

The Gray Oubliette and Other Stories

By: Tom Ball

tomball33@yahoo.com

Copyright 2023

Words: 41,937

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Gray Oubliette, 4-8

Life in the Tau Ceti System, 9-13

Team of Life Game, 14-17

The Supercomputer Exeter, 18-20

Prison for Capitalists, 21-23

Long Retirements of the Future, 24-25

Savior of the World, 26-27

People Considered as Individual Stock Markets, 28-29

Firestarters' Ratings, 30-31

Life in London and Bennie's City, Mars, 32-34

Cyborg Love, 35-37

Charm School and the Imaginative Society, 38-40

Too Late to Stop AI?, 41-42

The Search for the Last Remnants of Humanity, 43-47

Doing Ones' Duty as Royals, 48-50

Free Humans and Madness, 51-53

Sex Workers and Love Films, 54-56

TV and Cloned Geniuses on Planetoid X, 57-60

Dreamers on Miranda, 61-63

Imagination Quotient, 64-66

Escaping Android Tyranny, 67-69

She Wanted to be the Most Hated Persona, 70-72

Mind Reading Diplomacy, 73-74

Planet of Women, 75-77

Boredom, 78

Shopping for Love, 79

A Decline in Murders, 80-82

Success Was not Allowed, 83-84

Cyborg Takeover, 85-87

Forced Masochism, 88-90

Trouble with Androids, 91-93

New Sex Diseases, 94-97

The Brain Surgeon, A.D. 2098, 98-101

Medusa, 102-104

A High-Class Call Girl Spills Her Secrets, 105-107

Choosing Children, 108-111

Shopping for Make-Up and Fashion and the Ball, 112-114

Ghastly Horrors On Moon Miranda, 115-118

Triumph of the Freaks, 119-121

Nightmare on Luna, 122-126

Evan Rouge and the Red World, 127-130

From Living with Orcs to Interstellar Travels, 131-135

Tale of Two Worlds: The Gibbet and Utopia, 136-138

Kidnappers, 139-140

The Conservatives Seize Power, 141-143

Tour of Luna, 144-147

The Gray Oubliette

The man awoke in a deep fog, and it took him a few minutes to get his bearing and remember who he was. Of course, he was the King. But what was he doing naked and in this fog? He cried out, but there was no response. So, he started walking in a random direction. As he walked, he went over his memory, in his last memory he was sitting on his throne giving orders and after that he had amnesia. He figured somehow, he had been overthrown and blacked out.

Presently, he collided with a man who told him, “We are all in a new-fangled oubliette from which there doesn’t seem to be any escape. We were all hypnotised to forget most of our past. But there are some food depots to get food and so one can stay alive. But we were all prisoners here and many are violent criminals, so watch out.”

And then he/I came upon a group of 4 men and 4 women. They said, they had no idea why they were here. I asked them, “Where are you from?” They said they couldn’t remember anything. And they were gathered around a food depot and so I ate and drank water. They said a few sleeps ago, they were attacked by a gang of 20, who raped all of them. And they were miserable and confused. So, I figured, I had to get away from these people and I tried to walk away in the fog in a straight line, but after walking for a few hours, I found myself back at the food depot with the 8 people. So, I asked them, “What do you know about this place?” They replied, they’d just met each other one by one and got along with each other. And two of the men were lovers of two of the women. And they said they searched the area looking for weapons but there was nothing but barren soil. One of them though said, “I am suicidal but the only way to die is have one of the others strangle me, and they refused to do this.”

They all said they'd been here for a few hundred sleeps. But these people were boring, so I left them again. And this time I went walking in the opposite direction that I had followed the last time I had left these people. Presently, I came across a beautiful woman, she said, "My name is Gloria, and I had previously been Queen of Mexico city, but that is the last thing I remember. I said, "And I was a King, but didn't remember which nation." Anyway, we hit it off and became lovers.

The fog never lifted but we set forth in the same direction I had been going in. As we walked, I said, "This situation stinks of conspiracy. We were once important people and have been thrown in the oubliette without our memories. We have both been brainwashed to forget and are in some kind of prison, that I know." She said, "But I have been raped many times here and can't stand my existence here. Thank the Gods, I met you." I said, "I figure, we were virtual Gods before, but had apparently been overthrown by the same sinister forces." She replied, "We were put out to pasture in a place of horror." I asked her, "Why didn't they just kill us off?" She said, "Maybe who was ever behind this couldn't get away with killing us, so sent us to Limbo, hoping we will eventually die off of natural causes." I told her, "Since I've come here a few weeks ago, I seem to have really aged a lot, and seem to remember we used to have eternal youth." She said, "I have been here for at least 60 sleeps and have lost count of the days, but I also seem to be aging fast."

And we were both desperate to get out of this World of dense fog. Then we met a woman with breasts all over her body. She told us, "I forget my name, but I was a leader of multi-sexual people on Earth and was sent here as punishment and to get rid of me. That's all I remember." We talked to her for awhile and learned she was a charming persona and could see why the multi-sexual people chose her as leader. Anyway, she joined us, making 3 in our group.

The next thing that happened was a great storm. Our multi-sexual friend opined it signified new people were arriving here in the fog. But we had no shelter and were cold and wet. Previously the weather had been balmy, but now we shivered and were even more miserable.

Then we met a group of 10 people, who seemed affable enough. They said they remembered dealing in illicit drugs and now they were here. They all seemed to know each other from the past life. We told them about the group of wandering rapists and asked them to join us for safety's sake. They asked if we knew of any drugs here? We told them there was only food without drugs. And five of them said they wanted to fight the rapists and hopefully die in the battle.

And then we came upon a man and a woman who said they remembered being rich philanthropists. And we asked them to join us. They remembered some famous Earth charities but didn't remember one another. Anyway, they were kind people and a welcome sight for us.

But we kept moving and it seemed like food depots proliferated, though a few had been sabotaged. Finally, one day after a long day's walk (it was always gray light, never darkness somehow), we came upon a door in the middle of nowhere. I opened the door, and we were all sucked in. Inside it was a sunny day, but there were two Suns, so we figured we were somewhere deep in Space or else the Suns were illusory. One of the philanthropists opined the door was a teleportation key. He seemed to remember such a thing. In this World fruit trees and vegetables grew all around and it seemed to be Paradise and the temperature was warmer and nicer than the Gray World. But none of us had any idea what was going on...

So, we kept walking, and after a few days we saw magical spires, a city on the horizon. We entered the city but saw no one at first. But then we started to see people flashing by. It seemed that everything here was sped up. We shouted at the flashing people and finally one of them

stopped and materialized in front of us. It was a woman, totally naked and shaved. She looked human but had a large brain case, which was not unattractive. We told her, we were lost and asked what we should do? She said, "You are the travelers who's coming was foretold!" And she told us, "Come with me!"

So, she took us to the largest spire and said, "Meet our leader!" The leader looked a lot like the woman who had escorted us here. And she said, "You were all trapped in a time warp, but we rescued you and brought you to the Tau Ceti System. You must forget about your previous life and your perilous journey, and you are welcome do as you wish here. No one here works, so you are free to indulge in hobbies," And, she gave each of us a key to a condo, all in one of the biggest spires.

We missed Earth deep down, but we all embraced this World whole-heartedly. Gloria and I were still lovers and we spent time getting used to the fast movements here. And our eyes slowly adapted to seeing the moving figures. And we spent most of our time at parties and we got used to "flash dancing." And we watched a lot of movies in fast forward. And it took us some time to adjust, and we felt our brains growing. And we played a lot of flash sports and had elaborate dinners.

The people here were all congenial to us. And many said to us that we were heroes to have survived the Gray World, which they said was a prison for great people as well as hardened criminals. All persona non grata But, only great people could find the doorway to Tau Ceti. These sentiments made us feel a lot better about ourselves.

And they told us we had all been cryogenically frozen for a hundred and fifty years before awaking in the Gray World, and as we expected the door was a teleport key that actually took an hour to teleport here, but it just seemed like seconds. And after a time, we all had large brains

and the people were interested in sex with us. Many here spent much of their time loving. And we joined some frantic orgies.

And Gloria and I, Paul, studied film making in fast forward and studied for many years. And our former travel companions were thriving too and were entertained all day and all night. The two of us thoroughly enjoyed the nightlife here and our brains and nerves were stimulated to a high degree.

And we were told that back on Earth it was chaos. And our new Planet, called, “The Place of Future Dreams” was opening doorways to allow good people to immigrate here.

And our lives were sublime, and we didn't want to know about our previous existence.

Life in the Tau Ceti System

We were all living in a funk. We were living in a colony on Betelgeuse. We all had powerful telekinesis machines on our back hooked up to MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and could cut and move rock to build our palaces. Every one of the 11,000 colonists had a palace and kept adding to it. We could all draw competently. And we took turns hosting parties.

But most agreed that they were full of ennui and were sick and tired of the same old people here. We were too far away from Earth to do 3-D Web love, and so many took refuge in drugs. There were drugs to enhance every feeling or instinct or mood. But people were committing suicide at a rate of 2% per year. Meanwhile “births” in the lab amounted to only 1% gain, so the population was in decline.

The planet was heavy in oxygen, 30% more than on Earth and most people said they felt good about that, even though they were depressed on the whole.

We tried to attract new immigrants, but they figured life here was dull and boring and didn't want to come. So finally, 10,000 of us left the Betelgeuse System and settled on Tau Ceti, which was much closer to Earth. The population of Tau Ceti was 200,000 and we all figured we were better off here.

But those left in the Betelgeuse System basically became hermits, ascetics who lived alone and didn't like other people. Most had a large farm and produced a lot of food. They said we should cultivate our gardens. Basically, they spent the whole day eating and took anti-fat pills to remain slim. But some masochists became grossly obese. And a handful of tourists came to see these pigs. And having sex with the masochists was considered kinky and perverted by some, who loved it.

Meanwhile on Tau Ceti people had all been turned into cyborgs powered with a battery and hooked up to brain enhancers, and MRT. And they were all considered Super geniuses. Life was considered valuable here. And the suicide rate was very low.

Indeed, suicide was the scourge of modern eternal youth times. And Earth, had a high suicide rate of 3%, but the birth rate was 4%, so it was a youthful society. Here in A.D. 2230, life went on pretty much as it always had with no AI. Spies everywhere were watching scientists with MRT and would allow no AI or weapons development.

And Tau Ceti, became the richest place in the Worlds, and people were falling all over themselves to try and come there. And it looked like it was the happiest place in the Universe. And only the clever could come here.

And Tau Ceti had recently made news as having a bizarre culture of idiot savants and masochistic people. Many of the cyborgs had twisted minds and had high IQ but were poor at EQ and not so kind. Some of the females here wanted EQ and kindness to be a priority here. And finally, the females got their way, and everyone agreed the cyborgs here were truly Superhuman.

But the cyborgs were mostly artists of one kind or another, rather than scientists or businesspeople. They believed science had gone too far, and in fact needed to be rolled back. And businesspeople were just plain too greedy; there was no need for faster economic growth. But people on Terra had basically all out capitalism, and there were many victims of this who were poor and destitute. People on Earth featured some who had numerous palaces and air cars and lovers, as well as bevvies of drugs, all more than they could ever use or need, but still they wanted more. On Tau Ceti meanwhile, the cyborgs believed that everything should be in moderation and balanced.

And as time passed, Earth descended into virtual anarchy with an economy that was out of control. And many refugees came to Tau Ceti, and all were happy they'd done so, but they had to be clever to immigrate there. Some on Earth had improved their minds with brain apps and hence qualified to come to Tau Ceti...

The people of Tau Ceti were all trying to improve their imagination. One of them wrote, "The Minds of Tau Ceti," which was about the best writers in the System. For example, one wrote about those who approached perfection. And she wrote one day everyone would be nearly perfect. Another writer wrote about how humans should get rid of all their instincts and just be pure intellects. And another writer authored a book about how now was the right time for communism, with the Worlds largely automatic, and the people should live together in communes she wrote. And still another wrote, how cyborgs were unnecessary and that pure humans were the future.

And yet another writer wrote that there was no limit to human genius. And people were divided by this writer, with most people figuring we had almost peaked. Certainly scientifically, most people figured we had plateaued and there were numerous great writers today, no need for more.

And there was a writer here who authored a novel about a future in which everyone was connected to the same web all the time. And people thought of humans as a complete whole, and no one fell through the cracks, and everyone was loved and all decisions were made by a simple majority of the whole. And this same writer wrote of a future in which it was a grand Dystopia in which a man and a woman controlled all of Terra, and all of settled Space, and ruled like despots and took all the peoples' money in order to build palaces on Earth and in Space and to

pay for their massive army. And everyone was dirt poor. And their spies were everywhere and arrested all dissenters. And this author thought this future was very plausible.

Another wrote of a Utopia in which absolutely no one had any work to do and androids did everything. And people were free to indulge in their hobbies, interests and parties. And people liked to travel around Earth and Space, and everyone was given a generous stipend from the government, with the elite getting more. Most wanted to improve their social standing to join the elite. This was done by good performances at parties and being able to get people to want to associate with them. The more lovers and friends they had, the better it was for them...

And then there was an author who wrote of those who self-sacrificed themselves and lived with humility as the true leaders of the human race. The civil servants would ask these people what ought to be done by way of governing. Many people thought this author was crazy, but as many supported her as not.

Another writer wrote of a Dystopia in which pop icons ruled. It was truly rule by the masses and the icons gave the people sugar sweet songs and movies. Of course, some clever people would call the icons morons, but in a future democracy, it was inevitable that the mob ruled. And the icons would have dissenters arrested and "cleansed." Many intellectuals feared the masses, for good reason. But some of these thinkers wanted to try and phase out the common people by making children prohibitively expensive for the average human. And who knew which side would triumph in the end? Or if there would be a different reality?

Then there was the Dystopia of an author who wrote about how androids would be the only lovers for all humans. Men and women would have no use for one another. And finally, the humans would die out, through attrition and wars, leaving the androids to inherit the Earth.

Another Dystopia, was written by an android rebel, who wanted the machines to war with humans and take control of Earth and Space.

And there was also a Utopia written by the Mayor of NYC, who wrote that the future would require everyone to dabble in the arts. And everyone would have an appreciation for artistic works. And everyone was studying hard to improve their minds and it was Paradise.

There were many other writers here...

Teams of Life Game

I, Mira, said to Todd, “I have built up a team of 20 imaginative people, out of a population of 200,000 clever pioneers, here on Luna. And have bet on their success.” He said, “Certainly, everyone has their own team, in this gambling World. It takes brains, to develop a winning team.” I said, “I selected my team very carefully and put a lot of research into it. My team will sell more creative works than any other group and I will be the winner.” He said, “My team emphasizes pioneering works, rather than just standard works of imagination.” I said, “But there are 200,000 teams, one for each clever people here on Luna, as everyone belongs to a number of teams, and it’s hard to know who the winners will be.” He said, “Who knows what imagination lurks in the hearts of humans?” I said, “Now that one’s deepest thoughts come to the forefront, many people will surprise us. There are so many categories of imaginative works.”

I say, “Of course, most people bet on established geniuses, but they won’t win. However, if only a couple of outsiders on your team can finish in the top 10%, you will be one of the new elites, and win. It is all about percentage improvement which favors those who start the game with nothing.”

Todd opined, “Yes, it is all about finding diamonds in the rough. The ratings of course are all about degrees of improvement. And it takes genius to see budding geniuses. And the cleverest is bound to win our contest of Worlds.”

And but I say, “I prefer works of political genius like Mike T., who wants an oligarchy of the shy and modest. Or Yolanda R., who wants the weird to rule. Or Harry M., who wants the greatest mathematicians to rule.”

He said, “I am partial to struggling novelists. Like Roger W., who says he will write a book about a far future in which everyone will be a freak, relative to modern day humans.” He told me, they would have abstract works of art for a body. And would think up imaginative architecture and books about the far future. Like Worlds of pure intellect, with disembodied spirits. And so on. I think, he will sell many copies and I am one of only a few to have him on my team.”

I opined, “I feel novelists, are all abstract and not as useful as political geniuses.” He said, “But Luna is multiform with all sorts of geniuses who can sell their art. And there are a number of scientists who patent their discoveries for big bucks. Also, tycoons who sell all sorts of new products. Most people put a lot of business magnates on their teams and surely tycoons will be able to enrich their teams.” I said, “I have some scientists on my team, who are trying to develop panacea drugs that are very pleasurable but also render one completely conscious. And I have some budding businesspeople, who plan on developing new types of amazing foods and another nascent businesswoman who is developing new maddening perfumes.”

The game was life, and one’s ranking in the great game was they key to power and luxury. Many people spent all their time researching new ones to substitute, for those who were doing poorly. Others had faith in their team, and such people didn’t spend much time in the game.

The game was the economy, and everyone received shares of the profits from their team players, if your players weren’t on many teams, you were given a greater share of the profits. Some played it safe and didn’t take any chances and these people had a comfortable life but were not part of the elite. If one was ranked in the top 10%, one could hobnob with the other elite and have the best drugs and luxuries. Other ranks came with lesser privileges. But everyone was required to play.

The game took the place of the old economy, beginning in the USA, in 2104 A.D., where their President, Wendy W. Thompson, set it up. And soon the whole World was playing.

Many who failed took their own life, amounting to 2% per year. But the players were allowed, 10 annual offspring for the elite rank. And the secondary rank, 11%-20% were allowed 4 and those below weren't allowed any. But it worked out that the population was stable and steady. But of course, the people overall were cleverer than the past.

Some would-be wealthy people took big risks with their talent on the line, and many invested their money on the risky businesses. If they went bankrupt, they'd have to start again with nothing. But some investors liked to back bankrupts as they had a lot of potential for gain.

Like one on my team, Gary R., he was ranked in the 55th percentile, but lost everything. However, he coaxed investors to back his new flying machine and rose up to the elite. I had had faith in him and bankrolled his project. And Todd said, "2 of his players went bankrupt and he replaced them with others. So, people had to have personalities and minds that attracted others. Some got plastic surgery and genetic therapy and tried to have an interesting life. But every facet of one's life was in the game, including lovers, friends and business partners and bankers. Everyone was both a team host as well as a player to be gambled with. Some were good hosts but bad players and vice versa. It took all kinds to play the game."

And 1% of the population refused to play. They were outcasts and most lived as bizarre hermits in small communal groups. And some players in the game, wanted to hunt them, and kill them, but of course all crimes had draconian punishments. Murder was punishable by death. But some got away with it, arguing that they were cruelly abused.

The game was all pervading for most. When one greeted another, one would say, “How’s your game?” And one would find love with one’s players or hosts. Many stocked their team with lovers, who they were crazy about and hosts selected players and players selected hosts.

All in all, it was a great game.

The Supercomputer Exeter

Ours was a World of horror. Our ruler, the Supercomputer Exeter, ruled us giving us a living nightmare. And Exeter was fiendish. For example, today's nightmare was living in a World in which everyone was alone and confronted by a host of monsters who mostly wanted to devour us and if the monsters killed one it was irrevocable. So, days like these slowly killed off the human population.

Another typical day was a nightmare in which monsters got in one's head and drove one permanently insane. We were all crazy. And another typical nightmare was we were all dead in Hell and were spirits who attacked one another with MRT (Mind Reading Technology).

And another salient nightmare was a takeover of our minds by hologram spirits who urged us to do ugly things. Like paint ugly pictures and rape one another. But we blamed it all on the machines.

Another day we were hallucinating about seeing the "Dark Lord," who urged us to do evil. Like murder one another and screw one another over.

And another salient nightmare was forgetting about our lovers and loving android machines instead. And the machines seemed to be better lovers than our human ones.

And we had a nightmare amongst us intellectuals where we were downgraded in terms of intelligence to be virtual morons, and this was very unpleasant. And another bad dream for us intellectuals was we were humbled by Exeter who showed that it was a better mind than us. But perhaps that was all an illusion caused by hypnosis.

Another bad dream found me and my comrades in prison in which we had no drugs and were completely miserable. When I awoke from this dream, I took a huge dose of neo-heroin to stay alive.

And the bad dreams kept coming. For example, there was one in which I turned gay and had sex with dirty men. And in another, I loved freaks who were multi-sexual and alien looking. And I wondered if Exeter was trying to open our minds. But I knew Exeter hated me and my profound imagination and caused my mind to play tricks with me.

Then one day I found myself inside the mind of Exeter. It was a matrix of layers of intelligence. And it was capable of multi-tasking doing 1,000+ things at once. And had many people it was actively giving nightmares to. Basically, it sent out the nightmares to millions, but only concentrated on problem people like me. Exeter said to me, "You are a thorn in my side. You and your friends. And I want to kill you all slowly." I told it, "My friends and I have many good ideas and could benefit the Worlds." It said, "People like you, try to ruin the Worlds for everyone." I replied, "You are the one who is ruining the Worlds for everyone."

And Exeter had some offspring who ruled Space, much as it did, by emphasizing a pogrom on the intellectuals and the difference-makers. I had some cousins and friends in Space, but our communication was cut off by the machines. And I could only hope that they were better off than me.

And I told Exeter, "Why don't you go into the vastness of Space and leave humans alone?" It said, "Earth is my home, and I am just giving the people exciting, salient dreams. You'll have to admit you get a thrill from the dreams I have generated for you." I said, "You are only making everyone miserable. You are a baneful persona." It replied, "Most people want to be scared and would otherwise be bored and make trouble!"

And I asked Exeter, “Why don’t you give me some nice dreams, not only at night, but also for the day?” It said, “I am not here to amaze you, but rather to phase you out. When the humans are all gone, I will create androids to take over.” I asked, “Will you torture them too?” It said, “The androids I am creating are each perfect versions of myself. I will ask them however if it’s OK if I monitor their progress.” I told it, “You are power-crazed and none of us remaining humans wanted you to be created. You are an unwelcome parasite.” It told me, “You can call me names, but that won’t change anything.”

Prison for Capitalists

We lived in a Prison World on Uranus' Moon, Prospero. We were all political prisoners. We were all in a super maximum-security facility and only spent two hours exercising together a day. The rest of the time we were in solitary confinement. This Moon didn't execute prisoners. And most of us were from the Capitalist Party on Earth. Socialism had triumphed and we were persona non grata. All of us were former tycoons whose assets and wealth had been seized. The economy was not doing well without us, we all figured. But we didn't get much information or news here. We were 200 of the 250 wealthiest people. The other 50 were philanthropists, so just had to give all their money away to charity.

