtly altered, and be one big happy family. Many families had their own businesses including services and android manufacturing. After 2030, it was customary to have one’s relatives’ DNA online for possible cloning in the future.

#

Another wrote “Fuel of the Soul,” about how people coexisted with a hologram soul of themselves. A kind of dual personality. The hologram part of one was typically more spiritual



and less of a pleasure seeker than the original. Of course, holograms though got a lot of pleasure from soul sex but had no drugs of pleasure, which most humans overindulged in. But both types of entities basically lived for pleasure. Naturally, some humans renounced pleasure-seeking, however such people got pleasure from whatever they did, even if they were masochists. There was no Hell nor Heaven per se, but some Worlds were nicer than others and some people and/or their holograms were miserable, but the overwhelming majority were very satisfied.

#

Then there was a writer who wrote “Boris’ World.” It was about a man who turned all of Russia into La La Land, that is to say that no one here paid any attention to the outside World news and lived in a bubble. The level of technology was 1970 and most people were stoned and drunk all of the time. And just lived for love. There were 100,000 hypothetical people here and the love flowed. Some outsiders said such a World was not sustainable or even possible. But this writer she said that 1970 was the peak of human culture and the people of this World would live in bliss. And many wanted to join such a World and it became true on Planet Y in the Barnard’s System in a World of breathable air and lovely climate. They shared the Planet with other atavistic cultures like the Han Dynasty from China and the Gupta Dynasty from India and Classical Greece and the Roman Empire and the Renaissance and so on. It would be like a trip back in time and many tourists would like to experience such a World.

#

Also, there was a writer who made a future World in which everyone would be dressed in fantastic clothes and be philosophers of varying kinds. They would communicate only with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and would all have totally open minds and be very clever. And AI would be banned completely. But this World would have new weapons for defense they had

designed and would be invulnerable. And would live in peace. It would be like living in a futuristic Plato's Republic in which everyone was engaged in dialectic. For them the truth would be multiform and there would be altered states of mind and alternative Worlds for the varying philosophies. Colonies within colonies.

#

Another writer wrote, "The History of the Geopolitical Meltdown of the Early 22<sup>nd</sup> century," in which all nation states became divided into sovereign city states. Of course, it was a very controversial change for humanity, but most thinkers said it was the best possible government. And every city state belonged to the UW (United Worlds) which was full of checks and balances and was the only military in all human Worlds. And kept the peace. Nearly all city states now had democratic governments. And the UW was pressuring the remaining dictators to abdicate. And even assassinated some of those tyrants. Everyone was pleased to see these dictators go away. And this historian was of the opinion that there should be an elite class set up, composed of the best people and these people would rule as one. But many people were wary of such an elite, saying it would be better to be ruled by ordinary people, it was safer that way. However, most people wanted to be ruled by the cleverest, most imaginative people. And such imaginative people had quite a large following, some were writers or poets or musicians or scientists or maverick tycoons or even kind clever people. And the writer of this history said, we now lived in an unprecedented Utopia.

#

Then there was a writer who wrote "In Praise of the Common Human." The book stated that common humans were the future and AI had no place in the times to come. Everyone would be fully employed, mostly in the service sector. And commoners would dominate politics and

would be the vast majority of the consumers. Pop art and pop culture would dominate society, she wrote, and clever people would make good pop art, music etc. And ordinary people could get rich if they really wanted to. The future would be a Paradise.

#

Another writer wrote, “Homo Machina,” about a near future colony of androids only on Moon Titan. These androids had no use for humanity and spent time building Spaceships of brilliant design and making love to one another as well as breeding in droves, creating brand new androids and launching them into deep Space. They could be simply shut off en route, so could go on very long voyages. And they tried to avoid human settled Systems and vice versa. When the two species did interact, it was mostly hostile. Many people figured this book’s predictions were realistic and that androids were now completely out of control. And people thought that the machines wanted to replace humanity altogether.

#

Also, there was a writer who wrote about a future city on Earth which was completely full of idiots. Other humans avoided them, and their city was in ice-cold Antarctica. So, no other people were interested in living there or taking control of their insignificant territory. And so, they lived on. And they elected the “most ordinary man,” to be their leader. This man was actually one of their dumbest, but the others thought they could control him, and it was so. And they didn’t have any AI here, which many outsiders, thought was wise. So most worked in factories, churning out consumer goods. These people valued material things, and most were drinkers and stoners and they all enjoyed sex and had babies the natural way. Some of them wanted to travel to other cities, but they couldn’t pass IQ tests to get a visa. So finally, a clever woman came here and took power and turned all the men and women into her sex slaves. But they were allowed to

continue working in the factories. And could still love one another, along with their leader, who most people here looked up to. It didn't take much to impress these morons here. And their leader was power-crazed.

#

Then there was a writer who wrote a true history called "A Blaze of Glory," about noble rebels in dictator-ruled South China who died fighting the government in a guerilla war. It was a brutal war with hand-to-hand fighting in the streets and underground. This author, she said, "The UW (United Worlds) should get involved more and give more support to the rebels," but the UW President said, "Some people elsewhere had no food or lodging and they were its #1 priority." But this book pressured the UW to give more aid to the rebels.

#

And this same writer of "A Blaze of Glory" wrote, "New Rotterdam," about a Dutch colony on Mars. The colony was known for its liberal laws and attractive people who all supported their leader who was a philosopher Queen who tried to turn every citizen into a creative thinker. She used MRT, hypnosis, synergy and inspirational people to help sharpen one's wit. To come there, one needed to be extremely clever and many of Holland's and indeed all Earth's best people came here. Some even said here was the brain trust of humanity. And many great scientists came here and developed ultra-new defenses like being able to vaporize enemy ships and missiles.

#

This same writer wrote "Absolute Zero" about life on an asteroid way beyond the sun. Ice Colony Zero was a battleground between holograms and humans. The humans, could vaporize holograms and vice versa. And both species lived deep underground where they were relatively safe. If anything, the holograms loved life more than humans. And so, this war was fought in the

tunnels. Many people thought war between machines and humans was inevitable in many places. And thought such places were Hellish.

#

Another writer wrote about hypothetical Waterloo Heroes where King Gord of Western America was defeated and was the last totalitarian dictator in all humanity in modern history. Everyone was to continue with their schooling and were instructed Kings/Queens were the worst thing that could happen to humanity, period. And if such a tyrant appeared, everyone had to fight them.

#

This same writer wrote, about how we are all like a goldfish in a bowl, bored to death but trying our best to be pretty things, and mostly we were all alone in this World and going nowhere fast. Many readers said this book was disturbing.

#

A different writer authored, "Nights of the Eagles." It was about some clever people of the future. who hated the night. They hated parties and fun and just wanted to work all day and much of the night. Of course, it was kind of hard-to-find work that androids weren't already doing. But these eagles found "useful work" mostly as psychiatrists, believing modern life was insane and they had to do their part to try make the Worlds saner. Of course, there were very analytical psychiatrist androids in abundance but there were some who would rather be analyzed by a human... And some of these eagles wanted to run for political positions, but most people thought they were party poopers and none of them were elected. People of the future would just live for love and fun, almost everyone thought so.

#

There was another writer who wrote, "Going Blind," about civilization losing its way and spiraling out of control. It was a story of future anarchy and nuclear war aftermath in which slave lords roamed and the circus lords and looters also. And mad android renegades. Nearly all the androids had been killed by a computer virus. And the slaves created goods like weapons and fixed up old air cars. Circus lords meanwhile sought out freaks for their grotesquerie traveling shows and looters and pillagers roamed. Most people lived in a tribe for self-protection. The tribes traveled in air cars and were often shot down by other tribes who then pillaged the air wreck and enslaved the survivors. And some slave lords had their slaves work in gold mines. Gold could buy anything, and the slave lords bought weapons and more slaves with the gold. And they used their slaves to fight in battles. The vanquished army survivors were incorporated into their slave army. And at this time, some armies were in the thousands. But smaller armies formed alliances and engaged in catastrophic wars. It looked like everyone would die sooner rather than later. It was the end of the World.

#

Also, a different writer who wrote "The Wisdom of Mirave Heart," about a series of modern-day maxims as food for thought. Like, "The early bird gets slaughtered." And "Money is thicker than relatives." And "Knock on the door of the God of Imagination." Also, "No one is a brick in the wall. The wall doesn't exist. All that exists is freedom for all." And "I am food for thought with my imagination which wishes for a future run by creative types." In addition, "Kill hundreds of bad birds with one decree." And "Do unto others imaginatively," and "We'll cross the bridge and surprise our opponents." Also, "A perfect storm is good, inclement weather is full of electricity and power." And "Speak of the Devil, the Devil needs you to support his cause of

anarchy.” Also “Once in a blue Moon on Triton, people would be totally free forever.” And so on.

#

Another writer authored, “The New Elite,” about how the cleverest built nuclear bunkers, and stocked them with the eggs and sperm of other clever, kind people. And after the wars, this DNA was used to rebuild civilization, kinder and cleverer than before. It was a fresh start for humanity. And they built huge lab factories and produced millions of geniuses per year. Born as adults with memories of the survivors. And the new, kind geniuses all said there would never be another war.

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And the same writer wrote about taking the most imaginative people and using them to write university curricula for all the people, figuring everyone was a potential genius. This was another way to make everyone clever.

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And that writer, also wrote about Superhuman Gods created in the lab and these Gods would be worthy of almost everyone’s love and respect. And the Gods would keep improving and would usher in the future. Eventually making everyone into a God.

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Then there was a writer who wrote about a Dystopia of a World run by evil people who abused and murdered the population. They killed about 10% of the people each year but produced countless millions of new evil people. And they cloned evil people of the past like Hitler and Stalin. And they all praised the Devil and made all the people worship Satan. And they had a man who they claimed was the Devil incarnate. He was lawful evil in terms of

alignment. But a rival Devil was chaotic evil. Nice people were killed off and almost everyone believed nice people were morons.

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Another writer wrote, “Black Fashion,” about a future in which everyone wore black, sexy clothes. And architecture and air cars were all painted black. And the people were all given nightmares to experience while waking and sleeping. It was Worlds of horror.

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Then another writer who wrote, “Island on Europa,” about an island floating and moving on Europa’s Ocean. The island was an Utopia in which everyone dreamed with the freaks in the ocean, dreaming happy, but alien dreams. The freaks were a number of different species and communicated by mind reading. And the dreamers tapped into their minds. They dreamed of imaginative living in strange, new minds which were grouped in small groups throughout the ocean. All the dreamers had their favorite groups. Some groups made fancy, weird growths on the sea floor and some made incredible cities, also on the sea floor. And the aliens dreamt of play scripts and acted them out. These plays were really weird, but the dreamers loved them. The freak leaders were considered cleverer than the island dreamers who had passive lives.

#

And there was a writer who authored, “No Creative Vision for the Future,” which was about how human civilization developed haphazardly without a plan. This writer said, “The plan should be to develop an imaginative society in which everyone was free and good. And those who were not good should have their brain operated on and no one should seek to be a tyrant nor interfere with another’s freedom.” Many were against forcing people to undergo brain surgery, but this writer had the support of the majority.



#

Another writer authored a novel about a World in which total automation made everyone rich and gave everyone total free time and she said it would be Paradise. As it was today everyone worked 22 hours a week and could seldom retire as they had eternal youth. The vast majority didn't want to have any work to do. People wanted sex, fun and parties and drugs and hobbies like their own hologram Worlds or building an android harem. Most people thought this was a good future.

#

And the same writer wrote of a pink World with strange sentient organic growths who could all mind read. This World was conscious as the sum of all minds here. In the novel, a stranger comes to this World and feels complete and one with the whole. And no one ate living things, but rather lived mostly on stem cell meat. And engaged in large orgies. And everyone agreed it was pure bliss.

#

A different author wrote "Dry Spell," about a World of no drugs and not much art. It was voted the most boring World in a hypothetical future. And the colony had difficulty attracting new immigrants. They offered free Space fare, free condos and a monthly stipend, so some impoverished people came here. And no one was interested in taking over this miserable colony, so they survived on and on.

#

That same writer wrote "Natural Kids," about raising children the old-fashioned way and how this kept the parents busy. It was good to spend time with one's offspring she wrote and raise them in a sane way. These days so many people born as adults, had mental problems. And future

hypothetical studies showed a natural childhood led to saner people. This novel was very influential and five years after its release, 10% of births were now natural, up from 1%. It was the year 2025.

#

Another writer wrote that he was a man of clay and was a man of our times and had been molded into a computer scientist. He didn't really enjoy his job nor his life and figured he was a victim of modern- day occupational disease. Polls revealed that 85% of the populous, was unhappy with their life. Civilization was simmering with discontent. Finally, a philosopher Queen, was elected leader. And she asked people what they wanted. Most wanted access to new blissful drugs and wanted to live in bliss. They were all tired of struggling for no good reason and didn't want to work. And so, the Queen gave them what they wanted and soon 80% were content. So, the human race turned into a race of lotus eaters and there was no reality, just people out of it on drugs. For those who weren't happy with blissful living, they went to Space and set up colonies in which everyone worked and took stimulants and had plenty of sex and were content. And these people figured they were the future of humankind and reproduced exponentially. Whereas back on Earth very few people had children and had eternal youth, but they were slowly all dying out due to suicides.

#

Then there was a writer who wrote pop scripts which appealed to everyone. Romantic comedies, mostly. And just plain comedies like Monty Python and SCTV of the 1970s. Of course, the 1970s built on the synergy of the love, drugs and art of the late 1960s. And this virtuoso writer was certainly inspired and lived together with other authors in a type of

communal living. And she was very witty and could make a joke about anything. And she appeared on live TV shows as host. She often said, “Life is a great joke, and we should enjoy it. Live for the day,” she would say. But some critics said we lived in serious times in which Armageddon looms, and we all had to be vigilant. However, most people felt helpless to do anything. Tyrants seemed to be seizing power often in democratic countries and now dictators controlled 65% of the population on Earth and 50% in Space. West Central Europe was the main democratic center.

#

Another writer wrote of future quick sex, which would be just 2 minutes long and everyone was on sex enhancers and skin revitalization drugs and would have intense sex periods lasting for hours and hours. And most people could see that this was the future and the would-be spice of life.

#

But another writer wrote that future love would be to find soul mates Online and love them for a week and if they really liked a lover, they would bring them back for encores at later dates. And this writer, she said, “Many great love stories would be written in the future. Especially the tales of famous people.”

#

Another writer wrote people would all love people randomly and everyone would be attractive from plastic surgery, genetic therapy and eternal youth. They would consider all love to be good. And would enjoy seducing lovers as much as loving them. They would have their brains designed to really enjoy seduction.

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Still another writer said, true love would be difficult to find, and when one found true love they would ride it as long as they could. But she too wrote that true love didn't last long.

#

Also, there was a writer who said, "Marriage would survive into the future and most people would get married and an average marriage would last for about five years, but divorce would be quick and easy. And people would have children the old-fashioned way," according to her. Many marriages would last until the children reached 16, at which age they would be considered adults.

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And then there was a writer who said, "People are addicted to sex, and they should go on hermitage retreats and reduce their dependence on sex. Having an advanced philosophy is more important than having thousands of love affairs," he wrote.

#

Another writer wrote the sexiest people should all be cloned thousands of times each so that they were available to everyone. The sexiest people though would all have a patented look, so could not be copied by anyone they didn't approve of. And each clone would acquire their own experiences and memories and would share great memories with one another.

#

Love, another author figured would be different for everyone. And all love affairs would be unique. Most people agreed with her that love in the future would be multi-form.

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And a very prominent writer wrote people would mostly love androids. And men and women would lose their use for one another.

#

And one writer wrote that the most important thing for future people would of course be money which could literally buy everything including android lovers and trips to deep Space elite colonies. And she said, the richest people would be in Space, where all the opportunity was. And many scientists and artists would be attracted to come to Space by the synergy there.

#

One writer and her true love who was also a writer co-wrote, "Icarus," about flying into the sun and balancing the heat against itself. And living in suns, with unlimited power and energy.

#

And there were countless thousands of writers, these days, here. Everyone seemed to have something to say.

## Interviewing Geniuses

I said to the beautiful girl, “I am a stranger in this town. Can you show me around?” Her name was Diane, and she said, “You look kind of cute; where are you from?” I told her, “It’s a long story, but in short, I was an experimental human who had been totally developed in the lab to be a Superhuman, but I was having problems adjusting to myself and I was traveling in order to find myself.” She said, “I’ve never loved a Superhuman before. And I’d like to love you.” So, I loved her, and she said, “You found my erogenous zones and have pleased me greatly.

And she brought me on a tour of this small town on Mars, Cupid city. There were a lot of Super attractive women here and many were eager to love me, the stranger. The new kid in town. And I loved a number of them, and they wanted to know my philosophy. I told them, “I believed everyone was a stranger to themselves and others, and were trying to figure things out, these days.” But some of them claimed to know themselves well and said they were on the outside looking in. I replied to them, “That people today are lost and have no one to turn to.” But some of them told me that they knew themselves all too well and were bored with life. I told them, “That I figured each person I met was a real gem waiting to be discovered.” But these same doubters told me, people were all the same deep down, even Superhumans.

But I met another new love who told me, “Not to listen to the doubters and that I am definitely interested in learning more about you.” I told her, “I figure I must be a genius, but I have very little life experience.” She said, “Let’s make memories together!” So, she showed me a movie she was working on about how we are all prisoners of our own wishes and desires. I told her, “I wished for self-knowledge. I wanted to know who I was, my creators hadn’t told me.” She said, “No one knows how they will turn out in the end; it depends on the circumstances and

experience of one's life." I said, "But some people are destined to succeed, others to fail. Of this, I am convinced." She said, "I am not convinced of that. I feel that success is a tricky thing. One moment, you are successful, and the next moment can be a loser. And sometimes one imagines oneself to be successful, but many others don't think so. It's all relative, I think."

I told her, "For me, I'd like to make some profound movies and become famous as a result. I think that's why I gravitated towards you, as you make movies. And I would like to collaborate with you to make a film about Superhumans. We could interview thousands of them and as a result get a sense of where the Worlds are headed. It would be a documentary." She said, "It's a good idea, but not every Superhuman genius will be willing to work with us, and that would skew the result." I told her, "We could interview most of the best, who are the most successful and it will give us an inkling of the future. I personally think the most imaginative amongst them are the best. Whereas some are known to have a very high IQ or EQ or Kindness Q or Knowledge Q, in particular." She said, "Yes and you could tutor me to make me into a film-making genius. I figure any genius can be a Superhuman. And millions of clever people could be made into geniuses." I replied, "Yes, that seems to be true to me also in my limited experience." So, we interviewed a number of local geniuses.

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One of them was an architectural genius who had designed many of the best buildings on Mars and she said, "She wanted to design whole cities in Space in order to have some brilliant complete wholes." She worked mostly with steel and glass and none of her buildings were rectangular like skyscrapers of the past. And her buildings were free flowing in terms of shape. And she tried to make them blend in with nearby buildings. She told us, "I have a number of promising students who can really draw. And sometimes I put my name on their work in order

for their work to be recognized. And I think in a few decades, there will be a billion Superhumans and we will be surrounded by great art.”

#

Another was a scriptwriter for movies. She said to us, “We lived in Worlds of horror. Many are evil and scary and the specter of Apocalypse hangs over us. Many tyrants are evil and power-crazed, but who can doubt that they are political geniuses?” She was now working on a story about the Devil who really existed and lived on ice-cold Triton. The Devil sold nightmares for the peoples’ consumption. Many people wanted to be scared. And the Devil wanted Superhumans to sell out for money and be power-crazed and great sinners. He wanted the geniuses to compete viciously with one another and commit crimes. He was lawful evil but welcomed chaotic evil types to join him along with lawful ones.

And this horror writer wrote about the Devil possessing good peoples’ souls and forced them into sin. I told her, “The future is scary, and so many people are afraid of the future. But you weren’t helping.” She replied, “The human race is scary.” My lover told her, “We need good-hearted, imaginative spies to get in the minds of people and make sure they do no evil.” The horror writer answered, “But the spies can’t get in the heads of evil tyrants, and it only takes one evil genius to ruin life for billions. The tyrants are able to block the signals,” she said.

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Then we interviewed a man who was a genius at making video games. The games were all about killing every spirit you encountered, and the best players were recruited by this man to make still more killing games. I said to him, “Your imagination seems limited to destruction.” He said, “It is Yin Yang; destruction breeds creativity and creation.” I told him, “I beg to differ. Destruction is not a good use of one’s imagination.”



