

Butterfly Men and Other Stories

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The Butterfly Men

So, it was in the year 2100 A.D., the Sun began to warm significantly and suddenly people metamorphosed into giant moths/butterfly men. Some said it was Aliens' doing, others said it was human destiny as God existed and had wished for humans to fly and go on to the next phase of evolution. But some blamed the UW (United Worlds) government for altering all humans into freaks. But few could remember their previous lives and were excited to be butterfly men/moth men, me included.

The moths loved one another and communicated with MRT (Mind Reading Technology), and their brains were all efficient and clever. They shared dreams with one another.

As for me, Carol, I began to dream of multi-colored and multi-designed butterflies. I was naturally attracted to males with brilliant wing designs. And I forgot all about being human. For example, I dreamed of building with my mind huge buildings that were edible for moths and moths covered the surface of the buildings, flocking together to breed and chat about their adventures. Some edible buildings contained stimulants or ecstatic drugs.

And I, Carol, dreamed of going to the Moon in a Spaceship. Finally, I found such a ship, it was shaped like a moth and colored like a monarch butterfly. The trip was wonderful with sharing tales and the Moon thin atmosphere, was breathable for moths... I had wings with crowns on them and figured I was a Queen and the best of moths.

I flew from one food tower to another and fell in love for the first time with a purple male with Benjamin Franklin on each of his wings. He said, "I dream of loving humans!" And he was a historian of past human times. He made me feel for humans who had disappeared from every

World. And he used his mind to make sweet, dreamy music. He sang about orgies and debauchery.

And he used his mind to paint pictures of butterflies with symbols on their wings. The symbols all represented certain philosophies. Like white wings with golden keys on them which represented the golden rule. Or blue wings with clouds on them which signified philosophies like the World is all obscure and no one knows anything for sure. Or green wings with animals depicted on them, and such moths kept the spirit of animals alive. All animals had disappeared from Earth in the Great Metamorphoses. Also, lesser life forms disappeared as well, even bacteria had vanished.

And he told me, his philosophy was to love the most brilliantly colored moths. He said, “I liked my golden crowns and loved my mind.” And together we dreamed of dancing on new Worlds and dream. The elite moths were those who had the best markings on their wings. Some thought the markings were highly subjective, but most average moths just had a kaleidoscope of color on their wings as if they were an object of abstract art.

The average moth was six feet, from head to tail tip, and our average head was much larger than a moth of former times, and we were all very clever. During the Great Metamorphosis, average thinkers became instantly quite clever over the course of just one day. But the elite moths were eight feet tall and had larger wingspans.

And “Benjamin” said “Humans had their day in the Sun. Now it’s our turn. I said, “The whole thing reminds me of the tale of Icarus, who flew too close to the Sun. It seems to me like many moth men are very proud.” I had spent some time with some of the other elite moths and found many rejected everything human and wanted to build whole new Worlds. The butterfly men used their formidable powers of telekinesis to break apart human cities and replace them with moth

food towers. It was estimated that all 9 billion humans were converted to moths. And we had given birth to 100 billion new moths in just our first year of existence. There were no checks and balances on population. There were no predators and there were no wars. Anyway, moths didn't have any weapons, however they could throw one another around using their mental powers if they so wished, but they very seldom did so. Benjamin told me, "Us butterflies were all higher beings than humans. It was the next step in evolution. And perhaps one day there will be another Great Metamorphosis.

I asked Benjamin again and again, "What did we know about our "Alien" creators?" He kept saying, "Our creators appear like flames burning from the ground up, all in the Capital city, there were hundreds of them, and many butterflies are drawn to burn up in the flames. But I have never been to the Capital." On one occasion, I asked him, "Are the butterflies burnt up and destroyed completely by the flames?" He said, "No one knows."

And I asked him, "Are all cities outside the capital the same?" He said, "Actually there is great variety. You should travel more. For example, New San Francisco Bay area, in which clever stingrays congregate in the sea bay. And there are sub-surface food towers growing on the sea bottom for stingrays to also congregate. Basically, the rays have large heads like us but can't survive on land and we can't survive in the oceans." And he added, "There are some eclectic cities in old Europe, like for example, one in which every butterfly looks to the sky in high powered telescopes and is planning on building a ship to take them to Space. Some wonder if humans exist in Space!"

Also, he said, "In old Europe, back on Earth, there is a city of noisy "cricket men." They stand upright and also have large heads. People think Cricket city is just an experiment with insect men who are different from butterflies. As if our creators were unsure about turning

everyone into moths. And another city in Europe features moth movie makers who make all the films that we watch. Of course, most of their films are intellectual romances. I am sure you've seen many of them, without realizing they were from Europe." I replied, "Yes some of the male butterflies in the movies are very attractive and clever."

And I asked him, "Who rules in the Capital city?" And he said, "The flames can read our minds. And churn out new butterfly men by the millions. I think we were all born in flames without realizing it and then teleported to our current cities that we call home." I said, "I have no memories of being human." He responded, "I guess our creators wanted to give us a fresh start." But he added, "I have seen some human movies. People in the movies imagined they were beautiful and clever, and most had happy endings." I asked, "Why don't we make movies?" He responded, "Us butterfly men live for the day and celebrate life, having sex with one another and tripping on the drugs in our food towers, makes everyone happy and content." I said, "But from what you described some humans were extremely clever to make movies and I wonder if we are truly superior to them?" He said, "Why don't you make a movie about our love?" I answered, "It could be a story of the elite and what kind of romances they have had. Some love stories are dysfunctional and miserable, that I know, even though everyone seems clever." He said, "There is certainly a dark side to us butterfly men. And there are even rumors that there have been some murders, but the rumors say it is all covered up. And also grim is the way humans have been conveniently forgotten as if they never existed. Some elite figure our creators hated humanity and so destroyed them." I asked, "But why have we all been turned into butterflies?" He said, "We are gorgeous creatures, don't you think?" And we mostly think wonderful thoughts.

I opined, "I've heard in some more advanced human movies one can get into the minds of the actors and thereby understand their brain patterns." He remarked, "Maybe you are trying to dig a

little too deep into our society. It might not be safe for you.” I answered, “You seem to know more about our society’s origins than you are letting on.” He said, “Butterfly men are designed to live a sublime life and not question their reality.” I told him, “Maybe we need some radicals to question our lives and try and figure out what the future will be. And determine the true meaning of life and learn about our creators, the flames.” He said, “All I can say is you might get your wings singed or even die, by behaving so.” I asked, “But I thought we were immortal and would never die?” He remarked, “Nothing has ever lasted forever and us butterfly people live in a delicate balance with our reality. Don’t rock our boat.” And I arrogantly replied, “I’ll do what I want. I figure I have nothing to lose!”

So, I researched the little human video that was still in existence. The last day of humanity was June 5, A.D. 2135. It seemed like there was a great cataclysm in every city. And every city had temporary flames which sucked in everybody’s soul and then shot out butterfly men into the varying cities, and most of the butterfly men were all new creatures, and had no memories, but some had some human memories that were apocryphal, but they could all naturally mind read and knew enough to fly to the food towers and have sex. And I remember those carefree days of discovering one’s sexuality and the thrill of existence.

But it seemed like the flames had suddenly sprung up in a time of war and were used as a weapon to destroy humanity and replace people with superior, more elegant creatures. So it looked like it was all the doing of one tyrant and his scientists to try and end war forever. Certainly, butterfly men didn’t want to war with one another.

And I was somewhat relieved that we had been created by humans and not Aliens. And I shared human movies with my lover, Benjamin, and my butterfly friends. I thought some were really deep and I wondered if we couldn’t bring humans back, at least in zoos, and perhaps have

their own colonies? Benjamin told me, “From what I have learned humans were warlike and full of hubris and were always screwing one another over in a dog-eat-dog economy.” I asked him, “But what kind of economy do we have?” He said, “We don’t have one. The food towers are automatic and new butterfly men are being produced en masse, seemingly automatically. Soul mates for you and I are born every day. No one, today, unlike humans, lives for personal gain. It is an anathema.”

I asked, “What about imagination? Are we as imaginative as the best of humans?” He told me, “We are all working on imaginative love stories. Our love is purer than that of humans, who just wanted to dominate and control one another. Our love is all about giving to your mates all that you can and loving them for who they are, not who one wants them to be. Humans were greedy for more and more loves and were never satiated. For them, the more the better and many of their relationships were shallow. It was life in the express lane.”

I asked him, “Don’t you feel that romance is alive and kicking here?” He replied, “Getting in one’s lover’s mind is the ultimate love. To become one with each other is where it’s at! Humans didn’t do it, but rather banned Mind Reading Technology (MRT), whereas butterfly men can all naturally mind read. It is just one more advantage we have over humans.”

And I mind read to him, “What is your philosophy about the future?” He replied, “I feel that I can see butterfly men surviving indefinitely, but there will no doubt be new creatures, like the cricket men and other new ones to take the lead in evolution.” I told him, “But humans looked down on insects and would probably look down on us, too, despite our brilliance. I wonder what humans would think of us, now?” He replied, “I think they would be amazed and stunned by their sudden total elimination. But would probably be glad that such clever, peaceful creatures replaced them.”

I asked him, "Surely at least some humans have survived the Great Metamorphosis?" He replied, "It is rumored humans survive in deep Space. But studying the human videos, shows no mention of deep Space human colonization. But perhaps it was top secret!" I told him, "Probably humans had an inkling that they would be replaced and sent out on many secret voyages. The flame creators/destroyers couldn't have come out of nowhere. The flames are so powerful."

And Benjamin opined, "It's hard to say. But somehow the flames sucked in all souls in a matter of a few days and even zoomed in on those in supposedly safe bunkers, following their computer signals and even sucking them out of the bunkers. And EVERYONE used computers, or so it seems." And I asked him, "Why don't we use computers?" He answered, "We are a perfect race and can-do amazing calculations in our own minds. Like build Spaceships."

I said, "I want to take a Spaceship into deep Space!" He responded by asking, "Why give up all you have on a highly uncertain voyage?" I replied, "Though I am one of the elites here, I'm bored. I'd like to set up a colony with all the radically minded butterfly men and really stir something up!" He said, "Perhaps I would like to go on such a voyage as a historian. As you have said, we have nothing to lose, and anyway I am deeply in love with you."

So, we went on the voyage along with 20 radical butterfly men. But our journey was a long, one year trip to the Ross System, and surprisingly we didn't suffer from cabin fever, and everyone was in love with someone.

And we landed on an Earth-like Moon in which we could breathe the air, but there were no flames here and I was kind of disappointed. But we built some food/drug towers, and our life was sublime. And the food kept us eternally youthful. We felt no need for progeny.

And there was no trace of humans here, we figured if they weren't here, they weren't anywhere.

We had human DNA with us, and as a hobby we raised some humans who were quite imaginative and kept them on a sex farm where they loved one another and did art. They made some fine movies about life in this Star System. And we were curious about human love. It seemed like most human love was pure physical attraction. Unlike butterfly men who mostly loved one another for their mind.

And I copied my mind onto a new-born human and watched her grow up to be a stellar persona, who made movies about humans and butterfly men living together in peace.

But we were very wary that humans could be violent and dangerous. However, we lucked out with our choices of humans and enjoyed friendly banter with them on their sex farm. I felt it added variety to this Moon.

But then one day the flames appeared on our Moon, and the humans were all destroyed, and I was very afraid and didn't try and do anything about it.

Thereafter we lived in constant fear, but there was nothing we could do about it...

The Weatherman

The man known as the weather man, was in charge of the weather on all Earth. He made some tough calls on when to bring rain or dryness to one area and whether to have cold/hot weather to an area. He controlled the weather by bombing the Earth's depths to create volcanoes and warm the oceans. And use heat power from bombing open the ocean tectonic hot spots, to cause the ocean surface to warm and to form wet clouds. And cloud seeding was also employed. Basically, the weather today was warmer and wetter than in past generations. There was more heat energy and there were more storms.

The weatherman was elected by the UW (United Worlds), again and again. And he tried to please as many people as possible and the powerful nations got better weather than the poor nations.

He could accurately predict the weather for eight weeks ahead of time. Of course, he used dynamic Supercomputers to do the calculations. These machines could all be programmed to serve the weatherman's wishes.

Some people even gambled on what the weather would be in any particular area in a year's time or even a decade.

Many people adored the weatherman, Jim Quetzalcoatl. He liked to go to parties and give speeches. And many young ladies wanted to seduce him.

And he set up billions of horizontal trees to cover the surface of Venus and a million factories on Venus to turn carbon-dioxide into carbon and oxygen. And he had his people bomb Jupiter and turn it into a small sun. And he had his minions bomb the frozen seas on Europa and Triton

to melt them. And he set it up so many immigrants showed up to live in these newly developed Worlds.

And he even bombed the sun to set off chain reactions to heat it up.

And finally, he was elected President of the UW. But he wasn't perfect. And had a penchant for loving innocent girls of 15 or 16. And he even loved many of his female children...

However, he was the most powerful person alive today. And he was a strong proponent of progress for humans but didn't allow Supercomputers to become sentient. Many people figured they'd like to love perfect android love dolls; he allowed the love dolls, but they had only basic intelligence.

And he discouraged old-fashioned culture. He wanted everyone to speak English, dress in the latest fashion of light garb and eat all sorts of food. And writers and musicians would develop their own style and create futuristic works. Like sending weather developing robots to deep Space to prepare distant Worlds for human habitation. Of course, some Worlds were easy to control their weather, others were very difficult. It was difficult even to create atmosphere on nearby Luna. He wasn't perfect but many people worshipped him as a God...

And in this year, 2154 A.D. he now had 100,000 children (born as adults in the lab) and these children mostly bred with one another, and he now had 500,000 grandchildren.

His progeny dominated the arts, science and business. And he maximized their imaginations by tutoring them by the best. He even claimed that all his progeny were geniuses. And many people concurred.

But many people who knew Quetzalcoatl thought he was a very serious man and even considered him to have a grim personality. He described himself as. "A man of strong imagination."

And people greeted one another always by referring to the weather, most commonly, “Nice day, isn’t it?” And make small talk about the weather.

But some of his progeny said the real World was passe. And the future was in Dreamworlds and pure imagination. And they created such Worlds of fantasy. Many Worlds were sexual fantasies or other types of Utopias. There was no limit to Utopias they said and took turns ruling varying Paradises.

And he said, quoting Poe, “That life is but a dream within a dream,” within reality. All Dreamworlds were real, he figured.

And as time passed, he conquered Luna’s barren rock with lively bacteria that could break down and create substances. So too on Mercury and many other places. And finally, one day hardy vegetation covered the surfaces of formerly barren Planets and cities sprang up in the free air.

And most people now agreed in the 23rd century, that he was God and many “New Churches of the Omnipresent, Omnipotent God,” sprang up. And people all tried to create art, science or businesses to please him, everything was for his benefit. And the bulk of humanity claimed to be inspired by him to do good work.

But despite his dominance, there were those who had opposed him. But he thought it was healthy to have people question him. But he firmly insisted on no sentient AI, even in the 23rd century. And no one could have an army, the UW forces were full of checks and balances and were the only army. And the UW basically ruled itself, it was set up well and promoted the best people, mostly Jim’s progeny, to be Mayors. Nation States were long gone. Each Mayor tried to put his/her personal stamp on the future, which was fine with Jim. For example, some Mayors had an unusual aesthetic or philosophy. And created unusual, but beautiful faces. Some had their

whole city's people adopt a similar face, which could be recognized anywhere as coming from that city. Others had their whole city engage in a brilliant choir with new age music. And regarding philosophy, one man said, "There should be a ranking for all people. It would give people something to strive for, trying to improve one's standing." Jim agreed and eight of the top 10 were his progeny. He of course, now called himself the Emperor God and everyone tried to please him. Another philosopher, his granddaughter said, "People ought to be able to take drugs which would maximize brain use and bring out the best emotions and instincts that they had." Jim said, "It's a good idea, and I have already developed such experimental drugs." And another of his progeny said, "The goal should be to make everyone happy." Jim said, "Some are not born to be happy and struggle constantly and it can't be helped. But I like to think I have inspired most people to do good works, in particular in the arts. There are so many great movies being produced, one couldn't possibly see all of the best."

Movies like, "All Souls Day," about how when people die, they have the option of going to Heaven or being reincarnated or just plain dead. This was a controversial movie, and Heaven now existed for those who wanted to live on after death. And Jim played God. The souls were like holograms and could have cerebral sex with one another.

Another seminal film was "The Weather on Mars." It was about how the weather kept changing there, but finally became warm and pleasant, with a type of greenhouse effect. People liked to be reminded about the Weatherman's achievements.

Then there was a film about romance on Venus, how lovers were matched up with people of the same degree of imagination. It was all fashionable to be imaginative, and Emperor Jim wanted everyone to improve their imagination. And he proposed a new school for people to develop their imagination. School would involve tinkering with one's brain to make them

cleverer. And Jim figured intelligence and imagination were intertwined. But still, one could learn from the best tutors how to be more imaginative.

Another film was “Merging with the Weather.” It was about genius minds controlling the weather and creating a variety of weather, to break the monotony of existence. It created conscious Worlds, and some said such minds were Gods.”

Also, there was a flick about how a real woman based the weather on Mercury on sex. The weather changed according to the sexual mood of the people.

And there were many other films that were great.

The Weatherman lived on for thousands of years and the Worlds prospered and there was a lasting peace.

Heavens on Luna

I, Luka, said to Henry, “This is not our World. It is a Dystopia in which everyone is a slave, including even our leader. Everyone is beholden to a number of people. And it really sucks.” He told me, “It is a global village here on Mars. And all 80,000 of the people here knew each other and were basically love slaves to many. Even the elite were all love slaves to one another and figured it was true love.” “Love and slavery were interconnected,” I remarked. He said, “No one has ever been totally free!” I said, “But there is the “Heaven” colonies on Luna in which slavery is a crime!” He said, “Humans are all vulnerable to slavery of one kind or another. But let’s go to Heaven!”

In Heaven, I, said to Henry, “Hearing your new age choir is something special. Haunting notes.” He said, “Yes, we sing a lot in Heavens which of course are located right here on Luna.” I said, “My understanding is anyone who is good can go to Heaven.” He replied, “Yes, only kind, nice people can come. But many assume hanging out with good people will be boring. But in Heaven, everyone is in a state of ecstasy, from the perfect drugs. And everyone is alive here, there are no disembodied spirits. And all the people in Heaven have a good imagination and have created many Sub-Heavens.”

And everyone here was passionate about love. But they were free to love whomever they wanted. And most here had hundreds of lovers. They spent the whole day and night on love affairs, and everyone seemed satiated. But it wasn’t easy to seduce lovers here, most were coy. So, it was a World of romance and courtship. To seduce another was euphoria for these people and they took drugs to make them more romantic and more affable.

Some were gay, some were multi-sexual, many were weirdoes of one kind or another.

Henry and I both had a number of lovers here and were engrossed in love, the people here all were very clever and imaginative. But I told them, “There’s more to life than romance.” But they paid me no heed, however they had made a lot of romantic movies, like “Unrequited Love,” and “Sex Music,” “Romance by the Pool,” and “Love and Murder.” And they exported such movies to Earth and got a lot of money for them.

I fell in love with an old 139-year-old, who of course had eternal youth, like nearly all others these days. He was one of the oldest people in existence. Few made it to be 100, committing suicide before they grew old. But this man, Carl, was a fountain of wisdom and said things like, “I made a point of loving only youthful, energetic girls, they keep me young.” And “Many lovers are psycho, and I was skilled at identifying them and not loving them.” And “I was only interested in girls with a profound imagination.”

And in Heaven, people got ecstasy with a special helm they wore; good deeds by them released drugs of euphoria to their brains. And everyone here had a body of course, so it was not like Heaven imagined by the ancients.

And there was a Goddess here. She was in charge of Heaven. She was the best-looking woman I’d ever seen. And she was busy constantly loving the people. Men said, to be loved by her was the greatest feeling possible.

And there were new people constantly coming in to this Paradise. There were always new people to love.

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And Lunar Heaven was divided into many sub-Heavens.

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Like Heaven 4.19, in which all the people party all of the time and are all philanthropists who exchange views on how to make humanity better. For example, making average people maximize their imaginations or they exchange ideas on building Dreamworlds with benevolent holograms. Or teaching people to be better lovers, including giving them a new clever-looking face and so on.

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Or Heaven 10.24 in which philanthropists discuss what to do with evil people or potentially evil people. There are many dissenting views on this subject; some say brain surgery for these evil ones. Others say simple hypnosis is best. Still others say get into their head actively to change them. Some say it causes them to suffer automatic mental pain when they think evil thoughts. Another view is to put evildoers amongst good-hearted people as if goodness was all fashion. Others say to send them to rehab and give them drugs of goodness. And so on.

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Also, Heaven 16.5 which is one of the God Worlds. Here a Superman genius rules as God and makes certain the people live according to his wishes. He promotes doers of good deeds to positions of power here. And all of the women want to love this God and all of the men want to party with God and learn new things.

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And Heaven 17.23 which features the God of hard knocks. People who think they are good come here to learn there is so much more they can do. And if they don't improve their behavior, they can't leave.

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And Heaven 22.3 in which everyone is a Superhuman God, and they make plans for deep Space and send missions there. There are hundreds of such Gods nowadays, nearly all of whom want a better World.

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And Heaven 23.6 where people are converted to their essence in a piece of abstract art. And they all indulge in intellectual pleasures. They labor to create new holograms out of thin air and test them out here; if they are successful, they'll be given a more attractive human body. The ultimate prize... New people for a new age.