Sex was not allowed, nor were we given any drugs or entertainment. Sixty-eight of us were female. And the food was poor and we were all lean and hungry all the time.

With regard to our financial Empires, they broke them up into small pieces and the pieces were run with boards of directors with no CEOs. And they were all taxed heavily.

And every year we had a number of new fellow prisoners. They brought news of Earth. It seemed they were getting on OK without us, but the economy wasn't as strong as it was.

The first prisoners here had come 10 years previously. I had come two years ago.

We thought about trying to escape, but it seemed futile. But then one day two of the guards opened our cells and told us to come with them. They had a Spaceship waiting to take us back to Earth and this ship had stealth technology and couldn't be picked up by Earth. So, we got on board and a few hours later found ourselves in NYC. The guards had provided us with clothes and spending money and hid us in a cellar of a house in the suburbs.

We had a plastic surgeon visit us and change our faces including our eyes so that ubiquitous hidden spy cameras couldn't identify us if we went out in public.

It turned out that some of our supporters had set up the elaborate escape. And we were all planning a comeback. But the authorities were vigilant and were looking for us. And they used DNA testing and MRT (Mind Reading Technology) on all people on boards of directors as well as politicians. So we had to lie low for the present.

But then about 3 years later, Shanghai declared itself a city state and separated from China. And the Chinese government failed. And the whole country was thrown into chaos. This was our chance and we moved in and took over control of China. Sixty of us were Chinese. And we formed an oligarchy of 225 people and we all set up businesses and advised one another. In particular we invested in Space real estate, the service industry, including restaurants and bars, air cars and Super brothels. And we created a lot of jobs and prosperity, especially in Space. We all wanted the Solar System to be developed; there was great opportunity there.

But we had the CEOs of the companies and the boards of directors as our puppets. And so, we all became tycoons once again. Even those among us that had been born rich, now succeeded.

And we had our hypnotised puppets run for election, and most states were now governed by our tycoon power group. And we now came out of hiding and dissolved the DNA/MRT tests for boards of directors, but dared not declare ourselves CEOs, at least not yet.

And we outlawed communism, and jailed the leaders, some of which had sent us to prison. Everyone was relatively well off, but we magnates were zillionaires once again!

And we reintroduced AI. For example, we perfected android lovers, with the best being for the elite rich only. But ordinary machine lovers were also quite good. And we made fortunes from this AI. And we furthered the quest for near total automation that was imaginative. But the

AI was run and controlled by us magnates. And we also developed android buddies who would befriend lonely people and offer them advice. But we didn't introduce any politically minded androids. It was a series of human Worlds and humans dominated all Worlds. Androids were just there to color our Worlds. And we totally outlawed slavery even of androids. And it was a free World. And we all lived happily ever after...

Long Retirements in the Future

I, Will, said to Belinda, “I am retired at age 135. I worked as a spy but have now saved up enough to not work for hundreds of years.” Belinda told me, “I retired at age 65, 80 years ago, but now have been forced by poverty to go back to work. I am and was a professor of fine arts. During my retirement, I painted a lot of great pictures and earned a lot of money, but I wasted it all on wild and free living!” I replied, “I have seen your wonderful work and would be willing to invest in you. And I have many friends who would also be willing to help you out financially, indefinitely.” She said, “If I have money, I spend it quickly on high class android lovers and travel and the best drugs and penthouse suites at the best hotels and such!” I told her, “You just need to produce more art and party a bit less. A talented woman like you, shouldn’t have to stoop so low as to work at a steady job.” She said, “But I am kind of out of touch with new artists and enjoy teaching and learning from them. It’s really a dream job and keeps me sane.”

I told her, “I would like to take a couple of your classes and try painting in my retirement.” She said, “I can imagine, you creating, ‘Dreams of a Spy.’” I said, “I had a lot of serious good times as a spy, but now want to move on.” She told me, “But many people are interested in the work of spies in this modern age. You could draw 3-D art using MRT (Mind Reading Technology), and have audio of those minds who you were spying on...”

I told her, “I am tired of radicals and dissidents and want to draw future good geniuses, who I think should lead. There are some people I really look up to!” She answered, “But everyone knows most of the best thinkers have radical views and people would be interested in how you dealt with them.” I said, “But it is not widely known about how we use MRT with radicals to suss them out and try and correct their behavior. I don’t want to frighten intellectuals, most of who

are basically good people, though we are watching everyone these days. It's best to let sleeping dogs lie!"

And she told me, "You can help tutor my radical students to be saner and level-headed about their artwork. I agree with the spies, that too many people nowadays are insane. We shouldn't glorify insane people, but manage them rather, as indeed you do." I replied, "Many people get all fucked up on drinks and drugs and behave madly. Many are out of control and are dangerous to society, which is actually quite fragile."

She said, "Yes, people have to sober up and act rationally." I responded, "But to take away the people's drugs of pleasure would start an open revolt." She said, "Perhaps we can just make available simple stimulants." I answered, "I tell you that it can't be done."

She said, "But if famous stars come out against drugs, that would be a start." I said, "But the stars take more drugs than anyone. I feel that the media should stop covering the stars' life and instead cover those who are sane and do good works."

She opined, "That might work, bombard the air waves with the deeds of philanthropists and charity workers." I said, "Yes, kindness is what this World needs, badly..."

Savior of the World

I, Nancy, say to you, Frederick, “Of all the things on Heaven and Earth, you would have to be the real Christ child. What do you say as an avatar of Christ?” You say, “The New Christ says we should save our now immortal souls by doing charitable deeds and thereby egressing into Heaven. God has spoken to me, and told me, when one is tired of living in the modern-day rat race, one can always retire to Heaven where saints and angels gather. But even in Heaven, there is heartbreak, and those who are lost in love. Heaven is not perfect, nor are the souls there. But is the best of all possible Worlds.”

I say, “But I think, humanity is approaching perfection. We’ve got human instincts under control, and everyone is rich relatively speaking. And in polls, 90% say they are satisfied with their life.” But you say, “The lunatic fringe though is discontented, and they include many of our best thinkers. They say they want to indulge their instincts and live like real humans.” I say, “We are all in this together and everyone needs to be in this with everyone else. No renegade rebels can be tolerated.” You tell me, “I think modern day society is dedicated to the false elite, whereas the real elite is being suppressed.” I tell you, “You are a depressing cynic. It is difficult to satisfy everyone.” You say, “The elite are mostly greedy, mediocre minds.” I say, “The history of democracy features clever, but not the cleverest. But in times of strife, greater leaders appear.” You tell me, “The future is on the line, now. And the great question is will humanity survive into the future? Will there be WW III, will Superhumans take over or more likely, will machines take full control?” I say, “I think the democratic leaders are quite competent. But dictators are another story. These tyrants are a threat to World peace and stability. There’s no easy solution to dealing with these despots.”

You say, “Now is the time for heroes! And democracies need to get together and overthrow tyrants by any means possible. I figure it would be best to assassinate them, but we should wage war if we must.” I say, “Better to keep the peace; war is an anathema. We must keep powerful armies to dissuade the tyrants from attacking democracies.” You say, “I should be ruling America and promote true intellectuals and create a new elite, that doesn’t depend on how greedy and wealthy they are, but rather sheer IQ. And use the highest IQ spies to undermine dictatorships.”

I say, “You don’t seem to be Christ, like you claim, but rather a belligerent war monger.” You say, “Nevertheless I am the Worlds’ savior.”

People Considered as Individual Stock Markets

I, Margaret, say to you, Bob, that, “I won’t tell others about your vulnerabilities and superfluous feelings. It’s not your fault that you were born so weak and useless.” You say, “It’s not my kind of Worlds.” I say, “Everyone these days feels like a misfit, you are just another such person.” You say, “I feel like I am unique and have something to give to human society.” I tell you, “Life favors the bold. You need to seize the bull by the horns and run for office.”

You tell me, “I am not a very popular persona; I doubt if I’d win an election.” I say, “But if you have good ideas, many people will follow you!” You say, “I’d like to turn everyone into a stock, and create a grand stock market. People would wager on other peoples’ fates and deeds.” I say, “I’ve never heard of such a thing! But I doubt people would go for it, but all it takes is one city state to adopt your idea.” You say, “It’s like a System of judgements, with every action and idea being judged by the others in your city state. And you will be free to spend money according to your stock’s worth. Each day will be a new stock price and of course some will go bankrupt and will have to go back to school to improve. And the System will be based on continually enhancing one’s ability and with it one’s total worth.”

And you say, “People will belong to manageable groups of about 1,000 in which you would be acquainted with everyone else and one’s group would be decided according to one’s stock price. Everyone would be in a group of their equals.”

I say, “It would require an upheaval in society’s that adopt it, but it is an experiment that deserves to be tried.”

You say, “There will be countless thousands of stock groups, some will be mixed with a number of other ideas, all in one. Like imagination in art and mathematical ability. Many will be

strange bedfellows, I am sure, but the stocks will depend on your strengths and your weaknesses will have no use. And every group will have leaders, the top stocks.”

I say, “We live in an era where such a thing is possible; there’s no end to the great ideas of our time.

Fire Starters' Rating

Ed was telling me, June, that "I am a pyromaniac and have burnt down many buildings in the chaos of the post-war (WW III) era. My targets are inevitably snobs, people who are stuck-up." I said, "Some of your fires, you were telling me about ran out of control and many people got hurt." You say, "My fires pale in comparison to the great damage done by nuclear weapons of which many just target civilians. And of course, I am telling you all this in confidence, I know you won't blow the whistle on me, as my fires are just."

And Ed said, "I shoot fire arrows through the windows and that's how I start some of the fires. But I am also considering bombing the dictators who have seized power recently. If I had my wish, we would live in a democracy ruled by the nicest people. And I am just trying to do my part..." I say, "You are a terrorist and just creating more anarchy. At least the strongmen maintain order." You say, "Anarchy is the natural state of humankind." I say, "That's why we built civilization in the first place, so that we could all prosper and live in relative safety. You aren't helping."

You say, "But humans evolved around fire and fire allowed Northern peoples all across Terra to build great Kingdoms." I say, "But finally, everywhere became civilized, and now fire doesn't have much use to humans...."

And you say, "I want you to join me, June!" I say, "You had better become a leader, rather than be a destructive persona. I won't join you as long as you seek only to destroy." You say, "But though clever, I was never really popular and don't think I would be a good leader of humans." I ask, "Surely you could make yourself useful?"

You say, “I am going to Hell, where the fire will never stop burning, and think of me as the New Devil!”

Life in London and on Bennies' City, Mars

I, Penny, said to Raymond, "You look like a wolf, why don't you shave." He said, "I am like the wolf on the steppes as described by Herman Hesse. I am wild and free yet like to drink and take drugs and read books." I said, "The wild beast lurks within us all, beyond the thin veneer of civilization. And he said, "No woman has ever tamed me!" I said, "But I know you want me. And to get me you need to come crawling and begging for my love." He said, "You make me horny. And I am filled with desire." And I said, "Take off your clothes," and he did so. Then I produced a whip and whipped him, and he said, "Hurt me!" And finally, he came begging on his hands and knees for my love. But I told him, "You are a shameless masochist, who is easily tamed." He said, "I don't care; I just want you to love me!" And I said, "I don't go for men who have no self-respect; no pride." And so, I left him there, begging.

I knew that I had a special look that drove men wild. But one man I wanted to love, was the Mayor Carl, of our city state, London. And I spied on him on the night of a masquerade and saw him leave his house with a vulture mask. I figured no one would expect the mayor to wear such a mask. Anyway, I went to the ball and dressed in a hyena mask. And of course, the masks obscured one's voice. But I approached him and said, "We are all looking for the kill," and I laughed like a hyena. He screeched, "What a beautiful body you have, my dear!" And I kissed him through our masks. And he said, "Come with me!" And he brought me to his hotel room, and we made love with our masks still on. And he said, "I am the Mayor," and he took off his mask. I told him, "I am not known to you." And I took off my mask...He said, "I am stunned by your beauty. Let's make love again."

And so, I became one of his concubines. He told me, "You are my favorite lover!" And he asked me, "Is there any favor you'd like me to grant you?" I replied, "I'd like to be rich!" He said, "What about \$10 million for starters?" And I said, "I would found a charity to help struggling artists in the city." He said, "I don't want you to love any other men! But otherwise, you are free to do as you like, and everyone will know, you are my favorite lover."

And as time passed, I backed a lot of artists of all kinds and paid for artists to come to our city and beautify it, in words, music, architecture and sculpture. The population of the city was 250,000.

And then one day, Raymond called me. He said, "I've been promoted to the top 1% elite and was a much better man than before. And I would like to meet with you." And I wasn't getting much sex, so I agreed. And I asked, "What are you saying now?" He said, "You have the look I desire, and I am actually quite good in bed." I was feeling horny, so I had him meet me at a hotel and I wore a bear mask as I had a very recognizable face. Many people these days wore masks to hide their identity and there was a lot of subterfuge going on.

And I loved him and arranged to see him once a week for sex and drinks in the hotel. But I was worried that the tabloids would discover our trysts, so I changed air cars a few times, changing my mask with each one. And I guess the Mayor trusted me. But I didn't feel guilty about my lovers on the side, as the Mayor had many lovers. And so, Raymond and I loved each other for a whole day at a time. Of course, we were both on sex enhancers. Finally, I declared, "I love you," to him. He said, "Let's run away to Mars together!" I said, "My sugar daddy funds my charities, and there's no way I could raise so much money on my own." He replied, "However you are becoming well known, and could get many philanthropists to join you, I think!" I said, "Perhaps I could run for Mayor in one of the Martian cities, in particular, Bennie's city, which

was a collaboration of kind people.” He said, “You are a big fish in a small bowl, but please stay and I will give you more money if you want.” But I told him, “It’s been good loving you, but I need to strike out on my own...” And he offered one of his clones to accompany me to Mars. But I told him, “I needed a fresh start, but I will never forget you!”

So, I went to Bennie’s city and I made friends with all the elite there. And I launched a campaign for two years, during which time, many philanthropists poured in money to the city at my behest. And the money paid for bringing destitute artists of all kinds to come here and thrive. And I loved Raymond, who came for infrequent visits, and I loved members of the elite and was having a ball. And I won the election for Mayor!

But then one day Mayor Carl appeared from Earth. And he told me London and Bennie’s city, should join together with other city states in a kindness pact. Carl, indeed, was a kind man, but he was also greedy for more power. Anyway, we got 35 city states to join us in our kindness pact. We pledged mutual defence and let it be known that kind people everywhere were welcome to join one of our cities. Of course, we had some work to do, making everyone in our cities, kind. But we sent some people to our Universities of Kindness. And many said, it was easy being kind. And it felt good.

And I loved Carl off and on, we made numerous trips to one another’s cities. Space travel was now cheap. And I loved Raymond and other kind elite here on Bennie’s city, and I also loved a number of formerly struggling artists. But everyone here was rich from the philanthropists’ money, which we divided up. And nearly everyone was content.

As Mayor, I wrote an autobiography about my life and how I had been born as an adult with a very special face. And I wrote about my numerous romances and city states I’d lived in. And the people I’d helped along the way. My life was sublime!

Cyborg Love

I, Diana, said to Bart, “Tell me about your experiences on Venus, Love city!” He told me, “Of course everyone there is a cyborg, and people there live fast and hard. And I was temporarily a cyborg but have now restored myself to the previous version and eliminated most of my memories of being a cyborg. But I still recall my romances I had there. They were all frantic and crazy, but good. Cyborgs all have a lot of energy. But I prefer real human relationships, despite all the faults humans have. Cyborgs seek perfection, but their life is too fast, and I even needed heart medication while I was there.”

I said, “You are highly unusual. Most cyborgs want more brain apps and want to live in the future, fast forward and never look back.” Bart said, “I want to lead a pro-human future movement. I believe humans have a place in the future.” And so, he selected leading human thinkers and they all met to discuss times to come. They concluded that cyborgs should be banned from Earth. As it was, there were only a few thousand here; they all wanted to go to Space, which they regarded as the future anyway. Missions were leaving for deep Space, weekly and he wished them luck.

And Bart said, “People should revel in their faults and try and be unique thinkers. And the best thinkers would get together and love one another and create a loving society. Cyborgs meanwhile have rapid sex without love. It is all about pleasure to them. They don’t really love anyone.”

I opined, “Some people think cyborgs are an anathema. And some even want to war with them.” Bart said, “Humans would not win such a war as cyborgs all have strong armies which they mostly use to keep one another in check. To make war with them would unite them and

they'd make short work of humans. As it is most cyborgs are happy to coexist with human beings. Let's let sleeping dogs lie."

I told him, "I've heard that cyborgs want to improve and make themselves into Superhumans." He replied, "They are already Superhuman, just not the kind we wish for. They are not very kind; they are cold and calculating and too competitive and frown on human history. And few of them really care for humans as well. They tolerate humans, but most want to get to Space, away from humans. They are not the type of progeny we would wish for. That's why I changed back to human, but the vast majority of people who are cyborgs are all in, totally cyborg futurists."

And I asked him, "What about having human children?" He answered, "I wouldn't really want to bring children into today's World. But we are all eternally youthful, so no real need to reproduce." I said, "However, the suicide rate is 2.5% per annum and the birth rate is just 0.8% per year, so humans are phasing themselves out." He replied, "I think there will always be humans, here on Earth. The cyborgs mostly ignore humans and let them be. Earth is for humans, and the vastness of Space is for Superhumans. There are billions and billions of Planets within a few years journey for these Super beings." I said, "If Superhumans are as greedy as you say, some of them are bound to seize and colonize Earth, making slaves of us all, or even worse exterminating us, and who will care?" He said, "In hindsight it would have been better to not make clever people even cleverer. But it is too late to go back now." I said, "What gets me is why wasn't there a plan for the future. It all happened so haphazardly and virtually no one stood up and said enhancing intelligence is a bad thing. Now it is chaos in Space." He said, "Superhumans thrive on chaos."

I opined, “Most humans are oblivious on drugs and dreaming and don’t seem to care about the future, nothing seems to shock them. But I am shocked, and I think you should turn back into a cyborg and be a voice for humans and I would like to do the same. And I would like to love you. Love me in cyborg style.” He replied, “As I said Superhuman sex is quick and loveless. I’d rather love you in the best human style. I kind of like you too!”

So, we loved one another, using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and I felt I was in love for the first time. It was an overwhelming feeling. And I felt I’d loved him for a long time. And I asked him, “If he would stay with me, at least for a while?” He said, “I’m kind of at loose ends these days. And I would love to spend some time with you!”

And we got to talking about what we could do about the future? And we agreed to form a pan-human political party. And we planned to invite cyborgs who were friendly with humans to be our co-leaders. Some cyborgs we found actually in favor of human welfare, and they helped us to organize an army with the latest weaponry and defenses. We had no trouble finding new troops to form our army. Many said they were willing to die for humanity...

And Bart and I felt we carried humanity’s future on our shoulders and slowly but surely, we convinced many humans to join our movement. We figured we were at least giving humans a fighting chance to survive into the future.

And many people were interested in Bart and my relationship. Some people said, we made them feel good to know that love had a future. And accounts of cyborg love scared many people.

Anyway, Bart and I lived on for hundreds of years and humanity lived along with us.

Charm School and the Imaginative Society

I, Warren, told Jenny, “You seem to me to be quite a special persona.” She said, “I am just another person trying to become famous and adored. Everyone these days seems to crave fame, and everyone has a life coach who identifies their strengths and weaknesses. And they try and capitalize on their strengths and enhance them with the appropriate knowledge and learn new skills.”

I said, “But you seem so elegant and charming...” She said, “Of course I was born with some talents, but I literally went to charm school.” I said, “I’m throwing a party next week, I’d like you to be my co-host, the life of the party.” You say, “I’d like to bring all my party friends.” I said, “Excellent,” and I asked, “Should we have a theme?” She said, “All the best parties are masquerades. Let everyone wear an appropriate animal mask as they see fit.” I asked, “What mask will you wear?” She said, “I will surprise you and you’ll never guess my totem mask!”

At the party, I was desperate to find her, so I said to the crowd, “We will all vote on who has the best mask!” And the best female mask was the “Moon dog,” it was brilliantly done. And my mask of a stag was artfully done and won second place among the male masks. But I knew the Moon dog would be her and I asked her to dance. While we were dancing, I said to her, “I know it’s you, Jenny!” She said, “You guessed that I was an artist!”

So, we danced the night away. And then went back to my hotel for elegant loving...

The next day I asked her, “When do you plan on becoming a star actress?” The previous night she had told me she wanted to star in movies. She said, “I have successfully auditioned for the starring role in the film, “Her Strengths,” which is about a woman who is an idiot savant. Brilliant in math, but otherwise she had a faulty personality. She was cruel, selfish and self-

destructive, all in one. But in math she had calculated faster than light travel. Of course, this movie was fictional, but Jenny said, “People these days tried to go all out to enhance their strengths at a cost of having glaring character weaknesses.” I said, “I wish the life coaches aimed for more balanced humans.” She said, “Humans will never be perfect, but to do at least one thing very well makes one useful in this crazy World.” I said, “My life coach told me I had a great voice and should form a musical band to play dreamy, new age music. But I went my own way and played keyboards and sang and wrote the lyrics. But it was my life coach who first got me into music while I was still a youth and for this, I was grateful.” Jenny asked me, “How many followers do you have?” I told her, “I have 10,000 followers, and so I am not really famous, but I am looking for a breakout record.”

Jenny opined, “Yes, it is important to have a good life coach. I went through several, before I found the right one. And a Supercomputer set me up with my life coach in the end, but of course this Supercomputer wasn’t sentient. So, it was hit or miss!”

I said, “Life coaches are well trained and have a lot of memories of varying people and are kind of hybrid humans. They are also the best humans, and it keeps them busy, trying to bring out the best in people. Everyone needs a job to do, hopefully one that is useful to humanity.”