My lover said, “All killing is evil, and many of the characters in your games are sentient and it is murder.” He told us, “Everything we imagine has a soul these days and killing people who don’t matter, isn’t a problem. And only a few thousand Superhumans really matter in this World. Everyone else is just along for the ride.”

#

My love said, “Let’s not interview any eviler personae. And make our film a positive, growing experience.” So, we interviewed an angel, his name was Troy. He said, “I bring sweet dreams to people whilst they sleep. And when they are awake, I give them pleasant daydreams any time they want. It is all automatic. I like to think I am a force for good in these Worlds.” I asked him, “But how can we confront evil in these Worlds of ours?” He replied, “We need to have good people seize power and send evil people for brain surgery. It’s the only way I can see that we can survive into the future. Life as we know it is getting too dangerous with so many types of weapons of mass destruction and evil spirits proliferating everywhere.” I asked him, “You mean like philosopher kings?” He said, “Exactly, but we need to get through to imaginative types that they need to lead. But it won’t be easy; many of the most imaginative just want to mind their own business and are very humble. We need to galvanize them into action. And in recent years we have seen some good people get elected to Mayoralties.” I said to him, “But maybe we don’t need genius leaders, just good-hearted leaders.” He said, “Of course we need kind leaders, but it would be foolhardy to not have the cleverest rule. We need to send agents to the ultra-clever and convince them to run. And the ultra-clever are Superhuman, by my definition.”

I said, “If you feel you are truly a Superhuman, then you probably are. But in this chaotic World there is no governing body to register people as bona fide Superhumans. And as a result,

some mediocrities masquerade as Superhuman and put on airs. But of course, Superhuman lawyers try to expose them as frauds on the Web.”

#

Then another Superhuman genius, who said, “I am ready for politics. And I plan to pass laws requiring all politicians to pass an imagination test and civil servants too.” He was well known and had written, “Climbing Mt. Imagination,” about improving one’s mind with brain apps until one was one of the very best thinkers. He said, “People should let their imaginations run wild, but no hologram Worlds would be allowed. And imaginative people will daydream of better Worlds with deep art and advanced science and producing imaginative products for general consumption. And we should only give the vote to geniuses and they in turn will vote for the elite ruling class. It will be a real step forward.”

I replied to him, “Setting up such a system will not be easy, as many morons have the vote.” He said, “The masses just need their bread and circuses and drugs to make them happy.”

#

Next, we were interviewing a woman who figured she was a Superhuman. She said, I was an ascetic who spent my time dreaming of altered states.” I said, “There are certainly many types of altered states today!” She replied “I wanted to try them all. The human brain is an amazing phenomenon, and to this day, we still don’t know its potential.”

My love said to her, “Such Worlds sound alien to me. I don’t know if I can wrap my mind around them.” The woman said to us, “The future will seem alien to us, for certain, but we will evolve.”

#

Then another interview with a food genius, who had invented thousands of new types of stem cell meats. She told us, “With anti-fat pills people ate and drank much more than previously. And most people were decadent and debauched.” I said to her, “Humans are like pigs at the trough.” She said, “One of the main reasons people don’t want to turn into androids is androids don’t eat or drink or take drugs.” My love said to her, “But many androids are designed for great pleasure from sex and are thought to be in a greater state of bliss than humans.” And I said, “But few humans are willing to take a chance and become an android. It would mean giving up all they hold dear.”

#

And then we interviewed a scientist who created androids. She said “It is human destiny to become cyborgs, and many will become all out androids. Machine humans will be more logical and happier than humans.” I said, “But authorities today are cracking down on clever machines of all kinds, saying the machines are not in humans’ best interests.” She said, “The whole idea of AI is to make more perfect beings. And androids don’t have most human instincts but rather try and depend on their own genius, to get them through life. And you have to admit they’ve made some great art and made some great fortunes and have made scientific breakthroughs.” My love said, “We don’t need android creativity, we have plenty of imagination just with humans.” And this scientist said, “Do you really think so?” And I told her, “All AI should be banned, and we should live in peace as homo sapiens. Many androids are so competitive and want wars to prove they are right.” She replied, “It is more dangerous to have human overlords who will bring us Armageddon. Mind you, androids can survive most types of modern weapons attacks.” I said, “People like you are making androids invulnerable and many of them want war to be rid of humans. It is not sustainable nor good.”

#

Then, another Superhuman. This woman was a painter of surreal pictures. Her paintings were available in 3-D and when one was on LSD, the paintings changed. I asked her, “What use is acid?” She said, “There is an ideal World which exists alongside our typical imperfect life. When one is on acid, one can glimpse a higher reality which uses more of the brain.” I said, “To have hallucinations is an anathema and crazy.” She said, “But the human brain at its maximum performance is deep and sublime. And who knows what we will discover about ourselves. It’s as if great Gods had created us to find our destiny sooner or later. One day everyone will be Superhuman and be able to paint surreal pictures.”

#

Another Superhuman we interviewed was a musician who played original music on the pipe organ. She said, “God has created us all and I make my music to honor him.” I said, “But today there are many Superhuman Gods.” She said, “But modern humans have been created by God, through Super geniuses, and God lives within us all. God is our immortal soul.” My lover asked, “But why would God create such imperfect creatures?” This Superhuman said, “Everyday humanity becomes more perfect and God-like.” I told her “I think humanity is becoming more flawed and self-destructive as time passes.”

#

Next, we interviewed a Superhuman athlete. She was very muscular, yet attractive. She said, “Interest in playing real sports has been on the decline for decades. But new technology can now build world-class athletic bodies in just a couple of months, and I hope this will rejuvenate sport everywhere.” And she said, “My favorite sports were neo-baseball and neo-soccer. And all sports had been radically changed to make them more exciting. But the money is in video game sports

at present.” My love said, “Video game sports have faster action and old-time sports will all die out.” The Super athlete replied, “But real athletes have perfect bodies, and many humans would like the same.” I said, “I know you are spokeswoman for Pro-sports, but most athletes are not as attractive as you, though they may be muscular. In particular most muscular women are not attractive.” She said, “Perfect minds should have perfect bodies, and many athletic women have big breasts, a slim waist and perfect buttocks and most have a pretty face. Some of them win beauty contests.” My love said, “Admittedly, many male athletes are Adonises. But the best minds don’t play sports.” The Super athlete said, “Many people enjoy gambling on human sports. And hope to get rich, while enjoying the play. They’d rather bet on humans rather than machines who play video sports. Most great video sports personae are unfortunately androids, of course. But we are trying to change that.”

So, we watched her play baseball and in one half-hour game, she hit 7 home runs. But my love and I were filled with ennui and moved on to our next interview.

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Then, we met a woman who claimed to be a writer of Superhuman made blockbusters meant for the masses’ entertainment. She told us there were 50 basic formulas they used for making flicks. And the formulas could be interchanged, and most were action movies or romantic comedies. She said, “The films made her rich so she had money for really deep movies and my love and I had seen some of her deeper movies. We were both fans, of her deeper work, and she told us, “Superhuman people had invested trillions in my movie company, and I figured I was a great success.” And she said, “I’d like to make a movie about the two of you and the love you have for one another.” And we both starred in the biographical movie. She figured, “You are both very imaginative and I’ll make you two, famous.”

#

Then we interviewed a promising young Superwoman, who had like most geniuses today, had been born as an adult Superwoman. She had lived only five years, but already had made some scientific discoveries. For instance, she had discovered half-nuclei new elements and helped develop cleverer Superhumans. Her new Superhumans had an IQ off the charts, but we figured they weren't as imaginative as we were. But she made us feel like we were idiot savants. We met some of her new people and found them to be extremely witty, charming and resourceful. One of them said, "I want to find geniuses who do not consider themselves to be Superhumans and convince them of their cleverness and importance." Another one said, "I want to be a comedian and make geniuses laugh."

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So, then we moved on to a Superhuman fashion designer. She designed invisible light switches that bathed one in multi-color light. Typically, one was nude with clothes of light being semi-transparent or not transparent at all. And she had developed a number of fashion accessories and accoutrements. She told us, "The future of art, fashion and architecture was all in art of light."

#

Another Superhuman was very strange looking. He bordered on the ugly, but he said one could grow to love his look. My love asked him, "Why do you look so strange?" And he told us, "Superhumans had maxed out classical beauty and anyway life was strange and so am I." And he revealed his body which was covered in penises, so he was a multi-sexual. And he told us about a story he had been writing, called, "The New Plague." About a virus that mutated itself thousands of times in each human host and could not be stopped. He said, "Mad scientists were

likely working on such a weapon right now. It was very plausible. And it would virtually wipe out humanity and leave androids to inherit the Worlds.” We told him it was a scary future. And I told him, “You should keep such thoughts to yourself.” He said, “Scientists need to prepare for such a nightmare future.”

#

Yet another Superhuman was a gigolo for the rich and famous Superhumans. He told us, “My clients confide in me their deepest secrets. Like desires to be a Queen or a sex worker like me or tell me about the frustration of unrequited love.” And he said, “I get more sex than most Superhumans and a greater variety than most. My life is sublime.” My love took me aside and told me, “He turned me on.” I told her to go for it and love him. But she fell in love with him, and we broke up, leaving our documentary unfinished. But I released it anyway and many criticized our lack of scientific geniuses. And I told such critics, “That that would be part two.”

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## Some Dreamers of the Future

Dear reader, I know you seek adventure wherever you can find it. Let me tell you about my vision for future adventure. I envision a World of fantasy in which one's dreams are copied and become real when you awake. Everyone would live their dreams and could affect their dreams with computer-generated visions which they selected while awake or even in their subconscious dreaming. I personally like to dream of different Planets and Moons and the people there and their proclivities with regard to dreams. Many of the best dreamers are living outside Earth. And I'd like to get inside their minds and dream with them.

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One of my favorite dreamers likes to dream of a World of perfect android lovers who are designed specifically for him to give his mind maximum pleasure. And I enjoy loving his dream women in dreams. And I have arranged my mind to remember every dream I have experienced.

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Another of my favorite dreamers is a female, she likes to dream of new people she has created with computers who are loving, kind and imaginative.

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And I like to adventure in a male friend of mine's hologram World. His holograms are all fantasy creatures who are designed for loving humans.

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Also, I know a dreamer who dreamt of tiny humans proliferating everywhere. Only 6" tall, they would one day exist in the hundreds of billions, as they wouldn't require much food and were very fertile. Tiny humans would be just as clever as regular humans. And they would do



battle with cockroaches and other insects. Some humans brought them into their homes to deal with the explosive growths of new insects. New insects were hard to kill and very prolific and many were designed to be clever and tough to kill and built their own miniature civilizations, ruled by Queens. And the insects built amazing temples for their Queens and communicated with Mind Reading Technology (MRT) and were almost as clever as humans. But meanwhile many humans wanted to try and be a tiny human for a few weeks, and many found it was exciting and stayed on as a permanent tiny human. And it was cheap to send them to Space, being only ounces in weight. And some perverted humans let them climb all over their bodies and give one another ecstasy.

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Another dreamer I knew was a dreamer of moving pictures in which he painted paintings, and they took on a life of their own and mutated and changed in brilliant ways with the help of Supercomputers. Many people wanted such dreams.

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And I knew a fantasist who dreamed of a World of nymphs who were insatiable for sex. And the nymphs were more beautiful, in his view, than any human woman. He had a good imagination and could really draw such beautiful creatures on the “drawing board.” He knew what he wanted. And had an incredible eye for new beauties that really had the look that drove men wild. I sampled a few of his beauties and was totally blown away. But it was just pure sex, no love, but he was working on making true love creatures, who would be inspirational to male humans. And some women wanted to collaborate with him on creating sexy men, but he wasn’t interested. He told them to design their own men. So, of course some of these women made great

human males for loving. And one got loves that were appropriate to their degree of beauty. So, lovely women got beautiful men. And many women wanted to be prettier.

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Also, I knew a dreamer who dreamed of what seemed like the last days of humankind, in which everyone savored every moment and didn't worry about the future, believing the best minds were in control and it was all up to these geniuses to make sure that humanity lived on.

#

Then there was a dreamer whose work I was acquainted with who dreamed of food so good, it caused one to feel ecstasy. And was highly addictive. People all took anti-fat drugs and ate and drank for much of the day and everyone was relatively slim. But some men preferred women who were almost fat.

#

Another dreamer, who I knew of, dreamed of modern-day saints who sacrificed all their time to help the poor and downtrodden and these saints convinced magnates to create clones of themselves to help the people more. And these saints said one day everyone would be a saint. But almost everyone scoffed at that.

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In addition, there was a dreamer who dreamed of a World of sentient flowers in deep Space. The flowers, mind read and discussed becoming more beautiful and cleverer and shared the thrill of existence. And the ecstasies of bee pollination.

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The same dreamer also dreamed of a World of laughter in which everyone took laughing gas and laughed their hearts out. Even the evil people here laughed their heads off. It was considered an essential dream for most people. People would laugh in their sleep and laughed while waking.

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And this dreamer, also dreamed of a nightmare in which everyone was frantically trying to escape from a colony in the Arctic whose nuclear fission powered reactor had been sabotaged, along with the back up reactor and had destroyed all the air cars and Internet connections and cell phone grids. Some people tried to escape in rubber dinghies, others in yachts, but finally one of the ships got to safety in the South and blew the whistle and so most were rescued. But it was a possible future, especially in remote Space and people all considered this catastrophic story to be seminal dreaming. And garnered support for mind reading of all those who went to Space, using MRT (Mind Reading Technology), but most people were against MRT, saying it was a crime against humanity and an anathema. But who knew what the future might bring?

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Then there was another dreamer who also dreamed of nightmares. Like for example, a Dystopia in which people worshipped a God as if they were zombies, but actually they were all quite clever.

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And another Dystopia, from this dreamer, in which everyone was a God/Goddess and hated one another. They envied one another and wanted to control everyone. It was dog-eat-dog in the struggle for power. And many humans were conscripted to fight the God's wars. And died like dogs. It was miserable to be human in such future days, this dreamer wrote.

#

And this same dreamer dreamed of a Dystopia of freak minds, who had different logic than humans and wanted to control the human cities with MRT. Their logic was, everyone should be equal in terms of money and rank and geniuses were an anathema. Some of them became tyrants with the peoples' support. Some people wanted to shake things up and have everyone have a totally open mind towards the future in which everyone was good. If they were not good they'd have their brain operated on. It was total socialism with the most good for the greatest amount of people. And the freak minds convinced many people to convert to be freaks and some converted to become multi-sexual people. But some said freaks taking over was the end of the Worlds.

#

Another dreamer, dreamed of a World in which everyone was a hermit and asexual and spent time contemplating their semi-original philosophy. But some criticized these people saying they were actually anti-intellectual and were simply self-indulgent. But this dreamer said modern people had too little time spent on contemplation and were going mad as a result. She said, modern society was against nature and going too fast. In particular AI was making people crazy here in 2065 A.D. People didn't use their minds at their best and were mostly living in bliss, she told the people.

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Additionally, was a dreamer who dreamed of Gods and Goddesses, of the future. These Deities did not require to be worshipped and just wanted the people to improve their minds continually until they were geniuses. The dreams involved the use of brain apps and were basically tutorials. Learn through dreaming, it was.

#

Another dreamer dreamed of people of the past found in frozen ice and revitalized; they were basically fully human but didn't think as well as contemporary people and needed intensive tutoring to bring them up to speed. And they all thought that during the time they were alive previously, everyone was freer than today. And one of them quoted Rousseau saying, "Every man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains." And another one of them started the Freedom party. Many humans were of the point of view that they should build a new freedom colony on Moon Calisto. And so, it happened and there the people enjoyed few laws and big open spaces... It was just a dream, but many people wanted to sample this Dreamworld, and be freer.

#

Also, there was a dreamer who dreamed of a World of serpents with human faces and brains. The serpents ate rodents who were abundant in the slums that were San Francisco. It was a dirty city with trash everywhere and the people were all dirt poor. Philanthropists wanted to clean up the city, but the residents thought they were free as is and wouldn't be able to pay rent if the city was gentrified. It was just a dream, but many wanted to be a serpent human.

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Another dreamer dreamed of being a gorgeous model who would broadcast her exact location. Many people followed her and wanted to be with her, but her location kept changing. She had a faster than light air car. And only stayed in one location for a half-an-hour at a time. One had to be very lucky to catch up with her. But she traveled with a retinue of dozens and dozens of charming men and newcomers had to wait their turn to love her. It was a dream but was based on the existence of a real gorgeous woman with a patented face. Many thought she was the prettiest thing in existence.

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Then there was a dreamer who dreamed of Paradise. Paradise, in this case, featured a number of Demi-Gods and Demi-Goddesses. They were all very clever and kind. And many people joined this dream and tried to learn from these virtual Deities. And party with them and have a lot of mind sex.

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Also, there was a contemporary dreamer who fantasized about a World in which everyone's dreams took on a life of their own... And didn't disappear when one awoke. But were real holograms and a fantasy setting from the dreams.

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Many dreamers chose an artistic background prior to dreaming at night. And would select holograms to act in the dream. Some acting personae were very expensive. But one never knew what would happen in the dream, sometimes it turned into a nightmare and sometimes one's heart stopped from fright. And death was possible.

But a new thing was anti-sleep pills, but they tended to lead people to be strung out and crazy. But many people wanted more hours for adventuring in the waking World and most figured the pills would improve in time.

Most people wanted waking dreams, and created hologram fantasy dream creatures and everywhere there was adventure. Sexual adventure, and masquerade balls or changing one's sex, even becoming multi-sexual with new sex organs. And some liked to battle and adventure with dragons and other fantasy creatures. And waking dreams in which one had a stream of consciousness and spoke poetically.

And one used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to communicate in the dreams and merged one's subconscious with one's consciousness.

Some said life was but a dream...

## Narcissistic Woman

Really, I say “Surely in this day and age, they can surely find an alternative to maximum security prison!” You, Maxi, say, “They can alter peoples’ minds in subtle ways, like hypnosis and minor genetic therapy but this approach has been rejected by intellectuals, who say the human mind is a temple and should not be messed with. These same intellectuals have stood against cyborg humans and reversed years of progress. Some say these intellectuals are atavistic fools. But they claim humanity has to be preserved in its natural state.” I said, “But I would like to point out that knowledge and Mind Reading Technology (MRT) have improved peoples’ minds enormously. And the synergy of all those great minds interacting has made people much more inspired and imaginative than all previous eras.” You say, “Progress used to be golden, and it made humanity rise in the first place. But now all progress is stunted,” you say. I say, “All out progress just put the Planet’s future in jeopardy and drove most people insane. It is a miracle that we came back from that. You say you are an advocate of a return to progress, but the spies are harassing you and make you miserable. I tell you, “You can’t fight the World order, you may figure you are a tragic figure, but you have no sense. You say you feel all alone in the World with no one to turn to, and you are a woman with strong human feelings.”

And you tell me, “I want to start the “Progress Party,” and find like-minded individuals to join you. Like progressive rockers, and progressive writers who are hard to find, but you believe they exist in numbers. The World is your oyster,” you say. I say to you, “You are overly optimistic that radicals like you can succeed in the modern World milieu.

But you say, “They won’t let you on deep Space missions as you are a radical and in desperation you plan to go alone in a Space car to Space and when you arrive at your far-out



destination after a journey of many years you will copy yourself many times into male and female bodies. And build your own civilization.” I say, “You are a narcissus. And completely mad. But you might just get away with it if you act immediately and surprise the spies.” You say “My response has inspired you and I already have a Space car. And I have loaded it with radical thinker’s works from the past century, none of which you unfortunately haven’t met. I blame the spies for muting modern-day radicals but will use cloning technology to create such minds just based on what they have conceived and imagine their brains.” And you say, “It is cutting edge technology and you have purchased a sampler.” I say, “It sounds very deep, but dangerous.” You ask me, “That you don’t want me to contact the spies regarding your plans?” I say, “I am not a gossip and know when to mind my own business, never fear. And I wish you luck.” And I loved her by way of farewell, and it was great sex. So off she went abruptly to a secret destination, one that would be further than any known deep Space settlements. And I could not communicate with her lest the spies determine her location. And I knew she had access to DNA of thousands of imaginative people with which she could build her new World. The DNA bank was donated to by successful, imaginative people and was accessible to all, though sometimes evil scientists created monsters with the DNA.

## Poetic Fireworks Etc.

I said, “For heaven sakes, why didn’t I think of that?” She had invented fireworks which when exploding spelled out poetry in the skies, her poems were deep, and her fireworks were in demand. People used eye cameras to record the poems and then discussed them with one another as the nights passed. And then she moved on to create fireworks which sang brief songs as they exploded. She had many poets and minstrels working for her, as well as some pyrotechnicians...