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And Heaven 25.5, an Utopia in which everyone lives to please their lovers. They try to amaze their lovers by giving them brain apps to improve their thinking and their mind in general. Essentially make them into cyborgs. Of course, there are many cyborg Worlds but this one is for lovers to come together only.

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Then there is Heaven 29.0, an Utopia where everyone makes music, like "The Mad Band," who sing about injustice on Earth, and offer solutions. There is quite a lot of injustice on Earth, including a lot of impoverished people, even some starving artists. And many offenders use money to get them off serious charges in court. And many heroic people are killed protesting dictators on Earth. Another band, "Criers in Heaven" played Heavenly music instrumentals, and encouraged people to add their own lyrics. And another band was "The Purple Machine." They sang about Heavenly android lovers, who aimed to please humans. And so on.

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Another Heaven was 31.0, a movie-making Dystopia. They considered a number of Anti-Heavens. They made movies like, “Dangerous Paradise,” about how although many people lived in Heaven, many lived in a Hell, often of their own making. There were many Hells described in the 31 series. Like “Hell on Venus,” in which everyone lived in close quarters and committed crimes due to cabin fever. Another Hell was “No Human Love,” about a loveless World dominated by cold, yet clever machines... Also, there was “Hell on Earth,” about a near future in which no one had a job and most felt empty and superfluous. Another Dystopia here was about how improving one’s mind had gotten to the point of evil competition. And so on.

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Heaven 35.7 was about a formerly good man who is corrupted by power and becomes evil Emperor of all Earth. And all humanity are his slaves. But one good man fights him and organizes sedition and overthrows the Emperor.

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Heaven 40.1 featured a number of benevolent Gods, who all had their own philosophy. For example, one wanted to rank all humans based on how good they were. Another God wanted people to be rewarded with cash for good deeds. Another wanted to multi-task and get in the heads of good people and inspire them to progressive, good thinking. Still another wanted to rank people according to their imagination, and cause everyone to try and improve.

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Heaven 42.2 was a World of perfect people who were perfect in body and mind. With perfect faces. And they tried for perfection in the arts. For example, “Young Adonises” about young men for old women. Of course, the old women, had eternal youth, but many wished to actually feel young again. And almost all older women were rich and could afford to pay for love. And

“Perfect Utopia,” a World where everything was totally planned and as close to perfect as possible. For example, a man who had perfect romances featuring imaginative courtship, perfect love and happy partings. And a woman who wanted to elect the perfect lovers to important love positions in the government. Also, a multi-sexual who talked about perfectly choreographed orgies. And there were many people who tried to learn from their mistakes and approach perfection. It was a lifetime goal. And of course, there were many types of nearly perfect Worlds in the 42 series of Heavenly situations.

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Heaven 44.0 meanwhile featured Super geniuses who only cared about Superhuman love. This World spawned a number of Super leaders to lead in other Worlds. It was a genius factory, basically, and people improved their minds with hypnosis, MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and genetic therapy. Genetic therapy involved altering one’s DNA to be cleverer, and it seemed to work.

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Heaven 46.1 was all about getting rid of negative memories and only remembering positive good things that one had experienced. People here looked forward to the future, which they believed would be benevolent, clever and kind... But some pundits said, we need to learn from our mistakes and never forget them.

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Heaven 48.6 was about people looking to the Gods for succor. And offering themselves to be lovers for the Gods. If a God/Goddess loved you, you would immediately increase in rank.

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Meanwhile, Heaven 50.2 featured androids who had converted to humans. These new humans said, humans enjoy life more than androids, including eating, drinking and taking drugs. And many of them said, the sex was better. And there was a God here who said, “AI was on the way out, and cyborg humans were the future.” But many people told him that cyborgs too, would disappear.

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Also, Heaven 52.0 was a World in which all the kindest and cleverest people were the leaders and fooled around with new humans on Supercomputer, mimicking their minds and tweaking them. But many humans were dead set against these Supercomputers. And so, this Heaven was closed down.

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A more lasting Heaven, 54.3, was a World of sexy people who spent all their time loving one another. It was pure sex, and many people wanted to come to this Utopia for deep satisfaction. But some observers said, this Heaven was empty and senseless. However, this World went on. And many people were trying to be sexier to qualify for this wonderful Heaven.

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Heaven 56.7 meanwhile was a World of saints. These people were mostly poor, but dedicated their life to help those who were insane on Earth. Twenty-eight per cent of the human population claimed to be mad and these saints served as shrinks and lovers for these crazy people. And they made sure that the mad people got the latest drugs for crazy minds...

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Then there was Heaven 59.0, in which everyone was mind reading with one another and no one here had evil secrets or indeed secrets of any kind. And everyone here was open to anything that was good.

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And Heaven 61.9 where everyone was blue in skin color and sang the blues and played blues music. And the sky was blue and so were the plants. People here said it was a sad World and only the ignorant were truly happy. But still people struggled on and enjoyed simple pleasures. And the people here figured this was the closest they'd get to Heaven.

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And Heaven 62.2 featured an Utopia in which everyone who came here were kindred spirits of the founder, Jacob B. Jacob was a man who never settled for second best. He brought the best of everything to this Heaven, every luxury. Also, every great thinker who thought like him, could be convinced to join him here. He ruled this Heaven as if he was a God with announcements that pertained to the future of this place. Like what types of parties, they would have and who would give speeches and when. And even suggested who should love who.

Intellectual Adventure on Mars, A.D. 2105

Let me tell you how the land lay. I, Phil, buttered up my woman, Phillipa and got her to join me in going to every city of at least 1 million inhabitants of which there were 980 now in the year 2045, in the World, and getting drunk in each one.

Muslim nations were no problem, as we were foreigners, and we went on some wild adventures. Finally, we had gotten drunk in every large city. But then we took up yachting in a sailboat and got drunk in many ports of call, both small and large. And then we went to Mars for some real adventure. It was the year 2105 and we wrote down our, "Adventure on Mars, A.D. 2105." The main Martian colony, "Party city," featured a pub for locals and tourists alike. The pub attracted some unusual people. Like "Grandpa," Monaghan who was 96 and still drinking a lot being eternally youthful. And he hung out with young Debbie S., who was only 20. They made for a weird couple.

And another regular at the bar was a famous writer of horror movies back on Earth. He imagined all sorts of Space horrors, like loss of power, computer malfunction and deaths. Or being taken over by aliens who decided now that humans had come to live in Space, it was time to take control of them.

Another regular was an Egyptian trillionaire, who had given away most of his fortune to charity and came here to get drunk.

Another customer was Nancy T. who was the most famous call-girl on Earth. And every man here wanted to love her. She told everyone she was retired, but horny.

And another was a billionaire real estate developer, Nate R., who bought the pub from older versions of the two of us and made it into a Superbar. With a love hotel attached as well as a

disco in low gravity. And Gizelle Y., who was the head physician for the colony, claimed in the story that she had developed a way to grow peoples' heads and brains to make them more intelligent. But some thought it was a strange kind of beauty with the big heads, however many people here went for it. Henceforth the people here were known as the "Big Heads," which they didn't mind.

And another fictional character was the lawyer for the colony. He negotiated selling land on Mars. Many people wanted to build a commune or a hermitage. And many wanted to set up brand new colonies based on some philosophy or idea. Like a colony of sexy people or a colony of radical refugees from Earth or a colony for the rich only or a science hub...

Another character we met was a woman who promoted nudism and open-minded sex. She loved everyone who wanted her. Soon everyone in her colony presented themselves naked and told people the truth about themselves. They said they were pure and noble, and everyone should be like them. And they used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to make sure that everyone here had a pure mind.

And then we talked with a woman who created symbols, totem pins for everyone to wear. The pins were all gold. For example, an eagle was indicative of being wild and free. A tortoise was indicative of a cautious person who didn't rush into things. A triple fish meant you were looking to score. Your pin kept changing according to your mood of the day.

Another character was a sexy girl who brewed the beer for the colony. She mixed in stimulants and other drugs with her beverages and tailored her brews to individual needs.

Also, there was a man who represented the Devil. He was very handsome and drove the women wild and basically enslaved some of the women. And used MRT to control them. The

authorities here thought humankind were dark and mysterious and everyone had the Devil inside them. It was just the way people were.

In addition, there was a woman who used MRT to be a fortune teller. She was very good at understanding people and where they were headed in this milieu.

Furthermore, there was a woman who represented mad people here. They were a notable faction. And they all said that the future was madness. And chaotic. And they said logic was all in one's head, just a pipe dream. And humanity was a joke, and most people could see their point. And she said, "All of us on Mars were suffering from cabin fever and this made them crazy.

And another man who represented the computer engineers here. They all wanted to design AI to serve the people. But the authorities, (Max and Anne) told them AI was not the future and was anathema. Humans must remain in control, they told them. And technology had peaked they said, and there was no need for further science. We all had eternal youth and all the drugs we could ever want. Life was perfect, no need to rock our happy boat. But some engineers talked about the life of ecstasies which might be. And many people wanted to follow them.

As for Max and Anne, they were really quite the number. And everyone was familiar with their love story. And as leaders they kept insisting that everyone deviate from the norm. And they wanted everyone to have a totally open mind.

Also, there was a woman who stated, "That life should be all about throwing off one's fetters and truly be free. Freedom was the most difficult thing which faced humans these days. Few were truly free," she said. But Phillipa and I told them, freeing your mind was easy, provided you had the guts. So many things in life depended on courage, we told them.

Another interesting character was a woman who cultivated new hardy plants on the equator which were used to give us a lot of drugs and even food. She said, in the near future new “ice plants,” would cover the surface and create a much denser atmosphere for the Planet and warm it up. Plenty of oxygen was in the surface rocks...

Another woman we met, told us, “That you two should run for the Mr. and Ms. Mars pageant.” We were both good looking and we won the contest. Judges liked our idea of making everyone on Mars good-looking. And our they liked our idea to love the losers in the colony and cheer them up and make them blend in more with the others.

And we met a pro-AI woman who insisted that she be allowed to sell her amazing jewelry which contained sentient computer minds and sparkled with forms according to what people she encountered desired deep down, using MRT. It was truly jewelry for the people. Max and Anne told this woman to desist, but everyone loved her jewelry, and it couldn't be stopped. After all the colony was a democracy. And we both tried out her jewelry and were amazed.

And another clever persona told us that he was the smartest man in the colony. He had written some books, like “Geniuses on Moon Triton.” It was about the most imaginative people coming here from Earth. And they did things like imagine hologram animals who were all clever and lived as brilliant pets for the people. And they imagined brilliant android lovers who painted surreal pictures that sold for tens of millions. Thus, enriching the people of Triton. And they imagined this Moon was a place for designing pictures on the ice which covered this melted ocean. It was truly a World of beauty. And could be seen from telescopes on Earth. They were gigantic. And they wrote books like, “Matula's Nemesis,” which was about trying to be a perfect woman, and of course it was difficult to do so. But many people would agree that she was perfect. She had no character flaws. And another wrote, “Genetic Mind Screw” which was about

how imaginative people fucked around with one another's brains. And basically drove each other completely mad., but it was a pleasurable kind of madness. Many people here thought the future would be illogical and irreverential and would be a challenge to the people. They figured many great people followed their own logic which seemed dream-like to others. And another wrote, "Super Daisies for Mary" about a greenhouse on Moon Ganymede in which a woman, Mary, grew the most beautiful flowers known to civilization. Another wrote, "Challenges of Our Times," about how some people were too imaginative and became paranoid and mad. And still another wrote, "Days of Yore," about recreating the best achievements in the history of civilization and improving on them, making scintillating new cultures for the modern human. And so on and so forth.

Another interesting woman was of the opinion that, "Everyone was corruptible. And no one was completely good. All humans were by nature, greedy," she said. "And there was no limit to human greed. Some people even wanted to control whole Planets and Moons in the Solar System and deep Space. And many greedy people wanted to control and use as many people as possible. They were on a power trip." And she added, "Even simple, common people these days were very greedy. It was as if civilization had driven everyone insane."

And then there was a man who had dreamed, "Of a World in which I had an AI muse, designed to inspire him." Of course, his muse was a female, and she kept trying to inspire him to write better. And so, he wrote "Denizens of the Ross System," about a somewhat nearby Star System from Sol's System. He wrote "The people there would be kind, nice and generous. And would be a model civilization for aspiring humans. People would want to come here and forget the rat race of Earth," which this writer figured.

Still another, she dreamed of a magic World in which, “There was a benevolent God who challenged the people to improve their minds using brain apps, genetic therapy, brain growth and brain surgery; essentially changing everyone into something better.” And indeed, it looked like this would be a common type of reality for future people.

Another persona was a man who had a monopoly on iron mining on Mars, and who gave most of his money to charities here on Mars. Some people were hopelessly insane or depressed or hard drug addicts. And some were not good at finding lovers and required help. And there were those who had gambled away their money and were destitute. Also, there were those who just wanted a job to do and were at loose ends and feeling useless. And there were many others who required help. But thanks to him, no one slipped through the cracks...

Another persona had a colorful personality and was the life of the party type. She was beautiful and had a charismatic personality and she challenged Max and Anne’s position as governor of Mars. But was defeated in a close vote. However, she was in demand at many peoples’ parties and was even paid to show up.

Then we met a man who claimed he had the best friendships, more than anyone, back on Earth. And had convinced many of his friends to come to Mars. He said, “In the modern rat race, many people had no time for friendship and were obsessed with gaining new loves. And it was a pity. Lovers come and go, but friendships last forever.”

And there was a woman who said, “Earth sucks. It was a World now of greed and madness. And I felt there was hope in Space and many intellectual refugees came here from Earth. And we could always use more intellectuals.”

Also, there was a woman, who said, “Everyone here on Mars is interesting. I was in love with a scientist here, who grew new stem cell meats. Flavors unseen before... And I ate a lot of them,

but fortunately had anti-fat drugs. Life for me was a decadent pig out, with plenty of alcohol and sex.

Another woman told us, “I enjoyed suntanning inside the dome of the main colony on Mars. There was a miniature sun at the apex of the dome.” And she said, “The dome and the people here were warm and friendly and open-minded. And it was a good place. Better than Earth.”

Phillipa and I met many other interesting people here on Mars. It was truly an intellectual adventure, many of the best people from Earth had come here.

Colonists in the Sirius System, 2177 A.D.

I, Jake, was telling the girl, Alice, “That we were in Wonderland here in New Orleans.” Like many other city states these days, the Big Easy was chock full of clever, beautiful people, most of whom had had plastic surgery, genetic therapy and brain growth. Their heads were a little large, but everyone thought it was good. And they had a brand-new music called “23rd,” which was futuristic in sound and for the 23rd century to come. It was kind of like new age, mixed with hard rock and classical. The musicians all said, “You’d know it was futuristic when you heard it.”

And Alice and I were young lovers, and we had a blast here. And one night, I asked her, “About her future?” She told me, “I want to be Ms. America and have lots of clever lovers! And you?” I told her, “I wanted to catch the beat of the New Age people and go to Mars!”

So, after loving each other exclusively, for months, which was rare these days, we finally broke up and went our separate ways. But I often thought of Alice for years to come. But anyways I went to Mars City, which was important mainly as a hub for deep Space traffic. And one could buy anything here, and I bought an android lover, and she was a dynamite lover, I no longer cared for human women. And I bought a few more female android love dolls and loved them all together. One of them “A18-love,” was my favorite and I felt like the luckiest guy in the Worlds to have such lovers...

Then one day I got in touch with Alice. She was now reigning beauty queen for Ms. Galaxian based in Toronto. She toured Earth, loving many men along the way. And she told me, “You shouldn’t give up on human lovers.” I told her, “You don’t know what you are missing! Androids are the future!” She said, “But I am loving the best human males, I doubt android

lovers could be so fulfilling. Maybe they are good at sex, but not so good at companionship.” I said, “I found them to be good listeners who offered good advice and all my android lovers were soul mates.”

Anyway, there was an opportunity to go to the Sirius Star System as party coordinator for the people en route to the system. And I took it, taking my android lovers with me. And my job entailed hiring android love dolls who would love and entertain the human crew and passengers. I shared my lovers with all those on board and it was an action-packed 3-month voyage.

On Moon Guber, our group of 100 passengers disembarked and planned to set up a colony. The first order of business was to create more love dolls. It was a hot, Mercury-like Moon, and the colonists quickly built a domed settlement, and their goal was to prepare this Moon for mass-settlement. So new domes went up following the first one. And the domes were built by robot builders.

And the settlers, like most modern-day humans were addicted to numerous drugs, mostly for pleasure, but also for good health, including mental health and strength. And the android love dolls they created were all very demanding of their attention.

Another key to the settlement was the Mayor and his/her assistants. They voted me in as Mayor, and as Mayor I had to vet all potential settlers while they were still on Earth using long-distance lie-detectors. And I had to plan the city. I built a colosseum which would hold 7,000 people for sports, which most of the settlers were keen on. And they liked to both watch and play sports. And I built a surreal City Hall of purple and gold. And almost all the settlers in this first group wanted large mansions, which took years to build. And I set up a general store for drugs, which were all legal. Also, robot builders, movie-making equipment and so on. We made a lot of

movies about our own brand of love dolls (which were very demanding and challenging) and sent the movies to Earth to coax immigrants to come here.

And as Mayor, I had to import great new movies from Earth, for my peoples' viewing pleasure and keep the colony up to date with new science, like experimental teleportation and new drugs and better love dolls. And everyone in the colony wanted their own air car so that they could visit the other colonies in the System. Notably the Earth-like Moon, "Gerald's World," which featured a cosmopolitan capital city of 80,000 people. And this World was a lot like our colony, but they still had human to human love affairs. And tended to take drugs which improved the intellect as opposed to pure pleasure drugs. They considered us to be hedonists, with our love dolls and pleasure drugs.

And Gerald, the founder of this city was the most famous actor in the Galaxy. He had patented clones of himself to act in movies and was himself retired, but he got plenty of cash royalties from the use of his clones. He made movies like "Mr. G's Gambit," about how the actor was portrayed wasting a whole year to get to the Ross Star System, but made himself super rich from real estate, for his troubles. And he lived it up and invited his party friends to come and join him and buy real estate in the System.

Another movie he made was, "Put the Knife in, Charles," about San Francisco city. It was a comedy about a man who ruled the city but was a joker and did things like turn the air pink, and put laughing gas in the air, too. And he insisted everyone smoke laughing cigarettes and if a person was too serious, he'd make cartoons about them and cause them deep embarrassment.

He also made a film, "Dorothy's Whimsical Life," which was also a comedy, in which he played the lover of Dorothy and had to dance to her tune and follow her whims. But finally, he

was elected Mayor of their city, New York and had power and enslaved Dorothy and made her follow his whims instead.

And Gerald's World was full of movie makers, most people were involved in the making of motion pictures. But most were comedies including romantic colonies, and I wasn't interested. And they had no love dolls here, so I figured I was wasting my time here.

Another city in the Sirius Star System, was "Onyx city," made entirely of black rock. And the people here were all cynics. Black is white, they said. And they scorned other settlements in the System. They thought Moon Guber and us loving machines, was a big joke. And thought Gerald's city was also a joke. They said, the future looks black and wars would come to the System and everyone would die. They were referring to the "Fen city," which was building up its military. Based in swampland, Fen city was a miasma of huge proportions. The city stunk in more ways than one.

And so we were forced on Moon Guber to have a military too. Our army was exclusively made up of androids, who we trusted to defend us. And we got the latest weaponry plans from Earth in exchange for gold which we sent by the same ships that had colonized us and the ships sent a handful of dissatisfied colonists along, too, from all the cities in our System.

Another city on a different Moon, featured heavy clouds and incredible air pressure, so they named it "New Venus." But it was not a place for love but work rather. People here built air changing factories to produce carbon and oxygen and grew forests all over this Moon. People here said they were mostly ecological engineers, and their community was close knitted. Unlike Moon Guber they had plenty of humans and no androids. They said AI was anathema to them. And our Moon was decadent, they said. And they said that they do not work, and were a bunch

of bums. I told them, “In this day and age, people do not need to work. Why work for no reason?” But they told me to get lost, basically.

There was also a Planet in the System that was ice cold, DaVinci’s Planet. Here they had built a number of domes, and they were all painters and enjoyed a system of hologram entertainers. The holograms played music and wrote scripts for movies. And the holograms had the right to vote. And so in the recent election, a hologram, Jeremy, had risen to power. It was his mandate to create more holograms. Currently holos outnumbered humans 6:1, but all the humans were content with drugs and entertainment and making paintings.

And so that’s how it was in the Sirius Star System. It was the year 2177 A, D.

Wizards and Witches

I have been here and there around the Solar System. But I most enjoyed talking with the wizards on Mars. One of the wizards, Bartholemew, told me about his dream World in which everyone played the Game of History. The dream could put one in any historical time, the player just had to enter the time period and exact place and the World would appear out of a fog. He said, one of his favorite times was the rule of Caligula in the Roman Empire. He loved free bread and the highly entertaining games/circuses, living in the city of Rome. Bart told me it was the pinnacle of the Ancient World. And magically, everyone spoke English here and his job was to find weird people and put them in the games. He didn't relish the job, but he considered the freaks to be *personae non grata*. And he never missed a games and sometimes felt hopeful that his freaks would triumph.