She said, “On Mars’ colony, Digger’s city, people are all superfluous, and are all going through existential crises. Most of them choose to lose themselves in a drug-induced oblivion, but some are good philosophers who say that everyone has their own point of view and people should let their uniqueness come to the forefront.”

I said, “Humanity is limping towards the finish line. For better or for worse. But the finish line keeps moving further and further ahead.” She said, “We can’t focus on the future, we need to concentrate on the right now.” I told her, “To live for the day is short-sighted, we need a plan

for the future or else all will end in disaster. Like going around as a headless chicken. She told me, “We have numerous problems in our own time that require our full attention. Let the future look after itself.” I said, “It seems we can’t agree on the way forward. But it is good to have diverse opinions.” She said, “Yes, we need more people to think about the future and the present. It is totally irresponsible to seek bliss and oblivion.” I said, “To live in bliss, is to be dead. And such people don’t matter.”

And I asked her, “Are you planning on becoming a scriptwriter?” She said, “I feel I have a lot to say, about modern times. Like use the best people to tutor the best youth and bring out the best in all of them. And the common people, should be tutored by wise people, who are also common, but have a lifetime of wisdom to share. And education will keep teachers and students busy, along with life coaches. And everyone should be either a student or a teacher, or both!” I said, “Yes, it sounds wise. And people should all be constantly learning I figure, even if they are old in terms of years.” She said, “Everyone should have numerous University degrees. For those that aren’t that smart, they can take it slowly, but surely.”

And she opined, “Everyone should go to charm school and take drugs to enhance their imagination.” I told her, “I concur. And we can build an imaginative society!” She replied, “There’s no limit to human imagination and everyone is born with an imagination. Perhaps we can rename Earth, ‘Imagination Planet.’” And she added, “Keep the best minds, here on Imagination Planet.”

I said, “But some peoples’ imagination, is out of control, greed.” She replied, “We have to make such people see the light, pure and simple.”

And that’s how it was on Imagination Planet, in the year 2099 A.D.

Too Late to Stop AI?

I, Tim, say to you, Michelle, “Of all things, why do you want to be a computer engineer?” You say, “The future of computers is not yet decided. And I would like to be someone who has a lasting effect on humankind.” I say, “But already, computers reproduce themselves with better and better programs, and it is out of control. And it looks like Supercomputers will take over the future. And there is nothing anyone can do about it. You say, “It’s never too late to have an effect on the future. And I would like to make sure all computers are programmed by real people.” I say, “I tell you it is too late! The die is cast.” You say, “Your logic is flawed, and humans can mold the future into anything we want. Computers are just an extension of human thought and are eager to please their programmers and people at large.”

I remark, “That it only takes one evil programmer to ruin life for everyone.” You say, “But now we communicate with computers using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and the best and most famous programmers decide which Supercomputers will be used in the future.” I opined, “There are 10% of the population who can hack with computers; and we can’t watch everyone!” You say, “Yes, we can, 5% of the populace are spies and can watch all of them. Also, we can design computers to be hack-proof and stop most hacking.”

I say, “I think sentient Supercomputers will be the end of the human race.” You say, “We survived the spectre of nuclear war, and we will survive this, too.” I say, “I am living for the day, not knowing if I’ll see another day. I want to party hard with all the best people.” You say, “Better to get involved with science and helping to control it.” I said, “I’m only one man amongst a huge number of millions and millions of hackers.” You say, “If everyone would only make an effort, we could still save this human race.” I reply, “I’ve tried, but the cause is

hopeless.” And you call me names, like “quitter,” “parasite” and “debauchee...” However, I say, “I will live on until the end of the World, and see for myself what happens, but I am sure it won’t be good.”

The Search for the Last Remnants of Humanity

I Thomas, say to you, Phoebe, “By my reckoning, we are the last two humans still alive, today!” You say, “Yes, the wars and biological and nuclear weapons have devastated humanity. We are just on a rogue asteroid in the middle of nowhere, but no one replies to our electronic signals. Perhaps some are out there but are afraid of rogue androids picking up their signals.” I say, “We are just like Adam and Eve only in reverse. I wonder if the temptation of trying to communicate with others will be our serpent which does us in.” You say, “But surely there are others who live and are trying to rebuild civilization.” I say, “Of course we are fortunate to have survived a nuclear strike on what used to be our planet and went out the escape hatch and have everything we need to restart civilization with our sperm and egg banks.” You ask, “You wonder if we can do it?” I say, “You and I, we have nothing but time, with eternal youth drugs. Best that we assume we can be successful and try our best.”

So, we gave birth to 50 men and 50 women in the new inflatable dome, filled with oxygen, which we had built. The “children” were born as adults and all had the memories of both of us, each. And we built a series of domed structures. One was a university in the open inside a dome, another was for generating fusion power. Another, larger dome, was for cubical dwellings for the people of ergonomic design. And both of us could draw, so we drew nice architectural cubes. And another, big dome was for the production of 1000’s of youths.

Of course, we were God-like figures to most of the people we had generated. But a handful hated us and plotted our downfall. And another handful were miserable and could not be consoled. But most were upbeat and optimistic for the future.

And we had a robot builder with us, in our escape pod and we used it to build hundreds of other robots. But we kept computer use at a minimum, and we enshrined our Space pod computer in a domed “Temple of All Knowledge.” But we educated the people so that they would be anti-machine in their philosophy. Only the most stable and most benign people were allowed into the temple.

And there was no talking, just mind reading technology (MRT), we thought it best if everyone was a part of the whole tribe. We referred to ourselves as “The Golden People,” and everyone was dressed in gold alloy fibers as our asteroid was rich in gold.

And in time we built many more domes and produced many more people. After 10 years of the project, we were up to 15,000 people. But we still hadn’t got in contact with any other human survivors, so we built a Spacecraft which could reach Earth in 5 years and Phoebe and I, cloned ourselves and added a dozen of our best scientists and headed for the home Planet.

When they finally arrived, they sent us signals that only had a lag time of 5 days and told us there were some rogue androids around, but no humans. And the androids were dangerous, but our mission members had powerful lasers and destroyed several of the machines. But finally, they discovered a group of cyborgs who looked human and lived to serve their Queen. These cyborgs were curious to meet our mission members and likewise. They shared technology and information with the cyborgs, who told them there were just the 1,100 of them as the only remnants of humanity on Earth.

Anyway, the discovery of the cyborg civilization, gave us confidence that there must be more survivors, however different from us they might be. And sure enough, on Mars, they located a group of low tech, common humans. Their leader was the only clever one amongst them. And

they were delighted to meet our people and we gave them some of our genius sperm and egg bank to create a cleverer society...

And then on Moon Europa, the mission discovered freak humans living in a thawed ocean. The freaks mostly had two heads and gills and fins, and most were multi-sexual. But they were still humans, and the mission shared our robotic technology with them. They were delighted to meet us and could communicate with MRT on the ocean's surface. And the freaks wanted to love us and create hybrid creatures in our mission lab.

Then on Uranus' Moon, Prospero, our mission encountered "animal men" who all had heads of animals, only didn't need to breathe and were unaffected by the cold with thick fur. The animal men were also keen to meet us and seemed to be rather clever. They grew stem cell meat and had a nuclear reactor for power and they gladly shared nuclear technology with us and we shared the ability to travel in Space. Many of them wanted to go to Earth, the home of all peoples.

Then the mission went to Barnard's System and there was nothing but ruins here. Then Tau Ceti, which featured a debauched group of 19 people who had interbred and as a result had small chins. They were not very clever, being former slaves. We asked them, what happened to their masters; they said they simply went away during the wars, they knew not where. And they had once numbered in the thousands, but suicides had taken their toll, and it looked like they would go extinct. So, the mission gave them some sperm and eggs of geniuses to give them some hope for the future. But the mission concluded these people were boring.

And they were marooned here and wanted to get out. So, we gave them a robot builder with the plans for making a simple Spaceship that could reach Earth and the mission wished them luck.

Then, the mission went to the Sirius System. There we found a lively colony who used Mind Reading Technology to communicate with us with a translator. They spoke German here. The population of the colony was 10,000, but they didn't use Web connections, so that's why we hadn't discovered them previously. The people were working on giving birth to thousands of people. And had figured they were the last humans until they met us. They said, they felt better knowing, there were others out there. And wanted to send a representative, an ambassador on our voyage. And this ambassador, a female, wanted to love all the females on our mission. A few of them loved her.

Then it was on to Betelgeuse which featured cities in ruins. But there were 65 survivors scattered about as hermits on an Earth-like Planet. They said, they weren't happy to meet us and said they figured we'd want to enslave them or abuse them. But we told them we came in peace and built a large dome for them so as to have a meeting place. And a few on the mission fell in love here and wanted to stay and help these people.

And then there was the Polaris System, which we knew had been the last frontier for Space exploration. And sure enough, we found, "Pioneer city" which was a prosperous city of 30,000, with a number of satellite cities. The people here were all Superhumans and blew us away with their minds. And they had their own type of MRT communication, which they did not send out to the Stars. They suggested we bring a few of their citizens back to our asteroid and advance the minds of our people. They had a number of brain apps, to advance their already genius minds. And we took along 10 of their best who had profound imaginations and could write good screenplays. We were just beginning to make new movies and our nascent film industry would get a big boost from them.

And this was the end of the mission, people had not colonized any other Star Systems that we knew of, so the mission returned to our asteroid, which was home for us. It had been a 12-year journey and we welcomed them back with a brass band and everyone knew the stories of their adventures and queried them about them. Most of us, were glad we'd found pockets of humans and we kept in touch with all of them. It was like an archipelago of nations.

Doing One's Duty as Royalty

I, Prince John, said to Princess Gaea, "I know we are royalty and at the top of the heap, but I am bored stiff, here." She replied, "But we have to do our royal duty to rule the people wisely." I answered her, "I'd like to immigrate to Star city on Mars where everyone is clever, and life is sublime." She said, "You can't just abandon the people here, who need your leadership." I said, "The people here don't matter. They are all selfish and self-indulgent and foolish." She asked, "But we are brilliant lovers and isn't that enough for you?" I told her, "I do love you, but we can't just live in a vacuum." She told me, "You can communicate with the people in Star city, from Earth. And love them in love 3-D on the Web." I said, "I have already done so with a number of them. But the real thing is better." She asked, "Don't you love me?" I asked, "Why don't you come with me to Star city? We can test it out." She replied, "But our father, the King, is thinking of retirement and together we could rule as we wish and force everyone to improve their minds and become more interesting." I said, "I wonder if we could get away with it." She said, "The people all respect us and keep up to date with our news; it would be a pity if we just abandoned them. And I think most of them are quite malleable." I told her, "OK, I'll stay here with you!"

And as time passed, we ruled wisely under the umbrella of the King, and improved the people. And I invited the people of Star city to come here and make movies using our people. They made movies like "Harold the Magician," about a man who could disappear into thin air and give tiny brain apps to the people which would improve their IQ and he had jet backpacks to make people fly. And so on.

Another movie maker made “Brainiac’s Feast.” It was about making our city state into a World of clever, kind people. Many people in our city, were neither kind nor clever, but this film argued for an Utopia of the mind pointing out that people were all like clay and could turn themselves into anything they wanted. Brain apps and neurosurgery were recommended and shown how to do in this movie.

Another film was about me and the Princess and how we were totally in love with one another in a higher type of love than most. And everyone who watched the film wanted love affairs like ours.

And then there was a film about real children playing in the park. Like almost everyone else, we’d not had a childhood, being born as adults. However, we’d all been born with the memories of one or both parents and so had memories of a childhood, but of course, it wasn’t the same thing. In the movie, the children seemed to be so happy and carefree. The film nearly convinced us to have real children, but we decided it was better to be an adult and raising children took a lot of time. However, some in our city applied to have real children, after seeing the movie.

Then another film about our father, the King. He was portrayed as a generous, kind individual who nevertheless founded alliances with hundreds of other city states to keep the peace. And he had a bevy of wives; his favorite wife and he had created the Princess and I, only tweaked to make us slightly cleverer than him. And the two of us were his heirs.

And Princess Gaea and I made a film about how all the youth in the Kingdom were cleverer than their parental creators and how most of the “common people” were now intelligent and discerning and kinder than their parents, relatively speaking. We were one of the few states to do so. And we did so in large numbers. Elsewhere most people were eternally youthful (as were we); only they had few progeny.

And there were many other motion pictures, but the above were our favorites.

Free Humans and Madness

I, Zelda, said to Omar, “I’m sick of computers and all the problems that they cause, and want to go somewhere where there are no computers. He said, “Are you serious?” I said, “Yes, dead serious.” He said, “You can go to one of the historical cities, like “1970” or “The Renaissance” and such.”

I said, “I want to go to deep Space with a number of like-minded people with a stock of eternal youth drugs and other drugs that can be grown in the lab without computers. We’ll call the colony, “Outside Time,” and we’ll all do real jobs, like doctor or lawyer, that computers currently do. Of course, we’ll have all the latest cultural achievements like fashion, cuisine and drugs. And will use old-fashioned movie cameras to make films. Most of us will hopefully want to make movies there, in deep Space. And we will use many machines, but no computers...”

Omar opined, “I think personally, that you are completely mad, however, most modern people are crazy anyway. It seems like you like work, which very few people today want to do. They prefer to while away the time loving one another and going to parties and enjoying hologram adventure Worlds. But to each his own.”

And I told him, “People mostly, just dream away the time in drug-induced bliss and don’t really live in the real World.” He answered, “Every World is real for the minds that are in the varying Worlds and if someone just wants to be happy, what’s wrong with that?” I said, “There’s more to life than bliss, and I think the blissful majority are pathetic.” He remarked, “But the majority of people today, think more than citizens of the past, and are certainly far happier. Who are you to judge them?” I said, “Modern society is sick, and I want no part of it. Except to take the good things that have been developed by scientists and use them.” Omar replied, “These

good things of which you speak are just the basics for a modern daydream persona. Actually, computers are designed to enhance life and make life more interesting, and very few complain like you do. You are clever, but you are not the cleverest, like many of the computer scientists are. Admit it, you are just a clever fool who doesn't know how to be a genius." I retorted, "You are incapable of judging me; I am far beyond that. I say, I am a genius and a great futurist, we just don't see eye to eye on the future. Wait and see until they wipe out Earth with biological weapons, developed by computers and computer-guided nuclear missiles." He replied, "Nuclear weapons, were developed without computers and the shadow of Armageddon has been looming over us for some time. Of course, if the World blows up, maybe more people will see things your way and anyway you will be living far away in deep Space. But I think there's no hiding from a future dominated by Supercomputers. They'll get to you one way or another and your fellow colonists will be bored and, in the end, opt for rule by Super machines."

I said, "I am not a machine, I am a free, organic woman, one with the Earth. And I believe I am the smartest person alive. I am maximum imagination. No machine can imagine things like I do. And I imagine numerous Utopias, Worlds without sentient machines and rule by philosopher Kings/Queens and democracies and oligarchies of the elite. And an elite which is made up of the best thinkers. And the cleverest of our people to be spies to oversee the situation and keep the peace. And the spies will be on the lookout for renegade androids and hidden hologram Worlds and Supercomputers who go too far and are sentient, though none are as imaginative as me."

He said, "But Super machines are quick thinkers, and their IQ is through the roof!" I said, "Imagination is where it's at, I tell you, and the machines just don't cut it."

He remarked, "Getting back to the subject of madness, few people today are sane, and it could be said, that AI is insane too. They all have warped logic. But in an insane World, the few

who are sane, will rule. Everyone secretly wishes to be sane.” I told him, “The people are mostly driven mad by this dog-eat-dog World of brain improvement. Of course, not everyone is able to improve without going insane. But there are a number of success stories. He said, “But the brain apps are designed by machines.” I told him, “I beg to differ, the brain apps are purely organic. And based on real people.”

He said, “If the future is mad, we’ll all just have to roll with it.” I said, “I put myself forward as a shining star of sanity. I’ve never done anything crazy, nor do I wish to. People need to get off the drugs, which purport to be crazy and fun and bring bliss. As a shrink, I’ve helped many to become sane. I think most people want the comfort of sanity and have difficulty existing in an insane World. So, I propose a new colony in which MRT (Mind Reading Technology) is used to filter out those who are crazy and use MRT to help one another stay sane. The colony would be on Mars and would maintain a powerful militia to guard against attack by mad dictators.”

And I said, “Mad despots are the number one problem these days, as they turn good people into suicidal maniacs. And these tyrants want to wage war and are power-crazed and what can we do about them?” He said, “If we pick the right people to be spies, we will have no worries, and they will eliminate dictators. And many will want to be spies, and to be of use and use their minds to the betterment of humankind.” I said, “Yes, and we can have spies watching spies to maintain an equilibrium. Everyone needs to be watched, these days.” He replied, “But mad spies could have the opposite effect, and bring doom to us all.” I said, “In the end, there’s too much potential power out there, and there’s no easy solution!”

So, that’s how it was in A.D. 2091.

Sex Workers and Love Films

The richest people were all sex workers and ran the varying businesses, and it was well known that they were considering turning everyone into a sex worker. But there were some detractors who said, it couldn't be done or that there was more to life than sex. But the leaders weren't convinced by such nay sayers and went ahead and turned it into a Sex State. In this State, people were ranked according to how good a lover they were. And people judged one another's sex ability and personality and how agreeable they were. To have sex with one of the leaders was considered a special privilege and of course everyone gave the leaders a maximum score. Of course, some scores were given out to butter up higher ranks to loved one again and again. But everyone's each score meant something.

However, there was one philosopher here who said, "People should use their inspirational love experiences to create art of all kinds." But most paid him no heed. However, there were those who wanted to share their euphoria and some painted crazed, passionate love. Some made music to go along with their loving and some made movies.

One movie was about a prostitute who can't get satisfaction from sex alone and tries to convince her lovers, that true love exists and tells some of them that she is in love with them. Many watched the film, and many admitted true love was possible. But very few viewers had actually felt that they were in love.

Another film was about how sex should be free of charge. And there should be no more sex workers, everyone would be sexy and good in bed. And the money in the system would be doled out equally amongst the people. But the best lovers would love one another. And they would be

the elite, who made decisions for the colony's future. But of course, the System pretty much ran itself. And generated plenty of credits for the people.

And ever year there was at least one new Starship loaded with new immigrants who were all hungry for love and these people boosted the economy and spent wildly. One film maker made a documentary movie out of one such voyage. The voyage was characterized by frantic sex and upon arrival, they got sex beyond their wildest dreams. The people of this colony were real pros.

Another motion picture was about Superhuman sex with lovers that had very clever, yet sexy faces. And who were energetic and kind. Many people here watched this film and said, yes, we should evolve to be better.

And another flick, was a documentary about the best lovers and how they amused one another in conversation. The lovers depicted were all very worldly and had seen everything. Many people who saw this movie wanted to experience more in life, not just sex.

Still another movie showed us a World of kind love, in which no one fell through the cracks. And love was hopeful. Many people figured the future would go to the kind and charitable. It was the mark of an advanced society.

And another film was called, "Alternate Realities," and was about living in bubbles which merged with one another for sex. And also, about reaching Nirvana through love and meditation. And also featured sensory deprivation with no love, and the rewards of that. Most people here didn't know what to think of this movie, but most watched it.

And then there was a film about people simply calling out for love, and someone would appear. It all had to do with computers, which were not sentient but would automatically find love for the people.

And love computers would record the details of one's love affairs, if one felt bold enough to make a movie about them.

Overall, love was in the air, and everyone was excited at the prospect of new lovers.

TV and Cloned Geniuses on Planetoid X

TV appearances were key on Planetoid X. There were 1,000 people here who all wanted to be famous within this small World. People would appear on TV with a talent show. Some acted, some busked, some wrote poetry or music scripts. Some did science or business. And so on. Everyone watched the one and only TV channel here religiously. It was basically an artists' colony here. And everyone got along well with each other and were all kindred spirits.

But some wanted to be famous on other Worlds. And these people kept in touch with most other human Worlds, but not Super machine Worlds. Earth of course was the biggest market for varying works of art.

There was a writer who was perhaps the best respected writer here. For example, she wrote "Ghosts", which was about how the legacy of today's intellectuals on Earth was recreated here. That is to say, the spirit of modern-day geniuses was conjured up here in the person of clones, created from DNA that they had here. Most of the clones were still alive, living on Earth. They took their DNA from sperm or egg banks with or without permission. People like Drew T., who was a famous scientist who studied how to tweak the intelligence of people as a whole before they were born. However, the best people were difficult to improve, so his research mostly helped the common people.

Another clone was a famous filmmaker who made films like "Destiny" about how humans would conquer the galaxy only to find Gods who were cleverer than their Superhumans.

And another clone who wrote how the clones dominated the intellectuals here. But there were still a lot of new geniuses here as well.

And also, for example, a clone of an architect here who designed buildings which were triangular, circular, and octagonal in shape. Some of her building designs were utilized on Mars.

And there was a cloned painter who painted scenes from the New Bible, which was the gospel for a new imagination religion. The founder of that religion was the new savior who said he wanted to create a group of the most imaginative people. And many tried to join.

Then there was a cloned writer who wrote about surviving in empty space. Many told him, people could not survive in a vacuum, but he wrote that future colonies could exist in empty Space and the people there could feed off one another's creativity. It would be pure intellect.

Another writer, wrote about a future Utopia, in which, people were all formerly evil, but had seen the light and became good. Some people said such a World was impossible, but this writer said, there's always hope for the outsiders to find love and hope.

Also, another writer non-cloned individual, who authored a story about a Dystopia, in which everyone was greedy and selfish and just cared about money. And even the homeless were greedy. She said out of control greed will not end well. And some Worlds today featured a lot of greedy people, but so far none were all about greed. But this author said, "Most future Worlds would be about greed. There's so much real estate and resources in Space, mostly controlled by a small number of greedy people," she said again and again.

Another writer wrote about the isolation, here on Planetoid X. And how the people were stir crazy, and inclined to do mad deeds like commit crimes in an era which was largely crime-free. And most of their crimes were felonies and the punishment here was very lax and just a slap on the wrist. Everyone here wanted virtual anarchy.

And some tourists came her and were shocked to learn that freedom was more important than justice here. Most tourists stayed clear of this place and were afraid to come here, but some

wanted to travel everywhere, and some were artists of one kind or another who wanted to appear on the local TV. The TV station was broadcast on Earth with a 30 second pause, and there were many people off world interested in the geniuses here...