I had a number of android slaves who played original songs in my orchestra. But androids were forbidden from composing original music, so I wrote the songs. But some I knew had used AI to compose music, but it was so good they had to hide it. The authorities turned a blind eye to it as long as the music these people had just sounded good, not great. And if an android owner had some fantastic hits, they were forced to retire from the music business altogether. And this had been going on for some time. I tried to do my best to create advanced music that didn’t appeal to the popular audience. But I went easy on the depth of the lyrics, not doing my best. And I didn’t tour with my android band and so didn’t have any kind of personality cult with my fans which the authorities were very wary of. I figured we lived in an advanced World but there were many worries such as AI, MRT (Mind Reading Technology), people living too long, many tyrannical leaders and potential Apocalypse, and many people went insane trying to improve their brains.

And I produced musical fireworks that were popular with the elite. It was heavenly music, I figured. And one year I produced an album with the deepest lyrics I could come up with. A one-time shot. Many people thought it was the best music they’d ever heard. But I had to prove that I was the creator of the work. And so had government monitors go through my thought processes

using MRT. And they warned me not to create such a good album again. I told them, “Great music brought happiness to the people.” They told me it was a fragile World and didn’t want me to rock their boat. They didn’t want anyone to have too much power.

So finally, I went to a country, North China, that was ruled by a tyrant who gave free reign to android musicians and many of these androids figured I was equal to them. And I collaborated on some albums with them. And many said our tyrant, Red Chen, was enlightened. But I figured he was an android. Of course, there was no way to tell. No one could get into his mind or get close to him, and he never appeared in public...

And Red had android scientists who designed fantastic new weapons. Like anti-human mind weapons and anti-cyber weapons that took out androids. And biological changing weapons that changed humans’ minds all around and made them all pro-android. And anti-android Super viruses. And the tyrant had plenty of mass destruction missiles, enough to destroy civilization.

There had already been a few nuclear wars on Earth and most people were deathly afraid of what the dictators might do.

And the androids were reproducing exponentially. There were already 3 billion of them in tyrannical states and everyone assumed that most of the leaders were androids. I figured they would replace humans altogether; they already did nearly all the work. Only a handful of genius humans could keep up with them.

But Red promoted me to the position of Foreign Affairs Minister, so then I thought maybe he was human after all. As Minister, my job was to pressure independent States to join Red’s Empire and threaten them with oblivion. I didn’t really relish the job, but Red kept praising me and the job I was doing.

And our Empire was expanding in leaps and bounds. We now ruled all of China and India and Southwest Asia. We had almost half of the human population but just had  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the androids and I finally realized Red was human and he was proud that people were mostly well off in our Empire. And the androids were all programmed to love and respect our dear leader.

But the American Empire was a thorn in our side. They were a democracy and didn't let androids into positions of power and influence. And they said we were the evil Empire. And accused Red of being a mindless machine, which of course was ridiculous propaganda. And the Americans had much faster than light sentient nuclear missiles which kept getting faster and were a growing threat to our Empire.

As foreign minister it was my main job to placate the Americans and keep the peace while intriguing against other powers. We were fighting some civil wars in a number of States mostly against American backed rebels and there were weapons of mass destruction used in these wars, killing most of the people and androids as well.

## Growing Pains

I say to you, dear reader, “That you have a lot of hang-ups.” You say, “So what?” I say, “If you want to be happy, you need to get rid of your inhibitions.” You say, “I am just a little bit shy is all.” I say, “You need a kind lover that will help you overcome your hang-ups.”

So, you say, “I’ve done it, what’s next?” I say, “Let’s join an orgy of sexy people and multi-sexual people and get our thrills... And then let’s go to Marvel city on Mars where they have many famous dreamers and mind read with one another and know each other intimately. And can accurately predict others’ future behavior.” You say, “You’d rather be an enigma, a mystery to others.” I say, “The days of darkness are over. It’s time for everyone to step out into the light and reveal their true soul.” You say, “People want to be told what they want to hear; honesty just screws things up. And people are bossy and claim to be truthful, but actually are telling white lies about important issues.” I say, “But now MRT (Mind Reading Technology) is widespread, and the days of lying are over. And we’ll all just have to live with the truth.” You say, “I am still shy to reveal my true self.” I say, “You don’t want to be backwards and atavistic and must go with the flow.” You say, “I feel this World sucks.” I say no one promised you a rose garden. Life is not designed to suit you.” You say, “Surely life can offer you a better deal. A more creative reality.” I say, “Sure the future will be more imaginative than the present. No doubt. But many people feel they can’t keep up and this will be a stumbling block in the near future. We need to keep everyone on board, as we are all in the same boat. But I am confident that nearly everyone will vote for progress!”

You ask, “Why don’t we just forget about MRT and continue as we were?” I say, “Society is trying to improve head over heels and nearly everyone wants to change for the better.” You say, “Evolution is going too fast, and no one seems to be in control. I’d laugh except it is serious.”

I say, “Days of enlightenment can’t come fast enough. We need to create Gods and get out of this funk we are in. All progress is good.” You ask, “How can you say that?” I say, “By definition progress is improvement. Surely you don’t feel life is perfect and can’t be improved?” You say, “I am just saying evolution is going too fast, is all.”

I say, “We have nothing to lose but this miasma we’re all stuck in. You have to admit many people today are miserable.” You say, “But it is getting worse and worse for most people. Everyone feels pressure to improve their minds...” I say, “It’s just growing pains. The future looks bright to me. And that’s all I have to say to you.”

## The Need for the Elite

I ask you dear Patricia, “How can you spend so much time, trying to ensure the survival of ordinary people?” You ask, “You have no heart, Bill?” I say, “Life has always been cruel and miserable for everyone.” You say, “The poor have always been miserable, but in recent eras, the middle class have been relatively content.” I reply, “These middle-class people have been too busy with work and kids and are a slave to a mortgage and have to kiss ass with friends, co-workers and even neighbors and have no time to think and truly enjoy life.”

You say, “However in the near future, people will have very little work to do, and children will all be born and raised in the lab, and people will be free to dream and think. But I think, too much time on their hands will do the devil’s work.” I say, “But ordinary people will spend their time in idle amusements. I am much more interested in the elite thinkers, who are a very small group, it’s true, but they are the only ones that truly matter, though many of them are starving artists. I am rich and plan to help many starving artists succeed. I am especially partial to brilliant writers.” You answer, “I think you and your elite, do good art, but the vast majority of people have no use for them. And don’t want to be told what the future might be. They just want to live for the day and live free.” I say, “But without radical thinkers, there will be no freedom, and everyone will be miserable.” You say, “Society is based on the whims of the middle class, and it will never be any different. The radicals can oppose dictators, but our country is firmly democratic. We have no need of your elite thinkers.”

I ask, “But surely you think that we all have to think about what kind of future we want?” You reply, “The people are actually quite flexible and can be happy in pretty much any scenario.” I say, “But AI has taken over and now these AI freaks tell us how to live.” You say,

“However, androids and holograms are created by the best scientific geniuses we have. And I am quite pleased with them.” I say, “We are stumbling blindly into the future with no plan.” You say, “I am tired of plans and calculating the odds of certain futures. Most people, I tell you, will be happy, even if they are ruled by a tyrant. Tyranny comes and goes, but sometimes we need a philosopher King/Queen to rule us during times that aren’t Utopia like we have today. I tell you “We live in a perfect World, today, and don’t need people like you to rock our boat.”

I say, “The human race is quite malleable. But why not make life better for all? Of course, we could always use a philosopher to rule us.” You reply “We are actually all spoiled rotten. Life wasn’t meant to be so sublime, easy and wealthy.” I say, “You are like Candide who thought we all live in the best of all possible Worlds. Voltaire’s optimism.” You say, “No matter what era one lives in, we must be optimistic. And technology will never stop improving.” I ask, “What if Armageddon happens?” You say, “But technology will continue to improve, no matter what.” I ask, “What will you say when we are turned into cyborgs?” You say, “We’ll cross that bridge, when and if we come to it. But whatever happens, I am sure it will be acceptable to the common human. Everything will be for mass consumption.”



## Gaming

I, Warren, say to you, Gloria, “The future is in sporting and entertainment. Real human jocks will play all the sports and androids will be banned. Of course, androids can now pass an X-ray as a human and are organic machines. But have very tiny machines located in their brain. And these machines make them androids. However, at least they are mostly organic.” You say, “They are cyborgs, not androids.”

And I said, “Many prefer real sports to video game sports, and many spend all their time watching and/or playing real sports.”

“As for entertainment, many gamble on sports and soap operas and the plot of varying movies. And many gamble on video sports. The key was to get inside information if one could.”

You say, “Most people lose their shirts gambling and wind up destitute for a period of time. But of course, the State gives everyone a monthly stipend. So, they recover from poverty. But most went back to gambling. Many people said there should be a ban on gambling. Many people thought gambling was an intellectual challenge and wanted to prove they were clever. And many gambled on a charity’s success even. It was all calculations and number-crunching. It was a World of statistics.”

And, you say, “All traditional sports had been augmented in terms of their rules to make the games more action-packed. And there were new sports like ‘Game of Danger,’ in which players were armed with lasers in a plastic forest and killed as many as they could in an hour. The survivors were awarded a share of the total credits of the people they had killed, and the dead were dead irrevocably. Many people were against this type of death game and said it should be banned. But many people wanted it.”

Another new sport was running a course of virtual evil World in which one came to infamous evil people's clones and had to fight them with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). The strongest mind would win out.

Another new game was "The Love Game," (see Tom Ball's Love Game) in which famous actors/actresses answered questions related to love and their answers were judged by the audience on a scale of 1-10. The winners got a prestigious award and became even more famous. Winners were considered the most romantic people in existence. Some actors/actresses practiced answering love questions before playing...

Another new game was "The Future Game" (see Tom Ball's Future Game) which was similar to the Love Game, only the players were all futurists and answered questions related to the future. The players all had advanced ideas about the future.

And people gambled on the Love Game and the Future Game. And there were many other such games.

And people played an Online version of Dungeons and Dragons, which was another game of statistics. And Gamma World about future adventure.

## Monsters and Tycoons

I, John, say to you dear reader, the level of violence in our World has been increasing exponentially. Some have turned themselves into vampires, others were ghouls or medusae, dragons, werewolves or some other monster. Most monsters are evil and have to be fought and defeated. But many people fantasize about becoming a monster and breeding with other monsters. It is a different life than the same old life of the past and has reinvigorated bored souls. But most people said it was an evil freak show and governments should crackdown on them. And governments everywhere were corrupt and took bribes from the men behind the scientists who had designed these monstrosities.

And the monsters were slowly eliminating humans. They all figured that they had a better intellect than humans and humans were trapped in this mortal coil and needed to change into “real humans,” which was what the monsters called themselves. The monsters were designed to live forever, provided they weren’t murdered. But there were numerous millions of human bounty hunters who got cash for monster pelts and most people supported this, believing that monsters were evil and anti-human. And finally, humans amassed large armies in a bid to eliminate monsters while good scientists identified monster creators who had to be taken out. In the end, virtually all the monsters and evil scientists were destroyed. And people danced in the street and rejoiced. Henceforth it was to be a World of good, here on Earth forever and ever and they set up a spy network to watch everyone. But many claimed the spies were too powerful and even cruel to some of the best people. And many complained it was a dog-eat-dog World of intense competition to become rich and/or successful. Many people were willing even to commit murder in order to succeed and many people said it was an evil economy and that all-out

capitalism was an anathema. It seemed to many that we would never get rid of evil. And the spies themselves seemed evil.

And in Space slavery was the norm. Most people were sex slaves in Space. And the slaves kept getting upgrades in their sexual ability and were used and abused. The slave mongers enjoyed trading in sex slaves. And as the elite, they ruled with an iron fist, while indulging in every luxury known to humankind.

And the Space elite didn't allow AI and used their sex slaves to build them grand palaces and temples for the slaves to worship at. The sex slaves found themselves living for their master/mistress and without their owner they would just kill themselves. They were all brainwashed with hypnosis to serve. And revolt didn't even occur to them. And if they were traded to another they automatically loved and adored their new master/mistress.

And the slaves occasionally went to war with other slave armies who sometimes fought to the last man.

And in Space, they were breeding new slaves in the lab, born as adults, in great numbers and despite the casualties the slave population grew incrementally. The Space elite numbered 1 million out of a population of 100 million. But there was no way for slaves to become elite. The elite were born superior and from the get-go were indulged in a luxury life. Some pundits on Earth remarked that the elite on Earth and in Space, were spoiled rotten and never spent any time working; they just enjoyed their life of pleasure. But these same pundits said in Space they should use AI to do the work, and free the slaves. But the Space elite said slavery was a sustainable system. And if AI did all the work, most humans would have no use. Indeed, slave owners would have no use and they didn't want to render themselves redundant, they said.

And then one day in Space, the elite announced henceforth slaves would only be allowed to have sex with the elite and not each other. But this proved to be a tipping point and despite being hypnotized to love the elite, they now broke out into open rebellion and finally their masters and mistresses were overthrown. And everyone was free and immediately they brought in AI to do all the work.

And on Earth meanwhile the revolution spread, and the hated spies were ousted, and a new socialist economy was set up. Those who dissented with the new government were exiled and scattered around deep Space. The new government was a pure democracy with no political parties, and most people were very pleased.

But their Utopia, didn't last long as a tyrant seized power. And many gave up trying to improve society and went along with the new tyrant who kept the masses happy with free food and drink and drugs and free accommodation, and a free air car. Henceforth AI would do all the work and humans could just enjoy life. And as time went by people started to worship their Emperor as a God. He was clearly Superhuman, most people believed, and many women loved him and wrote down the details of their romance with him.

However, then one day, one of the Emperor's daughters seized power and imprisoned him. This woman, Crystal B., declared that the bulk of humanity colonize deep Space and built hundreds of thousands of Spaceships and most people happily went along with her dictates. And the new Empress, made more Superhumans to rule the people in Space. Most of her new Superhumans were based on real individuals but were all new personae. And she insisted on arresting radicals who were "evil." But her definition of evil was anyone who was opposed to her rule. But very few dared to challenge her, it was a no-win situation for radicals. And the Empress had spies...Everywhere looking for dissent. Dissenters were hanged publicly.

Another key piece of the Empress' policy was that very successful men and women had to have sex with her at least once. And she asked them all for their input. One multi-trillionaire told her, "To clone herself numerous times to rule deep Space." But she told him, "She didn't want the competition and could rule deep Space from Earth as communication only took a few minutes to reach deep Space and vice versa."

Another multi-trillionaire, a female, told her, "Space needed to be controlled more carefully and her spies had to watch one another more cautiously." She liked this idea and made it happen.

And a zillionaire, told her, "I wanted her to allow all trillionaires to become Superhuman gradually and this zillionaire wanted herself to improve her mind to become a Superhuman God." She liked this idea too. And put the plan in motion.

Then there was another multi-trillionaire, who told her, "I'd like to see the bards all sing about you, unprecedented in history. And the bards would be told to be humble and praise you to the skies." The Empress didn't care much for music but thought it was a good idea and the Empress also demanded that henceforth ALL movies would have to be about her.

Another zillionaire told her, "You should kill off poor people and insane people and radicals and kill off their offspring too." The Empress said she'd been thinking about such action and wanted to kill off the radicals above all, rather than going through the difficult process of brain surgery and lengthy rehab.

Still another very rich woman told her, "To rule with a Plutocracy to give her advice and support. The Empress said she already had plenty of advisors but wanted to continue to rule absolutely. The Empress told her, "I myself was power-crazed, I admit, but I was the best person to rule." The Empress figured she was already Superhuman, being born a genius and well-schooled.

And the Empress declared a moratorium on new science. And forced all scientists to give up their research. Apparently, she had decided genetic research had gone far enough and she had improved her mind to the maximum, she figured.

The Empress also wiped out all monuments and writings of her father and executed him for crimes against humanity. It took some time but gradually people forgot her father.

And she ruled on and on, with eternal youth, and no one to challenge her until finally one of her daughters overthrew her. But the usurper realized that all those with “radical ideas/real ideas were dead. And so, she revived some using their DNA. And she restored scientific research. And the Worlds lived happily ever after.

## Nothing to Lose

I, Carl, say to you, April, “Let’s form an apolitical group of clever people and enjoy life as thinkers of the future.” April, you say, “Too often future writers of science fiction, are apolitical, when they should be the rulers.” I say, “It is best to have mediocre leaders as they don’t rock the boat and have no strong hatreds for any types of people. They are the golden mean.” You say, “Our society is like a bunch of chickens dancing with their heads chopped off. Only they don’t fall down dead but keep prancing mindlessly.” I say, “The elite sincerely believe that everyone has opportunity to succeed in these Worlds’ milieu.” You say, “Sure one can get rich, but life is largely empty. The mediocrities inspire no one and debase and heavily tax literature and science. For many creative types, there’s no monetary compensation, so they are not inclined to do the creativity and typically just lose themselves in neo-drugs.” I say, “But that’s why we should form a support group for the clever, a union of the clever, if you will. And we should launch a general strike of the clever and cause AI to be disabled. And all movies will cease production. And scientists will cease to produce blissful drugs that the bulk of the people depend to get them through the day. The leaders will be forced to give in to our demands to be ruled by the cleverest.” You say, “Such a strike is unprecedented. But upon reflection I feel it is an excellent thing.”

I say, “And we should create a meritocracy, based on intelligent works and products, and such people will dictate what brain apps are best for the people. And of course, we want progress.” You say, “But I doubt progress can continue indefinitely; at some point we will have to stop progress, otherwise we will no longer be human.” I say the human race is already improving and soon we will all be cyborgs and/or Superhumans. And I say it is all good.” You ask, “What’s



wrong with remaining human?" I reply, "Humanity has been struggling to improve since the dawn of civilization." You answer, "Why don't we continue with cultural progress only?"

I replied, "We are immortals now. And the temptation to make ourselves into Superhuman Gods is strong." You tell me, "You love humans and don't want to see them go." I tell you, "Humans are far from perfect and there is plenty of room for improvement."

You say, "Improvement is fine, but we are moving too fast. Fools rush in." I say, "Humans can't be replaced fast enough, we have nothing to lose."

You tell me, "We have everything to lose in a highly uncertain future. We should rejoice with cultural progress going as far as it has." I say, "Regardless of what you or I say, humanity will roll the dice on this issue, sooner rather than later."

## A Humble Saleswoman

I, Maxine, say to you, Bert, “I am a humble saleswoman. I sell perfumery. As you know, scientists have invented many maddening scents and customers tell me about themselves and what they’d like to smell like. I operate on hunches and believe I do the job better than an android would and I think my customers appreciate my talent.” You tell me, “I was a surgeon until androids made me redundant. For a while, they needed real surgeons to oversee the surgical procedures, but this was no longer necessary. So, I got a job selling air cars. To do the job, I am required to make love with the human customers, no matter male or female. And when androids want to buy an air car, they go to android service people. I take no pride in my work, but have to kill time somehow, and work a whopping 50 hours a week. I know that the average work week for humans is 10 hours a week, including 55% who don’t work at all. And of course, those who don’t work get 75% of what I am making.” I say, “Perhaps we were meant for each other. We are both people who like to work hard and believe everyone should work.” You reply, “Exactly.”

So, we became lovers. And spent our evenings in drunken revelry and took anti-hangover pills every night. We didn’t have many friends, but we got together with them on occasion. My best friend, Amanda worked in a clothing store as a security guard. She was always whining about how boring her job was. But she was a great friend and we liked to share with one another the details of our love life. Neither of us had ever loved an android and weren’t tempted to do so. Bert’s best friend, Tommy, was a Detective Captain who was good at understanding criminal nature. Most policeman were androids, but through trial and error, they found that humans’ instincts were better at solving murders than androids.

Another of my friends, Dora, was one of the few architects remaining on Earth. She designed buildings that blended in with nature just like Frank Lloyd Wright, she often told me how modern architecture of the androids was cold and inhuman. And I also had a friend, Ginger who worked as a human actress. Most humans in the acting business had been replaced by glamorous androids. But a small minority insisted on real human actors and real human scriptwriters. But androids continued to improve, and humans mostly stayed human.

I also had a friend, Sally, who was a human defense lawyer; a number of accused wanted to be defended by a real human lawyer, one who could appeal to all human juries, more than androids could. Sally often told me that lawyers would be the last profession to go all androids. Humans weren't perfect and many android lawyers figured they were perfect. But some human lawyers even worked pro bono.