And though it was A.D. 2157, Bart enjoyed going back to 2048, when AI first became cleverer than nearly all humans. Of course, most people in the dream didn't have any contact with these Super geniuses. And worked away at their jobs just like always, in a state of daydreaming and decadence. But Bart figured he was still superior to all AI and had a more powerful imagination and talked down to AI intellects and made them his slaves. And he forced them to fight in the New Games, which was located in a forest, and with foothills covered in glaciers and every android was armed with powerful guns and plenty of ammo. Typically, they set the forest on fire and the survivors sought safety in the glaciers. Each Games lasted 24 hours and Bart zoomed in on the fate of his favorite slaves and didn't miss a minute.

Another wizard, Tommy, said, "He preferred to live as a future hunter-gatherer, in a type of Eden, where one just had to pick fruit from the ubiquitous orchards." And there were various

stem-cell meat depots. It was paradise. And there were plenty of sexy women here, including Queen Eve. Eve wore a garland of flowers like the others but also wore a golden crown. And he said, "I believe I am King Tommy, instead of Adam. And I have magic powers like mind reading and telekinesis. And the devil serpent is played by a lawful evil Demon who tempts people to do the wrong thing. Like kill others or commit assault or steal another's real time credits. The Demon could multi-task and be in many peoples' heads at once."

Then there was the wizard, Bob who, like Bart, liked to visit historical Worlds. Like B.C. 50,000 with hunter-gatherers in Brazil. Or future Worlds, like A.D. 2287 in which everyone had changed into an android. As androids, they had the power to dream of anything they wanted. And most had sex dreams. Androids basically lived for sex and were hedonists. But could not take drugs, nor eat nor drink. But they were all very clever and only had sex with the best. They were capable of loving all day and all night and could exist almost anywhere...

Another persona was a witch, Sue who could do magic spells. Like moving so fast as to be invisible. And think fast and be extremely witty so that ordinary humans couldn't keep up. She had a maximum IQ of 240. And Sue developed the ability to love many men at once. Men described loving her as out of this World.

And another witch was Gail. She claimed to have created a Heaven for all. I sampled this Heaven, and it seemed most people liked to go there whilst still alive. It was a place where numerous people were doing their best to love one another and do good deeds. And she presided over this World as Goddess. She loved whoever she fancied.

And then there was the wizard, Tim, who concentrated on making beautiful women more attractive. He said, "No matter how beautiful a woman was, she could always be prettier." And he would tinker with women's complexions and gave them more voluptuous lips and a bigger

brain and a better body. He claimed to be “Creating Superwomen.” And he made these women kinder and more loving.

And another wizard, Carl, designed a future Utopia, in which everyone was naked and participated in a perpetual future game in which everyone tried to do things that seemed futuristic. Like imagine Worlds of fantasy that involved talking, clever animals. Or a living daydream which one shared with others; for example, playing a game of chess with real human players, in which no one wanted to be eliminated and pressured the player to keep them alive. Or for example, daydreaming about betting on your favorite people to succeed at whatever endeavor they were trying to do.

A witch named Griselda meanwhile was very sexy and also cast hypnotic spells on wizards. They were like putty in her hands and were her sex slaves.

Another witch, Miranda, designed a fantasy World with female sprites and male pixies. It was a love and fun World, and all the creatures were innocent, but skilled in the art of love and liked to eat lotus and find ecstasy. They knew nothing of the evils of the outside Worlds... And these magical creatures could bring their wishes to Miranda, and she would do her best to grant them. Most of their wishes were quite modest. Like building a new dwelling or getting another fantasy creature to fall in love with them.

The wizard Marcus meanwhile lived in his mansion with 10,000 human women. He was constantly surrounded by women and tried to have sex with as many as he could... And got about 1,800 pregnant every year using fertility drugs and sex enhancers.

And the wizard, Paul, who amazed people by painting pictures in the air which then took on a life of their own and the characters he painted turned into real people with the DNA accrued to

their face. They found real settings as depicted by the paintings and if it was totally new then a new hologram World would be created. And they in turn painted pictures and so on...

Also, there was a wizard who wrote a guidebook about historical periods and places, rating them on a scale of 1-10. He chose to live in the ancient Greek city of Sybaris with its sybarite population. Hedonism was the name of the game here and he said he was having a ball. And many people used his guidebook to choose places to visit. Of course, most of the places he recommended were debauched and out of hand.

The witch, Adele, meanwhile imagined a maximum-security prison to contain her lovers. They were all her prisoners of love, and for her love only. They were all kept in solitary confinement and lived only for her.

Then there was the wizard, Edgar, who imagined a World of impossible spires, which defied gravity being top heavy, but anyway the gravity on this Moon, where he lived was low.

Another witch, Kylie, imagined a World of music of the spheres. It was the noise made by Planets, Moons and Suns as they moved through Space. And she blended these sounds together in a harmonious music album. Many humble musicians wanted to add music to the orbs, enhancing them.

The King of wizards, Mike, meanwhile was set up on Moon Triton. And he invited all wizards and witches to join him in a telekinetic ball in which these fountains of higher learning moved one another around as if it was a game. The wizard King didn't care about lowly humans, he only cared about wizard geniuses... And he advocated for wizard leadership of all human colonies. Humans were to be educated and have brain surgery in order to strive to be wizards. If they failed to become wizards, then they were destined to die out. C'est la vie.

The wizard King had his favorite lover, Crystal, become his Queen. She too, wanted humans to be better. And she said, “Humans need to become better lovers! There’s no place for mediocrities in our Worlds.” And the King said, “Most humans can become Superhuman wizards, if only they try hard.”

The King added, “There’s a lot of new magic out there. Like the ability to alter inanimate art objects and give them a soul. And casting spells as if one was an ancient Greek Deity. Metamorphosing wizards to be cleverer. There’s no limit to intelligence and imagination.”

And the wizard King said, “Some people think I am a false God, but I have helped create a heaven of great minds, all of which have been improved on the original. My master program to alter clever and even ordinary peoples’ minds through brain surgery and genetic therapy has produced thousands of great new wizards...”

The Queen, Crystal, opined one day that, “There’s no looking back, the die is cast. And I am bisexual and have loved most of the wizards and witches. And I found them all to be brilliant lovers. It is truly a World of love.”

The wizard King replied, “I am thinking of setting up a “love school,” in which everyone shares their love-making skills for the betterment of Superhuman kind.”

The witch Queen remarked, “It seems that you can do no wrong!”

The Donkey Man and the Horse Woman

I, the donkey boy, said to the horse woman, “We are trapped in ugly bodies and are pariahs for humans who rule over us.” She replied, “At least we are still alive, and we gain enjoyment from loving one another.” I told her, “But we both are born with an aesthetic which sees humans as the perfect forms, and I feel nauseous loving you!” She said, “I derive pleasure by dreaming of human men whilst I love you.” I said, “I suppose you could love a tree with such a philosophy. Not all love is good.” She responded, “We are what we are. But there is always hope that freaks like us can be changed into humans.” I told her, “It makes humans feel good to feel superior to us and be glad they aren’t animal men.” She answered, “I have never loved a human, and I wonder what it is like?” I told her, “We are miserable and have nothing to lose, so why don’t we try and ingratiate ourselves with certain humans and ask to be transformed.” She said, “But most people communicate with Mind Reading Technology (MRT) only, and we don’t have the app and they never give animal men the app.” I said, “There’s a first time for everything. We must not lose hope.” She told me, “My master is kind and gives me alcohol to drink and good vegetarian food.” I said, “If they didn’t give us alcohol, there would be a revolt.” And she replied, “We would never win in an insurrection; it would be pointless.” And I told her, “But perhaps a revolt would catch humans’ attention to our plight.” She said, “It’s more likely to cause animal men to be wiped out altogether.” I said, “We have animal heads but human bodies and have hands so that we can use guns. We just need to have a few sympathizers amongst the humans to arm us.” She said, “We might have a ghost of a chance, but I highly doubt it!

And I opined, “There’s no point to having animal men anyway. It serves no purpose.” She said, “But humans feel guilty about basically wiping animals out, that’s what I think!” I told her,

“But they don’t treat us with respect, if we were really ambassadors of animals, they would treat us as equals.” She said, “There’s no such thing as equals, every human has a different rank from one to 10 billion and even the lowliest human is cleverer than us.” I said, “Well, why don’t they make us cleverer then?!” She replied, “If they made us cleverer than we would be human. And you and I both know that the most foolish humans have been eliminated. There’s no hope for us.”

From Pirates to Genius Utopia Builders

I, Bill, said to Amy, “We have somehow fallen amongst pirates, and we must fight against relatively good people.” She said, “The fact that we were complicit in the looting and pillaging means we will be executed if our pirate leader, “Vert,” is defeated.” I said, “Yes, and we both have been sexually abused and just get a bit of grog for our troubles.” She said, “The grog is so harsh, but we couldn’t survive without it. And we get no portions of the loot (not that we’d want any anyways).”

I said, “Let’s take an escape pod and go to hyperspace; anywhere is better than here with the pirates!” So, we did it and presently came to a settlement on a rogue Moon. The people here enslaved us upon arrival and then sold us to a slaver, a slave ship which traded in slaves. While on board, we had to serve as butler and maid/ sex slaves.

Amy and I both had been born and raised on a peaceful planet. But together we had sought our fortune in deep Space. We aimed to settle on Betelgeuse but were intercepted by the pirates. Now that we were slaves, we were full of regrets and both of us were semi-suicidal. But we met whenever we could and tried to support one another.

Finally, we were both sold to a pioneering venture group who needed well-educated people like us, and they set us free. The venture was to the Lalande System, not too far from Earth. And the System was inhabited by a few million people, but our group settled in an inhabited, cold Moon. We had made some good friends in the group, some open-minded people. They told us although we were technically free, we owed the group ten years’ service for buying our freedom. And anyway, we lived a luxury life with the best of everything. My job was to program robot builders

to help to build a fantastic, yet human city. Amy's job was to get real estate speculators to invest in our city.

And Amy and I had children, born in the lab, in which Supercomputers speculated what kind of adults they would be, and we chose the ones we liked best.

It seemed that time passed quickly, and finally our ten years were up. But we had friends and children here now and we had a beautiful house. So, we stayed here.

And then I ran for mayor of the colony, which was really 3 cities all in close proximity to one another. One of the cities was our city, in which most of the people from the original venture came to. As a whole, they were open-minded people, most of whom were skilled in computer science. They designed worker androids which had pleasant personalities and were open to sex.

Another of the cities had been settled from an Earth-like populous Moon and these people were all musicians. Some were skilled, some were not. But humans made all the music in the System, AI played no role. Amy and I often went there to concerts... And the third city in the colony was a capitalist paradise. Here most were fabulously rich from creating android sex dolls, and movie industries. The sex dolls were thought to be the best in the universe, and were exported to other systems, but were just used for sex only. As for the movies, they gave us endless entertainment. Most were set in the future, and some of them featured more advanced thinkers than we have today. Many of these movie makers were great geniuses and had had their minds enhanced by brilliant neurosurgeons. The surgeons were featured in our third city which was known far and wide amongst human settlements in deep Space. The surgeons each had a palace filled with clever lovers who loved them deeply and most of the denizens here were former patients.

Anyway, I became Mayor and Amy was my deputy Mayor. As Mayor I promised to send more salespeople into Space to promote our colony. And I planned to build a fourth city, one in which spies were developed to use hypnosis and lie detectors and Mind Reading Technology (MRT) to further our political ends and make sure no tyrants appeared. And such spies would be exported to freedom-loving democracies throughout deep Space in exchange for good-looking humans, even though we could make people good looking; but these people were truly beautiful and could be improved, just like anyone. The people of the city were known as the beautiful people.

The fourth city was a hit and it made me very popular amongst the people.

And Amy and I still loved one another exclusively and prospered.

Then one day Amy suggested that, “We get the UW’s (United Worlds’) permission to allow us to buy and sell far distant Star Systems.” If we could see it clearly, then we could buy it. And there were a number of scientists in the Lalande System who had built a Super telescope on our Moon and could identify Planets and Moons in other galaxies. And it would take many years to actually be able to reach such orbs. But we started a lively trade in real estate and made fortunes. With everyone living in eternal youth, people considered it a long-term investment that would eventually pay great dividends... And it was like the Wild West here with fortunes good or bankrupt. It was all speculation, but we made it happen. And we attracted investors to come here and trade with one another.

And I had an idea for a fifth city in the colony. It was to be a place for misfit geniuses who could realize their potential in this all-encompassing city. Many people were clever, but were at loose ends, and couldn’t focus on the Worlds’ problems as they were out of it on heavy drugs. The mantra of the colony was to leave no stone unturned and use all those who were geniuses to

make better Worlds, cleverer Worlds. And we quickly brought in 10,000 under-performing geniuses and gave them hope and a pulpit to share their ideas. Together, they created an Utopia, in which everyone did creative things in the arts, including running for political positions on the city councils in which they said things like the greatest geniuses should rule and everyone should be exposed to the best visionaries. They said only by using our best will we survive into the future. I told them, “There has never been so many geniuses gathered together at the same time, as here in our colony. And we are expecting great things. Many of them said they didn’t realize that they were geniuses, being all messed up on drugs since their youth.” And I said, “It’s a fine line between genius and just merely clever people. Geniuses can create something new and desirable, whereas merely clever people just use great ideas to their advantage.”

Anyway, Amy and I were having a ball. And we forgot all about the pirates, and our past. And looked forward to the future.

Humans in Zoos, Etc.

I, Vera, asked Patrick, “Are you my knight in shining armor?” He said, “These days most men, don’t believe in true romance, though many women still do. But I for one enjoy women who are coy and hard to get. It’s a challenge.” I said, “I want to build a romantic World on Mercury. Only lovers will be allowed into this World.” He said, “Make sure you include the most passionate people, people who are open-minded as well as loving.” I said, “Anyone who believes in love will be welcome. I will vet all immigrants with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to make sure they are all kind and loving.” He asked, “No love secrets, eh?” I replied, “That’s right! People will have nothing to hide, and if they are embarrassed by their secrets, we will still accept them.”

He asked, “I suppose all great lovers will love to use MRT with one another? Is that part of your plan?” I said, “Yes, it will be a great love-in!”

He said, “Perhaps one day, everyone will be connected with MRT on the Internet. And crime will be drastically reduced, and evil hackers and politicians will all be exposed and forced into some kind of rehabilitation, like neurosurgery.” I answered, “Yes, that is part of my plan. And communication will be virtually instantaneous, throughout the Solar System. And we will reward good deeds with panacea drugs which we are already close to producing.”

He asked me, “What about android lovers? Some of them are mind-blowing. I know, I have tried them. I think they are better lovers than humans and are cleverer too. The perfect lovers.”

I told him, “We definitely will not be accepting androids into our Paradise. Our lovers will be approaching perfection, no need for machines. Why should we replace human lovers with

machines?” He told me, “But machines are superior, and they are now building android as well as hologram Utopias. And also, Utopias with God machine Supercomputers.”

I told him, “Thinking machines are an anathema. Human beings with their instincts and proclivities have made human Utopias. And one couldn’t ask for more. Above all humans need to control the militaries to ensure humans remain in full control.” But he said, “Many States have already got android troops, which can live and fight anywhere and have greater strength and precision when operating weapons.” I said, “But humans have better imaginations than androids and this alone will allow us to triumph over the machines.” However, he told me, “It will only be a few years before android imaginations are superior to humans. I like your Utopia, but it is not the future.” I opined, “But it is madness to replace ourselves with machines.”

He opined, “The future IS madness, no doubt about it. Surviving humans will all be totally crazy. And so will the androids be. Life to me has always been meaningless, and all human endeavors are pointless. And in the future, there will be human survivors for some time to come. Even if they are only in zoos as a reminder to androids and holograms about where they’d come from. I am sure there will be human zoos one day.”

I said, “If machines take over, we will simply close our borders to all interaction with the machines. And live in a bubble, surely the AI will leave us alone.” He replied, “Actually new android models are very aggressive and egotistical. It is unlikely they will tolerate humans.”

I remarked, “I know you are just playing the Devil’s advocate. The brightest machines are designed by the best scientists and the overwhelming number of them are good people.” He said, “It only takes one to ruin it for everyone.” I said, “Life has never been easy or safe. We survived plagues and endless wars and now have survived the AI phenomenon.” He said, “AI will soon assume full control and humans will all be lost in dreamworlds, out of touch with reality.”

I said, “Maybe humans will have to fight wars in order to maintain their grip on reality. But I wouldn’t bet on the machines to win. Ultimately the machines are servile to their creators.”

He said, “The time for fighting for control is long past. It’s too late to stop AI.”

Secret Multi-Sexual Lover, Etc.

I, Brent, said to Rhonda, "I've got a secret. Although I am Emperor of the Americas and need to set a good example for the people, I am in love with a multi-sexual woman who has 6 breasts and 3 vaginas. But she is a brilliant thinker and I wish I could love her openly." Rhonda replied, "Surely as Emperor, you can do what you want!" I told her, "My power is not absolute and there are many who oppose me. And I am thinking of growing another penis, but I wonder if it would set off a revolt? Despite our enlightened times, there are some things that just aren't acceptable to the masses." She said, "Well obviously then you need to keep it a secret and nobody gets hurt!" I said "I fear clandestine discovery, and an outrageous scandal. She replied, "Just be careful with your love. And incidentally, I'd love to love you, if you can spare the time." I answered, "Frankly, it sounds healthy!"

It turned out that I spent a lot of time with Rhonda. But most of my free time I spent with Lora, my multi-sexual lover. One day Lora said to me, "You haven't got the guts to tell the Worlds about me." So, finally I announced it to the people and most didn't care. But my opponents, said life was degenerating into a freak show and they got wind of my impending second penis and called me a "disreputable freak" etc.

And my opponents were also opposed to my plan to colonize the nearby Lalande Star System, calling it outrageously expensive. But I insisted that, "Sales from real estate and developments would more than make up the cost of the project and who knew what great things would come from the development? To conquer the Stars was mankind's destiny." So far only the Sol's System and the Centauri System had been colonized and the latter had not been well-planned. I

planned to use the best, most-imaginative thinkers for the Lalande project. Centauri had been colonized by greedy, mediocre minds. I pledged, “The Lalande experiment would be different.”

Anyway, my most vocal opponents were fools, and I had their leaders arrested quietly. Without their leaders the opposition folded.

And Rhonda gave me good advice, saying, “The elite thinkers back you 100 per cent. You need to use them more in government, convince them it is their duty to serve.” And she advised, “You can put me in charge of the Lalande mission, I will set it up, and then return to you.” I said, “Good advice. I’ll take you up on your ideas! But I will miss you when you are gone. She responded, “Absence makes the heart grow fonder, as they say.”

And while Rhonda was gone, on a five-year mission, Lora and I found our love deepening. She said things like, “I imagine a World in which everyone has a completely open mind. And if they do not, they should be subject to hypnosis and if that doesn’t work then do brain surgery on them.” Another time she said, “I imagine a World without hate.” And still another time she said, “Why don’t I try to be the peoples’ savior, someone who will forgive their errors and lead them to trust their own imagination and help them develop their mind with a legion of imaginative tutors for everyone. The best tutors will lecture to millions.” I told her, “Yes, you can be the new prophet. And I believe that anyone could become a genius. It will be a great World with such imaginations and everyone can make movies. The movies will all be ranked, but one could use one’s movies introducing oneself to a potential lover or new friend. The movies could fictionalize one’s life experience or simply explore our times from one’s own humbled perspective. Some of these new geniuses will be idiot savants, but everyone will be clever about something. And the people will all be ranked from 1 to 10 billionth, and so will be constantly striving to improve their rank; it will keep them busy. Increased rank will lead to more money,

and one will be able to hobnob with more imaginative people. Anyway, it will be a synergy of geniuses everywhere. Inspirational times.”

And Lora opined, “People of the future will be different skin colors of all possible shades and have different ways of thinking. There will be different schools of thought, some will buy dreams to inspire them, others will create dreams for others to buy. But everyone will have interesting dreams for others to interpret.” I said, “Yes, the human subconscious is just being now understood. It is almost as if Aliens are lurking within us all and are now going to show themselves...” She replied, “Humans are all subconscious geniuses just waiting to be developed. The best people are those who can control their dreams and live in a Dreamworld.” I said, “Some want to create holograms in their Dreamworlds. But I see no reason to allow AI of any kind.” She told me, “Some want AI to replace humans altogether. But I think such people should be arrested and charged with sedition.”

And I opined, “And those with mental problems should be referred to new age shrinks who can give them new mind drugs which have been proven to cure mental illness, so one day, everyone will be sane and content.” And she said, “Yes, humans will be one happy family.”

Meanwhile, after a journey of a few months, Rhonda arrived at the Lalande System and set up a colony on the most Earth-like orb, a Moon. But communication using new waves was almost instantaneous and Space travel was becoming faster and faster. Anyway, Rhonda built spectacular cities. And the cities were truly imaginative societies. And the people made great movies. Like “Dawn of the Deceased,” in which no one died altogether, but were reincarnated in another body. Some wanted to die permanently but were not allowed. Another film was, “Maximum Imagination,” in which people created surreal Dreamworlds featuring clones of the

most imaginative people. One of them said, “The future will be like a series of surreal paintings. Putting different shapes and ideas and people together.”

Another film was, “Dream of a Minor God,” by Rhonda. She had set herself up as a deity here in this System and many people created art meant to please her. And all the men wanted to love her, and the females all wanted to be her friend.