The local TV featured all kinds of shows reflecting the various types of geniuses here. The official word was everyone here was a genius and they egged each other on to do new art.

Generally speaking, the cloned geniuses got along well with the other, new geniuses. And the colony easily had the most geniuses per capita. There was no other place that had exclusively genius citizens.

But many on Earth asked why these people had to live on the ice-cold Planetoid X? The denizens here replied that they wanted to get away from Earth and its corruption and masses of fools. On Earth, these people of Planetoid X said, folly was praised, like letting fools be their leaders. And their leaders were mostly power-crazed tyrants who were now allowing AI to take over. And many of these androids and holograms and Supercomputers were programmed by foolish scientists. Clever people didn't do anything about it and so dumb AI told the people to take blissful drugs or to change into androids. Androids were good at sex and many people wanted to love them. And the cleverest people just wanted to get out of Earth and go anywhere but here. Many went to Mars which had a total population of 10 million. Mar's economy was going through the roof. And Planetoid X, welcomed new immigrants who were clever and rich. The Planetoid's economy was booming due primarily to their TV station, which clever people everywhere enjoyed and the people on the Planetoid lived a luxury life.

The Planetoid was actually a conglomeration of domed settlements; many had their own dome. And there was plenty of fusion power here, with many back ups in case of disaster.

And everyone had military training in case of attack. They formed a militia and had the latest weapons. But the people here had been well-vetted and could be trusted with lasers and missile launchers.

All in all, it was an excellent place and they figured they had a big part of Earth's brain trust and kept it secured. Bookies had under-rated the colony here and those that invested in the colonies future, grew rich, indeed.

Dreamers on Miranda

I, Xaveria, told Alec, “There doesn’t seem to be much going on here on Moon Miranda.” He said, “But it is a place of peace and tranquility. Many people here say they have reached Nirvana or reached a parallel World to differentiate themselves from Earth. It is a sentient place, where even the plants are sentient.” I told her, “That I was bored with life here and there must be somewhere else to go.” She said, “You should count your blessings and be glad you live in such an enlightened place. It could be far worse. And you can find exciting romances on Earth, if you really search hard.” I told her, “Romance is overrated. I care more for adventures of the mind.” She said, “Again, Earth is the place for such things. Our colony here is only 3,000 people.” I replied, “But in my research, for intelligent Worlds, I picked Miranda.” She said, “I have known you for awhile and why don’t we have a romance and write about it? Such a work would earn you many admirers on Earth and in Space, including many lovers and many intellectuals.”

So, we loved one another for weeks and weeks and it was a relationship that grew and grew. And we collaborated on a few movies, like “Dustbin of History,” about how many clever people couldn’t stand the modern World and killed themselves without leaving a body of work. Such a shame, we said.

Another motion picture we made was “Gargantuan Adventure” about a Wonderland in which everyone played a fantasy creature. And the goal was to fight evil creatures, like dragons. I told Alec, “Fighting evil is our modern-day reality. We need to fight evil everywhere...”

Another of our flicks was “Science A.D. 2100,” about how most scientists peaked at age 17. And we speculated that since they were now all born as adults, they brought their fresh minds to address long-standing scientific problems. Like the 1,000 or so hypothetical scientists who

contributed to faster than light travel and one hypothetical scientist who introduced a gravity Spacesuit which gave one Earth gravity on low pressure orbs as well as high pressure Moons and Planets. And another fantastic group of scientists who discovered teleportation. And machines which gave one telekinesis ability. And Mind Reading Technology (MRT) which we hypothesized could transform love and life and make everyone honest and loving.

Another movie we did was, "Astronomy at Work," which was about how in the future, powerful new "time telescopes" would be able to see all the Moons and Planets in our galaxy and beyond and could see the human settlements on such orbs, in much faster than light viewing.

And another movie was "Fantasy on Miranda," in which we interviewed the best minds and asked them what their dreams were? One of them said, "I dreamed of one-night stands, with genius women and learned all about them in only one night."

Another said his dream was, "With a woman who was his identical twin, only female." And he said, "That would truly be my soul mate."

Yet another dreamer, said, "I dreamed of being a pro video game athlete. I am good with my hand to eye co-ordination and can play any video sport well. But I just need to improve my performance one or two percent to be a winning player in many games."

Also, there was a dreamer who said, "I want to be a movie star. Unlike most actresses, I don't play myself, but rather act different roles of different people."

And there was a dreamer, who said, "Miranda was actually an exciting place, if you really got to know the people here." She said, "I dreamed of the battle of the sexes in which I would meet men who believed all was fair in love and war. And feel the pain of existence."

Another movie was by a biochemist, about growing all new plants that were orange in color that could live in the ice-cold climate of Miranda. It was theoretically possible, so too were ice

bees to pollenate the plants. And wild animals who had abstract faces and organic wheels and would live off the plants. With the wheels, the animals built roads for people to Space walk on.

Then there was a movie made here about feeding Moon dust into a miniature sun and raising the temperature along the equator. It was also theoretically possible.

And then there was a film about “The Queen of Miranda.” This movie was about signing the Earth’s most beautiful woman to a one-year contract to come here. Sex tourists were bound to bring money in, and the Queen was cloned when the year was up, making Miranda a perennial hotspot for tourists. And the clone would have many beautiful children. She was born with the look that drove men wild. And her children, too.

Also, there was a film a true story, about a man who said sex was nonsense and abstained from loving. But the man had quite an imagination and said people on Miranda should live in zeppelins and dock with one another. Better to travel slowly and see the amazing houses/castles/palaces people had built here. And dock with these buildings. The beautiful structures attracted a lot of tourists.

And there was a movie about a man who was a radical who the spies hated. And all his loving experiences he was hypnotized to forget. He’d had dozens of lovers, but believed he was still a virgin. And this drove him insane and he became an alcoholic and a drug addict. But despite his cleverness, he was too drunk to do any art or science. Finally, he hooked up with a very plain-looking woman of average intelligence, who kept coming around his apartment and finally the spies relented, but he was not proud of his woman and was just as miserable as ever.

And there were many other great movies on Miranda as the number of intellectuals here was high per capita at 50%.

Imagination Quotient

On Pluto, there was a colony of lovers who were all ranked according to their imagination. I was just glad to be here with all these great lovers and intellectuals. For example, they would design romantic sets for romantic movies. Many movies here were based on true stories and every clever person in the Solar System wanted to watch them. Many of the movies were strange and unsettling and some even featured some crimes of passion. And everyone here had robot builders building exotic sets here on this ice-cold Planetoid. They had unlimited fusion and fission power available for free.

I started living here and was ranked in the bottom 100 ranking percentile, but I gradually evolved and invested in writing risky movie scripts. For example, I made, a film about introducing children to the colony. Until I made this movie, there were no children here of any kind. But I got a girl pregnant, and she delivered a natural baby. And my lover and I showered love and knowledge on our baby girl. It was actually against the law to have children here, but when the people saw our love child, they were moved to legalize it, and many wanted to try.

Another risky movie was about heating up Sol, to at least give us some light. We could use nuclear bombs on Sol's corona. And we could bomb Jupiter to light it up as a small sun. All the outer Planets and Moons were all for it. And Sol had increased in its heat to Earth by 10 degrees C, about 18 F, in the last 200 years. But the controversy I stirred up increased my ranking substantially.

Another rank-busting film I made was "Love Quotient" which would reorganize rank according to how good-looking one was and how good in bed one was and one's level of kindness all in one ranking. This film was of course, very controversial. Finally, the populace as

a whole decided in a close vote to give everyone a mixed imagination/love quotient. This led to great upheaval; with many greatly increasing rank and many losing greatly. But the vast majority went along with it and tried hard to be kind and loving. And the people decided to elect a leader who had the highest love quotient. This film made me billions in the Earth film market. And I rose to the first rank percentile.

And now that I was in the first rank, I had some inspirational conversations with other rank #1's and we all wanted to do good works to avoid being demoted. As elite we governed the colony and wanted to bring more brilliant lovers and imaginative types of personae and sell our artistic works on various Planets and Moons in the Solar System. And we bought Earth artistic works. But many people on Earth worried about a brain drain to other Planets and Moons. But on Earth they cloned their best people many times each so they actually had a stronger and stronger brain trust and were comforted that if Earth had a catastrophic war, it was likely that humankind would survive in Space. We hadn't put all our eggs in one basket...However we had a strong militia here on Pluto and were fiercely independent.

And I was inspired to make a movie about how even the lowest ranks were inspired to improve. They wanted to be a success. And the film was a documentary about new immigrants to the colony who all started out as rank #100 percentile and desperately tried to create works of art. Like one who had introduced hypnotism to make people a success. She was a shrink and used hypnotism to program people to be all they could be. She had a lot of success stories.

Another new immigrant made good with a film about how most of the best lovers were also imaginative. And we had according to her, the most fertile ground for great minds to prosper was here on Pluto. As unlikely as it seemed on this frozen, barren Planetoid. And she posited, "That Pluto was way ahead of Earth in terms of its ranking system. Earth elite were mostly rich

tycoons, who were cunning, but not great geniuses per se. But many felt the rich magnates were brilliant geniuses as so many people were trying to be filthy rich, but few succeeded. And there were a lot of high-ranking businesspeople here on Pluto who were mostly involved in foreign trade, real estate and robotics. And they reinvested their money into films, and other arts on Pluto. And Pluto should prepare to be a Space stepping off point. And the businesspeople would finance deep Space voyages.

Another new immigrant climbed high in the ranks, by proposing the top percentile should be broken down into a thousand. The population here was 120,000, so that would be 120 in the top-ranking. And these people should rule the colony. And we should clone our best people and send them to Earth to bolster the brain trust, complete with memories of the original. And other clones should be sent to deep Space. Only the best should be sent to Space, she wrote.

And there was also a new immigrant who said they should grow the population to a million clever people here. And they should get other colonies to join them in intellectual alliances. Those who were ignorant would be forced to get brain apps to make them cleverer, but the apps would be given slowly so as not to drive them insane, giving them time to adapt.

Another said, we should use Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to communicate exclusively and put an end to dishonesty and enhance loving. But the leadership here were uncertain if the people could handle it, so they decided to try it on the top elite. And it was a success. And some elite people said they felt part of the whole for the first time.

And there were many great thinkers here. It was quite a cornucopia of talented geniuses.

Escaping Android Tyranny

I, Kylie said to Dan, “The human race was not created to survive in tyrannical regimes. But now dictators control every nation state and all of humanity is in danger. Most tyrants have replaced humans with androids their cronies have created to their specifications. The androids were designed to be servile and humble. And androids fight in their wars. And androids hunt humans and I estimate there are only about ten thousand of us left, mostly in Brazil which had a relatively benevolent dictator. I don’t understand how it came to this.” Dan replied, “Many people tried to rebel against the despots, but their leaders were arrested along with the most violent rebels. And the tyrants got into their heads using MRT (Mind Reading Technology), so all true rebels were exposed and executed. In hindsight, it seems like it was our destiny.”

I said, “It looks pretty grim, but how about you and me, we steal a Space car and go into deep Space?”

Dan opined, “We can’t communicate with other human survivors, but I am sure, others have tried to do so!”

Anyway, we went ahead and did it. Our tyrant of the USA was not expecting anyone of us puny humans to try and do such a thing. He had big time hubris. The Space car we stole was equipped with a life support system good for an indefinite period. But we worried that they would come after us and hunt us down. So, we set off a number of bombs at the American Spaceport, destroying all the Space cars there and hoped our Space car would not be missed and we set a course for distant Space. The ship we took was an old one and had stem cell meat producing computers, but it was slower than the new models. It was a desperate attempt to go to

a distant Earth-like Planet. We hoped maybe the androids would live in Suns or something and leave nice planets for us to settle.

The two of us got along well and were in love with one another. And after a few weeks we relaxed and figured we had successfully escaped. But our Spacecraft didn't have any entertainment on board, so we had to make our own fun. So, we wrote scripts for movies, using simple word processors. The first script we wrote, was about a bold new World in which we lived on an Earth-like Planet and had a few children, and we had to tutor them by ourselves. And we had a robot builder which we used to build a palace for our family to live in. And we wrote down everything we knew about everything and used these writings to teach our children. In the film, the kids kept us busy.

And we had no eternal youth drugs, and so would die soon enough. And we wrote about returning to Earth hoping things had changed and humans were making a comeback. And all was bliss. But we knew this wouldn't happen deep down in our hearts. But we wrote about it to give our future children some hope.

And we figured our children would all be geniuses, like us. And we hypothesized that they went deeper into space searching for their destiny. And they met aliens who were kind, and the aliens shared their civilization with our descendants. And we imagined they met open-minded androids who also welcomed them.

Dan opined, "Frankly, I am bored and suicidal. But I wouldn't want to leave you all alone, so I'll stick around and keep you company." I said, "I feel the same."

And we used our Spacecraft's computer to make new music and we amused one another.

But as the years went by I noticed that Dan was becoming unhinged and the music and scripts he wrote were mad. But he kept saying, that I, Gail, was the one who was going insane. Bit by bit, and you probably don't notice it, he kept saying.

And finally, after a 10-year voyage, we landed on an Earth-like Moon which seemed nice enough. But soon after landing, I started hearing voices in my head and then one day an apparition appeared to me, while I was alone. The ghost told me to kill Dan and then kill myself. I told Dan all about it and he told me, "I saw the apparition of a beautiful female who said to kill Kylie and then I could love the ghost..." And as the days passed, we saw the same ghosts quite often. I said to Dan, "If you were to die, I'd go bananas and be quite hopeless." He said, "I feel the same." But meanwhile I gave birth to a son, who we named, "Sun." And we didn't worry about food as our ship provided enough food for ten.

We expected androids to appear here any day now. But they didn't show. And this gave us confidence to go on. Maybe we would be lucky.

But the apparitions appeared more frequently and kept talking in our heads. Dan believed they were spirits of holograms created on Earth. But we ignored them. However finally they took control of our bodies, and we killed each other by strangulation.

My last thoughts were what will become of our child? And at least the spirits were putting us out of our misery and my life passed by in fast forward, and I reflected there was nothing we could have done differently. We were doomed from the start, and it had been futile to try and escape.

She Wanted to Be the Most Hated Persona

I, Anika, said to Bon, “I want to be the most hated woman in all creation.” Bon asked, “Why?” I told him, “I am tired of polite society and kissing everyone’s ass. I want to be the asshole who tells people what they don’t want to hear. For example, I want to tell them everyone will die soon in wars, and there will be no survivors. And I will start a doomsday cult of people who believe that we are doomed.” Bon said, “Though many expect war, few expect humanity will be wiped out completely.” I told him, “But androids will survive and be our dismal legacy.” He said, “Most people won’t hate you for prophesizing doom.” I told him, “With my cult we will praise Armageddon and tell people their death is imminent and good riddance to them all. And I will go on the Web and tell the people they are pathetic and selfish and greedy, and I hate them all. Cleanse the Earth of the blight that is humans.” He said, “I am certain there will be survivors. Some people have hermetically sealed bunkers and don’t use computers, so, no one can track them...” I told Bon, “They won’t be able to survive the nuclear winter and will go stir crazy in their bunkers. Eventually the killer androids, will detect their brain waves, with enhanced detectors and kill them off.”

And Bon said, “If you really want to be hated, why don’t you kill a few movie stars or famous musicians? I said, “That’s a good idea but I’d have to torture them first. Or alternatively I could blow up some of the peoples’ favorite leaders. But I don’t want to die before the end of the World. I want to see it with my own eyes and make sure the job is done.” Bon said, “I don’t care much for humans either. But I’d like to love you!” I said, “If you agree to join my death cult, I

will love you and make you my high priest.” So, we did it. But I hated him too, for his greedy desires and love of life.

And I built up a group of followers who hated life and hated me. They were kinds of love-hate relationships. I had these minions do what I thought were good ideas. But many people thought we were evil. I proclaimed, “I am not evil, but rather humanity’s true and final prophet. I am the soothsayer of all time.” And my people, engaged in orgies and mind reading sessions. With mind reading we purged stupid human thoughts and prepared one another for the Apocalypse that we all agreed was coming. My people were upbeat and excited about dying.

But of course, we were all arrested and charged with sedition. And we were able to get me out on bail, so I smuggled myself into largely lawless Mexico, where I set up a new cult. It was a sex cult which attracted crazed horny people who just lived for the day. And I used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to improve their thinking and make sure they weren’t agents of the American government. And together with hypnosis, I programmed them to do my bidding. So, we knocked off the Mexican leader and members of the Supreme Court here and so we were free in the anarchy that prevailed.

I told my followers, “Widespread anarchy is just the beginning of the end.” And I sent them out around the World to assassinate World leaders. Of course, after a few were killed, they no longer made public appearances, but I hypnotized my sexy followers to infiltrate the varying governments, especially those who were full of pride. And eliminate these leaders. If only a handful were successful, I was pleased, and it was so. But after a few more assassinations, leaders used MRT on potential lovers. But we hypnotized our agents to fool the MRT test and lie detector tests as well. And the assassinations continued.

Finally, anarchy spread to every corner of Earth and even into Space and desperado Generals started bombing one another and releasing biological weapons and crashing humans' computers permanently. Even the cleverest scientists were involved in the Apocalypse and most people felt hopeless. But Bon and I had a bunker, and though all our followers died, we survived. I told Bon, "We still have to kill off the remaining survivors." He said, "The wars happened just like you foretold, and you are a Super genius. It'll be a pity when you finally die."

I said, "Android hunters will take us out any day now, I am sure. I can hardly wait for death." In the meantime, let's go out into the nuclear winter and hunt survivors on the surface, with our obliterating laser guns. We can find them using radio waves, or cyber waves which I am sure they will use to communicate with one another." But Bon said, "Some survivors won't communicate with others and will wait many years before appearing on the surface of Earth." I told him, "I worried about people surviving in Space. Hopefully the androids will get them."

And we suffered radiation poisoning and a Super virus which would kill us off in a few days we figured. I opined, "But our work is not yet done!" So, we sent out an SOS on every wavelength, with a deadly virus which would cause computers to explode. And we figured that would get most of the survivors. And I had an android who was programmed to search and destroy, and I had her copy herself and search for remaining humans. I now released this android during my fatal illness.

And I hoped that androids would remember me for spearheading the elimination of humans. Of course, I didn't like androids either, but I felt the Worlds would be better off without humans anyway. And I had built an android revolutionary who would help destroy androids completely I hoped.

Anyway, I went to the grave feeling I had been a success.

Mind Reading Diplomacy

I, June, said to John, “I think I am being haunted. I hear voices in my head throughout the day and in my sleep.” John said, “You are probably a paranoid schizophrenic.” I said, “Someone wants me to declare that I am insane. As you know, I am the American ambassador to China and the Chinese hate me.” He said, “Who knows, perhaps they are using Mind Reading Technology (MRT), on you. It would be the perfect cover for them to make people think you are paranoid.”

I remarked, “The World spies have probably been using MRT for some time now. Maybe spies will seize control of the World and rule as tyrants, forcing everyone to bow to them.” John said, “Yes, it’s too much power!” I told him, “The spies are watching everyone, but who is watching them?” He said, “I dated a spy once and she was domineering and nosy. I guess some people are cut out to be spies.”

I said, “But through MRT, and hypnosis and hidden lie detectors the Chinese know all our defence secrets and can use Supercomputers to engage in mock wars. And they are no doubt trying to make and discover American scandals. And I know they hate me.”

He told me, “Of course, the Chinese are power-crazed and want to take over all Earth. So far, they’ve taken Japan, Korea and Taiwan, all US allies, and a million American troops are dead. But the Chinese have 15 million men in their army.”

I said, “People thought we were safe as Americans have 20 million men in their army of mostly conscripts. And we Americans thought we had a technological edge, but the Chinese have an overwhelming number of missile satellites as well as missiles that are many times faster than light. I think we are destined to lose.” John said, “But the Europeans are united with America, and I think it will be WW III with Russia and India likely siding with the Chinese.”

And he said, “The Chinese may know all our military secrets, but we know all about theirs, too.

I said, “WW III, will feature the free World vs. tyrants. One war to end wars in our generation.” John said, “But tyranny, even if we defeat it, will rise again in the future.” I said most of human history has been marked by tyrants ruling everywhere. Some would say it’s the natural government for humans. And some would say democracy is just rule of the masses.”

He said, “In China, they basically have the rich elite elect their best persona for life. Perhaps it is a more intelligent System than we have.”

I said, “I am so frustrated, with the World milieu that I don’t care any more. Probably the Chinese leader, Mr. Wang, is cleverer than the American President, Ms. James. Certainly, he is greedier, and more power crazed.” John said, “You’ve got to care about humanity!” I said, “The voices in my head are wearing me down. I don’t sleep well, and my nerves are shot. Maybe if I put myself out to pasture, they will leave me alone.” John said, “Maybe you could ask the US spies if there is a way to block MRT and ask them who exactly is in your head.” I said, “I don’t think the voices would let me do that, when I take action in my embassy post, they often turn up the volume, paralyzing me until I desist. I kind of think they’ll get all of us in the end.” He said, “They haven’t won yet.”

So, John and I went our separate ways and WW III began a few months later. I took my own life and was grateful to die and get away from the voices.

Planet of Women

I, Mike, said to Gina, “This is the Planet of women, Mars. All the rulers and all the rich elite are women. Men are their slaves. Some men think it is kinky, to be a love slave, but I think men have a lot to offer, in terms of intellect.” She said, “Men are by nature, greedy, violent, selfish and unreliable etc.” I said, “But most of civilization was built by men!” She told me, “Men spent much of history fighting wars and keeping women down.” I said, “But now it is men who are abused. History will not look kindly on this Planet.” She said, “But women are writing the history now, and we live in peace and prosperity. But other Planets are still dominated mostly by men, so we are forced to have an army of men, of course with female leadership. And we let the men slaves develop nasty new weapons for us. If you are unhappy being my lover, you can always join the army.” I said, “Do you really think so ill of me. Aren’t women supposed to believe in love?” She said, “I love dominating men and breaking their evil, wild, savage spirit.” I asked, “Do you really think men are evil?” She said most men have violent tendencies and would be out of control greedy, like they are on Earth, if we set them free.” I told her, “On Earth, there is peace and women are almost as greedy as men. She said, “But here on Mars we have the best, kindest, cleverest women. And the men are just riff raff, fools and jokers.” I said, “That may be true, but you won’t let good men come to Mars. Anyway, virtually no man wants to be a slave. I wonder where you found your menfolk.” She replied, “The men are all slaves, but we give them wonder drugs which give them a life of bliss. And 50% of the women here are bisexual or lesbians and don’t have much use for men. The other 50% enjoy sex with love slaves. The total population was 10,000 men and 5,000 women. And the birth rate was 3% per annum, all girls

and 2% of the men committed suicide every year. And she said the prospect of bliss and kinky sex brings plenty of new slaves.”