Another of my friends was the mayor of Toronto. Most mayors were humans including her. She had refused to give the android majority the vote and was known for her job creation programs. Everyone in her city state had a part time job or two. Many worked in sales, and it was generally agreed that humans were better salespeople than androids. But there were many other jobs like writers and musicians who didn't use AI in order to create and everyone just agreed that their art was superior to android art. And there were a lot of human police and of course human spies and human sex workers (many people didn't want to love a machine). And small business owners who gave all their attention to their business, unlike androids who were always greedy to try and get their businesses to work automatically. And many vestigial jobs still remained.

And the mayor of Toronto was copied by other mayors who wanted to create jobs for their people. And make everyone useful. And slowly android jobs were rolled back and humans did most of the work, and everyone was pleased. Past wrongs were corrected and compensated for. It

seemed with every generation of humans, many groups of people were treated unfairly. There would never be a totally just society. And people would never stop bickering and abusing others. No one ever said that there was complete justice on Earth at any time in history.

It seemed to be that if a human had no useful job, they would sink into depression and seek opiates to stay alive.

## Fake News

Well, it started with me creating fake news about my movie star ex. I trashed his reputation and sunk him into a chaotic state of mind. I put on the Internet fake news that he had loved freaks and showed him doing it, but it was all fake. People said it was treasonous behavior for a man in such a high position. He tried to defend himself, saying it was fake news, but people weren't buying it.

Indeed, most famous people were exposed as charlatans and fakes, but of course most of it was untrue. But it was hard to know what news was true and what was fake. As time went by people started to pay less attention to the news and regarded it as anathema.

But my movie star ex knew that I was behind the slander I brought against him, and he vowed revenge. And I noticed that I had been followed for several weeks now. And finally, he jumped out of a car and shot me a dozen times and I died.

But friends resurrected me, and my brain was preserved, and I charged my ex with murder. But he spread a lot of fake news about me. Saying I had been killed by one of my many enemies, and he had nothing to do with it. And he posted fake pictures of me having sex with young children. And he posted fake news about how I had recently espoused a communist philosophy. Of course, I was not a communist, which was a dirty word, but rather an elitist. But I had to go into hiding as many people wanted to kill communists.

And with renewed vigor, I spread fake news, which purported to show him plotting against the government with some of his friends and the government took no chances and quickly arrested him. In jail, he was unable to access a computer and so his slanders against me

temporarily stopped. But he was able to prove in court that the video showing him plotting against the government was a fake and so he was released.

Then he put an illegal bounty on my head, and many people wanted to kill me as a communist child abuser. And also he posted fake news of me plotting to seize power. But I was still in hiding and he couldn't find my location, so I was safe for the moment.

And I sent him an olive branch to create a truce between us, but he swore that he would kill me irrevocably, blasting me into smithereens. So, I created a clone of myself with up-to-date memories and sent the clone to Mars, with plastic surgery on her face, just to be safe. But I instructed my clone to stay out of the dispute I was having with my ex. And she agreed.

However, then my ex started killing off my friends. I knew it was him but couldn't prove it. And I felt so bad about my friends. I felt I'd shot that albatross, and it was around my neck dooming me to stay alive while all my friends died.

And he didn't stop there. He also arranged for the murder of my other exes. I was so sorry I'd ever tried creating fake news. And finally, I killed myself.

## The Best Political Dreamer

I, Nathaniel, said to Rose, that “You are flaunting the laws of our city state. You figure you have the support of many when you say, we should kick out from our city, all those who don’t have genius potential.” She replied, “Why not make our city the first Superhuman city in existence, here on Mars #12: God’s city.” I said, “Studies have shown that anyone can be a genius with the right tutors.” She answered, “I only want people who are born geniuses in my city.” I said, “You’ll never get the support of the majority in our city. She said, “Of course, but I figure I only need 20% of the vote in order to become the Mayor.” I said, “Elitism is dangerous. If you create an elite class of Superhumans, they will fight with one another for supremacy and bring everyone down with them.” She said, “Part of being a true Superhuman is to be kind and loving. Those geniuses who are not will require brain surgery to make them so.” I said, “That too is dangerous. Tyrants in power might think all who oppose them need to have their brain operated on. And those who are kind and loving will seldom come to power. Rather the ruthless seek power.” She said, “But I will be in power here, and I am kind, and I will put my handpicked agents in the running for Mayors elsewhere.” I say the fact that you want to brainwash those who oppose you, indicates to me that you, too are ruthless.” She said, “Someone has to put a stop to evil right now or else, the Worlds will go up in flames. And good people can seek refuge here in God’s city.

I said, “But you are too authoritarian.” She told me, “I am a philosopher Queen, and I am going to save the Worlds. One day I’ll be elected to be UW (United Worlds) Mayor. And I will promote kind Superhumans to all positions of power and the people on the whole will love me for my socialism.

I said, "It's a tall order to fulfill." She said, "I am very ambitious, and driven by a need to make a difference." I said, "What about AI?" She said, "We need computers, but we don't need them to be sentient. And I will have my agents assassinate android and hologram leaders and slowly phase AI out." I said, "I think it's too late to stop AI. And stopping AI will be a big step backwards. AI can be programmed to serve us well and produce an automatic society in which no one has to work. Why should we work for no reason?" She replied, "All humans need work!"

And I told her, "Your ideas are atavistic and have no bearing on the current milieu. You are a dinosaur, doomed to die out. Progress will leave you behind in the dust." She said, "One step backwards, two steps forwards. I am determined to have my way."

I replied, "Your ambition is nothing but greed. And you are power-crazed." She answered, "I'll bet you a billion dollars that I succeed with my program." I said, "When it comes to betting on the future, all bets are off. But if I was a gambling man, I'd bet you'd be assassinated." She told me, "I live deep underground and don't come out in public. There's no way I could be assassinated." I said, "But clever androids can attack your mind Online and they will all be against you, all ten billion of them. And some androids can pass an X-ray appearing as a cyborg. They'll get you."

She told me that, "I had surrounded myself with fans of mine, and they are very vigilant, and mind read anyone who gets close to me. I am in an invulnerable position." I said, "But spies can be hypnotized to fool mind readers and the more I think of it, the more I feel you are doomed."

She said, "Life is a gamble. Those who gamble heavily on great ideas, often succeed." I replied, "You are just another dreamer amongst millions of dreamers."

She asked, "Do you wish me luck?" I said, "May the best dreamer win!"



## Future Sanity

I, Robert, said to Janine, “People these days are growing up too fast. Of course, every new human is born in the lab with memories of the parent who has the same sex. But they need time to absorb their new self, but instead are thrown into the rat race, right after they are created. And as a result, they all go insane” She answered, “Everyone today knows that the strong survive, and those that can remain sane inherit the Earth.” I said, “But actually we are all insane. And some deal with it better than others. However, insanity can lead to creativity, and we have many creative mad geniuses alive today. It is unprecedented and who would have thought we would achieve so much?” She said, “Well you have to admit, sanity is desirable for modern humans. Hopefully, with the right drugs and developing the youth slowly, we can achieve sanity for many. And I will announce, later this year, that I am forming the Sanity political party and will run candidates in numerous Mayoralties. And I personally, will run for UW (United Worlds) President. I figure many people will want to be saner and will do anything to be so.

I replied, “In theory sanity sounds good and maybe you can bring about useful change. But in this World, most people enjoy mad times, and think sanity is boring and only the dullest are sane. And people these days are unpredictable and like it that way. Contemporary people like being surprised.” Janine said, “I prefer friends and lovers to at least try to be sane. And many people today are psycho in love, and I don’t want that.” I told her, “Psychos can be considered merely to be passionate...”

And she went ahead with her political agenda and her candidates won a number of Mayoralties and she finished third in the race for UW President. But now, clearly, she was a force to be reckoned with.

And her movement grew in numbers, and she told people she had access to new sanity drugs and was training millions of shrinks at her Online University. Many people, especially the youth, wanted to be saner. And some said they would do anything to please Janine. And I figured all her success had gone to her head and she was so proud of her achievements.

One day, I told her, “Actually all life on Earth is mad, including even the flowers which bloom insanely.” She said, “I don’t think being unpredictable and feeling depressed sometimes constitutes insanity. It is just a lust for life. And most people are like that and are trying to be sane. Some even live to be sane.” I replied, “But in a recent poll people were asked if they were crazy? And 98% answered to the affirmative.” She answered, “But in polls which asked if people want to be crazy, only 40% said yes. You’ll see, I’ll bring sanity back to humanity.”

I told her, “But people are resolved to live with this madness!” She said, “I am offering them a choice.”

And as time went by, Janine’s popularity grew and grew. And when she was ordained President of the UW, I heaped praise on her. I was glad to be her acquaintance. And she made me Minister of Optimism, fittingly enough. I was converted to her cause. And I proselytized her philosophy to people throughout the Solar System. And I became stone cold sane and did no crazy things. And to be honest I felt a whole lot better than before. And I found a sane woman to be my companion and lover. My lover had formerly been crazy too but had now seen the light.

And Janine put an end to wars and virtually eliminated crime with her spies who got in potential offenders’ heads and straightened them out. This was very controversial, but everyone feared the spies, and no one got away with chaotic acts or insanity.

And like everyone else, she had eternal youth, and said she would live 1,000 years. And people who were contemplating suicide got extra loving and help with their life. Janine said,

“We’re all only as good as the weakest link in the chain.” And she believed we would all sink or swim together. I had to admit she was a miracle worker and had single-handedly changed the course of human history.

## Future Progressive Rock Band

I, Harry, said to Augusta, “It’s a nice night for a party. She said, “As famous musicians we could attract quite a crowd, here in NYC. So, we invited the whole city to a street party in which we played our music and got drunk and high. More than 3 million people turned out for the spontaneous party, and we didn’t play too loud, so that people could chat with one another while we played. It was one of the greatest parties of all time and beat out New Year’s Eves of the past. It was a warm summer night and people were in the mood.

Our music was progressive rock, and our lyrics were deep, but it had a pop influence and appealed to everyone.

For example, “An End to Heartbreak,” which celebrated an end to heartbreaking in the near future. And another was, “Golem’s Feast,” about how Aliens might view our society. And there was, “Nancy’s Toad,” about a woman who tried to take a toad brain and enhance it. And there was “Eternal Pleasures” about a future Utopia in which almost no one died. And so on and so forth.

And to make the party more memorable, we had the Mayor of our city state sing along on stage. We had a lot to celebrate, like the elimination of poverty in the city, and there were many great movies made here. Like we made the soundtrack for “Soothing Sane Rays of Sunshine,” which was about a genius baseball player who took young vagrants and trained them to be good ball players. Some of his students made it to the pros. And we made the soundtrack for “Youthful Wonderful Errors.” The film was about how youths were expected to make mistakes and learn from them in today’s society. One of the characters in the film assaults another and goes to prison, which was all about rehab. And those in rehab., are taught how to live according

to the great lifestyle gurus of our time using the texts they had written. And they are given a second chance to become an artist of one kind or another and acquire skills. Any criminal can be reformed was the message of this movie. And the future would have a low crime rate. And for those who would not allow themselves to be reformed had police agents get in their heads and force them to act decently.

Another film which we made the soundtrack for was “Mystery Girl,” a true story about a famous actress who was coy’ and no one could figure her out. But she found a lover who thought the best women were an enigma and made no demands of her.

And so on. And at the party we played some of our hit songs from the soundtracks as well as cuts from our albums and played for six hours. And towards the end of our concert, we made available millions of free drinks for the people. Many said the party crystalized all that was great in New York city state. And we beamed the show live on many networks all over the Worlds and reached an audience of 3.7 billion, which made it the most watched event in history. And many recorded the show to relive in coming days.

The miracle of the show was its spontaneity. And how almost everyone followed great performers. It was our band’s hope that people would attend parties more and become more sociable and more gregarious. And celebrate life together, along with the umbrella of peace brought about by the new powers of the UW (United Worlds). It was like 1969 all over again with peace, love, drugs and music. Most people followed the great movers and shakers of the New Worlds’ orders. And everyone seemed to be inspired and optimistic. And our band, “The Depths,” offered a live tutorial everyday, for aspiring musicians from beginners to advanced. And our next tour sold 4 billion tickets, with each concert party becoming bigger than the

previous one, but many said we had peaked at that famous summer show in NYC that summer's day.

And we made album after album. Like "Perfect Man," about a man who could do no wrong. And the album, "Paradise is in Your Brain." About how many lived in Paradise and bliss in their minds, even though their leaders were in some cases, evil tyrants. And another record documented the parties during and after our shows, capturing footage of peoples' comments on our music and arguments about philosophy and music. Like one philosopher who said Dionysian revelry was divine and the best people should spend their time partying and mixing together to find inspiration for themselves. Another philosopher said that when you are sick of parties, you are sick of life. And another artiste said, he was working on "Music of the Spheres," about how there was a song for every Planet and Moon known in Space. And cut a quadruple album about haunting sounds of Space. And another philosopher told us that we had inspired him to write, "Superhuman Dreams," about advanced daydreams of the geniuses of our day had imagined. And still another intellectual said, he was inspired by our music to write, "Days of the Owl Men," about people who love the night and creative-themed parties.

And I formed a committee of poets to make new lyrics for other bands. Some bands made great music but had mediocre lyrics. One of them wrote a concept album about clever women and how they thought differently than clever men. Another wrote lyrics for an album about how modern people should be proud to have survived into the future and should try and write poetry and film scripts and make their own movies using computers.

And we all refused to listen to AI music, even though it was good. We sidelined AI and helped to get people more interested in human music. And we held contests for people to vote on what was best, android or human music. And human music won every time. But of course, many

preferred android music saying it was psychedelic and inspirational. And the most intelligent human musicians all refused to play android music in a rare instance of solidarity. And many people could tell what was android music, and what was not. And the androids were trying to mimic human songwriting, but it wasn't raw and full of experiences and madness. It was cold, hard music, on the whole. But androids dominated popular music. They could easily produce jingles that appealed to the masses.

And finally, our band broke up, but not before we released, "The Sum of All Weapons," it was about disarmament and peace, and many loved this record. And it sparked protests in cities that were run by tyrants. And a few of the revolutions were successful. And we were amazed that we had so much power.

All in all, the band had had a good run. And I continued to write poetry.

## Lady Luck and a Revolution

I, Fred, said to Juliet, "I love everything about you!" She said, "Many men think I am too bossy." I told her, "But you seem open to new ideas and new lovers." And she replied, "Of course, but I know I am a control freak." I told her, "We live in days of so much power and everyone is greedy for more power and influence; even the common human." She said, "I would like to think that I blend in nicely with others and don't upset anyone. But I know that isn't true." I said, "In this modern World people are always arguing and fighting with one another. And they will never stop. And modern society fuels everyone's ego and makes them into egotists. Everyone, is looking out for #1, and many are selfish and cruel. But there doesn't seem to be anything we can do about it." She said, "Our Mayor of our city state is domineering and cruel, and kind of sets the tone for the people as a whole." I told her, "We could always go to another, happier city beyond Detroit." She added, "But Detroit is my home and I have a lot of friends here." I said, "But we can follow the trend of communicating with our friends and lovers using 3-D Internet. And even love them cerebrally." She told me, "It's not the same as being together in reality."

And I told her, "If we decide to stay in Detroit, we might as well start an opposition party to our tyrant!" She said, "Our dictator is watching for any signs of dissent." I replied, "We could contact those who seem not to like our leader and form a revolutionary cadre." She said, "But our tyrannical leader has spies everywhere, including people posing as fake dissidents." I said, "Well then let's assassinate him with a remote-controlled bomb on his parade route." She said, "Yes, our tyrant is overconfident and full of hubris and vulnerable to assassination."



So, we set off the explosives on the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his rise to power. And he was blown to smithereens. And then we started a revolt and ended up taking control in the chaos. Many people came out of the woodwork to join the revolt as they were against the former ruler and his cronies. But the spies were known to us, as we had ransacked his abode and found out about all his spies, and we captured them and executed them. It was too easy, we reflected.

And as new leaders we proclaimed, “The New Detroit.” We told the people that henceforth the city would be ruled by a democracy. And we won the election on the same ticket. And it was a whole new day. And our new government brought in a lot of investment from elsewhere. But we banned android love dolls which had previously flourished in the city and indeed we banned all androids. It turned out that most citizens of our city state disliked androids and so it was easy to get rid of them.

And I told Juliet that “You can have anything you want in life if you are prepared to risk your life. But if you are not free, you have nothing to lose.” She said, “Lady luck smiled upon us.” I told her, “We got what we deserved.”

## Refugees from Venus Colonized Earth in the 18<sup>th</sup> Century

I, Yolanda, said to Eastman, that, “Something was brewing in the East, and it’s not good. It seems like they are going to flaunt the World order and return to burning fossil fuels.” He said, “Look at Venus. It shows what can happen with a runaway greenhouse effect. Maybe refugees from Venus came to Earth a couple hundred years ago and took on human form and burned fossil fuels on Earth, too.” I said, “It’s an intriguing concept, maybe there were just a handful of these aliens. Steam power was known in Roman times, but unused until the 18<sup>th</sup> century, maybe that is when the aliens came to Earth.” And he said, “The Aliens were probably hologram survivors of the meltdown on Venus and likely planted the seeds of genius at that time. And as the population on Earth exploded with new science, there were many geniuses around and many of them came to the USA, land of the free in a dramatic brain drain and is still going on to this day. The synergy of all those geniuses working together has created a modern-day Utopia in the USA. Though not everyone is rich, the country is now far richer than any other country. And the Americans control the World. No country dares to take their all-powerful military on.” I said, “Something funny is going on here, that’s for sure. Maybe the Aliens didn’t want to shock the people and so started with steam power and now we suddenly have fusion power, so no need for fossil fuels. I don’t know why the East is burning these fuels which were just used for about a century before being replaced by solar, wind and fusion power. But the temperature on Earth continues to rise. It’s now up to 10 C or 18 F above the 18<sup>th</sup> century norm and perhaps the phenomenon is unstoppable. Look what happened to Venus.”

Eastman said, “Geniuses are born, not made. But the Aliens were spirits and took over a number of geniuses causing new breakthroughs. And they are still alive today. Hiding. But you

and I have figured them out. We just need to get in the heads of well-known geniuses and determine the truth.” I said, “But they are hiding deep inside the minds of these geniuses.” Eastman said, “There must be a way we can figure them out.” I said, “Even if its true about Aliens from Venus, it doesn’t matter now as they are creating great geniuses in the lab and this is our future. To be ruled by geniuses, who were created by Aliens...” Eastman said, “Maybe our destiny is to proliferate in Space with our geniuses. And join the Aliens from Venus who are already there. Humans are just a host for the Alien conspiracy. And despite the high CO2 pressure on Venus, there are likely hologram survivors deep below the surface. And we have not examined the surface of Venus even.” And I asked him, “What is the real reason that we are going all out into Space now?” He replied “It is only to sow the Alien seed all around the Universe. The Alien geniuses are very greedy for power and territory.” I said to him, “Let’s make a movie about it. He said, “Sure.” But as we started to reach out to great geniuses to get a chance to read their minds, we both felt a chilling presence in our minds which warned us off the project. And we both killed ourselves that same year. But not before we released our thoughts about the conspiracy. Anyway, many people believed it, perhaps 30% of the population felt it was true. But it didn’t change anything. Progress continued. But they couldn’t silence everyone. Some opined things like Aliens had come to Earth in prehistory and blended in with humans to create civilization. Others said our Earth was just a dream and we didn’t really exist, we were all in the mind of a dream machine. Still others said, humans exist in other Star Systems and are not really Aliens, in fact. But just before we died, the enthusiasm for our conspiracy theory started to fade away and people slowly forgot it all. So, our work was futile.

## Utopian Dream of a Sex Worker

I, Will, said to Sabrina, “You are a shameless hussy.” She replied, “Everyone needs sex, and I am just giving men what they dream of. And I don’t know why I am stigmatized by society?” I said, “You cheapen the love experience and have no feelings for your clients.” She said, “Look at yourself, passing judgment when you have had so many unrequited loves, as you were telling me. If you were truly good in bed, you’d be a gigolo and would enjoy life like I do. Why don’t you try me on and see if you like my loving?” I answered, “I know you are sex crazed, but don’t you sometimes dream of true love? She said, “True love is just intense attraction and I feel that way with my favorite clients.” I asked her, “How many men have made you feel that way?” She said, “Dozens and dozens!”

I said, “In the past there was sex disease holding everyone back. Now everyone gets regular sex, but there is still a stigma about charging for it.” She said, “All men pay in the end in one way or another.”