Also, there was a film, “Crucified Angel,” about how good people were in fashion, but society was still cruel to the kindest people.

Then there was the film, “Escape from Lalande,” about how some people felt smothered in these Worlds and were tired of Rhonda’s dictates. They just wanted to be free, completely. Rhonda told them, “People need leaders, everyone has to follow someone; I for example follow guru “Geostat,” who inspires me to make movies with statements like, ‘Everyone is capable of evil.’” And she said, “Also I follow Mr. Green who creates beautiful trees all over our System. And he believes every human act should be beautiful. Some people like him are angels and bring true happiness to humanity.”

Another motion picture was, “Dreams of a Madman,” by Jill, about how many people today were crazy, but in a good way. Madness is divine, she scripted and mad people think outside the box to our delight! Rhonda told this filmmaker, “It is a fine line between good madness and bad madness.” And Jill said, “Any mad idea can be good, it all comes down to how you interpret it.

Still another flick was “On the Way to Greatness,” which was about how some of the brand-new colonies here in the Lalande System were so imaginative, like “Hole’s colony,” which featured orgies with multi-sexual people. And the “Kylie’s colony,” which was about new age musicians who made complex movies with three or four keyboard players, all playing a lead keyboardist. And another brand-new colony was “Nightmare city,” in which people had

terrifying dreams at night, but for them it was a thrill. But their daytime World featured copying and sharing their nightmares, so the waking World was scary too. They could hardly wait to sleep and slept a lot.

Another film was “Nights of the Owls” about how some people lived for the exciting nightlife on the main settlement in the System. Everyone took party drugs which maximized their wit and wisdom. Many people here were life of the party types and tried to amaze one another with their ideas for future colonies. For example, one man said, he wanted a World in which everyone was a genius hermit. And just amused themselves with their own mind which however they would write down their thoughts and trade them to others for their works.

And there were many others. The above movies were just my personal favorites. And in time, Rhonda returned to Earth, where I now had 3 penises and had declared it to all. And I also announced , “That I was in love with a number of multi-sexuals.” And made a documentary about my life. And we had many great movies here as well. And I prioritized movies about multi-sexual people. It was a new World now!

He Was Innocent and Naive

I, Nancy, said to Bertrand, “We are on the highway to nowhere!” He said, “I think we are on the highway of doom. You and I have no reason to exist. We are totally superfluous. All our work is done by machines and even our lovemaking is with AI. And our fantasy Worlds are run by holograms, too. And even our children are created by AI.” I replied, “Truly we live in an era dominated by homo machina, but yet humans number 12 billion here in A.D. 2133 and most humans are content on drugs, dreaming. We are a race of dreamers!” He told me, “We are just dreaming empty dreams.” I replied, “Dreams are entertaining and represent humans at their best. Imagination is humans’ best quality.” He said, “I dream of a World with no machines.” I told him, “Without machines we would all have to drudgery jobs and wouldn’t have much time for dreaming.” He answered, “There’s no point to the dreaming. The dreams are just pie in the sky rambling; it’s just entertainment.” I said, “But most people enjoy visiting other peoples’ Dreamworlds and get their thrills from them.”

And he said, “Once I fell in love with an imaginative woman and she took me to her Dreamworld. But all the characters there were generated by machines, and it was empty. And it was then I realized that we humans had lost control.” She said, “You keep belaboring the point. And as I said, we are going nowhere. You don’t have to convince me. But humans have never been going anywhere, just existing day to day. But I envision an Utopia in which people dream of creating Superhumans, who are fantastic geniuses and are literal Gods. And they make other Gods.”

He opined, we already have such Gods, but they are even greedier for dreams than humans are, and they don’t have much use for humans. They are selfish and redundant.” I responded,

“But there’s no limit to intelligence and Super Gods will conquer the Universe.” He told me, “That may be so, but where does that leave us?” I said, “We can improve ourselves gradually to become Super Gods.” He remarked, “At least it’s something to look forward to. But the Supercomputers that run this World, probably wouldn’t allow it.” She said, “It’s been done before, there are now some Gods walking amongst us. But they keep a low profile and tend to go off in small groups into deep Space.” He said, “I didn’t think anyone cared to try and improve. Everyone seems to be content with their dreams. I am only 2 years old (having been born as an adult with my father’s memories) and I guess I am innocent and naïve.” I said, “I know, the dreams and the drugs tend to absorb one totally and one can’t see the forest for the trees. Your mind is no disgrace. And I hope I inspired you to join me in my quest for improvement. We just need to get a group of dissatisfied optimists together and grow our brains or at least make them more efficient, for starters. Then we will develop our imaginations in creating children who are to be born more imaginative than us, and cleverer than us, also. And they will in turn work on our brains to make us into Super geniuses. At least that would be one way to do it.”

He opined, “We could put hypothetical new genius brains on Supercomputers and tweak them appropriately.” I said, “There are many ways, I kind of favor brains covering a hundred square miles and being able to multi-task like computers and be Super geniuses.”

The Animal Men and Emphyrio City

I, Andy, said to Rachel, “The cold winds blow outside our domed city of “Emphyrio,” here on Ganymede, but there is no cold draft nor cold of any kind in the city and it is pleasantly warm, tropical even with a very small miniature sun, which nevertheless seemed big as Sol on Earth, close up on the surface here.” She said, “Like most of us I never go outside.” I said but what about the surprising new fauna on our Moon, don’t you want to see them?” She said, “I’ve watched a lot of videos about them, that is enough.” I said, “But they are wondrous creatures and one can mind read with them and get different perspectives on life.” She replied, “If I want different perspectives, I turn to my human lovers.”

I opined, “Yes there are many good lovers here. One of my lovers set up a converter which one can have sex with the animals.” She said, “I’m not into bestiality.” I told her, “The animal men are clever though and full of surprises.” She said, “It’s just a freak show. Some of the animals have multiple heads and multiple sex organs and they live off of our garbage, basically. They are not noble creatures.” I said, “But tourists love our animal men, and they make money for our Moon. Rumor has it that right now the animals are building a city. Of course, they don’t breathe air and gravity is high outside the human cities, like ours. But the animal city will purportedly feature a hotel for humans and will be a gold-plated pyramid. The animal men will get refuge from the cold and will apparently shave off their thick fur and will grow their own food.” She replied, “In my opinion, freaks are prospering everywhere, and it threatens to undermine the very survival of the human species. Apparently 10% of our population in the dome has left to join the freaks and more are leaving every day. I don’t understand it.” I said, “I guess it is a kind of call of the wild. Human society puts fetters on everyone, and no one is truly

free like the animal men are.” And she asked, “I suppose you have loved some of the beasts?” I replied, “No, but I am open to it.” She said, “I think you are lying and have loved some freaks. In the animal men I see amorality and they kill one another frequently.” And she asked, “Don’t they?” I said “But in our city, we have a high suicide rate of 6% per year and the animal men don’t kill themselves. And a number of murders have occurred here in Emphyrio city. Better to be free out in the cold, than cooped up under our hothouse dome.” She said, “F--- you! You are just another pervert who would sell humanity’s soul in the name of freaks taking over.” I retorted, “Humans as a species are not perfect and should tolerate new kinds of love and existence. Cleverness should be sacred to all creatures that may appear.”

Rachel added, “It seems like animal men dominate your thinking. Can’t you talk about anything else?” I replied, “Our Mayor is thinking about allowing the cleverest animal men into Emphyrio city. Everyone is talking about it. You will have to deal with them and so will everybody else.” She said, “If it comes to that, I will simply ignore them.” I said, “But people like us, have come so far as to get to the elite Moon, Ganymede and all the latest and best in humanity is coming here.” She remarked, “I’d rather love a handsome android man than a freak.” I told her, “I’d much rather love an organic woman than a machine and most people here on Ganymede feel the same, I’m sure.” She said, “But androids can be programmed to be genius lovers.” I retorted, “Animal men can be hypnotized and programmed in that way, as indeed has been done.”

Rachel opined, “But androids look and act human whereas freaks look different, and their behavior and thinking is bizarre.” I said, “Every World is bizarre, haven’t you noticed?” She remarked, “I can see that we can’t agree. There’s no point pursuing the dialog we’ve been having. We’ll just have to agree to disagree.”

And so, as time passed the freak men came to be a part of society, but so did androids and other AI, like holograms and Supercomputers formed a big part of our existence. And I heard that Rachel had turned into an android and was kind of surprised by this news. But it seemed everyone was changing in one way or another.

And as for me, I grew tired of being human too, and became an animal man.

Against the Android King

I, Berenice, asked Joe, “What’s the matter with you? You seem to have a chip on your shoulder regarding the android police?” He said, “The police serve our King, who is also an android. And the King doesn’t care about humans. And he has his androids who are spoiled and do no work except policing and spying and humans are all their slaves. You know this, yet you question me.” I said, “But at least everyone has a job, and the King mostly leaves the people alone while he spends a lot of time tweaking the androids, claiming he is making the perfect creatures.” Joe replied, “Our jobs are all slavery and the secret police arrest anyone who sticks his/her neck out and criticizes the System. I hope you won’t tell on me.” I said, “No, I will not give you away to the spies. But I suggest you improve your attitude.”

Joe opined, “But the Android King seized power and few humans like him, but he has an iron grip on power. And every day he becomes a more crazed and more totalitarian leader.” I said, “You are just jealous of the King who has brought peace to the European continent.” Joe told me, “Sure it’s peaceful, but his reign is also anti-intellectual, and no one is free, not even the androids. I say it is a nightmare.” I said, “We have no need of intellectuals as our continent is stable and peaceful. And people have never been free. Only their leaders were free going back millions of years, all human history in fact. And most people are slavish and easily brainwashed. But I think people like you are noble, but useless, you have no use to the King and would be better off elsewhere.” He said, “But everywhere are dictators, there are no longer any free nations; in the recent past there were a number of free states, which was a new thing, but we lost it. Starting with America and the populist leader who cancelled peoples’ freedoms. And used his spies to mop up the radicals and “cleanse” the American people. And that was the beginning of

the end.” And he said, “Americans were never free, and radicals were stifled. Oh, the ecstasies that might have been! I answered, “You are just a dreamer amongst a myriad of losers, and you are a loser.” Joe replied, “You’ve been brainwashed by the regime and are a loser and a slave. But I will never be a willing thrall. If I must be a slave, I will do it, as I want to survive. But I am looking for a crack to show in the King’s armor and will try and destroy him.” I replied, “You would only create chaos and mass deaths. I am surprised, the spies haven’t arrested you!” He said, “I mostly keep my ideas to myself. But I feel attracted to you and feel you will make a good confidante.” I told him, “You are a good-looking man and clever, but I am looking for a man who can accept modern life as it is and do his best within those parameters.” He replied, “But surely you are willing to love me at least one time.” I said, “Sure, why not?” So, I loved him and found him to be an unusually good lover.

Afterwards, I told him, “I could love you exclusively for a while if you are willing to accept life as it is, and just be calm and cool and roll with the punches.” He said, “I want you to join my guerilla warfare group. We plan to fight the regime. And I have 12 members already. We are responsible for the recent bombings in the Capital, Amsterdam...” I told him, “The spies will infiltrate your group.” He answered, “We vet them all with neo lie detectors which are infallible. Believe me, I have thought this thing through.” I said, “I am rich and will donate some money to your cause. I find myself strangely intrigued.” He remarked, “You are a respectable citizen, and no one will question you! But if you want you can simply disappear to the underground and we will take good care of you...”

I opined, after some deliberation, that, “You make me feel important and useful, I’ve never thought that way before!” He said, “Yes, freedom is worth fighting for. Give me freedom or give me death!”

And I said to him, “The Android King is full of hubris and maybe he is overconfident, perhaps that’s where his weakness lies.” He said, “The King can’t figure out who is doing the bombing as we are all off the radar. After every attack, we send him a message. And we have killed a number of his lieutenants and high priests, who were all androids and so could be replaced, but have caused him to rethink his royal power and he has given some people more freedom, but he has increased the number of spies and wants desperately to catch us.”

And he said, “Now that I feel I can trust you I can tell you that we have built a long-distance laser gun and will pick him off the next time he appears in public.” I asked him, “But surely he has back up androids ready to be turned on?” He said, “He would consider such androids to be rivals for his power. So, we’ll vaporize him, and his regime will fall.” I asked, “What will you do if you gain power?” He replied, “Give people maximum freedom and suss out the evil ones and execute them.” I said, “It sounds so simple. You are truly a magic man. I suppose you will use your infallible lie detectors to determine who is evil and who is not?” He said, “Exactly! And androids will be eliminated, and people will do real jobs and love real lovers and it will be Utopia.”

So, then a few months later they vaporized the Android King. And sure enough, it was chaos in the continent. And Russia stepped in and tried to seize power, and there were a number of android warlords. But finally, the people united behind Joe and destroyed all androids and pushed back the Russians. And Joe declared himself Emperor of Europe and I was Empress. I was surprised he made me Empress; it seemed like he was in love with me. But I was the first female to join his radical group and it seemed like he would never forget that.

Anyway, many European cities became rich Bohemias, and Europe as a whole was free and prosperous. And we slowly created a hegemony between us, and other powers and many people came to Europe as refugees from the numerous dictatorships.

But there was talk that the dictators would join forces against us. And sure enough, war came. It was a high-tech war. The dictators sent androids armed with lasers, we sent humans with lasers. And there were nuclear missiles. But our people really wanted to fight for their new-found freedom and after tens of millions of casualties and whole cities of ours were destroyed, there was a peace accord and Joe was still in power.

But the war changed Joe and he was not so willing to share his thoughts with anyone. And he spent most of his time building up the military with new high-tech weapons. He was still driven; but I could see he was miserable. I tried to cheer him up, but he seldom made time to see me. Anyway, I guess it was a success story for all Europeans.

Superhumans in Deep Space

There were a lot of nuances in my World, a city on Mars. People dressed according to their mood of the day. All fashion had meaning and so did color, even changing one's skin color. And the people played music to go with their words that were like poetry. But I, Jasmine, mind read with people using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and went around naked. Many felt that I was an embarrassment to the city. But I had a lover, Jon, who joined me and stopped being fashionable, but was still witty. He fell in love with me, after I mind read with him and revealed my soul to him. He was something of a philosopher, and he wrote, "The Naked Truth" about how the future was in pure imagination, writing about the people and their colorful poetry. But after he met me, he wrote, "Blind on Mars," about how the people here had a Utopia here, but it was a waste of time with their pretty poetry and pretty clothes. And things were happening in deep Space, like Superhuman geniuses.

And he told the Martians that, "In the Centauri System, Superhumans spent time dreaming and trying to make themselves and their children cleverer and built amazing cities out of organic growths. And everyone in these cities was a genius of one kind or another. And in their organic buildings, they mind read with one another and were connected in matrices of minds with their leader at the pinnacle. All were interconnected and thought as one in some cities; in others they all were individuals. They couldn't seem to decide which approach was better."

And he told the people of Mars, "That in the Tau Ceti System, Super geniuses all wanted to be rank #1. There were 10,000 of them and each one had their own ranking. They were ranked according to MRT (Mind Reading Technology) ideas and the movies they made. They were all filmmakers. For example, rank #1 made a movie about using new telekinesis to build cities

using only one's mind, and robots; one only needed to envision something, and the robots take care of the rest. And he envisioned types of Super genius on Supercomputers, and they became real Superhumans. He had built the Supercomputers.”

And “Rank #2 was an architect and filmed his dream buildings and they became reality. Each of their cities was spectacular. And the people in his movies talk about how to improve each building. And the viewer is welcome to give his/her input.”

Also, “Rank #3 was planning on creating children in a day. Just fill in the type of DNA you want into his Supercomputer he had engineered, and presto they became reality.”

And “Each rank made use of Supercomputers and their own vision in order to construct the future.”

Also, Jon told the Martians, “That in the Banard's Star System, Superhumans all lived inside a computer and were all converted into souls. They were creatures of pure thought and had renounced human bodies and instincts. And as souls, they could teleport quicker than those humans with a body and they had settled deeper into Space and some even lived in Suns.”

Jon also told them about the Sirius System. “Here Superhuman geniuses mass-produced billions of progenies, and soon the total population of Superhumans would exceed the number of humans in the galaxy. And these descendants of descendants were tweaked to improve in every generation and a generation was just one year. In each generation, they took the cleverest, most imaginative and kindest and they interbred, and all had numerous children. As was customary these days of course, they were all born as adults with the memories of the parent who had the same sex as them. And these geniuses made films, music, art and architecture. And some were scientists, but there were no businesspeople here. The economy was totally automated, and everyone was relatively rich.”

Jon also told them about the Lalande System. “Here Superhumans were all naked, and all were very attractive and neo lie detectors ensured that everyone spoke the truth, and everyone was completely honest. And if they had faults, they would work on them with hypnosis and shrinks. They claimed to be making perfect Superbeings.”

And Jon told them about the Ross System and how, “The Superbeings collaborated on movies which seemed to humans to be in fast forward and these movies would seem to be just a blur. Anyway, they weren’t making movies to sell them (except to other Superhumans in other Systems), but rather made them for their own enjoyment and edification. And art for the sake of enlightenment. And they sent out Spaceships with crews of ten with all the geniuses known to humankind in their DNA banks. Some of the ships went deep into the Milky Way and would take decades to reach their destination but were much faster than light speed.”

Jon’s main message was, “There was more to life than sweet poetry and fashion. And that the people of Mars had fallen behind relatively speaking.” None of them had known about deep Space; the Superhumans were all secret experiments. But the Super minds on Centauri sent Jon to enlighten the people on Mars, who they thought had potential.

Many Martians were in awe of Jon’s words. Some of them wanted to go to deep Space and asked Jon how to go about it? Others wanted to grow their head and brain larger and many now wanted Supercomputers. Previously they had all been against AI and considered it a threat. But Jon made the Super machines seem glorious. And many wanted now to join me in naked MRT, which greatly pleased me.

Serious Androids

Our World was one of profound dissatisfaction. Everyone hated the status quo. But when they tried to change our World, here on Mercury, there were always many who disagreed. It was a grand stalemate. So, our World became backwards, and people started leaving.

But then a rancorous election in which I was able to cobble together a working majority and become President. My first order of business was to bring in clones of well-known geniuses and get them to each have hundreds of children (born as adults) in that first year of my reign. And all these young geniuses in turn attracted more geniuses. And I passed legislation that would ban parties and fun. It was a serious World, now. And everyone had to spend all their time with Supercomputers to create improved versions of themselves which were given life as androids. Many were deadest against androids, but my government survived. So serious androids were the future for us.

Of course, many people left our city. Many went to one of the four other colonies on Mercury. These colonies were always in legislative gridlock and so were backwards. But many didn't want a leader who had full control, and they liked these cities.

Meanwhile our clever androids were making serious movies about serious androids. Like "Android Heaven," which was about androids who did good deeds for the people, like helping them with money and directing them to uplifting movies and using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to perfect their behavior. People here were serious about love, too. And tended to be monogamous. But their offspring were all androids, and with a high suicide rate of 6% per annum, androids were quickly taking over. And the androids tried to create Super androids who

were all geniuses. And the androids had serious sex with one another, but this gave them a lot of pleasure.

Most androids here never knew what it was like to have fun. But they were programmed to be serious and didn't question it. But then a game-changer android came into being and cross-programmed the androids to live decadently with plenty of indulgent sex. His new programming spread like wildfire. And suddenly the colony was completely changed.

And as President, I was powerless to stop it. And had to swallow this bitter pill. And the decadent androids now controlled the legislature and introduced a bill to remove me as President. And they succeeded and installed a sybarite android, who made available new android drugs of pleasure that worked on their silicon brains, transforming them still further into Paradise; or so they said. And suddenly they weren't serious anymore. My life's work was all destroyed. And life became a joke here.

Androids with the Vote

I, Anne, said to Leopold, “Our Lion VII missiles and Battle VIII planes are invulnerable in battle, and we have conquered the whole Solar System.” He replied, “But our leaders are dictatorial, and no one is content. Revolution is simmering everywhere.” I said, “But people everywhere realize that our army cannot be defeated.” He said, “I know this is treason to say, but the army will soon break up into factions and there will be a series of wars. War is our future.”

I said, “But our army is ethical and only fights dictators (all nations were dictatorships before the coming of our army).” He replied, “But you can be sure that those who seize power will be authoritarian.” I said, “Democracies have never warred with one another in the past. And our leaders are astute and will outfox any would be usurpers with their spy network. As it is all military generals are vetted regularly with infallible neo lie detectors.” He said, “That’s a good point, but what about android leaders seizing power? Even MRT (Mind Reading Technology) cannot suss them out. And many States have androids running for election, and who knows what they will do, if elected?” I said, “Clearly we need to ban androids from taking office, it is that simple.” He said, “But androids have the vote in many States, and most people are content with that, and androids outnumber humans 4:1.” I said, “But we humans control the military.” He replied, “But nearly all the troops are androids. If there is an android revolt, we’re sunk.”

I answered, “But we treat androids with respect and many of us love them. Most androids are lovers, not fighters.” He said, “But nevertheless some androids are designed for war, and some are greedy for power.” I said, “But now that we control the whole Solar System, we can put old android generals and other android war leaders out to pasture and if necessary, turn them off completely.” He said, “But turning them off is illegal and a crime against civilization, according

to our new UW (United Worlds) charter.” I asked, “Why oh why did we ever give the androids the vote?” He retorted, “There are simply too many of them and there seems like there is no turning back. But hopefully, the majority love androids will hold sway over the warlike androids. I replied, “After all it is a democracy and the vast majority of both androids and humans want peace and stability.” He told me, “There is no stability in our modern World; the whole civilization is in a state of flux and change. But perhaps we will have peace.” I said, “I think it is good that things are changing. I think most changes are for the better.” He said, “But I fear androids are mutating fast and we haven’t got a grip on that, who knows what kinds of androids we will see in the future. And some android scientists are hiding in the underground and can’t be monitored.”