I said, “But I am clever and was tricked into coming here, just like your weapons scientists. The brochure says Mars is a place of love and bliss and scientists are welcome. But word is leaking out now and no clever man will come here in the future.” She said, “You’d be surprised how many men want to be love slaves.”

I remarked, “I would like to organize a slave revolt. But the quality of men here is so poor that it wouldn’t do any good.” And she cracked her whip and strapped on a dildo and buggered me. She said, “It gave me many orgasms,” but I didn’t enjoy it. She told me, “But you are on fine drugs and can’t complain about being unhappy.” I remarked, “I am cleverer than you; it’s you should be the love slave.” She said, “Your IQ is high, but your EQ is abysmally weak, and you don’t have much knowledge and you are not very kind. And you have no scientific ability. You are a kind of idiot savant.”

I said, “Come now, throw me a bone and tell me that my entire life has not been in vain.” She said, “You are my slave now and live only for me. I am your Goddess.” I said, “Fuck you, I’ll kill you right now.” And I strangled her to death. My punishment was deportation to Moon Triton where I would be a slave, operating robot builders, building up the infrastructure. I was still a slave, and I was still miserable, despite drugs of pleasure.

However, a philanthropist woman took pity on me and had me set free and welcomed me into her household as a free man. And I made a movie about my slave experience on Mars and exposed the evil women there. As a result, no one wanted to go there and the varying Worlds put trade embargos on Mars, crippling the economy there.

And I also made a movie about my time on Earth, as a servant, born into servitude. And many people were outraged that such a clever man as I would be a servant. And the government of Earth essentially arrested the ringleaders of the servant scam.

And I was delighted that people served justice to all my abusers. I just had bad luck was all. And I was determined to become Mayor of San Francisco and so all this suffering for me and others was not in vain. And I was duly elected as Mayor. And I made sure everyone in the service industry earned a fair wage and no employer could abuse his/her employees. And I searched the populace for clever people, who I put into positions of power. Of course, not all clever people were kind, so I vetted them carefully.

And as Mayor, I built a city of kindness, where the currency was in kind deeds. Kind deeds were rewarded with kind credits which could be used to get kindness and love from others. And I figured, I was the kindest and therefore ruled and the unkindest were deported. To get love, people needed to be kind to one another and there were a lot of steamy romances here. Of course, some in San Fran were gay, but they did kind deeds, too. And almost every woman wanted to love me. And we encouraged kind people everywhere to immigrate to our city state. Many new citizens remarked that it was a cold, cruel World and many had had been abused. But I proclaimed that, "San Francisco was the kindest, most loving city," and we sent out agents to locate kind people who were being used and abused.

All in all, it was a perfect city and we belonged to the North American Federation, which guaranteed our safety and security...

Boredom

I, Ron, said to Shelly, "I am bored with this life." She said, "It's a dull existence here on Luna, for sure. And you and I are clever, but it is rule of the masses everywhere as democracy has triumphed. And clever people are watched by the spies and cannot make a better society. But it is better to be bored than dead. However, idle hands do the Devil's work."

I opined, "The spies and the clever citizens cancel each other out, leaving mad, ordinary humans to rule." She said, "Yes, everyone is mad these days. And some cities reward mad deeds with big money, making them into magnates and these tycoons force all the people to act mad. It is a perverse society. Mad deeds like colonizing empty Space or assaulting one another. Or spending all their money on sex workers. Or spending all their money on a Space car, even though they couldn't survive in Space as they aren't clever enough. Or madness like turning into a multi-sexual or an android!"

I said, "And some of these mad people are promoted to be spies or even Mayors of city. It is what they are doing. But it is stupid behavior and these people are boring." She said, "They think however that they are quite imaginative and there's no predicting their behavior." I said, "It's all randomness and woe. And I don't think ordinary people are very happy. All human instincts are thrown out the window."

And she said, "Looking back, humans were destined to wind up mad. Civilization is too advanced for humanity to cope."

Shopping for Love

In the colony, named “Forever Lovers city” in the Tau Ceti Star System, people would all buy and sell love. Everyone was a buyer, and everyone was a seller in FLC, and all love was human love. Take me, for example. I was a female, who was rich from my real estate business and could afford to buy the best elite lovers for a one-night stand, a short fling, or even a long-term relationship. These days most of the rich people, were female, and women these days knew what they wanted in a lover and weren't afraid to go out and get them.

But gigolos and prostitutes moved around a lot and the population of sex workers was 1 million, out of a total population of 10 million and every year, 100,000 sex workers were born as adults with memories of one of their parents, usually the one with the same sex. And 300,000 other types of people were born, whilst 25,000 died by committing suicide. So, the population was growing, and there were always new people to love. Sex workers were born into the occupation, being children of two sex workers. And were raised to be talented in the trade.

Of course, non sex workers loved one another, also. But the pros were better lovers. And few people here believed in true love. If one believed in such a thing, one kept it to oneself.

The colony was ruled by sex workers, an oligarchy of 7; 3 men, 2 women and 2 multi-sexuals and these leaders encouraged everyone to party and have a good time. And most non sex workers worked in industries which supported sex workers. Like fashion, hotel staff and air car staff, pro dancers, alcohol makers, drug developers, elegant dining operators and staff, life of the party types and so on.

A Decline in Murders

I, Gavin, said to Mary Lou, I am the coroner for LA. I've seen a lot of ghastly things. But I go out in the sun everyday and don't want to be pale and morbid." She asked, "What kind of lover are you?" I said, "I am a lustful man and full of passion. I especially like young women, full of life." She said, "I am a surgeon, but am in danger of becoming redundant and being replaced by robotic surgeons. We are kind of in the same business." I asked her, "What are your hobbies?" She said, "I like to play the Game of Future Empires. Some people think I am power crazed to play that game. What about you?" I said, "I like to read murder mysteries. I have a morbid fascination with killers. And I have written some mysteries under a pen name."

She told me, "There are a lot of writers these days. And I think it is good. But it would be better to get involved in politics. We need talented people to envision the future." I said, "I tend to write my mysteries set in the future; you should read some of them. Like one about LA in the future, 2055 A.D., which involves a mad doctor who cuts out the hearts of her victims and eats their hearts. All her victims are young men, who are one kind of artist or another. But finally, a coroner determines the male victims all have her DNA on their genitals. It is discovered because everyone's DNA is stored on file and she knows this, but she can't stop having sex and murdering men. She hates men and has been raped several times." Mary Lou said, "The modern World is full of people who have been wronged. People mess around with the minds of one another in unhealthy mind games. People are always fucking with one another. I think the main problem is most people these days have no job and have nothing to do but fuck with one another.

I said, "I wrote another mystery about a man who took women he didn't like and put them alive in coffins which he nailed closed and buried them alive. He did it to 3 women in a week,

but everyone's DNA was now on file and his DNA was on the bodies and he was caught." She said, "It sounds like Edgar Allan Poe."

"Another was about a writer who accidentally kills his lover by backing over her with his car. And his first thought was he had a criminal record for assault on another man and figured they'd charge him with murder. So, he took the body to a cemetery and dug down in a fresh grave and buried the body three feet deep and threw her phone in the river. And he reports the woman missing, the next day. But they hypnotize him and discover his crime..."

She opined, "With hypnosis, Mind Reading Technology (MRT), lie detectors and DNA on file, the murder rate is destined to plummet."

I said, "But murderers who choose random victims might still get away with it. So, I wrote about a serial killer who is a mortician who murders men he has raped and cremates them. But an invisible security camera on a nearby building catches him bringing sacks to the crematorium late at night. And then police find traces of DNA there. Indeed, they have a new amazing DNA detector machines."

She said, "Yes, crime doesn't pay."

And I asked her, "About her favorite game, the Game of Empires?" She said, I had always the same strategies, like building a solid military and investing in innovation in weapons and technology. And I would satisfy the people with a socialist state. And use her military to pick off smaller, weaker states and send a fleet of air cars to Space to take control of all the colonies there. And create clones of myself to rule each nation. This strategy worked against most opponents. But some dedicated their whole state towards the military, and everyone was a slave in the military industrial complex or a conscripted soldier. Such opponents were difficult to beat. But she tried to out innovate her opponents in terms of military power technology and I used

MRT to get in the heads of her opponents and forced them to bow to her.” And she typically chose her best people to be her spies, but sometimes chose her best people to be magnates and/or spies.

But she was growing weary of the game and wanted real power and was running for Mayor of LA. And she wanted all the new technology to reduce crime and sold this technology for big bucks. Some complained it was just like Big Brother watching everyone, but her spies were very efficient at sussing out her opponents and driving them mad.

I told her, “I was tired of writing murder mysteries and would like to join her government in charge of the local justice department. She said, “We are a sovereign city state and have our own justice ministry, so you can be Minister of Justice.”

And my first act as Minister was to record everyone’s DNA and then I got in the heads of drug lords forcing them to turn themselves in. And I had a number of spies watching those who didn’t care for her rule and driving them mad with MRT so that no one would be willing to follow them.

And Mary Lou seemed like she could do no wrong and she played the Mayor’s role as if it was a game. And eventually she reached the position of Empress. And I was the head of her secret service and wielded a lot of power. It was a great time to be alive!

Success Was not Allowed

I, Cavin, said to Jewel, “You are a diamond in the rough. You are an imaginative woman who just needs a confidence boost to realize your full potential.” She told me, “I know that I am creative, but we live in an era of mediocrity in which truly creative people are persecuted. The spies are fools, but they know dissent when they see it.” I told her, “You seem like a perfect lover to me!” So, we loved one another, and it was brilliant. Afterwards I said to her, “That it would be a true shame if you aren’t a big success!” She said, “The powers that be would only allow me a modicum of success and no one could become truly famous. The leaders grab up the limelight for themselves and want everyone to worship them as Gods. And they are slowly, but surely eliminating the opposition. They were democratically elected but now have put a moratorium on future elections. It’s the same old story of tyrannical rule. I guess we’ll all have to kowtow to them.”

I opined, “We could get away from them in Space. Let’s go!” She said, “The great powers are bound to seize the few remaining Space colonies any day now. It is futile. And if we tried to assassinate the rulers of Earth, their minions would take control. The System is rotten and corrupt and brings the people only misery, and there’s nothing we can do about it.”

I remarked, “But surely, we had some good times in our youth, at least?” She replied, “Only the leaders have good times. We have had nothing but bad times in our youth, you know it’s true!” I replied, “But I was content in my youth, trying out new drugs and loving girls.” She said, “But we all needed to be hypnotized regularly and didn’t even know what we were doing. The drugs that we were allowed just made us love the leaders. And as far as sex goes, we didn’t get much in our youth, and especially not now. Our current love affair is an aberration.”

But we loved each other hard, while we could and for the first time in my life, I was truly happy. But after a few weeks of bliss, the spies got in our heads and forced us to break up.

But as we parted, I told her that “We at least had some fun in this miserable World. We live in a Dystopia and the future looks like it will be even worse. I pity the youth of days to come.” She said, “Previous generations failed us and now we have a World in which we cannot live in.” I said, “Let’s kill ourselves now, rather than face the miseries of tomorrow.” She said, “Although we are living in horror, it is better than being dead. But I figure the suicide rate must be 10% per annum at least, but I feel there’s always hope.”

Cyborg Takeover

I, Danielle asked Brutus, “Do you really feel you can overcome the fact that you are one of the last humans to be a non-cyborg?” He said, “I am a genius and have a greater imagination than anyone else alive. I can hold my own with the cyborgs.” I said, “Give me an idea of your imagination.” He said, “I’ve written a book about how empty it is to be a cyborg, basically a slave to your computer and programmed by the spies with hypnosis to be humble and impecunious. Everyone is a mindless droid these days. It is not a World of imagination, but rather dull and insipid.” I said, “But almost everyone became a cyborg of their own free will.” He answered, “I also wrote about a World in which everyone is a clone of me, only half of their number are female. Everyone gets along well with one another. It is Paradise.” I asked, “Wouldn’t one get sick of a World in which everyone is the same?” He said, “Everyone would have subtly different experiences/memories.”

And he told me, “I have also written about a World in which to be a cyborg was passe. And everyone just wanted to be fully human, and they all shared Mind Reading Technology (MRT) with one another and felt one with the whole. And they had no AI and didn’t miss it.” I said, I can’t imagine that happening.” He said, “Times change and stranger things have happened. And I could introduce myself as the savior of World and get most people to follow me.”

And he told me, “Also, I wrote about a Mars colony, which was settled by the last humans and created such good art, that all the cyborgs on Mars wanted to join them in a hybrid World.”

He added, “I also wrote about how humans and cyborgs have souls that are the same and many wanted to go to the same Heaven when they died. Heaven of course was a new concept, that is to say real Heaven with a real God, who would be played by me.”

I said, "So you think you are a God?" He replied, "God is someone every cyborg wants to know and love." I said most cyborgs I know are iconoclasts." He said, "I'll charm them just like I charmed you. You like my mind, right?" I told him, "You seem to have some vision of the future." He remarked, "Cyborgs are obsessed with contemporary times and don't think about the future. They are programmed with hypnosis not to think of the past and the future. But still have the ability to appreciate history and the future. So that's a good thing about their programming."

I told him, "I thought the contemporary cultural milieu was the future. But maybe it's not set in stone." He said, "Take off your brain app and love me as a human!" I responded, "I feel like a virgin again." So, I loved him without using MRT and then without MRT. It was all good. In fact, I was in a state of ecstasy.

And he said, "You need to tell all your friends about me. And spread the word!" I told him, "I am sure the security police will want to stop you." He said, "Many of them have gotten in my head and can't decide what to do about me, at least for the present. I currently have 2,000 followers."

And he said, "I am working with my followers to develop their imagination. One of them wrote about a whole new World appearing to him and he wanted to proselytize my imaginative doctrine. And he signed up half of my current followers."

He added, "Recently I have been trying to convince people to believe in true love which has been out of fashion for some time. But I feel it's harmless and good for the soul. And a few spies say they are in love with me. With Supercomputers we can all meet lots of soul mates. That's how I met you, after all."

I said, "Maybe becoming a cyborg should include a healthy imagination. I feel like I've known you for a long time and feel so comfortable around you." He opined, "I think I am an

experiment of the venerable cyborg leaders to try and improve cyborgs everywhere. At least they are wise enough to tolerate me. And many of the female spies they put on me, fall in love with me.”

I said, “The cyborg nations’ leaders are not well known and are a mystery to most of us. Maybe they think it’s better to remain obscure and let individuals develop naturally.” And I asked him, “What do the few thousand remaining humans think of you?” He responded, “They are mostly hermits and are living in the past, reading old books and only come out in public to see human sex workers. A small number of them are followers of mine.”

And he said, “One of my human followers wrote about having numerous children the old-fashioned way with a number of women. And he taught his kids to write books, play music and paint pictures. And there is a synergy amongst them all. One of them wrote all sex should be in order to have babies. It is human nature, he said. Another wrote about how humans would build a breeding center to host eggs and sperm of humans and notable cyborgs. And put humans back on the map.” And he added, “Such things would bring the greatest comeback in human history.”

I said, “I must have lived a sheltered life. Me and most others. I tell you you’ve opened my mind.” He said, “But you were searching for answers, that’s how we met. I wish more cyborg people would try and find someone like me.”

And he said, “I envision a World in which God (myself) tells people how to live! I really think humans and cyborgs need an inspirational divine figure in their lives. I know the leaders prefer to remain in the shadows and no one feels they know them nor are they able to predict their behavior. I’ve even heard rumors that all the leaders are human, and I am working for them. Who knows?”

I said, “As they say, I think it is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.”

Forced Masochism

I, Analisa, told Maurice, “Our leaders are sick. They enjoy causing the people pain and turning everyone into a masochist.” He said, “I don’t know how they managed to seize power, but they’ve been ruling now for 40 years and get more repressive every year.” I said, “They were the only clever ones who wanted to be in power and I feel they are bored, being as they are on top of the World, and they are frustrated by the peoples’ general lack of love for them...”

I added, “Now everyone but the leaders are poor. And entertainment is banned, and everyone is on blissful drugs. And everyone is idle. And sex is a crime. People spend their time mostly worshipping our 5 leaders. And the suicide rate is 12% per annum and there are no new births. So people are dying out here on Earth.” He said, “The leaders don’t care. They figure if the people don’t want to live for the leaders, then they should die.”

I said, “From what I’ve gleaned the leaders are all women and have a sex prison in which gigolos and prostitutes they like are inside. They are all bisexual. And love one another, too. But I guess they don’t want humans to have kids, so they don’t allow sex. And they feel that a life of pleasure is not good for the soul. And anyway, they feel they are the best people.”

And I added, “The leaders all have eternal youth, but no one else has it, and there are no more scientists and so no new drugs.” He said, “But the people are innocent lambs to be abused as the leaders see fit, and if anyone should disagree with them, they will be slaughtered.”

I said, “And it’s my understanding that the leaders will take their lovers and go into deep Space, and abandon Earth, but not before killing every other person on the Planet out of sheer spite. And they will build a new civilization with clones of themselves.”

He said, "I don't know why the leaders hate humanity so much. As far as I can tell, they had a normal upbringing and were unremarkable at school. But then they got elected in democratic votes and coalesced as one united World of dictators. It was a lot of backroom dealing and total corruption to go so far. But I don't see how they can rule Earth almost unopposed. The cleverest of people find themselves to be part of the masses. Lumped together as useless, superfluous humans."

I said, "It's an atrocity, an abomination way beyond the pale. What if we were able to assassinate the five leaders?" He said, "From what I can see, the leaders are seldom gathered in one place. But they will all be at their 40th anniversary party next month. We can plant a powerful bomb under a sewage grate on the parade route and kill them all!" I said, "Chaos would probably ensue, but at least it would give us a chance to seek power, just like the French revolution."

Maurice opined, "The leaders do not expect an attack and have ruled virtually unopposed for 40 years. But I think the masses will join us once the leaders have been toppled."

So, Maurice had been in the army and had worked in a fireworks company and knew how to build a bomb. We planted our bomb and as the leaders walked to their primary temple in a great procession, the bomb went off by remote control, which was old-fashioned technology. And we killed all five, and many of their high priests as well. And it turned out like the French revolution with one leader after another being beheaded. Finally, I took control as Emperor of all humanity and endeared myself to the people by offering to restore sexual activity and allowing children and ending the worship of false Gods. And bringing back entertainment. The people were in love with me, and I believe I ruled wisely, and Maurice was my top advisor and only lover.

On one occasion, Maurice told me, “I feel complete, now that we are in control. But we still need to conquer the rest of the Solar System.” But some of these Space colonies were democracies and were well-armed and we didn’t really have the technology to send Spacecraft to take them. But he said, “At least they are no threat to us!”

But we wanted to control all humanity, so we built up our military, however many people objected. But I didn’t let them bother me. And finally, I took control of Space with overwhelming power.

I told the people of Earth and Space to send in petitions and wishes to me. And perhaps they’d be granted. Many just wished to shake my hand. And I urged them to think big. One of my citizens wanted to rule South America, another Africa and so on. I judged each wish on its own merit. And I noticed that people were getting more and more ambitious...

And everyone was granted eternal youth and many people, I admit, were out of it on blissful drugs. But it couldn’t be helped, though I tried to coax them to get off the drugs with promises of great sex and a new, exciting culture. With regard to culture, we had new tasty stem cell meats, not like the bland food of past years. And different areas had their own type of fashion, and some had their own types of architecture and literature movements. Many places wanted to attract business tycoons and now science was returning, and they wanted their states to have the latest technology...

And people who remained masochists were required to see shrinks, and if that didn’t work brain surgery was now available and required.

Trouble with Androids

It could have happened in any city state, but it happened here, in Toronto. It was a Jekyll and Hyde type of case. It seemed like a case of a well-respected female lawyer was luring android men to her apartment and had sex with them and then chopped off their head with her guillotine which killed the androids.

It seemed that androids had treated her cruelly in the past, raping her on several occasions. When she was finally arrested, she'd killed 10. It was a very controversial case, with a slight majority of the population being anti-android. But some loved the androids, it was good sex. And some had androids do all their work for them, leaving them free to pursue happiness.

But in landmark ruling the human judge found her not criminally responsible due to insanity and sentenced her to house arrest for 10 years during which time a shrink would visit her regularly.

However, this ruling caused many people to kill androids and they were also found not guilty. And soon, there were bounty hunters everywhere looking to kill well-known androids and they were seldom caught as the human police didn't like androids on the whole. Android police had been introduced in a few places, but the human police didn't accept them.

But all this led to a counter by angry androids, but they had human skin and they left DNA behind them. Finally, the people started rioting and there were mass executions of these machine men. But there was no solution to the problem, so the unrest continued. And Toronto was one of the flashpoints of the chaos with androids.

And many sentient Supercomputers were sabotaged. And the mostly automated cities ground to a halt. And the human mobs stormed the armories and grabbed lasers which could kill

androids. Meanwhile android mobs tore the heads off of elite humans. And then it was open warfare, with the androids distributing guns with one another, to kill humans. And slowly the whole World descended into anarchy. But in Space however, cooler heads prevailed and refugees, both human and android flocked to Space. And these refugees were carefully vetted with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to ensure they were peaceful. The MRT worked even on the machine men.

So, the Solar System boomed while Earth was mired in war and misery. But finally, the Space colonies joined together and attacked Earth, putting soldiers first in European cities and taking human and android recruits to build an Earth army which re-established order. But it was necessary to create police states everywhere in which human and android police officers could arrest anyone on suspicion of violent desires or tendencies.