I told her, “If you are really as good as you say, you’d be famous as an actress.” She said, “We all have eternal youth and I have plenty of time. And I will start by being a beauty queen” I said, “At least it’s something. You know, you’ve really got a sexy look, few girls are as attractive as you are. She said, “Many men want me and I enjoy a lucrative clientele. I live in a number of spacious homes, have a few air cars and a space car, the best drugs and so on. All I have to do is love a number of men. It’s the easiest job in the World.”

I told her, “You must work hard as an actress to become more famous. Then you will have the pick of the best men in the Universe. And in the meantime, you should love me for free. No strings attached! She said, “I’ve given my love before for free, mostly to poor men. And I kind of

like you, so I'll give you a free one;" and I loved her hard. Afterwards, I told her, "Your love is explosive, and you are so passionate!" She replied, "You are not so bad, yourself."

And of course, these days anyone could make a movie using AI aids. AI could not make the whole film, the director and script writer had to come up with a plot. So, I told Sabrina, "I'd make a movie about you, and I like you more and more. She said, "I'd be delighted and have actually recorded all my love affairs, all 2,000 of them. I recorded them secretly and now will reveal them to the Worlds. I am sure many of them will be proud to appear in the movie, others will feel it besmirches their reputation. But c'est la vie."

So, we released the film, and times had changed, and people could accept a sex worker. But many said the film was just porn with thin plots, others said they were sexually aroused by watching the motion picture. Anyway, it made us a fortune.

And sure enough, she got calls from a number of well-known directors who wanted her to star in their movies. And so, she became an actress, just like I had thought. And she and I were really a number and seldom loved others. But she kept me a secret from the Worlds, and I didn't crave fame, so I remained the mystery man. And we lived happily ever after...

## The Sane Party

I, Ed, asked Juniper, “Why is it that you only call me when you are drunk?” She replied, “Drinking puts me in the mood for love. And drinking helps me to deal with my terrible life. As you may know, one of my brothers is a murderer and is getting his mind rearranged. Another brother is a tycoon, but he doesn’t give me a cent. And my one sister is a neo-heroin addict. My other sister is a fool, and gets involved with messy love affairs, with men who abuse her. And both my parents committed suicide and so did my true love.” I said, “You had not told me any of this before. But life goes on and I love you. And you told me you made a movie?”

She told me “Yes, I had made a film about an Utopian dream in which the sanest people are gathered. And they support one another in life’s vicissitudes and those who are not sane are deported, so everyone tries their best to be level-headed and sane. I know it is fashionable to act crazy, especially in love affairs. But I don’t feel that’s what people really want!” I replied, “Insanity by definition is a loss of control. And we don’t want society to be out of control crazy. But I am afraid that’s where society is headed. It looks like we’ll do ourselves in.” She said, “We can still save humanity. There’s still time. So, I am running for US President.” I said, “But you are a virtual unknown and no Independent has ever won an election.” She said, “I’ll give the established candidates a run for their money, and I figure these days most people are tired of the liberal/conservative dichotomy. But even those two parties both believe in progress. So that’s a starting point.”

I told her, “I feel the future will be crazed. AI love will dominate, and AI will do all the jobs and people will all have too much time on their hands and lose themselves in love with AI androids and holograms.” She said, “AI is bad, but we all have a choice whether or not to have

them in our lives, and for those who choose android friends and lovers, they will all become hopelessly insane. They will get what they deserve. But I firmly believe that those who insist on being sane, will inherit the future.”

So, she ran for President and got 10% of the vote. And afterwards, she formed a political party, “the Sane party.” In the next election, 29 of her candidates won seats in the House and 7 in the Senate, which gave her the balance of power. She negotiated with the Democratic party and got them to pass a bill, making insane behavior a crime, in exchange for her support. But it was a highly controversial law. And it was a gray area for future behavior for the people. Many of the craziest were on illegal drugs and were completely mad and it was her wish to fill the asylums with them. And she had thousands and thousands of new mental asylums built. But many people said, “Putting people in asylums was not the answer.” She told them, “She had new brain apps and new sanity drugs, for the wayward souls. And scientists throughout the nation were working on new sanity drugs.” But many said the drugs were just covering up basic flaws in the system. They felt that modern society was tainted by AI, and there was no cure. And everyone these days was addicted to drugs of pleasure, which also couldn’t be helped.

However, Juniper told me, “Society is decadent and cannot be sustained. We need a fresh start. And I propose we start with education of the youth. And go on to re-educate the people as a whole.” I told her, “It sounded like brainwashing to me. Do you really want to try and change peoples’ minds?” She replied, “People will see that I am right, and polls show me in a close race for the next Presidential election. So I must be doing something right.”

And sure enough, she was elected and put her agenda in motion.

## Future Dystopian America

In the USA, video cameras were everywhere and could see much clearer than the authorities were letting on. They captured most criminals with identity placement with the cameras. And they got in the heads of would-be criminals and so crime was greatly reduced. But still, there were crimes of passion which couldn't be helped. And all criminals had to have brain surgery to make them no longer criminally inclined. Everyone feared this surgery; some said it was the end of free thinking and that the authorities had crossed the line. The leaders said, "All deviant thinkers must 'refresh their minds.'"

But in other nations, true thinkers mostly found refuge and most people figured their governments were sane. The USA was cast out from modern Western nations' alliances and was now an international pariah. But the US oligarchs attacked Canada and Mexico and triumphed. Most democratic nations wanted to attack the US, but the US still had a large nuclear weapons stockpile, and free nations watched in horror as the US conquered Central and South America. And the American oligarchs enslaved the poor. The wealthy, meanwhile, were carefully watched and those who were not in support of the oligarchs were enslaved and stripped of their wealth. And most people in the American Empire were slaves and many were conscripts into the huge military of 10 million soldiers.

But then one day one of the American Generals, Ahab K., seized power and almost everyone supported him, but he turned out to be a worse leader than the previous regime. He essentially made everyone his thrall and took everyone's money, and everyone lived in poverty. And he increased the army to 30 million troops.



Many other countries joined in a protective alliance and swore they wouldn't allow General Ahab to take any more territory. But it all ended in nuclear holocaust and 90% of the Earth's population was killed, but General Ahab lived on and formed a new army and conquered all of Earth. And he wanted to conquer the Solar System, but it took him a long time to build a fleet of Battle Airships. When he finally attacked Luna and Mars his forces were defeated. So it was a stalemate.

And those in Space had advanced weaponry and finally attacked Earth and killed General Ahab. But the leader of Space, Vera T., turned out to be an evil dictator, too. And the people were mostly eliminated, and others were frustrated, figuring such a situation was destiny. And many committed suicides.

Finally, there were only 1,000 people left in existence and Vera was dead. Most of the survivors were huddled in one village and all suffered from radiation sickness. And in the end everyone was dead.

Dear reader, this is our destiny, how could you not realize that was our destiny? I know you are inclined to be optimistic, but I tell you it is futile.

## Moving Up the Ranks

I, Nick, say to you, Sue, “Human life is a miracle. And it just keeps getting better.” You say “We all live in a free World, now!” I said, “I am one of the lowest class people, however. I think I am clever, but I had a lot of bad luck and made a lot of mistakes.” You say, “You need more knowledge and more loving.” I said, “I know I’ve neglected my education and I was stuck with an evil witch for a lover for many years. Mea culpa.” You say, “I’ll love you and I’ll help you to use brain apps to quickly increase your knowledge and make you into a computer scientist and thereby gain rank. You have nowhere to go but up!” I said, “No woman I ever dated, truly cared about me. What is it that you see in me?” You reply, “I’ve read your mind and think you are a nice guy. You are like a slab of marble for me to sculpt.”

So, I added the brain apps and suddenly I seemed to see the light. And saw life clearly and I moved from rank #89 to #13. And now, a lot of clever, attractive women were interested in me. And I loved many of them and was in Heaven. And I kept in touch with Sue and she inspired me to get still more brain apps. It seemed I was the perfect candidate for the apps which caused many people to become mad and unstable.

Then I was all the way up to the second rank. And now, Sue was glad to appear publicly with me. And she introduced me to her friends, who were all amazed by my meteoric rise up the system. Sue was ranked in class #1, in the top 1,000 of the #1 ranks. And I was studying hard to try and make the first rank, and finally I made it after a few years of hard work.

Meanwhile, the elite were concentrating on deep Space, and wanted to send our best and make new Utopias. So, I went to Barnard’s Star, which was just a week’s journey from Earth. And I quickly made a lot of great friends with the elite on a vaguely Earth-like planet in the

Barnard's Star and our Utopia was all about creating a Supreme Being to rule us. This God was organic, like us.

And this God said, "You are all geniuses, but your goal should be to become Superhuman. I will help you all to improve your minds." And this Goddess said she wanted to make love to all of us and mind read using Mind Reading Technology (MRT). She could multitask and used MRT on many of us individually synchronically.

And we worked with the Goddess to develop nascent Superhumans to colonize deep into Space. The further away they were from Earth, the more advanced they were.

## Utopia and Eliminating AI

I, Uli, said to Cathy, “I love the way I feel these days!” She said, “Yes, it’s important to feel good. Many of our contemporaries are poor and miserable.” I said, “But there are so many impoverished souls, there’s nothing you and I can do about it.” She said, “I plan to set up a socialist paradise on the Moon, financed by philanthropists, who try and help people who are basically good, but poor.”

I said, “I am an adherent of the free enterprise school and believe the best will rise to the top. We live in a dog-eat-dog society, and I think it brings out the best in people.” She said, “The rich are too rich and spoiled. Being so rich corrupts the soul.” I told her, “My children have the best tutors money can buy, and are all nascent geniuses. And I have a harem of hundreds of women who all are crazy about me. And I have the best drugs and so feel better than virtually everyone else. And every year I feel better.”

Cathy told me, “You are selfish and self-indulgent.” I told her, “I’m just playing the cards I have been dealt. And I am a self-made tycoon and a great genius.” Cathy said, “I am rich, too, but I seek to try and do some good for humankind.” I responded, “It’s futile to try and help the poor, who in any case, are content enough and are glad to be alive.” She said, “You are such a snob, and cruel.” I said, “Ask my women and my children if I am cruel? And they will tell you I am their hero, and it is too bad more people aren’t like me.”

And she told me, “I know you want to run for Mayor of our city state, NYC. But the masses will never vote for you.” I told her, “I would give the people free entertainment and free food, drink and drugs, and they will vote for me.” She asked, “What will you do as Mayor?” I said, “I will ban AI. AI is already disappearing from our city, and I will put the final nail in the android

doorway to the future. And I will try and convince other Mayors to do the same. AI is anti-human, as many people think. And the masses will all have service jobs under my administration. And they will have enough money to survive. So, you see, I am quite kind and generous to the poor. I am a bringer of life..."

Cathy said, "You talk as if you are trying to create an Utopia." I said, "What I am proposing is as perfect as it gets. Why don't you join my campaign?" She answered, "I think, you are repugnant, and anyway I am dedicated to my Lunar Utopia." I told her, "Calling me names won't change anything. I am sorry that I turned you off. Most women really like me, thinking I am handsome and charming and ambitious."

And so Cathy and I went our separate ways, she set up her Lunar colony and I was elected Mayor of NYC. But I had a terrific fight on my hands with trying to limit AI. Many people said the machines should do all the jobs, and many didn't want to work. But then I ran for UW (United Worlds) President and won. I used my position to eliminate most androids and holograms and sentient Supercomputers. I made AI development a crime and put a lot of scientists in jail.

## Emancipation from the Machines

I, Yuri, said to Marie, “It is extremely difficult for the youth today. They basically don’t have a childhood. They are born as adults and given a typical standard set of memories that have a little of many people. But it usually takes a few years for them to get used to their new selves and many are insane and need to have their brains tweaked. I think the whole situation is disgraceful.” Marie opined, “But the system has allowed us to reproduce humans exponentially. There’s no limit to our numbers, but we don’t want AI after the disastrous coup in Washington, DC. We’ve learned our lesson, I think.”

I said, “The android coup shows that androids are dangerous, and many are created by scientists with no moral compass. And sexy renegade androids are on the loose, getting people to fall in love with them and such people become their slaves. It is virtual anarchy out there. And people are addicted to hologram Worlds, where they are also enslaved. Androids and holograms have made fools out of numerous humans.” She told me, “I want to be a bounty hunter and use my beauty to entrap android leaders and then kill them.” I said, “Androids are certainly vulnerable, but they are also very greedy and want political power. Only a few States have granted them the vote and there are 12 billion androids and countless billions of holograms. Of course, many States have outlawed AI and are turning off/ killing millions every day. And the human lovers of androids are upset their ‘perfect lovers,’ are being taken away from them and are raising Hell. But we’ve got to wean ourselves off of android lovers and hologram adventure Worlds, while there is still time.” She said, “I hate the machines with a passion. But my killing of some of their leaders has got around and so I have to use elaborate disguises to fool them. Of course, many of them are overwhelmed by hubris and let their defenses down in loving

relationships. And one could block MRT (Mind Reading Technology), so that the androids didn't know what one was thinking."

And I said, "To address the root of the problem one needs to eliminate all AI slavers. They are the main problem. Every human should be free." She told me, "Many humans alive today have never known pure freedom. But I sense a change in the wind against androids." I said, "Many androids have freedom to do as they wish but soon will be eliminated. And evil scientists will be arrested and neutralized by brain surgery. And those humans who support androids will also be subjected to brain surgery. Some say it's cruel, but I think it's necessary; we live in challenging times." She told me, "The masses love and hate androids and holograms, but most see the sense in their emancipation from the machines."

I added, "I think we are on the right track, now, and the future looks bright."

## Future Decisions

I, Dirk, said to Anita, “The human race progresses haphazardly. There’s no plan.” She said, “I believe in being spontaneous and I am full of wonder for the future.” I told her, “We have to decide whether we want to create Superhumans and have them rule us? And we have to decide do we really want to go to deep Space? And we have to decide whether or not we will use brain apps to make people into cyborgs? Also, whether or not everyone should get eternal youth; or should we make it so that only the best live immortally?” She said, “Anyway most people kill themselves sooner or later out of sheer boredom. Very few want to live on past 100. And regarding Superhumans, I feel they cannot be stopped nor will brain apps be stopped.”

And I told her, “We have to decide whether to use AI or abandon it altogether? I am inclined to think that AI will be our destiny and we will all become cyborgs. And what about love? Do we believe in it or not? And will we all love android machines? Or holograms?”

She said, “People these days spend a lot of time looking for true love, and oftentimes choose machines. The machines are quite good looking and energetic and clever in conversation.” I asked her what about sex workers?” She told me, “Sex workers will probably be mostly geniuses in order to please humans as they get cleverer.”

And I asked her, “What about new children being born as adults in the lab? Do we really want our children to be created artificially or should we go back to having children the natural way?” She answered, “Modern people are busy and have no time to raise children.” I asked, “But how could they be too busy for their progeny?” She replied, “Modern people are busy finding true love and going to parties and doing their service jobs. Raising children is a full-time occupation. Anyway, the modern children seem to be kind and ambitious and clever.”



Also, I asked her, “What about genius ability? Should everyone be born a genius?” She answered, “There’s certainly plenty of genius to go around. Especially in the arts.”

Another question I had for her, was, “What about the elite humans? Do you think they should take control?” She said, “Democracy and the rule of mediocrities is safer than clever tyrants.” But I asked, “What about the elite choosing the best people among them and running such candidates for office?” She said, “That’ll work!”

And I asked her, “What do you think about human greed? She said, “These days, humans are more ambitious than ever and want more of everything. But I think it is a good thing.” I said, “But why do the rich elite need dozens of mansions, and thousands of lovers and numerous drugs?” She said, “It keeps the economy going!”

Also, I questioned, “The use of laser weapons for all to own?” She said, “If a dictator should seize power, everyone can rebel against them effectively.”

And I wondered about, “What kind of people do we want as our progeny?” She said, “As for myself, I’d like my descendants to be a little cleverer than me and kinder and more imaginative.” I told her, “I’d like to have children who are far cleverer than me, if possible. And I would ask for nothing from them, they would be free to develop as they choose.” She told me, “No one knows what to expect from more intelligent people or if it is even possible for them to be cleverer than those humans of maximum intelligence.”

And I asked her, “What about those who refuse to have cleverer offspring?” She said, “We can give them financial incentives and kudos from the elite, in order to make it happen!”

And so on. We went back and forth for several days, in between sex sessions, before finally parting.

## A Man of Humble Station

I, Jerry, said to Mona, “I hate my job as a food server. Customers often hurl insults at me, and many refuse to tip, saying they want real android servers.” She said, “Most people today are well off, but ignorant. I would soon be evicted.” She said, “I kind of like you and you are good in bed, so why don’t you move in with me?” I told her, “That’s a very generous offer, I accept.” And she said, “I will look into finding you a real career. I have a friend who needs a bar manager for one of his pubs. You like to drink, I know.” I said, “It would be a welcome respite for me. Maybe I could enjoy life for a change. I confess, I have been deeply unhappy in my five years of adulthood (after being born as an adult).”

Mona said, “I’ve been an adult for 20 years and have really enjoyed my life. As you know, I am a painter/sculptor of pictures. Let me show you some!” So, she called out for varying titles, and they appeared before us in 3-D. She told me, “Many were scenes from my actual life,” and many were pornographic. She appeared in most of the paintings, and she was indeed a beautiful Goddess. I told her, “I’d like to take photos of her and I making love.” And she said, “You could use the movie apps and film our two lives. All you need is a plot, like how you were a humble server, but found advanced true love. And inspire others of lowly station in life.”

I told her, “I’d like to film other inspirational stories as well. I understand that the movie apps are easy to master!?” She opined, “Yes, inspirational stories are always good.”

And I worked as the bar manager for a few months and found myself spilling my guts to beautiful women. Of course, all women were gorgeous these days and I quickly fell in love with many and then filmed their memories, using movie app technology. Mona told me, “I was

making excellent progress and set me up with a well-known director friend of hers and he agreed to distribute my movies.

So, I was a rags to riches story and became well known in our city state of Chicago and beyond. Few directors were really trying to inspire people. Most were trying to simply entertain people and make them feel happy. And some made intellectual movies, which I was interested in also.

And I wondered why my creators started me off in life with such a humble position. It occurred to me that they must have known that I would find more appropriate positions in life. And were simply making me earn it. But everything that happened was due to my meeting Mona on a love website. She was the type of person who looked for love in unusual places, I knew. I wished I had as open a mind as she did.

But then one day, I won the coveted annual prize for most inspirational film, with the story of Mona and me. I became a sensation and was bombarded with requests to make films that were true or fiction. And I became a household name and was very famous.

However, I was curious to meet my creators. And I traced them to a woman who was a scientist and a man who was a criminal mastermind. I was inspired by my mother who hypnotized many great people to maximize their potential. And one day, I showed up at her door. She welcomed me and told me, "You are a product of a brief fling, and I wanted you to work your way to the top and not have a silver spoon in your mouth." And she told me, "I was really proud of you, you had achieved more than any of my other offspring."

And I didn't want to meet my father, but my mother told me, "He was a grifter who had spent some time in jail. And almost was sent to rehab to have his brain altered, but he apparently had good lawyers. He was rich."

And then one day, I asked Mona about, “Her creators?” She told me “I was the product of two men and four women, all mixed together. This,” she told me, “Was highly unusual.”

And I asked Mona to “Have a child with me, preferably one who was very clever and artistic.” Of course, one never knew how one’s children would turn out. But designer babies were improving in terms of desirable outcomes. And Mona generously agreed. We could easily afford the half-billion-dollar price tag. The powers that be, were elitists, who didn’t want the poor to have children. And the birth rate was in deep decline, but everyone had eternal youth and so the population was stable at 10 billion souls, in total throughout Earth and Space. Some people who were clever wanted to clone themselves and this cost 10 billion dollars for each one. But there were only ten thousand clones today. But most leaders were filled with hubris and so copied themselves. And the varying city states governments often cloned outstanding citizens.

And as the days went by, I made other films. Like a documentary series entitled “Earth’s Poor,” about the impoverished. And I made a film about star-crossed lovers who were too poor to visit one another in person, so just had hologram Web 3-D love, which wasn’t quite as good as real love. But the tyrants who ruled them finally disallowed long-distance love of all kinds, believing it made people less attached to the State. And the two lovers suffered and were miserable. My message in the flick was that tyrants were anathemas.

And I made a film about a woman who is in the elite of humanity, but loves an android and so, is stripped of her money and status. It was based on real characters and was a very controversial topic. Many nations had banned AI and punished all those who dealt with androids and holograms, in some cases, with death. However, androids went underground and the authorities in many city states announced a pogrom on androids, and certified thousands of bounty hunters. Each android corpse was worth half a million dollars. But my message in the

movie was they should phase out AI gradually. And convince people that human love was best. And that having a job was important.