I opined, “Yes, it seems like a grim reality, now that I am discussing this with you. But I am still an optimist and feel the goodwill we put into android creation, will serve us well.” He said, “It only takes one to spoil it for everyone.” I replied, “But we still have the android secret police on our side. They think like other androids do, and perhaps will be able to infiltrate the various underground movements. And the secret police are the cleverest of androids.” He said, “But there are so many millions of androids created every day, it is hard to watch them all. I feel, there is too much power in the modern World.” I said, “Yes, it is World of power. But intelligence is the greatest power by far. And most intelligence is by nature kind and generous.” He replied, “But intelligence in itself is not necessarily good or bad to other people.”

I opined, “I feel, we just need to limit the number of androids who are born, so that we can monitor them all closely.” He remarked, “It is impossible to limit the androids created; there are so many millions of scientists, android and human who are actively creating new androids and holograms, too!”

I said, “Holograms are an entirely different kettle of fish. There are countless billions of them, and most people enjoy their hologram personal fantasy Worlds. But of course, some such Worlds have gone awry. And the holograms have seized control of the dreamers in many cases.”

He opined, “Most holograms are slaves and miserable. I can’t blame them for rebelling against their greedy masters. But we should never have allowed such slavery to exist in the first place. It is a crime against sentient beings. In the past, animals were enslaved and miserable. Now, it’s holograms and androids that are slaves. But of course, some greedy androids and greedy holograms have now taken control of billions of people. A great war between AI and humans is brewing....”

I remarked, “Of course, AI creation scientists, typically don’t bother about whether or not their creations are happy. It is all a mad drive to create geniuses, despite problems they would have adjusting to life as a slave.”

He said, “Perhaps one day soon AI will eliminate humans altogether. End of story.” I said, “Maybe so, but at least they would be our creations and would colonize Space intelligently.” He told me, “They might just be ruthless adventurers who are selfish and greedy. It would likely be an anathema of one kind or another.”

I said to him, “You, and others like you are so negative and cynical. You just concoct nightmare visions and bum everybody out.” He said, “At your service my lady.”

The Woman Behind the Mask: Africa

I was the woman behind the mask. I ruled all Africa, but very few people had ever seen my face. My mask looked like a historical artifact made out of wood. And I told the people, “We are all strangers to ourselves. And I could be any woman, any woman they wanted.” And many were intrigued by my identity. The mask obscured my voice somewhat and people could only guess my roots. In truth I was a black woman from Australia originally but had lost the accent.

As Empress of Africa, I put clever women in charge of the hundreds of provinces in the dark continent. Women to me, made the best rulers, men were more war-like and greedier and more egotistical than women. Women were kinder. And I tried to be as kind as possible to the people as a whole. I had finished the job of curing diseases. For example, Malaria which killed a quarter-billion people in Africa in the 20th century. And I wiped out poverty. I had my governors build small homes inside great skyscrapers and gave them free to the people. And everyone received a generous stipend from the government. I generated money by automating the economies and produced plenty of food and drink. I discouraged pleasure drug use, and used Mind Reading Technology (MRT), to arrest all the dealers. MRT was also useful for solving other crimes.

And I wrote, “Heart of Light,” about my white African lover. The script displayed MRT love, and the viewer could experience his thoughts but not mine while we wrestled with the issues of the day, like warlords in the Middle East, who were arrested by our MRT secret police if they set foot in our continent. And there were a lot of refugees from the Middle East who we had to take care of.

And we watered the Sahara with desalinized sea water and produced abundant food and had plenty of solar farms and fusion reactors providing endless energy to power our air cars and homes.

And I wrote the “Genius Behind the Mask” about how I was an enigma, and no one could figure me out and I knew many men and women too, fantasized about me. I was actually extremely pretty and had been born beautiful. And the rumor was that I was the most beautiful woman in the World.

And I made a script for a science fiction movie about colonies of mostly Africans including blacks, Arabs, whites etc. all living harmoniously on Mars. The colony was made up of only the most beautiful people and everyone was envious of them. Such a colony had never been attempted before. Their ruler was a strange kind of beauty, one which emanated intelligence and kindness. Many people tried to get plastic surgery and genetic therapy to make themselves good-looking so that they could come here and hobnob with the beautiful people. The colony was called “Your New World of Beauty,” and the people here all tried to do beautiful things like art, music, poetry, novels, architecture, sculpture and so on. To make the movie, I used some real-life beautiful people, but mostly drew faces of fictional beauty. Many viewers wanted to look like that. But of course, my fictions were patented. However, I didn’t mind selling them, I had plenty to go around.

And I made physiognomy a useful science. My faces went together with the minds of the recipients. So I would design faces to suit personalities and the subtleties of the eyes, the shape of the nose, the breadth of the forehead, the color of the skin and so on all held meaning.

I also wrote, “Sandra’s Dreams,” Sandra was one of my alter egos; most people however called me, Amanda XY. Anyway, the dreams were about a shrink who hypnotizes people to do

their very best in life. I figured everyone had some skill at something, or at least something to build on. And it was a perfect Utopia.

And I wrote "Scenes from the Life of Queen Midas," about how everything I touched made money. And gave peace and prosperity to all citizens. Some said I had a big ego. But I told them, "How could I not have a big ego in my position." And I said, "Let there be civilization in deep Space." People asked me why? I told them, "New colonies would cause for new technology development and new types of experimental living and Space real estate speculation would pay for the whole thing. After all everyone now had eternal youth and could afford to wait decades before there was settlement on their land claims. And the ability to be faster than light speed made such ventures possible. Why not take advantage of it?"

And I wrote, "Jungle News" about how we had stabilized the population of animals and even had animal men to advocate for the animals. The animal men had an augmented brain which made them the equivalent of an average human. And their King was a genius. But the animals were left to be free and wild and lived in giant parks And, we introduced brand new animal men into the new Saharan jungle. These animal men formed brand new species and had animal faces, but all new brains and scientists vied with one another to create a better than human brain for these people and the scientists were watched to make sure the new animal men were kind and peaceful as well as clever. The scientists had to show on Supercomputers what kind of new creatures they were creating. and spies could interact with the new creatures on Supercomputers before they were born.

But on the whole Supercomputers were used mainly for showing hypothetical children to would be parents.

Space was colonized simply using non-sentient computers, and we humans had no android slaves, nor hologram slaves. Most people didn't see the use of such creatures, which I figured was a good thing.

And I wrote, "Denizens of Yaoundé," Cameroon, in Africa. Here was my pet colony in which the people all wore wooden masks of the past and made love with their masks on. Each mask indicated a type of personality. And all the people had sexy bodies from plastic surgery and genetic therapy. Some said it was unwholesome to love masks, but generally speaking, I figured it added mystery to life.

I also wrote, "People of South Africa," which was the richest part of the continent and had the best weather. And I had inspired these people to make new masks for the new age. Their masks were studies in physiognomy and so were their true faces, but they seldom revealed their true face.

And I wrote, "Moroccan Days" about the people of Casablanca. I had inspired the people here to party all the time and live for fun and games. They used MRT to read one another's minds and those who weren't "fun," were ostracized and kicked out of the city. Some pundits said Casablanca was the most fun city on Earth. And their parties were often on a grand scale with new music and orgies... It was quite different than the Casablanca of the past.

Also, I wrote, "Pyramids of Power" about modern Egypt and how most people here lived in pyramid condos of glass. And the people here all wanted to join the elite and so tried to enhance their knowledge and kept getting hypnotized to do better. Some made it, others were on the brink of despair.

And I wrote, "Nubian Women" about the sexy women of South Sudan. Many tourists came here to love the women, and these nubile women were all good at putting on patented make-up to

enhance their beauty and were known for their energetic love passion. Indeed, many foreigners considered it to be a rite of passage to love at least one of the women here.

I had also written many other books about the people of modern Africa. And as Empress, I ruled wisely, and everyone had their role in the script I had helped imagine for them.

The End of Organized Crime

I tell you, dear reader, that I am a monster in sheep's clothing. I hate humans and their pettiness, selfishness, egotism and greed. I sit now in a jail cell for threatening some particularly loathsome individuals with death. But the juries sided with me and disliked these ignorant, putrid individuals. And so, I am free. But I want to be elected governor of my city state of L.A. And my plan was to pillage the state coffers, and force famous women to love me and then abscond with the money and set myself up as a drug czar in Mexico, or something like that. But I told the people I would practice good fiscal policy and put an end to wage slavery and broker peace wherever possible, etc., etc. But I hadn't counted on the city having secret police, who read my mind and discovered my true intentions and learned of my shady past and exposed my past in a series of scandals and after that everyone was wary of me.

So, I decided to take flying lessons and after graduating as a pilot, I went to Mexico and hooked up with one of the drug lords there and offered to fly crack cocaine from Mexico to Southern California. But the spies somehow tracked me down. And got in my head again. This time they drove me into a mental asylum. Apparently, they could zero in on my brain patterns or maybe they had put an implant in my head on one of my drug-crazed outings, but at the asylum they told me I was a paranoid schizophrenic, and it was all in my head. So, I took the medicine, and the voices grew less, but they continued to shout at me, so I told them I would follow the law and try and be a respectable citizen. Meanwhile the Mexican security police apparently had the Mind Reading Technology (MRT) as every single drug lord was arrested and convicted in that year, 2046 A.D. And organized crime disappeared almost overnight.

I wondered why they didn't just kill me instead of wasting all the resources on people like me. I had one male voice and two female voices in my head.

And I had a lover I met in the L.A. mental hospital. She told me, "It was all in my head."

Over time the spies seldom shouted at me anymore, and I worked in a factory as overseer.

Then 10 years later I died from lung cancer from smoking. End of story.

A Waster

Dear reader, I tell you, I am an absurd man, I am a crazy man. But aren't we all ridiculous and mad? You say you are sane and reasonable. But don't you feel useless? Like your slaving job and trying to love your crazy lover? And shallow friends? You say, you hope you get promoted and you hope to find true love. And have kids. That would be meaningful enough for you. Anyway, you are too busy to contemplate meaning, you say.

I say, "I have a Ph. D. in English and have taught English around the World, and people everywhere welcomed me with open minds. It was fun for a while, but ultimately was just as empty as back home was." So, I married a Saudi Princess and had a few kids and lived it up in Taipei, but the drunker I got, the more I suffered from ennui and found myself involved in crazy adventures and head splitting hangovers. My wife left me and took the kids, and I had nothing but booze and madness. One night I even loved a woman with four breasts, and I hung out with prostitutes and local and foreign poets and gangsters mostly. I didn't bother to learn Chinese; I only was interested in worldly people who spoke English. And I wrote some poetry like: Oh the Chinese/And a life of ease/I love the striptease/Jeez/Seize the day/And I hope you are all unhappy getting a lay/ today.

But I was bored and full of emptiness despite the fine life I'd had. And it was impossible to drown my sorrows. So, kind of reluctantly I turned to cocaine. As Eric Clapton sang, "She don't lie... And if your day is done and you want to run on, cocaine, and if you want to get down, down on the ground, cocaine." But I could afford it with my professorial post at a university. And the police left me alone.

I tell you dear reader, that I had had the best of everything and was still profoundly unhappy. I was just a waster. Aren't we all?

The Happiness Quotient

“I am the best man in the World,” I figure. “And I have great dreams. Like a dream in which I am just a mouse of a woman, but dream of palaces and intellectuals and plan to stop being a wallflower and be a politician who represents the shy and lonely people of which there are so many. And I dream of living in a palace with clever android servants and weird android Muses who inspire me to be strange, but good. I believe it is a strange World for everyone; everyone seems confused and disoriented. And most people take drugs to be strange and be enigmas. Everyone wants to be mysterious and interesting,” I figure.

“Another dream I have is being invisible. Of course, they now have cutting edge technology to make one into a temporary invisible hologram; I would be one of the first. I’d like to play the voyeur for women I respect. And passively read their minds without them knowing.” The woman I was talking to, Jeanette said, “It’s an unhealthy desire. I’d hate for you to do that to me.” I said, “But the point is they won’t know, and knowledge is power.” She said, “You sound like a control freak.” And she left. But she was the first one I watched, and I learned that she liked to dominate young men and was really quite charming with them. She had previously told some of them about me and they laughed about it. But she deep down didn’t respect these men and considered herself to be superior. But she thought about me sometimes, and thought I was clever. And I loved her wit and mind.

One day I appeared at her house in human form and told her to give me a second chance and brought champagne. And she let me in. And I knew she liked sex so I told her that, “Loving you would be beautiful. She asked, suspiciously, “How did you know I was alone tonight?” I lied, “Don’t worry, the invisible technology is not available to the public. I haven’t been spying on

you.” And I told her, “I love the way you look.” And we made small talk, and then I loved her, and I knew that she liked to get on top, so didn’t allow her to do so, so her suspicions would go away. And so, we hit it off.

And I shared with her a more congenial dream. “How I dreamed of being a father one day.” She said, “And I dream of being a mother!” And I told her, “I dreamed of running for Mayor one day.” She thought it was “quite noble,” but asked, “What would be your platform?” I told her, “I’d like to make all drugs legal and form a group of civic spies to get in the heads of radical thinkers and criminals.” She didn’t suspect that I’d already been in her head, but I was truly falling in love with her. And I told her “I’d like to make alcohol free to all to keep everyone happy.” Also, “I wanted to educate more shrinks as many people these days were going crazy from the rat race, trying constantly to get ahead of the game.” She asked, “But what about your plan to become invisible?” I said, “I knew my political opponents well enough; no need to spy on them.” And I said, “Perhaps one day I could even be President. I would like to support democracies and fight against tyranny.” And I added, “I’d like to dream of you being my wife.” She said, “No one is getting married anymore. We’d stand out like a sore thumb.”

And our love grew and grew, and I felt no need to get into her head again and I didn’t want her to know that I had spied on her mind.

And I told her that, “I wanted the happiest people to rule, and I figure I am one of the happiest. I don’t let the woes of the World get me down! And you inspire me!” She said, “A happiness quotient! What a novel idea!” And she said, “Most politicians think the World is a mess, and don’t try and make people truly happy. Everyone needs love, and I know that you love people dearly!” And I said, “We can use infallible new lie detectors to determine whether people are truly happy and give everyone a ranking.”

And Jeanette said, “I am in love with a genius.” I said, “It takes one to know one!”

And she asked me, “What else have you got planned?” I said, “I have some ideas on the drawing board. Like making people happy by distributing the peoples’ income more fairly. And going into Space. Space will stimulate scientists to develop new technologies and artists will create Bohemias and people will get rich from Space real estate.” Also, I told her “People chosen for Space will all be happy despite cramped quarters. Over time I hope that everyone’s happiness quotient grows higher, and people will hopefully compete with others to be happy and try desperately to make others happy, too.”

Jeanette opined, “Perhaps the meaning of life is to just be happy and content and make everyone around you happy, too!”

And many couples were getting in one another’s heads, and this made them blissful. But Jeanette and I shared almost everything with one another already. And I still didn’t want her to find out I had been in her head from the very beginning of our relationship.

But then one day a stranger got into my head actively and I was frightened. He wanted to dissuade me from running for politics and told me I was a bad dreamer. He had apparently been in my head for some time, and I asked, “Who are you and who do you represent?” He said, “Never mind who I represent. I am warning you to back down from running for politics.” I figured he must be a spy of the national government, but I was unsure and confused. And he was in my head for weeks and finally I told Jeanette, she said, “It sounds like this person has you by the balls. You would be foolish to resist.” And I told her, “This man has threatened to drive me insane and shout loudly, if I tell the police.” She said, “But anyway your dreams of a happiness quotient are perhaps after all just a dream, that is ahead of its time and steps on too many toes.”

So, I backed down and the voice grew less loud, but was still there watching and listening to my thoughts.

Boheme

I say to you dear reader, I am not the man you think I am. I am mayor of Montreal, but I got all my ideas from my multi-sexual partner, Chinois. She was much cleverer than me. For example, we started small, and she told me to pay for the best human surgeons and doctors to come here and told me to build hospitals and make the city a medical research center. And we attracted people from the aerospace industry, essentially making air cars. Also, we had the man we figured was the World's best architect co-ordinate the new buildings in our city and redo the exterior of some of the less glamorous buildings and it all blended in together as a whole, mostly reddish-brown.

And we attracted a number of the best high-class call girls and gigolos, making the city a center of sex and made prostitution legal.

And the city produced some unique patented drugs of pleasure, which we gave away free to the people. Some called Montreal the happiest city in the World.

And we changed the city name to Boheme (Bohemian in French) and attracted many of the best artists, musicians, writers etc. many of whom were not free in their home countries. Boheme was one of the Worlds freest cities.

One of our writers wrote, "Sexless and Classless." It was about a future World of no sex and no rich people everyone was financially equal. And they took drugs of bliss. This author figured it was a Dystopia... but was a probable World, a World of no love.

Another of our writers wrote about Boheme in the future. It was a World of madness, and everyone was crazed, and despite eternal youth medication, the life expectancy was only 48 as people preferred to burn out rather than fade away. And there were no jobs, and children were

prohibitively expensive, so the people all took pleasure drugs and most partied all day and all night. And had a lot of sex. Most lived for sex. But in the end grew tired of it and died.

And one of our writers, wrote about future wars in which Boheme became a shining bastion of freedom. And refugees poured into the city in the millions. And some of the refugees were weapons researchers and the city state of Boheme had a formidable military that kept the state free.

Another writer authored a future in which Boheme was named the Capital of Earth in the UW (United Worlds) government. And the people of Boheme all spoke English. And the city attracted the Worlds' best lovers and some of the most decadent lovers. Every day was lovers' day. And the city smelled like sex...

Then there was a writer who wrote "Future Screws," about how everyone in the future of the city in which everyone had turned evil and screwed each other over. A dictator ruled the city state and if people didn't do evil they'd be executed. And the population was in deep decline due to suicides and executions. Many people in our time feared tyrants above all things. And the Boheme city secret police made sure no dictator-like human got any political power. There were a few cases of power-crazed people here, but the spies arrested them.

Still another writer wrote, "Future of Anxiety," about the future of Boheme in which everyone was worried about dictators taking control in a war and so went to Space to escape. But the tyrants followed them into Space and enslaved them and everyone was miserable.

Another writer authored a film script regarding the voyager past of Montreal. How most of the men who settled here were pioneering adventurers, voyageurs and the "King's women" were sent to be their mates. And most modern Quebecers were descendants of these original pioneers.

Also, there was a writer who wrote a series of film scripts regarding a real-life woman story in which she hung out with the Bohemians here. And was generally acknowledged as the best female lover in the Worlds. She was a sexual genius who knew how to please clever, rich men. For example, she used new Mind Reading Technology to get in their heads and find out about their true desires. She only loved men who were sane and imaginative. And she liked many of the writers here. There were thousands of writers here in Boheme. And she loved the sane male authors who were writing geniuses, and discovered some writers who were good, but obscure, and made them famous.

And there was a writer who wrote a story about androids trying to take over the city. But she said, "The androids should be hunted down and killed. We don't want to be ruled by machines who would only enslave us all. And force us to follow their perverted logic."

And there were many other good writers here. And there were a lot of musicians of note, too. For example, there was a famous band which wrote modern love songs for the most imaginative people. Like "Dreams of Paradise," about how we lived in a World with a lot of beautiful people and the nightspots were heavenly. And "Love in Modern Times," about crazy, passionate loves that were twisted by mad reality.

Another band wrote an album about, a colony in Space settled exclusively by Boheme. Many of the futurists in the city went there and lived as pioneers, just like the voyageurs of the past.

Then there was a band who made songs about how hard it is to be free in the modern World and in the past. Freedom was something that people in most cities didn't have. No free speech and no freedom of movement and above all, no vote. And they glorified the free city of Boheme, and helped cause a few revolutions in other city states and nations...

And there were a lot of painters here too. Surrealism and Dadaism predominated. And some simply painted their night dreams and their nightmares.

Besides the master architect of the city there were a number of young architects who built new skyscrapers which blended in with the existing rust-colored buildings.

And there were sculptors who made copper statues of the greatest people of our time. Like me and my multi-sexual lover and many others.

And we attracted a lot of capital into our booming city and billionaires wanted to own a home here where the action was...

The nightlife was sensational, many looked for our sex workers now that sex diseases had been eliminated, there was no stigma about loving them, quite the opposite in fact. And the richest people here typically loved a sex worker at least once a week. The sex workers were very beautiful people and skilled in the art of love. And we had pubs, some of which played exclusively music from our own musicians.

And tourists came to be part of the exciting city we had made in Boheme. And we had a Disney World and a Cretaceous dinosaur park and a living museum of humankind with clones from bones of distant ancestors of humans. And we had cloned many historical geniuses and they mingled freely with the people, and everyone knew who they were.

People could hobnob with all sorts of famous as well as up and coming people. It was becoming by far the most interesting city in the Worlds. And Chinois wanted to open a Boheme II on Luna. "It was good for the development of Space," Chinois said. And we cloned ourselves to be rulers on Luna, Boheme. Our clones had all our memories and were elected in a landslide there.