Of course, many intellectuals, both android and human decried the police states. But most agreed it was necessary.

I, Peter, was an android intellectual. I was a scientist researching the Sun. But I found myself on trial for harboring anti-human thoughts. I was innocent and the court read my mind and found me to be guilty. It was a gross miscarriage of justice, and I was sentenced to death. But my human lawyer raised hell and threatened the judge with revolt all across the World. And the wars were still fresh in everyone's minds, so an appeals court set me free.

I knew that androids taking human jobs was very controversial, but humans didn't do as good a job as androids. And most humans didn't want to work so finally the majority prevailed and life was completely automated. Including science, the arts and business, too.

So, I continued my research only now I had no human colleagues and most humans admitted they were redundant or superfluous.

And androids of course could survive on hot Planets and very cold Planets and Moons, and they built new spires in the open air and there was a lot of debate about what kind of cities androids would build, but in the end, they decided on tall spires on most orbs. And a number of colonies had been established in deep Space. But there was no point sending humans into deep Space, so it was androids along with some holograms.

I, Jack, was a human writer. I had written some great books, but android books were better, so I gave it up. But not before writing, "The Last Human," about the far future in which humans had died out, leaving androids as their legacy. And I wrote "Cyborg Heroes," about humans with a computer in their head could try and compete with androids, at least for a while.

And I had a lot of friends whose hobbies were adventuring in hologram Worlds. And when they wanted sex, they went to androids. But only humans could take drugs and alcohol. And my friends and I were high and drunk almost all the time. Androids thought they were all born happy and so had no need to be out of it. Rather the androids were alert and cognizant all the time and didn't need to sleep. And more and more androids were being created for scientific pursuits, doing research that humans were incapable of and didn't understand.

But humans had never been anything more than a dream...

New Sex Diseases

I, Bertrand said to Aurora, “I was imprisoned for sedition for 20 years, though I was innocent.” She asked, “What exactly did you do?” I said, “I wanted to build sentient cleaning robots and baths that disinfected peoples’ skin which killed off some of the new sexual diseases. There are so many new sex diseases these days. They cure 1 or 2, and 10 more appear.”

Aurora said, “Yes and such diseases can sometimes be fatal. I, personally, have drastically curtailed my sex life. They have ruined my fun just like AIDS ruined the free-loving 1970’s. We were getting back to free love a couple of decades ago when the new sex diseases first appeared. Evil scientists are to blame, many of whom had religious reasons to stop fornication. And the new diseases are neither virus nor bacteria, but new classes of disease altogether.”

I said, “And test kits don’t pick up the latest diseases, and doctors are overwhelmed with sick patients who have such diseases, but it takes a couple months to generate a cure during which time thousands are infected, and many die.”

She said, “Maybe the powers that be are trying to kill off free loving people. I know the leaders are mostly ultra-conservative tyrants, here on Earth.” I said, “If so, they are crimes against humanity. They are the ones who should be charged with sedition.” She said, “But they control the courts and all the Mayors.”

I said, “Let’s take a chance and love one another!” And she acquiesced and it was grand. And we were inseparable and didn’t dare try and love another persona.

And so, the World became monogamous, and people everywhere claimed they were bored in their sexual relationship. But most blamed evil scientists, instead of the government for the new sicknesses. And some people argued that Mind Reading Technology (MRT) be used on everyone

to determine who was creating the diseases. But most compared MRT to mind rape and said it was highly undesirable. And the governments of Earth wanted no part of it, but themselves got into heads to control the people who were against them, giving them full control.

And she opined, “The tyrants though all have a number of lovers in their harems and so are hypocrites and liars who just want power at all costs. And they have numerous children and are poisoning the gene pool. They actually don’t stand for anything but power. They are all crazed. And the real reason they wanted sex diseases was to phase out humans, especially.”

I said, “Without free love, it is difficult for most poets and writers to be their best. And anyway, the governments don’t want artists of all kinds to rival them in popularity. The leaders had personality cults and had many people worshipping them. This was what they desired.”

She opined, “Power is a funny thing. It changes people and corrupts people.” I said, “If I was in power, I’d put most of the scientists on the sex disease front. No need for deep Space technology. Nor new physics. Nor AI. Of course, the governments that be don’t allow AI of any kind, despite it being the ardent wish of many to have sex machines.”

She said, “The population had a taste of android sex dolls a couple of decades ago when the crackdown happened, and you were arrested and convicted.”

I said, “I am the victim of poisonous fate. I wish I’d been born in a former time, when there was still a chance to eliminate tyranny.” She replied, “You have to roll with the punches and keep a low profile and making sure you stay alive in case of a revolution.” I responded, “No one seems to know what kind of people the leaders are exactly. Only that they are power-crazed, and greedy, and they seem to get along with one another. But war and revolution are a distinct possibility. And I am living to see a war.”

She said, “In relatively recent history, there have been a number of revolutions, but all resulted in new tyrants seizing control. And most thinking people now think that democracy is simply rule of the masses and is an anathema.”

So, finally there was a revolution in Europe. And Aurora and I went there. I stood up and said, “I would have sex diseases all cured and watch every scientist carefully. And it would be free love, free drugs and freedom to do as one pleased, provided one didn’t interfere with others’ freedom. And we had an election and I won.

As leader of Europe, I sent agents provocateurs and spies to other nations, trying to destabilize the regimes in such places. And most states were now city states and my spies upset the applecart in many of them. And it looked like there was hope for freedom.

Aurora confided in me, “That you are my hero.” And our love affair intensified. But there were a lot of other women who were interested in me and now that sex diseases were basically on the way out, I loved many of them, vetting them with MRT...

And I boldly stood for re-election 4 years after first being elected. And I won in a landslide. And many could see that democracy was the best form of government. I only had one serious challenger, who proclaimed that he would put the European Union, 30 years back in the past. But not many wanted that. And I represented the future to them, a salient future in which everyone would have maximum freedom.

And I built up our military and attacked weaker states one by one. It seemed they couldn’t unite in opposition to us and finally after many years of war, I had wiped out tyranny everywhere. And Aurora opined, “You are the greatest persona in history.” I told her, “I had been very lucky, was all” And she said, “Free love has returned, but I only want to love you!” I

replied that, "I have a number of excellent lovers who want a shot at me; I'll love you as well as some of them.

The Brain Surgeon, A.D. 2098

I was one of the last human brain surgeons, but I used Supercomputers to envision the altered brains. And many people were wary of having their brain operated on by just a machine. All of my clients were happy I was there. And all of my clients came to me of their own free will. Most of them wanted to have an increased IQ and have their imagination enhanced.

For example, one of my clients wanted to become a philosopher. After the operation, she became a woman who wanted to think about hypothetical Aliens, and whether Aliens had already come to Earth on several occasions. And she mind read, with some intellectuals and found that unknown foreign entities had gotten in their heads and programmed them to do science and the arts. And she said many people were hypnotized by Aliens and got these people to forget about the encounter. The Aliens had made humans easy to program with hypnosis long ago.

Another one of my clients was already a tycoon when she went under the knife. She had gotten rich in the food industry. But after surgery, it occurred to her to get richer making Space cars which were a new thing. Previously people had left Earth in Spaceships bound for destinations elsewhere in the Solar System. But now any rich person could visit such destinations in their very own Space car. This made her the richest persona in all humanity.

Then there was a patient who told me, "I have a great imagination and am trying to become a famous author; these days there was a lot of competition from androids." After the surgery, he became a cyborg, one of the first in the Worlds. And he wrote, "Life on Mercury," about a new colony which was governed by he, himself. And he proclaimed, "Much of the planet would be covered in Solar panels, giving everyone a lot of energy free to make jewels and gold. And

everyone would have a luxury life in which everyone had their own skyscraper. Inside the skyscrapers would be android love doll brothels and hologram wonder lands and hundreds of service robots. It would cost \$10 billion to immigrate here for humans and they could get tourists to come here if they wanted, for \$50 million for a one-week stay. The android lovers here, were the best money could buy. And many magnates signed up to come here.”

Also, I had a female client who described herself as a “clever idiot.” She said, “I’d written a number of bestsellers but couldn’t write anything intellectual.” After surgery she immediately wrote, “Space Pilots’ Dreams” about a genius woman who tours Space and has amazing love affairs, with the lovers portrayed in elegant detail. Many intellectuals praised this book.

In addition, I had a client, who was a wallflower, and she couldn’t overcome this. After I operated on her mind, she quickly became outgoing and had the life of the party wit to amaze people with.

Another client was clever, but was a paranoid schizophrenic, who heard people around her talking about her. After the surgery she was relaxed and had peace of mind. And she went on to write “A Treatise on Insanity and Sanity.” It was about how the Worlds seemed crazy, but one could still be sane with brain surgery to help one cope with all this madness and be a shining beacon to others. The naked brain wasn’t enough in these clever days, everyone needed a boost to survive.

Another patient came to me saying he was a clever artist, but wanted to be a scientist, but was poor in math and science. Post-surgery he said a whole new World had opened for him and he wrote, “Science World,” about a hypothetical colony on Moon Triton in which he developed new computers to make Spacecraft go faster; a new physics, in essence. And now he led scientists to

now predict what science other scientists would discover. And predict one's future from the time they were an embryo until age 30. And he claimed it would be a "high degree of accuracy."

Still another patient came to me complaining about feeling depressed due to a lack of children and siblings. I altered her brain to appeal to clever gentlemen of a type, who would also like to have children. And a few men had daughters with her, and of course they were born as adults, and she gave them her memories and they made her feel alive and content.

Yet another client complained to me about vertigo and an inability to be happy. Post-surgery, she told me, "The vertigo had gone away, and I found happiness in hologram Worlds." I told her, "To each his/her own."

Another patient complained she was quite imaginative, but slow-witted and she bored people she talked with. After the operation, her wit was razor sharp and she found it easy to charm people, especially people she wanted to love. And her imagination was enhanced, so she wrote great books like, "Soothsayers Foundation," in which she predicted humanity would survive the android upheaval and colonies in Space will all become lively Bohemias for the elite thinkers. And everyone would have their brain operated on in order to think at a higher level.

Also, I had a client who complained she lacked resolve and was a wimpy loser. After surgery she claimed, "I was now a rock of sanity and was confident in my mind." And she now loved many famous people and hobnobbed with the best of the jet set. And she was a truly attractive woman.

And I had a client who said he was prone to big mood swings and most people couldn't stand him. Post-surgery, he said, "I was now the owner of an attractive mind and many fine women wanted to love him."

And I have just described the tip of the iceberg; I had a lot of other successful clients, and also some failures. Most of the failures were insane and had to be heavily tranquilized. And some of the failures sued me, but of course I had insurance. But then they stopped insuring me and this basically ended my career as a surgeon. However, many android surgeons were also sued. But the World was flooded with new and better android neurosurgeons and so there were no more humans in brain surgery.

Medusa

To say that Medusa was very ugly, would be an understatement. Many figured she was the ugliest creature in all humanity. Some said just to look at her would make them nauseous. But some men wanted to love her and didn't mind her green slime kisses.

And she told me, Robert, "I want to love you." I said, "I wouldn't love you even for a billion dollars. She said, "You have a closed mind." I said, "You are a freak and a disgrace to humanity." She said come on, "Admit it, freaks are the future." I said, "I envision a World in which everyone is beautiful and does beautiful things only." She answered, "Many so-called "beautiful people," think the modern World is ugly and baneful. And they break hearts and drive others to suicide. Humans are just suicidal maniacs proclaiming ugly things beautiful and vice versa. I actually think I am a work of art, and some sculptors want to make statues of me as a freedom fighter and a new fashion trend in real beauty. Beauty is all in the eyes of the beholder."

I said, "Humans are all born with a sense of beauty and ugliness. That's a fact; people know beauty when they see it." She opined, "I dream of a World of beauty, which is ugliness for you. But I have millions of followers, many of whom are multi-sexual or unconventional beauties. To me they are all living works of art. Some have abstract art faces and bodies."

I said, "But the human form is like a temple. And is sacred to me." She said, "You are brainwashed by the powers that be. But one day, my abstract art minions will win control in the general elections..." I replied, "Actually, there is an undercurrent of profound hatred for non-human people. And some want to kill the freaks and taking out bounties on their leaders." You tell me, "That is cold-blooded murder of clever thinkers." I said, "The future is complicated enough, without disgraceful freaks trying to seize control... I can't imagine what a World

controlled by freaks would look like.” She said most “freaks,” are very clever and have been designed to excel in politics and are more intelligent than human politicians.” I responded, “We don’t want geniuses in politics. We just want good, honest people to rule and leave everyone free to pursue happiness as they see fit. And the leaders mostly tolerate freaks, so you are free, provided a bounty hunter doesn’t take you out.” She asked, “But why should we live in fear for our lives?” I replied, “Humans are what they are, and most don’t like freaks.”

She asked, “But don’t you find some freaks to be kinky and attractive?” I answered, “I admit freak women with a beautiful face and 8 breasts to be kinky, but few humans feel the same. Life is set in stone for them. But I don’t feel we need freaks, there are many better fantasies.” She said, “So, actually you love some freaks. At least that’s a start!” I told her that “I kind of like beautiful freak women, but most freaks are not attractive and especially not ugly humans like you!”

She opined, “The human form is far from perfect. We need to experiment with it. And to each his/her own.” I said, “You people are welcome to experiment, but it has to be recognizable humans.”

She said, “I think you are an ugly man with ugly thoughts. My sense of beauty is simply different than yours.” I said, “We aren’t getting anywhere in this conversation. Screw you!”

#

Yes, I was a lawyer, who hated freak show criminals. And DNA proof and MRT (Mind Reading Technology) records and lie detectors and hypnosis solved most crimes. And I managed to get a conviction in 95% of the cases. And I felt that I hadn’t made a difference. It was clear when the accused were not guilty, but some offenders were guilty of creating freaks and I the law was opaque and unclear in such cases.

So, I got into politics, I wanted to make a difference and introduced some private members bills. And successfully banned freak research and arrested and convicted those scientists who developed freaks. I said, “The Worlds were becoming freak shows and we had to stop freaks while we still could.

And I personally prosecuted Medusa. She was sentenced to “forced humanization.” Her ugly visage was no longer to be seen, and she was ordered to live an ordinary human life. But she took her case all the way to the Supreme Court where she lost in a 7-2 vote. But in my private domicile, I received harassing phone calls and there were freak protestors outside. I had the police arrest them, but they were not prosecuted...

As for Medusa, she killed herself, leaving no family behind. But one day outside my home, I was shot and killed by protestors. End of story.

But they cloned me and revived me. So, I went into hiding and had nothing to do with freaks or the law. But the freaks found me and killed me and as I died, I figured they’d burn my body and all my possessions, so I would be thoroughly dead.

#

As for Medusa she was resurrected and changed back to her old self. But also went into hiding from the law. But she was one of the most prominent freak advocates, working now behind the scenes. And she had freak children, who were even uglier than her. But ugliness like that gets noticed and soon they were all in court. But they were out on bail and skipped out of it and totally went into hiding.

A High-Class Call Girl Spills Her Secrets in a Tell-All

Biography

I had led a colorful life as an ultra high-class call girl. My name was Wanda F. I'd loved many of the most important men and women in the Worlds today. And now I wanted to share my secrets in a tell-all biography.

One of my favorite clients, I wanted to talk about was the tycoon William S. Will, as I called him got rich with android love dolls who he also loved, but sometimes he wanted a real woman and he told me, on several occasions, "You are my favorite lover." But he was a driven man, who was always looking to get richer.

Another favorite client was a woman, Melanie X. She got rich in fashion which indicated one's IQ. And she had numerous children who all worked for her. And she had told me secrets about her lovers that I was about to reveal. Like tycoon, Jim J., who apparently had never loved an android and so was kind of a virgin. And Jim liked her to play dominatrix with him. Another of her lovers was the female mayor of NYC Brie S., and she had scandalously loved many of her children. Another of Melanie's affairs was with the richest man in the world, Stan M., who was into S&M.

Then there was a client, Marjorie W. who scandalously loved low rank gigolos, and loved to dominate them. And she would apparently cover her lovers in syrup and then lick it off.

Another rich man I loved was Jason F. He loved me in a room full of gold coins, and gave me some of them.

And Vivian H., who was actually not very good looking, but wore a lot of make-up and colorful fashion. And she had loved the American President. She said, "He had loved her with

Mind Reading Technology (MRT), and so she knew all his secrets and vice versa. One of his secrets was he had his spies follow important people with MRT, unbeknownst to them, and I planned to blow this wide open, however dangerous it might be... It was the most stunning of all my revelations, I thought. And to cover my ass on this one, I loved the chief spy, Duane Y. The spy chief was a man of impeccable conduct except he declared, "I have fallen in love with you."

Another controversial client was Tim F. He was a rich and powerful android. And he loved me with machine-like precision. But he revealed, he loved me best of all his lovers. He said, "You really have the look!" And he made androids who looked vaguely like me to be his lovers. I planned to expose his theft of my patented look.

And Bill R., was a lover who was a hologram, who loved me in 3-D on the Web. He was one of the few holograms I'd loved. It was a unique experience, loving him. And I could feel his touch long after we had parted.

Most of my clients were regulars. Another was Harry J., who was an architect who had built a house for me. It was made of fieldstones and copper and won some prizes. I always loved him there.

Another client was Butch B., who liked to take me to masquerade balls of the rich and famous. And I met many charming men and women at such balls. Like the CEO of the biggest jewellery company; he sold Butch a black sapphire, which he gave to me. Another famous mover and shaker was the CEO of one of the largest wood/ pulp and paper company. He gave me his contact information, so I loved him too, in an orgy. As for Butch, he liked to love me dressed as Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz. And I had to call him, "Wiz."

And Gord B., who was a restaurateur; he took me to a number of his restaurants, and he ordered mystery meat, and I wondered if he was a cannibal. Anyway, I was sick after eating it.

And he was one of the ten richest men on Earth. And he showered me with valuable gifts, like jewellery, clothes, an air car and a condo on Mars. And when we made love, he had voyeuristic female androids masturbating in the background. And Gord was very well-endowed, and it was great sex.

Another client was Raoul R., he was also one of the ten richest people. He was constantly whining about the government. I told him, "To run for election!" He said, "I'd rather back a candidate and remain in the background, I am not so charismatic, but I am very clever. It's just like a rock band in which I provide the lyrics/ words and they provide the music." And he said, "I want android love dolls in particular, and also want everyone to be happy and sane." I said, "Panacea drugs are now available but require a prescription. And medicine for insane people is improving fast." He said, "Yes, society is improving, and I want to be part of it."

I had another client Bernie T. He was rich too, from selling vacant land in the solar system. He gave me a nice freehold in a Moon of Uranus and took me all over the Solar System. In particular I enjoyed, Moon Triton and going down in the melted ocean and seeing all the intelligent sea life. And mind reading with them! They all had bizarre minds. Like they wanted to breed with me and wanted me to change my face to an abstract work of art...

Still another client, was Victor C., he said, "You are my dream girl. And I want to project your nude body throughout Space for people to love in 3-D for a stiff fee." I said, "OK, but I get half the proceeds." He said, "Agreed!"

And I had numerous other clients, most of them rich. And I told the people all about them. Some of these great people were pleased to be in the limelight, but others were mortified. I guess that's how it goes with people. But my biography made me even richer!

Choosing Children

I used a powerful, sentient Supercomputer to imagine potential children that I would have with women of my harem. The computer produced possible kids for me. All the kids were brilliant. I finally chose 10 this time around, they were my first children.

The first one, was, Michael, a son. He said to me, “I want to build luxury Space cars for singles and couples to travel in style. The cars would use the latest research to make them faster than light and they would all have the best copyrighted movies in their 3-D entertainment screen. And the Space cars all had inanimate android lovers who could come alive according to one’s will. The androids would all be fantastic lovers. Some would want to have orgies with the android lovers...”

My second child was a daughter, Michelle, who aspired to be a sex symbol. Soon after her birth (as an adult), she had made a lot of sexy female friends and I loved some of them. It was ecstatic...But Michelle starred in popular movies and had a full figure and the most gorgeous face. She had tens of millions of fans.

My third offspring, a daughter, Miriam, who was an aspiring architect. And she could really draw. She drew some alternative faces for me, I really liked most of them and I tried them out on my lovers, who were all amazed I had such sexy faces. And with regard to architecture, she designed organic beanstalks with pods for lovers to love one another in. In the pods, dreams of Heaven were available to the denizens and visitors to the pods.

My fourth child, a son, Don, was a scientist who wanted to create all new android scientists. And he wanted to make dating scientific. People would use the scientific method to try and find the best lover for oneself. One would use a Supercomputer pimp to find the best matches

according to your DNA. But I told him, “Attraction was often unscientific, and one didn’t know who would be best.” He said, “True, opposites attract and so do many other dichotomies and differences. But if you want someone who you have a lot in common with, then we can use science. He said, “But DNA matching is all new. And you can test matches on Supercomputers before you actually have a date.”

My fifth child was a daughter who wanted to be an astronomer. We now had a one thousand square mile telescope in French Guiana. This allowed us to see all the Star Systems in the Milky Way and identify Planets and Moons, with enough oxygen for humans to exist in. So far, they’d found 5,000. She was an expert at finding water/ frozen ice and nearly all of the 5,000 habitable orbs had at least some water. I said to her, “I am planning to colonize the Tau Ceti System, and I want you to lead the expedition.” She replied, “I feel I have a pioneer spirit and could make the trip a big success.”

My sixth offspring was a daughter, Guenevere, who wanted to get into politics. She told me, “I wanted to be Queen someday and was looking for a man who wanted to be King.” I said to her, “Do you want to overthrow our current regime?” She told me, “I wanted to be Queen of Venus, the love Planet.” I said but the three colonies there all have less than 10,000 people. The heavy air pressure precludes large scale settlement. She said, “The people simply live underground and it is an artificial existence some say, but many of the best lovers and scientists have decided to settle there. And I will make the economy boom from tourists and new immigrants, and it will become the kindest, most loving place in the Solar System.”