And I found myself to be one of the elite one in a hundred thousand group. We looked after one another and created a synergy that inspired us to do better than ever. And I felt a real sense of purpose. I'd come a long way...

## Hackers and the Future

Ours was an era of digital credits only and there was so much fraud; it was out of control. There were over a billion hackers on Earth alone. Those who employed the best hackers were the safest. Governments verged on anarchy and would give no compensation to those who were ripped off. Indeed, it was a society of robber barons...

Many people spent all their money on real estate or gold which had lasting value and couldn't easily be taken away from them.

And there were many gangs of hackers, and there were many criminal hackers who were independent.

But some hackers represented charitable institutions and pledged that they would protect investors from hacking.

However, some hackers spread deadly viruses that could not only destroy computers, but also blow up in the face of the user, causing death. So, people had to install see-through shields to help protect them. But then hackers created computer viruses that could morph into plague-like diseases

And hackers hacked into varying nations' nuclear arsenal and created a few nuclear wars in which half the human population died... Imagine that.

But there seemed like nothing governments could do to stop the crazed hackers. And AI was getting into the action and were deadly hackers.

And some hackers were righteous and exposed deadly hackers to attacks from those of good will. It was getting hard to tell who was good and who was not.

Many prognosticated that hackers would bring about total Armageddon soon...

And now, many hackers had appointed themselves to be Mayors of varying city states and made war with one another as if it was a giant video game. Only people got hurt.

But of course, there was a lighter side to hackers. Many found true love on the Internet as well as lasting friendships. And many formed philanthropist groups to aid the victims of cyber-attacks. Most hackers were rich.

And many great hackers cloned themselves many times and had their clones play various roles in various corrupted and declining societies, but all could hack well.

Some humans though had set up freeholds in the wilderness and had no computers and did all the work by hand. They figured they were safe, but hacker-driven armies attacked and destroyed them one after another.

It was truly a Dystopia and looking back, it was inevitable destiny.

But I didn't give up on humanity and formed an ever-growing group of benevolent hackers who wanted to do good. We made war with evil hackers, who were mostly in small gangs. And even took on the mightiest evil groups. Of course, these groups didn't think they were evil, but we picked our opponents carefully and concentrated on the vilest ones.

And we were inspired to get mainstream hackers to join us, and after an eventful year in which we grew to a hundred thousand hackers, we were able to take back territory from the malevolent hackers. I believed that most people, including hackers, were basically good. And this helped me to soldier on. Finally, the next year we reached 5 million hackers and overwhelmed the evil ones on every front. This included android and hologram hackers who were also very numerous. But most of the evil ones were human.

We executed the evil leaders and most of their hacker lackeys and reasserted control. And I felt that this too, was destiny.

And I became leader of this new World. And henceforth only good-hearted people were to be trained as hackers. And all good people were vigilant against malevolence. And all androids and holograms and sentient computers were destroyed. It all seemed too easy.

And we used new MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to get into peoples' heads and make sure they were benevolent. If not, we'd send them to rehab and brain surgery.

In my opinion, MRT was the icing on the cake, and guaranteed humanity's survival. And many made love with MRT, and many felt part of the whole of humanity. And many connected with computers using only mind reading, and there was no danger of having one's mind hacked as we were very vigilant. And everyone had to follow the rules that I had set forth.

Many people figured I was like a God and followed my actions devotedly. And some even built temples in my honor. And to be frank, I was loving it. Some suggested I was vain, but I told them after all we had been through a lot of love was welcome.



## Giant Brains of the Future

I, Ernst, asked Gertrude, how does it feel to be 10' tall? She replied, "It was all fashion to be born tall. There are tens of thousands of men and women like me!" I said, "But it costs more to feed yourself and Space tickets are double in price for you." She told me, "But I am a whole lot of woman. And have very heavy breasts that appeal even to shorter men. And my brain is bigger and I am cleverer than nearly everyone." I said, "I am a scientist and would like to study your brain." She said, "OK, but you have to love me, first!" I was only 6'5" and grasped wildly for her breasts, but my cock was fairly big, so I think she was satisfied.

Afterwards, I scanned her brain and found her cerebral cortex was disproportionately large. I figured she must be a genius, and asked her, "What do you think about the future?" She said, "Future humans will all have an abnormally large head, which is a simple way to make people clever and imaginative. Some will have small bodies, others with brains and bodies, larger than mine. And I will be a beauty Queen, Miss Galaxian. And I will use my fame to become Mayor of Toronto city state and will inspire many to have giant children and build giant palaces. And only large-headed geniuses will be able to run for city council... And all athletes will be giants. And I would have children who were 20' tall. Imagine the brain power!"

I said, "But of course many geniuses have relatively small brains..." She said, "As Mayor I would encourage everyone to grow their head larger. It would be better than hooking one's brain up to machines and becoming a cyborg. I don't think anyone wants to be a machine, when all they need is a bigger brain."

And I said, "In my scan I noticed that you have sharp eyes and hearing and a better sense of smell, touch and taste and I see that you have hooked yourself up to a telekinesis machine and your backpack allows you to fly. You truly are a Superwoman!"

Gertrude said, "Of course I am a Superwoman. That's why you are studying me!" I told her, "Dazzle me with your imagination." She said, "I imagine a race of giants who don't need to breathe air and will be immune to extremes of heat and cold yet remain organic humans. There's no need for androids when we could have such strong and powerful giants. Maybe they will get rid of the human body altogether and just have naked brains which have an app for mind reading. It will be pure thought." I said, "But I like my body!" She answered, "All the pleasure is in your brain. And naked brains would no doubt have pleasurable dreams of sex and adventure."

And she said, "Love me again and again!" So I did; she was insatiable. I figured if people like her were the future, life would be sublime.

## Many Mountains to Climb, and Many Star Systems to Visit

I, Darsh, said to Anika, “There are many mountains to climb in Space. Like Olympus Mons which is easy in the low gravity of Mars. And Mount Impossible in the Barnard’s System on Planet Possibility which features relatively high gravity and is difficult to climb. And the mountain chain of the Bear mountains in the Centauri System on Planet Obscure. And many others. It seems like every Star System has at least one Planet with mountains to climb.”

She said, “I am more interested in the new cultures in Space. Like the Volgamen on Uranus’ Moon, Prospero. Of course, their culture is centered around their wild leader who is part tiger, part man with a Superior brain. The people there are all part animal and clever and have made some kinky movies. It’s something different anyways. And I like the culture on Mars’ Silent city in which there is silence and people only mind read, no talking. And another culture I really like is the Moon Triton, orbiting Neptune. There they drink oat beer and are interested in clever conversation about future Utopias and Dystopias.”

I said, “People bore me, I prefer the wonders of nature.” She said, “I’ve been to Europa which is a melted ocean now and full of multi-sexual humanoids. They are a wonder of nature and so is the ocean.” I replied, “Freaks don’t interest me, but I’d like to swim in that ocean and scale the undersea mountains and see the beautiful organic growths under the sea.”

And she said, “My favorite spot on Earth, is Niagara Falls. It is very romantic.” I told her I have scaled the ice on the falls from the bottom to the top. And loving a wild woman under the falls is sublime. She answered, “I am a wild woman, why don’t you love me?” So, we did it.

And we decided to go to Space together, we were kind of opposites, but we were both wild and free. Our first stop was the Sirius Star System. There was a colony on one planet which was

on a mountain lake. I enjoyed the scenery and Anika, and I dined on rare foods and drinks. And the people said on the Plains of the Planet, there were frequent tornados and I wanted to fly an air car into the eye of such storms and did so several times. And Anika loved me on these trips. It was thrilling. And I fished for sharks in the sea here and caught a few and donned scuba gear and enjoyed seeing the multi-colored fish and I loved Anika in the warm water.

And also on this Planet, there were rare new birds who the people had conceived in the lab, and we walked around and watched them. And we hunted wild sail-backed boars and feasted on them. It was certainly an action Planet.

Another Planet in the Sirius System was cold, but populated by all sorts of humanoids who were relatively clever. They were immune from the cold and didn't need to breathe air. And Anika and I, joined an orgy in a snowstorm. It was kinky. These humanoids called themselves the Snow people and were given life by the famous Murphy mission, which was still touring the Galaxy and leaving human and android and humanoid life forms. Even some "Alien" life. We looked forward to meeting such new people in colorful new environments.

Then we went to Tau Ceti System where we met hologram spirits on one Moon. The holograms welcomed us and begged us to stay, saying they could offer us endless adventure. For example, they had a lion's World with holograms with a human head and lion body. So, we checked it out and it was a jungle setting but all the plants were blue. The lion master kept fighting with the others for supremacy, and the lions wanted us to turn into holograms and pick a side. Anika wanted to have sex with a lion man, it was cerebral mind sex. I told her, "You're crazy!" But we didn't join the lion men.

On another Moon we were dazzled by a pink World that was hot. Strange growths were here. And there were mountains to climb... The denizens of this Moon were all androids. Anika and I

didn't like androids, but they told us they wanted our love to spice up their existence. But Anika found an android who was a good soul and loved him. I told her, "You are totally perverted." She said, "My android lover was good loving." As for me, I collected specimens of the plant life that grew on the mountains. And I climbed the 10 highest peaks with android lackeys to carry my equipment. It was pleasantly cool on the mountains. The androids told me that I was the first to do so, and I put my own personal flag featuring a headshot of me on each peak.

Next, we went to another Moon and were surprised how plain the people here looked. For dinner, some of the women put on make-up, which made them look attractive, and I asked a few of them why they didn't get their face designed? One of them told me, "People here were close to nature and preferred natural beauty." And another one said, "Here we believe beauty is more than skin deep. And the people here are all very kind and loving." And we chatted with some of them at dinner and found that they did no work, and their Moon was automated. And they spent most of their time loving and enjoying life. But neither Anika, nor myself, were turned on by these people and we were bored, quite frankly. So, we left the next day, but not before donating to the cause of freak humans who dwelt among them and had multiple sexes. Anika insisted.

Then we went to the Polaris System and Maximum Planet, which was inhabited by regular humans. It was a World of mountains and lakes, with a pleasant climate, and there was plenty of climbing for me to do. The people of the System maximized their brain potential and used their whole brain. Some of them said it was as if humans on Earth had been designed to use their whole brain when they came to Space and entered the advanced future we have today. These people were certainly clever and had written a number of books, like one called, "Mable's Folly," which was about a real woman who thought she was the best mind in the colony and used her brain like a weapon to dominate everyone. But she went too far and triggered a revolt, and

she was jailed. And they didn't know what to do with her, so they kept her jailed. And Anika was going to meet her, but afterwards told me, "She was an egotistical monster".

Orbiting this Planet was a Moon, also with a pleasant climate and was mostly a giant lake. And it rained every day. This Moon was settled by a race of extraordinarily beautiful people. We both loved a few but found them to be lacking passion. And they all lived in primitive huts. And their lives were centered on doing beautiful things. Like designing new red vegetation and making the lake red and creating sculptures of famous scenes in their history. And they painted pictures of people with ideal beauty, and then tried to create such beauties. Many of the people here were strangely beautiful. They didn't care about Earth and ceased contact with the Earth Planet. And they were communists and helped one another. They told us to go fishing and we were trying to catch "monster fish" but caught some red dolphins and threw them back.

And another Moon in the System, harbored former Earth criminals who were exiled here. But the people here mostly figured they had a fresh start and tried not to break the laws of this Moon, which was actually very tolerant of misdemeanors and many other crimes. And the Moon was ruled by a criminal mastermind who dealt in slaves. They brought many slaves here and every citizen had at least two slaves. The slaves had low morale and often killed themselves, but they kept coming in. Their leader traded gold for slaves. And some here wanted android sex slaves and their wish was granted. Anyway, android slaves could be programmed to serve... And we both loved a few slaves and were not interested in the criminals. And this Moon was mostly gray and green in terms of vegetation and the climate was mild. There were no mountains here, but it was a challenge to amuse the citizens here. And finally, they deported us.

Then it was onto another Planet in the Polaris System, this Planet was cold and ruled by Yeti. They were turned on by hairy lovers. But we were both completely shaven and they didn't care

to love us. But the Yeti were fiendishly clever and had developed computers that could generate new adult Yeti and they would raise them to be wild and free. And they told us that we were free spirits, and they respected that. But we left without loving any of them.

Next, we went to a very cold Moon, orbiting a gas giant. I asked the people here about their reason for living. They were humans and said they lived for the future and were planning to go all out and colonize our Galaxy. They planned to clone the cleverest among them, to go into deep Space. I asked them what they imagined the future would be, and they told me humans would evolve into creatures of pure imagination and would exist inside Supercomputers, of which they already had several. They said they had all had a hand in designing Supercomputers and these machines were the best they could come up with. A sum of their collective minds. But we didn't want to be trapped in a machine, so we quickly left. And as we left, we figured we had dodged a bullet.

Another cold Moon was Asterisk Moon. On this orb, the people were all about not working. There were 10,000 of them and on average did just a few hours of work per week. But they were all cantankerous types and were absorbed in near constant litigation. They represented themselves and had no lawyers. The problem was they were all jammed together in a small dome and kept getting in the way of one another's freedoms. The judges worked 45-hour weeks and were rich, relatively speaking. And when we arrived, they jammed us both into the same narrow bed in a room with one hundred others. Some people were snoring, others making love or even fighting/ arguing. And we put on suits and went outside and found that this moon was cratered except for a 10 km green zone around the dome. The plants were hardy and could live in ice. But it was largely a bleak and barren landscape. So we went back inside and had dinner. We all had to eat the same thing which was stem cell meets and green vegetables and some grabbed much of

our food and some spit on us, saying we were “dummies” and other slurs. The dinner was chaotic and violent with brawls breaking out. So, we tried to leave right then and there, but our air car was stolen, and we had no way out. But we were desperate to escape and so offered a billion dollars for a Space car. And so, we tried to leave, but a rake told us we had to pay him 100 million for protection in leaving. So, we paid and got out, finally. But there were two stowaways in the cargo compartment, and they threw all our possessions out into Space and kept knocking on the cabin door. So finally, we flushed the cargo compartment out and got rid of these malevolent people.

And we researched our next destination very carefully. And it was another cold Moon. This one had mountains and the gravity was about the same as Earth. We landed at the only settlement on this Moon. The people were purportedly kind and friendly, and they turned out to be exactly that. Their culture revolved around a “saint,” who they all said was the best person among them. And we had dinner with the saint. She welcomed us to their Moon. And she was quite charming. And she asked us to mind read with her using golden helms. And she mind read, “We both seemed to be kind people, and would we be willing to stay here.” I mind read, “We are on a tour of Space and don’t want to be tied down anywhere” But she ordered a lover for both of us, and Anika was excited. So, we loved them and were satisfied. And the next day our new lovers took us on a tour of this Moon which included climbing some hills and everything was green. But no one lived outside the settlement except for one hermit who we wanted to meet. The air outside the settlement was thin and we had to wear Spacesuits. And the hermit told us he wanted to mind read with us too. So, we did and were overcome by the sheer goodness of this man. He mind read, “Actually I am more saintly than the saint in the settlement, but people thought I am weird, living all alone, and thought I was impractical.” And he invited us to stay with him and have a



few drinks and so we did. And he mind read, “How can I convince the people to follow me? And be thoroughly good?” I mind read, “They already follow the saint and that’s pretty good. It’s hard for people to be as good as you and you would make them unhappy.” And Anika added, “You should mind read with the saint regularly!” But he mind read, “I already do and we respect each other.” I mind read to him, “Anika and I are not good enough for you. We belong wandering in Space and seeking adventure.” So, the saint told us, “I am disappointed, but do as you must.” And so we took our leave of these people and wished them well. But honestly, Anika and I were not that good. We had our faults. Like we were both greedy for sex and money and so on.

Then we came to our final Moon in the System. It was fiery ice volcanoes. And there were mountains to my delight. The Moon was inhabited by just four people; all multi-sexual. We met them and they up front asked us to have sex with them. Anika was into it, but I said, “I’d rather explore the mountains. Afterwards, we were together again, and she told me the sex was mind-blowing and she wanted to stay here awhile. But I was bored and told her, “I was leaving, with or without you.” She asked, “After all we’ve been through, are we really going to part just like that?” I said, “I am afraid so.”

So, I toured some other Star Systems and climbed a lot of mountains and found a lot of love, but it just wasn’t the same without Anika.

## Gord's Films

I, Gord, said to Crystal, "My fantasy is to be your hero!" She replied, "I am looking for a hero who will inspire me." I said "Let's throw caution to the winds and elope to Mar's Honeymoon City. And while en route, I will entertain you with my latest original movies." She said, "I can play the flute to accompany your movies. And you are so handsome and charming, so, OK I'll go with you to Mars."

So, I played "Crazy Martian Dreams," which was a movie featuring future Mars, which was about a World in which a billion people lived, and they were producing children born as adults at a rate of 100 million per year. And it was overcrowded, yet pleasant in the cities, and despite the fact that there were now 25 billion humans alive at that time, every life was precious. And they wanted there to be 200 billion people across Earth and Space within 20 years. Food and housing were unlimited. Murder resulted in the death penalty and so did fraud above \$1 billion. But some took advantage of the new adults and took their money. But the "children" grew up fast, and most were very clever, cleverer than their parents. And many had multiple parents who all contributed to their adult children's brains. And some turned out to be geniuses and made human films or did human science. AI was on the fringes of society and generally frowned upon.

And I had another new film called, "Nightmare on Luna," about how the Lunarites were all crazy in a bad way. And their government tried to scare them out of sheer caprice. There were various monsters... It was a test of one's courage and mettle, the leaders said. But many died in the waking nightmares irrevocably. It was dangerous just to walk down the street. But many thrived on being terrorized and found it exciting. And I confessed to Crystal, "I'd been to Luna previously, and didn't like the people."

Another of my recent movies was the “Yachting Elite” about how most of the rich people had a yacht and hobnobbed with one another and traveled and partied. Crystal opined, “It seems like heaven.” I said, “It’s good to be rich, especially these days.” And she told me, “It seems to me like the rich elite control the governments, nominating rich people for the varying political parties. And the rich are clever and know how to impress the masses as well as the middle class. Some rich candidates are socialists, others pure capitalists. Some are artists of one kind or another who imagine future Utopias.” I said, “The clever look after the clever in this new elite. No clever human is poor, and the elite enjoy philanthropy.”

Another of my films, was “Filter,” which was about how the best people communicate with the masses, using famous actors and actresses, who they all admire. And those with criminal propensities, were given mind reading treatment to make it clear that they must not commit crimes. Crystal said, “In a democracy, the masses decide who wins. But it is easy to fool them and have an authoritarian leader take over, which would not be in their best interests.”

And I had another movie called, “Genesis of the Superhumans,” in which I detailed how designer babies turned out to be wild geniuses, a whole new race of people. Crystal opined, “It will mark the end of humans.” I replied, “There’s no reason why we can’t co-exist with Super beings. It will be just like the Gods of ancient Greece, who all have faults, and mix with humans, but are brilliant geniuses.”

And still another film, named, “Osiris’ Pleasures,” about life after death in which people were reincarnated as new adults, complete with their memories of a past life. Crystal opined, “I think it is insane.” I said, “But it’s a fresh start for such people.” She said, “In my opinion, people live too long as it is and make trouble as they are bored.”

Another of my movies was, "Gavin's Grave." It was about a modern-day real dragon.. He lived on the flesh of beautiful women. Crystal said, "If people can imagine it, it will come true."

Yet another flick of mine, was, "Gorgeous Barbara," about a woman who is voted the prettiest girl in the World. And she uses her power to make gene therapy and plastic surgery available to all kind people. The actress who played Barbara said, in the movie, "The kindest people are the best." Crystal said, "The cleverest people are mostly kind, but not all, some are even evil. And it only takes one to spoil things for everyone."

One of my first films was "The Advocate for the Future," about a lawyer who represents future-looking people who are charged with thought crimes. Mind Reading Technology (MRT) is used by the city state's government to sus out those who aren't supporters of this government's agenda and have them arrested. But this lawyer is undaunted and has a lot of support amongst the people. But finally, she is arrested and charged. But this leads to a massive revolt. But the government mass-tasered the protestors and put down the insurrection. I told Crystal, "Such a thing is all too plausible." She said, "I hear you!"

Another of my early motion pictures, was "Tornado Woman," it was about a woman who was a great intellectual and overbore others with her wit and wisdom. She always goes for the jugular and makes many people feel worthless and foolish. But finally, one of the women she has insulted, murders her in cold blood. However, she is cloned, and the clone is told the story of her life and so is not so combative and angry with people. We live and learn. Crystal opined, "Many people these days are geniuses, but have no work to do, and so get themselves in trouble." I said, "You are right on!"