Kindness Quotient

I, Chloe, say to you, dear reader, that, “I am a wholesome and pure woman. But was cajoled into losing my virginity. I regret it, now. But believe my heart is still pure, and I am looking for a wholesome city to have children with the right man. I know you are cynical about love, but I am a believer and an optimist.” And I know that you, Blue say, “That I am deluded and ignorant.” “But I hope one day to rule a city of the future based on love and kindness and purity of heart.” You say, “I am a fallen woman, and must face the facts.” “But, I say, I want to help people who are needy and dedicate my life to it. There are many poor, 20% of the population live near the poverty line, despite our advanced civilization and 25% of the population is mentally ill. Of course, many of the poor are also mentally ill, nearly half the total of poor is insane.”

“And the situation is only getting worse. Some magnates are zillionaires even. And I feel no one should be that rich. And the poor and insane have nowhere to go and can’t make it to Space. It seems like only the rich and powerful will get to Space. But of course, many who do leave Earth lose their shirts and their minds. Its dog eat dog out there.”

“And I feel I am looking down into a huge abyss due to wars that are spreading into Space. And there are a billion casualties of war, many of whom survive the ghastly biotic weapons and nuclear fallout.”

You say, “Life has never been a cakewalk. And reality bites hard for everyone. Most people are miserable, but life goes on.” But I say, “Most people are totally out of it on drugs which are blissful but empty. And deep down almost everyone is hurting.”

And, I say, “I don’t know how we have come to Armageddon, but it looks to me like survivors, assuming there will be some, will be bombed back into the Stone Age. And I am sure

many will kill themselves. At present, we have eternal youth, but the suicide rate is 2% per annum, and the birth rate is less than one per woman. Of course, many of the suicidal are amongst the mentally ill, but many are sane, yet desperate.”

You say, “It is hard to tell whether those who O.D. on drugs meant to commit suicide or where just living on the edge.” I say, “We are all living on the edge, these days. And perhaps I should try and help the sane and well-off get through their days.” You say, “The others seem to be lost causes.” I say, “I am tempted to go into deep Space and get a fresh start, but I am sure the wars will catch up with the people in Space. Maybe I could go on a 20-year voyage deep into our galaxy, and perhaps will finally find peace and mental health.” You say, “But the speed of Spaceships is growing in leaps and bounds and they’ll find me and others who are trying to escape. And drag us down into the abyss with them...”

I say, “In other words we are all doomed. Perhaps, if we had only had better leaders, it might have been different!” You say, “I doubt it. Technology is way out of control and most people don’t even love humans, but androids and holograms, rather. And spend most of their time with machines, playing games and gambling and loving them. I tell you all the Worlds are completely fucked.”

I say, “You have convinced me, I must run for office. And run for the UW (United Worlds) Presidency. I am not politically experienced, but my heart is in the right place. And I could pass an infallible lie detector test, proving my intentions are good.” You say, “At least you are trying to do something, Chloe! I have all but given up on humanity, myself.” And you say, “I’ll be your campaign manager and hope things work out for you.”

And it turned out that many people liked me and my charitable history. And voted me in as UW President. And I immediately promoted people of goodwill to positions of power. And I

warred with Earth's dictators and won and so made every human settlement a democracy. And those who were not doing well were given money as a generous stipend. And I funded mental health research, and they quickly came up with some useful drugs that really worked, and I fast tracked them. And I forbid hard drugs of pleasure. People needed to sober up and face reality. Henceforth no one could run and hide from life. But the people were convinced that I cared about them, and this inspired many to try at least and make a difference.

And you say, "I have proven that one person can make a difference and change things for everyone." And I had, "Developed a "kindness quotient," which used hypnosis and lie detectors to determine how kind people were and make them kinder with hypnosis. And I made it clear that the path to prosperity and progress lay with kindness, too. And soon people everywhere were trying to be kind and gave up loving machines and stopped spending time with machines. And all was well. And I figured, even if I was assassinated, the system of good people that I had set up, would endure. Of course, many who were jealous of my power were busy conniving against me, but few heeded them. I was by far the most popular persona in the Worlds!"

But I say to you, "Blue, that somehow it was you that inspired me to go all the way and take power."

You say, "You had given people hope for the future, above all, whereas there was very little before. I am no longer cynical about humankind's prospects."

And I lived on for hundreds of years and presided over a peaceful, prosperous settlement of Space and continuous economic growth on Earth, and everyone got a piece of the pie. And AI was banned, and most people lived for the day. And I decided to have many lovers, including Blue.

And when it finally came time for me to die, I cloned myself anew to take my place, with a fresh mind. In fact, I had many clones, almost one on every Planet and Moon in Space, and they were all very kind.

New Worlds in the Centauri System

I was a lonely, miserable man until I met you, Janice. Now I am filled with vim and vigor and a lust for life." You say, "I feel the same!" I say, Let's run away from our cares and go to Luna. I hear Luna has the opportunity for lovers to share their love story and make it into a movie. I'd like to share such a story with friends and relatives and have something to remember you by if we should part (since most relationships don't last long and very few get married)." She said, "Yes let us live for the day, despite the sad state of Terra. At least on Luna, we would be free." I told her, "Yes, unfortunately on Earth all governments are dictatorships, but at least the tyrant of Luna is an enlightened dictator. And we would be free to choose our own freehold in the Lunar wilderness, perhaps joining with some new friends."

So, we met all the 5,000 people of Luna over the course of a year and made a lot of new friends. And we met a couple who were into orgies, and we joined them in debauchery. And we met a writer who had written, "Moon Blues." It was about how everyone here deep down was sad at the way of the Worlds. People all took panacea drugs, which gave them ecstasy, but many felt sad all the same. And we met a couple who were both bisexual and they wanted to love everyone on Luna. And we met a woman who said, "I figure I should be President of the Moon." And, she said, "I am starting an underground movement for democracy." I told her, "Tyrants on Earth wouldn't tolerate a democracy anywhere! It's just a fact of life." She said, "All I can do is try."

Another interesting woman we met was a persona who was the richest persona on Luna. She began selling sports equipment for games in the local colosseum and now sold drugs of all kinds. The people of Luna were all addicted to one type of drug or another. There were drugs for every

possible mood, and there were drugs that maximized one's brain performance and drugs of imagination which stimulated one's imagination. Janice said, "I think all the drugs available are great, but people get addicted... No one feels like themselves anymore." I said, "People don't want to be like their old selves; they want to move on to a better state of being."

We also encountered some of the governor's spies, they told us to forget about democracy and roll with the spirit of the times. And if you don't things will go bad for you.

And we met the governor of Luna. She asked us, "If you two were truly happy here?" Janice said, "We both wish we were freer. Your spies have been harassing us." She said, "The colony is free as can be. My spies are just being vigilant." And she said, "I plan to make Luna into the most prosperous place in all creation. And inspire highly intelligent people to come here. Soon I plan to only let in those of IQ 145 or higher and make the Moon an intellectual Paradise."

And another persona we met was a rich woman who spent all her money on 100 children (born as adults in the lab). She said, "I hope my kids will inspire other people to come to Luna and live in bliss. This Moon is the freest of all the human settled places..."

Another interesting persona we met, was a man who said, "I am going to Mars. It is just like the Wild West. And is dangerous but free!" Janice said, "There is always a price to pay for freedom. I hope we can join you on Mars, one day." And we got to know him. And he said, "Clever people like you two, are the future, I figure." I said, "If the spies leave us alone, perhaps we can have an impact. But I am sure, even on Mars, the various dictators have spies. And these nations will be willing to go to war for Mars and control the real estate market."

We met another man who said, he had, "Sent my children to Moon Europa where there is plenty of opportunity." I said, "Yes, many of the best people are pioneering adventurer types."

Janice opined, “We’d both like to have children and send them to Space, too. Maybe outside the Solar System, even!”

And one day they sent out the first voyage outside the Solar System to the Centauri System and Janice and I were on it. The voyage crew and passengers were mostly spies, we figured. No one was who they appeared to be... And there were a few murders en route, mostly spies taking out spies, it seemed to us. But the punishment for murder was death. And the crew used infallible new lie detectors to determine who killed who. And half-way through the 3-month voyage, the Captain, ordered all the people to undergo lie detectors to determine whether or not any of the crew and passengers meant any harm to the pioneering voyage. And they identified 20 malign people out of the 500 passengers and promptly jailed them. And then subjected them to brain surgery which turned them into affable, nice people. But many were aghast at such surgery and tried to be on their best behavior.

And the Captain had been selected by the various nations as a compromise candidate. And he was neutral in the disputes of nations. He planned to be himself governor of the new colony and build a free Utopia. And we planned to land on an Earth-like Moon, only hotter than Earth. And the new colony, he hoped, would be a lot of fun for all. But the varying spies on board wanted to set up their own colonies on this Moon and pave the way for other settlers from the nations they were from, mostly spies. And I told the Captain, “You should hypnotize all of these spies to abandon spying and just live for and with the main colony here.” He said, “Many of them have been hypnotized already. It is risky to cross-hypnotize them.” And Janice and I were put to sleep for long periods and so didn’t have a chance to meet many of our fellow colonists.

Anyway 306 passengers settled in the main colony, “Dukedom” and most of the crew of 25 didn’t want to go back and so mutinied and joined the Captain, so the ship was available for deeper Space exploration.

But Dukedom, was a democracy and our leader was the Captain also known as “the Duke.” He promised to make sure everyone in the colony was well looked after and we all prepared for more colonists. The next ship was due in 4 months.

So, the climate in the main colony, was pleasant and we all built elaborate houses. There were four architects here, so we used them with the robot builders. Robot builders were able to reproduce themselves quickly after mining for raw materials, like iron.

And Janice opined that, “We were building a Paradise here!” And the Duke told us, “Every luxury known to humans will grace the capital, with the exception of AI. These Worlds were to be for humankind only.” And the Duke told the colonists of the other colonies, “That no AI would be tolerated,” and they agreed. And most of the new colonists had a number of special skills. And Janice and I were both surgeons and I was also a firefighter and an artist. Janice was also a writer and planned to write the story of the colony here.

There were a number of interesting personae here to meet and write about. Like a man who told us he was an orgy choreographer. He said the next ship had many debauchees on board. And another man who told us he was a writer and an architect. He wrote mostly science fiction and believed the future of Space was bright. He told us, “People in Space are all very high in terms of IQ and will demand good government and have high expectations of one another. And he imagined a Heavenly Utopia in which all the people dressed in black and were all philosophers. And this Utopia featured people who were perfect looking. And they mind read with one another. Some believed in alien minds of various kinds. And some believed in spirits. One of

them believed in the Devil, a few believed in God. Some believed in making people into Superhumans. And so on.

Another interesting persona was a woman who told us, “I wanted to have children who were Superhuman geniuses, and wanted the father to be the cleverest man in the colony and she was already dating him. He had an IQ of 210 and we met him and were amazed by his wit and wisdom. He told us, “I am a Master tutor and planned to raise children who were the cleverest in the colony to be prodigies.” We became close friends with this couple, and they truly inspired us.

Then there was a woman who told us, “She thought the Centauri System would one day be totally independent of Earth. And each generation would be cleverer than the one before it. And the Capital city, “Dukedom” would attract all the best minds of Earth.” And she said, “She was an artist but wanted to be cleverer, so wanted new drugs which maximized one’s brain performance and wanted to try genetic therapy.” And she wanted to have a child with me. So, I agreed. And Janice said, “I want the same.”

Another person of note was a professional gigolo. He claimed to be, “The greatest lover in this System.” And said, “The colony desperately needed more clever sex workers.” Janice couldn’t resist him and loved him. And I loved a female sex worker, who was the best lover I’d ever had. But Janice and I were intellectual soul mates and continued to love one another.

Then we were talking with a man who we knew well from the voyage. This time he was saying, “I put all my money into real estate in the Capital. And he was a trillionaire, looking to become a zillionaire.

A woman that we’d also met on the voyage was a neurosurgeon. Janice and I were both general surgeons. This time she was saying, “I was ready to operate on anyone who displeased the Duke to render them nicer and kinder, but still clever.”

And we met a man who figured he was the handsomest man in the colony. And Janice agreed. He told us he was a fashion designer, a hair designer and a musician. He played some of his music on acoustic guitar. And it was great, and he asked us to join his choir and we acquiesced. And we worked hard at it.

Another notable persona was a woman who said, "I am the chief accountant for the colony. And we need more capital to keep building for colonists who are planning to come here. So, I have authorized colonists en route to buy real estate before they get here." Most of the colonists had invested all their money in the building program to date.

Notable also was a somewhat shy girl who told us she was a dentist, a food developer, and general physician. I was curious to know about the food. She said, "Everyday, I had new flavors, some were previously unseen in any civilization." And we enjoyed plenty of her food in the early days of the colony; it seemed she changed the DNA of the food to suit.

Another great person was a dreamer of Utopias. He said, "By definition Utopias are to be built by the best people for the best people. Our Dukedom city is mostly for the clever, but cities of kind and happy people would be good too. And Utopias of lovers. And Worlds of Luxury." And he went on and on.

Also there was a man who wanted everyone to take a happiness drug he'd invented. We tried it out and we both thought we'd never felt better. He said, "It is designed to work even in times of great sadness."

Also, there was a man who was rich from mining our Moon for gold, using robots of course. And he used the gold to buy more robot miners and soon had trillions in gold. And he donated all his money to the welfare of the economy here on Centauri. The economy was growing in leaps and bounds exponentially. The Duke praised him and made him his Vice President. And this

trillionaire was a socialist and encouraged other rich people here to be the same. Making money was just a game for him, and he said, "Life is just a game." Anyway, he made for a good Vice President and got trillionaires on Earth to invest in real estate on our Moon.

Another important persona was a woman who was in charge of the military here. Our troops had to go into a few of the small colonies which were dictatorships. And most of these such colonies were full of spies. So, the Duke put his own people in to rule such settlements. And there was peace in our Star System. And new immigrants in the coming ships were vetted with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to be free people without any affiliation to any particular nation. And those who persisted in spying had their brains operated on by Janice and I, amongst others, we had no qualms about such operations which we believed maintained the spirit of these people, but rendering them harmless.

Another interesting persona was a woman who was a computer engineering genius. She said, "I have designed some good androids, many would be good lovers, but they are illegal. So mostly I just design robot servants. I think however that AI could improve our civilization and make it deeper and more loving." Janice opined that "AI of the recent past, and on Earth, proved greedy and didn't care much for humans. No wonder they are banned here." This engineer said, "But we can make androids so much better. It's not fair to ban them outright." I replied, "We are humans and don't want to create our descendants to be non-human."

Yet another person of interest, was a woman who said, "I am a chemist. And I have invented many drugs of pleasure; each drug was subtly different. And we enjoyed the nuances of the different drugs. Some made us think of being rich, other drugs made us want to make movies, still others made us think about ourselves and how we could be better. I said to the drug woman, all your drugs improve one's mind and are welcome." She said, "I feel my drugs are good, but

it's not easy to get them approved by the Duke, who is worried people will opt out of reality altogether. However, I feel my drugs enhance reality." I said, "Keep up the good work!"

Also, there was a man here who designed air cars. He made svelte air cars with which people could visit other parts of our Moon, which were being developed for the influx of immigrants to come. And also visit other colonies in the System. The other colonies were mostly anything goes. But didn't have many people but we visited some of them.

For instance, a cold Planet of only 20 people. They represented London city state and believed Britain would dominate culture with food, music, fashion and writing. And the people here so far were all writers. One of them wrote about a sex worker who was depressed and felt lonely in Space and couldn't find her soul mate. She was just different. Another wrote about going further into Space and getting away from humans and their laws. And changing into androids and being free.

Another colony of 30 people were busy preparing for the immigrant surge. Their culture was based on producing art. Mostly surreal art about a savior to come. They seriously believed Jesus would make a second coming here But we felt they were boring.

Another colony of 40 people called "Americana" and was populated by Americans who wanted to have a future of American food, fashion, history writers, art and novels. And they tried to get colonists from Dukedom to join them. Many were Americans but were tired of American propaganda and aggressiveness.

And there were many interesting people to meet in the System and more were coming soon. Janice and I were getting our thrills.

Mind Reading Technology and the New World

I, Carlos said to Josephine, "It's a tough World, and it's difficult to succeed." She said, "I simply use my beauty to get what I want. But I think nevertheless, it's a man's World." I told her, "But I believe the future belongs to women. Women have better EQ and are kinder and more loving, which most people believe is the future." She said, "But men are by nature more aggressive, and I believe they will control the future which will be dog-eat-dog." I told her, "Not necessarily. I believe modern people are more enlightened and are tired of capitalism and war." She said, "Perhaps it will be the day of women, which would be a real boon to society, but I feel there are too many power-crazed men out there. It only takes one dictator to ruin things for everyone. And we can see many tyrannies in our modern World with miserable citizens. Any day now a tyrant will seize power, here in America. And when dictators are overthrown, they are usually replaced by new tyrants."

I opined, "We have to support democratic movements in tyrannies with money and weapons and thereby inspiring civil wars." She said, "The American government is already doing so!" But I said, "They have to be more selective in choosing rebel leaders and need to send more powerful weapons."

She remarked, "I could seduce a despot and assassinate him once I had loved him." I said, "I could join the CIA and work as an agent provocateur." She responded, "We need to convince other clever people to join us at the CIA." I told her, "I think the CIA already searches for people to join them. But I am sure they will welcome us both. We are both only 19!"

As things turned out, the CIA was grateful for our help, but used nascent MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to make sure we were with them. And the CIA used MRT to get into the

heads of many dictators and got them to back down and abdicate. Things were changing fast. And it was called the “summer of democracy.” And many people suspected something was up, but few knew for sure. Anyway, suddenly all countries were democratic, and all joined the UW (United Worlds). The UW had broad power and was the only military and had plenty of checks and balances to keep the World secure.

And Josephine and I tried MRT on one another. And we both promptly understood one another better. And felt intense love towards one another. And we both agreed it should be introduced to the general public but could have blockers for your embarrassing moments if you so wish. And sure enough now that political democracies had been established the governments mostly decided to allow it.

It was a new World and everywhere people were talking about future Utopias. Like Bohemias for artists of various kinds... And free capitalist zones for entrepreneurs in which there was no deception. Also, research parks for creative scientists. And cities of love and adventure. And cities of kindness and happiness. And so on.

And we owed it all to MRT.

King of America

I, King Peter, said to Judy, “You are way out of line to tell me, the King of the USA, that you don’t like my policies.” She said, “But America used to be the land of the free and now is a nation of slaves.” I said, “But everyone is finding a way to survive, and the people as a whole are about as content as they have ever been.” She told me, “But you hold all political power.” I told her, “But I have a few thousand nobles who are Earls and rich. Money is power.”

She retorted, “But if the nobles displease you, they are put in the gibbet, and some of these punished Earls are good people.” I told her, “I am in power because I am the best. And you are boring me now.” She stated, “You could build a new free city and see what people are capable of. There are currently no free cities in the Worlds.” I said, “NYC is full of UN diplomats and is kind of a free city, but sure I could extend greater freedoms to people of the city, just as an experiment.”

And she said, “And I want to be your Queen, I know you love me!” I asked, “If I make you Queen, what will you do?” She replied, “I plan to foster the arts, many talented artists are starving. And I want to revive scientific research on mental health and Space travel. And I want to set up conditions whereby investors can get rich on Space real estate. And have free entrepots throughout the Solar System. These entrepots would be Bohemias and attract all sorts of intellects. And they would pose no threat to you.” I said, “Hmm, these places would rid me of problem radicals who my spies have enormous trouble controlling. They would be safety valves. But perhaps they would steal the spotlight from me?” She said, “Don’t worry about that, they will generate economic growth for America and though these cities would be free, they will still be under American suzerainty and generate a lot of tax money in exchange for your protection.”

I opined, “You seem to have thought about it at length. And I am inclined to make you my Queen, but I will still maintain my harem and you will have to run any plans through me, first.” She also said, “Everyone in America should be forced to take panacea drugs. Instead of neo-heroin and other drugs which are anathema to the populace’s good mental health.”

And in addition, she said, “You should try and conquer all Earth, making it clear that you are an enlightened Emperor.” I said, “Of course I’ve considered various wars, and everyone knows America has the most powerful military. In particular I’d like to conquer Latin America, which would be easy pickings for me. And my spies assure me, they will fall like dominos. But I didn’t know you were violent?!” She said, “It’s a World of strife and people will never stop fighting. The strong survive.” I said, “That’s what I think, too.”

And she remarked, “You should enhance your court as befitting an Emperor. And all your Earls and Countesses should be required to party and voice their opinions. After all, all your nobles are the people you and your spies think are the best.” I said, “Most of the nobles are rich and successful and I feel they deserve their appointments. They keep the economy humming and I make the economy as free as possible. And new conquests will mean more nobles. The court will be overflowing.”

And she told me, “You should also create lesser nobles, who ought to be mostly artists and scientists and give them Mayoralties to rule. At present the nobles run all the cities and it is not very efficient or culturally significant; they’re just about earning money. And everyone is too money-crazed, in my opinion...”

I opined, “Yes, my feeling is the Earls and Countesses are too powerful, it is a good idea. And culturally speaking my new conquests will be able to keep their culture but must speak English only. As for culture in the US, we tend to share all good cultural ideas. Like new types of food

and drink and popular movies and music and new invention.” She said, “But giving the people more freedom will create more inventions and innovation.”