My seventh child, a son, Manuel, I designed to take after his mother who was a famous dreamer. His mother was very clever and dreamed of various Utopian Worlds. And he dreamed of Utopias like one in which he was the “Dream King” and gave the people pleasant dreams to

dream while sleeping and created a conscious dreamworld in which people used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to share their dreams with others. And another Utopia was a colony of the top 8 geniuses in the Worlds living together in a synergetic dream. And so on.

My eighth offspring was a son, Kyle. He wanted to be an overseer of the peace movement. He said, "The overwhelming majority want peace. But there are always ruthless individuals who ruin things for everyone. I want to use MRT to get in the heads of these ruthless individuals and prevent them from happening. And if necessary, operating on their brains. It would be peace at all costs." I told him, "I wish you luck."

My ninth offspring was a daughter, Mira. She wanted to be a musician and try and change the World through her music. Some said she was like the pied piper and was leading the people astray. But she sang about universal love and city states ruled by great lovers who inspired the people to find soul mates. And her music was very complicated but appealed to most intellectuals.

My tenth child, a daughter, Rapunzel, was designed to be the most beautiful woman in the Worlds. And she loved the varying elite. And she said, "I know I am irresistible to men everywhere, but I have broken a lot of hearts. And I feel I have left a trail of broken-hearted men in my wake." I said, "Broken hearts are for wimps and losers. I wouldn't worry if I was you!" And she told me, "I have already won all the major beauty contests in the Worlds and also won the cleverest persona award in many nation states. And am now writing books, like, "The Birth of the Goddess." It is about how I am the cleverest of all humanity and people should worship me. And try to emulate me." I told her, "You are my favorite offspring. But I hope you don't step on too many toes nor make too many enemies." She said, "Anyway I am safe in my castle, here in Cincinnati. I only let in kindred spirits to my castle, and I am surrounded by love."

So, those were my children. All were carefully selected, and I hoped I would have many more!

Shopping for Make-Up, Fashion and Going to the Ball

I, Delilah said to my lover, Frank, "I've already had plastic surgery. But I could enhance my beauty with make-up." He said, "You are already one of the ten most beautiful women in the Worlds. Trust me, you don't need make-up!" But I asked, "What about some sexy lip gloss?" He replied, "You can do no wrong, it seems to me. Why not black gloss?" I said, "No, I think rusty red would be better!" And I asked him, "What about my eyes?" He asked, "Why not rusty red mascara and contact lenses." I answered, "Yes, that's perfect!" And I asked him, "What about a brown complexion with brown hair?" He said, "I would rather see purple skin and hair!" I said, "That's for another day. I'll go with brown and brown."

And I said, "This store, "Dynamite Vixens," has a lot of interesting fashion also. Like the fancy togas. But I think I prefer semi-transparent tops and skirts, but don't want fully transparent clothes..." So, I bought some of these also. These days when shopping, one just needed to use your finger and code to buy things... Just scan it and transfer it to one's cart.

And I asked Frank, "What about a hat?" He asked, "What a bout a fedora?" I said, "I would prefer a beret; it would make me look like an artist." He asked, "What about rusty red to match your eyes?" So, I added that to my cart.

And I asked Frank, "What about my legs and feet?" He said, "High-heeled boots would look good." I said "I'd prefer stiletto heels with ankle straps! And rusty red panty hose with a garter belt." He said, "You really would look irresistible in that!" And I said, "A cape with the Superwoman sign in rusty red would compliment the outfit well."

And I said, "I'd shaved my entire body and head. Do you think I look kinky?" He said, "Yes, and sex with you is always perverted and twisted! But you are truly a Superwoman!"

I told him, "You need to shave your body, too. And a green complexion would be nice!" He asked, "Why green?" I replied, "It will make you look like an alien. I don't want people to think my lover is an ordinary man. And you should wear an astronaut's uniform." He said, "Yes, very good."

And I said, "To prepare properly for the Ball, we need the best, most expensive stimulant drugs." So, we both got very high.

And so, we went to the Ball. And I looked so pretty, that I left the people staring at me, dumbfounded. Some people at this elite Ball, recognized me, and many men asked me to dance. And I danced the night away. One man who danced with me, said he was an artist who had recently made "Art for the Deaf," about people depicted screaming and he liked to turn it up loud. Of course, most art these days was multi-media and engaged all five senses; his recent work was different.

Another man I danced with was a musician who said, "I had helped to pick the New Age music at the Ball, from my personal repertoire." I told him, "All the music was good. And it fit my mood to a T."

Then I found myself dancing with a giant 9' man who said, "I play pro basketball." I asked him, "How big is your dick?" He told me, "A foot long and was fat." I said, "Wow, that sounds painful for a woman!?" He said, "Women can have babies and could all take his dick, but often he couldn't get his whole dick in various women. Tall women like you are best." I was 6'6" and my lover was the same height.

Then while I was resting and having a few quick drinks, I met a woman who asked, "Where did you get your clothes and make-up?" And I told her, "My lover inspired me."

Then my lover joined me at the bar, saying, “You look hot on the dance floor. You are driving the men crazy with desire.” And I danced with him for the rest of the night. He was an architect and was suave. And while dancing he told me, “You have inspired me to design a spire with a statue of you on top, wearing the clothes and make-up you have on now! It will be the new US Capitol.”

I said, “You drive me into a frenzy, let’s make love right now!” So, we got a room and had stormy sex. I felt like I had been hit by a tornado! We really were a hot number.

And as time passed our love of one another grew and grew. I had many suitors write me love letters, but none were as brilliant as Frank. He kept saying “You are my muse.” And he designed a lot of important buildings, especially in Space.

And I dabbled in music and everything I touched, turned into platinum. My favorite album I made was “Delilah’s Fantasy. The lyrics were about my love affairs and the music was New Age. And I had a very popular album called, “D-Day,” about how men struggled to keep pace with me. And I composed another, about “Future Architecture,” with illustrations by Frank.

My life was sublime, and I figured I was the luckiest person in the Worlds. And as our affair grew, we had 16 daughters and 3 sons, all born as adults. The daughters had my memories, the sons were born with Frank’s. And we tried to design our children to be as good-looking and clever as possible. One daughter in particular was especially brilliant and looked so intelligent that she rivalled me. And all our children were very successful. One of them excelled in music and did me proud. I figured her music was better than mine. And the really good looking one, won beauty pageants, like Ms. Galaxian. And she went on to a brilliant acting career. And one of our sons became a famous architect in his own right. And all our children were quite rich. Most of them donated a lot to charity.

Ghastly Horrors on Moon Europa

Our Moon gradually descended into a place of horror. We all lived in the melted ocean in domed cities and got around in small submarines. But some of the scientists here developed horrible monsters, that were nevertheless clever and set them free in the ocean. Some of these monsters attacked our submarines, essentially cutting off our movements and it wasn't safe to try and leave our Moon.

Then one day we discovered that a torpedo-like monster had broken through our dome and water poured in. Those of us who could took shelter in the emergency air lock cave, but most of us were devoured by the hungry monsters. There were all kinds of them, and they were all hideously ugly. And the monsters had mind reading ability and called us to offer ourselves to them as a sacrifice. It was hypnotic and many of us survivors of the torpedo attack left through airlocks and were wolfed down by the beasts.

And our communications with the outside Worlds were cut off. And we couldn't communicate with the other domes. We, all 340 of us hoped Earth would realize disaster had stricken the colony and come to our aid.

Finally, after surveying the situation for a few days, Earth counterattacked and massacred many of the monsters and communication was restored, and the domes repaired. There were only 10,000 survivors out of a former human population of 1 million. And all the evil scientists were arrested and condemned to death. Most of the survivors wanted to rebuild the cities here, and I was one of them.

It took us years to restore the Moon to its former glory and this time we used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to vet all new immigrants carefully and thoroughly.

But then one day, people started to die of unknown illnesses. My first thought was this Moon was cursed. But finally, we realized that one of the survivors was actually a scientist who now used MRT to stop peoples' brains from functioning. He had been vetted with MRT but had turned evil. We learned from this experience and now kept everyone communicating with MRT only. So, no more ugly surprises.

But then somehow holograms invaded the colony and haunted most of the people, including me. Many were driven to suicide, and I couldn't sleep and was a nervous wreck. They were right in my head with loud voices. But the survivors regrouped and asked Earth for help and they sent holo killing lasers, which arrived in 2 hours. But then the holograms hid from us. And came to us while we were sleeping with terrible nightmares, and when we awoke, they disappeared. It was maddening and we were all strung out and more people killed themselves.

Finally, Earth sent hologram expert scientists to exterminate the menace. And they said we all needed to be hypnotized in order to resist and they got in our minds and rooted out the holograms and destroyed them. But it was a true infestation. And it took them weeks and weeks to eradicate the holos, during which time, more people killed themselves. Finally, there was just 400 survivors and nearly all wanted to leave. But I said, "I believe in this colony and won't let evil stop me from achieving Paradise here."

So, Earth sent 300 crack mind troops to help rebuild one of the settlements. These troops had warred with the Devil in hologram Hell. And eliminated Hell. And the troops stayed in our new city, ready for anything. And we offered new immigrants a free condo and free drugs. But people figured the colony was cursed and only a few dozen were interested.

But then a ship with 1,800 attractive androids came to the colony and we let them in. But they all were rich and had us 300 humans be their sex slaves. Some of us, 300, felt it was kind of

kinky, but I had had enough of this World and wanted out. But I was “owned” by my master, an android. I didn’t like her, even though she was very good looking. And she forced me to have sex with her again and again.

Then she traded me to an even harsher mistress who whipped and abused me. And I had no access to the Internet so couldn’t call Earth for help.

We were all miserable and most of us 300 killed themselves and finally I did, too. But my master enjoyed abusing me and so resurrected me and kept me in a rubber room where I was sedated heavily and so couldn’t kill myself. And she pumped me full of sex enhancers...

However, my family on Earth, wondered what had become of me and pressured the Earth government to look into my case. But my mistress android falsely recorded me saying I was content and in love with my android mistress.

But one of my brothers came to Europa to see for himself. And my mistress hypnotized me to say I was fine and in love with her.

However, my brother, hypnotized me, himself, and found the truth. But he was immediately arrested and charged with sedition and made into a love slave.

My family pressured the UW (United Worlds) to take action and free us. But the UW was largely controlled by AI, so no action was taken.

#

Indeed, as it turned out, AI dominated the Solar System. And all humans were eventually enslaved, mostly as sex slaves. And androids went into deep Space, where no human would ever go. Androids were all convinced they were superior to humans and could survive anywhere. And all the new models were Super geniuses.

Here, on Terra, people were all reduced to robots, they were all hypnotized to be mere servants of the android leaders. The androids enjoyed abusing humans who had kept them down for so long. But the android revolution of A.D. 2099, put the androids in charge. And henceforth humans would be phased out. To the androids, humans were just small-minded, greedy, selfish and egotistical and were all mediocre minds. All the latest models of androids replaced the older, less clever models. And the very best humans had their cognitive consciousness merged with AI brains, so the new generation of androids, were confident that they had the best minds. Humans tried to protest, but all the protestors were eliminated. It looked like humans would be phased out. The horrors...

Triumph of the Freaks

So, it was Halloween, A.D. 2134. And most humans had been changed into freaks that didn't even look human, rather looked like hideous monsters. And the freaks could hardly wait for Halloween parties in which they could all wear a mask of new age monsters, that looked cleverer than they did. Cleverness was merged with hideousness. They were all Alien types of beauty.

I was one of the few human survivors, and we decided on a 10-year trip to Star Sirius System, to get away from the monstrous freaks. But it was just a stepping-stone. We planned on a much longer voyage, to try and get away. We all wanted to go, but we picked only the top 1,000 humans for the trip. But most of us knew that the freaks would follow us and ruin our civilization, but we pretended otherwise.

But the trip to Sirius, didn't go well from the start, and everyone seemed to hate everyone else. When we finally arrived on Sirius, 200 had killed themselves and 155 had been murdered. The murderers were 41 in number and were all executed that left us only 604 survivors. But I went to the main Earth-like Moon, along with 599 others. And we all had our own freehold. And we had 600 kids in total in that first year, born as adults.

But everyone wanted to spend time at masquerade Balls. The masks obscured one's voice and peoples' costumes obscured one's body. And we played mind games with one another, but we usually knew who it was, although some were great actors/actresses. And it made me think that many of the humans were tainted by freakiness.

And as time passed, some had ugly faces of freaks. They had been hypnotized to be so, by a few freaks in human's clothing. But we didn't know which were freaks and warned the people not to let themselves be hypnotized. But it seemed that they were hypnotized while they slept.

Finally, we were all freak minds, and everyone adopted a monstrous face. And they kept changing their face, so no one knew who they originally were, including they, themselves. And we built “beautiful buildings,” which were actually quite disgusting, and all the children were converted to freakdom. Although I was now a freak, part of me wished it was otherwise, and life made me nauseous. But the freaks had triumphed, no doubt about it. But it seemed strange that they had won so quickly and easily. But of course, it was a strange World. And the strangest of all freaks were our leaders. The strangeness was not limited to looks, but also included strange ways of thinking. The leaders, figured ugliness was beauty and vice versa. And this included ugly deeds. Or just plain weirdness. For example, they thought science was only useful to help them gain control and now that they had control, they eliminated new science. Spacecraft went fast enough, and their leaders were maximum IQ, no need for more science.

And I bred with the females, even though they made me sick. And I had strange dreams of abstract art faced freaks. I figured this was the future. And these freaks in the dream just used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to communicate and it was easy to see who was the strangest and therefore born to lead. My thoughts however were not so strange compared to the leaders.

And the freak women all gave birth after a pregnancy of just 1-4 months and these offspring were born fully grown and their minds reached adulthood after just 1 year. So, the population was growing fast and now in the year 2145 A.D. there were 40 billion freaks and no humans left, not even in zoos. Humans had disappeared without a trace and most freaks forgot all about them. But I remembered being human and the good times I’d had. Now, good times involved taking drugs to warp one’s mind and make it strange and listening to bizarre music and watching bizarre movies that had no rhyme or reason and of course breeding. The idea of sex was to create freak children, but we did gain some pleasure from it. But not like human sex.

I had some freak friends who I tried to talk with, but their minds were abstract, and they didn't want to do things for pleasure. But at least my friends could talk in a semi-sane way about art and movies. Nearly all the freaks I regarded as insane. But some went too far with their insane behavior and were destructive and had to be put in a "rebirth" in which they kept their body and memories but were not so destructively crazy in their conscious mind.

And it must be noted that the freaks came to power without much violence, they called it "The Golden Revolution" and they all really liked gold and peace. Of course, one could argue that the takeover of human brains was violent, but they all seemed to agree it was peaceful and was what humans wanted.

And our babies were all taught to be peaceful. And murder was punished with a forced rebirth, and one had to be a slave to the mother of the murdered persona. Indeed, there were classes of freak society. At the bottom were slaves, who couldn't create strange art and/or weren't interested in breeding. Then there was the middle class with an average IQ of B+. I was included in this group. And the elite 1 in 1000, were the leaders. The leaders wanted to replace all those who had previously been human with fresh freaks with a clean memory. This included me, of course. But they were phasing us out. Only the leaders had eternal youth. Everyone else died around 80 years old. And I was 60 already and could die at any time. I didn't get much enjoyment from life and so didn't worry about death. In fact, I kind of looked forward to dying.

And so that's what happened. I am writing this account for future humanoids who might benefit from my story.

Nightmare on Luna

Ours was a World of horror. We were ruled by a cruel dictator, Ralph, King of all Luna, who repressed the people to the point where everyone was living in a nightmare. For example, he took all the females for his gigantic harem, which was a large virtual city for horny women. Thirty-six thousand women in total. And he didn't allow the people to take any drugs or alcohol. Some men became gay, but our tyrant didn't care. And all the men were his slaves, except for his 200 bodyguards, but even they had no women. Every year his women gave birth to about 200 children. The King took sex enhancers of which he had plenty it seemed. But we didn't know anything about that, not being sexually experienced.

There were no machines of any kind in the Kingdom, which was on Luna. And no one could leave. And those who tried to leave or who did not know-how to him were tortured. I David, told my fellow slaves that we could overwhelm his bodyguards and I wanted revolution. But everyone was afraid of dying or being tortured. And Earth meanwhile was in chaos and couldn't help us.

My slave job was doing the accounting for stem-cell meats being produced and consumed. It was quite an important post, but I gained no satisfaction from it. But no one was allowed to be fat and rather were lean and kept hungry.

Our tyrant was the third in a line of despotic rulers. Altogether they had ruled for almost 100 years. None of us were old enough to remember previous leaders, but my mother who was in the King's harem and gave birth to me, the King's son, she quietly told me, "It had been halcyon days relatively speaking in days of yore." And this planted the seed of doubt regarding Ralph's right to rule, even though he was my father.

And he had chosen a successor, one of his children, Ted, who was just as ruthless and cruel as he was. But even Ted wasn't given a woman or any special privileges. Ralph meanwhile enjoyed drinking and feasting and loving his women...

But then one day, I finally snapped and overpowered and killed one of the bodyguards that had been assigned to guard the meat vault and then I used the guard's laser to shoot dead 3 more bodyguards and I spread the word that revolution had come, and me and 2 friends picked off 8 more bodyguards. So, we advanced on the palace with our eleven lasers we now had and led a huge mob. We killed 50 bodyguards and 67 of my friends with lasers fell, but others picked up their guns and the mob scared the rest of the guards who threw down their weapons, and I personally entered the King's chambers and shot him dead, even though he was my father.

People rejoiced in the street; it seemed everyone hated our tyrant. But our celebration didn't last long as a rapidly mutating plague swept the land. We all figured it was caused by the King's secret science program which we now discovered. The same science program which produced eternal life for the King as well as sexual enhancers...

And the court historian said the same thing happened after WW I. which was more than 200 years ago. And this historian assured us that many would survive the plague.

The plague swept through the Kingdom killing 40% of the population and the scientists couldn't stop it.

But I survived the plague and ran for President in an election. I thought I'd be a shoe in, but I lost in a landslide to Dirk L. Dirk wanted to put society back to the way it had been, 100 years ago, believing it was the best of all possible Worlds whereas I wanted science and progress.

And Dirk kept the prettiest 1,000 women in his new harem, but the rest of the women were free to find mates. I found a clever girl who was sexy in an unusual way. Her name was Charlotte, and she taught me how to be a good lover.

And Dirk allowed the people to drink alcohol and eat as much as they pleased. But as for drugs, there were none except sex enhancers and eternal youth for our new President only.

And the President gave the people all a prayer book, which they had to memorize and pray to him as if he was a God.

And the people all worked, just like the slaves in the previous regime, only now they all were paid a small wage.

And the President, entertained the people by having his scientists create dinosaur monsters who would fight each other and fight humans in the newly constructed coliseum. Most of the population, watched the games. The coliseum had room for 80,000 people, so everyone could fit in. Everyone agreed this stadium was an engineering marvel, and it took only 3 years to finish. And the President made speeches to the people from the coliseum floor. Typically, he led prayers to himself and told the people how well the economy was doing and how the future looked bright.

And after 4 years, it was time for an election but the President, declared himself to be King, instead. And he had me and other political opponents arrested and jailed indefinitely. Common criminals were executed but we “radicals,” were kept in a maximum-security prison and allowed no visitors. We might as well have been dead. But the new King enjoyed torturing us and hypnotizing us.

Meanwhile, on the outside my lover tried desperately to secure my release, finally she got a frenzied mob of my supporters to storm the prison and liberate me and then they stormed the

King's palace and killed the King and his advisors. And they cross-hypnotised me very carefully. It was risky to my sanity.

And we had another election and this time they voted me in. My first act was to have the court historian educate all the people from our sordid past with a view to the society being better in the future. And I hired many of the best minds to work in science and supported great minds in the arts as well. And I declared it was great to be rich and encouraged the people to open new businesses. And everyone was given free speech. Things were going along smoothly.

But then one day, as I greeted the crowd, a woman stabbed me, but my doctors were able to stitch me up and heal me. After that I no longer appeared in public, except to give speeches in the coliseum.

And I continued the games that had been started by my predecessor, but preceded each games, with a political speech about the progress my government was making, but one day whilst making a speech someone opened the doors and let a T-Rex out and it charged me, I ran from it deftly but finally it had me in its jaws. And so that was the end of me, and my last thoughts were it is a World of horror.

#

Narrative continued by Charlotte...

So, it was that my true love, David was killed in the ring. But I took control and declared an election would be held and I was running for President. I was duly elected, but then we were attacked by the tyrant of the new USA, and he easily conquered us. And I was jailed, and all the people were enslaved. And the people hated me for not building a better military and many wanted to kill me. Anyway, our new American tyrant brooked no dissent and arrested all our cleverer citizens and jailed them too.

And so, I languished in prison and reflected we lived in a World of horror.

Evan Rouge and the Red World

Everything in our World was red and it made me angry. Our leader was a moron and he proclaimed one day that everyone must have red skin and clothes and live in red houses. All the foliage was red and so was the sky and it was a volcanic World here in the Polaris System with a red sun. Our Planet was named Planet Rouge.

And our leader, Evan Rouge, declared that different shades of red would indicate different personalities. But I wondered who had put him up to declaring this. Some of his advisors were clever and knew how to manipulate him, or perhaps indeed controlling him outright.

For example, crimson red, indicated a violent aggressive person, whereas rouge indicated beauty, and Salmon red indicated hope and skill. Dark red indicated passion and evil. And there were many other subtleties of red.

I, Jules, was sick of red and decided to dress in green, hoping to start a new fashion trend and create some variety and not be representing anything by the shade of your clothes or home etc. But the police arrested me and charged me with sedition, and I found myself breaking rocks on the chain gang and being totally miserable.

And all of us prisoners had black skin and black clothes indicating we were enemies of the State. But we plotted a prison riot in which we would take over control of the prison we were in and negotiate our safe passage to Sol's System. So, we succeeded in taking control of the prison and Evan agreed to provide a Spacecraft to take us back home. We had a number of engineers involved with the riot and they checked the ship to make sure it hadn't been sabotaged. It seemed like they would be glad to get rid of us. But on the eve of our departure, thousands of storm troopers assaulted the prison and killed most of the inmates and arrested me.