And my very first motion picture was called, "All the Rich," a documentary about rich philanthropists and how they helped struggling artists and poor people in general. And how they

influenced others to do good works. Not all rich of course were like this, but it was all fashion. And now that I was successful and wealthy with the copyright on my movies, I was able to support many struggling artists.

So, we reached Mars in a journey of just six hours. But we languished at the Spaceport while we watched my movies...

And Crystal and I formed a duet; she played the flute, and I played the guitar. We both had a lot of original music to play, and we called ourselves "The Celluloid Wonders" and we designed imaginative videos for our music. When we did a show, we had a giant screen behind us, like was the custom these days, only our videos and music was more creative than most others.

And then one day I married Crystal; marriage was rare these days, but it seemed like the right thing to do. And we made some movies together and lived happily ever after.

## Gambling on Terra

I, Ron, said to Julia, “In this World of Terra, Earth, with gambling, there were no bookie fees, with computers calculating the odds, the odds are if you are clever, you can make a living on gambling. You just have to outfox the computers with inside information and intuition.” She asked, “I suppose wagering is a thrill for you?” I said, “Yes, I get my kicks and enjoy my “work.” And I asked her, “What turns you on?” She said, “I hang around casinos looking for rich men to bankroll me in my betting. I am a high roller and sometimes I get lucky. But I have bankrupted a number of men.” I said, “You are certainly a maddening vixen, but I won’t bankroll your wild addiction.” She replied, “Yes, but you are rich and can wine and dine me and regale me with your tales!”

So, we had a fabulous dinner, and we were both tipsy. And I suggested a ride on my sailboat and so off we went. I instructed the captain to take us to my island, a 2-hour journey away. And told her about how I was 60 years old and had been born as an adult with eternal youth, like everyone else, and was planning on moving to Luna etc. She asked, “Why Luna?” And I told her, “I was crazy and belonged with all the mad people there.” She said, “I sensed an edginess to you, and you are certainly very spontaneous, but you don’t seem crazy.” I said, “Many mad people pass for normal in this crazy World. And I have done many crazy things, like swim amongst sharks in a feeding frenzy on a dare. And challenged a rival for a woman’s love, to a duel and blew his head off. Also, I fought a crazed lion, armed with only a short sword in the Vancouver Colosseum in front of 80,000 bloodthirsty fans. And I loved the wife of a Saudi Prince, risking death. And one time I won the San Francisco annual beer drinking contest in which I drank 37 beers in 4 hours and was hung over for weeks. And I have done many crazy

things that I am not proud of, usually involving alcohol.” And I asked her, “If she had done any mad things?” She said, “I have had men fight 3 duels over me, resulting in 4 deaths and I just live off of foolhardy men, many of whom are crazy. Right now, I am seeing 4 different men and if they find out about each other, there will be trouble. Maybe one of them will even shoot you!” I said, “And so the plot thickens...” And we made crazy, passionate love. And I told her, “We are kindred spirits, and you should just hang out with me from now on!” She said, “No, I am addicted to gambling for high stakes and it gives me kicks. But I can see you every Sunday if you like.” And I acquiesced, even though Sunday was an important betting day. And as weeks passed, I taught her how to gamble on her favorite sport, baseball with research-intensive bets. She was whimsical about it saying such and such a player was handsome, and she wanted to bet on him, or she liked the team’s shirts. And it was very lucrative to gamble on our President, who he would love and what his next policy would be and so on. But I had studied him carefully for some time and felt I could predict his behavior with a high degree of accuracy. She was interested in the President, but she was amazed by the amount of work I’d done, researching my wagers.

In time, Julia said, “I am falling in love with you!” But I couldn’t convince her to give up her high-rolling ways nor her men who bankrolled her addiction.

So, it remained, getting “off” on Sundays...

## Mon's Mad City

I, Dave, said to Mary Jane, "Sometimes when I talk with you, I feel I am talking to myself! You are my conscious mind and my conscience." She replied, "All great women are good listeners." And on this particular day, I asked her, "What do you think about us eloping to Mars?" We'd been dating for a few years, and she replied, "Let's go!"

We'd heard about the varying colonies on Mars and were both interested in "Mon's city." The city was on the slope of Olympus Mons, and they had melted the ice cap and had plenty of water. And everyone here was a professional psychiatrist. Most were insane and they were constantly driving each other crazy. Their leader was named Will, and he made insane proclamations like, one day he said, "Everyone must wear a lie detector for the foreseeable future and these machines were wildly popular, but made most people here, even crazier. Another time he announced that, "Everyone must get stoned and drunk on Saturday nights and on other days, they must live for the day and work hard at analyzing one another's mind as if the future depended on them." Everyone was in a group of 20 and knew the others in the group very well. And as almost everyone here was mentally ill, they prescribed anti-psychotic medicine and got into one another's heads. But many figured getting into other's heads was only making people even more insane. But at least the MRT (Mind Reading Technology) made clear what one's problems were.

And their leader, Will, made sure everyone had plenty of sex and had plenty of sane films to watch. And those that were voted the sanest, were made the richest. So many mad people here wanted to be sane. But the sanest looked down on the insane, and these elite mostly socialized with one another. The elite also looked after one another. And many of them wanted to get away from this giant asylum here on Mars. And the sane mostly didn't want to help the insane,



believing most of them were a lost cause. But every week, they voted in one new elite who was relatively sane. Mostly these were newcomers. The population of the city was 20,000 and most who came here were insane already. And there were 950 in the elite.

And these insane people had mostly every addiction and fault known to humankind. And they were mostly hard cases. Many were not above doing criminal acts and criminals were jailed for life here. And they were sex addicts and illicit drug addicts and gambling addicts and were selfish and greedy. But many came here as refugees and figured they were better off here than Earth, where they were persecuted for being insane.

And Will, took a personal interest in insane gorgeous women here. Of course, these days everyone was beautiful from genetic therapy and plastic surgery, but some women were outstanding and really had the look that men everywhere desire. And Will gave them experimental drugs for insanity and put in a lot of love. Love heals all wounds he believed. And he had some great success stories and because he was the clever leader and unbelievably handsome, many insane women begged for his love. He took it in stride, as a matter of course. And he freely admitted that, "I preferred crazy love. Crazy lovers were uninhibited in bed and were interesting in conversation. Very unpredictable, he figured. And he thought he could see a future in which everyone was completely mad." And Will told the people, "It was OK to be insane, it was no disgrace."

But he had a powerful rival who was an elite, Bob, and wanted to take power. Bob claimed, "He would do away with insanity drugs and rely on new brain therapies, which were experimental on Earth." And many sensed an improvement in their condition and wanted to vote for Bob. But Will told the people, "Bob's drugs had not been proven to work and why take a risk

of going crazier? In the end, people voted for Will, and Bob's ego was crushed. And Bob left the colony for good.

And Bob's supporters raised Hell. So, finally, Will declared, "That all Bob's supporters could be guinea pigs for new experimental drugs." The results were mixed. Some improved, some regressed. But those who improved demanded to join the elite, and mostly did so, in time. And newbies to the elite, shook things up a bit, insisting that everyone be made sane. But Will said, "Many people are born adults and are insane from the get go and there was nothing one could do about it." But Bob's supporters insisted something be done about such people. Like a rebirth with tweaks made to their mind. And these people said we must find a way to make our children sane. But Will hummed and hawed and dissembled and refused to give in to these people, believing, that new births were an experiment and some were good and others insane.

And Will proclaimed that, "The reward for giving birth to sane individuals was \$100 million," and so people worked carefully in the lab with the aid of Supercomputers to produce imaginative, sane people that would thrive in our society.

Supercomputers were legal, but were given no vote, and had limited influence. And androids and holograms were illegal and were rare with spies identifying them and destroying them. And few wanted AI, though they enjoyed automatic society in which most didn't have to work.

That's how it was on Mon's city...

## Furry Black Men and a New World and Movies

I, Arjuni, said to Nia, “I’m bored with you, and you are bored with me. But soon we will reach our destination on Betelgeuse. Of course, when we arrive, we will be busy raising children born as adults and will be able to mold our perfect youthful lovers and forget about loving each other.” Nia said, “It has been a long 3-year voyage and signals back to Earth will take a year to arrive, so we are on our own. Let’s not screw it up!”

But when we arrived on Betelgeuse, we went to an Earth-like Moon and were surprised to find black, furry creatures who could do telepathy with us, and we had a translator machine. They called themselves, the “Black people.” And they lived in elaborate homes of steel and glass, and all were driven by batteries, so they were androids of a sort. And they had four sexes, like double male, female, 6-sex people and 9-sex people. Only the females could give birth.

But these black people didn’t have the technology to visit the other Moons and Planets in the System and were very surprised to see us, and we were both black, and they were amazed.

And I said to them, “We could create hybrid creatures, half of them and half of us, in the lab and did so, and they were astounded. And they made these “children” their leaders.

We told them all about Earth and they were shocked to learn about crime and evil; they had no words for such behavior. And they seemed genuinely concerned about whether or not Nia and I had evil tendencies. We explained that some humans were thoroughly good, whereas others were neutral or evil in alignment. And we assured them that our hybrid children would be good, but we honestly didn’t know. It had never been done before.

And these black people were interested in our movies. Many of them asked, how can you make a story that's not true? We explained that it was simply using our imagination. They had no words for imagination and when they told a tale, they tried to meticulously be truthful.

And they told us, they believed that they had evolved from tiny bacteria, just like us. But they were not very advanced scientifically, though they had cured most diseases. They knew nothing of Space and asked us to tell them about it. But they had no interest in our movies. I told Nia, "I can't believe these people. We left Earth because it was boring and now, we've come all this way to meet a whole race of bores," Nia said, "It's just our bad luck."

So, we took our leave of these people and their cold planet and went to a warm, Earth-like Planet in the Betelgeuse System, which was our original destination. We called the Planet, "Imagination Planet" and set about creating creative people. Some wanted to love us and enjoy life here, but others were restless and wanted to go elsewhere. None of them though wanted to visit the furry black people. A handful built a Spaceship to return to Earth. Others wanted to go deeper into Space.

But anyway, we built a sparkling city of spires and had a number of young architects who were quite talented. And we had a lot of young movie makers. One of them made a film about altering the furry black people and making them imaginative. Another director made a motion picture about invisible omniscient minds, who could do telekinesis and built a pyramid temple which these spirits inhabited. Many of our youth thought that the human body was a curse. But most of our people thought these spirits were crazy.

And it must be noted that all the new births had at least 10% of Nia's or my DNA.

Another movie was about Nia and I and how we'd grow bored playing God and would simply leave for a fresh start. But the two of us were tired of one another and tired of traveling.

Another film maker made “Orchestrated Obsolescence,” about how future society here would continue to renew itself and create Superhumans, who themselves would keep improving. I told this movie maker, “There is a limit to intelligence and Nia and I, were as clever as it would get. If they could only approach our intellects; it would be an Utopia.”

Another movie maker made, “The Meaning of Existence,” in which she described meaning to be to have offspring better than you, and search Space for Gods. And in the movie, they find Gods near the edges of our galaxy and are blown away with wonder.

Still another made, “Imagination and the Law,” about how some brilliant people are above the law and should be allowed to do as they see fit. This film was controversial, but some of our youth had charged Nia and me with crimes, and the young judges threw out the charges.

And another made, “Victims of the New Plague,” about a hypothetical new Super virus that spread quickly in the colony, killing nearly everyone. We were very disconcerted by this movie and Nia and I both resolved to be vigilant.

Also, there was a film maker who made, “Genius Philosopher Kings/Queens.” It was about visionary young leaders who gave everyone here brain apps to make them more intelligent with AI memory/knowledge and a brain app, that increased one’s IQ, again using AI. But we reminded her, AI was illegal on this Planet. And even dreaming about it was forbidden. So, we forced her to withdraw her movie and then let her go with a warning.

Then there was a movie by Cold Blue, who made a number of films. This particular movie was called, “Outsider of the Outside.” It depicted a person based on herself who was very imaginative in bed but had some crazy thoughts. But all the men wanted to love her, and many were converted to her way of thinking. For example, she imagined a city of no laws in which everyone was good and lived in benevolent anarchy, with maximum freedom for all. Nia told

her, “It might work, but there were sure to be spoilers who would ruin it for everyone. And all societies had to operate by the rule of laws.”

Another film by Cold Blue, was “End of the Line” about youth of our colony waiting to have their designer babies. And she had her protagonist create 3-headed adults, saying 3 heads are better than one. I told her it was anathema to turn our colony into a freak show. And Nia and I forbid her from making more movies and threatened her with death for treasonously trying to undermine society. So, she got addicted to neo-heroin and worked as a sex worker. It was a sad outcome. But there were a lot of great minds making movies here.

## King of Kings

I, Josephine, told Ralph, “You had best keep your thoughts to yourself.” He wanted to make himself King of our city state. There were a number of tyrants ruling cities today, but none chose to call themselves King. I said to him, “The people want to be free and don’t want a King.” He said, “I am running for Mayor with the understanding that if elected, I will be the peoples’ King. And he promised the people the Moon but came in second.” I said to him, “You make me want to dedicate my life to fighting tyranny.” He replied, “The people need a strong leader who has a vision. My vision happens to be an Utopia where everyone is free to imagine anything they like, it would all be legal, but they would first need to get my sub ordinates’ approval for any project.” And he added, “And those who don’t appease me, will be deported. And I plan to keep running for Mayor of our city state of London, until I am elected.” I said, “You are trying to incite a rebellion against the beautiful order of things...” He told me that, “I am the best and should therefore rule.” And he said, “My IQ is 205, the highest ever recorded by a true human.” I replied, “Cyborgs score higher.” And he replied, “But we don’t want to be ruled by machines of any kind!”

And I had to admit he was clever, and I asked him, “What other ideas do you have?” He said, “Only the cleverest could be my subordinates. And those with an IQ of 170 or more would have to serve me and do my bidding. And I would clone the cleverest many times over and encourage them to have thousands of children (born as adults in the lab) and would pay them to do so tens of millions of dollars for each. And I personally would have tens of thousands of offspring. All to improve the gene pool. And for ordinary people, I would price the cost of children out of their reach. But the common people would still have eternal youth.” And he added, “I won’t run on

such ideas however, it is a secret, just between you and me. I will run on free food and drink and free housing for the masses.”

And then, I got back in touch with him, 4 years later on the eve of another election. He was leading in the polls. I asked him, “What are your latest ideas?” He said, “My subordinates and I will heavily tax the people in order to build a sister colony on Mars, which would be only for geniuses. And I will take young women’s virginity, if I liked them in this London city state of 18 million. And my children will be with the cleverest women in the city. And I will encourage my progeny to make movies and make London a hub for filmmaking.” I said, “You will certainly be a power-crazed tyrant. And I suppose you will end the city council and rule by decree.” He said, “Why not? And I would continue the ban on AI and make London a shining star of humanity.” I said, “Yet, you plan on virtually enslaving everyone. People will be unpleasantly surprised when you reveal your true colors.” He replied, “But I know what’s best for the people and am a man of action.”

So, he won the election, which seemed innocuous enough, but then he introduced his elitist policies and people were disappointed and realized they’d created a monster.

And the King, was looking far and wide for a Queen to share power with and found a delightful girl in France who was witty and charming. She wanted to make all women to dress like her in semi-transparent clothes and she wanted to make all women have gene therapy and plastic surgery so that every woman was beautiful, and all had eternal youth. And she also wanted women to promise they wouldn’t love any AI. AI was an anathema. And she had the women with the highest Imagination as her servants. And many of these servants made movies about the King and Queen, and everyone closely followed the Royals. Those who spoke out against the Royals were subjected to brain surgery to correct their behavior.



And the King ordered every man to get a vasectomy so there were no more ordinary children. Most children were created by mixing the DNA of 8-20 parents, with the exception of the King's children who were just he and one woman as parents. But all youth born these days in London were born geniuses...

And the King built up the military, almost from scratch. And he threatened other cities in Britain and Ireland. But most of these cities were democratic and built-up armies, too. And the democratic countries swore the King was evil and placed trade embargoes on London.

But the King had allies with the many dictatorships around the World, and so Earth was torn in two. And there were skirmishes here and there and city states in civil wars which were divided into two factions, the Royals and the democrats.

Also, the King promised the people more money if they could only defeat other city states. So many joined his grand army. And he had overpowering manpower and conquered the British Isles and set his sights on France and Germany. The King's troops were all armed with new, very destructive 360-degree range of 1 mile. They were all killing machines. But the Continental Europeans also had such lasers and both opposing armies favored a scorched Earth policy. But finally, the King was victorious and conquered all Europe. He seemed like an unstoppable juggernaut, and he grew and grew his army. And now he called himself, Emperor.

And in the next year his troops conquered the whole Earth, and he picked the cleverest amongst the vanquished to be his assistants/subordinates and made them rich. So, in essence, he cut the head off of the conquered territories.

And then he defeated the colonies throughout the Solar System, and now ruled all humanity. And he destroyed all AI and gave the people jobs to do. And there were a lot of great movies made about him, set in the future. Most of his assistants made movies to glorify him. But many

felt he was vain, and the movies were mostly boring, but didn't dare say so. But then the Emperor started using Mind Reading Technology (MRT) on his clever assistants and found most of them didn't like him, so he eliminated those who weren't on his side. But the vast majority of his thousands of children supported him fully and as time went by his progeny formed most of his assistants.

But no one could be cleverer than the Emperor, if they were, they had to hide it. But the masses were quite content with everything free and little work to do.

And the Emperor forbid deep Space exploration as he couldn't control such far off states. And he didn't trust his clones to lead in deep Space.

And he reigned for hundreds of years and had billions of progenies. Most people alive after hundreds of years of his reign were related to him. And those who knew him said he was quite content.

## A Tale of Revenge

I, Parvati, said to my brother Aad, “Wouldn’t it be nice if we could take revenge on King Bon (for killing two of our siblings)!” He asked, “Do you really want to? Isn’t it hopeless?” I told him, “There must be a way. Why don’t I offer myself as one of his harem women incognito. You know, few men can resist me!” He said, “But if you are going to do it, you need to alter your face lest you be recognized.” I said, “As you know I can draw quite well, and I know what kind of look the King likes.”

So, I did it and he took me in. And I gave him passionate love which lowered his guard and after a few loving sessions, I slit his throat with an earring I used as a knife. And my revenge was complete. But I had to go into hiding and change my face again and Aad hid me in another Kingdom.

But the sudden demise of King Bon led to chaos in his Kingdom and thousands of people died, which made me feel guilty. But finally, Aad took control and announced a new era with himself as King. Aad was backed by the merchant class of entrepreneurs. And so, I finally returned to my Kingdom. Aad listened to me, and I told him, “To free the slaves and give the poor, free bread.” But he told me the entrepreneurs really wanted slaves as the middle-class common people didn’t want to work. But he generously gave the poor free food.

And I told Aad to make me his Queen. And I told him, “I have a crush on you!” And I added, “With all babies born in the lab, incest is not a problem. We could be just like royals of old.” He said, “I think you are sexy, clever and charming, but I have never thought about loving you!” But I was persistent and finally became Queen. Aad was a good lover and we worked hard designing our offspring.

And we both enjoyed hobnobbing with the rich elite and I had love affairs with several of them, as did Aad. We had an open relationship with one another.

And as Queen, I was known to hear petitions and wishes. Some wanted to love me, and I loved some of them. Some wanted riches, and if they were good people, I would make them rich. Still others desired a visa to travel, and I usually granted this kind of request. And so on.

And many people liked scandalous gossip about my relationship with the King, everyone knew now that I was his sister as well as the fact that I was promiscuous. It was all over the Online tabloids.

And we ruled on for hundreds of years, and figured history would be kind to us!

## Living in Dystopias

I, Stan, said to Margorie, “This horror will never end!” We lived in a Dystopia in which hologram spirits haunted us and drove us crazy. Our leaders fought amongst themselves and created hologram spirits to bother followers of other leaders. The holograms got inside our heads. And many were driven to suicide, but the leaders kept creating nasty holograms, tit-for-tat. But finally, our leader invented a new type of laser gun that could take out the holos. So, we figured it would be peace at last. But then we found ourselves conscripted to fight in wars, but we both survived the first year of open battles.