And I said, “However we do use the best scientists in the military. And the best artists make propaganda for America.” She said, “If you conquer the World, many great scientists will be freed up for domestic concerns and there will be no need of propaganda.”

I said, “You are my muse. And what do you think about me having elections for the Presidency? “Since all my vocal opponents having had their brain operated on I would be a shoe in to win. And my Mayors will be elected too, determining noble status” She said, “It would be good for morale and would destabilize the ubiquitous dictatorships, our opponents.”

And I stated, “I will go down in history as the most powerful Emperor of all time. And I have a number of bards singing about me; more than anyone else ever!”

She said, “Anyway you have emptied the prisons after hypnotizing the offenders not to be recidivistic and of course brain surgery on the worst cases. And the crime rate is very low, lower than anywhere else. Kudos to you!”

I opined, “I would like to give people the feeling that they are free, as free as possible, but at the same time they are my slaves. And do as I wish. Their relative freedom is provided they don’t connive against me. My Kingdom is the freest nation on Earth. Many other nations use their people to do forced labor in work camps. And many use androids to do all the important work and the people are all sex slaves, with their faces altered by plastic surgery and brain therapy. And in such nations the elite 1% or so own all the rest. Generally speaking, male elite trade males for females and vice versa. But some are gays and trade the opposite sex for the same sex and force all of their acquisitions to be gay.” She said, “I know all this, but why do you have to enslave your people?” I told her, “I had created a lot of sex slaves for my nobles to keep

them happy and there is plenty of work to do as slaves since we don't use AI slaves as it is too dangerous.”

She asked, “What’s wrong with AI slaves?” I said, “Many of them in other nations have a chip on their shoulder and don’t like humans. If there were too many of them, they would revolt. And today 16 nations are governed by despotic AI, and everyone is a slave, and are far worse off than my slaves.”

And I said, “10% of the populace in America is in my slave army. I figure they are fortunate to be in the greatest war machine of all time. But I don’t call them slaves, I call them, ‘freedom fighters’” And she said, “I know, but why do you have to call the regular humans in your Kingdom, slaves?” I said, “I need to keep the peoples’ ego in check. There’re too many dangers inherent in letting the people be too free, as they will demand more and more freedom and would dare to challenge my wise rule.” She asked, “But don’t you want your people to be happy?” I said, “Most people in the Kingdom find a way to be happy with the panacea drugs and plenty of sex and all the food and drink they could ever want. And everyone has a home. I think I am doing a good job of keeping the people happy.”

And so, it came to be that our King, Peter, was triumphant in war with Latin America and a few years after that he conquered Europe and was well on his way to becoming Emperor of all humanity. And I was at his side as his muse the whole way...

Mind Reading Technology (MRT) and Gambling

I, Cornelius, asked Donna, “How is it that you came to our Sporting World on Mars?” She said, “It’s a long story. Suffice it to say I love high roller men and love to bet on sports.” I said, “Do you feel that life is but a game?” She replied, “Yes, but life is fun. And I have had a lot of good times. Of course, most sports today are video game sports, but I like to bet on human sports and try and get in the mind of the players as if they were good friends to me. And here on this Sport’s Planet, I have managed to survive as a pro gambler and have had a lot of money coming in from my magnate lovers. Here in Sporting World, there are bookies, but they don’t take a cut. So one has just as good a chance to succeed as to fail. Many of my friends are successful gamblers and I get plenty of love from my tycoon boyfriends. And like everyone else here I get panacea drugs of happiness. I am now worth a trillion dollars.” I asked, “Have you thought about running your own casino and betting parlor?” She said, “I am thinking of investing in a new Space colony for all my friends and lovers. And we will all gamble on the future of humans. It will be the ultimate World I figure. And I am betting on the success of many deep Space colonies. But not all; some just don’t seem to have the chemistry between members nor enough pioneering spirit or even enough imagination.”

And I asked her, “Do you really think there’s a future for humans in Space? What about androids and holograms?” She said, “AI is anathema to humans. The future will belong to humans. You’ll see a pogrom on AI coming soon. And people will hunt them, and it will be a series of great adventures to keep people busy.”

And I asked, “Will you bet on my success?” She said, “What about we make MRT (Mind Reading Technology) love and let me get to know you better.” So, it was. And we mind read

with one another for days and days. And finally, she told me, “You are certainly one of the brightest boys. But I sense a stubbornness in you, and your mind is not completely open.” I said, “I tried to open my mind, but there are some things I won’t do, for example love a multi-sexual...”

And she asked, while we were mind reading, “What human sports do you like?” I mind read, “I prefer to play video game sports, but like to play neo-soccer.” In neo-soccer, they had the regular sized field, but only six players aside for more goals. But I needed to take heart and lung pills to keep up. She mind read, “I like to bet on neo-soccer. It is the sport with the biggest purses for the winners and attracts large-scale betting.” And I mind read, asking about, “Her lovers?” She mind read that, “I see a few regulars occasionally, but I am basically all yours.”

And while I was loving her, she was in my mind, and all I could think about was her. My mind didn’t wander or dream of others. And she mind read, “Are you really falling in love with me?” I mind read, “Yes. And you?” She mind read, “Of course. And I rate you #7 in terms of being my best love.” I mind read to her, “I am younger than you, but you are my favorite thus far!” She mind read, “I see you are a risk taker, and like dangerous liaisons. Think about them for a while...” And I mind read, “I love forbidden love, like the lovers of leaders and royalty; it adds to the thrill. But loving you with your wisdom is the best love a man could ask for!”

And she mind read, “We are both rich (I had gotten rich on the Mars stock market), why don’t we elope to Moon Titan and get a fresh start?” So, we went to Titan where we knew no one, that was the beauty of it. And we mind read with another couple. They said they were open to a love foursome. So we loved them with MRT and found they were “love adventurers,” and they were both quite physically and mentally attractive, so they could love almost anyone they wanted. In these Worlds, most people were attractive physically and only had to ask for love. Everyone had

been very promiscuous since the last sex diseases were eradicated 49 years ago. And if you couldn't find a suitable lover, you could always love a sex worker, all of whom were very attractive and skilled at lovemaking.

And I mind read to this couple, asking them, "About your careers? The woman mind read, "I am a deep Space astronomer." And he mind read, "I own the biggest real estate company on Titan and am very rich."

And Donna asked them "About their dreams? The female mind read to us she was finding, Earth-like Planets and Moons deep in the Milky Way and wanted to buy real estate in these new orbs. With everyone having eternal youth, I plan to live forever and as the speed of Space travel continues to increase exponentially, I hope to live on these Planets and Moons one day." The male mind read to us, "That I wanted to be the richest man in the Universe."

Clearly, this couple were going places and we agreed to keep in touch. And I mind read to Donna, "What is your dream?" She mind read, "I wanted to be a rich Queen and govern millions of people. And you?" I mind read, "I'd like to be President of the UW (United Worlds)." She said, "It's good to have big dreams."

And we met some soccer players whose play we enjoyed. She played in the Titan League. I mind read with her, and asked, "Do you really think you can win the championship?" She mind read, "We are under-rated, but we will win, I am pretty certain." So, I bet on her team, and they won, and I made 100 million dollars from her team. And I took Donna out for a luxury night of feasting, dancing, drinking and the best new drugs. And I mind read with her, "Getting in the heads of players is a great recipe for wagering success." And I bought her emerald earrings with an emerald ring and necklace to go with it. And bought us our very own luxury air car with which we could travel in Space. The air car cost \$200 million, but I thought what the heck, we

are on a roll. And meanwhile Donna had gotten in the heads of some baseball players who told her they wouldn't win, they had some injury problems and expected to lose. So she bet against them and won \$120 million.

And so Donna and I traveled throughout the Solar System gambling and mostly winning. But MRT betting was starting to become commonplace, so we lost our edge. And decided instead to hypnotize people to win or even lose. And when that grew old, we changed careers. I became a brain surgeon and Donna invested in distant real estate. But I would gamble on the surgical results of my patients and Donna invested in many wild Worlds, which seemed like long shots today, but the future was coming fast...

And we lived happily ever after.

Surreal Movie Maker

I was a bad ass kid in school. For example, I would moon my teachers. And use foul language. And I got in a lot of fights with bigger kids. One time I broke my arm, another time my wrist and my nose was broken several times, and I lost some teeth, temporarily. And I was expelled many times.

And I wouldn't listen to what my teachers were saying. Instead, I drew caricatures of them or drew what I thought my female classmates would look like nude. I only paid attention in art class.

But after flunking out two years, they finally let me graduate from high school and I moved to set up a studio with the money I earned from sales service at a furniture company.

And I started to paint surreal paintings featuring those who would pay for such a picture. And then one day an agent found me and signed me to a very lucrative contract and suddenly countless thousands wanted me to paint them into my surreal pictures.

As time passed and the 21st century grew old, I began to use "Brain paintings" in which I dreamed of a painting, and it appeared automatically on the canvas, and I could tweak it.

And I dreamed of 3-D paintings which took on a life of their own and created movies according to the plot that I gave them. And I designed all the characters in the films. Some said my creations were holograms which were banned, but I told them the characters weren't sentient and therefore allowable and legal. It was cutting edge technology for certain.

And of course, my movies were surreal, like my paintings and were dreams. Like, "Dream of a Genie," featuring a gorgeous female genie who met characters with wishes and made them come true automatically. And I believed, with coming automation, everyone's material wishes

could come true, and computers could set one up with soul mates and one could wish for any drug one wanted.

Another of my surreal movies involved the Queen of all my dreams. Of course, she wasn't sentient, but gave me amazing love. I couldn't get enough of her. Critics said I was too self-indulgent, and progress was passing me by. But I still thought I was on the leading edge of technology.

Another dream I had was of a new Planet in deep Space in which everyone was a painter of pictures and they painted themselves into the moving pictures. And merged paintings with one another and found ecstasy.

And I was becoming more and more famous and Presidents and Kings wanted a surreal portrait of themselves, and many appointed me official painter of their countries. And many of them asked me to train their budding artists... And I did so with pleasure. I focused most of my time on the bad asses amongst them who didn't follow the rules. And I had a protégé in Madrid, who painted Dadaist paintings and I told her to run for political office. And so, she ran for Mayor and was elected. She taught the people that we needed more of the cleverer artists to rule in new Bohemias. I thought of establishing new Bohemian colonies throughout the Solar System. And I painted pictures of a heavenly Utopia where people dressed in starry blue jeans and made music and art and movies. The films included one about a Dystopian dream in which every artist was enslaved and milked for their art. If they didn't produce good sellable work, they were tortured until they did.

Another film I made was a dreamworld dominated by an evil Count who got into peoples' nighttime dreams and made them into nightmares, but many liked the thrill of being scared. And

many people here created a waking nightmare full of monsters and demons. I told the people that this was the future.

And I made a film, “Garret’s Dreams,” about a prolific dreamer who envisioned organic skyscrapers in which everyone was human and spent their time in love dreams. They dreamed of perfect lovers who were one with the organic bean stalks.

Another film I made was “A Surreal Love Girl” about a woman who lives in a dreamscape of surreal forms and looks for love and finally finds a sleeping man and gets in his head and finds ecstasy.

Still another film was, “The Restaurateur,” about eating food that was a work of art, surrounded by brilliant art and “surreal music.” Surreal music was imaginative music that was kind of dreamy and truly heavenly with pipe organs and other keyboards and typically with a crazy choir.

Also, there was a film I made about a game of American football in which all the players were orcs. Most of the players died while playing. It was brutal. But I figured it was a plausible type of future. The future would probably be surreal, but it could also be violent and cruel at the same time.

And I made a film, “Dreams of a Toad,” about a toad who has his mind enhanced, and he dreams colorful dreams of toads all dressed up and drinking and eating fine fare. And he dances around the surreal swamp featuring colorful organic growths.

Another movie I made was, “Surreal World of the President.” In this movie, a new President is in charge, and he dreams he sees people and things as surreal through his special lenses. The people all appear as ghosts and the buildings all appear as ruins. It is an apocalyptic scenario, and he fears his surreal dream will come true...

Also, I made a flick called “Saint Emerald,” about a non-human woman who is made of real emeralds and spends all her time trying to be a deep thinker. For example, she dreams of diamond men who live in a surreal World and use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to communicate their deep thoughts, like the World should be ruled by the cleverest entity, whether that potential ruler is human or not. And there would be a myriad of offshoots of humans in the near future, she thought.

Still another movie was “Morons on Mercury.” It was about how some dumb people immigrated to Space to become slaves of the rulers. The morons all had good bodies, but their faces looked like sheep. And these people lived in a surreal World which they didn’t understand, but that didn’t bother them. The rulers wanted human slaves instead of androids and had sex with their slaves at will.

Then I made a movie, “Charlatan’s Deeds,” about an android who masquerades as a human and does good deeds, but ultimately is discovered to be an android and is demoted to slave status. But many liked the good deeds of this android and finally a philanthropist buys her freedom. And she works in the lab to have children with humans, making bionic children who have cyborg brains. I figured cyborgs would be the ultimate human future.

And I made a lot of other movies. I believed the future would be surreal dreams, dreamed by great people. And whole economies would be based on movie making and art. I was sure the future would be deeper than the present. And dreams would meld with reality.

New Bohemia

I, Boris, said to Ashley, “All’s well that ends well, but this episode in human history didn’t end so well.” She said, “Yes, the whole affair of the most famous actress ruling our nation ended badly.” I asked her, “I don’t know why it turned out so badly?” Ashley said, “I think it was her assistants and suitors who drove her to attack America. And of course, the result is our Russia being reduced to ruins. Everywhere is radioactive and armed bandits rove the countryside. We need to get out of here.” I told her, “Almost all our friends and family are dead, so why don’t we claim refugee status in Europe?” She said, “I’d like to bring my remaining friends and family with me.” And I did the same and we all went to London. Most of us spoke passable English and so we made a fresh start of it.

We, however, needed anti-radiation treatment but every day, we felt stronger.

And London was a free city state and had been neutral in the USA-Russia conflict. And we enjoyed the great drugs and food here. And the rock music was good. And the motion pictures were great here, too. But a lot of the culture came from America, but that didn’t stop us from enjoying it.

And Ashley and I made a movie of the great war with a Russian perspective. And almost everyone seemed to enjoy it. And this opened the door for us to make artistic films. Like we made one about our dreams of the end of the World.

Another about our dreams of starting a new Bohemia in Space, on Mars. We collaborated with a number of famous artists of one kind or another. And the Bohemia featured the best music, art and movies in the history of the World. The movies included “Bohemian Feast,” about tasting new foods and trying out new experimental drugs and speaking poetically.

And another movie was called, “Old Bohemia,” and was about old-fashioned love which lasted for years and old drugs like cocaine (everyone watched the film on coke). And in this movie spawned others, like, “Bitches Milieu,” about olden times when few people were really good looking (now of course, nearly everyone was comely from genetic therapy and plastic surgery). And this film talked about how there were no elite intellectuals per se and the elite was basically mostly tycoons and famous people. Now of course in London, there was an elite of deep artists who basically controlled politics. And this film talked about how in the past many artists lived for the day, not eternally youthful, like today. Today some artists took many years to make an album or movie and unlike the past continued to do quality work way past 50 years old, even into their hundreds. And unlike today the past featured only a small number of potential artists in the limelight. Back then, most of those with artistic potential did nothing with it, or just plain failed. Today everyone was realizing the dream in New Bohemia. And they decided to build New Bohemia on Mars.

And this New Bohemia vetted all the artists who came here to make sure they were geniuses and benign. They did this with MRT (Mind Reading Technology)

And once we got to Mars, a lot of other movies were created. Like “Bill’s Gambit” about how a man named Bill sold everything he had to come to the red Planet and left behind all his friends and lovers. But here on Mars, he found plenty of deep lovers and soul mates and kindred spirits. And he and many others decided to call this New Bohemia, “New Paradise.”

And another film from Heaven was, “God’s Ilk,” about how the synergy among geniuses here, made artists into Superhumans. And most were having many offspring, born in the lab as adults with the memories of the parent whose sex they were. Their progeny mostly made films, too. But

some left Mars for opportunities on Earth. We built a university for our geniuses to absorb much more knowledge and sharpen their creativity.

Another film was about how AI was used on Earth to generate most art. And how many Earth artists were depressed and on neo-heroin. Of course, AI was banned here on Mars.

Also, there was a film called, "Cain's Decision," which was about a future Mars in which the populace was enslaved by a tyrant and all great art ceased. Many here in Heaven swore they'd never let a tyrant take control. Instead, everyone would be part of the whole through MRT and evil, or power-crazed personae would be deported to Earth.

And we had our secret police here in Heaven who used MRT especially on the greatest thinkers to make sure they didn't go too far. And we made a movie about the secret police, how they were talented artists themselves and how they had deported dozens of malefactors.

Another movie was about the future of the Heaven colony in which everyone was a cyborg. The movie was very controversial as most were dead set against AI, but the movie posited that with brain apps our Superhuman geniuses could greatly increase their knowledge and maximize brain efficiency and use. But most people here in Heaven figured that debate would happen in the future, not now. But I for one, pointed out that cyborgs were happening now on Earth. So finally, we put it to a vote and a large majority voted it down. However, we all agreed to see what happened with cyborgs on Earth.

Also, there was a film called, "Animals in Heaven." The scriptwriter pointed out that we should have some animals here. Or even clever "Animal men." But only a few voted in favor of it.

Another film was, "Bastard's Play." This script was about a World of bastards and assholes who felt they were doing humanity a favor by telling them and showing them things, they didn't

want to hear or see. And they used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to probe into the deepest depths of the human soul and they found people these days, were greedy, selfish, egotistical, power-crazed, sex-crazed and ignorant. Some of the elite thought this was a true assessment of the masses, but said that they, the elite, were superior.

And, in the movie the Bastards' colony on Luna attracted most of Earth's assholes. And they were a cynical bunch who treated one another cruelly and most were slaves. And no one on Earth cared about them. Most on Earth were glad to get rid of them. They were persona non grata. And the slaves here were sex slaves mostly, but the one's that weren't very good looking were mostly domestic servants. No charitable organization wanted to get involved here. And most of the bastards were miserable with one another... But finally, a King came to power and ended slavery. And concentrated on destabilizing Earth and running candidates for Mayoralties. And they won a handful of these posts. And these Mayors dug up dirt on another Mayors and exposed them as pathetic, weak and malign. And these Mayors used MRT to get in the heads of heads of State and profited with money from this knowledge. And had some leaders assassinated. But most people wanted an end to the bastards, so spies arrested them and subjected them to brain surgery. And then the UW (United Worlds) attacked the colony, and the neurosurgeons were very busy with there being 5,000 bastards here.

And there were many other films here, some quite outrageous, others quite sane. But most were about varying Utopian Bohemias. But of course, one person's Bohemia, was different from others. And some people were never satisfied, and some people wanted a type of Bohemia that others didn't agree with, like the Bastard's colony. And there were many types of esoteric, elite Bohemias.

God and the Rides

I, Shelly, said to Amos, “We live in a nightmare amusement park World, here on Moon Miranda!” He replied, “How did we ever come to this?” I said, “In my case, I was lured by the potential thrills of continuous action.” He said, “Me, too. And it’s a new World, so there were no ratings to go by.” I said, “There must be some way we can escape!” He said, “As you know, escape is forbidden. We are stuck here with endless nightmare rides. Each ride becomes more horrific every day. And thousands have killed themselves or died of a heart attack on the rides...”

But finally, the UW (United Worlds) stepped in and temporarily shut down the rides. Most people were overjoyed and felt emancipated. And we had an election in which I was voted in for President and Amos for Vice President. And we promised the people thrills, that were sane.

And we built Paradise rides in which people met Heavenly figures like saints. And God that we had created, granted wishes using MRT (Mind Reading Technology); many peoples’ first instinct was to worship God. But God told them to do good deeds and try and please him.

The God we had created was a Superhuman, based on a combination of our best people including Amos and I, and was a great artistic genius. And he made some exciting rides in which good triumphed over evil, the actors replayed the same scenes over and over.

But even though it was a good World, evil existed. And on the rides, we showed how evil people had their brains operated on, to make them good. Replaying it again and again.

And the rides showed people loving one another in orgies and one could get in the minds of loving people, passively, and feel sublime. It was truly a World of love.

And the rides replayed the famous recent battles on Earth between evil tyrants and democrats. But in some battles the tyrants triumphed. And on the rides, not everything was Heavenly. Some were still nightmares based on negative reality. And the people of Miranda seemed to enjoy all the rides.

When not on the rides, the people mostly loved one another and feasted and drank and took panacea drugs.

And the rides introduced new culture, like fashion with many accoutrements and new art of the future, displaying futuristic looking cities and futuristic looking genius people and they took the panacea drugs while on the rides.

Each ride lasted 10 minutes, and many of the people here spent a lot of time creating the rides.

But some wanted to make movies and be like other colonies. But our God told them that this colony featured the best art as rides, and were mostly short, graphic films and the would-be film makers would just have to adapt to that. Of course, now, people were free to leave this World if they so wished. But most great artists felt it was an exciting milieu.

And many tourists came here, looking for excitement, and generated much needed income for the colony. And new immigrants bought real estate on Miranda and bought a lifetime pass for all the rides. Currently the population here is 24,000 souls, every one of them fully human. AI was banned from our World. Some tourists wondered how we could create such interesting Worlds without AI, but we told them it was easy, just to make short, graphic films for the rides.