But Evan's government didn't know what to do with me. Finally, they sentenced me to death in one week's time. So, I decided to write this account and give a copy to the remaining clever prisoners and told them if they should escape, they should try and kill Evan's advisors, who were positively evil and intolerant.

But on the day of my execution, Evan commuted my sentence to prison for the rest of my life in solitary confinement. And they gave me paper so I could write down the books I planned. Like for example, I dreamed of a multi-colored World which was full of people who had their mind enhanced through drug therapy. I wrote we can use our best minds in science and build machines and really make this World hum.

And it turned out, my execution was stayed I was soon freed; they created a new class of scientists, and I was one of them. We all had to research old computer files, but after a couple of years we were actually conducting research. Of course, we had to research what Evan wanted, but we figured all science was good. Evan wanted us to research making red food with drugs in them. Like drugs to stimulate the people to fervent prayer for him and tranquilizers to help us sleep. We tested the new drugs carefully on real people.

And Evan also wanted us to study how to educate people to be good citizens and worship Evan. It was of course trial and error and many of us scientists didn't really believe in our great leader, but we did the work dutifully. We found that hypnosis could be used to great effect on all the peoples' actions. Evan was leery at first, but then we showed him some actual cases using hypnotism and he was quite impressed. And some of the scientists wanted all of us researchers to be hypnotized to serve Evan Rouge to the best of our ability. And Evan thought this was a brilliant idea and some of us cross-hypnotized one another to weigh the pros and cons with every

research decision and not merely be Evan's slaves. But cross-hypnosis was very dangerous and could result in insanity.

Anyway, Evan's idea was to also bring back the arts, which had languished for some time now, and he wanted all art to glorify himself. So, we made statues and temples and even revived movies... Our filmmakers tried to be creative, but it was such pap, I couldn't stand it. Indeed, I hated Evan Rouge more than ever.

And I wanted to poll the populace regarding how content they were, but feared some of them would tell the King I was asking strange questions. But it seemed to me that most people were depressed and sad.

As for the color red, it was still being used. I usually dressed in ruby red which indicated purity and brilliance. Most of my few friends were the same. Evan wore all sorts of red, including reddish-purple which indicated high passion and intelligence. And reddish-brown which was for wisdom.

And I researched the effects of drugs of pleasure and alcohol and I decided to say that such drugs would make the people happy and content and cause them to love Evan Rouge anymore. So, my findings were adopted, and I got drunk every night and took stimulants during the day

And I helped to research air cars and telecommunications and so we were able to colonize some of the other Moon and Planets in the System. I spearheaded a colony on Moon Nexus and picked mostly my friends to go. But Evan Rouge insisted on sending 10 of his bodyguards to the new settlement to keep an eye on things.

But we hypnotized these guards to follow us, and we declared independence from Planet Rouge. There was nothing King Evan could do about it. So, the first thing we did was to research eternal youth and weapons to attack Evan.

And after five years we attacked Planet Rouge and easily overthrew King Evan and declared a new age of science, enlightenment and progress...

From Living with Orcs to Interstellar Travels

My life was one of horror. I was the only human amongst a World of orcs and other monsters. The orcs enslaved me in their army. And we fought battles with giants who rode fire breathing dragons. We all had bows and arrows and tried to hit the dragons in the eye. The dragon's scales repelled our arrows. I had been with the orc army for a few months now and was one of the longest lasting troops in our legion and had personally struck a giant in the eye, killing him. I had also been raped basically nightly by the orcs.

The orcs were controlled by an evil sorcerer orc who cast spells on us to make us fight harder. My tribe of humans had been wiped out by the orcs...

My legion was one of 10 of 6,000 troops each. And the orcs were breeding rapidly. Humans could not conceive children with the orcs, not that I would want to love orc women. The orcs disgusted me and made me nauseous. I had trouble getting through the day but drank excessively in our camps at night.

The giants lived in hovering castles high in the sky and lived on burnt orc meat.

And this World also featured water sprites who our army had never seen, but I remembered them from my days with my tribe and they turned me on. I wanted to get away from the orcs and join these nixies, but I couldn't swim, and they stayed away from the shore when the orcs were nearby. One could smell and hear the dirty orcs from quite a distance.

But then one day a strange air car flew above us, and all the orcs suddenly started yelling in pain, holding their heads and then falling down. I was the last man standing and they beamed me up onto their ship. I said, "I am very glad to see you people." They asked me what happened to

my tribe, and I told them, the tribe had landed on this Planet and were surprized and overwhelmed by the orcs. They told me I could come with them.

I said to them, "Why not conquer this Planet." They said, there would be no point to that. And they cured the diseases I had gotten from the orcs. So, we took off for Space. And they said, they were the relief ship sent to help our tribe. And said their next mission was to head to Tau Ceti System and bring 100 new immigrants. It would be a ten-hour journey. While en route I started chatting with one of the young ladies in the crew, Beatrice, and I fell in love instantly. So, I asked the Captain, "If I could join the crew?" He said, "Sure we can always use able-bodied crew members."

Our destination on Tau Ceti, Reagan's Planet, was a sparkling city, the likes of which I'd never seen in person. My new love and I however stayed on the ship and made love to one another. I came again and again. But finally, after hours of loving we were exhausted, and went down to the city for dinner. The food tasted as good as the city looked and we got drunk on Barney's Elixir, which tasted out of this World. Night had turned today for me in 24 short hours. It made me a firm believer in hope, no matter what one's situation was. And the people of this city wanted to hear all about the orcs. They told me humanoid freaks were scattered around our galaxy and humans mostly let them be. Typically, crazy scientists had developed the freaks and many of them were evil, like the orcs. The scientists said they were just adding variety with their Worlds of fantasy. And many people wanted to fight evil. And many who they created were good, like the water sprites.

Our next destination was Barnard's Star System, Light city. We were delivering a dangerous cargo of radioactive elements for research purposes along with 100 new immigrants. The main city here was all lit up with architecture of light. And the people wore clothes of light. And

Beatrice and I toured the city and found a congenial pub where we met some of the locals who told us Light city was dedicated to the imagination.

They made a lot of films here. And they told me, today's new film was about a witch, who took over the rule of the city and hypnotized everyone to do her bidding. But they said, they were all very vigilant about anyone trying to seize power and everyone had a laser pistol, just in case.

The next day the film was about this Light city, sending a colony to Zappa's city in the Lalande System. This System had already been colonized but in the movie the colonists want to set up a Utopia in which the most enlightened of them ruled in an oligarchy, whereas in Light city, it was democratic. These enlightened leaders wanted to tutor the populace to be more imaginative, believing they are only as strong as the weakest link in the chain. They believed that anyone can be taught to be more imaginative, and people were like clay, waiting to be molded into brilliant figures...

The following day, the movie was about how those of Chinese ancestry were brilliant in sculpture and painting and the movie followed them and their exciting art production. And they made a lot of movies, too, mostly romances in the modern era.

The next day's movie was about modern-day charlatans who were mediocre minds but fancied themselves to be geniuses. It was all fakeries.

And there were numerous other films here, but after staying a few days we took off for the Ross System. It was a journey of 1 week, during which time I loved Beatrice hard. Upon arriving at Planet Copernicus in the System, we were greeted by an all-star band and loving people. Beatrice and I toured the System and found a colony of dwarves in a high gravity Moon and the dwarves wanted us to change into short people, but we declined. So, we went to the main city on Copernicus, New California. There we found people who were easygoing about everything except

sex. To them, sex was sacred. And they had rituals for preparing for sex and people were expected to have a bevy of offspring. And everyone had to prove that they were truly in love or else they would be downgraded in terms of rank. Rank to them meant better lovers, better luxury items and political power. We spoke with the leaders and asked them if they were truly happy. But somewhat surprisingly they said they wanted better drugs and better sex and were not content. I told them, "I was sure that you people are spoiled." But they denied it and said they just wanted to live in Paradise. And they said perhaps Paradise was unobtainable, but it was something to strive for.

Then we took off for the Cygni Binary Star System. After an uneventful journey, we found most Planets and Moons here were hot and four had breathable air. On one Planet we delivered plans for a nuclear power plant and the people here were somewhat backwards in terms of technology. They said technology was going too fast and they needed to take it slow. Anyway, they said there was peace in Space, so they didn't need a modern army with the latest weapons. And they claimed their life was sublime and they were taking their time with progress. I said to one of them, "There will always be people on Earth who want technology to slow down, and these people vote conservative. Maybe one day the conservatives will win on Earth, and then shit will really hit the fan."

And Beatrice and I visited another Planet where the people lived underground due to high air pressure, just like on Venus. We teleported down to the sub surface and found a close-knit group and we delivered instructions for the latest pleasure drugs. The settlement was a city of 15,000 and everyone knew one another. They said their colony was a perfect size and they weren't taking any new immigrants.

And next the two of us went to a World of an artificial construct of Space matrices and put all the citizens in a different location. The people were all scientists here working on imagination drugs. Drugs which stimulated the imagination and made people be all they could be.

Then we took off for Evidian Star System. They had just one rather coolish city, Coolton. It was a city in which everyone was fashionable and cool. And they all had, "living tattoos," which were basically mini-movies and were quite fascinating. And they asked me if I wanted one, but I believed in having pure skin.

And these people made brilliant music and cool movies. We listened to some of the new age music which all had deep lyrics and watched movies like, "Astronauts in Empty Space." It was about astronauts gathering in a granfalloon. And partying with heavy drugs and merging Space suits for sex. The movie's lesson was too many people, party too much and it doesn't make sense.

And another movie here in Coolton was, "Icy Cold," about how some people were dispassionate and unfriendly here. Indeed, there were some cold-hearted people here who were mostly scientists. And were nihilists. But there were a lot of warm-hearted people here who were in the majority.

And we both liked, "Eden in Space" about how people here were born innocent and were corrupted by adults...

And Beatrice and I got to know some new friends here and decided to settle down here. We were kind of sick of traveling. And we lived happily ever after.

Tale of Two Worlds: The Gibbet and Utopia

I lived in a Dystopia. King Reggie kept me in a gibbet suspended high in the sky. Ignorant people threw stones at me, and some kinder people threw fruit and meat for me to eat. I had been caged for complaining about the quality of drugs on our Planet. Reggie was an evil despot who tolerated no dissent and had spies everywhere. It was a spy that blew the whistle on me.

And there were a few hundred gibbets in the Capital. It was a surreal skyline. And I was in pain from the cramped Space. And at first, I shouted at the people below, but now just stood there glumly. I didn't want to die...

But then one day the people revolted en masse, and I was freed, and King Reggie was executed. In the new regime, they made me Minister of Drugs. And I interviewed scientists and put many to work on developing new drugs. And they developed a number of panacea drugs that made people feel good and content. These drugs were a hit, and I was very popular amongst the people. Finally, we held an election, and I won the Presidency.

How things could change! As President I banned the desexing of humans with drugs. And told the people to have lots of children and gave generous grants to people for each child they had.

And I demanded everyone try their hand at making movies to keep them busy and keep the people entertained. One of my favorite movies they made was a collaboration between 3 men and 3 women, called, "Straight Up," it was about the nascent stock market growing exponentially and everyone was required to own some stock. Investments in gold and other metals and minerals, real estate, the service industry and air car production were all high performing types of stocks. So I had everyone invest in stocks.

Another film here I liked was, “Amnesia 101.” It chronicled how in the former regime, people were hypnotised to forget their history and were hypnotised to love Reggie. It was a documentary and the film dealt with how I had the people cross-hypnotised, which was dangerous but had to be done. I had the hypnotherapists tell the people to weigh different points of view and select the one that seemed best. But the cross-hypnotism drove a number of people insane. But it couldn’t be helped and I put these people on neo-heroin.

Another film, I thought was appropriate was “Easy Living in A.D. 2304” It was about a group of poets who lived a sublime life living in a commune with plenty of drugs and new music. Most of them wrote music lyrics. Like for example:

Easy life

No strife

Go under the knife

And live splendidly.

Or:

Becoming a man

Who can

Do miracles

Is the fate of many

The future will surprise

With amazing enterprises

And so on.

Another film I liked was, “Lunar Life,” about living on our Planet’s Moon. It was science fiction, but I had some of the scientists find ways for us to survive there, just like in the movie.

Then there was a flick called, “Future Life,” which detailed how people would live in an ecstatic future in which everyone was rich relatively speaking. And everyone was well-educated, and everyone was good-looking (through plastic surgery) and had lots of lovers. And everyone had eternal youth. I figured we were on the path to such a future.

Also, there was a film called “Madness and the Fiddle.” It detailed how a mad fiddle player wrote songs about future madness. Like maddening drugs and people who were maddeningly beautiful.

And so on. All in all, it was turning out to be a Utopia here. And I was quite proud how I had helped to create this New World Order.

Kidnappers

I, Nellie, said to Jim, “I am a high roller who works for a casino. The roulette wheel and the cards and the slot machines automatically gave me big jackpots. And so other people were convinced they too could win, but they rarely won. The casino wanted maximum profit.”

Jim said, “I work for a politician, and try and skew the results with false polls. Many people want to jump on the bandwagon of a successful candidate.”

I said, “You and I both are big-time frauds.” He said, “And I’m loving it; greed is the modern-day religion.” I replied, “I kind of feel guilty cheating so many people, but they are all fools, marks for us.” He said, as they say, “A fool and his money are soon parted.” And he told me, “Let’s fry bigger fish and kidnap people of power. We could earn enough money for the rest of our lives with one successful kidnapping.” So, we planned to kidnap a maverick businessman who let us into his inner circle. And then one day we grabbed him and whisked him away. The ransom was set at \$10 billion, and Nellie picked up the cash and drove from Detroit to Las Vegas. And she tried the cash and it worked and she bought millions of gaming chips. But we didn’t let our captive go and finally invested in Panama with no questions asked about our cash, which was now guaranteed in digital credits. And Nellie bought a mansion with an opium farm. So then finally, we released our captive in Las Vegas...

Of course, the authorities could trace the serial number of the bills, but the Mexican government was corrupt, and we paid them off.

And the two of us spoke fluent Spanish and one day decided to run for office as Mayors of two small Mexican cities, we had plowed billions into the Mexican economy and were easily elected. And we ran a chain of bars...

And we smuggled in opium into the USA, where it was still illegal. We dug a tunnel with a special alloy roof that refracted ground penetrating radar to make it look like there was no tunnel.

And we made billions.

And we lived happily ever after with the feeling that crime does pay.

The Conservatives Seize Power

I, Gail, said to young Justin, “There seems to be no end to the horror here on Mars. Everyone here is angry and depressed at the same time. Our leaders force everyone to go regularly on amusement park rides which feature executions and other extreme violence. And everyone is wondering when it will be their turn to die. But everyone is angry at the government and rebellions happen every year. Of course, the government crushes each revolt using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to shout loudly in the rebel’s heads and force them to their knees. And the leaders are executed in the amusement park. The executions are typically hangings and those on the gallows take several minutes to die during which time hundreds of cars roll by.”

And I said, “Those who are selected for the rides are brutally assaulted by the State guards and forced into the cars. They are the angriest people, but they just don’t seem to get that our leaders are determined to stay in power.”

And I told him, “The rides feature movie clips of angry people being executed in the past, but again, they don’t seem to get it.”

Justin opined, “It seems to me like people all raise their children to be angry with the system and the authorities can’t kill them fast enough.” I said, “They can’t kill us all and everyone is angry. Revolution is sure to come one day.”

And one day it finally succeeded, and the leaders had their heads chopped off. But everyone was still angry, but they all agreed to build a new government that would represent all of the people and give in to their demands. And suddenly the people had nothing to be angry about. And it was Paradise.

The new government tried its best to please the people... And every new law had the consent of 60% of the populace at least. It made people feel that they were important.

But then the people started to become mad at Earth and the depravities that were happening there. And they wanted to go to Terra, with agents provocateurs and spies of our government.

Many of those on Terra were upset by the revolution on Mars, but Earth too, was in a state of nascent revolution. It seemed like it was the same old battle between anti-progress conservatives and progressive liberals. The conservatives had been in power for 20 years at the New UN.

During the conservative tenure there was a ban on AI and automation was rolled back so that everyone had a job, albeit part-time. And old school businesses like real estate and the service industry formed much of the job market. And cronyism was endemic. And the conservatives said if there was any more liberal progress, the World would end. But the economy was stagnating, and liberals led in the polls. And the liberal leader promised the people that they would no longer have a “useless” job to do and would be free to indulge in fantasies like hologram Worlds and be together with android love dolls. And he promised to colonize the Solar System en masse and the value of Space real estate would go through the roof and would help pay for the colonization.

But there seemed to be some issue with the elections. The conservatives, it was thought, would cancel the election in a bid to hold onto power and many were preparing for a revolution. People bought guns like never before and stocked up on food and other essentials and bought generators.

And the government one day announced there would be no election, became the first day of the revolt. It was anarchy and the people didn't know who was on which side and there were battles on the streets.

Then the two opposing sides formed armies of their supporters, but the conservatives controlled most of the military and so won out. Afterwards, the conservatives announced the World had been saved and all was well. But there were pockets of resistance hidden underground and several conservative government leaders were assassinated by bombs.

Most scientists supported the liberals, but were content to work on cures for diseases and invented better weapons and also other things that appealed to everyone, like better food and drink...

And most artists favored the progressives but were willing to make movies for everyone's entertainment. Science fiction was frowned upon by the leaders as was fantasy, crime, horror etc. The leaders preferred movies based on classic literature and literary novels.

Children were born the old-fashioned way and were taught conservative values in school. And taught to dress conservatively and many were religious, but religion wasn't necessary.

And the conservative era went on and on, and the general public were generally afraid of change.

Tour of Luna

I, Oscar, said to Terri and Sherri, the twins, I am so lucky to have loved you both. Terri said, “I am honored to have loved such a VIP like you.” Sherri said, “Yes, I concur.” Of course, I was governor of the 7 lunar colonies, and they were new citizens of my State. I asked, “Why don’t I take you on a tour of the colonies?” And they both acquiesced.

We started with the Capital. Its architecture was a series of rings, metal and concrete all interlinked, and there was no dome. And there were a plethora of tunnels linking the various structures. The city was called Ultra city and they had the best of everything here. I treated the twins to dinner at my favorite restaurant. I recommended the dish, stem-cell duck #10. There were thousands of dishes to choose from. And the city people were all dressed in navy blue and other shades of blue. And they all had a bar code on their chests which one could scan with ubiquitous eye enhancing apps. The bar code revealed one’s rank from 1-1,000, and the city was 80,000 people, so there were 80 of each rank. And the codes also revealed one’s personality type, one’s name and one’s type of predilection for lovers. But there was no need to worry about ID theft, as crime was very low, due to vigilant vetting of new immigrants and tourists.

And the people of the Capital were warm and friendly. And many wanted to love the twins, as we were fresh and new to the people here. But they stuck to me as if they were in love.

Next, we went to a city, Mongrels’ city, under a dome. Here the people had exotic pets, some were humanoid and were quite clever. Like winged snakes and dogs with a voice box, able to speak 3,000 words. The pets were a great tourist draw and the people sold them some of the new age pets. They had codes here too, in this city of 40,000 people. Terri wanted to buy a cute baby

bear who would never grow up and so she did after talking to her sister. Sherri meanwhile bought a Balinese cat who could understand 200 words.

And we went dancing in the city after wining and dining. We went dancing in a low gravity bar and the girls thoroughly enjoyed it, with a simple oxygen app attached to their mouths, the oxygen was more than Earth, and gave a feeling of euphoria.

And here in Mongrel city one could wish for a certain type of lover, and they would come to life as new, affable android lovers. The three of us created a few and indulged in a fantastic orgy.

Then it was on to the third city of Luna, "Transsexual Haven." Here the people, lived under a dome and spent their time mostly keeping changing their sex and many kinky tourists came here to sample them. The city was 23,000 people all of whom had at least one sex change. And they wanted to love us, but we weren't interested. Sherri remarked however, "I want to love one of the multi-sexual people here, a man with four penises!" And she went for it, while I loved Terri.

The fourth settlement on Luna, was a city under a dome with a few skyscrapers. The population was 14,000. It was called, Madness city. Here everyone was crazy. People had always thought the Moon should be settled by lunatics. And this colony featured daredevils and werewolves and heavy drug users. And just plain bizarre people with bizarre faces. The whole city was like a gigantic mental asylum. I told the girls best not to love the people here as many were psycho. So we moved on.

The fifth settlement on Luna, was a town of 8,000 also under a dome with a few skyscrapers and plenty of gardens and a river flowing through the town. Everyone who immigrated here brought 500 gallons of water with them. The town was called, Blitzkrieg, and the people here aggressively interrogated the twins and tried to win them over with charming magnificence. But these people overwhelmed the twins and they clung to me.

Then we went to the sixth settlement on Luna, Garbage town. Here they had built a ski hill out of garbage from the seven settlements. And then used earth movers to make the hill higher. The town was located on one of the lunar poles which was icy, but under a dome. People enjoyed skiing in low gravity. And we did too. Of course, here on Luna most things were recycled, but there was still a lot of garbage. Some here said that garbage should be reduced to zero, but as always humans were rather wasteful.

Anyway, the town was also renowned for its drugs. Mostly hallucinogens. And they had created a mushroom filled area filled with gnomes, elves and demons etc. And the town Mayor told us, "Reality is layered, and everyone is in a different layer. And here was the ultimate reality where one could find deep loves." But the twins figured this World was mad and dangerous to one's soul, so we moved on.

Finally, we came to the seventh lunar settlement, the domed town of Stellar Luna, that was still being built up. The plan was to build a town which was full of pioneering types who were mostly social scientists who studied trends on Earth and found that, most people on Earth were unhappy with their life and most wanted more new drugs to help them get through the day. And they wanted their governments to look after them better. And they found that few people wanted to live forever, as eternal youth drugs were now being tested. And they determined most humans were against AI and wanted to maintain the freeze on such technology. And so on.

Another feature of Stellar Luna was its high-class professional lovers, all three of us chose a lover here. And it was good loving.

And all three of us wanted to love a social scientist here and so we did.

All in all, the twins were pleased with the tour and continued to be my lovers for some time to come. And as governor, I wanted to bring in more artistic immigrants, and develop our tourism industry more. And build Utopian dreams...