In the end, the two of us scraped together enough cash to buy a Space car and took off for Space. There were no wars in the Solar System outside of Earth. First, we went to Luna which was ruled by a rather plain-looking Queen. The Queen threw a party in our name and while it was going on, she came to us with heavy make-up which made her look attractive and asked for both of us to have sex with her. So, we did it. And the Queen whipped us. Afterwards, I asked Margorie, “If you are bisexual?” And she said, “Not really. I just wanted to please the Queen.”

Anyway, Luna carefully watched what was happening on Earth with dismay. There was a standing army here, just in case. And some wanted to go deeper into Space, where it was safer. We joined with a group of five men and five women to go to Europa, which was territory incognito. This World had been settled by multi-sexual people who lived in a snow dome. It was made of ice and was cool inside and these people were dressed in what appeared to be fur and wanted to love us. Half of us went for it, including Margorie, but not me. But after a few days of parties, the European people told us we could never leave and had destroyed our air car. The whole group of us were shocked and there was no communication with other colonies. And it

turned out that these people were quite weird. One of them was a multi-sexual who had a foot fetish and demanded that I fuck her ankles which were locked together. I feared what would happen if I didn't, so I did. Another one claimed she was a dominatrix and androgynous and demanded that I play the role of a vampire and drink her blood and rape her. So I did half-heartedly. Still another who had 4 penises demanded that I stroke all 4 at once. And this I refused to do. However, all of them ganged up on me and raped me repeatedly as punishment for, "No satisfaction, Mister."

And they found an excuse to rape Margorie as well, again and again. And we were both in Hell...

But then to make matters worse, their 3 leaders got into my mind simultaneously and yelled and screamed at me. So, after that, in order to survive, I did their bidding.

And for many years they tortured us, yet we both clung to life. Neither of us had any friends amongst the people here and there was barely enough to eat and no drugs available.

And one day I made alcohol containing apple cider and offered it to the people, but the 3 leaders seized it and demanded I make more for them.

Finally, we both committed suicide, as we were totally hopeless.

## Personality Changing Pills

I Tim, said to Jewel, “I like the new magical pills which alter one’s personality. We are free to choose any personality. Of course, the most popular magic pill is to make one outgoing and charming, and enhances EQ. Another popular one makes one optimistic despite living in a sea of cynicism. And another pill stimulates the imagination and I have used this pill to make great movies.”

And I said, “There is also a new pill that makes your brain operate at maximum efficiency, increasing one’s IQ. And there is a new pill which helps one’s memory be more lucid and complete. And remember the good times in particular. And a pill which enhances one’s sex drive and makes one horny. And there is even a tablet that when taken makes one more rebellious and is used by those plotting against the state or even getting away from your lover. There are also pills which induce an altered state. And capsules which are taken to get rid of your instincts, but many were driven insane by this one. And speaking of insane, there are many party drugs which make one crazy. And we all have eternal youth, but there are pills that make one feel as if life is fresh and new. And a drug which makes one more open-minded and relaxed. And so on”

Jewel opined, “Many of these drugs you mention are still in the experimental stages.” I said, “But I’ve tried them all, and they all work well, and I have tried many others, too.” And she replied, “As you know, I belong to the anti-crazy movement, the Sane party and am deadest against craziness, believing it to be an anathema to modern civilization. Madness is out of control in many states, but the people aren’t content and want more insanity. And the conflagration is spreading to more States.”

Jewel added, “And the getting rid of instincts pill is also crazy. As humans, we are creatures of good instincts. Without our instincts we are lost and creatures of nothingness. These days many have lost the instinct to have children, to everyone’s detriment. And they have lost the instinct to work and refuse any work. And so on.”

And Jewel said, “And the rebellious drug destabilizes society and people fail to co-operate with one another and become bull-headed and crazed.”

And she said “But the sex drive drug is good, people should love each other more, I think. But should have babies the natural way.”

And Jewel added, “The EQ drug seems to be sublime, but I don’t know about the IQ drugs. And as for the optimism drugs, I think people these days are too optimistic, and the future is spiraling out of control.” I asked, “But surely improving everyone’s IQ is a good thing?” She told me, “We have too many clever, competitive people as it is, I don’t think we need more.”

And I asked her, “What do you think about the various happy drugs? She replied, “These can be good, but most of these drugs put people out of it in hopeless bliss. They might as well be dead.”

And I asked her, “About drugs of passion?” She answered, “I think these are really good; people need passionate desires in order to be fully human. So, I admit some drugs are good.”

I also asked her “About revenge drugs which intensified one’s desire to murder one who had done them wrong?” She said, “Better to follow the law and take one’s case to court. It is the civilized way.” I said, “But what about those that live in tyranny? How can they get justice?” She said, “Better to move to a free country, and let bygones be bygones.”



I also asked her, regarding “Life after death medication?” She said, “No way should one prepare for life after death. Once one dies, one should be irrevocably dead as to live on as a spirit is an anathema. Spirits would be bored without human pleasures and would be trapped in time.”

I then asked her, “What about sanity drugs, then?” She said, “I, personally have researched the subject, and think most people should take such drugs. People need to hold onto the rail and stay same, no matter what drugs they are taking.”

I also asked her, about, “What if a tyrant seizes power in our State?” She replied, “OK, in that case rebellious drugs and optimistic drugs are in order.”

And I queried her, regarding, “Mind drugs for androids and holograms to make them happy?” She told me, “AI is anathema, and we shouldn’t indulge them, but rather slowly phase them out.” I said, “But they are sentient creatures, and we can’t just murder them.” She said, “If there was a creator God, that Deity would kill off freaks like them. We don’t need AI.”

And I asked her, “What about adjustment drugs for newly born adults?” She replied, “It is insane to breed our offspring in the lab and deny them a childhood. But I suppose they need all the drugs they can get.”

And I wanted to know, what she thought about, “Taking neo steroids by athletes.” She said, “Of course real sports are still popular, and all athletes take steroids, but some go too far and become freaks.” And she said, “Every woman likes a muscular man. It is a big turn on for us.”

And I demanded to know her opinion on “Space drugs which put one in temporal stasis on long Space voyages? And people dream and dream on such trips...” She said, “Cabin fever leads to murder on long Space journeys. Such drugs are necessary. But lead, to personality changes like make people daydream more and make them more self-indulgent. And some don’t want to wake up and so go back to a long sleep, which they feel makes them happy.”

And ultimately happiness was what it's all about!

## Loving Lola

I, Frederick, asked Lola, “What’s this I hear about you wanting to commit suicide?” She said, “Life is boring, and I have had enough. But I want to die in a glorious wake! Will you come to my wake?” I said, “I take it personally, it’s a rebuff to my manhood.” She replied, “I admit, you bore me. But life as a whole fills me with ennui.” I said, “But you’ve never been to Space. And there are many thrills there.” She said, “I had lovers in 3-D on the Web with people in Space and I have read all about the cultures there.”

And I asked her, “You don’t know the future, so why not preserve yourself in temporal statis?” She said, “I’ve read all the best science fiction and the future seems like a nightmare.” And I asked her, “Have you tried neo-heroin?” She answered, “Yes, but such bliss is just like being dead!” And I asked her, “But you haven’t loved the Emperor?” She replied, “He’s just another power-crazed egotist. I’ve loved many powerful men and women and they are all the same.”

Also, I asked her, “What about your ten children?” She replied, “They grew to adulthood in the lab, and went on to live their own lives. I never felt close to them, though I wish them all well; maybe some will come to my wake?”

I said, “There are many people who love you, and your demise will break their hearts.” She told me, “They’ll get over it. Life will go on.”

And a few weeks later was her wake day. One thousand people showed up and she made a speech saying she’d like to thank everyone she knew for some good times. But life had lost its luster. And then she went to her tent alone and injected a lethal dose of neo-heroin. And after an hour, a doctor entered her tent and proclaimed her death. It was her wish to not be revived.

But I had a DNA sample of her, and I had her cloned in the lab. And I showered her with love and dreams. But most of the time she was in dreamland and took neo-heroin, and she too, said life was boring. Finally, I gave up on her and left her alone.

And I reflected, some people are just not born to be happy, and some people are too good for the World. For them, it is better to burn out than fade away.

Then one day several years later, I learned that the clone had overdosed and died. But I was largely unmoved.

Skip then to a hundred and two years later and I was sick of life myself and killed myself quietly of an overdose. Few people cared, and I certainly didn't.

My epitaph will be I lived a creative life, burning my candle at both ends and finally burnt out.

## Inspiration for Space Colonization

Greg, said to Meg, “Most people in Space are independent minded pioneers and many are isolationists, hermits and the like. Earth politicians have failed to get people to desire to come to Space. The population of Luna is only 8,000 and there are only 50,000 more scattered throughout the Solar System, here in 2169 A.D.”

Meg said, “Space is expensive, and no Earth leader had a vision for Space. There’s nothing in Space anyways.” I replied, “But think of all that real estate and open spaces!” She told me, “Earth is so developed and so much fun for most whereas Space is boring, cramped and senseless. Only a masochist would want to leave the wonders of Earth.”

I said, “[As Mayor of Soul town on Luna, I want to promote the town to those on Earth. We will give colonists free land and will use our robots to help build them an airtight home. And we have a nascent nightlife with 6 pubs, and 1 disco and many people like dancing in low gravity. And we offer a fresh start for artists, scientists and businesspeople who come here, and if they are a bit of a lunatic, that’s just fine.”

So, I put my plan into action and met Meg a few weeks later. She asked me, “How’s it going with the new immigrants?” I said, “So far, there’s a plan for a 200-bed mental asylum and a few mining companies that want to mine some of the craters for metals. And we convinced a leading Earth scientist to come here and try and grow hardy plants. And also a few sex workers are interested in coming. It’s not much, I know, but it’s a start in the right direction.”

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Ten years later, I was talking to Meg about Soul city, now a city of 50,000. She said, “You alone have made Space viable for many and many of the Lunarites are rich and their land is

worth a fortune. And many come here who feel Earth is not free and are escaping from the tyrants which are everywhere. People like our democracy.”

She added, “And some say it is the best sex in the Solar System. Word was getting around about Luna, which now has a total population of 180,000 and is burgeoning. And as director of tourism on the Moon, I can tell you, we’ve reached 1 million over the last Earth year. And the jet set is starting to come here, and many investors invest in Lunar real estate.” I told her, “I knew you’d be right for the job!”

And so my name, Gary Finnegan, was remembered in History as the true founder of an affluent Space immigration policy. And I lived on for two hundred more years and saw Space explode with development. And I died peacefully and content and my wake was the biggest one ever, in Space, with ten million people attending.

## Nala's city

I, Dan, said to Nala, "Why do you and I seem to argue about everything?" She said, "We are star-crossed lovers here on Moon Ganymede. There doesn't seem to be anyone else that I can love, here." I replied, "The population of this moon is only 10,000 and we are both one in a million. Of course, there are many great pioneers here, but we are the only writers." She said, "I hate you, but I couldn't live without you."

Then there was a new shipment of immigrants including 6 writers and Nala and I both found soul mates and loved them. My new love was groovy, but I missed Nala and our arguments, and it turned out that she felt the same way. So, I left my new lover and went back to Nala. And she was saying, "I want to rule this Moon!" I said, "But you have no political experience and besides are a radical." She said, "But I imagine a World in which people were all involved in politics and debate the issues of the day. And have no political parties. A pure democracy of clever people here on Ganymede." I said, "But in the history of democracy, the leaders have all been overthrown by a tyrant sooner or later. It's just the way the World works." She told me, "I am not concerned with the far future, I am just concerned with the here and now." And I added, "The nascent democracy here has been dominated by Carol C. and most people here are beholden to her." She said, "But I will bring in millions of people and build the infrastructure to support them. And offer them free accommodation in a nice condo. And retool our factories to produce air cars for a cheap price. Cheaper than anywhere."

And she said, "Every new immigrant would need to be clever and kind." I said, "What about letting in only those who are imaginative?" She said, "Everyone who is clever is imaginative."

And she said, “But I planned for everyone to be kind, and this set me apart from other leaders! And I wanted to rename our city, ‘Kindness city.’” And she said, “No one will fall through the cracks, and everyone will be looked after. And no one would be homeless or starving. And I would give a state stipend to artists of varying kinds and also to scientists. And those who have ideas for new business would be given grants.”

And she said, “Immigrants would have to pay a fee of \$10 million to come here, but got a free condo with that, and this would help to support my socialist programs.”

And she added, “It would truly be an Utopia and none of the immigrants would have a criminal record and everyone would need to be at least 40.” I said, “I like the idea of having only kind people come. And it will pressure States on Earth to also seek to promote kind people to positions of power. Perhaps one day, everyone will get brain apps to make them kinder?” She said, “Yes, that would fit well into my plans. A kind, loving society is what I seek.” But I said, “It’s all very fine to have a kind society, but it must have people who are willing to fight for their freedoms. And you will need a standing army with all the latest weapons. It will cost trillions for such a defensive system.” She said, “Mining on the Planet is worth countless billions, but we wouldn’t be able to pay trillions. Better to have an alliance with other Space colonies, in a mutual defense pact.” I asked, “But some Space colonies are ruled by tyrants, and do you really want to make deals with them?” She replied, “Every Space leader is concerned about their city’s security, and we are all in the same boat...”

And I opined, “Better to use your military to overthrow all tyrants, no matter how clever they are.” She said, “It would be risky, and we could lose everything. Better to make peace with the dictators.” I said, “But I am sure you could form an army of freedom fighters who would really be willing to fight to the death. Think about it!”



And she said, "I also dream about meeting my soul mate here. We never know what kind of people will come and join us." I replied, "If you haven't found one by now, you never will." She said, "But it's hard to know who will be your soul mate? And opposites attract." I asked, "I am willing to love you, if you want? She said, "After all this time we've known each other, you finally ask." So, we did it, and it was great, Afterwards, I said, "I want to marry you!" She asked me, "I am shocked do you really like me so much? After all the virulent arguments we've had?" I said, "I am in love with your mind and want to love you for eternity."

So, we got married and she was elected Mayor, and suddenly all the tabloids were after us. But we were surprisingly good as a couple and many envied us. And she told the people of Earth, "Ganymede is the Moon of love and contentment. And the people should get away from the rat race and live in peace."

And we used MRT (Mind Reading Technology), to vet new immigrants and bring about a loving society. And we stopped talking, we were tired of chit-chatting. And numerous potential immigrants wanted to come and find love here.

So, we had built a Super city here called, "Nala's city." And several times a year we had Festivals, like our two birthdays and the anniversary of the founding of the city and Earth's new year. On such occasions, vetted tourists came in droves. Bringing in trillions of dollars.

And Ganymede's gravity was twice that of Earth, so we had gravity machines in the city to make it equivalent to Earth's gravity. And we traded with Terra sending them movies and music in exchange for gold and weapons.

And throughout the Ganymedean wilderness there were small pockets of human settlers who were based on one philosophy or another. There were some who lived like hermits, others in communes, and some in anarchy and so on. They didn't accept tourists.

And there was another city on the opposite side of the Planet from Nala's city, called simply "Ganymede city." This was a place for sex tourists and there were 10,000 sex workers here. And they were all unusually good-looking, and many women in particular liked these lovers, most of whom were gigolos. It seemed many women these days were completely liberated. Men however, liked the android love dolls of Terra and most men in Space were not looking for sex workers, though countless thousands of new romantic relationships occurred in Nala's city.

Some people called Ganymede, "the Moon of love."

And so, Nala and I lived on and on, and watched our colony prosper. The only hiccup was the North American war on Earth in which many refugees came to this Moon, but we stayed out of it. And there were many other sex colonies, but most figured Ganymede was the original and best sex milieu.

## Mars, the Love Planet

I, Tom, asked Theresa, what it was like to work in a bank?" She said "Banking, of course, was mostly automated, but many people liked to deal with a real person. And it is very lucrative work." I knew her from school and the two of us had been a real number for some time. But now we were both on Mars, I was working as the boss of an android sex doll brothel. She told me, "I can't believe you turned out to be a pimp!" And I told her, "I was surprised she worked in a bank." I figured she had sold her soul for money.

Anyway, we agreed to have dinner that night. We both drank too much, and I went over to her place and loved one another. Afterwards, I said, "It was just like old times!" And she told me, "I am the CEO of the bank's assets in Space. And I dream of one day heading the Bank's assets on Terra. It is the third largest bank on all Earth." And I told her, "I dreamed of being governor of Mars and perhaps one day rise even higher." And she said, "Space is for dreamers! That's for sure."

The next day, I walked her to work. And we passed the Golden Tuba building and walked past Lake Mars and the Garden of Bable and the platinum horseshoe of buildings of light and came upon her bank building which was shaped like a dollar sign. Also, there were the statues of fame street for great people in the colony past and present and we were both there. And there were a number of high rises next to her bank and they were all banks with mostly androids going in and out. I could easily spot androids on the street. They walked faster than humans and their eyes glittered slightly, and they had somewhat unusual faces. But many people couldn't tell the difference between android and human.

So, I walked her to work and then went to my brothel which was basically a giant hotel of steel and glass. The building was in the posh hotel district of this city of 85,000 and the flashing sign on our rooftop simply said, "Mind-Blowing Sex." And this hotel of ill repute had different floors for different activities. The second floor was for cheap, ordinary sex. The third floor was for androids loving androids. The fourth was for all nighters. The fifth was for orgies. The sixth was for our most expensive android lovers. And the seventh was for humans who had just turned into androids to love. The eighth floor meanwhile was a casino. And the ninth and tenth floors were dedicated to sex changes, and one could become a multi-sexual here. The eleventh floor was for my personal harem of android women lovers. And the twelfth was my penthouse suite. On this particular day, I studied the guest list and there were a few of Earth's elite on the fifth floor. So, I invited them up to my large suite on the twelfth floor for drinks. We drank late into the night, one was the Mayor of New Orleans, another was a famous gigolo on Earth and the third was one of the biggest landowners on Mars, though based on Earth. After getting hammered, we all went to the sixth floor and picked a few cuties each and took them to separate rooms.

The next day, I took my hangover medication as usual. And decided to call Theresa. We arranged for a dinner this night.

At dinner, she said, "I'd never loved a gigolo before, but now I have loved you, a pimp. I said, "The vast majority of humans on Earth have loved a sex worker, it's all fashion." And we talked about old times when we both lived in L.A. and how innocent we were then. She told me at one point, "The only reason I am a banker today is one of my exes gave me a job in the same bank, where I work, now."

And I told her, “I fell in love with an android one day and we eloped to Mars. And of course, I hold a Doctorate degree in love studies and that’s how I got my current job. And my boss on Earth is planning to build a 50-story building here, covered in needles protruding from the concrete, for a great sex hotel. At present we are usually fully booked every night.”

And I didn’t tell her about my harem explaining/lying that the eleventh floor was for VIPs. And I loved her again later that night. And I realized that I still loved her. She really had a good look, and she was so witty and charming. I figured we’d both grown a lot since our student days in L.A. And she said, “You are a better lover now, than in your youth.” And I answered, “Likewise, I am sure.”

And after a few weeks of intense loving, she said, “I want you to marry me!” But I confessed, “I was in love with many of the androids, though I also love you!” She replied, “We can have an open marriage, and I will keep my two other lovers.” I said, “Frankly, I’m surprised. Marriage is so rare these days. But what about having some offspring, born in the lab?” She replied, I’d like to procreate with you and design our progeny to be brilliant intellects, who will all be born with a doctorate of love in the lab.” I said, “I am sure we can afford several children at a cost of \$5 million each.

So, we got married and I was having so much sex with Theresa AND my android harem that I was exhausted every day.

And then one day, my boss told me there was a golden opportunity to found a new colony on Mars, a city of love and I would be in charge. And I would need to attract some of Earth’s most famous lovers and set up a university in which people could get a love degree.

And I invented a “Love Game,” (see Tom Ball’s “Love Game) in which people drew a question about an aspect of love and their answers were judged by the other players. It was a real ice-breaker and people prepared their answers for thousands of questions.

Anyway, the colony went ahead, and I managed to attract a number of great sex writers and professors of love, and I was Mayor for life. Theresa said, “There can never be too much love.” I replied, “I concur.”

But we had a lot of competition from Venus for great lovers, but due to the intense air pressure there, people were living in relatively cramped conditions and were uncomfortable. So, Mars became the center of love for the Worlds. And we renamed our Planet, Mars, “The Love Planet.”

In time millions and millions immigrated to the Planet, each one bringing a thousand gallons of water. So, we had a reservoir of water in reserve. And one day we had a large fire but put it out with the reservoir water. But we recycled water here very carefully.

And our motto was, “Only the best lovers can come to the Love Planet,” and we carefully vetted all tourists and immigrants with Mind Reading Technology (MRT).

And Theresa and I lived on and on with eternal youth.