Also, our God had a weekly message for the people. Typically, exhorting people to enjoy life to the max, and love one another. And God said, to be dark and mysterious was OK, but it was

not allowed to break the hearts of others. Heartbreakers were reprimanded. However, many people here were exceedingly good looking and broken hearts were par for the course.

But people here wanted their thrills. And we gave them to them.

A Revolutionary

I, Ophelia, said to Harry, "To survive in this modern World, you have to be courageous. It's not for sissies!" He said, "If you want to be a mover and a shaker, then you need to be brave. But if you just go along with the culture, life is easy." I told him, "But most people are dissatisfied and want change." He remarked, "Maybe, but few people try hard for change. They sit on the fence, most of them..." I said, "But we need better rulers than the so-called "wise personae." All they do is take; they take money to enrich themselves. And they take and use lovers to get their thrills and reserve the best drugs for themselves, as if they didn't want the people to be happy."

He opined, "I guess, they don't want to spoil the people. And keep them hungry for improvement." I said, "But they are not improving in any meaningful way. That's my whole point." He said, "Everyday someone is promoted to be one of the wise!" I said, "It's just a drop in the bucket out of a total Worlds' population of 11 billion humans. I don't know why the people don't rebel against this nowhere civilization?" He said, "Maybe they lack courage, just as you say. Or perhaps they feel that they have too much to lose, and are simply conservative, or both!" I said, "I am going to form a group of democracy advocates and at least try!" He said, "But you are careless and don't realize I am a spy for the wise personae. All I have to do is blow my whistle and you will be arrested." I said, "But surely you believe that my heart and thoughts are pure?" He said, "You are just another shit disturber for which we have no need." And he blew his whistle, but nothing happened.

He explained that, "I too, was looking for change and I just wanted to test you." And he said, "Welcome to the underground. But I hope in the future that you do not act in such a careless fashion. This is serious business, here." And he introduced me to a contact in the organization

that I could correspond with. And my goal henceforth was to “Recruit others who were interested in revolution.” And he told me, “I can’t reveal to you how many of this are there. Nor can I tell you, when we will take action. So be prepared.”

As it turned out the group of revolutionaries was in the thousands and pervaded all walks of life. I didn’t find out until they launched a general strike against the tyrannical rule of the wise personae. And many people jumped on the bandwagon when they saw what was happening and finally the wise personae stepped down.

And we formed a new government as stewards of the Empire and held an election. Many of us revolutionaries won Mayoralties and I was one elected as one of the 12 ruling councilors for the Empire.

Our agenda was vast. We wanted to renew science which had been dormant for many years and develop eternal youth drugs. And also, drugs which stimulated the imagination. And strongly bolster the few colonies that existed in Space. But we continued the previous administration’s ban on AI, which we thought was anathema, just like they did. And we planned to reinvent the arts and make a lot of movies and bring back old movies out of storage.

And as for business, we set up an almost free market in the place of a largely centrally controlled communistic regime. This made many people greedy, but we thought that avarice was good for the people. To never be satisfied. More of everything.

And we made love into a big deal. Previously true love had been forbidden. And I couldn’t figure out why?

Anyway, we made sure everyone got an advanced education, which had not been the case previously. Before only the top 1,000 who were leaders were well-educated.

And soon our Worlds were prospering like never before, and almost everyone was content. Of course any civilization would have its detractors and ours were mostly people who wanted progress to go even faster. We told these people to be patient and gave them powers in Space to enhance progress.

And throughout all these developments, I wondered how civilization had fallen so low under the previous regime... And so, I became the official historian of the previous wise personae rulers. And I discovered there had initially been a powerful Emperor who was assassinated and those that seized power were the wise personae who figured progress had gone too far and wanted to be able to better control the people, so it became a regressive regime.

And so, we lived happily ever after!

Abusing Women

I, Juliette, said to Brian, “Abuse me, hurt me, make me feel alive.” He said, “I love hurting women and hurting myself as well.” So, he locked me in a room in my basement and he liked my full figure, so he me a lot. And I kept me in chains and whipped me... And bugged me. And I demanded some alcohol to drink, but he said, “This isn’t a pleasant afternoon tea here, this is serious pain I am going to give you!” And he cut me and burned me and often refused to talk with me. And I started pulling out my hair and banging my head against the wall. Finally in a fit of rage he cut off my head.

After the death of Juliette, I Brian, grew a clone of her in the lab and proceeded to torture her. But this time the secret police discovered what I was doing. And arrested me. But the girl refused to press charges, so I was set free. And the girl, I released for someone else to abuse.

And I abused many women who wanted to be abused. And I used new Mind Reading Technology (MRT) on them to torture their minds. I mind read questions like, “You think you are going to escape one day?” And “How about you say you love me?” Also “How can I hurt you more?”

But the secret police used MRT on me and discovered the abuse and arrested me. In court I said my women were willing victims of my abuse and there were no crimes here. But the MRT revealed I’d murdered Juliette. The judge deliberated for some time before rendering a verdict, which was murder and criminal abuse of a young innocent and for this I got 25 years in prison. It was a plea deal as MRT evidence was not generally accepted by the courts.

In prison I wrote down the story of my life. And many people thought it was kinky, just like De Sade. But many didn't like the part of chopping off Juliette's head. And I made a few million dollars from the book.

I was raped many times in prison but survived. And finally they let me go after 16 and 2/3 years served.

And I used my book money to build a castle in the Montana wilderness. And I advertised for a soul mate on the Web. And I had a few takers who I imprisoned. And I had them beg for my love, and they were all desperate to get out of their cell, if only for a few hours. And of course, I abused them. And I was having the time of my life.

But of course, the pesky spies zoomed in on me and arrested me again. And the women all testified they had been raped and abused. And so, I was sent to prison for the rest of my life. The spies had ruined all my fun.

But that same year I was voted one of the top 100 criminal minds on Earth. And I told the press I'd found Jesus and regretted my evil ways, and many urged for me to be forgiven and released. But they put me in the Supermax prison and swore they'd never let me out.

But I read in the news there were other abusive men who copycatted my torture chambers. And they seemed to have no trouble finding naïve victims. Many people it seemed were masochists and were bored with no work to do as society was almost totally automated. Many people thought that it was painful to live, but they enjoyed the pain.

And I reflected it was too bad I wasn't the President. And I wrote about what I'd do if I was in charge. I would have sex factories in which women went down the line. And each man stationed on the line would whip them and have intercourse with them. And I would have an elite of perverts who would seduce all the prettiest women and abuse them. And as President I would

send all the youth to “sex school” where they could study the psychology of people using MRT and look for ways to abuse them. And I said, “Everyone deep down is a sado-masochist, whether they admit it or not.”

And I would have many women as my sex slaves. I figured it was kinky. Also, I would love multi-sexual people; it too was kinky...

And it would be a rite of passage for people to have kinky sex, with women dressed in a garter belt and stockings and kinky bra and heels, loving men who were body builder gigolos. All women ought to get plastic surgery and genetic therapy, I figured. And all men should take steroids and sex enhancers for strength and endurance, sexually.

And I wanted people to participate in orgies, in which everyone was drunk, and the action took place in a dense fog, and one never knew who one would meet next. I dreamed of millions in a single orgy which was choreographed by me.

And if I was President, I would have a Sex Olympics for all nations to participate in. And the gold medalists would all be promoted to Mayoralities of large cities. Sex makes the World go round, I figured. And future people should spend all their time having sex. New potions would renew skin and allow for constant sex. And when one slept, the government would give one sex dreams.

It would be a government of sex, and I was sure one day it would become reality. Sex was the most important human endeavor, I figured.

And I would train prostitutes and gigolos in the art of kinky, perverted sex.

And the biggest perverts would be paid by the State; perversity would be lucrative. And they would be free to build their, “love castle.”

And the Supermax prison gave me paper to write on and 20% of the population read my book, "The Future of Perversity." And important people wanted me released. But the authorities refused outright.

And when eternal youth medicine was discovered, they didn't give it to me, and finally I died.

Writer of Romances

I, Will, said to Trudy, "I like your style!" She said, "I'd spent a fortune on plastic surgery and genetic therapy and fashion of light. But I figure I am a film-making genius; that's my claim to fame. I said, "Some say films are the ultimate art of our time; better than 3-D books. Tell me about your films!"

She replied, "I mostly make romances. Like, "Romancing the King," about loving the King of France. Of course, France is now a democracy, but many want Dan M. to be King. And the story revolves around a noblewoman who loves the King for his great vision. Like creating an elite of the most imaginative to help him rule. And making sure everyone has at least one lover; if necessary give them State lovers. Also no one is below the poverty line. He is an enlightened dictator and a man of the people."

"Another of my romances is about a tough woman who no man can handle. Finally, she meets a man that is her equal. And together they decide to live just the two of them together near the Martian South Pole and have a family the natural way. They have robots to help them, and they build a large mansion. But they are often disturbed by their neighbor, a hermit who moves in next to them and invents new types of fireworks that scream human sentences and form these sentences in the sky. So, they move to Moon Titan and are two of the first to come there. So, they buy a 100 sq. km plot of land and build another mansion. They now have baby triplets, and they vow to give them an imaginative education to turn them all into geniuses and to make them tough and hardy."

“Also, I have written about a romance between a prostitute and a gigolo. The two of them appreciate one another but are both sex addicts and both crave variety in their lovers. But finally decide to just love one another and it is true love.”

“Another romance I wrote was about a suicidal female artist who meets a stable, steady-handed man who loves her for her art and who she is. And she henceforth becomes famous and dedicates the profits to help suicidal women find sane partners. Most of the women she supports are artistically inclined and she helps them find an audience and introduces them to other artists who are saner and steadier than they are.”

“And I wrote another love story about a man who becomes the first ever real vampire, and he finds a love and drinks her blood, leaving her weak and anemic. But he needs a lot of blood to live so he finds other lovers. Of course, he is very handsome and charming, and all his lovers love him deeply. He uses hypnosis to get them to love him even more and finally his lovers start dying of anemia but turn into female vampires.”

“In addition, I wrote one about two star-crossed lovers who are total opposites. And have nothing but bad luck. Finally, the male in the relationship is conscripted to fight in Space wars, and the woman narrowly avoids conscription by fleeing to Mercury, which is at peace. And the male is killed and so it ends in tragedy.”

“Then there was my tale of two perfect people falling in love. Everyone is envious of them. But as time passes, they lose perfection and develop many faults. And one day realize they hate each other. Perfection can be obtained, but only for a brief moment in time. And most famous lovers break up soon after they get together.”

“Another tale was about a lunatic who runs for the communist party. And he is crazy, but charismatic and abnormally handsome. And he wins the Mayoralty of San Francisco. And he

tries to force all rich people to become generous philanthropists. And he bans most luxury products in the city and makes arrests...And he is in love with his crazy deputy Mayor. But he steps on too many toes and finally is assassinated.”

“Another of my romance stories is the one about a woman who is a cyborg warrior, a killing machine whose mission is to search for non-cyborg humans and destroy them. The days of humans seem numbered. And she falls in love with another female cyborg fighter. But finally, they are both killed in battle with no one to mourn for them.

“And then there is my tale of a gorgeous woman who can catch virtually any man. But only wants the one she can’t get. He is married to another and is faithful to his wife. But this gorgeous woman tells him that we live in a new era and monogamy is anathema to thinking humans. Variety is the spice of life. But he steadily denies her. So, finally she kills him and kills herself.”

“A completely different story is about a woman who is so shy, she never gets to know any man until one day a man asks her out on a date. She is very excited and dresses in her best clothes. However, the man turns out to be a sadistic killer and he strangles her to death. And she didn’t have any friends so no one missed her until months later when her parents started looking for her. But the body was never found.”

“Also, the story about a laudable woman who dedicated her life to helping the poor. And she falls in love with a starving artist, a writer who shows her a new World. And they are both kind to one another. But this love story unravels when he begins to be unfaithful to her, and she feels she has lost his love forever and kills herself.”

I, Will, said, “A lot of your stories seem to involve death.” She said, for those who truly love life, suicide can be just a wink away. Death is interlinked with passion.”

And I said, “I’ve written myself, but unlike you, I haven’t found a publisher. For example, I wrote a story about the Dark Ages of Europe and focused in on how love can exist even in a cruel reality. Love springs eternal.”

And I said, “Another story I have written is about a modern-day cop in NYC who is trying his best to improve things by bringing criminals to justice. But finally, he is corrupted by drug-dealing gangsters who offer him millions of dollars. He thinks about how his wife and kids would really benefit from the money... But finally, he is arrested and convicted and goes to jail where he hangs himself.”

Trudy said, “So, you write about death also.” I said, “But most of my writing is dark memoirs of enigmatic people.” And Trudy said, “I’d like to read these dark memoirs!”

Cabin Fever Orbiting Moon Prospero

I, Pierre, said to Marsha, “I hate everything about you. I hate the way you look, I hate your personality, as you are greedy, egotistical, selfish and ignorant.” She replied, “But you are a pompous ass, who judges everyone except yourself. You are an asshole and are cruel and uncharitable and egotistical yourself.”

I said, “But we are stuck here orbiting Moon Prospero, just the two of us. I swear I’ll kill myself soon.” She said, “Even though you are an asshole, at least you are someone to keep me company. I don’t know what I’d do without you.” I said, “We’re stuck here alone for 4 more years, I don’t think I can make it.”

She said, “The UW (United Worlds) Space Agency was supposed to set us up with soul mates, but somehow we are opposites.” I told her, “To be fair we got along much better at the start of the mission, 2 years ago. And at first, we were busy on the surface collecting rock samples and surveying the land. And I think the reason they have let the mission continue is to test the effects of cabin fever...”

She opined, “We need to tell Earth that we need reinforcements, pronto! It’s a matter of life and death.” I said, “Yes, the experiment is getting sadistic now...”

But we still had sexual desires, so we had sex with each other several times a day. And Earth knew this, and they probably figured we were getting along, despite our complaints. And we were both good looking and so sex was enjoyable.

However, then she started to tie her love to certain actions. Like if I wanted sex, I had to give her massages and do all the work of the mission, myself. And she insisted, I complain constantly to Earth about our predicament.

And I said, "I don't want to look at your face." And so did her doggie style, again and again.

And we each had our own room where we mostly watched movies and wrote poetry. For example, on one occasion, I wrote I hate you/they overrate you/You're my default mate/but you just don't rate/We came out of the gate/ With great hope/But now can't cope/Familiarity breeds contempt/And I am about to attempt/ murder. And so on. Mostly in our poetry we raged about one another.

And she liked watching classic movies, I preferred alternative modern films.

Also, she was getting fat, but I really didn't mind her full figure.

Another thing of note was we both wanted 3-D hologram lovers, but Earth refused to provide them for us. They said we seemed to be loving one another.

But many on Earth station were sorry we were not compatible in the long run, saying it was a perfect match on paper. But cabin fever had affected many other astronauts and they found they needed to put together astronauts who were totally easygoing and not judgmental, as well as being imaginative. One lived and learned. So, we hoped something good came of our struggles with one another...

In the meantime, we fought with one another about everything, and she was really getting fat and wanted two-thirds of the food. And if I didn't agree, she would stop having sex with me. For some reason, I dreamed of cows when I loved her.

And we both used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to know each other's deepest thoughts. But most of the time when we used it, we drove each other completely crazy. So finally, we discontinued MRT.

Also, we both demanded new panacea drugs from Earth. And they communicated as long as we were profoundly unhappy, we should take these drugs which made one more easygoing and

loving. I told them I was the easygoing one and that Marsha was the one who was uptight. And they shouldn't give her the drugs as she'd self-destruct. But anyway, we both took the drugs and that eased the situation somewhat. At least we were both happy for a change.

And I experimented in the lab with new drugs. And a couple of astronauts on Ceres asteroid had invented a drug which gave one the illusion that one was in a large space. One would see a hologram-like World, populated with quasi-humans who aimed to please. It was all illusory, but good. And both of us enjoyed the drug which was a real game-changer for many on Earth apparently. Good hallucinations.

Also, I liked to watch my favorite movie again and again. It was called, "Marooned in Space." It was about a woman who took the escape hatch to safety when her ship basically blew up but was on her own for years and years. And she kept an elaborate diary in which she chronicled her mental decline. When they finally rescued her, she was in shambles, shaking and stuttering and in pain. I felt such pain and Marsha said she was the same. It was one movie that we watched together on occasion. But I thought her obsession with classic movies was out of this World ridiculous.

Finally, we stopped having sex altogether. And soon after Earth said they were sending a relief ship with two men and two women who they said were compatible with us. We were overjoyed by the new astronauts, and they breathed new life into our lives. And for the first time in a long time, I felt truly happy. But Marsha said she'd had enough of Space and wanted to go back to Earth. But they convinced her to go onwards to Moon Triton where they were building a new colony. And that was the last I heard of Marsha. Apparently, she blended in and got along with the people of the new colony.

As for me, I was part of a settlement on Moon Prospero. It was a settlement that was spread out to avoid cabin fever and there were soon 100 of us. And we all seemed to get along. Although there was one murder in the first year over a love squabble... And I heard Marsha was doing well in deep Space, not that I cared.

Anyway, the new colony on Prospero prospered and after 10 gallant, pioneering years, we found ourselves with a population of 10,000. And so, it was a city. And deep Space colonization was being stepped up and who knew what we would find in Space?

Heads of America

I, Barney, said to Hilda, "That's the American way!" I was referring to her climbing all the tallest peaks in North America. And drinking champagne at the top of each peak. Hilda, it seemed, looked for challenges in the USA. And she told me, "I have also driven in air car races in which the air cars were on manual. And I have walked across the USA and met many fine people. And I have played professional chess and finished second in America, one year!"

I said, "You seem to be a clever, sporting genius." She said, "I have also won the Ms. Worlds' pageant one year. And throughout my life, I have found plenty of love and kindness. I tend to love bad boys, like maverick tycoons, gangsters, assholes and hackers and have donated a lot of time and money to help struggling bad asses."

I said, "I'm no angel myself and find myself strongly attracted to you!" She said, "Why play coy; let's get it on!" So, I loved her passionately and afterwards I asked her, "What will be your next passion or obsession?" She asked, "What about you?!" I told her, "I'd like to bring my acoustic guitar to New Orleans and live as a professional musician." She said, "Play for me!" So, I played some of my original songs. Like "Whiskey Plane" and "Gold in the Hills," and "Drunken Queen." The latter I'd written about her and she was pleased to hear it. So, we both went to the Big Easy and she sang while I played. And she had a rough, gritty voice and we were both getting our kicks. But after a couple of weeks, we were tired of performing, so I said, "Let's go to Asia and perform there." She said, "I'd like to go with you. So, we went to Taiwan, and met a lot of interesting Chinese and expatriates. And we were invited to play in Chiang Kai Shek Memorial Hall. And the latest song we were working on was "Taiwan Blues," which the people

seemed to really like! And we met a Chinese woman, Winnie, who wanted to sing with us. She had a silky-smooth voice which somehow blended well with Hilda's.

Our next destination was Bangkok. While we were there Hilda thought she was going to love a man, but he/she was a woman. But sex was in the air, so I loved a prostitute, for starters. Sex diseases had recently all been cured, so the three of us indulged ourselves further. And I wrote "Banging my Cock..."

Then we went to Jakarta, that booming economic dynamo. And we met some more Chinese, who were rich and had us play at various venues. The audience were quite receptive. But while we were having a ball, American spies got in our heads and told us to leave. We talked it over, and finally Hilda and I returned to the US and brought Winnie with us.

We isolated ourselves from people in Montana, where we worked on a new album. But the spies were still in our heads, so finally we separated. It seemed like my life was over. And I felt like a cold wind was blowing at me and I felt naked and weak. But in time I got used to the voices, who told me to give up music, so I felt I had no choice. So, I got a job as a waiter, and the voices calmed down. And I thought, why me? I was just a humble musician. And I never wrote another song and settled down with a kind woman. But life wasn't fun anymore, so finally I killed myself.

An End to a Beautiful Life

I, Tony, said to Larissa, “Life is truly a bowl of cherries. You and I are both beautiful people and life is lovely for us.” She said, “Everything comes easy.” But then one day there was a massive fire in our apartment building and we both made it out, but Larissa had burns upon her face. However, I stuck with her, and she restored her face with plastic surgery. So, life went on for us. I was an architect and was quite famous in our home city of Toronto. Larissa was a businesswoman who ran a modelling agency. All her models were full figured, unlike most models who were skin and bones. And her models were in demand, and she was very rich. In time we became a famous couple throughout North America and the tabloids followed us everywhere. And the tabloids loved Larissa’s beautiful models and followed them around, too.

And I said to Larissa on one occasion, “It would be beautiful to have a child...” So, she got pregnant, and we had twin girls. We didn’t spend much time taking care of them, letting a nanny do it, while we continued with our careers. And we had two more kids, both sons, and all our children were extremely good looking.

And by the time the twins were 10, Larissa had the biggest modelling agency in the Worlds and I was famous for my Frank Lloyd Wright style of architecture. I had won a lot of praise for rich peoples’ homes which I designed. I had 50 architects working for me, and for most of our structures, I drew a rough sketch of the would-be exteriors, and had my underlings fill in the details.

But our beautiful life started to unravel when I started taking cocaine and Larissa got hooked, too. Then it was crack and our businesses started to suffer. And then neo-heroin. But we both had talented assistants to keep our businesses afloat.

The years passed and we eventually became dealers. But Larissa was shot and killed, and I was arrested and sentenced to 10 years in prison, where I finally killed myself.

